Give Everything to that Perfect Kiss

Let This Flower-Fragrant Talc Make You Sweetly Ready for its Bliss!

Now time for love is short, kisses happen fast. So always be alluring to meet your big moment. You're simply adorable—as if you were bathed in flowers—when you shower yourself with Lander’s Talc. Try Lilacs and Roses for tender romance. Or Spicy Apple Blossom for a deeper thrill. But beware... the heavenly enchantment it creates may stir a bit of the devil in his heart!

Be sure to get one of these exotic talcs at your 10¢ store next time you shop.

LANDER'S TALCS

YOUR LOVELY LIPS deserve the flattery of this exquisite style creation—Dorothy Reed Lipstick. In smart, new thrill-seeking reds and delicious new pinks. Jumbo size, swivel case—sensationally priced at only 25c. Ask for it at your favorite 10¢ store.
GIRL: Maybe I'm not a cover girl, Cupid. But it's moonlight. It's a party. And where's my date? Inside talking politics, that's where!

CUPID: Oh?

GIRL: Yes! And what're you doing about it? Nothing!

CUPID: How about you, Honey? What'd you do to keep him here? Did you turn on your sparkling-est smile? No! Did—

GIRL: Pardon, Cupid. But my sparkling-est smile is no sparkler. I brush my teeth, but—

GIRL: But what's that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Lots! Because Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. And massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that keeps your date from talking politics at parties! Get going, Child!

CUPID: No sparkle, huh, Sis? And, lately, “pink” on your tooth brush? Right...? Right! And what d’you do about it? Nothing! You just go gleeping along day after day with dull teeth! Don’t you know that “pink” is a warning to see your dentist!

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don’t hurt!

CUPID: Dentists aren’t just for toothaches. Sugar. See yours now. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today’s soft foods. And he may suggest, “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”
If “Rhapsody In Blue” were not a title that has a beauty and identity all its own, this picture might significantly be called: “Rhapsody in Red, White and Blue.”

Here is a story that has its source in the heart of every American. It is about one of our own—a boy born out of our soil, reared in our native idiom, matured in the streets of our greatest metropolis.

It is the story of George Gershwin, translated graphically and with fidelity to the screen.

And George Gershwin is someone we love because we understand him, and by those tokens “Rhapsody In Blue” is sure to find a place in the nostalgic heart of the American public.

Directed by Irving Rapper, it takes its title, of course, from this American composer’s best-known work. By way of a combination of happy circumstances, the screen rhapsody comes to vivid life by way of sensitive direction, sensitive acting and respect for the subject.

All of this, naturally, is heightened to the nth degree by a brilliant and flooding accompaniment of Gershwin music. His more serious works and the most popular of his song hits stud the picture with the (Continued on page 10)
HERE'S THE MIRACLE MUSICAL AS BIG, AS NEW, AS DIFFERENT AS ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED! ALL ON THE SCREEN! AND YOU'RE NOT DREAMING!

* A cross-century girl-hunt with Fred, G. Washington, C. Columbus and the U.S. Marines hot on the trail of joyous Joan and luscious June! . . . Laugh at its Gags! Marvel at its Magnificence! Thrill to its Romance! Sing its Songs! . . . There's Never Been Anything Like It Before! The Funniest Picture Ever Set to Music!

Fred MacMurray
Joan Leslie
June Haver

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

GENE SHELDON - ANTHONY QUINN - CARLOS RAMIREZ - ALAN MOWBRAY
FORTUNIO BONONNOVA - HERMAN BING - HOWARD FREEMAN

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG Screen Play by MORRIE RYSKIND
Story by MORRIE RYSKIND and SIG HERZIG • Lyrics and Music by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill • Dances Staged by Fanchon
HER

Invisible Charm

IS THE SILKEN FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

However hot the day, she walks in cool, heavenly fragrance. For she showers with sweet Mavis Talcum, after her bath. Mavis leaves skin smooth, pretty, dry; armpits truly dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. She starts fresh...keeps fresh...appealing, adorable.

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis, too!

The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mit, 69¢ and $1.00 Dusting Powder with Puff $1.00

CO-ED

Sure, "boy-meets-girl" is an oldie. But to repeat the obvious, we present these guarantees for making you the gal in any summer love story.

TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN

CO-ED LETTERBOX

How do you get the boy across the street to look at you—with a glint in his eye—when for years he's been thinking of you as "Bob's little sister." You know you do. You boss him, tease him; make a fool of him—just the way you do with your brother. Why, you even lei him see you in curlers, we'll bet. Be just as friendly with him as you've ever been, but instead of diving into all their rough housing, stay a little bit aloof. Go in for a touch of glamour when he's around. A flower in your hair; a spot of perfume. Have another girl over some afternoon when he and brother's there and lure them in for some records and a snack. They might even break down and dance with you. Don't swing into the new routine too suddenly, but by degrees you can get him to think of you as kind of a queen.

Can you do anything at all for so-called adolescent skin or do we just have to grow out of it? Betty Jane and Mary Anne, Toronto, Can. (Continued on page 20)

TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN

CO-ED LETTERBOX

How do you get the boy across the street to look at you—with a glint in his eye—when for years he's been thinking of you as "Bob's little sister." You know you do. You boss him, tease him; make a fool of him—just the way you do with your brother. Why, you even lei him see you in curlers, we'll bet. Be just as friendly with him as you've ever been, but instead of diving into all their rough housing, stay a little bit aloof. Go in for a touch of glamour when he's around. A flower in your hair; a spot of perfume. Have another girl over some afternoon when he and brother's there and lure them in for some records and a snack. They might even break down and dance with you. Don't swing into the new routine too suddenly, but by degrees you can get him to think of you as kind of a queen.

Can you do anything at all for so-called adolescent skin or do we just have to grow out of it? Betty Jane and Mary Anne, Toronto, Can. (Continued on page 20)
How Could It Be Anything Else But GREAT...

Because its story comes from the pen of the great John Steinbeck, in collaboration with Jack Wagner—Because its script was written by the man who helped put all the delightful, deep-down heart-appeal in "Going My Way"—Frank Butler—Because, like Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way," J. Carrol Naish makes screen history in a brilliant new supporting role....

Because two great stars grow greater in brilliant dramatic performances—And because it has a theme as unusual, a story as tenderly moving as "Going My Way," how could it be anything else but GREAT!

Paramount presents

Dorothy LAMOUR
Arturo de CORDOVA

"A MEDAL for BENNY"

From the story by JOHN STEINBECK and Jack Wagner
with J. CARROL NAISH • Mikhail Rasumny • Fernando Alvarado
Frank McHugh • Directed by IRVING PICHEL
Screen Play by Frank Butler
CO-EQD

(Continued from page 8)

all kinds. Be sure you know something about the place. Inquire about it through a travel bureau or the Chamber of Commerce in the town where it's located. Go with at least one other girl and stay together as much as you can. You'll have just as much fun, and you'll be twice as safe.

If you've got a summer job or are going to summer school, you'll find yourself in closer contact with the great wide world than ever before. Be reserved and make friends slowly. Steer clear of pick-ups. Double-date if you don't know a boy well. Avoid blind dates unless you know and trust the girl who's arranging them.

Postage stamp sunsets and bathing suits are peaches for your own backyard, but a lot of lads are going to get the wrong idea if you wear them around. Be a little conservative and you'll spare yourself a lot of passes from all the wrong people.

And if you do get Burned: You ignore all the warnings, you go, and fall for a boy who doesn't fall back! Or maybe he does for a while and then tosses you over for a pint-sized blond. . . . Anyway, your heart is black and blue, and you're through with your love. Ah, you're not, baby. You can drop that torch in short order if you really want to. First, take the halo off the guy's head and see him with all his faults. His lack of consideration, his awful posture, his inability to laugh at your jokes. He wasn't so red hot, taken all in all, was he? Dwell on his defects. That's step one. Next, put away all the records, poetry, dead corsages that remind you of him. There's no future in living in the past, now is there? Especially when living in your past makes you all red-eyed and haggery. Stop talking about him to everyone. Lay off writing him letters that you know perfectly well you'll never mail. Stop seeking him out and shadowing his every move. Get him from your life and substitute a new interest. A hobby will do for a while—learning Spanish maybe. Or learning how to make your own clothes. Gradually, as the hurt goes away, the new interest will be a new man. You think you're kidding? Try it and see!

If we didn't hit on your special problem this time, won't you write and tell us about it? Whether you're in a stew over a guy, a parent, a career—anything at all, there's a solution, and we've got it. Write to Jean Kinkade, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

FANNIE HURST SELECTS

(Continued from page 6)

brilliance of jewels.

Make up your minds that you are in for entertainment, heart-beat, heart-ache and ebullient music of Grade-A variety.

Warner Brothers, careful to preserve the motivating forces behind George Gershwin's life and works, are equally meticulous in casting this memorial film.

Robert Alda, a comparative newcomer, gives a finished and believable performance in the difficult title role. Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith, as the two women beloved of the young genius, are rightly cast. Charles Coburn, as usual, leaves no stone unturned in the completeness of his characterization of the producer. Morris Carnovsky and Rosemary DeCamp play the parents and thus round out an excellent casting achievement.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Is your boy in blue and off to the sea? Then here's a nifty secret just among the three of us. We have autographs of all the stars listed below and they're for—that is, if you send a quarter for each one you want. And where does that sailor lord come in? Well, those quarters heap up in great big piles for the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND that's doing so much to help our seamen and their families. And now, I guess we'd better let everyone in on this: You can get FIVE for the price of FOUR! So clip-ho and unanchor those coins, for even the conniest Scot would go for this investment.

June Allyson
Dave Amende
Dana Andrews
Leaumes
Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Leslie Hall
Jean Barker
Arthur Baker
Alan Bates
Joan Bennett
Ginger Berman
Turhan Bey
Julie Bishop
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown
Eddie Cacer
Marguerite Chapman
Richard Conte
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotton
James Craig
Jane Cowl
Dick Crane
Seymour Crane
Hing Crosby
Xaver Cugat
Melvyn Daiel
Lincoln Escape
Horace Davis
Olivia De Havilland
Tommy Dill
Ted Donaldson
Brando
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunn
Irma Dunn
Jim Durante

Jennifer Jones
Arlene Judge
Danny Kaye
Kry Kryz
Alan Ladd
Holy Langar
Dorothy Lamour
Estevez Rice
Phyllis Lawrence
Joan Leslie
Myrna Loy
Dana Lynn
Fred MacMurray
Lee McCallister
Joel McCrea
Rodolfo Marquell
Molly Moran
Dorothy McGuire
Allan Melvin
Trudy Marshall
Manley Haverson
Carmen Miranda
Marta Montal
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy
Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Muriel O'Connor
Edmund O'Brien
March O'Hara
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Donna Reed
Kevin O'Shea
John Payne
Greene Pake
Dana Andrews
Walter Pidgeon
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

Frances Rafferty
Ethel Rafferty
Martha Raye
Boris Raichev
Walter Reed
Georges Reeves
Ingrid Roberts
Rex Reason
Ann Reinking
Richard Russell
Oelia Russell
Joan Russell
Eddie Ryan
Elsie Ryan

Georges Arnaud
Dinah Shore
Gina Simms
Frank Sinatra
Dooley Wilson
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Sue Thompson
Gene Tierney
Patrice Thorpe
Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Patrice Thorpe
Sissy Tufts
Lana Turner
Robert Walker
Oscar Wilt
Erich Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman
Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in 10 stamps of your autograph, for each additional autograph I request but that the barium $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is ____________________________

I live at ______________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

10
Now comes a
HUMPHREY BOGART
you'd never suspect!
(...or would you?)

MAYBE
HE'LL
KISS
HER.

MAYBE HE'LL KILL HER!

WARNERS
BRING YOU SUSPENSE, SUSPICION AND MAN-WOMAN MADNESS
—MORE EXCITINGLY THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE!

Co-starring
ALEXIS SMITH · GREENSTREET

"Conflict"

Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by ARTHUR T. HORMAN and DWIGHT TAYLOR - Based on Original Story by Roben Siodmak and Alfred Neumann
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS
MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

BOND RALLY

- Didn't you always have a yen to see our Frankie and Bing in a picture together? Here they are, and it's quite an experience! And with Bob Hope, Betty Grable, Harpo Marx and Harry James' band tossed in for good measure.

Naturally, it takes something pretty special to rate such an assemblage of talent. It is something pretty special—the Seventh War Bond Drive. And look, kids, there just couldn't be anything more important than War Bonds! Not that white "formal" you saw in the window, or the cute suit with the flirt skirt—or anything. Because the war isn't over by a long way. There are still the Japs, and the Japs, remember, are the ones responsible for Bataan and Corregidor and the loss of more American boys than we can bear to think about. So buy all the bonds you possibly can—please?

When you see this picture (it's a short, and your local theater is sure to show it), you'll feel that you're getting your bond's worth of entertainment right there. Bob Hope is master of ceremonies, so the wisecracks float through the air with the greatest of ease. Harpo Marx chases a blonde (I hate to think what would happen if he ever caught one!), Betty Grable sings and dances while her husband supplies the music. The high moment comes when Frankie sings "Saturday Night" and Bing is listening from the wings. It's terrific! Then Bing gives with a few notes himself and makes a little speech which says all that about buying bonds a lot better than I can.

Those stars give their services, so it looks as if we'd better repay them by buying more bonds than we ever have before. Okay? (Continued on page 16)
Her eyes widened in loving wonder!
This Yank newsman was battling the toughest rats in Tokyo singlehanded! Alone—he dared to reveal their devil's plan of conquest to an unwary world!

JAMES CAGNEY
SYLVIA SIDNEY
in
"BLOOD ON THE SUN"

A WILLIAM CAGNEY PRODUCTION

"Try that on for size...you would-be world conqueror!"

Now you can see battling Jimmy in the mightiest fight of his career—beating the Japs at their own jiu-jitsu game!

PORTER HALL • JOHN EMERY • ROBERT ARMSTRONG • WALLACE FORD • ROSEMARY DE CAMP • JOHN HALLORAN
Directed by FRANK LLOYD Released thru United Artists
"Those endearing young charms"

Not the least of these young charms is a well-developed ability to cook!

"What's cookin'?" Cooking is a very highly esteemed art. You may take your harp to a party and nobody asks you to play, but just try going into the kitchen and giving the egg beater a whirl and everybody in the house troops in, sniffing hungrily, to see what you're preparing!

Not only does an ability to make good things to eat boost you socially—think of how practical it is! A hungry chick goes to the family refrigerator looking for snacks. She sees only raw eggs, raw lemons, a slice of raw liver, a can of evaporated milk and a package of shortening. If she can't cook, she says, "Oh, dear me" in a blue little voice and goes away disappointed. If she can cook, she gets an inspiration—"I think I'll make a batch of jam cookies! Right this minute!"

And that's just what she does. She measures and mixes carefully and they turn out swell!

**JAM COOKIES**

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 4 tsps. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ cup shortening
- ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup raspberry jam or marmalade

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla; then add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll ½ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with 2½-inch cookie cutter. Place 1 teaspoon jam on a circle, and place another circle on top, pressing edges together. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (425°F.) 6 to 8 minutes. Makes 2 dozen filled cookies.

You and the gang are sitting on the porch playing your favorite crooner's records. "June—moon—spoon!

Spoons! That reminds you that now is your proud moment for serving the dainty pink and delicious strawberry ice cream you've made.
By NANCY WOOD

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{3}{4} \text{ cup condensed milk} & \quad 1 \text{ cup strawberries} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup water} & \quad \frac{1}{4} \text{ cup sugar (4x)}
\end{align*}
\]


Does Pop need a little high-pressuring? There's no better way to get him in a bargaining mood than to make him a fluffy, delicately tart lemon chiffon pie.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

\[
\begin{align*}
1 \text{ tbsp. gelatine} & \quad 1 \text{ tsp. grated lemon rind} \\
\frac{3}{4} \text{ cup cold water} & \quad \frac{3}{4} \text{ cup sugar} \\
3 \text{ eggs, separated} & \quad 1 \text{ baked pie shell (9 in.)} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup corn syrup} & \quad \frac{1}{2} \text{ tsp. salt} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ cup lemon juice} & \\
\text{Softened gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks. Add corn syrup, lemon juice, and salt. Cook in top of double boiler, stirring constantly, until of soft custard consistency. Add softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add grated lemon rind. Chill and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which sugar has been added. Turn into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill.}
\end{align*}
\]

Here's a quick bread you ought to know about, full of crunchy ground peanuts. Serve it with cream cheese and jam.

PEANUT SANDWICH BREAD

\[
\begin{align*}
3 \text{ cups flour} & \quad 1 \text{ cup peanuts} \\
5 \text{ tsp. baking powder} & \quad 1 \text{ egg} \\
1 \text{ tsp. salt} & \quad 1\frac{1}{4} \text{ cups milk} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup sugar} & \quad \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup melted shortening}
\end{align*}
\]

If you're making definite plans to enchant the boy friend with your culinary skill, let your old friend Nancy in on the secret. Let me know what kind of recipes you'd like to see in this column and, so help me, I'll see that you get them! Meanwhile, I'd like to send you recipes I like—Chocolate Frosted Orange Cake, Baked Peach Custard, Koin Kobblers, Shrimp and Peas Supper Dish and Apple Cheese Pie. Just send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address The Modern Hostess, Dept. J.G., MODERN SCREEN, 148 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

peanuts. Beat egg, add milk and shortening. Add to dry ingredients and mix carefully. Bake in greased loaf pan in slow oven (325°F.) 1 1/4 hours or until done.

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Only Kleenex® has the Serve-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time.

BUY EXTRA BONDS NOW—during the Big 7th War Loan
Miss Daphne Adams

A descendant of John Adams and the Earl of Cathness, Scotland, Miss Daphne Adams is the daughter of the noted portrait painter, Lawson Adams, of Philadelphia. She was born and educated in France.

Valley of Decision

It's been a long while since you've seen as heart warming a love story as Greer Garson and Gregory Peck bring you in "Valley Of Decision." It's so real that you seem to become part of it as you watch, and you cringe as if it were happening to you when things go wrong.

Greer plays an Irish girl named Mary Rafferty. In Pittsburgh in the late 1800's, the Irish lived down on "the flats" near the steel mills. Mary gets a job as maid in the household of William Scott (Donald Crisp), the owner of the mills. She goes there with her father's curse on the house of Scott ringing in her ears, for Pat Rafferty (Lionel Barrymore) lost his legs in the mills years before, and he is bitter to the point of madness.

Mary loves the Scott home. Mrs. Scott (Gladys Cooper) couldn't be nicer, and makes Mary feel that any blunders she commits will be forgiven with a smile. Mr. Scott is kind, too, in a remote sort of way. Even Connie (Marsha Hunt) and young Ted, who are difficult, to say the least, are conquered by Mary's Irish charm and wit.

Paul (Gregory Peck), the eldest son, falls in love with her. Servant or not, he wants to marry her.

It isn't a sudden thing. It's deep and serious, and as much a part of him as his love for the mills. It comes gradually, as Mary becomes more and more a part of the household. They all seem to turn to her, and to Paul she is essential to happiness.

The situation can't go on, and Mary realizes it. She won't marry him. It wouldn't be fair to the Scotts, who have done so much for a lonely Irish girl. She feels a deep and abiding loyalty to the whole family, and she won't let even the tremendous love she has for Paul cause them trouble.

So when Connie marries an English lord, Mary goes along with her, more as a companion than as a maid. She doesn't answer Paul's letters, and she stays there until at last a cable from Mr. Scott tells her to come home. He meets her at the station and tells her he wishes she would marry Paul and make him happy. At last it looks as if a good life lies ahead. But now the black curse of Pat Rafferty seems to take effect. Tragedy prevents the marriage, and Paul eventually marries another girl. Mary's love for him and his for her remain steadfast even then—and as the picture ends you feel that eventually they will be together.—M-G-N.

Thrill of a Romance

What chance does a mere husband have against Van Johnson? Obviously, none whatever, especially when the husband is an eighteen-carat dope, who leaves his bride on their wedding night and whisks off to a business conference in Washington. The lovely "kissless bride" is Esther Williams, so the opening scene of the picture naturally takes place in a swimming pool.

Free Offer!

Going, going—500 FREE copies of DELL mags to 500 prompt readers of MODERN SCREEN who rush to fill out the Questionnaire below and mail it to us—but pronto! These mags are fun—filled with stories, star pictures, star doings! Send in your answers no later than the 20th of June, and you may be one of the smart ones to get a Dell Mag—FREE!

Questionnaire

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

Wise Guy! (Joe Cotten) □ The Town Goes Wilde (Cornel Wilde) □

Memo on June (June Haver) □ Hot Copy by Hedda Hopper □

Those Reagans! (Shirley Temple) □ "It's Lon McCallister!" □

Good Luck, Shirley! (Shirley Temple) □ Pennies From Heaven (Bing Crosby Life Story) □

That Old Feeling ... (Tom Drake) □ Cockeyed Wonder (Dane Clark) □

My Son by Dennis Morgan's father □ Good News by Louella Parsons □

Which of the above did you like LEAST? □

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

My name is ____________________________

My address is: City____________________ Zone________ State________

I am ________ years old.

Address this to: Poll Dept., Modern Screen 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
The story of the singing vagabond and the Sultan's daughter... in glowing Technicolor!

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A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS in Technicolor

EVELYN KEYES, RALPH SILVERS, JERGENS and CORNEL WILDE

Screen play by Wilfred H. Parke, Richard English, Jack Henley
Produced by SABEELUS BISCHOFF
Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

SPECTACULAR SLAVE GIRL AUCTIONS!
LUSCIOUS DANCING GIRLS!
The Sultan's harem!
The giant who performs miracles!
That diamond ring you've wanted so much... yearned for... dreamed about... yes, you can now have it. WED-LUCK brings you genuine certified fine-cut diamonds at prices that are amazingly low. Each WED-LUCK diamond is set in a beautifully designed 14-carat solid gold mounting... each stone selected for its color, brilliance and fine cut.

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If you know your ring size, state it in your order. Otherwise, use a string, snugly around your finger, knot securely, slip off without stretching.

THE ALART COMPANY, 67 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.

Please send me... (Name of style) Diamond Ring (State if set or individual ring)

I enclose... Money. Order, Smtd C.O.D., (State which)

Name

Street and No.

City or Town

Write for new booklet "Lucky in Love"

THE ALART COMPANY, 67 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.

Cynthia Glenn (Esther Williams) is demonstrating a swan dive for a group of small boys when a limousine stops by the Municipal pool, and an impressive looking young man gazes at her with obvious admiration. When she gets home, she finds three dozen roses waiting. A copy of Fortune arrives shortly after with the page turned down to an article on that rising young tycoon, Robert G. Delbar. Then Robert G. (Carleton Young), who is the owner of the limousine, arrives in person. Being an executive type, he has not only succeeded in obtaining her address, but has mapped out an immediate campaign to win her. Or rather his secretary has—Robert G. is busy guy.

Cynthia receives his suit with more enthusiasm than her aunt and uncle do. They are, of course, people, who dislike efficiency, system and all the other virtues of Robert G. But they mind their own business, and if Cynthia wants him, it's all right with them. So comes the wedding night. Comes the arrival at Arrowhead for the honeymoon. But before Cynthia and Robert are even unpacked, he is summoned to Washington. Cynthia is left alone to listen to Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, and the songs of a Metropolitan tenor named Knudsen (Lauritz Melchior).

It isn't Knudsen who is the romantic threat, however. In fact, plays Cupid for the real menace—the war hero, Major Thomas Milvaine (Van Johnson). Not that Milvaine means to be a menace, but he falls in love with Cynthia before he knows what's hit him. They keep it all very platonic, and it's just unfortunate that they get lost in the woods on the night Robert G. returns to their hotel. As Robert G. says, "Major Milvaine found his way out of a jungle in Africa!" And you can't help thinking he's got something there.

Your Van is devastating, upon a car. And the cast includes, besides the above mentioned, Henry Travers and Spring Byington.—M.G.M.

COLONEL BLIMP

Colonel Blimp is to English cartoons what Dick Tracy is to American comic strips. He's a blustering old gentleman who believes wars are won on the playing fields of Eton. In this picture, however, he is metamorphosed into a romantic figure, and his name is changed to Clive Candy. Candy (Roger Livesey) is a Boer War hero, complete with Victoria Cross. Home on leave, he reads a letter from a mysterious Miss Hunter, telling him of a man named Knuzit who is circulating anti-British propaganda in Berlin. Candy makes an unofficial—very unofficial—trip to Berlin. He finds Miss Hunter, who is so beautiful that he promptly falls in love with her. They encounter Knuzit in a cafe, and then they, and India, and the entire German army. Result: An elaborate duel, with sabers and scarlet coats and all the trimmings. His opponent, who was wanting by lot, is a German officer, Theo Kretschman—Shefford (Anton Walbrook). The duel ends when they are both wounded. They meet again in the convalescent hospital over a friendly card game. Edith Hunter acts as interpreter, and during the weeks they are there, they, too, falls in love with her. Candy, with true British sportsmanship, wins her hand, and lets Theo marry her, while he returns to England alone. And Theo and she remain friends, and correspond for several years.

Then World War I comes along, and Candy is a brigadier-general. He has made a successful career of the Army, but he fights by Marques of Queensbury rules. Romances enter the picture again when he meets a Red Cross nurse who reminds him of Edith Hunter, and marries her. Candy finds that Theo is a prisoner of war in a British camp. But when Candy and his wife go to him, Theo, with Prussian arrogance, refuses to speak to his old friend. He reconsidered later, however, and apologizes before he goes home to Germany.

In World War II, Theo comes to England as an anti-Nazi refugee, but it takes Candy's influence to persuade the Allen Brothers. Their friendship is soon re-established. Candy shows Theo a picture of his wife, now dead, and Theo is struck by the resemblance between her and Edith. He later notes a similar resemblance in the pretty ATS chauffeur who drives Candy around.

Candy is still a sportsman of the old school, distinctly romantic. But Theo and the pretty chauffeur's boy friend think that this war is not a "pukka sahib" affair. "Colonel Blimp" manages to be both leisurely and exciting. It is definitely worth seeing.—U.A.

INCENDIARY BLONDE

"Hello, suckers!" That's the way Texas Guinan used to greet the customers at her night club and loved it. Tex was one of the most flamboyant and colorful figures of the Prohibition era. She had everything in the world she wanted, except the one thing she wanted most of all. That (at least in this Paramount version of her life) was a guy named Kidgannon. Betty Hutton, an incendiary blonde if ever there was one, plays Tex, and Kidgannon is played by Arturo De Cordova, who is an even more romantic figure here than he was in "Frenchman's Creek." Barry Fitzgerald as Mike Guinan, Tex's father, contributes one of his classic performances.

Texas Guinan is quite a girl. She proves that way back in 1910, Mike Guinan has just lost his bank trying to corner the potato market, and Tex decides it's up to her to take over. She rides a bucking broncho, wins fifty dollars, and gets a job with Cherokee Joe's Wild West Show. Only the show doesn't really belong to Cherokee Joe (Charlie Ruggles) any more. He lost it in a poker game to a handsome gambler named Kidgannon. The new owner sees immediate possibilities in Texas, and between them they develop quite an act for her. Her personality wows the custom-
They'll Kill You— with laughter!

It's hit or miss— what happens to Fred MacMurray when he meets kiss-or-kill Bonnie of the Fleagle gang—a hillbilly round-up of characters that puts Tobacco Road in the shade— in a mystery comedy that's murderously funny!

Fred MacMurray

FRED

MacMURRAY

Mow has bats in the belfry—and coffins in the cellort!

Bert'll smash you, bash you and then he'll crash you!

Granmow gets lit when the lights go out!

Elany's nuttier than a Christmas fruit cake!

Bonnie's the pin-up girl of the police department and the only thing that makes sense to Fearless Fred!

with

Helen Walker • Marjorie Main • Jean Heather
Porter Hall • Peter Whitney • Mabel Paige • Barbara Pepper

A GEORGE MARSHALL PRODUCTION
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • A Paramount Picture
LADY ON A TRAIN

There's nothing like a good mystery to take your mind off your troubles, and this is a good mystery. Deanna Durbin is the heroine who tries to solve a murder and almost gets bopped on the head for her pains. All the characters are fascinating people, including the murderer, Ralph Bellamy, Allen Jenkins, Bruce and Edward Everett Horton do their best to confuse you thoroughly.

Suppose you were riding along in a train and saw a murder being committed in a room overlooking the railroad tracks. Would you forget the whole thing as hastily as possible, or go to the police? Nicki Collins (Deanna Durbin) goes to the police. They take one look at the lurid murder novel tucked under her arm, and tell her to run along and not bother them. So she goes to the nearby bar, Wayne Morgan (David Bruce), but he has a jealous fiancee. He doesn't dare get mixed up with anyone as attractive as Deanna.

The next day, they carry a story about Saul Waring, financier, who has died from a fall in the bathtub at his Long Island home. Nicki recognizes his picture, and she is the man she saw being murdered, and it wasn't on Long Island. She goes out to his estate to do a spot of investigating, and finds his family assembled for the reading of the will. But mistaken identity happens. The woman is the wife of the murderer and is the victim of the will. She is unmasked, and she is one of the women whose lives have been upset by the war. She is engaged to the murderer, and she is very nice to him. She locates a beautiful, shiny blouse under her skirt, and then takes them back to New York with her, and from that moment she is in grave danger.

She sees Wayne Morgan again, and this time she decides to dish his fiancée in favor of helping Nicki hunt the murderer. A sinister character named Saunders (George Coulouris) keeps popping in and out of the proceedings, and suddenly he's gone too often.

(Continued on page 24)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last year, I was visiting a friend at Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. It happened that her home was near that of a famous movie star. One day I decided to walk to the village, a jaunt of at least two miles. As I started down the road, a station wagon drove by. Much to my surprise, the car slowed up and stopped a short distance up the road. The driver, a charming young man, offered me a ride to the village. Of course, I accepted. No wonder, because it was Bette Davis. When I arrived, it was difficult for everyone to see that something very exciting had occurred. My breathless recital was greeted with, "Oh, that's nothing. She's always doing that. That's her way. Bette Davis is always doing something for someone. I can't imagine there being a kinder, more natural person in all of stardom.

Esther Grahm, Brookline, Mass.
"Ready to Kiss Me Now?"

Uh-huh! But she plans to make it stick, brother!...and if this flying wolf thinks she's just another furlough date...he's making the mistake of his love life!

ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINNE DAY

in
Those Endearing Young Charms

with ANN HARDING
and BILL WILLIAMS

Introducing BILL WILLIAMS
Sensational in his first big RKO comedy role!

Produced by BERT GRANET • Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
Screen Play by JEROME CHODOROV
FREE CHARTS SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D 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 the bright new stars as Lauren Bacall, Tom Drake, Don 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 pics 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 (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 of 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 Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about Hollywood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 88 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 BEHAVIE—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 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.

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, mix-match suggestions, do's 'n' don'ts to make you a slick chick. Free! Send a LARGE self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS—This is especially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself. 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 LOSE 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 slendrize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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........

Name........

Street........ City........ Zone........ State........

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

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

22
On the screen at last! Ernie Pyle's human story of your G. I. Joe!
The real inside story of the mud, dust, fear and rugged good humor of the foot-weary, fun-loving infantry!

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

"Pardon me, Miss Bandini. There goes that war again!"
"Go ahead! With every third drink you get a furlough!"
"I believe in love at first sight. It saves so much time!"

BURGESS MEREDITH as Ernie Pyle

Released thru United Artists
and is found murdered. By now, Nicki realizes that she may be the next victim, and she’s scared silly. So silly that she goes for a walk alone with the murderer. . . .—Univ.

**NOB HILL**

This is George Raft's first picture since he came back from his USO tour. He is teamed with (a) one beautiful brunette—Joan Bennett, and (b) one strawberry blonde—Vivian Blaine, which should be reward enough even for a trip to the front line trenches. The story is set in San Francisco, and the title comes from a part of town called officially Nob Hill, but known to people who don't live there as "Snob Hill."

One of those who don't live there is Johnny Angel (George Raft). Everyone in San Francisco knows Johnny. He owns the Gold Coast, an elaborate, expensive night club. The star of the Gold Coast show is Sally (Vivian Blaine) who sings and makes eyes at the male audience with vast success, but keeps her heart for Johnny. The question is, does Johnny want it? Sally has thought he does for the last couple of years. Now, however, the situation has changed. Johnny has met Harriet Carruthers (Joan Bennett), who lives on Nob Hill and is the sister of Lash Carruthers (Edgar Barrier), Reform candidate for District Attorney.

Johnny meets Harriet through little Katie (Peggy Ann Garner), an Irish orphan whom he has taken under his wing. Class distinctions don't mean a thing to Katie. As far as she is concerned, Harriet is just a nice, pretty lady, whom Johnny ought to like. Johnny does like her, and that's what's bothering Sally. Is he really in love with this girl from Snob Hill, and if he is, what will come of it? Sally cares enough about him to want him to be hap-

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**SAVE A LIFE!**

Listen! Yes, we mean you, all curled up in an easy chair with your MODERN SCREEN. You, who are comfortable and whole and clean. This is about those who are not any of these things. This is about the wounded who are fed life from a Red Cross bottle marked "Blood Plasma."

Since 1941, American adults have filled more than 12,000,000 of these precious containers destined to reach every battlefield where men fight. They have lent life to boys who otherwise would have had to give theirs.

Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, insists that plasma has been the greatest single life saver of the war. And on craggy Iwo Jima, the U. S. Marines who scaled Mount Suribachi and raised the American flag over it renamed the heights "Mount Plasma."

Last year, the Army and Navy started flying whole blood as well as plasma to Europe—a new, second-to-second race against death. And in the far Pacific, ten minutes after whole blood arrives at field stations, civilian blood is flowing into the veins of wounded GIs. Today, in any of the thirty-one donor centers throughout the United States, you may dedicate your blood to a serviceman dear to you and sign your name upon the label to be attached to the container. Already, men wounded thousands of miles away have returned and made a bee-line to thank donors whose blood saved them. So, give your blood! The need is deep and ever growing. What better gift can you offer than life itself?

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**THAT'S THE SPIRIT**

"That's the spirit," and the "spirit," believe it or not, is Jack Oakie. Jack isn't the ethereal type you usually associate with ghosts, but this is a very unusual ghost. For one thing, its shoes squeak. There isn't a clanking chain in the whole picture, which disappointed me a little. But clanking chains, it seems, are corny.

Jack doesn't start right out being a ghost. In the beginning, he's a vaudeville comedian named Steve Gogarty. He is minding his own business and not looking for any trouble when he meets pretty Libby Caruthers (June Vincent). Libby has been brought up with painful strictness by her disciplinarian father, Jasper (Gene Lockhart). On this particular day she has sneaked off to come to the local theater, which Jasper considers a den of iniquity. When Steve asks for a volunteer from the audience, Libby steps up on the stage—and into love.

She brings Steve home to meet the family, and Jasper almost has apoplexy. He pulls enough wires to get the theater raided, only to discover Libby in Steve's dressing room, apparently clad in a thin
neglige. He calls off the raid hastily, and demands that Steve marry the girl, which is what Libby had in mind all along. She and Steve are very happy for a year. Then their daughter, Sheila, is born, and Libby is at death's door. But Steve (here we go on the ghost part) bribes the messenger of death to take him instead.

He is a very restless spirit when he gets to heaven, and after seventeen years or so of "probation," persuades them to give him a seven-day pass back to earth. He is sure that his daughter needs him, and he's so right. Sheila (Peggy Ryan) has too much Gogarty blood in her veins to knuckle down to old Jasper. When Steve arrives she is the only one who can hear him or see him. She thinks he's swell, and isn't in the least perturbed by the fact that he's a ghost. Steve determines to get her on the stage, but of course Jasper is equally determined that she shall "stay home where she belongs." The rest of the picture is a tug of war between Jasper's earthly influence and Steve's celestial power which isn't as strong as it might be. There's romance thrown in, and it's all fun—Univ.

THE MAN FROM OKLAHOMA

You've heard of the feuding Hatfields and McCoys. They're just a bunch of sissies beside the feuding Whittakers and Lanes in Roy Rogers' latest picture. Roy plays a Whittaker and so does Gabby Hayes. The Sons of the Pioneers are Whittakers to a man. The Lane family, however, has dwindled to Grandma Lane, a fierce, shotgun-toting old beldame, and her attractive granddaughter, Peggy (Dale Evans).

When the story opens, Peggy is the singing sensation of a New York night club. Roy and the boys turn up there to try and

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Back in 1939, I attended a junior prom at Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. Ted Weems' orchestra was playing there. Singing with the band was a pretty little strawberry blonde named Marvel Maxwell, and when intermission came, all of us fellows scrambled up to this luscious and pleaded for her autograph. I decided to go the rest of the guys one better. I asked Miss Maxwell for an autographed photo, promising "to keep and cherish it forever." Maxwell replied that she had no more photographs, but remembering a portrait painter in the hotel lobby she promised that she would have him paint a picture of her the next day, and that she would send it to me, autographed and everything.

Not wanting to be a bore, but possessing a feeling of disbelief, I gave her my address, implying that I would wait in suspense for the picture.

The next afternoon, believe it or not, the painting did arrive. I sent Miss Maxwell a telegram expressing my deepest appreciation. To this day that painting is one of my most prized possessions. But imagine my surprise to find, upon seeing the movie "Lost in a Harem," that the lovely blonde star in it was none other than my "portrait girl," Marilyn Maxwell!

William Lane, Jackson, Michigan

Give the Boss a Break, Sister!

Every day the same mistake! Yet just half a minute would prevent it!

PRIVATE

Something's wrong all right—and it's you, Sugar! But don't expect your boss to point out a fault like underarm odor. It's up to you to avoid offending. So keep on it, before he buzzes again, and buy a jar of Mum.

You're going over big with the boss. And doing fine, thanks, with the rest of the office force, too. Yes—thanks to Mum—one of the most dependable little partners in charm a working girl ever had.

Mum does the trick—in 30 seconds. You're safe all day from risk of underarm odor. When you ask for Mum, you say bye-bye to the blues a girl gets when she's frowned on—and doesn't know why.

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.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.
The moment she enters, all else stops; she wins eyes and hearts effortlessly, without seeking them... for she is varvacious! Varva's perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons she's very very very...

You can do lots of things, and believe it or not, just about the most important of all is to stop stewing about it. Because the more jittery you are, the worse it gets. Much has been said about eating green vegetables and fresh fruits, but not half enough—for our dough—about lots of rest. Be sure about getting nine or ten hours every single night. Drink eight glasses of water a day. Eliminate sweet drinks, rich candies and goody desserts. Keep your face immaculately clean. Apply a soothing cream or flagging lotion and then let it alone. Don't touch it at all. Having done your best by it, forget it. To you it's absolutely awful, but to the rest of the world it's hardly noticeable, and we mean that. Follow our advice and you'll really get results, we promise.

How can you tell if a girl likes you? What symptoms does she give? And how can you tell whether she likes you a little or a lot or not at all? Bill J., Philadelphia, Pa.

The best test of whether or not she likes you is whether or not she likes to be with you. We think asking her for a date is the quickest way of finding out if you stand. If she says "no" once, give her a second chance. If it's still "no," forget about her for a while. Date some other girls, let her see what a smoothie you are, then—if you still care—try her again. She'll say "yes!"

I'm so confused. Tell me, is it possible to fall in love via correspondence? When Joe left for the Pacific a year ago, we were good friends but no more. Now we're exchanging love letters, and I find myself mad about the boy. How come? N. M., Boonville, N. Y.

Lots of friendships have grown into deep love through letters. Take Elizabeth Barr and Robert Browning, for instance. However, it sometimes happens that people fall more in love with love (if you can forgive an overworked expression) through letter writing than they do with the correspondent. It's kind of a thrill to open a letter and read a dozen terms of endearment. It's fun to write back in the same vein. It gets to be kind of a game. To see how you really feel about Joe, get out all your letters from him and arrange them in order; then sit down and read them. Do you find his character developing before your eyes as you read? Do you keep seeing fine new traits? Shining qualities? Attributes of mind and soul that attract you more and more as he makes himself known to you through written words? If so, then we think you've truly fallen in love with him. If, however, the letters are just the same old stuff, routine, uninspired chatter enlivened by a lot of "darlings" and protestations of love, we'd say it wasn't love after all.

My newly returned soldier husband can't stand the least bit of noise. My small of late is driving him wild and if a door slams he jumps a mile. He has to walk out of a newsreel or movie that has any shooting in it. Do you think he will ever be placid, jolly self again? H. M., Fresno, Calif.

Sure he will, but it will take some time and a bit of doing on your part. Don't comment on his jumpyness, for one thing. He knows he's terribly jittery, and if you allow him to relax and relieve the tension you pay to it the sooner he'll be able to control it. Don't force him to rest more than he wants to. Some form of relaxation, however, is essential. Going to a baseball game or just lolling in the sun will do him much more good than tossing sleeplessly in bed. If your children can be made to realize that their dad has ben through an awful lot and is very, very tired they will go all out in their efforts to be quiet, and their sweetness and considerate behavior for them will be ever so important, a factor in his readjustment. It may take a little time, but don't worry too much about your husband. H. M., he's going to be fine again.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I had never before met a celebrity, so it wasn't unnatural for me to be very nervous as I waited at the home of my girl friend. I absolutely shook. Then the bell rang and a second later she stood in the doorway. I was introduced and we were shaking hands. I forgot any nervousness and was surprised to discover she was able to put me entirely at ease. I spent four-and-a-half hours with her on the cinema. We talked about everything and everyone—everyone, that is, except her. Words fail me to tell everyone how lovely and lovely she is. But I hadn't seen a movie star in a way. I had met the girl down the street, anyone's big sister. I had just met Jane Allyson.

Doris Cohen
Los Angeles, Calif.
in "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Give your lips the exciting appeal of lifelike red... exquisite Color Harmony Shades, all based on an original, patented* color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood and all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick.

Glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds... there's a shade for your type for your most thrilling lipstick experience...$1.00

Max Factor - Hollywood

*U.S. Patents No. 2157667 2211465

Original Color Harmony Shades for Every Type...

Complete your make-up in color harmony... with Max Factor Hollywood face powder and rouge
No other Shampoo...

only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. Extra lustre... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or syrupy shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls the lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different. It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. Such manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness... right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful Hair Conditioning action!

Complete removal of dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!

Here's Dorian Leigh, one of New York's most glamorous fashion models, Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl." On this page she shows you what just a hair-do can do to change your personality!

(above) THE SMART, SOPHISTICATED LOOK! Smart, new one-braid arrangement. All hair is combed up, but over to one side, then tied securely with ribbon. To hold, divide hair into two sections, use ribbon as third section. (Ribbon three inches wide.) Small bow conceals end of braid. For glamorous hair, Dorian always uses Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

(above right) THE DEMURE, DREAMING LOOK! For this beguiling effect, Dorian uses an Alice-in-Wonderland comb to push all her front hair straight back from her face. Ends of front hair blend in with back hair. Not a wave or curl, except for the smoothly turned-under ends. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action deserves the credit for that glistening smoothness. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

Drene Shampoo

Product of Procter & Gamble
▌ Don’t look now, but I sneaked the idea for this month’s editorial right out of Time magazine! There’s a high-powered gent on their staff who signs himself modestly: P. I. Prentiss, Publisher. Any week you’ll see by his column that Time has a throttle-hold on the world pulse. Time somehow fires the opening gun of any invasion ahead of the Marines. This minute a Timeman is hiding in your closet. Watch the door, or he’ll fall out on his typewriter! Doesn’t it give you goose pimples?

Ever since Modern Screen’s circulation reached a million-and-a-half, Henry and I have brooded about frightening our readers too. Don’t you think we owe it to you?

So for Modern Screen’s own version of the “spy-in-every-closet” school of journalism, read “Pennies From Heaven,” which starts on page 46. It’s Bing Crosby’s life story. To bring it to you, we dislocated Bing’s hometown, Spokane, Washington. We invaded Gonzaga College. We put a man on Paul Whiteman. With the Rhythm Boys (there were three of ’em: Al Rinker, Harry Barris, and Crosby), we drank toasts to the the dear departed days of corn. Al, incidentally, is a big shot in radio, and his sister, Mildred Bailey, was chosen top vocalist for 1944 in the Annual Esquire poll. And Harry became a big-time composer, writing Bing’s great torch number, “I Surrender, Dear.”

We pumped the Ladds. Sue knew Bing when. As for Laddie, he’s such a fan, our operatives suspect him of leading an underground Crosby organization!

So now we know more about Bing than any person or institution in the world including P. I. Prentiss, Publisher.

Of course, Spokane isn’t Chungking, and Gonzaga isn’t Heidelberg, and Bing, thank God, is a nice guy. So maybe we lack that global touch, and maybe we haven’t frightened you out of a year’s growth.

But you’ll have to admit that “Pennies From Heaven” is the best story ever written for the love of Bing!

Executive Editor
Tom Drake just couldn’t forget—the summer stock gang, New York breaks—and his Chris.

The telephone rang like a five-alarm fire at Tom Drake’s house after he and his new bride, Chris, got back from their Las Vegas elopement. Like blissful dopes, that love-happy pair had wired all their Eastern friends to call them collect and get the good news in person and already a dozen long distance congratulations had mortgaged Tom’s salary for the next fiscal year, when Christopher’s mother in Stroudsburg, Pa., came on the line. That was the call that counted and both Tom and Chris shouted the big news into the mouthpiece, as excited as kids and eager as beavers. “Josie,” they cried. “It’s Tom and Chris. We’re married!”

“Ha-ha-ha-ha,” they heard over the wire. “This is very amusing.”

“But we just got home from Las Vegas—”

“Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,” trilled Mrs. Josephine Dunne, “you two can think up the silliest jokes!”

“But—but—” cried Tom and Chris desperately. “Josie. Mother, listen—we’re really married. The license, the
When waiting for Chris, Tom bangs on piano, chews on candy if there's any in sight. Dick Tracy's his idol but all other comic strips are scorned: They're just not funny! Catch Tom's latest pic, "Hold High the Torch."

In gals' fashions, Tom prefers black suits, detests satin evening gowns. Enjoys buying gifts, especially small pieces of jewelry—from St. Christopher medals to Zircons.

Tom adores kids; likes to see a mob of 'em running around the yard with wee Chris. He keeps plates of candy around for them. Misses sis Claire's two since they went back to New York.

ring, the Justice of the Peace, the witnesses—everything. Honest!"

"Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" Tom's new mother-in-law nearly died laughing at this very absurd thought. It went on for minutes—and more minutes, while Tom and Chris stared at each other dismally and counted the long distance toll dollars ticking off. Whenever they'd sputter the true Word into the receiver, a roar of incredulous chuckles blasted their ears. "Stop (Continued on page 33)"
That Old Feeling...

No singer, Tom studies voice with Metro's Horriet Lee. They agree he's a "threat" but don't know to whom or what! Favorites: "One Meat Ball," "I'll Remember April."
To prove that "that de-e-vine creature" had come a' calling, Shirl wheedled a pic of Guy for her school chums. Just "one of the gang," she's forever snatching at menus, matches, etc., to prove her glamor treks.

With Guy back in his Coast Guard Reserve togs, Shirl joshed his doing, thrilled to his plans for a post-war bow and arrow big game hunt.
“GOOD LUCK, SHIRLEY!”

Shirley’s brother George, a Marine flier since the year before Pearl Harbor, has received an honorable discharge and plans to become a H’wood personal representative—press agent, to us!

Now that Westlake gals have an engagement to thrill over, they’ll forget the objections and fuss over Shirl’s first screen kiss in “Kiss and Tell,” her latest pic. (With Mam.)

Remember when Shirley announced her “retirement” in 1940? It didn’t last a year. She recently got Look Mag award for “growing up so gracefully on the screen.”

Fiance Jack confesses he had never been particularly interested in Shirley as an actress. Shirl confides his sincerity is what rated. (With Danny Kaye at Ciras.)
IT was late, the twenty-six news photographers had left, Mom and Dad Temple were sleeping the sleep of the weary and the house was chill and quiet and dark. Very dark. The next a.m., a rested Mrs. Temple called down cheerfully, "Shirley, I heard you and Jack in the library until about one this morning. What were you doing?"

The answer came, brightly. "Reading the National Geographic, Mother."

There's no doubt, no doubt about it at all, "Little Miss Marker's" grown up. She's seventeen, five-feet-two and reddish haired with a three-carat square-cut diamond ring and a fella she's going to marry in two-three years. It was all very story-book and fairy-tale, how they got together, Shirley and her Sergeant. It was at a tea party Ann Gallery, Zasu Pitts' daughter, held back in 1943. There were little pink cakes and punch and the radio playing and an introduction that went something like this: "Shirley, I'd like you to meet a very dear friend of mine, Sergeant Jack Agar. Jack, you've probably seen Shirl before but now I want you to know her. We're schoolmates and next-door neighbors and pals—so don't believe anything she says about me! Now play nicely, chillun. I've got to fit off and play hostess."

Well, it's highly doubtful as to whether the "chillun" even noticed the fitting-off process. Because one-two-three they were agreeing, yes, wasn't it odd that his first names were George John, a combination of her two big brothers' names! And no, she didn't mind being called "Red" and heaven's sake, you think a dancing date at the Cocoanut Grove is simply copasetic, too? They found lots to talk about and later, as the months flew, lots to plan for. Then Jack was a GI and Shirley made a terrific comeback in "Since You Went Away" and "I'll Be Seeing You" and letters didn't seem so satisfying as they once were and suddenly it was 9:30 one evening, the evening of April sixth. They were coming home from a date in Jack's black Buick sedan, limp from all the dancing, and strangely silent. Jack pulled up to the curb on Sunset Boulevard, cleared his throat, cracked his knuckles a few times to ease the stiffness and started, "Shirley, uh ... Shirl ... Shirl! There's something I ... Aw, darling here... ." Out shot the big, shaky hand clutching a tiny black box.

And sitting there in the moonlight with the stars quivering and the bang-bang-honk noises of street traffic, there was very little but just the two of them on an island of quiet, all filled with wonder and throat-choked with love. Until a car nudged them gently from behind trying to park and they woke from the trance and when Jack tried to put the ring on her finger it was about fourteen sizes too large and she wore it all the way home on her thumb, feeling guilty because she knew this was supposed to be such an awe-inspiring moment and she couldn't stop giggling.

Mother, of course, wasn't too surprised, although she cried a little and made glad sounds over the ring. Seems she and Jack had had a long, pre-engagement conference and when her "But Shirley's only a baby" and "Think of the embarrassing publicity you'll be subjected to, son" arguments didn't convince him (all he kept repeating was "I don't care, Mrs. Temple. I can't live without Shirley!"), she extracted two promises from him: That they wouldn't marry while he's in the Army and that the engagement would be kept a secret until Shirley's seventeenth birthday—the 23rd of April.

Next day, there was a luncheon for the members of Westlake School's senior class.

"Don't wear your ring, dear, it's so obvious."

"Oh, Mums, I simply can't take it off. I'll keep my gloves on, even when I eat. Nobody in the world'll notice it."

And nobody did. Until the Lobster Thermidor. Then the heavenly aroma went to her head and caution flew to the winds. Off came the gloves and out came an ear destroying chorus of shrieks, gurgles and "But Shirley, we never dreamed... ."

From all but a very smug Joyce Agar, Jack's eighteen-year-old sister. "I knew something was up all the time," she placidly commented. "Jack's been mooning for months."

Back home, Mums sighed and nearly, but not quite, murmured, "I told you so."

"Now we'll have to issue a formal announcement."

"But Mums, only forty girls know!"

"And tell your boss, Mr. Selznick."

Mr. Selznick was told. "Best of luck, Shirley dear—but you're so young!"

That didn't faze her. "I'll get older in time."

"Oh well, if you don't mind being bored. As an engaged woman, no more dating with boys. You'll have to be satisfied with just your ring for company."

That did it. She flew to Jack. "'Course I love you, but Ja-a-ack, so lonesome... ."

"Uh-uh, Red darling. Relax. You've got 100% freedom. Just as long as I've got 100% of your heart."

And that's what you've got, son, that's what you've got!

by Mickey Ghidalia
Not long after Joe Cotten made "Since You Went Away" he traveled through the South on a Red Cross Blood Bank tour. One night in Baltimore, at a swing-shift theater for defense workers, the manager led Joe down the wall aisle in the dark to make his plasma plug up on the stage. It all seemed queer and unreal to Joe, anyway, a theater all lit up like a birthday cake at 3:00 A.M. and the screwy prospect of saying "Good morning" to an audience for the first time in his life.

"S-h-h-h-h," whispered the manager, "down this way." He guided Joe toward the stage. "Watch this step," he hissed. But Joe was watching himself instead. Because there he was on the screen in "Since You Went Away," twice as big as life, coming through a kitchen door gnawing on a huge chicken leg. So Joe stumbled at the step, finally made the stage, gave his blood donor pitch and sneaked out again. They hustled him on a plane and pretty soon he was in Atlanta, Georgia, at another defense worker show. It was still just as dark and just as fantastic barging into a theater in the inky pre-dawn, and to make matters even screwier, this theater was called the Grant—and in Atlanta, Georgia!

There was the manager again, saying "Sh-h-h-h!" and sneaking Joe in along the pitch dark wall. (Continued on page 110).
Maureen cannot refrain from greasepaint orgies—it's in the blood! Just over pneumonia. Jane's making H'wood "hala hair-do" conscious.

THOSE REAGANS!

You certainly wouldn't think it to look at her, but Miss Maureen Reagan is one young soul whose type of amusement has to be carefully censored. In short, she is not allowed to see any of her mother's pictures.

There is, of course, a very good reason. One afternoon Maureen's nurse took Maureen and a buddy of Miss Reagan's to the movies to see Jane Wyman's latest picture, "The Doughgirls." You will probably remember that, in one alleged comedy scene in the picture, Jack Carson gives Jane a shove that sends her spinning to land in an outraged heap on the floor.

Maureen knows Jack, of course, and likes him well enough. Maureen also knows Jack-a-boy, (Continued on page 122)
June Haver, that diesel-powered dream boat currently dancing her way through "The Dolly Sisters," has three things on her mind at present, to wit:

1. Contrary to the report of a writer in a national magazine, she is carrying on NO feud with Jeanne Crain. She and Jeanne got their start in the same picture, "Home in Indiana," and their careers have progressed apace. They are friends, each interested in the progress of the other even though they don't spend their entire time trying to dress alike in private life, muttering secrets in one another's ear, or otherwise acting like School Days at dear old Poly High. Jeanne is quiet, thoughtful, ethereal. June is gay, enthusiastic, active.

The rumor that when the girls went on a bond tour they disagreed so desperately that one girl was sent to Cincinnati and the other to Indianapolis, is one thousand percent false. The plans for dividing the troupe were made long before the 20th Caravan left Hollywood; they were based upon the need to cover as much territory as possible within time limitations. (Continued on page 79)

Did you know: June and Farley aren't engaged, the Haver-Grable password is "sis," and Junie's house is a dream-plus?

BY ABIGAIL PUTNAM
June's painted since she was 13 and makes the family Xmas cards—plus penning the verses. Her needlepoint's expert and she's composing a jazz symphony.

Perfume's a "must" with June and she loves to swish in satins, furs. Waiting at restaurants is unbearable except when she's dating. Then time flies! Don't miss her latest, "Where Do We Go From Here?"

"Junie-Bee" swipes the family shoe coupons, but the three Haver sisters never swap clothes. She's scared of mobs, and mopes if ma doesn't visit the set daily when she's working. (With her sister Evelyn, 17.)

A home gal, Junie has a horror of divorce, is sweet to old folk and fond of kids. She's teaching Betty Grable's Vicky to call her "Auntie."
"I remember . . ." begins Dennis Morgan's father.

Enjoy these heartwarming anecdotes of an American boy.

MY SON

by FRANK MORNER as told to Ida Zeitlin

When they first asked me to do this, I shied away. It's a little hard to write about your own son. You'd like to say what you think, yet there's always the danger of sounding prejudiced. Of course, I've yet to meet the father who's not just a shade biased in his son's favor, and that's fine between friends. It makes for a certain give-and-take. You brag about your son and I'll brag about mine. But on paper, the whole thing takes a different slant. You feel you've got to be objective up to a point, and you're not sure you can be.

So I'll start with a confession. When the idea was broached, my impulse was to say no. But I couldn't think an excuse up fast (Continued on page 101)
I'm writing this a week after the death of FDR and I'm not in the mood for clowning—not even over Bing. For this once I'd like to play it straight.

There was something different about the Groaner when he got back from overseas—there had to be. You can read every paper printed and hear every newscast, your heart can bleed and your imagination work overtime, and you still don't know what it's like over there till you've seen a piece of it with your own eyes.

The change in Bing was nothing you could put your finger on. He's always been the kind of guy that people took to without half trying. He and Father O'Malley have lots in common—same humor, same warmth, same tolerance, same easy approach to folks. And the same unwillingness to dress up emotions in words. Only Bing was more so. Feelings were okay. But talking about 'em was murder. That bird could outrun his own horses to give a simple thank-you the slip.

Well, he got back and, if you didn't look too hard, he was still Old Throw-it-away, doing business as usual. Pushing his four young scalawags around—and I mean push. There's not a coddled bone in the whole quartet. Pop gives 'em plenty of rope, but they know the voice of authority when they hear it. At a Command Performance not long ago, they were horsing around before the show started. Things got a little rough, and Bing sauntered up. "Okay, scram, over there—" and whoosh! they were off in a corner like dust before a broom. No, he's not going mushy. But sometimes, when the talk's about war and the kids happen to be playing around, his eyes go to them with a certain look. You don't have to be a mind reader or a sentimental sob sister to interpret that look. All you have to be is a father.

We were down at the San Diego Hospital together. Before singing, he'd visit with the boys, go up to each bed. "My name's Crosby. How long you been here, bud? Where'd you get it?" He knew what to say and—more important—what not to say. Coming out of one ward, filled with men off Saipan, there was that look in Bing's eyes again. And this time he talked. "What a price to pay! How little the country realizes—! In Europe they know the pain and the tragedy. Here the only ones who know are the ones who've suffered personal loss. All it takes is knowing. If they knew, they'd rise to a man and make this war the last—"

Then came April 12th, and the thunderbolt that sent a whole world crashing to its knees.

When I saw Bing, the same memory returned to us both.

"Maybe they know now," I said.

He said, "Maybe they do."

There was nothing else to say.
Bing never did need an umbrella "'cause when it rained it always rained pennies from heaven!" Life Story, part 1

When Gary Cooper handed Bing Crosby his "Going My Way" Oscar last February at the Academy Award dinner, Bing felt called on to say something to the glittering crowd of famous Hollywood stars gathered to do him honor for the best screen acting performance of 1944. Collecting awards is nothing new in Bing's life, but being called an actor is. The Crooner gazed bashfully around the vast banquet hall, grinned and bent his big, blue eyes sheepishly on the gilded, plastic victory model Oscar. When he spoke, his voice was more husky than usual.

"All I can say," drawled Bing, "is that it sure is a wonderful world when a tired old crooner like me can walk away with this hunk of crockery!"

It's typical of Bing Crosby to sound off at a time like that with a self-deprecating (Continued on page 50)
BY KIRTLy BASKETTE

Cacky Bing landed in jail after an auto smash-up when he first hit Universal's lot in '30. Brother Everett found the jailbird, became his chief manager. (Bob, Bing, and Everett.)

Kate Crosby refuses to hire a maid; sews, gardens, and guards the Bing scrapbooks she's saved for years. (Bing, Mom, J. Cagney at Gary's christening, '34.)

In '24, the Gonzaga Musicoladers had a four number repertoire. They played 'em—first as a fox-trot, then a waltz and a one-step for variety! (Bing, as law student.)
remark like that, lazily delivered and slangily off-the-cuff. By now people expect it, chuckle good-naturedly as did the bunch at the Academy banquet. They laugh, “That guy Crosby—never serious about anything!” and wonder who writes his gag lines. It never occurs to them that underneath Bing’s flippant—and always spontaneous—comebacks when he tends himself a poke in the ribs lies the solid core of his own philosophy. He really thinks it is a wonderful world. And just why it has been so wonderful to Bing Crosby has ever been and always will be something for him to scratch his thinly thatched head over and ponder. Bing’s afraid to take himself seriously—or maybe he just knows better by instinct.

No living American is more widely popular or better known than Bing Crosby. At 42 he’s a legend of two U. S. generations and a basic element of twentieth century American culture whether you like it or not, but chances are you do. To soldiers overseas he’s known as “Uncle Sam without the whiskers.” To the krauts, “Der Bingle” and a secret (Continued on page 84)
In “Road to Singapore,” ’40, Bing was stealing Dorothy Lamour from his favorite foil, Bob Hope. Larry Crosby had become Bing’s “Director of Public Relations” and Dad his courier and mail supervisor.

In ’38, Bing was working on “Paris Honeymoon” while his pal, Bob did “Give Me a Sailor.” That was the year Lindsay Harry was born, too, on January fifth, and “East Side of Heaven” was filmed. (With Bob.)

Bing had become a sizzling success by the time he starred in “Sing You Sinners” with Fred MacMurray and Donald O’Connor. Donald became his first singing pupil and was heard chirping in on tunes like “Small Fry.”

U. S. Marines now train at Bing’s Del Mar track, but his ambition’s still to breed and train a Kentucky Derby winner on the “Binglin Stock Farm” partnered by Lindsay Howard; Latest pic: “Road to Utopia.”
If a giant book rolls up to your door 'n Scarlett O'Hara pops out,
it's no dream—it's Hollywood!!

"Why do movie players need press agents?" asked the man I was lunching with.
I choked on my vitamins. "Are you kidding, or just simple?"
Well, he wasn't kidding. And since I love to pour useless information into people's ears, I'm assuming, dear readers, that maybe you don't know, either. If you do, turn the page.

Movie players need press agents to get their names into print. The more often they get into print, the more you talk about them. The more you talk about them, the more tickets they sell. When they stop selling tickets, they're dead, and who wants to be dead? That's all there is to it.

Of course I could mention a few—and will—who get along fine without benefit of the praise boys. Our more impetuous (Continued on page 105)
Faye Emerson Roosevelt (with Brig. Gen. Elliott R.) just thought aloud about a long-lost sister. She had 200 by the next mail!

With Sex toned down and dressed up for her debut, Rita Hayworth got 5 pages in Look and Orson, too!

Maria Montez had to get attention before she got a career. (She's dressed true to form at "gingham, ice cream" party.)
The town goes Wilde

Cornel's the guy who played a piano-pounding genius without touching a note—and ran some swordplay into a paycheck!

Just past two, Wendy's been endowed with her daddy's looks and her mom's personality—make way for Miss Movie Queen of 1960.
An Olympic fencing champ, his new pic, "Captain From Castile," will be another rogue role à la Doug Fairbanks, Sr. That "rest" at Palm Springs got his second play completed; the first, "Legend," hits B'way this spring.

Cornel Wilde came rampaging into the world, in New York City, several weeks before his surprised mother expected him; he dashed through high school in three years and finished his college course (pre-med) in three years. He fell in love at first sight, and acted promptly—that he wasn't married three days later can't be charged against him, on account of marriage is a two-party system.

He's a perfectionist—a trait first revealed at the age of eight. At that tender period, having taken piano lessons for eight months, he was called upon by his teacher to participate in a recital. His older sister also was to perform. She protested bitterly. "He'll disgrace us, that's what!" she moaned, little dreaming that he was to be our generation's Frederic Chopin.

Cornel, a shy and bashful boy, thought this over and decided that he would render his part of the program with a perfection never before seen in one so young. When, as the youngest musician playing, he marched out on the platform, he was given a round of applause. He figured that this was recognition of his mother's supreme (Continued on page 82)
COCKEYED WONDER

There was boxing and baseball and law and
while Dane Clark's not very pretty,
he's smart—and very, very talented.

"Why the hell don't they get an actor?" Bogey muttered.
The new guy curled up inside of himself and died. This is Hollywood, he thought, where they don't let you live. Are you good? do you stink?—they don't wait to find out. Kick-'em-in-the-teeth, that's their policy, what can they lose?

His first break. "Action in the North Atlantic," starring Humphrey Bogart. Every time he looked at Bogart, he'd get a level stare. Every time he came within earshot, he'd get a crack. "Where do they dig these hams up?" Every time the action took him anywhere near Bogart, he'd steel himself, waiting for the axe to fall . . .

One morning a fellow actor stopped him. "Bogey was raving about you at the Mocambo last night—"

"About me? Are you crazy?"

"Say, you haven't been falling for that line of his—?" The other let out a whoop. "That's how Bogey operates. It'd kill him to come out with a compliment. If he likes you he insults you. Otherwise, he keeps his trap shut—"
The new guy walked out on the set, toward Bogey. "Is that drip still around?" The new guy grinned and Bogey grinned back. The new guy felt like a colt, kicking its heels up on a fine spring day.

He’s no longer the new guy. He’s Dane Clark, zooming high on MODERN SCREEN’s poll, playing second lead to Bette Davis in “A Stolen Life.” When the powers turned thumbs down on his real name, Bernard Zaneville, it was Bogey in a puckish moment who dreamed up Dane Clark. Dane’s howls of mirth turned to howls of anguish when he found himself stuck with it. As times goes on, he grows hardened—submits to Great Dane and Melancholy Dane without wincing too much, but thinks Say-it-Dane-So or Great Day ’n the Morning is hitting below the belt.

He’s spent most of his life using his head as a battering ram to get through brick walls. The walls were breached—and his head survived, not without scars. His hates are as cordial and staunch as his affections. He hates the man who promised him a junior law partnership and reneged—thanks heaven it happened but goes right on hating him for breaking his word. Hates the fellow who fired him from his first (Continued on page 125)
"I shake," he kids, "remembering my first role in 'Night Remembers.' Say, d'ya think the critics'll ever forget?"
All high school cafeterias are noisy, and this one was no exception. Dishes rattled, kids laughed and shouted to each other across the room, someone was doing a jitterbug routine in the corner. So at first no one noticed the new arrival. He was a small, brown-haired lad in a private's uniform. He stood in the doorway a little uncertainly, and then all of a sudden there was a shriek. Two shrieks. A dozen. "It's Lon McCallister!" A tray dropped with a crash of china. There was a wild surge toward the doorway, and Lon was escorted like visiting nobility to a table at the center of the room. Questions poured over him in a crazy wave, and he was asked to autograph everything from a bobby sock to a baked apple. Lon answered all the questions with the friendly, happy grin that's the first thing you notice about him. The mob got a bit out of hand eventually, and when it was time for Lon to leave they wouldn't let him go.

"Hey, gang," he protested good naturedly, "I've got to get back to the theater. 'Winged Victory' has a matinee this afternoon."

They didn't care about that. They wanted him to stay right there and let "Winged Victory" struggle along as best it could. It isn't every day that a high school cafeteria gets a movie star to visit them. Finally as matinee time approached, Lon got desperate. (Continued on page 116)
Those fans roar, they shriek it when Lon appears—
he's their special guy with his G.I. grin and pal's hello.

By Virginia Wilson
Modern Screen's
Fashion Guide

The bare look is the look for summer. Bare fashions from desk to dusk, worn by Jeanne Crain.

By Jean Kinkead and Toussia Pines

Black magic in this butcher lines strap top dress 'n' jacket by McKettrick. Crease-resistant, expensive looking, it goes happily on from desk to date.

This double-duty honey from McKettrick takes Jeanne from city to beach. She just removes the tiny jacket—presto! a midriff play dress!
There are two ways of looking in the summer:
There’s the limp, disheveled look of a tired lettuce leaf, and there’s the clean, dewy look of a fresh gardenia. The first way is the line of least resistance. It’s the way we all could look if we let ourselves. The second way takes some doing. It’s a combination of things—a neat summer hairdo, ungooy summer make-up, the right clothes. Especially the right clothes. Choose dresses that are stark and uncluttered. Be sure that they’re washable, and that they are always whistle clean. For town clothes, for traveling clothes, try to get crease-resistant material. Always stick to cool, cool colors like lemon, lime and raspberry. Swear by chalk white; and remember that of all colors, black is the coolest to wear, the coolest to look at. We’ve selected these four ice-makers—all of them tubbable, all of them lovable—to do right by you when the mercury is wa-ay up there.

Black Magic: For brewing up a romance from a casual friendship, for rekindling the old stuff with the guy you married, there’s nothing like a touch of the siren. Nothing like this inspired little dress of butcher linen—black as a moonless night. There’s romance in the heart-shaped neckline, in the princess lines, in the full, graceful cut of the skirt. The tiny bolero jacket stays on for street wear, comes off for rooftop dancing, for candlelight evenings at home. Either way, it’s an exciting, important little dress that will go places and do things well into September. Of Tefilized butcher linen, it’s crease-resistant and expensive-looking, and it’s guaranteed to unbalance the beau but not the budget. Price? Just about $9. Pink scarf by Glentex—but beautiful pearls by Coro.

Double Duty: Countrybound of a Friday afternoon, and you in a Jeykll-Hyde gingham that fools all of the people all of the time. At the office and on the train, you’re a well-turned out career gal in a wide black and white skirt, a wee, black jacket. You’re cool, trim, chaste as the Mona Lisa. At the seashore, on the farm, you doff the jacket, and there you are, bare of arms, bare of midriff. A sun- (Continued on page 75)
Housekeeping woes sent the Dana Andrews (with Lona Barry, center) off to relax at Mocambo. Their just-won phone is a plug-in. Each time it rings, the family races to discover what room it's in.

With wife Jennifer Jones suing for divorce, Bob Walker's been playing the field, with accent on Diana Lynn, who's grown 5 inches in a year. (At Mocambo.) MS's Louella Parsons fixed their first date.

LOUELLA

Junie Allyson hasn't a hat in her wardrobe. Wore first one in "Music Millions." You'll see Barbara with Humphrey Bogart in "The Two Carrolls." Linda's busy going on tours of the town with blinded seam
PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

If you think for a minute that curly headed Shirley Temple is accentuating the dignity now she's officially engaged, you can think again.

Shirley is still just as much of a cut-up as she was before the handsome Sergeant Agar slipped the three-carat square-cut sparkler on her engagement finger.

She came over to see me just a few days after her engagement was announced. She thinks John is "everything and more" and she's taking all bets that state she won't marry him at the end of two years. "Don't you worry that I won't collect every cent of that cynical money," she laughs gleefully. "I'm Dutch and thrifty!"

Shirley says the news of the engagement leaked out when she attended a luncheon for 40 girls and refused to remove her glove from her left hand. "The girls could see there was a ring under the glove—and they chased me all over the place until they caught me, took off the glove—and there it was! Isn't it smooth," she said, holding out the finger with the fine sparkler glittering in the sunlight.

But engaged or not—Shirley is still very much the mischievous kid and loves to talk about the gags she pulls.

"I had more fun the other day," she told me, "a girl friend and I were entertaining two boys who had just arrived from overseas. They wanted to see some stars. I breezily said, 'Oh, I know them all, and showing off like mad, drove them up to Gary Cooper's house.

"I rang the bell and said, 'I want to see my father.' (He once played her father on the screen when she was very small.) The maid looked at me as though I were crazy and slammed the door in my face! I rang the bell again and told the girl my name and that I must use the telephone. I don't think she ever believed me because all the time I was talking she was guarding the house like she expected us to walk away with the furniture.

"Just as we were leaving Gary's house, we were stopped by a dashing soldier who asked where Keenan Wynn lived. The officer, in case you want to know, was Jean Pierre Aumont—and so, having nothing better to do, we followed him to the Wynn home.

"We could tell they were (Continued on page 66)
having a party from all the cars outside—so
what did we do but walk in? Keenan was
just home from the hospital and everyone was
in the back yard.
"The funny part of it is that no one seemed
surprised that we were there. Keenan thought
Mrs. Wynn had invited us—and she thought
he might have extended the invitation. It
was all very silly—but fun!"

At the time I saw her, everyone in Holly-
wood was still saddened by the death of
President Roosevelt. Shirley told me about
her meeting with the President when she was
about eight years old.

"Just that day my front tooth had come out
and so I wasn't doing much smiling. The
President said, 'Shirley, where are those fam-
um dimples?' I smiled and he saw what
was the matter. 'Well,' he said, 'that doesn't
matter. You'll get another one. I've lost a
lot of teeth, too, but they aren't the variety
that grow back!'"

You would be surprised to know the name of
the actress who puts up her husband's hair in
pin curls every night! Yes, he's in the
movies, too—and has such wavy hair, girls!

Don't let anybody tell you that Humphrey
Bogart has changed the name of his boat from
"The Sluggy" (in honor of his former wife,
Mayo Methot) to "Baby" (in honor of Lauren).

Yep, Bogey—and Lauren go sailing often—
but it's still "The Sluggy."

** * * *

Several months ago we told you that the
alarmist rumors being circulated about Van
Johnson were assuming serious proportions.
I still can't reveal all I know about this
story—but it isn't just an accident that almost
every month or so there are "flashes" to 
dio commentators and newspaper offices that Van
has been seriously injured, that he is getting
married, or that he is dying!

Just before my broadcast one Sunday, I was
called to the telephone and informed that
"Van Johnson just died on the operating
table!" It was a terrible shock—but I'm glad
to say that I took time out to check the report
before putting such an awful thing on the air.

It was false, of course—but apparently
someone had wanted me to flash the report,
not knowing that I always check every story.

The person who is doing all this is sus-
ppected by the studio and the authorities. All
I can say is that no matter on whose shoulder
the blame falls, he or she will be exposed and
the reasons for the persecution made public!

** * * *

Carmen Miranda couldn't have been more
surprised than she was the other night when
her doorkell rang and she found Esther Wil-
liams and Van Johnson standing on the porch.

Carmen had never met either one of them
before—proving that Hollywood isn't as small
as it's painted.

Esther said, "We hope you'll excuse us,
Miss Miranda—but we have to do a hip-
wiggling Sambo in 'Early to Wed' and we
decided to come to an expert on the subject
for instruction!"

Carmen roared with laughter and said she
was very flattered. So for two hours la Miran-
da "swung it" while Van and Esther looked
on and learned.

** * * *

Thoughts in passing: Wonder why Gloria
de Haven always wears her hair the same
way?
The best looking hats in Hollywood are
worn by Joon Fontaine. She had on a honey
at Ciro's the other night, a small black
chapeau with two deep roses at the nape
of the neck.

The best letter writer among actors is Lieut.
Richard Ney. If Richard ever wants to give up
his career before the cameras he would make
a darn colorful reporter.
The best letter writer among the women is
Gypsy Rose Lee. Is that a salty wit?

All of you who have written me inquiring
about Donald O'Connor's health will be glad

** * * *

EASY PICKIN'S—FIVE-POINT
FOR A MEMORY!

Gather round chillun 'cause here's a
true story: Once upon a time a true-
blue, nice-as-a-screen-star, Modern
SCREEN reader saw something
happen. And she sat right down and wrote
us all about it. But she didn't win a
prize and she didn't get her name in
print. She was very sad—and so were
we! But do you know why she didn't
succeed? Because she forgot all about
making the story about a real movie
celebrity, and the only thing that
seemed to be important was the fact
that she was there.

Moral? Honestly, you don't have to
live in a garret and wear hop-rimmed
specs to rate printer's ink! Just don't
forget that it's the star that counts and
do your story up proud—full of laughs,
or tears, or just plain interest. Write
yourself that five dollar happy end-
ing! Send your brain storm to me.

I SAW IT HAPPEN, Editor, Modern
SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New
York 16, N. Y. Last month we were so
full of "Happy Birthdays" for our fif-
teenth, a question was: that there just
wasn't much room for your accounts
of adventures with the stars, and we'll
make up for lost time! And why don't
you make up for past disappointments
by sending us a real gem-eroo!

** * * *

to know he is much improved. So much better.
In fact, he has been making a few appear-
ances on bond drives and things like that.
Everyone believes that Don's illness.
right after he went into service, was just a matter
of a very high strung boy suddenly trans-
planted into strange and unusual conditions.

** * * *

Just a lot of eyewash that report that Bing
 Crosby and Bob Hope had an argument
that almost resulted in fistfists.

Those two guys are still the best of friends
and always will be, I betcha.

** * * *

The reason you haven't seen any pictures of
the beautiful baby of Errol Flynn and Nora
Eddington is because Errol has objected.

Nora, who tells me she will sue for a di-
 vorce in a couple of months, but who is still
very friendly with Errol, tells me, "Errol has
asked that the baby not be photographed. Not
that he isn't proud of her! He thinks she
is the prettiest little girl in town—but he says
she is so small and just getting a good start
in life and he thinks the flash light bulbs and
smoke might be bad for her.

"Anyway, he was so sweet to me when he
was born in Mexico City and so tender
and thoughtful at that time, I wouldn't want to
do anything he would not approve of."

I still believe that Nora is very much in
love with Flynn—divorce or no divorce.

** * * *

Such a lot of things happened before Clark
Gable's return movie, "Strange Adventure"
or whatever it is to be called, actually went
before the cameras.

First, Greer Garson was very, very sick and
had to take ten days off before the movie
started. Then, Clark got himself all scarred
up in an automobile accident and delayed
the starting another week.

Just when both Greer and Clark were ready
to go to work, Gable's favorite director, Victor
Fleming, broke out with an attack of temper-
ment and walked off the lot. Vic, who objected
to having to present a pass at the gate and to
the parking attendant, after working on the
lot for fifteen years, stayed away another
seven days.

Clark used his influence to get him to return
and now Vic is back. Everybody's happy—we
hope!

** * * *

Alan Ladd may be "all and all" to Miss
America and the Bobby Socks brigade—but
Katharine Hepburn never knows him when
she sees him. I suppose everyone has heard by now
how Katharine was sitting in a cafe in New
York with a stage producer, said Alan who
he walked in, and sent someone over to ask
he would be interested in an acting career.
It's been told (and gleefully by Alan, I mig-
add) many times.

But the pay-off came later, on the same
jaunt to New York, when Katie tried to mail
amends for her "bonesia." At a cocktail part
Alan was standing with a young attorney
talking, when la Hep blew in. Taking la young
lawyer's hand, and totally ignoring Alan, she
said, "Oh, Mr. Ladd? I'm so e
barrassed about the other day!"

** * * *

Too bad about Anne Baxter and John H
idark. This romance is colder than an
ice cube. Now I hear that the man in Anne's l
is her old flame, Richard Derr, now in l
service. We'll see. She seems to be a l
who changes her mind.

** * * *

One of the funniest imitations I've ever
heard is Betty Hutton's take off on all this
of the Andrews Sisters singing "Rum and Cc
Cola." Betty actually sounds like the record
and all by herself.

Speaking of the little Hutton, she's certain
a subdued girl most of the time, these
times. There was a time when she was very,
like her screen personality. But lately, for
reason anyone can uncover, she seems
more sedate.

A little "heart" trouble, Betty?
COME AND HELP! Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as studies allow. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help.

PATRICIA HICKS—red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

She is very young and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia confided to us. "It has such a nice way of giving my face the clean, fresh, smooth look I like it to have."

HOW PATRICIA USES POND'S...

She slips Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She rinses with more luscious Pond's, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This double creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."

You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's like this—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of both hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.

HER RING—On Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a square platinum setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbulte
Lady Edward Monteag
Miss Theodora Roosevelt
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Joyce, Countess Howe
Miss Evelyn Byrd La Prade
"QUICKER THAN A FLICKER, you're super-fascinating with this new Jergens Twin Make-up!" says beautiful Penny Edwards.

**FIRST**, sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake (made with special skin-softening oils) . . . to color-tone your complexion, bring it a flawless look—smooth and radiant!

**SECOND**, fluff on the matching shade of velvetized Jergens Powder.

MATCHING CAKE AND POWDER . . . a $2.00 value for $1.00 . . . that's Jergens Twin Make-up! Today, choose your shade for a twice-as-lovely look!

JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES, 25¢, 10¢

Jergens Make-up Cake

Matching Jergens Powder

*Plus Tax

Both in one box—both for $1.00 ($2.00 value)
Mystery reaches 69 Springfield

GHETTO. Clare and Chris and the little group of Reginald Gooder who cut their acting teeth at Poughkeepsie. They all lived—about fifty of them—in a vast boarding house, took a bus to the theater together and had their off-hour fun at the movies. All of them, like coke and hamburger stands, movies, houses and juke joints. They had picnics in the woods and they took moonlight rides in some jalopy and trudged around Poughkeepsie selling tickets to the reluctant merchants for their colossal productions. They sat together in the audience when they were not acting and formed an applauded clique and they talked at night in somebody’s room until all hours about art and the theater and what great stars they’d all be some day. They were all thinner than they’d been but Chris and Bud were something special.

MANHATTAN REUNION...

But it was in New York City that Tom and Chris really got serious. When their mother died suddenly to leave Tom and Clare orphans (his father had passed on earlier), they moved into Manhattan, taking an old remodeled apartment house on Riverside Drive. Their first visitor, of course, was Chris Dunne and the Poughkeepsie gang of summer stockers, all of whom had moved on to the big city to pursue their art. Chris was Clare’s best friend by then. They corresponded constantly and she’d always say in her letters, “Send me to You for a week and he and his sister moved into town the gang. Chris included, rallied around to fix up the place. They painted the poor old Gay Nineties houses green with blue and moved in their heavy Victorian furniture from New Rochelle and, while the artistic effect was pretty awful, it was their very own nest. They lived in it happily for a while. Chris Dunne was out there more than the others. And Tom found himself telling her about everything that happened to him and all about the phone every night to reproduce the story of the robber diabolical to clean out of his long, dull day haunting agents’ offices and tramping up and down Broadway looking for a job. He’ll probably never forget the first job he landed, either, because it was Chris who called first to brag expansively about it. It was Chris who’d be most thrilled at the news—Tom knew the

He rushed to a phone booth and dialed Chris. Tom was so impressed with himself at that point he could barely button his coat. But he pulled a world weary, non-chalance look, said the long day was over and hung up.

"Hello, Chris," greeted Tom, "just thought I'd call to say hello."

"Oh, hello, darling," came back Chris, "any new news?"

"No," yawned Tom, "not much. Oh, by the way, I'm starting a new show."

"What? Oh, darling, how wonderful!"

"Yes, I'm playing Tom in his best role of course! "It's working tolerably well, I assure you, Mr. Equity. Director said they'd been looking all over. Start rehearsals tomorrow."

Chris said she’d never been so thrilled. She was so elated that for a moment he’d be a terrific hit. She was impressed to pieces and the guy glowed like neon. And so the next day he strutted down

“I HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD”

Mary was only a little girl. Maybe seven or eight years old at most. So when the teacher brought all those red, white, and blue posters to Springfield to see how this “experiment in democracy” was working out, no one expected a very good answer to their question, “Do you know what democracy means?” A new girl had been enrolled in the school. Only maybe it was fate that played the little trick that Tom and Chris remember as their very first romantic moment.

That was when Tom slashed his hand before opening night curtain trying to pick a can of milk and the doctor pumped an anti-tetanus shot into his arm. Well, that was okay, and he didn’t even feel woozy until the second act, when all of a sudden he broke out in a mess of itchy lives that made the audience groan. He looked like an army of ants had invaded every inch of Tom’s costume. Probably what Tom Drake would do now could be yelet, “Cut” scrawl off to his dressing room and just scratch luxuriously, but in those days Gil Chalad in “The Great Gatsby,” he discovered he was a back and he heard the show must go on. So he wriggled himself through the scene miserably, but when it was over he rushed up to tell Tom he’d neglected his shorts and yelled “Do something!”

Chris was there and together the amateur nurses took poor Tom, who at that point resembled a walking boiled potato.

And it was at that very unromantic juncture, both Chris and Tom swear, that love was first kindled in Tom’s heart. Chris will admit she had a desperate crush on Bud anyway the minute she saw the 17-year-old dream boy, he thought he was about the cutest fellow invented. But seeing him looking so
Blondes—take a bow! Famous artist shows how to bring out delicate skin tones with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

Want to see your skin look fairer, smoother, more beautifully blonde? Then dust it tenderly with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh". Natural, and see those blonde blush-tones come alive. Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" face powder clings for hours; veiling tiny blemishes with a satin-smooth finish. And remember Cashmere Bouquet comes in "Flower-fresh" shades to complement all skin types from an exotic brunette to a red head's pale ivory complexion.

Broadway and into the theater for rehearsals and who do you think was his leading lady, right there on the stage with just as big a part as he had, and even more money? Yep, cagey Christy's always together...

From then on it was Poughkeepsie all over again for Tom Drake and Christopher Dunne. It seemed like half the folks that Tom worked and hoped in, Chris landed a chance to work and hope in, too. They kept in touch all summer whenever Tom would dash off to Westboro, Mass., for the Red Barn theater and Chris would get home to the Pocono hills and Stroudsburg.

And Tom would find he wanted to see Chris—but bad—and take a train down to Stroudsburg to visit Chris and her friendly mother, Josie. But autumn would find them back in Manhattan again, catching up with the gang which somehow seemed to stick together after Poughkeepsie.

Then they all moved into the Tudor City section, and Tom and Claire and Chris had an apartment there, too. And Peter Cookson, Tom's best friend (and best man at his wedding) and about a hundred more And Maggie Ledbetter and K. T. Stevens when she was in New York getting a star on her own away from her Hollywood papa director, Sam Wood. And they found them selves closer than ever because half the time some of the gang would be in the chips and the rest broke, and then it was a case of eat off the flush party while lasted and then stake him when a check came from home or some other lucky place like a fast soap opera job up in Radio City or a turn at a night club, or sometimes a Broadway play that lasted longer than 2 hours.

Sometimes Tom and Claire, when the bank guardian paid off the first of the month, would be the meatballs and the meal tickets. Sometimes, broke, they sagged rife through K. T. Stevens' man for Papa Wood's check from Hollywood Once, Chris came up, she remembers, with a hundred bucks from home—eharmark "dancing lessons." Chris has a swell singing voice and she can act too, but her main talent was dancing and this hundred dollars was to polish up her taps. Unfortunately, hungry Tom and some more of the lean Tudor City wolves happen to be around and poor Chris never did get her lessons. The check got gobbled up like that. That's the way it was—but Tom and Claire and Chris look back they had no fun than they've ever had since. Certainly Tom Drake had clung like fly pap to the fellow travelers of those days. Some of them like Peter Cookson and his wi Maureen, are right next door in Beaver Hills today and they're the closest p Tom has. It was a homesick nostalgia those carefree Bohemian Broadway days too, maybe, that wound up in Chris a Tom becoming Mr. and Mrs. Drake Hollywood the other day. It was the Tuc City Blues that brought Tom and Chris back together way out in Hollywood. Of course, they'd had marriage plans before. Several times before.

"yes," but...

In fact, whenever Tom would snap his self or even the promise of a job New York, he'd rush down the hall to propose to Chris. And Chris would alw say "Yes." What kept them from mat up when they were still kids was just two—they were still kids. The first time they set a date and Tom went to a flash jewelry store on Broadway and bought a ring worth twenty dollars. Then they got on the ph and called Josie, Chris's maw. "We're going to get married—Chris L," announced Tom in his most bass grown up voice.
"Oh, no you're not," replied Josie in a no-if-ands-or-buts voice. "You're much too young."

"I'm nineteen," began Tom.

"And June's seventeen," pointed out Mrs. Dunne.

But trouble always seems to muscle in on little private paradises like Tom and Chris had in their brave young Manhattan world. Like that song, "Together," they'd both pretended it would never end. But it did—it always does, if you keep on doing nothing about it. Pretty soon the gang started to break up. Sister Claire got married and moved away. K. T. came back home to Hollywood and after Tom was all peped up over a chance in the new show, "Life With Father," and then missed it by a mile, the greener fields of Hollywood looked mighty-attractive. He made plans to take a crack at Movieland with a couple of other guys who were sick of getting batted in the nose by Broadway. He wanted Chris to come along but she had a show in rehearsal that looked good—and was for her ("Schoolhouse on the Lot" ran thirteen weeks instead of the usual fast one)—and that's the way it went. Tom came to Hollywood, Chris stayed in New York and absence didn't make the hearts grow fonder. When you're young like that with a million things to see and do and get worked up about, it's usually a case of out of sight, out of mind—not down deep, maybe, but—anyway, things just weren't the same with Chris and Tom after that.

He landed a contract with Frank Lloyd, the Hollywood director, and even though he was twenty-one, Tom found himself playing a son of Cary Grant and Martha Scott in "The Howards of Virginia." One day Martha asked Tom into the projection booth to see the rushes. It was the first time Bud Drake had ever seen himself on the screen and he sat bolt upright in his seat and stumbled out of the place feeling as empty as a punctured balloon.

"Was—was that me?" he asked Martha. Her eyes twinkled. She'd been through the same thing long ago. "It sure is."

"Why," marvelled Tom, "why didn't somebody tell me? I'm skinny and ugly and white as a ghost! And worst of all, I look like I'm thirteen years old!"

"You're supposed to."

"But I'm twenty-one!" cried Tom in his agony. He hated Hollywood. By the time the Eastern snows melted he was on a plane heading home. But it was a different New York when he got there. Tom wouldn't be bothering about Broadway for one thing. A war was cooking and Tom thought it was the Army for him. There was another difference. A big one—Chris was married.

She'd met another young actor, Michael Ames, and well—she was sure Tom must have found a girl in Hollywood, she was sure this romance was the real thing for her. The old times were gone for good.

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**STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION**

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
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At any store which sells toilet goods

**MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT**

**Glamorous Joan Blondell Famous Hollywood Screen Star says:**

"You bet I use Arrid! I wouldn't be without its wonderful protection for a moment. Some people may think it isn't nice to talk about underarm perspiration, but it's a whole lot worse to neglect perspiration and have it spoil a dress you treasure. So I unhesitatingly shout the praises of Arrid deodorant cream."

**Arrid**
HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

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DOROTHY LAMOUR
Starring in
"A MEDAL FOR BENNY"
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

TONIGHT... today... just one minute... look your 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 an enluminiting lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts 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.

Tom Drake right back to Hollywood with an M-G-M contract.

Here’s the report New York wired the studio after his first test.

“Tom Drake—A skinny kid on the Dead End boy type. Hard face to photograph. Ready for the next draft.”

After "Janie" clicked and Tom was drafted deferred and they looked again with a test camera, came back this gem:

“Tom Drake—fairly decent actor—draft exempt but cross-eyed.” I don’t know where they got that cross-eyed stuff unless it’s the way Tom shoots his sparkling eyes around, they’re lined up as straight as railroad tracks. Anyway, it didn’t faze Hollywood. The wire they shot back said, “Sign up the cross-eyed boy. Everyone else is in the Army!”

But after a few pictures like “Two Girls and a Sailor,” “Maise Goes to Reno,” “Mrs. Parkington,” “This Man’s Army” and “Meet Me in St. Louis,” Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer became very fond of their “cross-eyed boy,” thanks.

There have been lots of thrills for Tom Drake. Having Judy Garland see him in “Two Girls and a Sailor,” for instance, and say “That’s the boy for ‘Meet Me in St. Louis’” and getting the part that helped him click in a big way without even a test. It has been a pleasant surprise for Tom to rocket up so high on the fan mail lists and find out that people all over the world like him plenty. To get letters from people he doesn’t even know saying, “You remind me of my son I lost in the war,” or “you’re just like my husband overseas,” or “my brother,” or “my best beau.” It has been great to put over a real acting job on his own like his last in “Hold High the Torch.” So, professionally, Tom Drake had no real kicks from the start—this last trip to Hollywood.

pencil memories...

But when he slumped on the set in the long waits between takes, he’d find himself doodling with a pencil on the pages of his script. And—funny thing—what he doodled, absent-mindedly, was always the same thing—doodle. A girl’s face, always the same girl’s face.

Judy Garland caught him at it a few times. “Who’s the girl, Tom?” she’d tease him.

And Tom would start like he’d had a hotfoot. “What? Oh—I—I don’t know. I just draw those things when I’m not thinking. I don’t know who it is.” But he knew deep down inside he was lying to himself. He knew who it was. It was Chris.

That’s how his private life kept kicking around in the air and getting nowhere—until a year ago last New Year’s Eve.

New Year’s is a time to be with old friends and that’s where Tom was, with Peter and Maurice Cookson and some other old pals of his from the East whose names don’t matter because you wouldn’t know them anyway. They were all at Peter’s house for a private party. Surrounding by all those personal strings back to his happy days, Tom couldn’t help a lump of loneliness and a longing for yesterday to sneak up in his throat.

And then a kid he hadn’t seen for years, who was fresh out from New York, came in.

“Hi, Tom,” he cried and the first thing he said after that was only natural to this guy who remembered when. “Say, do you know that Chris is out here?”

Tom felt that old feeling, hitting him like an electric shock up his spine.

“Naw!” he said.

“Sure—right here in Hollywood.”

Then Tom remembered. Of course. She’s married this actor fellow and he was in Hollywood. Very natural. He also remembered the fact that let him out long ago. “I’d like to see Chris,” he said.
a little wistfully.

"Why don't you? Call her up. Here's her number. I just saw her," said the guy, "a few days ago and she's the same old Chris—looks swell."

Tom said, "You kidding? Chris is married."

"Not any more."

In two seconds flat Tom was on the phone. He told about the party and all the kids they both knew there. He asked Chris if she had a date. She hadn't. "Neither have I," said Tom, "but we'll fix both ends of that situation pronto."

So that's when it all started up again with Tom and Chris, just as if nothing had happened in between, except that both of them were a little bit older—but not much—and Chris had a darling two-year-old baby girl named Christopher, of course, after Claire's little girl, which suited Tom fine, because he's crazy about kids.

The funny thing was that in the more than a year that Tom and Chris were romancing again around Hollywood, nobody ever knew about it. And it wasn't as though they sneaked around like a pair of Garbos, either.

**steppin' out**...

When Tom and Chris stepped out, it's true, it was usually to some quiet little restaurant like Venuvio's in Hollywood or the Casa di Amor, but sometimes they went dancing, too, to the Grove and other bright light spots. Maybe the reason no one ever got hep to what was going on is because Tom wasn't exactly front page Hollywood news all that time and Christopher Dunne certainly wasn't. She'd given up acting long before, so the flash bulb boys hadn't the slightest hint that she and Tom Drake were worth a picture, even if they'd sat ringside at Mocambo and held hands right out in public.

They'd have eloped sooner, if Tom had his way. He proposed so many times he couldn't keep count, but there was always something, it seemed, to keep them from skipping off to Las Vegas or Reno or Yuma or somewhere where the California three-day gin-marriage law wasn't working. Usually it was a studio job for Tom of an interview, or a gallery sitting or something that wouldn't let him get out of town. And Chris, from the start, has been cautious as a cat about Tom's budding Hollywood career. For one thing, because she's a sensible gal and for another because both of them remember only too well what a tough time they had getting a break back in the old Broadway days.

I think the funniest fear that Chris latched on to, though, was one she popped not very long before they eloped—and it's one where Modern Screen (of all people) plays the role of an anti-cupid villain, blitting true love right and left. Chris got the idea somewhere that her marriage to Tom would be bad medicine for his new career (yep, she does love him) and when she found out that her true love had landed in seventh place on the Modern Screen Popularity Poll, she was impressed, but also leery of what wedding bells would do. So when Tom pleaded, as usual, "Chris, dear, let's get married," she'd argue, "But darling, you're seventh on the Poll now—and if we get married you might be twenty-seventh!"

**off to the wedding**...

It wasn't exactly the kind of wedding you picture Hollywood stars staging, but you can't boob it to Chris and Tom Drake. Typically Tom, he simply yawned to M-G-M that he was running down to Palm Springs for a few days. But instead, he and Chris rushed around Hollywood like ants that busy day after they decided on the fatal step. Bought a ring, plane tickets,
and thought they’d made reservations at Las Vegas’ fanciest tavern—but nobody ever heard of the course of true love sailing smoothly along, even in such an ideal match as Chris and Tom.

First off, the weather switched and their plane was grounded.

“You can fly tomorrow probably,” said the airport.

“Not me,” gritted Tom, “I’m leaving today if I have to walk, and Chris felt that way too, once they’d made up their minds. But the train people shook their heads too, and it looked like a pair of hitchhikers over the Mojave desert for sure if love was ever to bloom. But then Peter Cookson and Maurine came to the rescue, like the old friends they were, and hauled them over the border to Nevada. They’ve only been married nine or ten years, the Cooksons, but you’d have thought they were the bride and groom, the way they carried off that sentimental mood. But at that, Tom and Chris admit, all that cooling and sentimental sighing set the stage a bit for themselves—and it could certainly have stood a little setting.

Because right off, the minute they rolled into Las Vegas they knew it wasn’t going to be all orange blossoms and flower girls for that wedding. Las Vegas is a war boom town and as wide open as a barn door. It’s smack on the desert and the main business, outside of defense work, is gambling. There wasn’t a flower in the place, although Tom was dying to buy Chris some gardenias, her favorite posy. When he got back to Hollywood, by the way, a reporter asked him about the wedding flowers and Tom tried to think fast. “I gave her petunias,” he said, “Chris wore petunias” and he wondered about that funny look he got.

But the flower shortage wasn’t half. The little chapel in the Last Frontier, Las Vegas’ snazzy hostelry, was supposed to be all gussied up for the event, but something went wrong. So Tom and Chris and their wedding party ended up at a house called “Wee Kirk of the Heather” although if there was any Kirk or any heather around it was keeping out of sight. A big sign stretched across this place, announcing, “Complete Wedding Ceremony including everything—$12.” You couldn’t go wrong at those prices and besides it was the Wee Kirk or nothing. So in Tom and Chris pranced in a Mendelsohn mood and for twelve bucks it was cheap at half the price—although they had to stand in line while a 6-foot woman and a spouse half her height got hitched (marrying is another major industry in Las Vegas) and in between ceremonies the local marryin’ Sam had to heed his wife who hollered from the kitchen, “Hey, come in here and get your eggs and coffee before you marry them folks!”

And to top it off, of course, Tom couldn’t jam the ring on Chris’ finger—so she had to put it on herself!

lucky omen . . .

Tom and the new Mrs. did Las Vegas up brown after Peter and Maurine started back home. M-G-M thought Drake was in Palm Springs and no local Las Vegas news hawks guessed that Alfred Alderdice (Tom used his real name) and June Dunn were anybody worth looking at twice. So they had their honeymoon alone together. They visited all the cafes and the house of chance in Las Vegas, and it was before the curfew so that meant all night, all over town, dollars clinking, wheels spinning, dice clicking. At the spots—Last Frontier El Rancho Vegas and all of them—Tom and Chris made merry, and Tom ran smack into a good omen that their marriage was going to be loaded with luck.

He walked up to the first roulette table.
"How do you play this game?" he asked.

The croupier did a take—here was a nice fat pigeon who didn't even know the rules. He explained them patiently. The easiest was to play the red or black. "Oh, I see," said Tom, plunking down 150 bucks on the red. The wheel spun... Red! "Thanks," drawled Tom, "nice game," and he picked up his winnings, and walked away while the house man muttered.

That happened five times the wedding evening. Tom Drake could do nothing but win. He couldn't lose. He put his arm around Chris and they walked out the last lurid play palace door and strolled under the stars up the lane to Ye Wayside Inn.

Then at last Tom Drake knew why he felt like he did—walking on air, right on top of the world, loaded with luck. They opened the door and he squeezed her hand, the familiar hand of familiar Chris that now wore his wedding ring.

Tom knew it would always be like this in everything from now on—as long as he had Chris by his side, holding her hand.

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**M. S. Fashion Guide**

(Continued from page 63)

worshipping sprite who never fought tooth and nail for a subway seat, never soiled hands on a typewriter ribbon. You'll enchant the commuters in your fitted butchercloth linen jacket, captivate the farmer's boy with your brief cap sleeves, pert gingham bow. Can you possibly miss in this darling McKettrick? It's a gift at about $7.

**Bareback:** Here's that heavenly, once-in-a-lifetime item—a dress that you whip on at 8 AM and that still looks like a cool million at 8 PM. It's a dress for gardening, for marketing, for playing. Practical as real flannel, alluring as black lace. Another Korday honey, it features an irresistible strap neckline, a pair of out-sized patch pockets, a clever belt arrangement that whistles your waistline. It comes in a Crown Soap 'n' Water Fabric in a good-looking black and white print on raspberry or turquoise. A hunk of smoothness for around $8.

**Beach lure:** Let who will wear flowered prints and screaming colors, nothing's smarter under the sun than a really good looking black play-suit. Our pet is this baby with its dead white stitching, sturdily made of Loomshire cotton poplin. The bra, jersey lined, is cut for flattery and security; the shorts have the slick, slim look of a small boy's pants. The whole business is head turning without being censorable. You'll love the way it charms your figure into smooth lines even if you are an imperfect Venus. Korday makes it, so you know that the workmanship is beautiful, the styling the best, the price right. This one is under $8. Plastic roses by Coro.

Your letters are wonderful, and it's a good feeling to know that we're actually pointing the way to charm for you. It's a thrill, for instance to know that you landed a job in a suit we showed you, that you landed your guy in one of our cotton heartbreakers. Thank you for telling us. Keep on writing us your clothes problems, won't you? We want to help, and we know we can.

---

There's a store near you that carries those Modern Screen fashions, and if you'll drop us a note we'll tell you where it is, what sizes the clothes come in, the exact price and anything else you can think of to ask us. Better do it now, don't you think? This is where to write: Toussia Pinés, Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 145 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
Footing the Beauty Bill

Want twinkling toes and smooth, tanned legs? Then work out this Beauty Dept. quiz!

... by Carol Carter

- Did you ever see a dream walking? That, my lassies, is the point of this quiz that wants to know so much about your pedestals... your slim Grable-like legs and trim, high-arched feet that twinkle like Hayworth's. There are ten queries... ten points for each. You'll be stepping handsomely if you rate 90 or higher. An average mark is 80. If you fall below that, you're a disgrace to the Exalted Order of Modern Screen Beauties. Pun or no pun, to the foot of the class with you!

1. ARE YOU ROUGH WITH YOUR PEDESTALS? You should be. When soaping them (a special granulated foot soap is extra nice) give legs and feet a circulation treatment with a stiff-bristled brush. When the exhilarating scrub is over, dry thoroughly with a flourish of your Turkish towel. Thoroughly, you'll remember? This rough treatment banishes all scaliness.

2. ARE YOU GENTLE WITH YOUR PEDESTALS? You should be! Legs must be smooth as Turhan Bey's line. They will be if, after every scrubbing, you pamper them with a creamy lotion. Your pet hand lotion will do the trick neatly. A dusting of foot powder to follow, and feet will slide, cool and comfortable, into your new wedgies. Besides eliminating odor, foot powder helps to absorb perspiration and prevent shoe friction. Your usual bath powder will not do the same work, so don't expect it to.

3. ARE LEGS FUZZ-FREE? There's no excuse for the slightest patch of unwanted hair with today's scrumptious, easy-to-use depilatories. There are also some pretty wonderful abrasive gadgets for a leg-smoothing job. Whatever your pet, use it regularly so that the keenest (Continued on page 79)

Super-smooth are her toes and legs, so Joan ("Rhapsody in Blue") Leslie is practically floating on the clouds!
"I feel like Cupid!"

Sister Sally's complexion has that Ivory Look...

...and here's the beauty tip that did the trick!"

How do you get that Ivory Look—that softer, smoother, lovelier complexion? The answer's simple—Ivory care! Stop being careless about your skin—change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap!

More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try a cake today—then see how soon your skin gets lovelier—gets that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory—than all other brands put together!

Important: Don't Waste Ivory Soap. It contains materials which have important war uses. Make every cake last!
letter·perfect!

good news, plus these marvelous Jantzen shorts

enough to keep a girl feeling cool, calm and confident...

all summer! Tailoring and fabrics are super as in everything "Jantzen;"
cotton covert shorts 3.95, combed cotton shirt 2.00...right: "Green light,"

Jantzen
sun clothes

and addenda are

looking magazine-coverish

colors joyous! Left: rayon and

washable rayon shorts 4.95, bra 2.95

(quantities limited)

tan with Jan

Jantzen's new sun lotion
for a smooth soft skin
MEMO ON JUNE
(Continued from page 43)

Got that straight? There is no feud, there has never been, and there will never be. Moreover, don’t expect to see any rumors of feuding between June and Betty because, when preliminary tests were being made, Don said, ”June broached the subject bravely. “Because this is my first picture with you, because we’re both blondes and both dancers, and because...” June interrupted, she said to Betty, “some bright brain might get the idea that there might be some jealousy between us. Let’s not let it happen, huh?”

hi, sis . . .

“You’re my sis in the picture, and my sis in the commissary or wherever I see you from now on,” agreed Betty. The first day of shooting, Betty shouted at June when she came on the set, “Hi, Sis—glad to see you. And that is the attitude that has prevailed.

Item 2: It has been published here and there that June is engaged to Farley Granger. T’sin’t true. They are good friends; they have been friends for some time. If Farley were here they would undoubtedly be dating frequently. But Farley is a long way away (in Honolulu) and this will probably be a long war. June wants it understood she is deeply impressed and admires Farley, there is no formal understanding between them.

Item 3: June has a new house, a dream department that is taking up every possible spare moment of her time.

No, this isn’t the house she thought she had bought in a Wilshire district lane amid a settlement of elegant, but rather austerer mansions. There is a story about that original purchase that failed, investing the Haver honey with some theories about one’s not getting the thing one thinks she wants most of all.

Take the instance of her car. One night she, her mother and her sisters, were touring the town’s used car lots. On an apparent pretext they found exactly what June had been seeking: A low-slung blue convertible with radio built in, plenty of pre-war chromium trim, and fairly new white side-wall tires. “That’s for me,” she jubilated, sliding under the wheel.

The next morning, as soon as she imagined the proprietor of the car lot would be in attendance, June and her family rushed down to the place in time to see another lucky customer driving away in the blue blaze. But, a few weeks later, June found her present car, newer, neater, a better job on every count. “Everything happens for the best,” she confided sagely.

To get back to the Haver housing situation, after having made all the arrangements, the house was ready, June learned that a series of legal documents forbade the purchase. The woman seeking to sell the house could not do so as her title wasn’t clear. But June had planned a surprise birthday party for the Haver girls, and it was determined that the gift be purchased. A surprise party then was planned, and all the preparations were executed inconspicuously.

They trooped into the living room, sat on lounges, on tables and on the floor. “Play for us,” they said, so June gave them an energetic hour of music. Then everyone adjourned to the yard and spent nearly two hours taking pictures. June changed clothes twice to give them three different poses, one in slacks, one in the dress she had been wearing when the delegation arrived, and one in a bathing suit.

The boys had a glorious time, June had ditto, and so did her mother and two sisters, who swore afterward that when the gang left the living room it looked like a Disney short in which a platoon of Mickey’s trailed out of a toy-town cab.

You can see why June needs a big house; she intends to have walking wounded from all the nearby hospitals as frequent guests. News of this sort naturally gets around, which fact explains the couplet recently received in a fan letter from the South Pacific:

Others may hangry for spring, winter or fall,

But I’ll call 12 months of June the best year of all.

music à la carte . . .

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

VACATION

anytime—of-the-month!

Be sure to take a
supply of Tampax with you
(Slip it in your purse)

Why not insure your vacation against all those belt-and-pine troubles and inconveniences that are so familiar? The Tampax form of monthly sanitary protection liberates you completely from belts, pins and external pads, and being worn internally, it can cause no chafing, no odor. Just imagine those advantages during hot summer days! You don’t even need to use a sanitary deodorant!

WHILE TRAVELING you will appreciate the compactness of these neat, dainty Tampax, made of pure surgical cotton and each compressed into a patented individual applicator. A whole month’s supply will slip into a purse . . . Tampax can be changed quickly and disposed of easily and inconspiciously.

WITH VARIOUS COSTUMES you will find Tampax a real comfort and a help to your morale. It causes no bulge or ridge under a sheer evening gown or a 1945 swim suit. You cannot feel Tampax when in place and you can wear it in shower, pool or ocean. Invented by a doctor. Sold at drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association
BY LEONARD FEATHER

Say, how do you like our new style? Now, all you do is flip your glance to the beginning of each paragraph, and there you have, in big, black letters, the object of your current musical affections, with much straight-from-the-horse's mouth chit chat about sundry performances and people sandwiched in between.

And by the by, we've whipped up a list at the end of the article that should make you the gladsome object of any music clerk's heart. 'Cause all you do now is tear it out, tote it to the nearest disc shoppe and say, "I'll take one o' dem and one o' dem and one o' dose." The gang will yell, "Super!" Okay? Okay.—THE EDITORS.

Well, here's another month, and we're off again with some really great records—guaranteed to make your blood pressure leave your tired old body six miles back in the road. But who cares about a body, long as you've got a soul? In which prayerful mood, we give you, first off:

YAH-TA-TA YAH-TA-TA (Talk, Talk, Talk)—This is a novelty that won't stay novel for too long. Bing's done it with Judy Garland for Decca, the King Sisters have waxed it with Freddy Martin for Victor, and Harry James has given it a going-over on Columbia.

Harry's the boy who's married to Betty Grable, as you may have heard, and instead of retiring, as you'd expect, he goes on making money. He just bought a piece of a Sacramento ball team, and that'll probably complicate his income tax some more.

Incidentally, there's a re-issue of "Shoe Shiner's Drag" with Harry playing side man out now in the Victor Album called simply:

LIONEL HAMPTON—And this is really a terrific thing.

The Shoe Shine number was made when Lionel and Harry were both with Benny Goodman and if you listen real close, you can pick out Benny Carter on it. Dave Matthews, too. Dave used to be James' arranger (Continued on page 97)
16 Post Card Pin-ups in Radiant Color

Of your favorite Victor band leaders and singers!

- Perry Como
- Spike Jones
- Hal McIntyre
- Artie Shaw
- Tommy Dorsey
- Sammy Kaye
- Glenn Miller
- Dinah Shore
- Duke Ellington
- King Sisters
- Vaughn Monroe
- Charlie Spivak
- Lena Horne
- Freddy Martin
- David Rose
- Fats Waller

Get your set today! While they last, you can get this full set of 16 pin-up portraits... printed from breath-taking oil paintings by Albert Fisher! Each is in glowing color... on a heavy, glossy card 5½" x 3¾" (actual post card size). Highlights of the star's life are on back. You get the full set of 16 pictures for only 25 cents! But don't wait till they're gone. Send your name and address, with 25 cents per set, to Dept. 12, Box 23, Camden, N. J. Or see your VICTOR RECORD DEALER. Do it now!

Ask your dealer for records of these Victor and Bluebird artists

- Perry Como
- Tommy Dorsey
- Duke Ellington
- Shep Fields
- Erskine Hawkins
- Lena Horne
- Spike Jones
- Sammy Kaye
- King Sisters
- Wayne King
- Freddy Martin
- Hal McIntyre
- Glenn Miller
- Vaughn Monroe
- Phil Moore Four
- Tony Pastor
- Alexino Rey
- David Rose
- Artie Shaw
- Dinah Shore
- Charlie Spivak
- Martha Stewart
- David Street

Listen to "The Music America Loves Best" Sundays, 4:30 p.m., EWT, over NBC. Buy More War Bonds

The World's Most Popular Artists are on Victor and Bluebird Records

Radio Corporation of America
RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.
Keep your skin on the beam of beauty. Coax it away from “wayward” periods—dryness, shine, other minor blemishes that even slight neglect may cause—by pampering it daily with these two creams. Both contain friendly, familiar Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia—an ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream provides emollient oils to smooth your skin and help keep it petal-soft ...plus cholesterol to guard its vital moisture. Remember them ... Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream and Cleansing Cream ... to make skin care a caress!

Guard against “Wayward Skin”...keep loveliness fresh as a bright new morning...with these two creams that make CARE A CARESS...

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Creams

SKIN CREAM...  CLEANSING CREAM

* Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream — Softens and neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay supple, soft. Use it at night for prolonged effect...day as a base for powder, 60¢, plus tax.

* Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream — Rich and really cleansing! Removes make-up, surface dirt, any accumulations from outer pore openings...easily and quickly, Leaves your skin feeling sparkling, dewy-fresh! 60¢, plus tax.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
(Continued from page 51)

weapon. Like Mickey Mouse, Crosby has a double-dozen affectionate lags in faraway lands. Any American citizen from six to sixty—and then some—can spot his voice at the first deep husky note, because Bing Crosby’s voice has been heard by more human beings than that of any man who ever lived on this weary old world. For over a decade he’s been crowning out records at the rate of two a month and over 75,000,000 have been sold like the hotcakes they invariably are. Since coast-to-coast radio began, Bing Crosby has never had a program that wasn’t solidly high in the top ten. Since he started making movies seriously, he’s never skipped a season when a Crosby film classic wasn’t a box-office record shaker.

tradition maker ... In fact, listing Bing’s honors get to be a bit of a bore. By now, when you tick off his interminable triumphs, it’s tiresome. The first star to write a million dollar contract. The first to incorporate himself as a big business. The first crooner to win a Doctor of Music degree from a university. To raise a husky family of boys. To turn into a sports magnate on the side. To run a defense plant. To win a golf championship. To cop an Academy Award. To set a style in singing that’s been copied more than any other style in history. To have nothing but success—and nothing but friends and worshippers, male and female—including even his hottest rivals. To roll on—and on—and still on—getting bigger, deeper, stronger all the time, like Old Man River.

You'll never get the answer as to how he does it from Bing Crosby. Not in a million years. Not only because he won't talk (which he won't) but because he doesn't know. It's all as much a mystery to Bing himself as it is to the rest of the world.

Fifteen years ago, when a hit tune, "Crooney, Columbo and Valley" proved that Bing Crosby had arrived nationally, Bing himself considered his fame a flash in the pan. To a pal, he confided, "I guess I’ve got about two more years to make myself some hay before they take up some other crooner and give me the pitch."

Five years later, when Bing Crosby had graduated from mere music to movies...
and was hot on records, too, he was interviewed over the air. His quizzer asked Bing what he wanted out of life. Said Bing wistfully, "Why, I guess I want what everybody wants—steady work and security for myself and my family. But I'm not kidding myself. That's a crazy pipe dream for a song hustler like me."

And that amazed, slightly guilty, when-will-they-get-wise to me? theme still lards Bing's thinking.

One reason Bing feels that way is because for him things are so absurdly easy. He creates without birth pangs, an artist without agony. He has no more nerves than a possum; he has never even been seriously sick a day in his life. Nothing bothers him—not even Sinatra. When Bob Hope first heard Frankie sing in a New York night club and called Bing long distance in the middle of the night to rib him with—"I'm bringing a kid to Hollywood who'll make you go to work!" Bing laughed sleepily back into the receiver, "Hurry up—I'm getting fat and lazy."

One Sunday morning a few weeks ago, Bing called up Bob disgruntlingly early and suggested a game of golf. Bob was momentarily speechless with surprise. He knew what Bing had done that week—recorded all his songs for "The Bells of St. Mary," waxed two new Decca records, acted every day at Paramount until nightfall, knocked off a Command Performance with Bob for GI's overseas besides his regular Thursday night Kraft broadcast. In addition, he had checked up on his Del Mar War plant and staged an army camp show 500 miles from Hollywood.

"Go back to bed, Merry Sunshine," growled Hope at last, "and restore your tissues. I wouldn't pick on a dying man."

But Bing pestered Bob out on the Lakeside course and proceeded to wipe up the links with him. He was fresh as a daisy.

Bing has the reputation for being the laziest man in Hollywood. Bing is lazy like a bee in blossom time. But the false impression is understandable. He makes work look like play—and for Bing Crosby that's actually what it is. And always has been.

A boyhood friend of Bing's who knew Bing away back when, told me, "Bing Crosby doesn't deserve one bit of credit for his success, silly as that sounds. He couldn't help it. He couldn't help it. He was a natural, right from the start and that's what he is today!" Another word is genius, or, as the Irish say—"sure the bhoys has a gift!" For that Bing Crosby has indeed, the golden gift of the Irish—and that's not too strange, considering that Harry Lillis Crosby is as Irish as Paddy's pig.

Geraldo's son o' Erin...

When occasionally today Bing lets himself go with the rollicking lyrics, "H-A-uhdouble-uh-R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan—Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me—"Divil the man can say a word agin me!"

...he's not just loosening up his tonsils. Bing's mother was Kate Harrigan, whose folks came from County Mayo in the Ould Sod. They settled in Minnesota and a lot of them out their livings from the dark forests as lumbermen. But Bing's grandfather Harrigan was a plumber by trade and he migrated West to the Coast to make his fortune.

The Crosbys came from Erin and England, too, but farther back, because the legend around the State of Maine is that the first American Crosbys came over on the Mayflower, way back yonder. Bing's Yankee ancestors were mostly salty old skippers from the rocky shores who sailed their clipper ships around the stormy Horn

Well-fed— I know all about that!

It's just natural for Gerber babies to look well-fed and healthy! For Gerber's Baby Foods bring babies these four advantages: (1) Cooked the Gerber way by steam, to retain precious minerals and vitamins. (2) Famous for smooth, uniform texture. (3) Made to taste extra good. (4) Laboratory-checked at every step.

Your baby, like millions of other American babies, will do well on Gerber's!

Baby cereals with precious iron

Many babies, three months or more after birth, are apt to be short of precious iron. Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are especially made for babies and, for that reason, have generous amounts of added iron and vitamins of the B complex as a help to baby's well-being. Both cereals are pleasant tasting—both are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve with milk or formula, hot or cold.
Only Meds have the "SAFETY-WELL"—an efficiency feature perfected by a woman doctor to give Meds greater, quicker absorbency. For more comfort, more confidence "next time", why not try Meds?

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds' easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

Meds
only 20¢
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

• Meds' "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much so much faster!

• Meds' fine soft COTTON insobor adapts comfortably to individual needs.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insobors are easy-to-use!

to the Pacific Coast on their way to China. Several of them liked the Oregon territory so well that they stuck around and helped build the present day cities of Portland, Oregon, and Olympia, Washington. Other Crosbys wandered westward to California for the gold rush, as Bing himself did later on—but in a very different way. Not long ago, Bing was called up to his home state and Washington to-er his kids with good Irish names like his own—Ralph Foley, Bill Kelly, Johnny and Mike Dunne, Phil Sweeney and Frank Corkery. He teamed up born in Washington.

Bing got along swell with other kids. He hadn't been in the neighborhood a month before he got the nickname that he was to keep forever. The Spokane paper had a Sunday feature called "The Bingville Bugle" which laid young Harry right in the aisles. It became his favorite reading matter and he adopted it along in the hip pocket of his corduroy knickers wherever he went. The kids began to call him "Bingo from Bingville" and one day a freckle-faced moppet showed up at Kate Crosby's front door.

"Kin Bingo come out and play?"

"Who?"

"Me. I mean Harry."

"No—snapped Mrs. Crosby. "Harry's busy with his chores. His name's not Bingo—it's Harry. It's a nice name and you should say it."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed the kid, edging away. "Well, you tell Bingo that Mike was here."

It was soon trimmed down to Bing and it stuck. All his family adopted it—except Kate Crosby. To her, Bing is still Harry and ever will be, and Bing doesn't mind. But if anyone else calls him that, they'd better smile.

There's another story about how Bing got his name. That in playing cowboy and Indians, he'd go around pointing his wooden gun—shivering and shouting "Bing! Bing!"

Either way, Bing lived up to his nickname. He was full of bounce, absolutely fearless and full of confidence.

One hot summer vacation day the gang was lousing idly around the barn aisle when somebody got the idea of cooling off with a swim in the river. That was strictly forbidden by all the kids' parents. The Spokane was a very deep, especially around McGoldrick's mill, where Bing and his mob knew the older boys, including Brother Everett, were already diving and splashing away. The more they talked, the more deliciously tempting the swim loomed. "Nuts, let's go!" said Bing. He led the race down to where the older kids were swimming. Ev told Bing to go home. Bing ignored him, calmly peeled off his shirt and pants and, to his brother's horror, jumped in the icy waters. Ev knew what Bing knew and the rest of the kids didn't. His brother Bing couldn't swim a lick!

water and ducks' back

He dove in after him, swearing at what he knew his mother would do to him when he brought little brother Bing, half drowned, home. To his surprise, he couldn't catch his little brother, Bing took to the water like a duckling. Thrashing and splashing noisily, he was still actually swimming, out into the deep water, too. Pretty soon he was back on the sandbar, where the mob was still talking. The gang never did know that Bing had never stayed afloat before in his life. Ev was too amazed to say anything.

A month later, he told everybody anything he wanted to and right away he was good. It was the same way with his first scrap, which was the mere matter of knocking the stuffings out of the crook named "Fatty."

(Continued on page 89)
Precious Cargo!

Good company is the making of a picnic.
The beer that made Milwaukee famous makes it perfect... if you have *him* and he has you and you both have Schlitz. On an outing, or at home in your refrigerator, SCHLITZ is always "precious cargo."

**JUST**

**THE KISS**

**OF THE HOPS**

...no bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
SCHIAPARELLI interprets newest

Cutex Shades

Spirited colors—latest Cutex defiance for beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli wraps up their heady excitement in a sky-stretching turban to celebrate the return of Paris . . . We dare you to find a lovelier polish at any price!

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

Those questions have been pouring in like mad but don’t think for a moment that I don’t love every single one, for I certainly do. Since I’ve an awful lot of info to cover in this space, I’ll make this short, but please keep them coming, for I’ll tell you almost anything you want to know . . . and all you’ll have to worry about remembering is that SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE sent to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Don’t forget now!!

Your—Bev.

Vincent Fischer, Texas: . . . ARE THERE ANY FAN CLUBS FOR LAUREN BACALL, TOM DRAKE, VAN JOHNSON, ALAN LADD, AND INGRID BERGMAN? Sure thing! Annette Dworkin, 2480 West Buena Vista, Detroit, Michigan, has one for Lauren . . . and Viola Payner, 317 West Windsor Road, Glendale, California, has Drake . . . Laddie Spungin, General Delivery, Hartford, has Ladd. . . . Ruth Maloney, 99 Hampton Court, Lexington, Kentucky, has Ingrid, and for the time being Van prefers NOT to have a club. If there is any change there it will be announced in this column.

Philip Pearlman, Jr., Putnam, Conn.: . . . WHO WERE THE FOLLOWING IN “OBJECTIVE, BURMA” AND WHERE CAN THEY BE REACHED?

Pilot—STEPHEN RICHARDS
Co-Pilot—JOHN SHERIDAN
Holli—WILLIAM HUDSON
Brophy—JOEL ALLEN
Nebraska—DICK ERDMAN

Write them at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.

Eddie Rothkrug, New Guinea: . . . WHO WAS “LON” IN “MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS” AND THE BOMBER IN “30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO” AND SOME INFO ON EACH PLEASE. That was Hank Daniels as Lon, born in Plainfield, N. J., one Jan. 27th. He has blue eyes and blonde hair and is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, and is unmarried. Next pic, “They Were Expendable.” Gordon MacDonald was the Bombardier and he was born in Long Beach, Cal., one May 17th, and has blue eyes, brown hair and is 6 feet tall, 165 pounds, unmarried. Write them both at M-G-M, Culver City.

Rosalind Geliond, Long Beach: . . . HOW CAN I GET IN TOUCH WITH ELLIOTT REID WHO WAS “ANDY” IN “DR. WASSELL” AND WITH DON TAYLOR WHO WAS “PINKY” IN “WINLED VICTORY”? HAVE THEY FAN CLUBS?

Elliot Reid is now in the Navy in Newport, R. I., but all mail sent to him at Paramount, Hollywood, is forwarded and answered. No club. Send your mail to Don at M-G-M, Culver City, as every bit counts in keeping him “up there” where he belongs. Adele Schneider, 1280 B. Sheridan, Bronx, has his club. Dues are 75c yearly and she’d love to have you as a member.
at baby sister Mary Rose.

That fistic affair handed Bing quite a school rep as a bat-fight which started a long series of challenges and after-school bouts, and while he was never invincible or anything like that, he was a terrific scrambler and more than handy in his early crooner days when some indiscernible males tagged him for a cream puff—although he never gave boxing a serious thought as big meat—a thing else—except lady killing—and at that Handsome Harry got a pretty low mark at first.

Her name was Helen Lemon, a glamorous new girl who dazzled Bing with her fluffy golden ringlets and baby doll beauty. He bent his big eyes worshipfully on her all day long in class. And tagged along home with her after school even though the outraged and forsaken gang of Kelly's, Foley, Corkerys and Dunnes peppered him with jeers and catcalls. When Helen invited Bing to his first big social affair, her birthday party, he was in Seventh Heaven.

He kept the news to himself as long as he could, but it was impossible to keep secrets around a Crosby clan. Goldfish had more privacy than a Crosby kid. Brothers Everett, Larry and Ted found out about Helen Lemon in nothing flat. "Makes me think of Squeeze, Bing," drilled Larry, "Ha-ha."

"Stop that," colored Bing miserably, "or I'll punch your teeth in!" But his rage was futile. "We were to have a fool for that threat to work and he knew it. They passed on their gag to the gang and "Lemon-Squeezers" jeers brought Bing agony for days and a flock of fistights. However, he finally broke it up to the romance. It was just plain discomfort.

Bing had always hated uncomfortable dress-up clothes, (and he's no better to-day as Bing Crosby sports clothes shows only too plainly.) For Helen's party his proud mother dragged him out in a new suit, tight shoes and a high stiff collar. At the party, gay party dress, glamorous ice cream, and fancy favors left Bing cold under the torture of his unaccustomed finery. Next day after school he circled clear around the block to avoid Helen, and then he burst at Kay Cruz's and the gang. Chivalry had taken a beating.

Bing failed to improve as a cavalier as he grew into his teens. More and more he became a clown instead of a player on the "Sinto Athletic Club" sandlot team and third base on the Webster baseball nine. And from the time he plunged calmly into the Spokane river, he lived all summer in the water like a fish, and when the city opened the new Sinto public pool and played a few blocks from Crosby's, Bing practically lived there. But he was bashful about his looks. He hated to show off.

medal copper ...

One day a swimming tournament at Sinto was announced in the paper and Bing, bored of the usual clowning, went out to see if he couldn't take it. They waited away with eleven medals, nine first places and two seconds. It was a breeze. He still hadn't taken a lesson.

But it wasn't all play and no work for Bing—no by a long shot. Pop Crosby fed and clothed them and kept them there, but from kidhood on they had to make their own pocket money and later, their only source of eight hungry, healthy mouths is no easy supply problem for an auditor and Harry Crosby had his business up and down streets and he got a job bookkeeping in a brewery. That later turned into a pickle factory and today whenever Bing Crosby strikes a sour note he feels a little blue, he'll say, "Well, I guess it's back to the pickle works for me!"

All the Crosby boys had to hustle. Larry clerked in a drug store in his off school hours. Ted ran telegrams. On top of his household chores—mowing the lawn, filling the wood box and helping his mother clean house—Bing raised hens in the back yard and sold eggs to the neighborhood.

Spokane was the center of Washington's "Inland Empire," the best apple country in America, and all the Crosby kids raced out to help on the homesteads during their harvest season. Mining and lumbering made up the rest of the "Empire's" wealth and the Crosbys tried their hand at lumber-jacking, too. Bing spent his whole summer vacation from Gonzaga later on lumber-jacking in the woods, until he swung an axe at a tree and hit his own leg.

fun pays off ... But somehow, Bing managed to blend his sporting with his business interests. He liked the Mission pool, so when his swimming craze was at its peak he wangled the job of locker boy there. Then he got a golf happy and caddied at the country club, making money and qualifying to play free on Monday, caddy's day, with some golf clubs he'd talked the members out of. It was only a kid, Bing could drive, pitch and putt with the best of them. Today, of course, Bing's the best amateur golfer in the film colony.

"Makes me think of Squeeze, Bing," righted Larry, "Ha-ha."

He had been a member of the champion of Lido Club and his links exhibitions with Bob Hope, Weissmuller and various top-hole pros have coined thousands for various war charities.

Bing was bated worst of all in his kiddle having days was their paper route. He hated getting up at four a.m. in all weather to toss the rolls around at his neighbor's house, so he sang himself and whistled as he pedaled his bike around. Sometimes that brought complaints. More than one irate neighbor stalked over to Bing's house and charged on the door, red-eyed and angry.

"For heaven's sake, Crosby," they'd shout at Papa Harry, "tell that damn kid of yours to stop that infernal bellowing at all hours!"

But Bing couldn't stop. Because a short time before something had happened that made his head spin with new melodies.

One day Harry Crosby came home leaving a mysterious note. "Fellow at the office I've done some favors for gave this to me," he said. He cranked up the Victrola and put on a record. "The Merry Widow" filled the room. "Then that Stars and Stripes forever March," From then on the Victrola played from morn 'til night—especially if Bing was home.

All the Crosbys were naturally musical, and Sunday night was the family sing night. Harry, Sr., still had a mandolin preserved from his reckless youth and he plinked along the lead. Sister Cathleen, who always bothered Bing with her monotonous piano practice, accompanied on the ivories. Everybody sang. Old timers, usually—"even 'Sweet Adeline" although the Crosbys were a musical clan—were strictly dry. But Bing Crosby had no use for the demon "creature" whatever. No Crosby—male, female, child or adult—smoked or drank in her house. Pop Crosby had a bit of a nickname in a shoe somewhere if he wanted any—and he still does. No Crosby son, although all are well grown up now, takes a drink or even smokes in Kate Crosby's house today.

Bing railed around for these family chores, but it was down at the Sinto Athletic Club in the barn that he stopped up. Bob Hope, Bing Williams' pop had the new Columbia phonograph agency in Spokane and he'd brought a machine out to Bing, along with some records. It was a hobby and some of those snappy new jazz bands, like the
Dixieland, Art Hickman. Bing began to spend all his spare change for new records to bring down to the club—the Four Brown Brothers, Al Jolson, Funnies too, like "Cohen on the Telephone" and "No News or What Killed the Dog." They sent Bing and his pals rolling on the floor with their antiquated comic gags.

But there was a more serious educational side coming up for Bing after he graduated from Webster High. Already Larry and Everett were in Gonzaga University, and Ted was in the high school division. By now the Crosbys had moved from the yellow Sinto house to an ambitious nine-room tub-bathroom place they’d built, and automatically, Bing enrolled at Gonzaga.

Kate Crosby had always had a sharp lookout for her boys’ spiritual upbringing. Living as near as they did to Gonzaga’s great church with its many altars, a Crosby was usually serving one as altar boy.

But it wasn’t only devotion to their faith that landed every Crosby boy in Gonzaga. The Jesuits were exacting teachers. And the Jesuit fathers saw to it that the cocky Crosby kids got some education pounded into their skulls, whether they liked it or not. Bing arrived at Gonzaga interested mainly in making the Junior baseball and football teams. Husky big brother Ev was already on the Gonzaga varsity.

The first day Bing met footballer Kenny, “Big Jim” the boys all called him, a mammoth 300-pounder who always swung a great bunch of keys from a chain at his belt. Big Jim walked up to Bing and spoke with Williams and Phil Sweeney to Gonzaga and then asked them genially what they hoped to get out of the school.

brain vs. brown ...

“Oh,” cracked Bing, “Some baseball and maybe a little football, I guess.”

Father Kennelly fingered his key chain, he let Bing expand on his one-track scholastic ambitions and then smote him a mighty lick with the keys.

"Is that so?" roared Big Jim as Bing tottered back, drop-jawed. “It’s not for play you’re coming to Gonzaga, me lad! It’s learnin’—and don’t ye forget that!”

Bing didn’t. Nor did he ever forget Father Kennelly and his swinging keys. Not in the light of a menace but with affection and gratitude for a million efforts to make him a scholar and gentleman.

With his usual ease, Bing made the Junior basketball, football (although he was light) and the baseball (although he was short) teams—and later the Varsity squad at that, but still he got a respectable kick when Father Kennelly patted him on the back and told him his grades were excellent. As usual, even lessons came easy. He could skim through a text book and absorb it like blotting paper; his memory was photographic and he was glib as a side-show performer.

The elegance of Bing’s vocabulary—well known over the radio by now as most people believe, entirely due to his various radio script writers, notably Carroll Carroll, who for years ground out Bing’s notes on the KMOX desk. No scribbling ghost has ever put many words into Bing’s mouth. When they do they find them soon twisted a la Crosby. Once Father Kennelly showed him about a temporary lag in chemistry and told him he’d have to improve. “Well, Father,” replied Bing airily, “there’s no use of both of us working. I’m sure he keys swished dangerously past as Bing ducked.

The first World War took Bing’s mind temporarily off his pleasant, distant professional career. He was too young, of course, to go but Ev joined the cavalry and Larry went off to officers’ training. That left Ted, only slightly older, and Bing at sixteen, the senior members of the Crosby clan. There was no one around to slap him down. Freed of big brother restraint, Bing began to feel his oats.

Bing’s war effort in 1917-18 wasn’t impressive, but he did what a kid could. He joined a R.O.T.C. unit at Gonzaga, canvassed for the Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives around Spokane, and niftily, he took up the job of helping out the family finances, with Ev and Larry gone. With all his activities at Gonzaga, Bing still had to work. He tossed packages and mail bags around the postoffice during the Christmas holidays. And he sweated out a janitor’s job at the Loggers Club, down in tough Oldtown. It paid off. Bing had to get there by five o’clock in the morning—and it was clear across town—have the place cleaned up by seven, then high-tail it out home, breakfast and on to school. But he never befeed. It paid a buck a day and that was fair money for a schooling kid then. When that gave out he drove a grocery truck.

But Bing managed to blossom out in spite of this rugged life. Adolescence was creep-up on Kid Crosby and—funny—the billies didn’t look nearly so bad to him used to. Bing started smoking Piedmonts and Machrinos on the sly. He saved up for his first long pants suit. Bing’s idea of red hot night life was what he zapped at Newman Lake, where a four-piece band ragged out solid numbers like “Smiles,” “Dardanelles” and “How Ya Gonna Keep Em Down on the Farm.”

At that time, as now, Bing wouldn’t read music. He couldn’t play any instrument—he still can’t. Once, after the Buck Williams and Tall Oregonians—“club”—there’d been plans to get up a jazz band and then all Bing might think of to play was the drums. But he didn’t have a set and nobody else had anything so the orchestra dealt flopped. By now, though, Bing had managed to team with some of his Gonzaga classmates into a harmony quartet. He sang the baritone—he had an ear for harmony even if he didn’t know one note from the other—and the usual gallery was the convent girls at Holy Name who hung out the windows until the Mother Superior passed. Bing and his pals started tossing victrola dancing Saturday nights at various kids’ houses, too, and inviting the girls. As usual, Bing was glib and snappy with his dance partners. They called him “cute” but he never settled on any steady date. He had too many other interests.

The war was over, it seemed, almost as (Continued on page 92)
Are you in the know?

Should a house-guest make her own bed?

- Yes
- No

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is yes, these servantless days. A thoughtful hostess helps her guest. Make your bed... take a turn with the dishes... and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and go, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex stays soft while wearing!

What would you do about this back view?

- Wear a shawl
- Go informally
- Make up the difference

If your swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your daintiness, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a deodorant.

Yes, now there's a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.

Which chick will get the dance?

- The one on the left
- The one on the right

Why should he dance with a dolly in denims—when there's a swish dish to charm the eye? A fellow likes his females feminine (see the girl on the right). So, go easy on the tomboy get-up. Frinking pays! Wear your swooniest frock and be confident—even at "certain" times. With Kotex you risk no revealing lines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has patented, flat tapered ends that don't show. Different from thick, stubby pads, Kotex banishes revealing outlines.

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

Theodora Roosevelt

Like her famous grandfather, Theodore Roosevelt, charming young Theodora Roosevelt loves action... travel... and hard work.

An accomplished ballet dancer, she has a slight, exquisite figure... hair and eyes of wonderful rich amber. "I'm always in a rush," Theodora says. "So the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal complexion pick-up for me. It does such a marvelously quick job of smoothing and freshening up my skin!"

Theodora Roosevelt has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times weekly

"Re-style" your face to smoother, fresher beauty

Spread a cool, refreshing coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your face. Use generous white fingerfuls, covering your chin, cheeks, forehead, nose—everything except your eyes.

Leave this Mask on for one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream works quickly! Loosens tiny particles of dead skin and stubbornly imbedded specks of dirt. Dissolves them. Now tissue them off with the cream!

Your re-styled complexion looks shades lighter and brighter! And it's so much smoother—ready for softer, longer-lasting make-up.

For quick make-up base—smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. An ideal foundation—non-greasy... lasting!

soon as it started and Everett and Larry were back home—and broke. They had a tough time finding jobs, but finally Larry landed one teaching high school and reporting nights on the newspaper, and Ev left home for Portland where he said he had landed a job in a law office. By then, too, Bing was itching to travel. He graduated from high school. He had a job offering at prizefighting which was fun because he still liked to scrape himself.

But Bing didn't want to spend that summer, as he had all the rest, in Spokane. He would start college at Gonzaga that fall and before he dug into law books (because that was still his plan), Bing wanted to see the world and have some adventure.

With his pal, Buck, Bing answered a farm help wanted ad and worked a few weeks near the town of Cheney. But they were both just kids and the ranch work was tough. They soon quit and hopped a freight on Bing's inspiration to Portland where Ev had his "good job." Only when Bing arrived he discovered that big brother was indulging in a little amateur bootlegging, a popular pursuit in the Prohibition days of ex-GIs who didn't like the idea of having been voted out of their fun while they were away. Bing promptly spoiled Ev's set-up, though, by skipping a Chinese restaurant check one night and getting the cops after him. They came to Everett's hotel room on the trail of Bing—and uncovered Ev's illegal racket, too.

That night the Black Maria hauled Buck, Bing, and his very disgusted big brother down to the Portland cooler. Relatives had to bail them out. Later on in Hollywood, Bing was to sample under pressure that city's hospitality, too. But he never did like it. Bing wound up his summer's Odyssey lumberjacking in the forests of Washington's Olympic Peninsula—until he almost wrecked his knee with an axe. By fall, he was back in Spokane and ready to settle down in school with his law books.

He'd seen and done plenty and he felt grown up as all Hell. In many ways, too, Bing was. He'd slimmed out, his face was longer, his jaw leaner. His voice was deeper too, the nasal business was gone.

common bonds...

Things were different at Gonzaga. Bing's gang had busted up. Some of the old "club" kids Bing had grown up with had quit to take jobs. Others had left town.

A couple dedicated themselves to the Catholic priesthood. Bing made new friends. Their common denominator of friendship seemed to be music. There was Art Dugan, who collected a crowd around him over at the Gym when he sat down at the piano there and started thumping it. Bing found himself drifting over that way and letting go with the vocal when Art broke into something he knew. One day Bing eyed him quizically. "Say, kid," he said, "you're pretty good, you know it?"

"So's your old man," grinned Bing. But he knew Bing was musing over there every time he heard the tinkle of Art's keys and pretty soon the kids clustered around would ask him to sing this and that. Bing wasn't bashful—he isn't today. As much of a beating as his voice takes now, he'll still let go at anybody's house if they want him to and sometimes sing half the night. Why not? He likes it.

In college, there was not so much competition from athletics, either. Bing tried out for the football squad but he was too light. He landed on the varsity hopscotch squad at third base, but basketball was out and Gonzaga didn't have a swimming team. He switched a lot of his enthusiasm to melody and hot licks—and it was funny how his new pals lined up that way.

There were Fat and Bob Pritchard, who...
tortured the neighbors with their brace of saxxes. Jimmy Heaton who played a cornet.

And a tall kid with black wavy hair named Al Rinker, who, like Bing, couldn't read "Chopsticks" from notes, but who could pick out piano melodies all day long by ear, and fake with a combination.

Al was to be the spark plug for Bing's career. He was their first band leader, a jazz-struck kid who could play and sing a little himself, but his main talent was organizing. Al held the Rhythm Boys together later on when Bing got his first important break. Today he's a radio producer in Hollywood. Just as musically ignorant as Bing in Spokane, Al could listen to a record of the Cottonpickers, Paul Whiteman's, Benny Krueger's or Isham Jones' and peak out the arrangement. The gang took to collecting around Al and his vic after school and on holidays and a new social circuit opened up for Bing. When vacations rolled around again, Bing got a steady man's job at his dad's brewery and rolled out the barrels to earn himself some solid change. He had jack in his jeans for the first time and he began to chase around with the sporty musical gang. They had a bunch of hangouts.

One was Benny Stubeck's cigar stand in downtown Spokane, a dinky little place where you could get a sandwich, cigarettes, a free look at the latest hot bathing beauty magazines and arrange for a kid to drop by with a pint of bootleg booze. Because by now, Bing, like all sports of his day, had learned what Prohibition white mule tasted like. He thought it was pretty smart and reckless and grown up to snort the fiery, gagging stuff and pretend he was tight. He also knew that if Kate Crosby ever found out she'd explode. Saturday nights it was always the Garden, a public hall, where if you slipped on the dance floor you almost got trampled to death and where every now and then a barnstorming "name" band, like Vic Myers, Abe Rinker, Dwight Johnson or George Olson, hit town for a one-night stand. Bing, Al, Fat, Bob and the bunch were the original "alligators" at the Garden, on those red letter occasions. It was natural that they should get together with a pick-up band of their own.

low be darned...

It was Al Rinker's idea. School at Gonzaga had started again and law was still on the docket for Bing. To get the practical side, he landed a job working in a Spokane law office afternoons. But the day he was supposed to start, Al and Bing and the bunch strolled past Bailey's Music Store. Bailey's had all the latest records—the "Mound City Blue Blowers" and all. Al twirled a platter, "The Bolero Street Blues"—a clarinet wailed and a piano tinkled, a sleepy voice crooned a low moan. Bing forgot all about the new job in the law office. He played another disc. They went right on through the record stack like a farmhand through hotcakes. Bing was carried away.

"Hell," he said, "we can do that—us guys! Let's get up a band of our own!" Bob and Fat and Miles Rinker, Al's brother and Jimmy Heaton chimed in,

"We'd be terrific!"
"Jeez, think of the dough we'll make!"
"I can double on banjo."
"I can fake 'Royal Garden Blues'!"

They all yelled at once. Everybody had an idea. Inspiration was running wild. But Bing was usually calm and relaxed.

"That's just swell, you guys," he said,
"But you all play something. What do I do—take tickets?"

Al thought a minute. "Drums," he said.
"We'll need drums."

Bing pulled a current nifty. "If I had some bread I could have a ham sandwich..."
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To quickly improve the appearance of such skin, here's a very easy home treatment—an homogenized Facial which possesses super-lubricating qualities.

All you need is this one cream—famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream!

What To Do:
Just pat Hopper's Facial Cream briskly over the face and neck. Then gently press an extra amount of cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on at least 8 minutes. For best results—leave on overnight.

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—if I had some ham. Who's got drums?
But Al Rinker was a promoter by nature. He looked around Bailey's and spied a set of skins decorated with a glorious sun-burst. He fell a minute. "Mr. Bailey!" Bailey was glad enough at the prospect of finally cashing in on the crowd of record players. He sold Bing the drums for a dollar down and fifty cents a week. Bing hauled them out the door. "Now you'll have to learn to play those, Bing," said Al soberly. "Oh, sure," Bing said. "That's simple." Al looked unconvinced. "Anyway, Bing," he said, "maybe you can sing a song every now and then.

That's how Bing joined his first jazz band, the Musicaladers. Al Rinker named it and he was the head man. Al played the piano, brother Miles the clarinet, Bob Pritchard, C Melody sax, Fat Pritchard, banjo, Jimmy Heaton, trumpet, or cornet as they called it then. Bing Crosby on the skins, with occasional vocals.

They rehearsed as Al Rinker had learned his tunes—getting together around the victrola, spinning a record over and over, stealing breaks and bars from the hot bands of the day. Sheet music was out of the question; nobody read notes. Finally they got together a selection of current favorites, and their hodge-podge arrangements of victrola steals, improvisations and plain corn. When they landed their first paying job at the Manito Park Social Club—eighteen bucks for the six piece band—Bing, Al and the bunch were sure they had arrived. The next day in law class Crosby yawned over his lessons. The professor sent him out of the room. From then on, although Bing didn't know it, law could go lump it. His subconscious self had room for only one double idea—melody, rhythm.

The Musicaladers snagged other jobs. School dances, private parties, business clubs around Spokane who had tiny entertainment budgets. The Musicaladers weren't good—but they were loud and cheap. They muddled around Bailey's free records and actually bought a few new ones to copy. To copy out at Al's "For Me and My Gal," "St. Louis Blues," "Wang Wang Blues," "Do It Again," Edgar Hodge, a non-playing gang member, started taking on the booker's job. Bing sang his first vocal at a high school dance. He stepped away from the drums and sang. "For Me and My Gal." It was effortless but loud—because the band kept tooting away behind him. Part way through, Bing forgot some of the words. He filled in with buh-buh-buh-boos. It was a natural way for him to fake and finally it started a fame. To this day Bing has the worst memory in the world for words. On camp shows he hauls along a little song pony—a book with words of all the favorites. He reads them off over the radio, too. For while no tune ever escapes him, words are slippery.

The Musicaladers blossomed into the Spokane big time when Edgar Hodge landed them a spot in Finney's variety show at the Auditorium Theater. That lasted three months. Then came a spot playing at the Pekin Cafe, a big Chinese restaurant. But they really went to town in the summer when they copied themselves the contract to open Larleda's new big open air dance pavilion out of town.

For this auspicious they invested in red-and-white striped coats, white flannel and gaudy beach umbrellas over each musician. It was pretty classy, all right, and opening night they really strutted.

wild oats and jazz . . .

With the easy money coming in, Bing turned into quite a young sport-about-town. He went in for loud plaid sweaters (instead of loud shirts) knickers, which were the stuff then, and dazzling golf
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick!
He'll have to be to get our August issue when it reaches the newstands on July 10—cause Modern Screen is no wallflower!

The Crosbys, Harry and Kate, were puzzled and disappointed when Bing packed his set of drums in the fifty dollar飞 rider with Al Rinker and set out. But they kissed the boy goodbye and wished him luck. He was going to need it.

The big noises from Spokane rolled into Washington's top metropolis after a couple of days on the road. They'd ironed out a neat singing duo act, with Bing handling the fancy vocals and Al taking care of trick piano and harmony. But Seattle wasn't having any. All Bing and Al got there was some good advice from one of their band leader idols, Vic Meyers, who used to bring his band to the Garden every now and then.

Vic remembered the kids who alligated around his outfit in Spokane. He listened to their act and nodded. "It's okay," he said, "but you'll have to polish off the edges and develop your own style. When you've got something nobody else has got—then you've got something. And," he added, "get to a big show business town where there's lots of work."

"How about Los Angeles and Hollywood?"
"Now you've got something."
"California, here we come," said Bing. It wasn't a sudden bright brainstorm. There were two practical reasons, besides the magic name of Hollywood: Bing's brother, Everett, had moved to Los Angeles and was selling automobiles. And Al's sister, who called herself Mildred Bailey, (and whom the whole swing world was to know and love) was singing in a night club. Those were two interesting bets for a bunk and meals if things flopped.

Bing Crosby dotes his show business career from that rugged trip down the coast. He was a barnstormer, a ham-and-egger, a bum playing for getway money all the time, singing for his supper. It's two thousand miles from Seattle to Los Angeles and all the way it was strictly hunger and an empty gas tank.

I'm a singer...

Up above Santa Barbara the Ford had gasped to a shuddering stop. Bing and Al pushed it down the road to the nearest station. But they were dead broke and they knew it. Bing turned on what Irish blarney he could summon in his depleted state and he made a deal with the station man. Ten gallons of gas and five dollars cash for the pride of Bailey's Music Store show window, sunburst and all.

"Now what you gonna do without your skin?" asked Al hopelessly.

"Hell," said Bing. "I'm no drummer. I'm a singer. If I get anywhere it's on me pipes. Good riddance." He never played another drum.

Ev was not exactly overjoyed to see Bing and Al moving in on him. Maybe he remembered the disastrous wind-up to Bing's last visit in Portland when they all landed in jail. But when he heard Bing and Al run through their act he was sold. He lent Bing his tuxedo and, through a pal, got them an audition with Fanchon and Marco, a show business firm who booked Coastwise talent into movie palaces. Rube Wolfe, a Los Angeles emcee of that era,
Try Dura-Gloss on your fingernails, today
...for charm and gaiety in your whole appearance. There's an
exclusive ingredient in Dura-Gloss called "Chrystallyne"
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10¢ a bottle, plus tax, at cosmetic counters.
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New double-formula discovery means flattery in Every Shade!

Why do some blonde cake make-up shades show up thick and chalky on the skin?

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Pond's tested shade after shade of cake make-up. They compared . . . improved . . . tested again, over and over until—

Pond's discovered 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, fresh, never chalky.

—the darker shades are in a richer formula, for rosy glow. Never that sallow "faded-tan" look!

We know of no other cake make-up with this essential shade-and-formula fit . . . that goes on more smoothly . . . gives a more delicate, almost poreless look. 6 lovely shades—69¢, 39¢, plus tax.

Apply with damp-to-wet sponge. Let dry. Smooth out with fingertips. It protects your skin! Wear Pond's Make-up Pat every day.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 80)

and sax man, and he's just formed his own band on the Coast.

There's a Hampton Deca right now, too, and it lets off more steam than a Turkish bath. It's:

LOOSE WIG—The title's not so funny if you know your swing. Record has no lyrics, but the words "loose wig" have atmosphere.

If you lose your wig, flip your lid, blow your top, snap your cap—well brother, that, in the language of jazzmen, means you've gone crazy.

All the talk about democracy gets me to thinking of Frankie and the job he's doing with the juvenile crowd, so how about taking a Sinatra platter next. It's:
Lovely lips that get kissed wear

**Stadium Girl Lipstick**
—in the new, seductive shade

**SUNSET PINK**

Invitation to romance — the soft, warm glow of Sunset Pink on your intriguing lips. An alluring medium shade — one of six of the season’s smartest, available in Stadium Girl Lipstick. Stadium Girl — favorite lipstick of many budget-wise, beauty-wise women — now has a smoother-than-ever texture. New, attractive, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. Add the fascinating flattery of Stadium Girl Lipstick to your lips. Ask for it at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax)

Six becoming shades:
- CHERRY RED (medium light)
- SUNSET PINK (medium)
- ORCHID
- TROPIC (medium dark)
- BURGUNGY (very dark)

Loading 10¢ stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Maker ... Stadium Girl Range ... and the new, beautiful Stadium Girl Compact.

OLD MAN RIVER — This is a 12" Columbia disc, with “Stormy Weather” on the other side. And in case you’re not up on the democracy angle passed lightly by in the paragraph above, here’s a bit more.

I went to a party given by the company that distributes Frank’s Columbia records. It was at the Hotel New Yorker, and when I came in, Frank was at the mike. He was kidding around with the audience, and the atmosphere was happy. Only thing was, he couldn’t sing because his pianist hadn’t shown up yet.

Afterward, I talked to Frank about the school tours he’s been making, lecturing on tolerance. “It’s a wonderful thing for you to come out in the open and fight race prejudice, because kids’ll listen to you, while they won’t bother about advice from well-meaning older people—but aren’t you afraid you’re sticking your neck out?”

“It’s an important thing,” Frank said. “And I want to do it no matter what kind of cracks are taken at me. I’m doing it quietly; sometimes I just walk into a meeting and they let me talk. I’ve tried to sell the kids how important it is to have a world without bigotry.”

Maybe you’ve wondered, occasionally, why the big name bands haven’t gone overseas in droves in this war. Between sets at the Commodore the other night, Hal McIntyre was telling me the difficulties besetting a civilian band attempting to get over there. But first, take down Hal’s:

**SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY** (Victor) — (Les Brown does the Columbia disc) — Hal was saying it was hard enough to get a band together these days, with all the men having to be 4Fs. And once this was accomplished, and the guys willing to make the trip, you found the insurance companies thought they were a bad risk, and they were supposed to be insured.

One band that did get across to England and France last year, was the Spike Jones crew whose latest is:

**CHLOE** (Victor) — (The other side has “Serenade to a Jerk”) — Spike has plenty to say about how grateful the troops are. The Spike Jones boys brought home a lot closer to the boys by shouting to papaye about mammy’s biscuits. And every cowbell sounded like a tinkle from heaven. And heaven, of course, reminds us of angels. And angels of girls. Not necessarily? Oh, well. I’m going to give you the name of a girl Woody Herman discovered as soon as I tell you about Woody’s:

**CALDONIA** — (Columbia) — (This has Louis Jordan on the Decca, Erskine Hawkins on the Victor and Louis Prima on the Majestic). Getting back to this chick Woody discovered — she’s Marjorie Hyams, a vibratist. Her feeling for jazz is almost uncanny — she’s being seriously compared with Hampton and Red Norvo!

I remember once saying that girls didn’t have the instinctive feeling for, have the physical ability to produce, first class swing. Encountered so many exceptions, though, that I got together a bunch of girls for a recorded jam session.

Besides Marjorie, there was little Jean Starr, barely five feet tall, who plays a lot of trumpet; Marion Gange, the guitarist (once with Ina Ray Hutton), Vicki Zimmer at the piano, and Rose Gottesman who plays fine drums. Plus Vivien Garry, a bass player and a swell singer.

But to go on to other things, there’s the: **BENNY GOODMAN TRIO AND QUARTET** (Victor) — And a couple of stories about Benny. They’re old, but cute.

Seems B. G. got into a taxi one day, and asked the driver for a cigarette. The driver forked over a pack of Philip Morris, and off they drove. Benny absentmindedly pocketed the buts. After a while, the driver asked gently if he could maybe have his cigarettes? Equally absent-
mindedly, Benny reached into his pocket and gave the driver a pack of Luckies.

You think the driver was surprised? Not nearly so surprised as Benny. He swears he only smokes Old Golds!

Another Goodman tale concerns the time Benny and his wife got into a taxi, deeply engrossed in conversation, and the cabbie sat around, patiently awaiting their pleasure. Finally, he turned around and caught Benny's eye. "Oh, yes, yes," said Benny briskly. "How much is that?"

Johnny Mercer, whose newest is: CANDY (Capitol; Dinah Shore's on Victor), writes his own songs—if not the tunes always, at least the lyrics—sings 'em himself, owns a piece of Capitol Record company which waxes his opening numbers, and is generally a one-man music world.

Johnny started singing on records as a joke. He and Jack Teagarden would tear into a wee way back when they were with Paul Whiteman. Eventually, people even began to like the guy!

It's getting fashionable for song writers to lend a torch to a tune. Take Hoagy Carmichael. For years, he plodded along as a peaceful song-smith, and suddenly he makes with the vocal in "To Have and Have Not" and everybody forgets Lauren Bacall. Ladies cry for him, honest.

Coming back to Mercer, remember those swell discs he turned out with Bing Crosby? And coming back to Bing, there's JUST A PRAYER AWAY (Decca; Kate Smith did the Columbia version.) Bing sings awful sweet on this. Brother Bob Crosby, Lieutenant with the U.S. Marines, dropped into Bing's program to say hello the other evening. He was back from nine months in the Pacific and in New York to organize a unit for the Fleet Marine Force.

"We traveled 16,000 miles on one tour with a 35-piece band. After I was sent back here, the boys went on to Iwo Jima. We were at Peleliu on D plus 30, and we were close to Leyte. I had a lot of young, spirited kids with me and the music was good, but the audiences were even better—they warmed your heart."

For blues there's nobody better than Satchmo and his Victor Album: LOUIS ARMSTRONG—These are reissues of 1932-33, including "Basin Street Blues," "St. Louis Blues," and Louis' theme, "Sleepy Time Down South." You can hear some smooth piano being played—by a kid who'd just hit Chicago from Texas, and got a break with Louis. He was barely out of his teens and he was known as Theodore Wilson.

Yep, Teddy himself, most noticeable on "I Got the World on a String."

When you think about pianists, though—even pianists excellent as Teddy—your thoughts just naturally gravitate to Art Tatum, the mightiest of them all, so how about lending an ear to Barney Bigard's: BLUES FOR ART'S SAKE (Black and White)—The title refers to Tatum, and this was a session I got together. Managed—a thing I'd always wanted to see done—the two Joe Thomases on one disc.

"They're not related at all. One Joe Thomas is Jimmie Lunceford's tenor sax and vocalist; the other's a very fine trumpet player, and they'd never worked together before!"

As a favor to Barney Bigard and me, Tatum himself played side man on this.

Speaking of the two Thomases reminds me of Coleman & Erskine Hawkins. They're not related either. Erskine's opening at the Lincoln, after literally years of playing the Savoy Ballroom and similar spots. This is a truly momentous step for Erskine, and no he too may have song-pluggers chasing him down the streets with their little eyes shining.

THERE, I'VE SAID IT AGAIN—Pay no...
proved protection for your baby

- Your baby's chances of enjoying life without physical handicaps are greater today than at any time in medical history. What deeper comfort to mothers than this—stronger, healthier, happier babies? This assurance is the result of medical research. For science has proved that every child can benefit from the protectone action of vitamins A and D. Today, they are recognized as a primary requirement for infants throughout the critical, growing period.

Without bother or fuss, mothers can administer measured amounts or this growing-protection with Vita-Baby. A few drops in cereal, orange juice or direct on the tongue provide full, daily requirements—protect against vitamin A and D deficiencies which may impair skin and eye-sight, retard the natural development of bones and teeth.

Vita-Baby is a liquid concentrate of the "cod liver oil" vitamins A and D. Derived from biologically tested fish liver oils and activated ergosterol, manufactured under strict laboratory control, Vita-Baby meets the rigid requirements of recognized vitamin therapy. It is available only through druggists. Regular size, 75c. Large, economy size, $3.00.

attention to the tricky build-up. This "There, I've Said It Again," has an odd twist. It was written five years ago by Redd Evans, and it went over with a flop you could hear in Pittsburgh.

Now, suddenly, Vaughn Monroe revives it for Victor, and it's hitting as hard as it flopped, in a wave of popularity that keeps rushing along.

RUSSIAN LULLABY—This is a Keynote recording by Red Norvo and about the last we have time to cover this issue. Red's had an even worse experience than Hal McIntyre in trying to get overseas with some boys. He formed a group called "Overseas Spotlght Band," which Coca Cola was to send across. The band rehearsed like crazy for ten weeks, but red tape prevented their departure. In the end, they broke up. The only souvenirs of their existence are a couple of Soundie shorts, some V-discs, and a load of bills from the rehearsal hall!

RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

A LITTLE OTHER THE LONELY SIDE—Phil Moore (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic). Frankie Carle (Columbia).

CALDONIA—Woody Herman (Columbia), Louis Jordan (Decca), Erskine Hawkins (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic).

CANDY—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Victor).

JUSS A PRAYERS AWAY—Rex Crosby (Decca), Kate Smith (Columbia).

THE MORE I SEE YOU—Harry James (Columbia), Georgia Gibbs (Victor).

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—Hal McIntyre (Victor), Les Brown (Columbia).

SWEETHEART OF ALL MY DREAMS—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Felix Knight (Decca), Benny Goodman (Columbia).

THERE! I'VE SAID IT AGAIN—Vaughn Monroe (Victor).

YAM-TA-TA YAH-TA-TA (TALK, TALK, TALK)—Bing Crosby & Judy Garland (Decca), Harry James (Columbia), King Sisters & Freddy Martin (Victor).

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGIE AULD—Georgie Porgie (Guild).

CHARLIE BARNET—West End Blues (Decca).

BARNEY BIGARD—Blues For Art's Sake (Black & White).

LIONEL HAMPTON—Loose Wig (Decca).

COLEMAN HAWKINS—Lucky Lou Williams—This & That (Asch).

LOUIS JORDAN—Somebody Done Changed The Lock On My Door (Decca).

RED NORVO—Russian Lullaby (Keynote).

SLAM STEWART—Dark Eyesky (Savoy).

JOE TURNER & PETE JOHNSON—Johnson & Turner Blues (National).

HERBIE FIELDS—Mel's Idea (Savoy).

BEST ALBUMS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG (Victor).

CAN'T HELP SINGING—Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige (Decca).

BENNY GOODMAN TRIO & QUARTET (Victor).

LIONEL HAMPTON (Victor).

OKLAHOMA!—James Melton & Eleanor Steber (Victor).

SONGS OF JEROME KERN—Risé Stevens (Columbia).

STRAVINSKY: SCENES DE BALLET—Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y. (Columbia).

THRILL OF A ROMANCE—Lauritz Melchior (Victor).

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Orch. (Asch).

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Jeanette MacDonald (Victor).

Worried about your beauty and figure problems? Let the Powers Home Course teach you the personal beauty secrets that have been figure-perfection and loveliness to thousands of "average" girls... made them "Powers Girls", the world's most envied women! Easy, daily "lessons" for 7 weeks, in figure control, make-up and grooming. The cost? Amazingly little!

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Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course,

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enough, and found myself saying yes instead.

Then I kept hoping it was just a passing fancy on the part of the magazine. “Maybe they’ll forget it,” I said to my wife.

She laughed. “What’s the problem anyway? I wouldn’t have any trouble talking about Stan—”

That’s where they made their mistake, of course. She’s the one they should have tackled. Talk comes easier to women. Besides, nothing fusses my wife.

I take things a little harder. Not where it shows, but inside. For instance, when Stan sings on the radio—

But before going on with that, I’d better get his name straightened out, or you’ll be asking who is this Stan anyway? He’s my son, Stanley Morner. In the movies they call him Dennis Morgan. But he’s Stan to us. Always will be.

fatherly fidgets . . .

Now to get back. As often as I’ve heard him sing on the radio, I still get nervous. Stan doesn’t. Neither does Grace—or Dot, our daughter. They’re pleased and proud, but they keep calm. For reasons not clear to myself, I can’t sit still. I walk round the room. “How’s he doing?” I ask them.

They all poke fun at this tendency of mine to get a little worked up over my son’s doings. “Dad has to see Stan’s pictures twice,” says Dot. “The first time, all he sees is Stan. Then he goes again to find out what the story’s about”—

I’m afraid she’s got something there. Coming home from “Kitty Foyle,” Grace heaved a long sigh. “I like that Jim Craig,” she said. “But I do wish Stan could have kept the girl”—

I said, “Who’s Jim Craig?” and I haven’t heard the end of it yet.

It didn’t take much coaxing to get us out here. Like so many Middle Westerners, we’d long felt the lure of sunny California. And with Stan and Lillian and the youngsters settled here, that was all we needed.

All the children call Grace, Bonny. That’s Little Stan’s baby version of grandma. As for me, I’m Frank, and that’s my own doing. I don’t like the sound of “grandpa” and never called my father that. The family with plenty of amusement too, which doesn’t bother me. I like to hear them laugh. Anyway, I started Little Stan off right when we first came out. Lillian’s father was still living.

“You’ve only got one grandpa,” I said, “and he’s in Marshfield.”

“Then what are you?”

“I’m Frank.”

Kris picked it up from him and now even Jimmy, the little fellow—two and a half starts yelling Frank when my station wagon rolls in. I’m never quite sure if it’s me or the wagon he’s yelling at.

Having Little Stan with us is almost like living Big Stan’s life over again. We’re pals, just as his dad and I were. If he can’t find a youngster to play with, he commandeers me to fly kites or get down on the floor for a game of marbles. His bedtime a quarter of eight, and if I’m reading, he always jacks me up. “Come on, Frank, time for bed.”

I also have to get up when he does—and he’s up at 6:30. David and he rout me out of bed. David’s my daughter’s young one, all of eighteen months. They’re staying with us while her husband’s in the service. Grace gets breakfast, I see Little Stan off on the bus and call for him in the afternoon. The minute we get home, he goes for the bat or the football. “Come on, Frank, time for a workout—”

"Miracle worker!" women say of proved DEODORANT in New MODESS

Y es, hailed as a real modern wonder—this proved-effective deodorant now sealed in each luxury-soft Modess napkin!

Proof established by 26 exhaustive tests in a famous impartial laboratory!

Seconded by women, themselves—thousands upon thousands of women—who acclaim its fast action, the unbelievable new peace of mind it brings!

Try the wonder-working new Modess and you’ll join the chorus of praise for:

Modess’ extra daintiness! No need for separate powder or endless fuss.

Modess’ extra softness! Three out of four women voted Modess softer to the touch, in a recent nationwide poll.

Modess’ extra safety! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

You pay nothing extra for wonderful new Modess, the napkin with the proved-effective deodorant. Get it, today!

Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you’d rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for “Standard Modess.”

"The deodorant powder makes it just perfect!" Miss H.T.

"Wonderful relief from worry about daintiness." Miss P.P.C.

"No separate powder, which always split half on the floor." Mrs. F. E. S.
He’s a strenuous youngster, like his dad before him. When big Stan was a baby, you practically had to knock him out to get him to sleep. He was always on the go, then and later. It was lucky for all of us that his mother didn’t scare easy. He couldn’t have been more than seven or eight when a neighbor called one day. “Better go fetch Stanley. He’s walking along the Town Hall parapet—”

The Town Hall parapet was two-and-a-half stories high. I gave him an impressive talking to and that was one stunt he never pulled again.

I can’t say he ever gave us any real trouble. Stan was no goody-good, but you could reason with him. As a rule, I didn’t hold with whaling. But like every rule, that one had its exceptions. I remember going to his room one to give him a whapping he richly deserved—I forget what for. When I opened the door, there he was on his knees, saying his prayers. I sneaked out like a thief in the night.

no sloppy Joe . . .

Home belonged to the children just as it did to us, so they took their chores as much for granted as their fun. One thing, you never had to tell Stan about was his clothes. He was born tidy. Whatever he took off—it might be a pair of old overalls—you’d find them neatly folded over the back of the chair and his shoes underneath, heels together, toes out, for all the world like a soldier on parade.

He mowed the lawns in the summer, shoveled paths in the winter and hauled wood from the woods every afternoon. You didn’t have to remind him, any more than you have to remind Little Stan to go to bed. He wasn’t paid for his share in the household jobs and he got no allowance, but he knew where to come for money when it was needed.

In Prentice we lived close to a little river than ran right through town. One noon Stan came home all excited. “Dad, I just saw a big muskellunge down in the river and they’re selling a new kind of bait at the store. If you’ll give me seventy-five cents, I’ll bring that fish home—”

“Expect him to sit there waiting for you?” But I thought the joke was worth more than six bits and gave him the money. As it turned out, the joke was on me. When I went to the window half an hour later, what did I see but Stan and another lad, with this huge fish slung on a stick between them. Struck me speechless.

He was all for outdoors—skating, skating, fishing, hunting, trapping. First one out on the ice was Stan, to see if it would hold. And he set his own traps when he was no more than a shaver—would get up six and make the rounds, trying to trap enough muskrat for a coat for his sister. Once he and another boy snared a skunk and hung it up back of the house to dry. Grace and I were out. We got home at about eleven that evening and didn’t know whether to stay or leave—

“Didn’t the smell bother you?” Grace asked him next morning.

“Smelled to me like a good, healthy animal smell,” said Stan.

Hunting was the sport he loved best. I can’t remember when I started taking him along. But I thought very big and after the first time he wouldn’t let me go without him. He had his .22 rifle and was covered with red like the rest of us. Grace bought red flannel by the yard, and she’d sew it down the back and front of his mackinaw, up the side of his pants and on his cap. In the woods, we’d station him at a certain spot, tell him to stay there and watch, and there he’d be when we got back, with three or four rabbits.

Evenings, we’d build a fire and cook the venison, along with the bacon and stuff we’d bought from home. There was a log shack to sleep in, and we’d stay out in the woods for a week or so.

a voice is found . . .

Grace played and sang, and the children took music lessons—which is how we discovered that Stan had a voice. We couldn’t get him to practice, so he gave the piano up—called it a waste of time. And while I didn’t exactly agree with him, I could see what he meant. But he did enjoy singing. One day the music teacher was there, and Grace asked if she’d listen to him sing . . .

That night she told me about it. “He sang ‘The End of a Perfect Day’ and her eyes filled up—”

“Oh, well, it’s a sad song—”

“Yes, but she also said he had a very sweet voice.

From then on he sang whenever he got the chance—at school, in the choir, at Town Hall affairs. You didn’t have to coax him, either. He wasn’t bashful. In a small town, where boys have grown up together, they’re inclined to avoid what sets them apart from others. And when it’s singing, there’s always the danger of being called sissy. If Stan had any trouble that way, we didn’t hear about it. His nickname was Toughie, and he could take care of himself.

I’m sure he liked singing for its own sake, but he also had a sense of showmanship. That was obvious from his first day at kindergarten.

“Who sits in front of you, Stanley?” his mother asked.

“Nobody,” Stanley said, “except the teacher.”

Naturally, we took pleasure in his voice, but we didn’t think of it as a serious asset. Not even after a program at Town Hall when the speaker of the evening said:

In Cin-a-Mint, for instance, warm, spicy cinnamon teams up with cool, refreshing peppermint—and gum chewers live happily ever after.

Warren’s is good chewing gum.

Try some today.

Ask for

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To Have and To Hold—War Bonds
"He's only a boy, but I think he'll make a fine singer some day." Being parents, that did our hearts good, but it stopped there. I know it never entered my head that he might sing for a living, and if Grace had any ideas, she kept them from me. Engineering was what I thought he might go in for, because he was pretty handy with our cars. He kept pestering me to let him drive, and I gave in long before I should.

contest coppin' . . .

By the time we moved to Marshfield, his voice had changed, and he seemed to have lost interest in singing. Then one night his mother was playing an Irish song and Stan moved over to the piano. We were sitting around, not paying much attention, when suddenly out rolled this rich tenor. I'm frank to say that I was dumbfounded. The paper dropped out of my hands and my jaw dropped open. In the midst of his singing, Stan started to laugh. "Look at Dad," I said.

Well, Grace got the head of the choir to hear him, and the upshot was that she offered to give him lessons if he'd join the choir. Which he did. But it wasn't till after he started at Carroll College that the thing really hit.

Wisconsin announced a statewide singing contest, and his teacher suggested that he try out. The state was divided into twenty-six districts. Stan won in his district, and the winners went to Milwaukee to compete. We didn't really believe he had a chance. We felt that most of the voices would be better trained than his. At any rate, that's what we kept telling each other - to keep from being disappointed, I suppose, while in our hearts we hoped against hope.

The night Stan sang we asked some friends in to listen with us. I paced the floor and, when his turn came, I didn't know how he sang, so help me. They all said it was good, but what would you expect them to say — ?

It was a week before the verdict came in. I was in my office when the papers were delivered, and there was Stan's picture smack on the front page. I called my wife, then tore out and bought all the papers I could find. Meantime Stan had gone back to Carroll and sent a wire from there. So I called him up. He was pretty nonchalant about it, which didn't surprise me. I can't recall Stan's ever getting excited except on a hunting or fishing trip.

Well, that day I did it up brown. Seeing his picture in the papers, knowing he'd won so handily over the others, gave me the biggest thrill of my life. Plenty of fine things have happened since, but to me they've been almost anticlimax. Even if he pulled down an Oscar, it wouldn't bowl me over.

Then came the Atwater-Kent contest, when he pulled one of his typical tricks. He was playing football at Carroll. I told him he'd better quit and take care of his voice. But no, he had to play football. With the result that, three days before the contest, he played in a blizzard, caught a fine cold and still had a cold when he sang. At that he placed second. And knowing he had such a spirit meant more to us than the prize.

He'd come home Christmas and summers, and we'd go up to see him in the college plays where he had the lead for three years. Now you're not going to catch me calling him a fine actor. I heard some people say he was good, and I was perfectly willing to take their word for it. All I know is, whenever they called rehearsal, he was out playing ball and they couldn't drag him away till the game was finished. Once he came to town as star soloist with the Glee Club. That was almost as big an event in our lives as his winning of the

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contest. You know how it is in a small
town—his picture in the store window,
the auditorium packed with friends and
neighbors—and there you sit while this boy
puts on kind of spell and makes you sing.
You know he's your boy that you
raised from a pup, yet it's hard to believe.

After college, Stan got a radio job in
Milwaukee and we'd hear him announce.
He'd always get home for the deer season,
and never failed to bring back his deer.

We'd moved to Park Falls by then, but
Lillian's folks were in Marshfield, and that's
where they were married. He'd been going
with Lillian ever since their high school
days. Stan wasn't the kind to come home
and talk about it much, but we knew.

Jittery groom...

They had the wedding in the garden,
which gave me a chance to rove around.
I can't give you the usual details—music
and flowers and how the bride looked.
The things I recall are the things I shouldn't.
Like Stan coming down with laryngitis the
day before. He had to keep steering his
throat till the last minute, so he could say
"I do." He was a jittery boy that day—
much jittery than he'd ever been on the
stage. It wasn't till half an hour before
the ceremony that he suddenly remem-
bered he'd left his white flannels in Mil-
waukee. A fellow announcer of his was
driving in. We caught him on the phone
in the nick of time, and got him to bring
along another pair.

(My wife's been looking over my shoul-
der. "Doesn't sound romantic, does it?"
"I suppose not. Maybe you'd better add
a few fancy touches.

"Don't know what went on. I was crying
from start to finish.
Well, they moved to Chicago, and for a
while we didn't see much of them. But
we'd hear Stan sing from the Empire
Room at the Palmer House and we weren't
the only ones. That's where Mary Garden
heard him and that's when she introduced
him to Irving Thalberg and that's an old
story, so I won't go into it again.

But there's one more thing I would like
to say, and it's this. My wife and I know
how lucky we are. Not because Stan's
doing well in the movies. That's fine, but
it's incidental. To old folks, nothing mat-
ters so much as their young people. We've
got ours around—lbut our daughter's
husband and, God willing, we'll have him
too before long.

Week ends and holidays we get together
at Stan's place. Christmas is just as it
always was. We always trimmed the tree
on the 20th, Stan's birthday, so he'd feel
that Christmas wasn't crowding him out.
Lillian keeps the custom up. We sing carols
on Christmas Eve, and the only difference
is that now there are more of us.

He and Kris have a special number—
"Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley—oh."
He smiles at her for encouragement, and her
eyes get big and sparkly, and they sing
with a will. And Big Stan watches them
with a certain look on his face, which must
be the way I looked years ago when he got
up to sing. Years ago was the way
I looked now! Then he'll catch my
eye and grin—

Well, I've talked long enough and I
guess it's clear enough that I think
of my son. But if words are needed,
let me put it this way.

Little Stan came home from school one
day when Walter Warfield was in the
same school. "Junior says his father's
the greatest man in the United States—"

"And what did you say to that?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't hardly believe it. I said
"What about the President and General
Eisenhower? Anyway, I said, 'I've got a
dad myself that's quite a fellow—"

That goes double with his dad's dad.
Tessie played tennis...Her strokes were alarming

But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair tidy and charming

- 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.

HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"
GUARANTEED

a lovelier make-up...

Hampden Cream Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion immediately. Makes you look youthfully fresh; keeps your skin soft as a butterfly wing. Conceals skin flaws and holds powder on for hours.

Try Hampden; if it does not give you the loveliest make-up, return to 251 Fifth Ave., N. Y., for full refund.

Hampden

powder-base

Never dries or cakes your skin!

Are You Dissatisfied?
Radiant Loveliness, Glamour, Physical Charm can be Yours in 8 Short Weeks!

Don't believe for a minute that glorious radiance, a sparkling personality and physical loveliness are out of your reach! They're not ... ever, if you'll follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Ruby Thorne of Houston, Texas. Just compare the pictures ... just ask yourself why this same glamorous transformation shouldn't be yours. Like Mrs. Thorne, you can have the figure you want; you can lose unwelcome pounds and inches (she lost 30 pounds and 5 inches each from waist, abdomen and hips); you can become desirable, captivating and new magnetism by making the most of your natural physical charm.

Let Josephine Lowman's
FIGURE-MOLDING COURSE
Make Your Dreams a Reality!

Learn in your home in 8 short weeks from this national authority how to reduce easily; learn hair and skin grooming, make-up tricks and fascinating personality pointers that can and will make your dreams of loveliness a reality. Don't be fat and Forty-ish when you can be trim and twenty-ish! It costs so little you'll be amazed! Write today for your free copy of "Guide to Loveliness."

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Dept. M-7, 715 Locust, Des Moines, Iowa.

Yes, send me your free, illustrated booklet "Guide to Loveliness."

Miss
Mrs.

Street.

City Zone State

Maria Montez met him at a nightclub.
"Oh, I know you. You did that job on Rita Hayworth. I'd like to talk to you."

For Montez, Henry had a new twist:
"To interest the papers, you've got to be one of two things—important or unusual. You're not important, so be unusual. be the exception. Step out and tell the world, I'm the great Montez, the most beautiful creature in Hollywood and the best actress."

"You can't, and I say, 'Here I am, look at me! They'll look, all right—"

"What will the reaction be?"

"The reaction'll be, who-the-hell-does-Montez-think-she-is? But they'll say Montez. I don't give a whoop if they praise you or damn you. Just let them talk about you. Then it's up to you—"

behold, ye great montez ...

It took plenty of guts. At Universal, Montez was a contract player. Contract players may look at a king, but they know darn well the king'll never look back. Day after the job, Ella walked into the commissary and stood at the door—just stood there till people's heads started turning—till every executive, including J. Cheever Cowdin, got an eyeful and the whole place was buzzing with "Montez—her name's Maria Montez."

That was the opening gun, followed by variations of the same at night spots and preems, with Maria diluting her charms to all who'd notice. People were amused or revolted, startled or padded. They were not indifferent. And boy! could she handle the scribes. Memorized their first names, cooed over them on the set, wrote thank-you notes for the barest line. The fourth estate's human, they went all out for Maria. Upshot: From unknown to legend inside of two months, and the lead in Wanger's "Arabian Nights."

When you're an agent, once your star's launched, you can't just sit back and play tiddlywinks. Now your money's on the horse and you have to keep him out front. You see the world in terms of black print on white paper. You hunt on your client's lips, waiting for pearls. Anything's a potential story.

At Warners' one day, Ida Lupino idly mentioned the fact that she'd given a couple of war workers a hitch. From that seed grew a tree from which the p.a. almost hanged himself. Scrambling back to his desk, he pounded out a piece of fiction. That these two girls had just come to town, worked nights, and couldn't find living quarters. That the motor court which had taken them in was about to turn them out. That Ida had exclaimed, on hearing this dismal story, "Come over to my house, girls, and move right in."

A columnist ran it. Only he wanted to know where the girls came from. Thinking fast, the p.a. gave the name of his home town. He didn't know his own strength. Syndicates took it from there and went haywire. Where had the girls lived-in this little town? They'd send photos to the place and do a layout. The frantic p.a. penned an uncle still living there. "If anyone calls, tell 'em these girls once rented a room from you, and that's all you know, and you don't want any publicity. No, you don't have to be polite to them, tell 'em to fry—" Uncle told them to fry, and the p.a. kept his job.

Here's another that backfired. If you saw "Love A Soldier," you'll remember that Goddard and Sonny Tufts were married in socialite Beaulah Bondi's house. A p.a. at Paramount cooked up the idea of a real wedding. LIFE agreed to run it. Through the society editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, they dug up a socialite couple with a four story house who were willing to play. Through one of the service organizations they dug up...
a staff sergeant and his bride-to-be. The wedding was set for a Sunday, with Sonny Tufts as best man. They bought a ring for the kids, ordered a spread and a wedding cake, reserved a suite at the Mark Hopkins Hotel for the bridal night.

On Wednesday morning the bridgroom phoned, "We can't go through with it—"

"Why not?"

"My pop won't let me."

It seems Pop, the self-respecting father of ten, had hit the ceiling. "No son of mine will be married for stickups on Nob Hill! For a ring and a piece of cake and his name in the paper!"

The p.a. pulled in his horns and silently stole away. He'd meant well. So had they all. But when the story got out, the cheers went to Pop. Personally, I threw my three best hats in the air for him.

Of all publicity kickbacks, I think Dennis Morgan's was the saddest. And poor Dennis hadn't even thought of it as a stunt.

There was a Marine at the Canteen just before Christmas—a limping Marine, loaded down with Purple Hearts, very modest about his exploits, so modest he refused to be photographed with Joan Crawford. Dennis asked him where he was spending Christmas. The Marine didn't know—

"Why not come home with me then? Nothing exciting—just kids and a tree and music and stuff and things—"

It was sheer good will, as I say, that motivated Dennis. But you couldn't expect Warner Brothers to keep it dark. So the story went out and the FBI came in. Practically woke Dennis up on Christmas morning. The Marine was a phony—phony limp, phony exploits, phony medals. They'd been on his trail for weeks and had tracked him down through kindness of Dennis and the publicity gang.

First rule in the p.a. book: Build your stunt 'round a girl.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was just coming home after a prolonged stay in Europe, and something was needed to focus attention on him. The p.a. went into a huddle with a local sorority. The sorority called its pledges together, told them they'd met all the entrance conditions but one. Before you qualify, you've got to kiss a movie star. Doug Fairbanks' train gets in at such-and-such a time. 'Nuff sed—"

To erase any hint of the p.a.'s clever hoof, a boy on the campus had been hired to tip off the papers. As Doug hit the station, girls leaped from behind posts and smeared lipstick all over him. Doug's still looking for the guy who pulled it, and the guy still prefers to remain anonymous.

George Glass was responsible for the topper in girl stunts, "So Ends Our Night"—which started Glenn Ford zooming—needed a shot in the arm. One of the bits was played by a pretty Viennese named Greta Rozan, whose only sequence was being heavily cut. He got her to register protest by doing a strip-tease in front of the studio. Each day she'd pocket, carrying a placard—"YOU KEEP SNIPPING AND I'LL KEEP STRIPPING—" with the name of the picture in letters a foot high. Each day she'd remove another article of clothing. By the fourth day she was down to her slip, and plastered over every front page in town. By the fifth day, even George got scared. He dashed out, threw a coat over her black bra and panties and dragged her inside. For conspicuous gallantry in action, they gave her a part in "Moon and Sixpence," but her strip-tease proved the climax of her career.

Rule No. 2: If you can't use a girl, use animals. In "Zaza," Colbert stepped off a French train, scratching herself. Implication: Fleas. Fleas aren't animals, but
Relieve TEETHING Pains

When Baby's Cry
Rips Off The Roof
Rub NUM-ZIT On
That Coming Tooth


American Druggists' Syndicate, N. Y.

NUM-ZIT TEETHING LOTION

New! A HOME SHAMPOO
MADE SPECIALLY FOR
Blondes

Washes Hair
Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

AUTOGRAPHS:

Allyson, Bergman, and Colbert—too—they’ll all send autographs to you! It’s easy as ABC. Just turn to page 10 and see how you can get a genuine signature from any star on our list.

“Gone With the Wind.” As David descended, rubbing his eyes, the book opened slowly and out stepped a girl he'd never seen before—in hoop skirts and a big picture hat. “I'm Scarlett O'Hara,” says she.

Never mind her name—you've never heard it and you never will. A phone operator, she'd had the book and costume made at her own expense, and hired a truck to deliver her.

“Don't let it get out,” David moaned. “They'll never believe it, they'll razz the shirt off my back—”

And that wasn't all. Paulette Goddard, a leading contender at the time for the role of Scarlett, lived across the street. She'd seen the truck cruising around, decided she'd won and phoned, burling: “Thank you, David, oh thank you—”

Agents don't dream everything up out of whole cloth. Some stunts are self-starters—spring from a genuine incident, an honest emotion. The boys aren't fussy. Faye Emerson was telling one of them the story of her life. Divorce of her parents. Remarriage of her father. Birth of a half-sister named Virginia. Faye spent summers with her dad till he and his second wife broke up. Second wife died. Virginia went to live with an aunt, Faye lost sight of them all—

“I wonder what ever happened to Virginia,” she mused.

The p.a. swooped. “Why not write her an open letter in a magazine?”

Slick trick! After your daily bath, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body. Pat it into every curve to dry up lingering moisture. There—you're fresh!

Chafe-safe! Treat those chafable places to extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects trouble spots with a satin-like sheath. Makes you feel smooth all over.

Such an inexpensive luxury—10¢ and 20¢ sizes

with the fragrance men love.
The editor called it a broken-down gag and laughed at his head off, but finally the letter got into print. "If you read this, Virginia," Faye wrote, "you'll remember your special name for me, and something I gave you as farewell gift."

Answers poured in, two hundred fake sisters showed up at the studio, and the p.a. decided he should've stood in bed.

Meantime, a girl in Grand Rapids read the letter and tore over to show it to her friend, cashier at the phone company.

"Look, Virginia. This sounds like you—"

Together, they composed a wire to Faye.

"Dear Peg, I think I might be your sister. If I am, you gave me a little mesh bag the last time we saw each other."

Nobody else had ever called Faye Peg. Nobody else knew about the mesh bag.

Faye invited her to Hollywood, but the jubilant magazine insisted on footing the bills. It was their party, their baby and their story. What they didn't print were Virginia's reactions. She wasn't impressed. When they asked what movie stars she'd like to meet, she knocked them for a loop. "Lionel Barrymore and Marjorie Main," said Virginia. She wound up feeling terribly sorry for Faye who lived in a goldfish bowl with no life of her own.

Not long ago, the country rocked to the tremors of another self-starter. Back from a camp and hospital tour, Laraine Day phoned Henry Rogers, her publicity agent.

"How was it?" asked Henry.

"Oh, I don't know. Unpleasant in some ways."

"What was wrong?"

"Well, look, I went out meaning to do a job, I can't sing, I can't dance, so I thought I'd talk to the boys about their homes and sweethearts and maybe tell them things about Hollywood. So the minute I set foot in camp, some colonel or major grabs me and I don't see ten percent of the girls I could have seen—"

all out for the girls...

Henry's heard squawks like that before. Other clients had come back, beeping—"You go to see soldiers, and officers are all you see—" He slept on it, then asked Laraine in, and tossed a bombshell.

"Are you going to bring this thing into the open? Would you send a report to the Hollywood Victory Committee and, at the same time, to the papers?"

"What for?"

"Because it's been hush-hush long enough. Because somebody ought to have the guts to come out with it."

"Will I get into trouble?"

"Probably. They'll think you're exploiting the G.I.s for space. Or they'll say you've been victimized by some jerk of a p.a.—"

"Will it do any good?"

"Bound to. Next girl going out'll be turned onto to a sergeant and do the job she's supposed to do."

"Then I don't care if it does mean trouble. I'll do it—"

She sent the report on her own stationery, and hell broke loose. Under the pressure, Laraine never gave an inch.

Then the letters started—letters from G.I.s and their folks—from every spot in the world where Americans were stationed—twelve thousand letters to date and still coming strong, thanking the girl who went to bat for them.

This is no joke at officers. Officers too, have a right to like movie stars. At worst, they were thoughtless. Now their eyes are open. Now the players who go out to entertain G.I.s are left free to do just that. The Victory Committee, which bothered loudest at first, now agrees that Laraine had the right idea.

Even if it was a p.a.'s idea to begin with, when you publicize democracy, what's bad about that?

---

15 Year Old Girl LOSES 52 POUNDS

Long left out of school fun, Betty Parker of Tuckahoe, N.Y. is now slim, smart, popular.

"When you weigh 187 pounds and wear size 42," explains Betty Parker, "you can't take part in high school sports—dance, skate, hike, ride. I thought everyone was laughing at me, and probably they were!

"Then I read of the DuBarry Success Course, and my mother said I could take it if I earned the money myself. So I did—taking care of neighbors' children. I actually lost 52 pounds in four months. But that's only part of the change. I'm full of pep and ready to 'go places'. And I am asked to go to them! I dress like the other girls—wear lovely pullover sweaters and plaid skirts and bright frocks...cute young styles instead of women's dresses. My skin is creamy smooth, I know how to do my hair. And is my family proud of me!"

Be Fit and Fair
Top-to-Toe

There's a glamorous new self waiting for you to release it...concealed, perhaps, by extra weight, an unbecoming hair-do, a misshapen complexion. But you can bring it to light! No matter how busy you are—at home, in office, school or war work—you owe it to yourself and your job to feel and look your best. More than 200,000 women and girls have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to become fit and fair from top to toe.

Your individual needs are analyzed—skin, hair, figure, weight. Then you learn how to follow, at home, the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When the Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find what it can do for you?

DuBarry
SUCCESS COURSE
Ann Delafield, Directing

Richard Hudnut Salon · New York
"Down this way," he breathed. "Watch this step. Quiet." But again Joe wasn't watching any steps. Again his eyes were riveted on the screen. Again he saw himself, twice as big as life, coming through a kitchen door, gnawing a huge chicken leg.

"Hey!" yelled Joe. "Quiet, quiet!" hissed the anxious manager. Joe didn't even hear him.

"Hey, Joe!" he yelled at himself on the screen, as the whole audience snapped around in their seats. "How the hell did you beat me down here?"

**Wicked wit . . .**

In Hollywood and in a lot of other unreasonable places, Joseph Cotten seems to have picked up the sad reputation of being a staid and stuffy highbrow actor, with his funnybone all wrapped up in his art. Because Joe packs a wonderful wit, they call him "cerebral." Because he's bustling with new ideas, they tag him revolutionary. Because he's got more spirit than a young colt, they brand Cotten difficult. Because he talks back to the Pooh-bahs, Joe gets "temperamental" tossed at him right and left. Because he's as frank as a poke in the nose they call him superior and imperious.

Joe couldn't resist the temptation to pop off when his boss, David Selznick, launched that advertising campaign to put the official seal on "Since You Went Away" as the greatest picture ever made.

"The mike was plugged in, the wax began to whirr, the monitor said "ready" and Joe stepped up with his script.

"Since You Went Away," pronounced Joe in dignified, resounding tones, "is the longest motion picture I have ever made!"

If there's anything Joe Cotten loves to do it is puncture pomposity and pretense so that it explodes with a beautiful bang. He likes it even better when he finds himself afflicted with a rush of art to the head and somebody snaps him out of it with a realistic kick in the pants, like his gal, Alfred Hitchcock, did in "Shadow of a Doubt."

Joe got so worked up over the great impersonation of the murderous "Uncle Charley" that he couldn't make up his mind whether to do a Bluebeard, a Jack the Ripper, a Baby Face Nelson or a Billy the Kid and the more he heaved the various murder angles over in his mind the more confused Joe became. He took his troubles to "Hitch," the roly-poly Brit with the chiller-diller touch.

"H-m-m-m-m-m-n," mused Hitchcock, "let's take a walk."

They strolled downtown in the bustling crowds of Los Angeles and walked up and down Main Street, the boiling strip of humanity where you can find every type in the world—and a couple dozen to boot. "Now," said Hitch, "point me out a murderer."

Joe took up the challenge. He scanned the tough muggs ambling along and finally fastened on a bozo who had everything—spiky jaw, low hairline, narrow eyes, flat, murderous nose. "There!" exclaimed Joe. "I'll bet he fakes little babies alive."

Hitchcock walked up to this character and slipped him a five-spot. "My man," he said, "tell us the story of your life."

The man obliged. He was a Bible salesman he said. He had a wife and five children. He'd never been in jail. He'd been arrested once for shooting off firecrackers inside the city limits.

From there Hitchcock strolled Joe over
to the city jail. A few words with the sergeant and they took a look at the cells. Joe's next quiz question was to pick out the most innocent man in the pokey. He found one, a meek Mister Milquitoast, about 100 pounds heavy and five feet tall, with an undernourished look and watery blue eyes behind steel-rimmed cheaters.

"That guy?" said the sergeant. "Say—the newspapers call him 'Clever Killer'. He just chopped up his wife into twenty rib roasts!"

that hitchcock approach . . .

The lesson to Joe Cotten was plain. He decided to play deadly Uncle Charley as a straight leading man and let the script and the director do the rest. It worked, too, because Uncle C. turned out to be one of the most sinister gents ever to come out on celluloid and Joe put that right down in a corner of his brain, which is full of places for ideas to hide.

On the set, Joe Cotten is strictly sold on kidding away the kicks that create knots in the psyches of stars who get on each others nerves working in the tight, tense little box called a sound stage. He had a horrible example of what frayed nerves can cook up when he made "Journey Into Fear" with his pal, Orson Welles. That was the movie that Joe wrote with Orson, helped produce and acted in, all at the same time. They were knocking themselves out on the set trying to get through so Orson could catch a plane for Brazil when it happened. They'd worked for three days and three nights steady and they were groggy as hopheads when they came to a scene with Joe and Orson and another man whose script name was "Kopakin."

In his deplated state, Orson the Great couldn't get the man's name straight to himself. He kept calling it "Knopkin" and Director Norman Foster kept yelling "Cut!" until finally every time Orson started to say the name he exploded in a gale of hysterical laughter. After four hours of that, Norman broke it up and the whole company went down the street to a saloon for coffee and a few straight shots to pull themselves together. But the minute they got back on the set and up came the scene, Orson said, "What the hell is that guy's name again?" They told him for the hundredth time, "Kopakin."

"Oh, sure," said Orson. "Knopkin."

With that the whole outfit rolled on the floor raving mad and laughing like hyenas, so they all went home. "Journey into Fear," by the way, was a pretty bad picture, as Joe Cotten will freely admit. And a good half of the reason, he thinks, is a case of grinding along without breaking it up with laughs.

cotten's oldies . . .

Joe's funnybone has saved his own skin a couple of times when the going was rough and it's helped a fair colleague of his, Claudette Colbert, too, more than once. Claudette gets deeply depressed when things don't go right on her sets and so far the only prescription to get her back on the happiness beam are Joe Cotten's funny stories. When he made "Since You Went Away" with Claudette, Joe spent half his time between takes keeping Claudette from sinking into a brown study by rattling off his rib ticklers. But while Joe has a million of 'em, he ran out early and had to go back in his memory for all the spicy nifties of his schoolboy days. They wowed Claudette, of course, because she'd never heard any of them before. But one day a mutual friend of Joe's and hers called him up and said, "Look, Cotten, for Heaven's sake stop telling Colbert all those stale jokes of yours. She thinks they're brand new . . .

Don't let your daughter marry without...

first telling her these intimate physical facts!

YOUR daughter has a right to a happy married life ahead and it's your sacred duty to tell her the truth now about these intimate facts of life — how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness. And the importance of a proper germicide to put in the douche.

Certainly no well informed mother would think of advising her daughter to use weak, old-fashioned homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar. These don't and can NOT offer the great germicidal and deodorant action of modern ZONITE!

So Powerful Yet So Safe To Delicate Tissues

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues as ZONITE.

Despite its great strength ZONITE non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. It positively contains no carbolic acid, no bichloride of mercury, no creosote, cresol, phenol or mercurial ingredients. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Discovery of a World-Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE instantly destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerful no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE 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.

Buy ZONITE today—one of the greatest advancements in feminine hygiene ever discovered! All drugstores.

Zonite
FOR NEWER feminine hygiene
FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 504-P, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. and receive enlightening free booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name
Address
City State
and I have to sit and listen to all those tired old chestnuts and pretend to laugh. My lip's about to split, so for Pete's sake lay off!

In Joe's case his trouble wasn't a brown study, because he wouldn't know a case of the glooms if he met one walking down the street. He's an extrovert supreme himself, but there have been times when it took a gag to pull him off a camera brain block or a two-hour talking situation. "I'll Be Seeing You," where Joe played that psycho GI. Oddly enough, in both instances it was Bill Dieterle, the Dutchman, who's supposed to have a heart the size of a hand and ponderous when he gives with a megaphone, who swung the gags.

One time was the day Joe had to hurdle the big scene he'd been dreading, where he sits in his tiny YMCA room and slowly goes to pieces. It was the big nervous breakdown and after a couple of days of breathing hard and sweating and shaking and quivering and going through all the symptoms of a mental case, Joe was just about able to punch his way out of a wet paper bag, but they still hadn't gotten the take they wanted. One day in sitting talking the scene over with Dieterle before they tried it again when the make-up man came up with the inevitable big powder puff and dabbed it on Joe's face instead, naturally. Joe Cotten hates make-up people to dab at him like a cat hats water, but this time he was so bushed and Dieterle so intense in his task that Joe never even noticed. When finally the director asked, "Are you ready," Joe said, "Sure," but in a voice that didn't even convince himself.

But just before the camera rolled, Joe looked, as he always does, in his little pocket mirror to see that everything in the face department is in order—and he let out a yell. From his neck to his noggin he was in blackface! The guy had slipped him a make-up Mickey Finn, on Bill Dieterle's orders, with charcoal instead of powder. Joe roared so heartily that there wasn't a nerve left in his body and the next take was it.

The other time was even more baffling to Joe because the set Gremlins got him right in the middle of a laughing scene, and if there's ever such a thing, in, normally, it's a hearty guffaw, and sometimes even when it's not too tactful he raises the roof. But this day his particular job was to laugh all day long and right up to a climax in the late afternoon when he was booked to really let himself go. But when Joe went in for thrice-grain of his morning powder he couldn't laugh a dribble. He was all laughed out or something, because when he opened his mouth, strange little dry croaks seeped out, his smile was crooked and his eyes looked like glazed oysters. After a few "Cuts" even the crew got worried about Joe. They all gathered around, and made all sorts of ghostly jokes—and Joe loves jokes—they made up faces and did impersonations and even dug up a few old-time clown sure-fire favorites and Japes and clowns (his favorite collection is photographs of all the famous circus clowns that ever tumbled around a ring). But it was still no good. Every attempt at a belly laugh only brought on a belly ache. The clowns and the great-grandmammy sixty years old, and he's no better than they, in a pretty piss and pretty. But they kept trying, more and more grimly, and then suddenly in the middle of a take a Western Union guy stepped in and handed the set yelling, "Telegram for Mr. Cotten"! Joe ripped it open, fearing the worst kind of black news, but as he read, while the crew watched with bated breaths, they saw him relax into the first genuine grin he'd come through with all day. Then he read it out loud—this wire from a group of well-known Hollywood shady ladies, complimenting Joe on the love scenes he'd made a few days before and making him promise to do more. The wire was signed, "Bill Dieterle." Again it worked, because right away Joe stepped into his closeup and laughed the lens off his face until they had to tell him to stop.

It's a cold day in July indeed when Joe Cotten finds himself limp as a dishrag on a windy day. It's an instance of that Joe's described just now are about the only times on record. Usually, Joe is as busy as a Mexican jumping bean. He's known as the guy who'll do 7000 miles in a month, as some stars do, he gets claustrophobia. So Joe has given up long ago. Now he never sits down. The nearest he ever comes to is what he calls "the football squad," and there he has been described as being a guy who spreads the ball in all directions and if you don't get a gag, or kneel or stoop down a bit, but if they sit down they get dull and Joe likes to keep lively. He doesn't even keep a canvas chair on the set.

rehearsin' fool... What Cotten prefers to do is pass the time in the long, irking waits between scenes that curse every Hollywood actor's life. It's dead right on convinced, he finds another actor who's glad of the chance to run over the next week's scenes. Joe worked that way with Teresa Wright in "Shadow of the Thin Man," and with Claudette Colbert in "Since You Went Away." Joe's a rehearsing fool, having been sold on that idea in his Broadway days. He'd prepare a play eight weeks or more sometimes before he ever saw an audience. He spent two weeks with Bill Dieterle on his own time running through "Shadow of the Thin Man", before he ever saw the set of "I'll Be Seeing You," and his huddles with Alfred Hitchcock before "Shadow of a Doubt" were as drawn out as any, he says.

But he refuses to memorize a line at home because when he does he parrots it off the next day on the set like a Fuller Brush salesman." Besides, he has a private conviction that lines memorized are the easiest forgotten. He never even learned them by heart because he didn't long play before the footlights, and it's the instant recall he'll never get along with all kinds of hoopla which are hangovers from his days on Broadway. Frankly, he wishes he'd never heard of that stuff. He can still animate him any good now. The two most potent bits of black medicine he observes are the old stage spoofs of hats on the bed and wax figures of the roommates' great-grandmammy and the grandmammy, and chants a weird ritual that's too involved to print here and doesn't make much sense, anyway. However, it's the kind of thing that will make him jump in his skin with a sense when you analyze them, and Joe knows it, but he keeps right on being an absolute slave to mumbo-jumbo.
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went and bought a beautiful doll and hugged it along to the set! Needless to say, the error got rectified, pronto!

Joe's a stickler for punctuality on the set, although he's convinced that Hollywood's pretty silly to run an artistic business like a factory. No actor worth his salt, Joe believes, is at his best after 9 a.m. It just ain't human. So he proposed (and the Hollywood trade papers snapped his suggestion up for an editorial crusade) that pictures start shooting at 11 a.m. That they know, perhaps, on shorts until 7 p.m.—or lunch at all. But on the side of each set a little bar and buffet be set up, loaded with hot casseroles, coffee, sandwiches, salads and stuffs. Joe's part of movie free lunch, where the actors can go and snatch a goodie whenever they darn well feel like it, while the show goes right on. The idea's not only more civilizing, Joe thinks, but the war movie studios didn't open until 12 noon) but he's dead certain it will save thousands of dollars and—which is the important thing—brevity lets movies, unfettered by brain weary, food-bloted Thespians dragging themselves through their roles. You may be hearing about the "Cotten Plan" one of these days and wonder why nobody ever thought of it sooner. Because a big director has promised Joe to run his next production that way as a test case.

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So I guess you could call Joe Cotten an odd boy, if you want to. He has his queer quips and tricks, his piques and his peeves—but he also has more fun than a barrel of monkeys. And nobody will ever accuse Joe Cotten of being a bore.

Somebody once asked Joe what he thought of Ingrid Bergman and Joe came right back with a classic rejoinder. Said he, "The nicest thing I can say about Ingrid is, she doesn't look or act like anyone else in Hollywood—and it doesn't worry her a bit."

I think Joe Cotten would be particularly pleased if some one said the very same thing about him.

**"IT'S LON MCCALLISTER!"**

(Continued from page 61)

"Listen, I've really got to scram," he told one of the older boys. "Can't you get me out of here?"

The boy disappeared into the mob and Lon looked after him uncertainly. Was he going to do anything about it? He was. He was back in a few minutes with the school football team. They made a flying wedge and, with them running interference, Lon made his escape to a waiting taxi.

The driver surveyed him disapprovingly. "You look like you been fighting the Japs all by yourself, soldier. Better comb your hair, before M.P. sees you."

Lon gave him a wide smile. "Those were no Japs. Those were my pals."

"Fine pals," the drive snorted, but he had thrown the way to the theater and by the time he had. Lon had discussed everything from postwar plans to baseball, he was as much a McCallister fan as the kids were.

backstage barracks . . .

When Lon entered the stage door of the theater, he went into a different world. Not the usual glimmer and tinsel world of backstage, either. The backstage atmosphere at "Winged Victory" was as GI as an Army barracks. It was disciplined to the nth degree, but just the same it had outbursts of greasepaint to lend it excitement. Lon shared a dressing room with a couple of other guys, and when he came in, one of them looked grumpy. "You’re late, kid. Better get into your clothes for the opening scene in a hurry."

"I’ll be ready," Lon assured him. "I’ve never been late yet."

Usually, of course, the personal appearances were a bit more formal than the one today. Most of the high schools arranged for him to go to the Assembly and make a little speech. Then he’d sign autographs afterward. That was nice, and he got to meet a lot of fans that way, and say "Hello" to them. But he didn’t get quite such a kick out of it as he had from the wild melee in the cafeteria today. Today had really been something, he thought, grinning to himself as he remembered it. It gave him a wonderful warm feeling to have the kids knock themselves out that way. As if they really cared about him!

Maybe Lon’s mind was still on this during the matinee, so he wasn’t quite as alert as usual. Anyway, a funny thing happened. "Winged Victory" used revolving stages for the various sets, to preclude long waits between scenes. Lon played a scene in his Army "fatigues," and then went onstage. He was standing there, thinking to himself how much could happen to a guy in a year or two, when he was conscious of a faint whirring. The stage revolved, and all of a sudden he was
in the glare of the footsteps again.

"You're not in this scene, you dope!" someone hissed in his ear. But it was too late. He was in this scene. The Army fatigue didn't belong in it any more than Lon did, because this wasn't an Army scene at all. There was a garden in it, though, and fortunately someone had left a rake there as a prop. Lon seized the rake desperately and made like a gardener, with his back to the footlights. Nobody in the audience noticed him and he got away with it. But for a few weeks he was ribbed by the rest of the cast.

"Trying to build up your part, huh?" they said. "Trying to get in every scene now!"

And they laughed like maniacs.

Lon loves people but he likes to be alone sometimes, too. During the "Winged Victory" tour, he'd acquired a habit of wandering off by himself when they hit a new city. He went for walks just in the fancy parts of town but in the poorer quarters, too. He stooed along, gazing into shop windows and asking questions of passers-by, learning more about the place in a couple of evenings than most people who have lived there for years. When the show played San Francisco, there was no performance on Sunday night. Lon went on one of his strolls and eventually found himself in the Chinese quarter. Not the tourists' Chinatown, but the real Chinatown, with its authentic atmosphere and its residents.

Lon went to a movie house with "Lon McCallister in 'HOME IN INDIANA"" up in lights. He stood there, teetering back and forth in his GI shoes, and thinking soberly that he was the luckiest guy in the world.

Then he heard soft footsteps behind him, and found himself suddenly surrounded by girls. Pretty little Chinese girls they were, with beautiful eyes that tipped up, and white teeth, and excitement fairly bursting from their faces.

"You are Lon McCallister, aren't you?" one of them asked shyly.

He admitted it, blushing slightly. They must have known he was an awful ham, standing there mooning over his name in lights. But they didn't seem to. They'd all seen the picture and loved it. They asked for autographs, of course, just like any other kids. He stood there talking with them for a long time. Just before he left them, one little girl took his hand.

"I never thought anything so wonderful as meeting you could happen to me," she said. "I'll remember it always."

Lon will remember that always. He has intense admiration for the Chinese as a race, anyway, and he's liked all of them that he has met on the tour. For instance, the other night, he dated a Chinese girl several times. She was almost unbelievably beautiful, and they had a lot of fun together. He met her by accident. He and his pal, Marty Ritt, wandered into a big Chinese restaurant after the theater one night, Lon, with his usual friendliness, got talking to the owner, who introduced them to his two daughters. The one Lon dated looked a lot like Gene Tierney, which was fine with Lon, who thinks that Gene is a dream walking. The other daughter was pretty, and the four of them had an elegant time doing Chicago together.

One thing struck Lon funny. You know how Americans are always saying, "I like Chinese food, but I just isn't filling"? We, he and Marty took the girls to a restaurant that served typical American food—tomato soup and steak and baked potatoes and ice cream for dessert. Now, Lon is an eager eater, but an hour later, Lon's date said plaintively, "I love American food, but it just doesn't fill me up. Let's go back to father's restaurant and really fill up!"

Lon's fans had given him an exciting surprise yesterday: get started now, without obligation, by mailing coupon immediately to:

LA VEVE CO., Dept. 711, Univ. Pk., Dept. 49, Salt Lake City, Utah.
reception all along the road on the tour. Sometimes they stopped the show completely when he came on stage. For a while Lon was in the Pacific in the last act. It took place on a hot little island at the other end of nowhere, and the actors wore shorts and body make-up. When Lon would appear, looking tanned and fierce, the fans would set up a yell that raised the roof at least a foot. Finally the powers-that-be took him out of the scene entirely.

Sometimes the newspapers in a new town would give Lon a lot of publicity when he arrived in their midst, and sometimes they would ignore him completely. The day he arrived in Cincinnati, there wasn’t even a mention of him in a column. Then the mad melee in that high school cafeteria occurred and someone took some pictures of it, and the next day Lon hit the front pages, which dint him wrongly. Neither publicity or the lack of it bothers him. He just goes along, minding his own business, doing his job, and making friends with everyone he meets. He gets a kick out of people recognizing him, sure, but sometimes he gets an equal kick out of their not recognizing him. Like the time he came to New York to do some advance publicity for the show. Not a soul knew he was in town, and Lon rode the Fifth Avenue busses, walked in sunlit Central Park and went to the movies, Parked anyone giving him an extra glance. He was just another soldier on leave, and he loved it. Then the next time he was in New York, word got around and he couldn’t cross the street without being a traffic hazard. He and Nancy Walker, an old friend who was appearing in a show on Broadway, went to the Museum of Modern Art. They were wandering around, admiring the Picassos which are Lon’s special weakness, when a nice looking woman came up to them. She smiled apologetically at Lon.

even exchange . . .

“I hate to bother you like this, Mr. McCallister, but I have an eleven-year-old daughter at home who would tear me limb from limb if she knew I’d done nothing about it. It is sort of a mystery, and Lon does, you know that Rex Stout is a name to conjure with in that field. Lon almost dropped his notebook. “Gosh,” he said eagerly, “do you think your husband would autograph one of his books for me?” “I’m sure it could be arranged,” Mrs. Stout said. “We’ll make that part of the bargain.”

Thanks. Thanks a lot, Mrs. Stout.”

When she’d gone, he turned to Nancy. “What a break! This must be my day.”

“H’ya, Lon’” interrupted a voice. He turned and saw a lad he had known in basic training, with whom he had worked on the WAC recruiting show. They gabbed away like mad while Nancy stood first on one foot, then the other. Finally, Lon said a reluctant goodbye, and he and Nancy saw her off. She said, “I told you this was my lucky day!”

“I’m meeting everybody!”

“You certainly are!” said Nancy grimly, as a tidal wave of autograph hunters swept over them. The kids had heard Lon was in the Museum, and the street looked like Junior High at assembly time. “Hold your hat!” Nancy advised.
She didn’t really mind, though, any more than Lon did. Nancy was wonderful. She and Lon had known each other for ages. Back on the Coast, the two of them and Judy Garland and Van Johnson used to go to the beach together on Sundays. Lon’s grandmother, who could make a cook like a magician, would make them a mouth-watering chocolate cake. They’d go to a place just above and over every other beach club. Then they’d gradually work down till they were enjoying the same silver sands and turquoise sea as the most expensive names in Hollywood. That was the scene of Lon’s first and only attempt at life saving. He and Nancy were walking along a bulkhead which stretched out into the water. Nancy had on her bathing suit, but Lon was still dressed. Suddenly Nancy slipped, and was In the water with a wild splash before he could grab her. Lon stood there a second in astonished panic, then poised for a dive. Nancy’s head came up and as she saw Lon, in grey flannels and his best sports jacket, about to dive in, her expression was ludicrous. “Oh, no!” she gasped wetly just before her head went under again. That night went in, of course, and hailed her out.

“You’re loopy!” she told him with conviction when she was on dry land again. She drifted sick and swayed enough from drowning, and that sport coat will never be the same.”

“Neither will I!” Lon assured her solemnly. “I am now a man!”

Lon seems to have the faculty, somewhat rare among male movie stars, of having lots of girl friends who are just exactly that—friends. Nancy is one and so is Jane Winters. Lon was Jane’s first date when she graduated from the child prodigy class into the Junior Miss department. They had a big campaign this winter in California, and when “Winged Victory” was playing there and Jane was doing a vaudeville appearance at a local theater. They were both staying at the same hotel. As soon as Lon found out she was there, he called her room, but got no answer. So—he went out and the first person he met in the elevator was Jane. They got dimpled dimples and the next day they went out and there she was. Then Jane had to go and do her act. “Come and see it,” she urged. “The Mauch twins are coming.”

Bob and Bill Mauch (remember them in “The Prince Among the Peasants”) had gone to school with Lon and Jane. Lon was entranced with this opportunity of seeing them again. The three of them got with the show. When the Mauch twins got and Jane appeared on the stage. As part of her act she called for a service man to come up from the audience. Lon and Bob and Bill leaped to feel that one man.

“Any one of you will do,” Jane said, blushing prettily. But not at all! The three of them marched up together and took turns doing jitters — routines with her on the stage. As soon as the audience realized who was entertaining them, of course it went wild, and the act was terrific.

private woes...

The first night that Lon appeared in “Winged Victory,” the show was in Los Angeles. Jeanne Crain sent him a note backstage. It said “Meet me at the fruit juice bar after the show.” Lon felt good about it. It was great to have a pretty girl wanting to congratulate you, even if you did only play a sort of glorified extra. (Yeah, honest, that’s all he is in the show. The movie, of course, is different.) Lon bounced around to the juice fruit juice bar, all happy anticipation. There was there, right on schedule, looking as sweet as Grandmother’s chocolate cake. But with her was a Colonel, complete with eagles and an air of authority. Lon grinned a sickly grin, received their congratulations, and ducked out as soon as possible.
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FOOTING THE BEAUTY BILL
(Continued from page 76)

eye is never offended by your furry legs. Perchance you ask, "Is leg-shaving harmful?" No harm, by the stablhe is definitely unfeminine. Most gas think a good depilatory is preferable.

4. CAN YOU COPE WITH CORNS?

Don't cut them! That's frighting with blood poisoning. Relieve pressure by wear-
ing the correct size shoes. Protect the arching zone with special sole, designed felt pads. For stubborn cases, medicated discs or special liquids help loosen the corn. Never neglect the slightest foot-twinge. Tall ashes from little toe corns grow!

5. NO PUMP-BUMPS OR CALLOUS?

Neither is pretty. Soak calloused feet in warm water, then rub 'em with foot cream. An elastic arch band worn on the instep elevates the arch, removes pressure from ball of foot and, presto, relieves the cause of the corn. If the lump is a hard thickened area on the heel, you'll find that a special heel protector will ease it.

6. DO TOES CRACK AND "WEEP?"

"No!" I hope. Otherwise (I'm trying to break it to you gently) you're apt to be suffering from Athlete's Foot, a fungus infection of the skin. You may itch it up, walking barefoot wherever there's infection, around showers, pools, gyms, etc. You must attack the cause, the infecting fungus. Keep your feet and hands clean. Use special fungicidal powder...for A-F has an insidious way of spreading and is darn persistent. You might also try soaking feet in lukewarm water to which you've added a powerful concentrated disinfectant. Be fussy about using clean socks, towels, bath

Brenda—Will
You Step Out
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I know I've been an awful prude not to take you any place lately, but after spending all day my new job, my feet farn near killed me with a house and burning. Now I've reformed—or I wish my feet have—thanks to the medicinal Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to ease the pain like this fast—and it's the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business. Been able to get some enjoyable time money—what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

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THOSE REAGANS!
(Continued from page 41)

the Carson son and heir. When the scene above unreeled before Maureen's horrified eyes, she arose to full stature on her seat and yelled, "You quit that!" Turning to the frantic nurse, Maureen continued, "Jack—a boy's daddy can't do that to my mommy. Make him stop!"

In due time the riot was quelled, but throughout the picture Maureen muttered instructions to her mother on the screen, explained bewildering turns of the plot, and did—in general—all in her power to protect the Reagan family safety and prestige.

that's my mom . . .

When the picture was over, the exhausted nurse arose, collected her charges and started a thankful retreat through the smiling theater. Anyone who hadn't known that Miss Wyman's daughter was in the audience during the performance, was so informed by that lady, as she exited. "That was my mommy," she exclaimed, churning from side to side.

Then she realized that, since all these lovely people weren't leaving, the picture was to be shown again. Plumping herself down in the first available seat, she informed the nurse that she was going to see mommy's picture again. It took a good brick lie ("This is a double feature—your mommy's picture is over") and a certain amount of physical force to dislodge the loyal Reagan daughter.

From the movie rules say, Maureen sees only non-Reagan, non-Wyman movies.

Willing as she is to come to the defense of her family, she is also able to defend herself in minor emergencies that arise in her young life. Allowed to remain in the room one evening when her glamorous Mommy was dressing to go to a party, she asked more questions than an Income Tax form. "Why are you doing that, Mommy? Why are you going to wear that?" "Who is going to be at the party?" "Do you think Daddy will get here from the Army in time to take you to the party?" "Will I go to parties when I'm as big as you are?" "What time will you come home?"

Finally, exasperated, Jane turned to her small daughter, "You ask too many questions. I've answered every single one two or three times, but you keep repeating. Now please be quiet!"

Miss Reagan, thus chastened, looked over her fluttering lashes for a few moments, her mouth pulled as taut as a Scotchman's purse. Finally, she observed in an outraged bass, "Well, after all, Mommy, you must realize I'm only trying to grow up!"

There came a day, shortly thereafter, when Maureen became involved in the party business on a first-hand basis. "Know what next Wednesday is, honey?" Jane asked her tow-headed daughter. "Wednesday?" Maureen looked innocently blank.

Jane cleared her eyes in slow motion, then opened them the same way to indicate that she had just heard a very corny crack. "It's your birthday. I'm planning a party for you."

Her eyes bright with 22 carat sparkles, Maureen strolled away to think that one over. She came to a conclusion: What made a party successful? Guests, of course. Hordes of them. So Maureen set to work. She waited patiently on the curbing until two Street Department gentlemen arrived to collect the Reagan garbage and tin cans.

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MODERN SCREEN
"Are you going to be around here next Wednesday?" she shouted above the din of the room.

One of the men wanted to know why Maureen asked. "Because I'm having a party," she explained, "and I want you to be here."

The men, exchanging glances, said sure, they'd be on hand.

Overjoyed, Maureen located the gardener and invited him. The landlords arrived and was invited to the celebration. That evening, as Jane was tucking her sprout in for the night, Maureen asked through the yawn. "Do you think five people is not enough for a party? I've invited . . ." and she reeled off her guest list.

Trying to appear nonchalant, Jane said, "Look, cooky, the games I have planned won't interest older people at all. Suppose, after this, you let me invite the invitations.

The party was a huge success. All Maureen's favorites were there, including Jack-a-boy Carson and Danny Milland there were. Jane had announced that there was to be a movie and had arranged for a projectionist to show a series of animated cartoons, but the projectionist was late. Terry O'Brien (Pat's son) kept haunting the door. Repeatedly, he slipped away to check from which vanity point he could scan the countryside.

"What's the matter, honey?" Jane asked.

"I don't think he's coming," said the youngster discursively. "I don't think we're going to get to see the pictures.

Jane reassured him, but the next time she saw him, he was again studying the middle distance for a gentleman who didn't show up until almost two hours later. "Now that the projectionist has arrived, come on in and have something to eat," Jane said to the self-appointed watch-bird.

"He sighted momentarily. "I can't manage. My stomach is just as upset. That man made me so nervous when he didn't get here on time."

Maureen thought all this. In any day now, when she doesn't want to eat whatever has been placed before her, the little lady is going to come forth with that crack. Jane is busy thinking up a fast counteroffensive.

wanted: one angel . . .

Last Christmas, guests at the Reagan house strolled into the living room, then uttered a shout of delight. Hung on the accustomed nail in the very center of the colossal Santa Claus Maureen's infinite, imago bobby sock—waiting for Santa Claus. Having supreme confidence in Santa Claus' ability to leave large packages in convenient locations, they ignored the conventional red and green table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth. The red table cloth.

Jane, knowing that this request was a serious one, started to look for an angel sometime in September. She found fulfillment of one of her other requests at that time, too: A tricycle. It was wrapped in brown paper and stored in a catch-all closet that Maureen has never been tempted to explore. But locating an angelic tree-top angel in Hollywood appeared to be a hopeless task. (No corny cracks, please.)

Bewailing the fact, Jane described the object—its desired dimensions and appearance—to a friend. The friend told another friend. And that friend told another friend. Along the line somewhere, a lovely lady received a family treasure and dug it out of the attic, feather wings and all. Back down the line it came to Jane who had it cleaned, redressed, and re-haloed. So, Christmas morning. Maureen found the one thing she really wanted in her stocking.
Exception in the matter of foods, Jane works to sustain her daughter’s illusions and cater to her tastes. The two ladies of the house of Reagan went shopping one afternoon and happened to pass a store specializing in peasant-type clothes. Jane has never cared much for the gathered skirts and eyelet blouson characteristic of this sort of outfit, but she noticed that Maureen was simply overjoyed at the sight. Hauled along by one arm, Jane entered the shop behind her small tug. They bought a half-hat with matching shoulder purse of felt, decorated with vivid yarn flowers, for Maureen. “And now you, Mommy!” said the shopper.

Jane protested mildly, but her companion was adamant. Mommy would be pretty in this. “Please, Mommy, try on this dress. Oh-oh-oh—Pretty Mommy!”

So Jane, breaking a vow of years’ standing, found herself purchasing a Tyrolean outfit. Furthermore, she has to wear it occasionally, because Maureen remembers it at odd moments and pleads that Mommy dress in it for dinner.

The first serious part ever handed to Jane Wyman to do was the role of Helen in “The Lost Week End,” a picture soon to be released. Brackett and Wilder, searching for the right girl capable of projecting the futile, heartbroken loyalty demanded of a drunkard’s sweetheart, remembered a scene in “Princess O’Rourke.”

They had the picture run off again in the studio projection room, just to make sure. When Jane came on the screen, they yelled, “There she is. There’s our girl!”

And so a deal was made by Paramount to borrow her from Warner’s. (Warner’s got Eddie Bracken’s services for one picture in the trade.) When Jane left the Paramount lot a little over eight years ago, she was a ‘line cutie.

And now she came back as a star. The first few days she kept her eyes open for someone still left from the old days. After all, a triumph to attain final flavor, should be witnessed by some one who has seen a person in defeat. Jane looked sideward, but she didn’t find anyone left from the original gang.

Another wonderful fruit of hard work is the recent purchase of a series of lots lying just above the site of the present Reagan home. As soon as civilian construction is possible, the Reagans plan to build a new house and to sell their present property. There are two important reasons for this move: Maureen is rapidly out-growing her present nursery and will soon be entitled to a big girl room of her own; the other reason is Michael Edward Reagan, a brown-haired, blue-eyed mite.

The secret of Master Reagan’s arrival was one of the most closely guarded in Hollywood. You may remember that, on several occasions during the past eight months, there have been rumors of a rift between Ronnie and Jane; like most Hollywood rumors, these were based upon the most fragile of foundations. Jane had been seen, with luggage, carrying vacant trains. The trip that required sometimes as much as a week to complete.

Some people jumped to conclusions. The conclusions were quite wrong: Jane had not the slightest idea of decreasing the size of her family; instead she was seeking a baby boy to adopt.

One of Jane’s best friends said in amazement, when Jane sighed and admitted that finding just exactly the right baby was a serious and difficult matter, “Heavens, Jane, your first child is such a success that I can’t see why you simply don’t have another of your own.”

The answer to that is fairly simple: Like all Army couples, Jane and Ronnie have had to figure financial angles carefully, because, before the war began, they

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---

Cockeyed Wonder
(Continued from page 59)

acting job to make room for a relative. Hates the director who gave him a bland stare, observed, “You’re no good,” and threw him off “Wake Island” without ever seeing him again.

He loves Bogey, who insulted him. He loves Joe Egel of Paramount and Jim Ryan of TC-Fox, who broke their necks trying to get him a job. He loves Betty Davis, who stuck up for him when Curt Bernhardt shook a dubious hand over casting him in “A Stolen Life.” “I don’t think he’s right for me,” he said. “Test him,” said Bette, “and I bet five dollars you’ll grab him.”

Western Union phoned her at the Las Vegas hotel where she’d gone for a rest. "Telegram from Hollywood signed Curt Davis. Message reads, ‘I owe you five dollars!’"

If Delmar Daves ever needs some trife like the shirt off Dan’s back or a couple of ears, they’re his for the taking. It was Daves who led—dragged him, rather, to the door of a new world and shoved him in.

“You keep playing these intense people. Don’t you know the movies?”

“Who’s a comic? I’m the saddest character you’ll ever see.”

Daves was working on ‘The Very Thought of You.’ ‘T’ packed this part in and I want you to do it—’”

Dane took a look. “Oh, go jump in the lake. That’s for Jack Carson.”

“Carson has a style of his own. You can’t copy his way. They battle, and it’s no news to you who won out. Well received though Dane, had been in his earlier pictures, this proved the topper. He wasn’t the star, but it was for him that the preview crowds broke into applause.

He turned to the stage in despair and bravado. If you’d told him he’d be in Brooklyn, where he spent his boyhood, that he’d wind up an actor, he’d have put you down for a loon. His folks had thought he might be a lawyer, but after food and shelter, the prime necessity on their list was schooling, and the golden goal for their children was an honorable profession like medicine or the stage. Was it not education? Had it ever been mentioned, Bernie’s dad would have shuddered and dropped the subject.

His own great love was the law. Unable to stick himself on the stage, he dreamt on to his eldest son. From earliest childhood, Bernie heard tales of Fallon and Darrow and the romance of the law.

As the eldest of three Bernie learned responsibility early. Vacations were for rich kids. From grade school days on, had bought a rather expensive hilltop house and entered an up-hill climb. It was to all the papers were signed—Jane wanted to keep up payments.

So Jane’s earning power before the camera has been important; she had felt that she could take out the precious time that having a baby would demand.

Then there was another, more important reason, for adopting a baby. Jane has said it was only the third time that Ronnie was not one of the luckiest people in the world; they were lucky to find one another, lucky to have a button-nose like Maureen, and lucky in their work. In lucky places where there are many children who never have proper care or love and who never know real home life, Jane thinks it is important for heractress daughter to come in.

Ronnie to add, from the outside, to their family—and then to regard the newcomer as flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone.
he worked every summer—slung hash, delivered paper boxes in the garage center. Reading "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," he lived his childhood over again. Like Francie, he found release in books. Like her brother, he learned to take care of himself because he had to. The streets were his playground. Walk two blocks and you'd find yourself in the midst of a gang war. Not that he minded. With an athlete's body and a pugnacious spirit, he took kindly to fighting.

Later, his prowess turned to more legitimate outlets. At high school he was an excellent student and a letter man in baseball, football and basketball. After two years of earning his way at Cornell, he returned to Brooklyn to work by day and study at John's University by night. One source of income was professional football. That was all right with his father, himself a fan who never missed a game. It was only when the rough stuff started that Pop got sore, because somehow you could always find Bernie in the middle of it. "You and your temperature! I'll land you in jail some day!"

Boxing was another story. Boxing was calculated mayhem, and not for decent boys. Bernie had to keep his activities in the right channels.

"What happened to your eye?" his mother would gasp.

"Oh nothing, mom. Little argument with some bums in the subway."

That went on till his cousin, who'd been acting as his second, squealed, causing Pop to thunder, Mom to weep and Bernie to abandon the gloves.

During his last two years at college he worked for a law firm, with the understanding that on graduation he'd be taken in as a junior member. Just before taking his degree, Bernie was kissed off by his sponsor. So he had no prior claim.

Sick and sore, he made the usual rounds and got the usual answers. He turned to anything that would bring in a dollar—drove trucks, worked on roads, sneaked back to the ring under an assumed name.

This went on for a year and drove him close to desperation. Lying sleepless at night, he'd been dropping into a bottomless pit—no money, no job, no prospects. The scales dropped from his eyes. He saw the law stripped of the romance. He realized that, for him, it held none.

Someone told him of a sculptor who needed a model. Another odd job. Another few bucks. Through the sculptor he met a group of so-called Bohemians—artists, writers, people of the theater. They intrigued him. He'd never run up against their kind before.

To one of their parties came a young English actor, in high fealty. He'd just been cast in a play. He just happened to have the script with him. Without any urging, he handed it over. They all joined in a hallelujah chorus—all except Bernie. The actor addressed him kindly.

"And what did you think?"

Now Bernie had been seen a play. His acquaintance with the drama was limited to an occasional Saturday night movie. But why should that stop him? "I thought it stank," said Bernie.

After the first stunned silence, they let him have it. But he let it break over him, and came up with a great truth like a fish in his net. "They both knew the good acting reflects life, in a heightened form. So the least you can do is talk like a human being."

"Do you want to say you could do better?" suggested the Britisher with icy restraint.

"If I couldn't," said Bernie, "I'd go pickles myself."

His chums gagged. If he was so smart, okay, let him try it. Van Heiflin's new play

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was being cast. Let him go down and read.

What could he lose?
The theater was crowded with would-be actors. Each was handed a script as he reached the stage. Bernie, the complete greenhorn, read what was set before him, cutesy and all.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

This wise him up. He waved an airy hand. "I always do that. It gives me a springboard."

"Hm. Interesting method of attack." He left the theater with the part in his pocket and his head in a whirl. Twenty-five smackers a week, but problems, problems. Would he get the fifty-four bucks to join Equity? Suppose he got it and the play only ran two weeks?

—he'd be four dollars out. Above all, how would he break the news to the manager?
The reaction at home was exactly what he'd expected—shock, horror and utter condemnation. Bernie rode it through. He had no more feeling for the romance of the theater than of that of the law.

A friend staked Bernie to the Equity fee. A week before the opening he was fired to make room for somebody's son. Now, on top of his other obligations, he had a 54-dollar debt to pay. Doggedly, he went on the hunt and landed as a super in "Sailors of Cattaro." Only twelve a week, but it ran three months, and while it was running he began to learn.

An organization called the Theater Union was putting on Sunday one-acters at the Provincetown. Bernie worked in a uniform and a first costume, but for the director, James Light. "Vitality sticks out all over you," said Light. "And vitality's more important to an actor than anything else."

"Ah, g'wan," scoffed Bernie, longing but refusing to believe. He'd armored himself in cynicism at all points. Don't get ideas and you won't be hurt, was his motto. Secretly, he agreed with Pop. This wasn't his game.

But Light did more than talk. He gave Bernie a part in MacLeish's "Panic"—which marked Orson Welles's first appearance in New York. This was the seed of the Mercury Theater, and for Bernie it led to new offers. He took John Garfield's role in "Waiting for Lefty" at first, then on the road with "Sailor, Beware." The manager left them stranded in Cleveland, the bus company impounded their luggage. Bernie proved that they weren't liable, having signed no contract. But for a while he hocked his watch and got five of them back to Broadway, including himself.

Without a dime in his pocket, he wandered into the stocky East End, carted off and was hired for a bit. But here's where the long road turned. He also understudied Hunk and Babyface. When Hunk left, Bernie moved in. Then Babyface went to Hollywood. The first night Bernie played it, he was tense. A couple of mornings later he woke up and found himself really out of the stage. For the first time, he'd discovered what acting was. The audience was your instrument. With a word, a touch, a gesture, you could make your emotions come alive and make them laugh and cry, chill them with terror, hold them till there wasn't a breath in the house. Pop had been right. You can't just walk in and pick up a profession. You must learn. 

Pop had come out of the silences more or less, but any mention of his son's activities still found him looking the other way. One day Bernie took the bull by the horns. "Pop, I'd like you to come see the play."

Pop's face showed signs of an internal struggle, but in the end he said, "All right, I'll come."
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“Well, What did you think?” Bernie asked him that night.

The answer came slowly, “I think it’s a bit contrived. It’s not what I want for you, but if you want it, go ahead.”

When “Dead End” closed, “Stage Door” was about to go on tour, with Joan Bennett in the Margaret Sullavan role. Every actor in New York tried out for the leading playwright and Bernie got it. He dashed home, afame. This is it, Mom. Pop. I’m going to make it.”

“Take it easy,” said Pop. “Don’t run away with yourself.”

But that was just Pop. Bernie was dancing on top of the world, and you couldn’t push him off. A coast-to-coast tour—sunny California—even pictures, maybe, who knew?

They opened in Hartford, where he got swell reviews, and went on to Boston. Night before opening, Ferber and Kaufman sent for him, and he answered the summons, all unsuspecting. When Ferber said, “We’ll have to let you go,” he thought she was kidding. When at last it sank in, he struck out wildly.

“But why, what’s the matter, what’ve I done? You thought I was good, the papers said I was good.”

“Bernie, we’re almost as unhappy about it as you are. But we’ve sent for the boy who played New York. Who played the part in the cast as it is, you’ve got the wrong value.”

That’s when he touched bottom, and damn near cut his throat. Thinking back to it now, he still gets sick.

In a dreary downtown he rose at 5:30 next morning to make the 7 o’clock train. The ride was murder.

He walked into the house like a whipped pup. “Well, you were right, Pop. I’m canned.”

And this is where Pop became for all time a great man to his son...

“So you decided to do it, eh? ‘Is that something to cry over? You wanted to be a actor, didn’t you? What makes you think it’s all peaches and cream? Get out and fight your own corner!’

One unbelieving second, then Bernie grabbed his father in a throttling hug. Fight? He’d lick the world. Out of his worst moment had come one of his best.

Life brightened further next day after a call from Sam Harris’s office. George Kaufman had phoned, telling him to bring Bernie into “Mice and Men” as understudy, but at his “Stage Door” salary. Came the day when he played Curly and, eventually, George. He played lots of good parts, including the fighter in “Golden Boy” on tour. Yet, paradoxically, his name meant little.

So when the time set in, he turned to radio. Not that radio flung its gates wide and bowed him in. But Bernie was no longer the beaten boy. Having skimmed his knuckles pounding in vain at doors, he sat down to write. If he could write scripts—which the Bernie dangled temptingly out of reach.

“Uh—uh, mustn’t touch. Not unless I get the parts.”

Well, he got the parts and never wrote another line, and before long he was one of the ten guys doing practically all the radio shows in town. He made lots of coin, but the wrinkles that started smoothing out his belly transferred themselves to his brow. Radio was all very well, but it offered no challenge.

“Nuts,” said Bernie, “I’ve got enough for a stake. Let’s take a look at Hollywood.”

That was 42, and New York was hospitality itself compared with movieland. He couldn’t even get by the studio cops.

Anyway, not till an agent took him in tow. The advantage of an agent was that you didn’t get picked out by the casting office instead of the talent director. The movie type, they said—neither fish nor fowl, neither hero nor heavy, neither juvenile nor character man. The pay-off came with “Wally,” and he said that Joe Egl Mixon (they would call him) wangled for him—and then biffed out on his ear. The director didn’t like his face.

Bernie studied same in the mirror. Granted he was Eugene O’Neill, there was something in his face that repelled people? Then he’d better stick to radio, where they couldn’t see him. Anyway, it’s my shot, I’ll pull it out. Back to radio he went. Twenty-six weeks of “Big Town” with Eddie Robinson.

On the street one day he ran into a playwright friend who’d just finished an Army short to be produced by Warners.

“There’s a good little part for you, Bernie. Let’s go see about it.” They gave him the part, and his agent said that was fine, that would give him clout at Warners.

The agent was an optimist. After “Rear Gunner,” he kept offering Bernie to Warners like a tidbit with every meal. Warner weren’t buying, and Bernie was good and fed up. Stalking along the corridor one AM after his daily turnround, he paused outside an office. Phrases hit him—“Pulaski’s—what about Pulaski? I gotta find the right guy for Pulaski—one like Garfield.”

Bernie strode in. “How about me?”

“You think you’re a good Garfield?”

“I think I’m as good as anyone, what do you think?” Might as well get fresh, soft answers had availed him nothing. “Look, you’re not doing too fitted tests. Make me fifty-one. A test will tell the story.”

“Okay,” said the producer suddenly. And that’s how Bernie came to be Pulaski and Dane Clark as a star.

The day he signed his contract, he also bought a ’31 Model A Ford, which he cherishes but doesn’t trust. Driving downhills now, he says, the car shed a wheel and all but broke its owner’s neck. Now the problem is: Should he risk killing his luck or killing himself? Then on his dressing table sits a rubber doll that traveled the country with him. Though she’s seen better days, he refuses to part with her. Margot, his wife, gave him the thing when he opened in “Mice and Men.”

Margot used to be a concert pianist. They can’t get a piano, because their floors won’t support one. By way of a house they had to take what they could find, and what they could find was a comedy number in the hills. In one wall, a beehive nestles. The stove is the kind that makes eating out a pleasure.

By the way, they are reading most of their reading in the patio since, short of an earthquake, they can count on it not buckling under them. Evenings they read aloud, on nights of fights. Bernie being as rabid a fight fan as Dane. Most of their close Hollywood friendships were formed in New York—with people like Dan O’Herlihy, Wynes, Whorfs. But they accept few invitations, because their own entertainment facilities are nil and they can’t reciprocate.

Pop? Well, a letter from his cousin the other day—the one who squealed. “Your father called last night. Nothing special. Mentioned that he’d seen George.”

Dane grins. He can afford to grin now. His armor’s cracked. He’s almost quit looking for the joke.
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Eye Make-up
makes every hour
an Hour of Charm.
Always,
Evelyn

Evelyn — and her Magic Violin, featured with Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra on the radio program, "The Hour of Charm."
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Courtship fun for Viola and Pat meant long rides over California's high hills—and Viola's skin sparkles fresh as mountain air! "I care for my skin with Camay," she says, "for the very first cake I used left it softer and clearer."

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— the former Viola Gishaus
Mrs. Kilpatrick Erickson
of Hollywood, California

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MINUTES after your bath is over—hours before your day is done—that freshly-tubbed charm can begin to fade.

Unless, of course—you already know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness. One for your bath—to wash away past perspiration. And Two for Mum—to guard against risk of future underarm odor.

That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath plus Mum is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.

Setting for Romance. A table for two can start plans for a lifetime. And when a girl's program takes a turn for love, she's wise to guard it well. With Mum, for instance, which helps so much to keep her nice to be near. So use Mum, to be sure.

Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth on each underarm and stay flower-fresh all day or evening. Now you can shake fear of offending and concentrate on fun. Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fabrics.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
PAPA

When Marcia Davenport wrote her famous best-seller, "The Valley of Decision", she created a young Irish beauty named Mary Rafferty.

Mary had quite a character. When she loved, she loved all the way.

She wouldn't let the world deny her the right to romance with the son of a steel king—just because she came from the wrong side of the tracks!

M-G-M, like four million people who read the book, was intrigued with that red-haired beauty.

Greer Garson was intrigued when M-G-M offered her the part.

You'll be more than intrigued when you see Greer Garson as Mary Rafferty, and Gregory Peck, in M-G-M's tumultuous love story, "The Valley of Decision".

You'll like it even better than "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Greer and Gregory are the most exciting lovers on the screen.

He's a lot of man, and one fine actor.

You'll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

You'll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

You'll remember lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

You'll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

You'll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

You'll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

Why don't you? We'll meet you there.

—Leo

modern screen

STORIES

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WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF

Put Van Johnson, Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Edward Arnold and Keenan Wynn all in one picture, and you automatically have something pretty impressive. Add New York's famous Waldorf-Astoria for a setting, and you have glamor plus. "Weekend At The Waldorf," like "Grand Hotel" and "Hotel Berlin," is a potpourri of the various love affairs, big deals, and heartbreaks taking place under one roof.

In a luxurious Tower suite, Irene Malvern (Ginger Rogers) is giving a party for the press. Irene has been a top movie star for several years, and very important people have come to the party. Everyone is having a fine time except Irene. She is, as she always is of late, lonely and dissatisfied. No one in the world really cares about her—only her money. In another suite on the same floor, Chip Collyer (Walter Pidgeon) has just checked in. He is as lonely and dissatisfied—and almost as famous—as Irene. Chip is a war correspondent, and a good one, but now he's tired. He needs a rest. He needs to fall in love. And when he meets Irene, that's just what happens.

Downstairs, a luscious blonde stenographer known as "Bunny" (Lana Turner), is pinning on a gardenia. It's from a guest at the hotel, Martin Edley (Edward Arnold). Mr. Edley would like to give Bunny more than a gardenia. Much more. In fact, an apartment on Park Avenue. Bunny is considering the matter. She views the world with tough Tenth Avenue practicality, (Continued on page 8)
The battle that made the Barbary Coast pause in its song... turn from its women...

George Raft

Joan Bennett

Vivian Blaine

Peggy Ann Garner

Remember her in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

A blue-blood on the loose... who came down from The Hill looking for a thrill!

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ALAN "FALSTAFF" OPENSHAW
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Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Norman Reilly Raine · From a Story by Eleanor Griffen
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They have a stronger grip hold their shape indefinitely and never slide out of your hair unexpectedly. You can use one DeLong Bob Pin over and over and it won't even let your hair down, endangering your social standing and your all-important poise.

A BELL FOR ADANO

John Hodiak and Gene Tierney—gunpowder and a match! Wait till you see them together, they're something to dream about. John has a demanding role as Major Joppolo, Army officer who is made administrator of the Italian town of Adano.

It's not much of a town, as the Major discovers on sight. Sergeant Booth (William Bendix) is disconcerted at the one narrow, deserted street. But the Major finds that even a very small town can present plenty of problems. There is the matter of food and drink, the inhabitants tell him. There is also the matter of the great bell of Adano, and some of them put that first in importance.

"What is this bell?" the Major inquires. It seems that it's a seven-hundred-year-old bell, which Mussolini took to make guns for the Germans. Its loss doesn't seem of vital importance to the Major. There's the town to be cleaned up, fed, and put on a more or less running basis. He soon has several assistants, for instance, an ex-American gangster. No angel, Guiseppe, but he speaks English and he knows the town. Then there is Tina (Gene Tierney). She's very beautiful in spite of her obviously-dyed blonde hair. The hair is a gesture of defiance against the monotony of life in Adano, she tells the Major. She soon falls in love with him, and is desperately unhappy over the fact that he's married.

Joppolo is popular with the people of the town. He makes a real effort to understand their problems, and solve them to the best of his ability—and authority. That last is the catch. Joppolo is only a major.

A general comes along, is held up behind some slow moving carts, and arbitrarily orders the road to Adano kept free of all but military traffic. The town realizes that the town couldn't get food or water on this basis, and countermands the order. Well, you just can't do that to a general. But by the time discipline is restored, the Major, Adano has its bell again.

You'll find wisdom and human understanding in this picture, as well as romance. The cast includes Richard Conte, Henry Morgan, Luis Alberni and Henry Armetta.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

"Bell" represents a first in wartime picture making. By eliminating battle scenes, and concerning itself entirely with the fighting's aftermath, it becomes the first post-war movie to be made about World War II.

A real life war story nearly postponed production. Director Henry King received word that his son, Lt. Henry C. King, was missing in action. Despite the news, King continued working while hoping for the best. A party scene was before the camera when a telephone message brought the news that the lieutenant was alive, though a German prisoner. In celebration, King threw a real party on the set as soon as the "real" party scene was finished.

Gene Tierney, voted by Look magazine one of the four most beautiful actresses in Hollywood, appears on the screen for the first time as a blonde. She'll become a brunchette again through, for husband Oleg Cassini prefers her natural dark tresses.... "Bell" marks John Hodiak's return to the studio the "real" party scene was finished.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Ingrid Bergman visited Toronto, Ontario, last Fall. One evening, she was to make an appearance at Massey Hall. After receiving permission to go and see her, Mother suggested that my friend and I take her a corsage. We went out and bought one just to humor Mother, for we knew that very few people got close to the stars.

Upon arriving at the hall, we decided to look around. Taking the elevator to the top floor, we walked around for a while. Then, when we returned to the elevator we were delighted and explained to her herself on that very same one. We were also amazed at her natural beauty. We gave her our corsage, and she thanked us, inquiring if we were staying for the show. We told her that we wouldn't miss it. She smiled and told us to look closely at her when she appeared on the stage.

When it was time for her to make her appearance we were so excited that we lost our seats and were shoved practically out of the hall. But not before we caught a glimpse of lovely Miss Bergman with our corsage still pinned to her dress.

Jacqueline Lee
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
The Laugh-a-Minute Lowdown
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Meet the New King of the Bobby Socks! They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him when they see those clothes and hear that voice singing new hits by Mercer and Arlen!

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starring
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Veronica Lake
Diana Lynn

He's got it, but it isn't his!
She launches the swoon heard 'round the world!
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Joe Reichman playing together for the first time!

A Paramount Picture Directed by Hal Walker

HEAR BING'S VOICE SING—
"Out Of This World"
"June Comes Around Every Year"
"I'd Rather Be Me"

AND WAIT'LL YOU SEE THOSE 4 CROSBY KIDS!
OVER 21

Age is a relative matter. If you're fourteen, say, then anyone over twenty-one seems to you to be hovering on the slippery edge of senility. On the other hand, suppose you're thirty-nine, and in the Army. Then you regard the 21-year-olds who start playing hopscotch when the sergeant says "Okay, Ten minutes rest," with awe and bitter admiration. All of which leads up to the plot of "Over 21," co-starring Irene Dunne and Alexander Knox.

Max Wharton (Alexander Knox), former editor of a New York newspaper, is in the Army. His charming and talented wife, Polly (Irene Dunne) has abandoned her writing career temporarily to live in Miami where he is in Officers' Candidate School. Polly doesn't expect much from her living quarters there, for she's heard about the housing shortage. Still, there are certain features about the bungalow Max has found which are a little startling. The kitchen which is really the bathroom, or vice versa. The window which will only open when you walk on a certain floor board. The front door which has a habit of slamming behind her while she's putting out the milk bottles, in her pajamas. Oh well, she's with Max and that makes up for everything.

Only Max has to spend practically all his time at the post. He's terrified that he won't pass the course. "Of course, you will," Polly says comfortably. "A smart guy like you!" "I may be smart," Max admits, still sunk in gloom, "but I'm an old man. Thirty-nine. This is for kids." The owner of Max's newspaper keeps trying to get in touch with him. Gow (Charles Coburn) insists that the paper is losing readers now that Max isn't writing the editorials. Can't he do one a week? Polly knows that Max hasn't time to do anything more. To keep Gow quiet, however, she agrees and writes them herself under Max's by-line.

At last graduation time comes, and there is Max in the front row, looking pleased and surprised and not a day over twenty-five. But there are still complications to unravel.—Col.

P.S.

For two-and-a-half months of shooting Irene Dunne and Alexander Knox were cooped up in one of the smallest sets used in years. The 11 x 14 living room was so cramped that part of the walls had to be removed every time the camera shifted its position. . . . Alex Knox married Doris Nolan a day or two before reporting to work, so the first time he came onto the set the whole crew gave him a big reception to celebrate the happy event. . . . From Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces to officer candidate in one easy lesson—Knox accomplished this rather spectacular demotion when he stepped from the role of Wilson to that of the officer candidate (GI haircut and all) in Over 21. . . . Charles Coburn established himself as an inventor when he developed a new kind of monocle with "trifocal" lenses. One part for long distance seeing, and the third section will be "rose-colored glass for use in reading critics' reviews." He plans to have the idea in working order the next time he sees one of his own pictures. Irene Dunne, considered one of the 10 best-dressed women of the screen will have a new title when this picture is released—one of the 10 best "undressed" women. She has a wardrobe of six delectable negliges, and spends most of the picture in them. Incidentally, the negliges were so sheer that back-lit lighting couldn't be used for fear of running into censorship trouble!

THOSE ENDARING YOUNG CHARMS

They might have titled this one "What Every Young Girl Should Know." It has about the smoothest wool in it that you ever saw. By the time you've watched his approach, and the way he plays all the angles, you should be warned against the lines that are tried on you by real life wolves. The trouble is, he's such an attractive guy that you'll find yourself going for him in spite of your common sense—as happens to the heroine, played by Laraine Day. Bob Young is the wolf, which is a bit of a surprise, but he's really terrific. A new lad named Bill Williams contributes a pleasant performance as the third point of the triangle.

Not that it's really a triangle, once Lieutenant Hank Travers (Robert Young) has appeared. Hank is one of the glamour boys of the Air Force. A hot pilot and a hotter lover. He's broken hearts from Hong Kong to Piccadilly. Jerry (Bill Williams) used to know him in college, ran into him on Fifth Avenue. Jerry makes the mistake of mentioning his girl friend, Helen (Laraine Day), and dwelling at some length on her charms. He's gets that look in his eye, and before Jerry knows what it's all about, Hank is in on his date that night. Of course, Jerry comforted himself, Helen is too smart and too sensible to fall for an obvious player-arounnder like Hank. Or is she? As the evening progresses, he isn't so sure. Hank really takes over the party. He takes them to a fancy hotel roof and fills them full of champagne. Eventually he pulls a fast one on Jerry and gets a chance to make a pass at Helen. The fact that he does it anywhere with her doesn't bother him. He's given her something to think about.

COMMUNIQUE FROM THE HOW-WE-LOVE-HAZARDS CLUB:

Jane's a right gal, but she never remembers to take her flashlight down to the cellar vault? A broken leg when she tripped over Aunt Martha's suitcase and landed against the washing machine. Tom? Well, he burns will heal in time, but he could have saved himself a lot of pain, and might even have made Varsity, if he'd turned off his lamp switch before rapping the wire. And what about Bobby? He's only a baby, but if he'd been taught not to leave his toys on the stairs, Mr. Jones would be at work today instead of at home with his arm in a sling. You should have heard Mrs. Smith next door—tut-tutting over her neighbor's carelessness; which wouldn't prevent her from dousing off last night with a lighted cigarette. Maybe she likes to hear the fire engines! And Joe College, that dazzling kid around the corner, won't be doing much jitterbugging this term; but then, he did get to find out just how fast his car could go, and maybe he thinks he looks pretty slick that nice white guaze all around his head! Maybe you think this is all rather silly—then you'd know better. Well, these are chances you're already taken one of the Red Cross Safety or Accident Prevention courses offered by your local chapter. If so, how's about prodding your neighbor? Remember, casualties on the home front slow up the war effort, too!
Dear Fans,
Barbara Stanwyck and Dennis Morgan are spending a very merry
"Christmas in Connecticut"

The romancin's rosy
and the fun's furious and everybody's
going to be there! You're invited!

Warner Bros.
(The happy hosts)

Hey! I'll be there too!
Sydney Greenstreet

"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" is the fun show that's the one show
to see. Watch for it! Watch for it! Showings begin right away!

BARBARA STANWYCK • DENNIS MORGAN • SYDNEY GREENSTREET in
"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" with REGINALD GARDNER • S. Z. SAKALL • ROBERT SHAYNE
Directed by PETER GODFREY • Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS • Screen Play by Lionel Houser and Adele Commandier • From the Original Story by Aileen Hamilton
Hank goes through his whole bag of tricks in the next few days, and they all work. Only something is wrong. Helen has fallen deeply in love with him, and Hank suddenly develops a conscience. He's never had a heavy heart, but now the darn thing starts nagging. "You're a heel," it says nastily. And he knows it's right. Only—maybe he's in love himself, for the first time. 

Lots of funny lines and a quick moving plot make this a picture you'll want to see right away.—RKO.

P. S.

Bob Young, usually one of Hollywood's most upstanding young men, was required, for the first time in his career, to play a wolf. One morning after several weeks of a most convincing performance, he found himself face to face with the cartoon of a leering wolf tacked up on his dressing-room door. A little investigation proved that co-star Laraine Day had asked a studio artist to make the drawing for her to hang on the door. The caricature remained there for the rest of the picture. 

As Harding returned to the RKO lot for the first time in ten years, not expecting any of her old co-workers to remember her, among the friends who came by to welcome her back, was property man George Gabe, who brought with him a set chair with Miss Harding's name on it.

UNCLE HARRY

The play which was such a success on Broadway has been made into an engaging picture. George Sanders was a smart choice for the lead. It's a different kind of role from anything he's done before, but he gives an adept, highly polished performance. Ella Raines and Geraldine Fitzgerald are helpful in many ways.

Somehow, you can't imagine a man whom a whole town calls Uncle Harry committing murder. Until you see the events which lead up to the tragedy—then you only wonder why he didn't do it earlier. Harry Quincy is a mild, pleasant, middle-aged man. He lives quietly in the big old Quincy house with his two sisters, Lettie and Hester. He works in the design department of a Chicago manufacturer in China, and supports his two sisters with his earnings. A nice, average guy, you would have said. A little too much under his sister Lena's hand, but Lettie dominates the whole household. Fat, gossipy Hester comes off a poor second.

Lettie is a brilliant woman who loves her brother with a violent, proprietary passion that leaves no room in her mind for anything else. It never occurs to her that Harry might marry—until Deborah comes to town. Deborah (Elaine Raines) is from New York. She is beautiful and chic and intelligent, and why she falls in love with Harry is anyone's guess. But she does, and she has no intention of letting her sister break it up. She doesn't, however, realize either Lettie's ruthlessness or the extent of her power over Harry. He and Deborah became engaged. Months passed. Finally Deborah puts it up to him. Tonight or never. That afternoon Lettie has a heart attack. Not a fatal one, but the marriage has to be postponed. Deborah goes back to New York and a little later marries someone else.

That is where the wolf's brain snaps. There is poison in the house, and he uses it. Only—there's a mix-up, and it's Hester who dies. Letty is accused of her murder. It's a finely knitted situation, and the climax doesn't let you down.—Univ.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few War Bond drives ago, Gil Patrick made an appearance here in Toronto to help out. Long ago, there was a Royal Canadian Air Force dance held at one of the larger bases here. I was at the dance, but did not have any idea that she would actually attend with a group of airmen whizzed by me, trying to catch a glimpse of her.

Leaving my escort, I started to look frantically for her, could not find her, then I never seem a movie star before him in the excitement and the press of the crowd, I practically fainted. Suddenly, as I backed through the crowd, I received the sweetest smile I've ever seen. She was Miss Patrick, who amazed me by saying breathlessly, "I guess it serves us both right for walking backwards in a crowd." She really is tough, and after that, I didn't mind being shoved around at all.

Rita Lawrence
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
Broadway’s hilarious romantic comedy now on the screen!

So she picked up the marbles...and went home to make love!

They're the kind of fun that makes the world go round...and round...and round...until you're dizzy with laughter!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Irene
DUNNE

Alexander KNOX

Charles COBURN

OVER 21

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production
Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon - Screenplay by Sidney Buchman
Directed by CHARLES Vidor

This picture has been chosen for showing to our Armed Forces overseas.
starring role. . . . Another one of those Hollywood coincidences popped up during the shooting. In the picture, Cummings marries Miss Scott in the Flers' Chapel at the Mission Inn, Riverside. Bob actually did wed while the picture was in production, and Mary Elliott became his bride—_the Flers' Chapel at Mission Inn!_  

**CAPTAIN KIDD**

Not since "Mutiny On The Bounty" has there been such a smashing, hair-raising tale of life on the high seas. Charles Laughton is responsible primarily, although he has steadfast support. He plays Captain Kidd with a vicious brutality that will haunt you for days, and which makes Randolph Scott, as the hero, seem a bit insipid. The feminine interest, which is kept to a minimum, is handled by Barbara Britton. Everyone has heard of Captain Kidd. No two stories of his bloody career agree, so we may as well stick to this United Artists' version. It starts with Kidd and four other men burying a treasure chest on a tropical island. Five of them enter the cave, but only four come out. One less to divide the treasure when the time arrives. That chest was come by in a singularly evil manner. Kidd and his pirates sank a ship with all hands on board, after removing the treasure. The ship was commanded by Lord Blayne, and word went back to London that he had turned pirate—a story fostered by Kidd, to cover the wholesale murder he had committed.

Eventually Kidd, who has managed to conceal his pirate past, is appointed by the King to fit out a ship, the "Adventure," and sail the Spanish Main in His Majesty's service. He is to meet a vessel coming from India and give it safe passage to England, for it carries a huge treasure, as well as Sir John Falconer and his daughter, Lady Anne (Barbara Britton). Kidd picks his crew from the worst scum in Newgate prison. They are ruffians and murderers all, but they will obey his orders, and they aren't averse to violence. Kidd has no intention of bringing that treasure ship to England, of course. But he doesn't know that among the crew is the son of Lord Blayne, whom he murdered. Young Blayne has taken the name of Adam Mercy (Randolph Scott), and he is bent on vengeance.

The "Adventure" sails away on a voyage that proves as gory and filled with menace as any you can imagine.—U. A.

**P. S.**

The greatest pirate of all finally makes his screen début! Charles Laughton, talking about the title role, has a part that is a worthy sequel to his portrait of Captain Bligh. . . . To create the richly trapped scenes typical of the 17th century, Producer Benedict Bogeaus had art director Charles Odds and set director Maurice Yates haunt private auctions and comb antique shops to obtain authentic props. The resultant scenes are typical of the Restoration period, with velvets, Turkish rugs, damasks, four-poster beds creating the desired effects.

**GUEST WIFE**

They claim there are only seven fundamental story plots, and this is certainly an oldie that's been re-surfaced with smart dialogue, a couple of new twists, and the expert comedy of Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. Dick Foran plays straight man for them as Chris Price, a small town banker who has a fine reputation, plenty of money and a lovely wife. He also has A Friend. I put that in capitals because it's no ordinary friendship. Chris' wife, Mary (Claudette Colbert) says bitterly, "Chris and Joe Parker make Damon and Pythias look like deadly enemies."

The Prices haven't seen much of Joe (Don Ameche) for the last couple of years, which is fine with Mary. Where Joe is, there's trouble. He is a foreign correspondent and the more foreign the better, in Mary's opinion. But just as she and Chris are set to go to New York on a sort of second honeymoon, who should show up but good old Joe! Now, their first honeymoon was ruined because Chris lent Joe all the money he'd saved up for

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**irresistible lips are Dearly Beloved**

Headed for the altar . . .

- dearly beloved, joyously happy.
- Her lips irresistible . . . smooth,
- invitingly soft, color-perfect with
- IRRESISTIBLE RASPBERRY LIPSTICK,

WHIP-TEXT through a secret

process to be creamy-soft,
- non-drying, longer lasting.
- Matching rouge and powder.

the bride wears

**Irresistible raspberry Lipstick**

WHIP-TEXT to STAY ON LONGER . . . S.M.O.O.T-H.E.R.I.

A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR
Mary has no intention of letting Joe spoil this one too. It is different. Chris isn’t on it. He misses the train at the last minute, and Mary finds herself on her way to New York with Joe. Of course Chris follows them the next day, but by the time he arrives, the newspapers are displaying pictures of "Mr. and Mrs. Joe Parker, foreign correspondent, and beautiful bride he married in India." You see, Joe had cabled his boss, Mr. Worth (Charles Dingle) that he married while he was there. It had seemed like a good idea at the time—Worth sent him a thousand bucks for a wedding present. But now he is about to face the boss, who is notorious for his lack of a sense of humor. "Mary wouldn’t mind being Mrs. Parker just for ten minutes, would she? Mary, not expecting reporters, photographers, etc., agrees. Disaster follows. Mr. Worth has made a lot of plans for the Parkers. The bridal suite in the best hotel, a week end in the country—the works! When Chris shows up, Mary expects him to be furious. Not at all! Anything we can do for good old Joe, is Chris’ motto. So Mary gets furious instead, and decides to teach him a lesson.—U. A.

P. S.

Claudette Colbert personally plucked "Guest Wife" from among several important stories offered her. The amusing comedy can be compared to Claudette’s Academy Award winning "It Happened One Night." ... Time and trouble were saved for the wardrobe department when the script called for a pair of men’s pajamas, bearing that monogram JIP. But cause his screen name, Joseph Jefferson Parker, had the same initials as Miss Colbert’s real life husband, Lt. Joel J. Pressman, USA, Don Ames had only to borrow a pair of Dr. Pressman’s monogrammed pajamas, and production was ready to roll.

BEWITCHED

If you are fascinated by the dark inner recesses of the human mind, you will find "Bewitched" enthralling. It may strain your credulity a little, for you are asked to believe that two spirits can occupy one body. It is, in fact, the story of a female Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Joan Ellis (Phyllis Thaxter) is apparently a pretty, sweet, normal girl, in love with her handsome fiancé, Bob (Henry Daniell). There is no surface indication that two spirits are at war within her. One is Joan’s own, and the other is that of a wild, evil creature named Carmen. Don’t ask me how she got there. I’m no psychiatrist. But there she is, and as Joan’s wedding day approaches, Carmen becomes more and more restless. She is determined to prevent the marriage, and get Joan away from Bob and her parents and friends, who are beginning to worry over the girl’s increasing nervousness.

One night Joan goes to a concert, but the voice of the singer becomes inextricably mixed with that of the sensual Carmen. Joan realizes that she can never escape from this terrible inner spirit, and in desperation she decides to go to New York. She leaves a note asking her family not to try and find her, for their sake as well as her own. In New York she gets a job at a cigar counter. Joan is unhappy in this environment, but Carmen thrives on it. A clever young attorney, Eric (Horace McNally) meets Joan and falls in love with her. She finally agrees to go with him, but as soon as they are alone in the moonlight, Carmen’s influence is felt again. Eric kisses Joan, but it’s Carmen who responds in a way that must have given the Hays office the cold shudders.

When Joan gets home, she finds Bob (Continued on page 24)

Are you in the know?

What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- Volley
- Forehand Drive
- Chop

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You’ve got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you’re quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Built for lasting comfort, this napkin doesn’t rope, doesn’t wad up. So chasing just hasn’t a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.

How should she sign her name?

- Sally Subdeb
- Miss Sally Subdeb

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—except in a hotel register. That’s so your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoid mixups ... at "those" times, too, by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, flat tapered ends so unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat pressed ends of Kotex don’t show revealing lines ... and you get plus protection from that special patented safety center!

You’re sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

- It’s a love at first sight
- It passes the long-mirror test
- Your best friend tells you

So the hat’s a honey (from a chair’s-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your daintiness.

Yes, there’s a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can’t shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!

More women choose KOTEX than all other napkins put together

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

Hello again! Well, it isn't getting any easier, this job of picking out the music of the month on records, and the stories behind it, because every month there are more new record companies by the dozen. Anyway, why not tear out that record listing you'll find at the end of this feature and tote it around when you're making your next batch of purchases? You'll find it's a terrific help in making you hep.

But now to get going, here are twenty new records with plenty on the ball, plus a little background data on each:

I SURRENDER DEAR (Benny Carter—Capitol) — Benny Carter is a jazz genius who had to go abroad to be appreciated, back in 1936. He was working with a band in France, when I got him to come over to England and be staff manager for the BBC dance orchestra.

Once I supervised a recording session in Holland, in the Hague, with Benny and Coleman Hawkins who'd come on from Rotterdam where he was playing at the time. A long way from 52nd Street, but the stuff survived. One of the numbers from that session, "Pardon Me, Pretty Baby," is in one of the Decca "Gems of Jazz" albums.

As for this new "I Surrender, Dear," Benny does a beautiful trumpet solo on it, then, on the other side—"Malibu"—does an equally beautiful alto sax job. He composes, too. Such things as "Rainbow Rhapsody" (Glenn Miller recorded this), "Cow-Cow Boogie", and his own lovely theme, "Melancholy Lullaby."

MEL'S IDEA (Herbie Fields—Savoy) — Herbie Fields, the only white man currently working with a famous colored band (Lionel Hampton's) has done this one up hot, and you won't want to miss it. Herbie's recordings (Continued on page 18)
The toughest killer’s blazing guns could not destroy their love...

Gary, in his grandest role, as gun-shy, girl-shy Melody Jones, who swings into action to win the heart of a killer’s girl.

International Pictures presents

GARY COOPER • LORETTA YOUNG

in Nunnally Johnson’s

“Along Came Jones”

with

WILLIAM DEMAREST • DAN DURYEA • Frank Sully

Produced by Gary Cooper

A Cinema Artists Corp. Production • Directed by STUART HEISLER
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Novel by Alan LeMay
An International Picture • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
MRS. GARY COOPER:

Just think of all the lovely lips here in Hollywood.

With all this competition, I was overjoyed when I discovered your new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. They're really thrilling—particularly that wonderful Tangee Red-Red!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

You’re not alone in your enthusiasm, Mrs. Cooper. All over America, the smartest lips are praising the vivid new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Colors that make lips look exciting—and inviting. For Satin-Finish (an exclusive Tangee discovery) gives a soft alluring gleam that stays on for many extra hours. It insures lips that are not too dry, not too moist…In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.

Use TANGEE and see how beautiful you can be

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 16)

are mostly made with Hampton’s boys. They play his kind of music.

I’LL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU (Les Brown with Doris Day—Columbia)—There’s an interesting fact behind Doris Day’s singing. At one time, Doris was a dancer. She broke her leg in an accident, and was told she’d have to use crutches for a while. She brooded a bit, decided things could have been worse, and began singing. For her supper, as it turned out. Doris is one of those girls who married and retired, then divorced, and resumed her career. Her husband was the trombone player, Al Jordan.

Helen Ward is another member of this club. She retired from Benny Goodman’s original band, but she’s back on her own now, making records. Ironically, she’s been signed to record for her ex-husband’s (Albert Marx) company, Muscraft!

THE GENERAL JUMPED AT DAWN (Golden Gate Quartet—Okeh; Paul White man—Capitol)—This is the story of one little riff and how it grew. It was a strictly instrumental little riff, you understand. No words at all, and nobody expected anything to come of it. A well known arranger named Jimmy Mundy wrote it, and Paul Whiteman recorded it about three and a half years ago. As far as the response to it went, he could’ve stood in bed. Well, Jimmy Mundy joined the Army as a private and while he, all unsuspecting, was hup-two-threeing about, and cussing out his sergeant, “The General Jumped” was being overhauled, and lyrics were added to it, and it got into the movies—

in “Hollywood Canteen”

TAIN'T ME (Eddie Heywood—Comodore; Les Brown—Columbia)—This is another tune like “The General Jumped.” Started with a little thing by Lem Davis, alto sax man with Eddie Heywood, in 1943. Recently a publisher had it turned into a popular song, Mildred Bailey pushed it on the radio, and it's going like mad. The Les Brown rendition has a swell vocal by Doris Day.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT (Billie Holiday—Comodore)—The plaintive spell of Billie Holiday again, and you can see the fog and smell the docks when she's all done. It's a second recording. Billie made the first three years ago for Columbia and Teddy Wilson was on it, but the record was never released. Now Eddie Heywood’s standing by, and Jimmy Dorsey’s featured singer, Teddy Walters, plays guitar for Billie!

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS (Louis Prima—Majestic; Tony Pastor—Victor)—An old English sea chantey that's become a new American favorite. You really ought to listen to both the Prima and Pastor records on this—they're very different. Louis has kept the original bar-room lyrics in his rendition; Tony’s boys have cleaned the performers up afterward, you might say.

JOHNSON AND TURNER BLUES (Joe Turner and Pete Johnson—National)—Pete Johnson was one of the pioneers of the boogie-woogie piano, and Joe Turner was a singer. A good one. They played together in little dives in Kansas City for a long time, and dives in Kansas City are no different from dives anywhere else. Dirty dishes, blue smoke—and sometimes, rare, wild music being born.

John Hammond discovered them in Kansas City, and he brought them to New York where they gave a concert at Carnegie Hall. This was in 1938.

When they opened at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, they were booted off the stage. ‘It’s the truth. People just weren’t
The Picture that may change Your Life!

When a penniless ham actor starts controlling the amazing Pidgeon family (with their $5,000,000 fortune), it's one of the most unusual screen treats you've ever known...

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Red Skelton, Harriet Hillard and Ozzie Nelson were in Dallas to put on a show at the Naval Base. The night before they were to appear, I happened to be dancing at a night club. Suddenly, the spotlight shifted from the dance floor to someone who had entered the door. My escort cried out, "Red Skelton!" Immediately, the newcomer was surrounded. Everyone was pleading, "Say something, Red, anything." But not a word from Red. When I finally inched close enough, I stuck my autograph book under his nose—this happened to be just my telephone number memo book, which was still together—I a single safety pin. Laughing, I said, "Just sign your name, Red, don't take the pin." He grinned that Skelton grin and answered, "Believe it or not, we have buttons where I come from!"

Vernice Harbor
Dallas, Texas

The Cheaters

starring

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

with

BILLIE BURKE • EUGENE PALLETTE • ONA MUNSON • RAYMOND WALBURN
and ANNE GILLIS • RUTH BERRY • ROBERT LIVINGSTON • DAVID HOLT
and ST. LUKES ORCHESTRA

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

The break for Pete and Joe came with a booking into Cafe Society Downtown.

SWANEE RIVER (Hal McIntyre—Victor)—An old favorite with a new and very beautiful arrangement written by a boy named Sid Schwartz. Remember last issue I said Hal was about ready to go overseas with his band? Since then the European war has ended, and the McIntyre group will probably head for some place like the CBI sector.

THERE'S NO YOU (Frank Sinatra—Columbia; Martha Stewart—Victor)—You know the one about Jennie who couldn't make up her mind? Well, neither could pretty little Martha Stewart. She started out as Martha Haworth. Then she changed her name to Martha Wayne, and did some singing with Claude Thornhill. (Claude's in the Navy now, leading a band at Pearl Harbor.) Then she changed her name to Martha Stewart, which is now, and she got a TCF movie contract, and she's in "Kitten On The Keys" with Harry James.

OUT OF THIS WORLD (Woody Herman—Columbia; Tommy Dorsey—Victor)—The vocal on the Dorsey platter is done by Stuart Foster (who used to be with Ina Ray Hutton). Seems like Stuart's a lucky name for singers, at that. Here's Foster, and we were just talking about Martha before, and there's Sally Stuart on the Sammy Kaye "The More I See You," doing a very sweet job. Then there's Sam Stewart, but we probably shouldn't count him. He doesn't exactly sing; he sort of grunts. It's wonderful, anyway.

YOU WERE RIGHT, BABY (Peggy Lee—Capitol)—We've talked about this before. Peggy and her husband, Dave Barbour, penned it, and it's surprising even them. Who needs a million dollars? Peggy seems to be definitely out of retirement again; her "What More Can a Woman Do?" is a hit now too, and she'll sing for awhile on the Perry Como show, and taking a screen test now and then and—well, what more can a woman do?

APPLE HONEY (Woody Herman—Columbia)—Sure, you guessed it. Woody worked on the Old Gold program last year. This number is what's called a head arrangement—it was never written down at all, and nobody ever really composed it. The boys just sort of worked it up and remembered it, an amazing (Cont. on page 21)
Summer is under way, and though most of us yowl a lot about the heat, we're loving every minute of it. Loving the colorful, washable clothes we wear, week ends at the beach and suppers out-of-doors. We're loving the sort of party atmosphere that summer brings. Here are a couple of ideas for making the warm weather months more than just fun. Here's how to make them profitable in endless ways.

If You're a School Girl: You've got three beautiful long months at your disposal. Before you have a chance to get bored with all that time on your hands, get busy. Put some irons in the fire. First of all, how about some self-improvement? A new figure, a better complexion, a well-groomed hairdo? If you could get three or four buddies intrigued with the idea, you could have your own "success school," Exercise together, try out hair styles together, skip double banana splits together, Fun, and it'll pay off in beauty come fall.

Then, how about shouldering some of the family responsibility, as of now. Take over the housework and cooking a couple of days a week, so that mom can kick up her heels a bit. Or maybe you could plan the weekly menus, with an eye to nutrition, economy and ration points, and do all of the marketing. If a long sleep in the morning is your mom's dream of heaven, you might get breakfast for the gang three or four days a week while she snoozes.

Another thing, how about learning to do at least one new thing this summer? Perhaps some skill, like driving a car or cooking. Perhaps something financially profitable like raising chickens at straw-berries or thoroughbred dogs. Something creative, like interior decoration. You could begin with your own room. Some water point to brighten the walls, hanging shelves for plants and books, some colorful rag rugs. Wouldn't it be fun? You might start studying art, through (Continued on page 25)

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**CO-ED LETTERBOX**

I love my mom, but sometimes I'm almost ashamed of how she looks when my friends come over. How can I get her to fix up a little without hurting her feelings? H. P., Utica, New York.

Next time she looks extra-special you might say something like, "Gosh, you're a pretty mom, mom. You're so much more attractive than Mrs. Brown. We were ever there after school today, and she had on a dirty dress and her hair was all straggly. Some moms are just sad sacks." Another time, when she's wearing a becoming dress, you might say, "I wish the kids could see you in that. They all think you're awful pretty." That should do it. One more hint. It's kind of hard for moms who work hard all day to be turned out like glamour girls from dawn to dusk. If you'd give your mother some idea of what to expect you and your gang it would help a lot.

My older sister hasn't a good reputation in town, and the boys in my class seem to think I'm as wild as she is. They make passes at me at the drop of a hot. (Continued on page 26)
thing in a big band.

Flip Phillips plays some wonderful tenor sax, and Bill Harris (who used to be with Bob Chester and Benny Goodman) does right by the trombone. Of course Woody's featured on the clarinet, and Marjorie Hyams at her vibraphone.

LITTLE JAZZ (Artie Shaw—Victor)—Little Jazz is the nickname of Roy Eldridge who blows in what's undoubtedly one of the best trumpet styles in the country. And even though nobody could fail to recognize his playing, Roy's name couldn't be used on this Victor label because when he had his own band (before he joined Artie) he signed a contract with Decca, and that company still has him sewed up.


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CUTEX OILY QUICK DRY
If Alana Ladd isn't going to be as good a cook as her mother, she's bound to be as good on stage as her daddy, for she's certainly registering interest!

P.S.—Because she became a top-notch cook!

• “For richer, for poorer; for better, for worse—" When you say "I do" you've practically agreed to cook his meals all the rest of his days! Sue Ladd will tell you that's no hardship, even though she has her problems—Alan won't eat lamb, liver or ice cream; hardly touches his lunch, stuffs himself at dinner time and would prefer a steady diet of highly spiced Mexican dishes. That's the "for worse" of it! All his other food habits are "for better."

It's just possible you're one of the many war brides waiting for the return of your husband, and when he does get back you're planning to give him the best meals ever! Then you'll want to try all kinds of new recipes and save the ones you like especially well. Like, for instance, Mrs. Ladd's Italian Squash Casserole:

**ITALIAN SQUASH CASSEROLE**

- 2 pounds Italian squash
- 2 large onions
- 4 medium tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- IV2 teaspoons salt
- 1 cup fine bread crumbs, optional
- 1/4 cup grated cheese

Parboil thinly sliced Italian squash 5 minutes in just enough salted water to keep from burning. Slice onions and sauté in bacon drippings or margarine 5 minutes over low heat, stirring frequently. Drain squash. Place one layer of squash in greased casserole. Add a layer of sautéed onion slices and sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle with part of brown sugar, salt and pepper. Add a layer of fine bread crumbs, if desired. Add remaining ingredients in another layer. Top with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes or until done.

Your ration book escapes almost unscathed when you make Orange Cheese Cake—a delightful summer treat.

Green salads aren't exactly a cure-all for summer slump, but their vivid colors, crisp texture and fresh flavor can stimulate bored appetites.
VICTORY GARDEN SALAD

3 tomatoes
1 cucumber
1 cup radishes
1/2 cup French dressing
1/4 cup real mayonnaise
1 small onion, sliced

Salad greens

ORANGE CHEESE CAKE

1 envelope plain gelatine
1/4 cup orange juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1/2 cup honey
1 cup orange juice
1 cup cottage cheese, sieved
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1/2 cup cream or evaporated milk
1 cup cornflake or zwieback crumbs
1/4 cup melted butter or fortified margarine
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

Soften gelatine in 1/4 cup orange juice. Beat egg yolks slightly, add honey, salt, and remaining orange juice. Cook in top of double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add cottage cheese, lemon juice and grated rind. Stir until well blended. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk* and stiffly beaten egg whites. Make crumbs for bottom and top of cake. Mix thoroughly with cinnamon. Add melted butter or margarine and blend. Place part of crumbs in bottom of small glass casserole which has been rinsed out in cold water. Turn in cheese filling and sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Chill thoroughly until firm. When ready to serve, unmold on serving dish and garnish with orange segments.

*To whip evaporated milk; freeze to mushy stage and whip in chilled bowl.

OLD FASHIONED APPLE DUMPLINGS

1 1/4 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 3/4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 cup fortified margarine
1/2 cup milk, app.
4 tart cooking apples, pared and cored
1/2 cup corn syrup
2 tablespoons fortified margarine
1/2 teaspoon allspice

Sift flour once, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cut margarine into flour until it looks like little peas. Stir in milk sufficient to make soft but not sticky dough. Roll out on floured board to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut into 4 squares, 4 inches square. Place apple in center of each. Fill centers with a mixture of remaining margarine, corn syrup and allspice. Bring corners of dough together on top of apples. Pinch edges of dough together. Place dumplings in greased baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes, then pour 1 cup boiling water into bottom of pan. Continue baking 40 minutes longer, until apples are tender and dumpling brown. Serves 4. Serve plain, with lemon sauce or top milk.

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-Naphta wrapper to appear on your grocer’s shelf...

but the soap inside the Fels-Naphta wrapper will be Fels-Naphta Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naphta Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naphta Soap

BANISHES “TATTLE-TALE GRAY” 23
MY REPUTATION
It's awfully easy to say "I'll be my own judge of what's right and wrong. It doesn't matter if people talk, so long as my conscience is clear." But it does matter, and in unexpected ways. Jessica Drummond (Barbara Stanwyck) finds that out when she's left a widow with two young sons. Jessica has led a very protected life. Too protected, perhaps. Her mother dominated her until her marriage. Then her husband, who was completely devoted, took over. She led the accepted life of a rich, pretty young society matron. But now what is she to do?

There are two alternatives. She can settle down to widow's weeds and charitable work, as her mother thinks proper, or she can be Jessica Drummond and make a new life for herself. She tries the first for a while and almost goes out of her mind. In the fall when the boys start off to school, she realizes that she just can't stand it any longer. She goes with some friends to Lake Tahoe in California. There she skis, parties, and falls in love.

The man is Major Scott Landis (George Brent), and he isn't like anyone Jessica has ever known. He's definitely a wolf, and when he kisses her, she is furious with herself for responding. She tells him goodbye and hurries back to Chicago, where she can be nice and safe—and lonely. When Scott is transferred there, Jessica can't conceal her happiness at seeing him again. Suddenly all the old conventional taboos seem unimportant. She and Scott go everywhere together. When her mother insults him, Jessica is more on his side than ever. She drops her old friends completely.

Jessica doesn't worry about the gossip until the boys come home at Christmas time. They hear it, inevitably, and when they face her on New Year's Eve and demand that she stop seeing Scott, Jessica faces a heart-breaking choice.

Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent make a nice couple. Lucille Watson, Eve Arden, Scotty Beckett and Bobby Cooper are among the supporting cast.—War.

THE NAUGHTY NINETIES
The naughty nineties aren't really very naughty in this new Abbott and Costello epic, but they are funny, with the boys loose on a showboat in the Mississippi. Bud Abbott as Dexter Broadhurst plays romantic roles in all the shows, while Lou as a deckhand named Sebastian just gets in everybody's way.

The showboat is run by Captain Sam (Henry Travers). He's supposed to have run it for years, but the first good looking lady crook who comes along doesn't have a bit of trouble getting it away from him. Her name is Bonita (Rita Johnson) and she's far too smart for the old captain. With the assistance of a smooth gambler, Quincy (Alan Curtis), who owes her so much money he has to do whatever she tells him, she gets the captain drunk and wins fifteen thousand dollars in IOU's from him. That makes her own eighty percent of the showboat.

Of course it was Dexter and Sebastian's fault, in a way. The captain's lovely daughter, Caroline (Lois Collier), had sent them to look after her father. As usual they got a little mixed in their assignment, and by the time they created enough furor in the gambling joint to get the captain out, the damage was done. The fair Bonita had the IOU's tucked away in her gar- ter, and the showboat was in alien hands. Poor Captain Sam! It's Dexter and Sebastian who fix things up. And how! But see for yourself.—Univ.

SEPTMBER ISSUE
Can we help it if we're so popular? No! But you'd better chase right out on August 10 if you want to be sure of getting your September Modern Screen, a terrific issue of your favorite movie magazine!
CO-ED
(Continued from page 20)

books and through the museums. Single out a period or an individual artist that interests you, and learn all there is to know about it or him. Or start delving into music, either long-hair or crew-cut. Read a good introduction to music, or any of the excellent volumes on the history of jazz. Again, single out some phase that particularly enchants you and concentrate on that. Follow the newspapers for news of concerts, either in concert halls, out of doors or on the radio. The public library has books on all the above subjects.

Lastly, let’s look to your social life. Is the old gang drifting apart? The town dead on its feet? Why not initiate weekly square dances and start things buzzing again? Is there a recreation hall or club-room where you could have ’em? You’ll need space. Get some square dance records and a book about how they’re done, and you’re set. How about a group of you taking some all day bike rides to near-by points of interest? Make your beach parties more wonderful than ever by the simple addition of the right equipment. Quoits, a bat and softball, a songbook for the inevitable singfest, beach blankets, good food and thermoses of icy cold drinks.

If You’re A Business Gal: Your idea of a vacation is probably one elegant round of fun at a gay summer place. The sort of two weeks from which you return a sunburned shadow of yourself. May we make a couple of suggestions? This year, let your vacation be a subtle blend of gadding, exercise and rest. Let these two weeks be a sort of taking-stock period. An opportunity to sit down and relax and see where you’re going. Think about whether you really like your job, your beau, your hair-do, the way you spend your leisure, and if you find you’re not quite satisfied, plot the changes. If you go away, take up a sport that you can keep up all the year round, like horseback riding, swimming or bowling. If you stay at home, plunge into those night classes in Russian or furniture refinishing or dancing that you’ve always longed to start. Soak up sun, sleep and good food, and a little moonlight and you’ll go back to the office refreshed.

If You’re A Young Mom: For you there is very likely to be no honest-to-goodness summer holiday, but you can learn to vacation as you go. When the kids are napping, snatch an hour in a big chair under a tree, or collapse in the tub with a magazine, or turn the radio to soft music and flop on the couch. Let the house go when the day is just too beautiful, and get out of doors in a sun suit. Get in the picnic habit, with paper plates and cups changing meal times from battles into parties. If you and your pals haven’t tried pooling your children, you really should. One or two gals can take on the whole gang once a week while the other mothers scoot into town, or take a tennis lesson or do some volunteer work at the hospital. It’s a nice, inexpensive way to get a couple of days off, and the kids love it, too.

YOU CAN ACTUALLY See THE YEARS SLIP AWAY as you apply my exciting new powder-shade!

I have created a shade of face powder so new and different, the effect on your skin is really spectacular!

I call it “Bridal Pink”, and I ask you to try it for the first time on one cheek only. Compare it with any shade you have ever used. See the difference for yourself! See the fresh, young look it gives your skin! The soft, warm look—like the blush of a bride’s young cheek.

Women who have tried “Bridal Pink” tell me it’s the most youthful and flattering powder-shade I have ever achieved! Your husband will love it! Your friends will admire it! You can’t possibly apply it to your skin without looking younger, more romantic!

Lady Esther “Bridal Pink” Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply “Bridal Pink”—the new powder-shade that’s so daringly romantic! See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth. The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55¢. Also handy pocket-book sizes for 10¢ and 25¢.

AUTOGRA
PHS!

Stage door Johnny? Do your star chasin’ in your easy chair. Just turn to page 64 and learn how to collect autographs the easy way.
How can I get them to treat me with a little respect? M. J., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Whereas most of the girls come by respect from boys naturally, you'll have to work for yours, and it won't be easy. Make it a rule to avoid all shabby characters, both male and female. Every Tom, Dick and Harry will try to date you, but only go out with the nicest guys. Even some of these nice ones will make passes, but you can brush them off without hurting their feelings. Just say, "Slow down, mister." or "Sorry, Bill, I'm afraid it doesn't run in the family." Gradually the word will get around that you're a swell gal.

I'm a boy sixteen years old, and I'd like to go to dances and parties—only I can't dance. My family is not very well off, so regular dancing lessons are out. Can you suggest anything?

W. T. L., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Why not try the Y. M. C. A.? If they have no classes, perhaps they could direct you to some inexpensive group. If you know of a dancing teacher in town, mightn't you inveigle her into giving you lessons? With the help of an inexpensive dancing chart and some good records, you've a cinch to become another Fred Astaire!

Some gals can spell off a line of chatter when they're with boys, but anything male just takes my breath away. I can't say boo. I am popular with girls, but I've never had a date in my life—and I'm pushing sixteen!

Is there any hope? M. McR., Wichita, Kan.

Of course there is. Nothing but! Take the bull by the horns and speak up. Start off with "Hi," and work up to, "Gee, it's a peachy day, doncha think?" And before you know it you'll be jabbering.

My husband, whom I love very much, is coming home from overseas. I have been dancing with other men in his absence, and I am so afraid the neighbors will tell him. What can I do? J. D., Orford, N. H.

You realize now that you were a foolish one to date without his knowledge, don't you? Profit by your mistake and promise yourself that you'll never do anything again that might endanger your perfectly swell marriage. The only thing to do, of course, is to tell your husband yourself. The more casual you are in the telling, the more casually he will accept the news. If he should become angry about it, let him know how sincerely sorry you are.

My, my, what large mountains some of you gals 'n gals make out of your molehill-problems! Course I know that's easy to do, but honest, there's almost no tangle that can't be unsnarled once it's been brought out into the light and given a good talking to. So write me, huh? All you need is a problem (oh, woe!) and our address, Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. And because we don't know you, but do love you, we'll try to be just as wise and sympathetic and helpful as we can.

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FREE OFFER!

We've been getting lots and lots of letters from all you disappointed people who haven't gotten one of the FREE DELL MAGS that we offer every month! If you're one of them, how about tearing yourself away from those Sinatra color pages, and sitting down right now to answer the Questionnaire below? Get it done and RUSH it to us! Maybe you'll be one of the happy recipients of one of the 500 FREE DELL Magazines that we send out this month!

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.

Let's Call On Frankie! .......... [ ] This Heart of Mine
Charming Billy (Bill Eythe) .......... [ ] Pennies From Heaven
Fellow on a Furlough
(Don Taylor) ........ [ ] Crosby Life Story, Part 2
"State Fair" .......... [ ] Pistol Packin' Papa (Roy Rogers)
It Takes Guts, by Hedda Hopper .......... [ ] Good News by Louella Parsons
The Torso (Guy Madison) .......... [ ] She's His "Baby" Now!
I Remember Alan (Ladd) .......... [ ] Bacall-Bogart wedding

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 _____________________________.

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Women everywhere demand permanents the new Cold Wave way and, no wonder... An entirely new, gentle process, you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution, containing "KURLIUM," do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in longer lasting, safer, lustrous curls and waves that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing. Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a real, honest-to-goodness genuine Cold Wave Permanent, by tonight! Ask for the NEW Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent, the new, easy-to-use home permanent kit today. Test, compare, you must be pleased beyond words or your money back.

—works "Like a million" on children's soft, fine hair.

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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."*

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The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5¢ and 10¢ Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.
Gloomy Miss...
(her complexion needed help!)

Smart Me...
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Happy Mrs...
(she won him with that Ivory Look)

Lucky YOU... You can have a softer, smoother complexion, too!

It's so easy to get that Ivory Look—the softer, smoother, more radiant skin that puts confidence in your smile—a song in his heart.

Just take this tip—stop careless skin care today and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory is baby's beauty secret—on Doctor's advice! More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands put together!

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More Doctors advise IVORY
than all other brands put together

Make your Ivory last—it contains important war materials!
Girls, your dear friend (me) has just been through hell! This issue of Modern Screen contains what is known as a SCOOP—on page 52. And all I know about scoops is what I've seen in the movies.

It goes something like this. The editor (Edward G. Robinson), shoves a dirty green eye shade 'way back on his sweating forehead. He takes the receivers off three phones simultaneously and barks: “Stop the presses!”

Well, girls, have you ever seen presses at work? They're Frankenstein monsters. Would you know how to stop the things? Me neither.

So on the very day the Franksteins start rolling with our August issue, what happens? Henry and I get the flash about Bacall, Bogart and Bromfield. To make matters worse, I had just lost my green eye shade. But leave it to me. I turned green anyway.

With only one phone between us, Henry and I got to work. We called Warner Brothers in California.

“Yeah,” said Warner Brothers, “they leave tomorrow for Mansfield, Ohio. But look, fellas, if it’s a scoop you want, count me out. There are 16 fan mags besides Modern Screen. Get in line. You’re number ten!”

So much for Warner Brothers. Fortunately, your genial editor used to be a juvenile delinquent, with extra credits in gate crashing.

I called a lady I know in Ohio. “Look,” I said, “you’re from Ohio. Do you know Louis Bromfield, the novelist?”

“Why not?” said the lady amazingly enough.

“Do you know him well enough to slip him a couple of bucks. . . .”

“I won’t need to,” said the lady, quite horrified.

That took care of the story. When it came to pictures—“Let’s play it safe,” said Henry.

So we played it safe, and wherever Baby and Bogie went, the little photographers (five of 'em), were sure to go. So much so that Bogie and Baby thought we were the Saturday Evening Post and posed their fool heads off!

As for stopping the presses, we finally had to ask Edward G. Robinson to do it. Risky business, stopping a press!

Executive Editor
LET'S CALL ON FRANKIE!
The Sinatra family is a perfect example of the Boss System (on 3 different levels), with 19-month-old Frank, Jr., adoring Nancy Sandra's "mothering." The elder by 3 years, Nancy's convinced her "kid" brother's development is due solely to her cluckings on how to walk, talk and behave—and Mom and Dad S. think the set-up's swell—just as long as she remembers who really gives the orders! As to who bosses the boss—well, that's anybody's guess ...
Nancy's his favorite cook, especially for her way with (no kiddin')—spaghetti and one meat ball! Sympathetic, she shared his disappointment over his 2A-F rating (4-F and essential to morale), his joy over that overseas trek this summer.

Let's Call On Frankie!

Frank's always had sea fever and after "Anchors Aweigh" finally bought a boat to sail on Toluca Lake—"The Little Nancy."
No time to play, yet he pays 'em... 1944 saw him earn $1,450,000, borrow $62,500 to pay taxes! While the two press agents who first evolved "Sinatra-ism" mixed huge sums to pen book, "Inside Sinatra"—ethics!

F. enjoys a gag, roars at gems like: "Sinatra's your kid, huh Bing?" "Now—all mine are living!" Or a comedian's Sinatra burlesque, "Electrician, a skinny spotlight!"

Too young now, eventually the kids'll hear of how much Dad's doing for their generation via those talks on democracy he delivers at various schools. Enthused, he's invited Dick Haymes, Andy Russell to join in.
That Egthe luck! He even knows what's going to happen to Dick Tracy for the next six months!

The footbridge was narrow and long—and shaky. Bill knew it was shaky because he had walked across it, experimentally, a few minutes before. Only then he hadn't been carrying one hundred and eight pounds of beautiful movie star. He shifted his burden now slightly, and put a tentative foot on the bridge which promptly began to sway. He withdraw the foot hastily.

Jennifer giggled, her head muffled against his chest. "If you drop me in the river, I'll sue you."

"If I drop you in the river," Bill said grimly, "Mr. Selznick will personally tear me into small pieces and scatter them (Continued on page 105)
Autographed pics of Ann Corio and Anna Baxter grace Bill's room; Tallie Bankhead's is unsigned: She couldn't think of words strong enough! He won't drive with Anne, "a wild woman at the wheel."

Bill invaded Hollywood with a two-thousand buck wardrobe at his agent's say so, but now it's moth bait; Bill's a lounging. (Pets Goylko and Bonnet.)
On furlough after "Winged Victory's" closing, Don and wife Phyl borrowed a friend's N. Y. apt., invited Edsol and Henry for a gab-fest.

The Don Taylors invited us up for a drink and some talk. And after we came and saw—they conquered! What terrific kids!

BY VIRGINIA WILSON
The rain blew in a dismal grey curtain against the windows. Phyllis looked out, and said, "Maybe they won't come."

Don smiled at her. When Don smiles, you could turn off the electricity and let the furnace go out, and no one would notice. "They'll come," he said confidently. "This is one furlough where everything's going to be okay."

They did come, of course. "They" being Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen and me. And everything was very okay indeed. How could it be anything else when your host was Don Taylor, and he and Phyllis were getting such a bang out of the little apartment a friend had lent them? Don and Phyllis had lived in hotel bedrooms ever since they were married, and now here they were with a living room and a kitchen and everything. To be sure the kitchen was about the size of a crackerjack box, but it had a stove, and a sink, and a refrigerator. Besides, as Don pointed out, "Neither of us can do much more than boil an egg. We'll work up to a big kitchen gradually, through layers of cookbooks."

"No cookbooks," said Phyllis firmly. "I don't care if we don't even have any furniture, when we get a house, but we're going to have a cook!"

"You mean you won't be the efficient little woman and get up and cook my breakfast every morning?" Don tried to sound injured.

"I'll get up, and I'll wear a nice, ruffly house dress and my best lipstick like the women's magazines say to, but someone else will cook the breakfast. That way we'll both be happy." They laughed at that, of course. They laugh at everything. They're a gay pair, these two. The first play they ever saw together was "The
fellow

on a

furlough

"To a new career, be it long and be it bright!" A toast from Phyllis, Al D., author Virginia Wilson and Henry Malmgreen. Ginny embarrassed Don by revealing that when the "W. V." paper queried the cast, "If you could choose, what role would you play?" all yelped, "Pinky"—Don's role.

Backgammon got boring and Don and Al don't jitterbug, so they descended to 'rassling.' Don won, but why not? He's 6' 2" and Phyl kibitzed...
Voice Of The Turtle,” and the curtain line of the second act was “Let’s keep it gay!” They sort of adopted that—even had it on their wedding cake in raised letters on the white icing. They don’t have to work at it, either. Gaiety is natural to them both. You felt that about Don when you saw him as “Pinky” in “Winged Victory.” An exuberance, a bright vitality that reached out to your heart. That was what got him the role of Pinky in the first place.

It was Fate, or something, the way it happened. The way it changed his life. Don was in the Army Air Force on limited service because he had a trick knee, originally the result of football. Basic training had aggravated the condition, so they sent him to Drew Field down at Tampa and put him to work as a classification specialist. That’s the guy who tries to see that not too many square pegs get put into round holes—who records a soldier’s doings in civilian life so the Army can find the right spot for him. It was all right enough, but kind of monotonous for a buoyant personality like Don.

One day a letter came for him. The Air Force was looking for men with experience in the theater or pictures for the big show “Winged Victory.” Would he please fill out the enclosed questionnaire and send them a picture? Would he? Don almost broke his fountain pen, writing so fast. Then a month or so later, a couple of lieutenants showed up at the Field. They came to see Don.

“I hear you were in pictures.”

“Well, yeah. A couple of parts, and I did a lot of stock before that.”

The lieutenants looked at Don, and at each other. “You’ll be called October first. You’re what we want for ‘Winged Victory.’”

They left then, and Don was on wings himself. The show would play on Broadway, and to any actor Broadway is a symbol of success. Don had dreamed of a break like this, but he had never expected to get it while he was in the Army. Then, to prove that everything happens at once, a long-awaited furlough came through. Don went home to Freeport, Pennsylvania, wearing a grin as wide as Joe E. Brown’s. The first day home, he walked out of the house, (Continued on page 94)
"I knew him when!" reflects dye Bingle, shining up to brother Bob after performing for him and 5,000 other Marines at Camp Pendleton. The Andrews Sisters may roll out the barrel with Bing in the Pacific theater this summer.

"Gl love to eat!" croons Crosby to Astaire, who had a unique accompanist when he danced before Gen. Eisenhower: Guitarist Gen. Spagoz! Sister Adeje saw Fred for the first time in five years.

Oscars to Bing for "Going My Way," to Ingrid for "Gaslight." They co-star in "Bells of St. Mary." 1943 winner Paul Lukas flew in from Mexico to do the honors for Bing, got sick at last minute and couldn't make it.

After his trip, London headlined BING WENT THE STRINGS OF OUR HEARTS. Hope comforts Frankie, says he'll play a minister in his next pic—"I'm Going Your Way, Too!" (That's Judy G.)

"He'll never make good!" they warned Dixie Lee when she married Bing. (Life Story, concluded.)

Bing Crosby is Hollywood's modern miracle man but for him that's very easy. Winning this year's Academy Oscar topped off a fifteen-year movie, radio and record career in which Bing has collected every honor in those Big Threes of show business. Along the way he has broken more entertainment records than a bull in a music shop. And today, like Old Man River, Bing just keeps rolling along. Crooners come and Swoon Kings go, but Bing goes on forever.

This eternal success baffles even Bing himself and at forty-two he still wonders when he'll wake up. But it's not such a mystery. Bing's life proves he's a natural, a genius, a wonder boy. As an Irish Catholic kid in Spokane, Washington, he was an easy winner in everything he tried. A deceptively pretty boy, he beat up every bully who challenged him. Roly-poly and lazy looking, he won swim and golf championships, made Gonzaga high school and college teams like rolling off a log. Never lazy, Bing hustled at dozens of tough jobs for his spending money and planned (Continued on page 72)
The Crosby kids love their father's competitors: "What makes you so skinny, Mr. Sinatra?" Lindsey once asked. Money from their pictures goes into a college fund. (That's Jimmy Durante's nose being pulled.)

The original "Rhythm Boys"—25 years after: Al Rinker, Harry Barris and Bing. They'll enter into Crosby's autobiography, soon to be published by Simon & Schuster.

BY KIRTLIE BASKETTE
Mom dreamed of winning a prize for her cooking, and Pop for his pig; Margy wanted romance, and Wayne craved excitement; and the State Fair had an answer for each!

by MARIS MacCULLERS and MARY STANLEY

1 "Your pickle relish is sure to win!" Abel Frake (Chas. Winninger) assures wife Melissa (Fay Bainter) as they prepare for trip to State Fair with family.

Story: Down at the truck Abel was sweating with Blue Boy, trying to get the huge pig into the trailer. Melissa was carefully laying away her prize jars of pickles and mincemeat in the little niche behind the seats. Down near the creek, under the old apple tree, Harry Ware was twisting his hat awkwardly in his hands, trying to talk to Margy.

"Wish I were going with you to the Fair," he said. "Wish I (Continued on page 99)"
Production: Dana and Dick cast one horrified glance in the direction of "Fair's" third leading man and threatened to go after him with a knife. Offending party was a haughty 800-pound porker named Blue Boy. No one could deny Blue Boy's right to be snooty. He was chosen from among nine prize winning hogs for an important role which Dana calls "more sympathetic than my own." Cast and crew had murder (Continued on page 98)
Mom Jaeckel, who's doing bit parts on her own now, had to promise to sign his Merchant Marine release papers before 17-year-old Dick would play in "A Wing And A Prayer."

Gable fought execs trying to hush-hush a lady's claim that he was her child's popo, again when he enlisted. Bob likes the gov't, getting 97% of his wages, but won't make movies while there are GIs to be entertained.

From the start, Betty made it clear that, No. 1 Pin-Up or not, if it ever became a toss-up between choosing ol' debbil career or her married happiness, Harry and Vicki would come first.

Bogey always knew his own mind—[Proof: Baby Bacall become Mrs. B, a year after they met!] so when the studio tried enforcing that "no-story okay" in his contract, "Uh-uh," he nixed. "Suspend me! On my boot I can live for tree—"
Your stars will battle every time
for their rights—to love, to have
children, to soldier without benefit of camera.

By Hedda Hopper

Para, never told her to pretty up her past for the mags, but when Betty Hutton told
All, they yelped. "And why shouldn't I?" she retorted. "If it's a sin to be poor, I didn't
commit it—I was born that way..." (With Andy Russell in "Stork Club.")

- You can have your parades, I love a fight. And spare me the cracks. I
don't mean the Dorsey-Hall brand. And I don't mean the no-account squabbling
that goes on here as it does everywhere else—only we bleat it from the house-
tops, while others have the sense to wash their dirty linen in the washer.
The fight I love is the kind that carries a challenge, the kind that takes courage,
that means staking your principles against material gain and standing by
your colors though the heavens fall.
This month I'm taking my hat off to
some boys and girls who've shown that kind of courage.

Many have fought for better pictures.
And don't let anyone tell you that's
egotism pure and simple, for it's nothing
of the sort. Sure, they're concerned for
their careers, but give them credit for
the brains to realize that you can't be
good in a lousy story. And give them
further credit for helping to raise the
whole level of movie material. If they
hadn't taken a stand—upheld the hands
of our smarter directors and writers
who scream for the same thing—we'd be
ten years farther behind ourselves than
we are.

Ann Sheridan's on suspension right
now. In "King's Row," Annie proved
she could act. They say she's a hey-hey
kid and doesn't give a whoop in Hades
about her career, but they're all wet.
I've never seen a girl more radiant than
Ann was after "King's Row." "Maybe
now they'll let me come out from under
the oomph." That was her last good
role, but she played along—till they
pranced up with another "Harvest
Moon." (Continued on page 85)
That Guy Madison! Cigarettes

choke him, likker bores him...

and he never heard of Garbo!

The TORSO

Guy’s favorite actress is Ingrid Bergman “because she’s so fresh and sincere looking.” His second choice is Lona Turner, “because . . . you know why!”

The sailors at San Diego’s North Island beach stared up at the life guard tower and gave each other puzzled looks. Floating down from the 20-foot roost where Seaman Bob Mosely was on duty came strange garbled sounds that didn’t make sense.

They sounded something like “How now, brown cow” and “the lazy red fox leaped over the farmer’s fence.” But the way the vowels rolled out was nothing human and the accent might have been Esperanto or ancient Sanskrit or something. It was out of this world. Every now and then the tower itself would shake and rattle with stomplings and goings on.

The mob of sun tanned mates finally decided on action. They skinned up the ladder and peeped up at Bob’s perch. There was this Greek god guy, Mosely, naked to his swim shorts, rippling his muscles around, frowning one minute and seowling the next. Making with a gesture here and a gesture there. Talking to himself, or to the wild waves or something. Before (Continued on page 114)
IT WAS opening day of the semester at North Hollywood High, and I was calling the roll of my ninth-grade class in English—

"Alan Laďd—" A blonde boy answered. He was lean, but husky-looking. His manner was quiet. There was a steadiness I liked in the gray eyes that met mine for a moment . . .

Doesn't look like trouble to me, I thought, but you never can tell.

You know how youngsters get together and take their teachers apart? Well, don't think we teachers are any different. We go into the same kind of huddles over the children. Before ever setting eyes on Alan, I'd heard plenty about him. Among the boys, his reputation was that of a little scrapper. Even the bigger boys had a wholesome respect for him. They might try pushing him around once, but once was the limit. Being a good all-round athlete, he could handle his fists as well as he handled the rest of his body.

Some of the teachers were (Continued on page 110)
Bob swings a mean golf club, but Natalie prefers the tennis courts, which he dislikes. Loves to whittle away at detailed wood-carving, a hobby acquired after hospital stay. Collects stamps, pet names for wife. She calls him Bobby.

Bob Hutton wears a wrist watch, inscribed in his wife's handwriting: “For my husband and most beloved—”

Natalie wears a ruby and diamond ring. Inside it says: “All my love all my life—”

These were their wedding gifts to each other.

“I have the advantage,” Bob will tell you. “Nobody can read mine except me. Natalie writes a sensational hand—straight up-and-down—chic as all get out and completely illegible. When she makes out a check, the bank's never sure if it's for five dollars or five hundred—”

“That's the dreamer in me,” Natalie explains. “That's why I married a practical man—”

They fell in love among the garbage cans. It happened like this.

They'd seen each other around at parties and stuff. She thought he was cute. He thought she was a knockout. That's as far as it went till Betty, Natalie's best friend, had a birthday.

“We'll have dinner at my house,” planned Betty, “and go dancing later. How's if I ask Bob Hutton for you?”

Natalie said fine. Bob was working in "Destination Tokyo." Betty called him at Warners. Was he free such and such an evening? Well, how about so-on-and-so-forth and Natalie Thompson? Bob said fine. (Continued on page 90)
She's his "baby" now!

We were right there—with wedding bells on—when they got married, when "Baby" became Mrs. Bogart.

Malabar, the huge, sprawling home of world famous author Louis Bromfield (left), who has been Bogey's friend for over 20 years, was the wedding site.

Minutes before the ceremony, Lauren shared a glass of wine, "brushed up" on her wedding lines with Municipal Judge Herbert Schettler.

Photogs sensed a good shot here, asked L. to chase photogenic gobbler. Then she got so energetic, Bogey had to pursue her. Result: A terrific shot.

Resting with a reporter after her posing stint, Lauren remained cool, gay in her rose-beige suit complemented by a brown scarf, belt.
“Aren’t you going to say ‘hello?’” the golden girl asked. She came down the wide staircase, tawny hair swung back over the shoulders of her rose-beige suit, long legs shimmering in nylon hose, a bangle clinking on her wrist. She wore a pointed scarf of brown that matched the narrow brown belt and the sling-back, tall-heeled pumps. Her mouth was wide, and curled up at the corners, and her eyes slanted ... a look ... *The Look*.

“I did say hello,” he told her quietly, his voice deep and sure. It wasn’t a bad stare that flashed from momentarily narrowed eyes across to her. He was tamed today, sleek and handsome in a grey suit, a white carnation at his lapel, a maroon tie setting off his dark face. He was
She's his "baby" now!

smiling and he looked very young. "I did say hello," he murmured, and she went over to him and leaned against his shoulder.

She was Lauren Bacall and he was Humphrey Bogart and this was their wedding day.

The sun shone brilliantly over the white buildings and green gardens of Malabar Farm. A great man built Malabar—a man whose books are known all over the world, the man who wrote "The Rains Came" and "Mrs. Parkington" and all the rest. Louis Bromfield and Humphrey have been friends for twenty years.

It seemed right to Humphrey to bring his lovely bride three thousand miles across the country to have their marriage ceremony performed in this bountiful home. They like homes, Bogey and little Betty Bacall. They have one waiting for them in (Continued on page 107)
Sob sisters, leg men, columnists—they all tried "crashing" but from the start the huge doors were shut—and stayed shut! In order to offend no Bacall-Bogart-Bromfield friends, none but the hosts, their staff and immediate family were present at the ceremony.

"We've no homes like this in Calif.," they sighed. But Bogey's already built one in Kings Road where Lauren will rear her "large, soon" family. Chattering with Judge Schettler, the almost-Bogarts appear pensive. Bogey seems to have the sun in his eyes, to have love in his eyes...
Roy's got 3 houses, 2 kids, a spur collection and his “Greetings” from Uncle Sam. And until he gets further word about this 1-A business, danged if he isn't going to enjoy them all! Wife Arlene's still the same melt-in-your-mouth lemon pie gal he married, still “Sis” to the Sons Of The Pioneers when they troop over for Sunday supper and poker, still going slightly loco trying to stay on top of a horse more'n two minutes! But that's no woe compared to her real grief: Roy's allergic—to Art! She stows paintings under the bed, symphonies in the trophy room, poetry in the pigeon lofts, but it's no use. He'll start reading or looking or listening and bingo! it's time for his third daily bath or Arlene's folks have ambled over to report on the chicken farm of his they're managing or baby Linda Lou's rumbling “dotta thee thiricus hosses” in her two octaves lower than Bacall foghorn. But how can such a regular guy get going on Art when Time's so short . . .?
The totem's a gift, the shirt's one of those $50 items. Mrs. R. likes hubby in denims but he won't oblige, says dull "civvies" would be unfair to you fans!

Triple-threat Ray can feed, dress and hairdo the gals and is currently perfecting a three-harmony job with them on "Smiles Are Made Of Sunshine."

Cheryl's her dad's shadow, even to daring mount Trigger during Ray's rehearsals. The kids' newest feat is learning bareback riding on their own ponies.
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Sinatra swoons! ... Kaye doubles for 
Garson ... Dick Jaeckel has close shave ... Hutton weeps!

Can you imagine, girls, sitting in a softly lighted room overlooking one of the most beautiful gardens in Bel Air, with the lights turned low and ditto on the music—with Frank Sinatra on one side of you and Van Johnson on the other?

I suppose if I had been in hobo sox I would have been more thrilled—but then, it wasn't bad company at any age, not bad at all.

We were at Mervyn Le Roy's party—one of the nicest of many that followed the V-E Day announcement. I had a long talk with Frankie, who was getting ready to go overseas and had taken his shots.

"The shots made me so sick," he told me, "that I SWOONED! The examining doctor said that was one for the books!"

Sinatra was wearing the most amazing bow tie (even for him). It was gray and black, nonchalantly tied and hung very loosely. Van Johnson admired it so much that Frankie said he would send him one.

At that point my favorite doctor came up and said, "I wore bow ties before you were born, but since you started wearing them, all us old guys have been afraid of being accused of copying you. So I'm thinking of sending you all of my old bow ties."

At the same party Greer Garson and Danny Kaye had dinner together. Danny leaned over and whispered to me, "You know, Greer's mother thinks we look alike!" And with that—he smeared ice cream all over his face. Greer giggled and said, "Not the way you look tonight, dearie!" Greer was in great form and when she goes out for fun there is nobody who laughs more and enters into the spirit of things with greater gusto.

Someone accused Van Johnson of putting on weight so I took a good look at him. He does look fatter, it's true, and I must say that boy has a good appetite. In fact, I marveled when I saw him at the buffet table. Now, Van—you gotta start watching those calories. You're too popular to get fat.

(If you don't think he is popular you should have seen the avalanche of mail I received when I nominated Clark Gable as the greatest lover on the screen. Van, I think, is a little young to come under that category so I'm not apologizing to any of (Continued on page 60)
Its Gala-Gala with Girls, Gaiety and that Goldwyn Glamour!


Directed by Bruce Humberstone
Screen Play by Don Hartman, Melville Shavelson and Philip Rapp
Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES INC.
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

At Mocambo, Gail Russell ("Our Hearts Are Growing Up") giggles with Peter Lawford. Pete toured Army camps in "Kiss And Tell"; once portrayed 2 characters, which parts luckily never met onstage!

the Johnson faithful—but give him time.)

I love the letter from Red Skelton to a Hollywood pal about his trip overseas. Writes Red: "The food was good, as food aboard ship goes—and as food aboard ship goes, mine went! I was so sick my watch turned green!"

Just before he went into the Army, Turhan Bey had his last date with Lana Turner. Lana never carries change and, as usual, she had to borrow five cents from the boy friend to make a telephone call. She says she must owe him hundreds of dollars in nickels.

Cracked Turhan, "It's just part of my campaign to make you Love, Honor and O-Bey, darling!"

There's not a girl in Hollywood who cares less about queening it than Alice Faye. She reported back to work on the 20th lot after two years' absence and gave up her former dazzling all-white dressing room in favor of Warner Baxter's old studio quarters.

"I like it better because it has a real kitchen and I want the children to lunch with me often," Alice said.

She looks luscious. She was wearing just a simple pink sports dress with a (Continued on page 62)

At Mocambo, Gail Russell ("Our Hearts Are Growing Up") giggles with Peter Lawford. Pete toured Army camps in "Kiss And Tell"; once portrayed 2 characters, which parts luckily never met onstage!

Maria Montez snuggles up to hubby Pierre Aumont, during his brief furlough. Lt. Aumont, overseas now, arranged an exhibition in San Fran., showing cooperation between U. S. and France.

Ice Capades attract Dick Powell and June Allyson. She's an Andy Russell fan, drags Dick along to hear him sing! Still writes to GIs she met on hospital tour.

Lt. Aumont, overseas now, arranged an exhibition in San Fran., showing cooperation between U. S. and France.
Dismal Dormitory?...Not Today!

"One look at the room that was my freshman fate and my spirits took a nose-dive," say most college girls! But you don't have to put up with the grim look of bare walls...the crying need for color! Not if you know about Bates bedspreads and matching draperies. You'll dote on the dreamy Bates patterns...the high-keyed, spirited colors. And the bedspreads are muss-proof, easy to launder...do away with the need for a "no parking" sign on your bed. The matching draperies come pinch-pleated, ready to hang...go up in less time than you can dress for an eight-o'clock class! If you can’t find the spread you want...try again. Bates is supplying your favorite store as fast as wartime limitations permit.

BATES FABRICS, INC., 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13

Bates BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES
Funny faces by Kaye and Sinatra. In Danny's new picture, "Wonder Man," he plays twins of opposite temperaments; talks Chinese, sings in Russian, dances à la Balinese!

black velvet band tied around her throat and another holding her hair back. Alice wears very little makeup these days, too. But her four years of marriage with Phil Harris have put the mark of "happiness" on her and that's the best beautifier in the world.

I have to tell you how I got the "scoop" on Humphrey Bogart's real marriage date to Lauren Bacall. I had called Bogey at the studio and asked him when it was.

"Listen, Louella," he said, "you probably know more about it than I do. When does Mayo (the former Mrs. B.) get her divorce?"

I told him it would probably be the following day.

"All right," he said, "now you call Jack Warner and tell him that because he has promised me a week off to get married when I am free."

So I called Jack, told him what I knew about the date of Bogey's freedom, and the boss said, "Hmmm—let's see. Guess I can give him next week off. The Two Mrs. Carrolls' to go back to Ohio and get married at Louis Bromfield's farm."

Then I called Bogey and told him he would be able to get married around May 20th or 23rd. (Continued on page 64)

See Shirley Temple's dad? She's alienating Hays office with pretty torrid love scenes in "Kiss And Tell." Swank school she attends objected to publicity received! Plans to head east and discuss legitimate stage role with George Abbott.

Walter Pidgeon (that's Mrs. P.) is never happier than when he's working with Greer Garson, even if she cops the glory!
Who says all the pretty girls are in Hollywood!

-pretty proof that any girl is lovelier with Solitair

You don’t need a make-up expert—or a big beauty budget with Solitair. For Solitair is quick and easy to use, inexpensive, gives any girl a satiny complexion. Featherweight and lanolin-rich, it helps guard against dryness, looks natural—not “made-up,” helps cover tiny blemishes for hours. Try Solitair—be another pretty proof that all the beautiful girls aren’t in Hollywood.

New $1.00 Plastic Compact with complimentary DuPont sponge

Dorothy Dodge—typical American girl works at Army Ordnance, St. Louis—married to Captain Robert Dodge, Jr., now in Italy.

Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP WITH LANOLIN
A CAMPANA PRODUCT
AUTOGRAPHS!

Bell bottom trousers, suits of navy blue; you get an autograph and help his family, too! Yep, the quota you send us for any autograph selected on the list below, goes to the NAVAL Auxilliary Funds, that wonderful organization which keeps an eye on your sailor's family while he's away on the briny blue. Special rates for thrifty souls: Five autographs for a dollar! Step up the gangplank!

June Allyson....Don Ameche....Diana Andrews....Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall....Jane Baker....Lucille Ball....Joel Barish....Anne Baxter....William Bendix....Jean Bennett....Inge Bergman....Julie Bishop....John Boles....Humpty Dumpty....Charles Boyer....Jim Brown

Jennifer Jones....Arline Judge

Danny Kaye....Ray Kass

Alan Ladd....Hedy Lamarr....Dorothy Lamour....Orson Welles....Peter Lawford....Jean Leslie....John Lodge....Myrna Loy....Ida Lupino....Diana Lynn

Fred MacMurray....Lois Maxwell....Joel McCrea....Dorothy McGuire & Molly Bee....Dorothy McGuire....Alan Marshal....Tudra Marshall....Marie McDonald....Miriam Hopkins....Tom Miranda....Constance Moore....Dorothy Mortensen....George Murphy

Tom Neal....Lyle Nunn

Merle Oberon....Edmund O'Brien....Margaret O'Brien....Donald O'Connor....Maureen O'Hara....Deanna Durbin....Kevin O'Casey

John Payne....Greer Garson....Susan Peters....Walter Pidgeon....Roddy McDowall....Tyrone Power....Vivien Leigh

Frances Hackett....Marianne Rondell....Ronald Reagan....Walter Reade....George Raft....Nora Revered....Bob Ricketts....Joan Bennett....Kevin O'Casey

Ava Gardner....Jean Gargoul....Judy Garland.... Peggie Ann Garner....Greer Garson....Pascale Gardot....Betty Grable....Farley Granger....Fay Grant....Buck Graville....Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall....June Haver....Dick Haymes....Susan Hayward....Hills Hathaway....Sondy Benet....Sandy Herron....Kathleen Hepburn....Joan Hackett....Skippy Hemenway....Buster Keaton....Leni Horne....Betty Hutton....Bob Hutton

Harry James....Glenda Jean....Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones....Danny Kaye....Ray Kass

Alan Ladd....Hedy Lamarr....Dorothy Lamour....Orson Welles....Peter Lawford....Jean Leslie....John Lodge....Myrna Loy....Ida Lupino....Diana Lynn

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Harry James....Glenda Jean....Van Johnson

"Okay," said the one and only Bogart, "you've got your date now. Split the difference and make it May 21st."

Lana Turner's two-year old cherub, Cheryl Crane, is rapidly becoming a Pin-Up Girl on her own. Lana and' Loma shopping the other day and she told me proudly that her baby gets more G.J. mail than she does.

"She received the cutest pair of white doe-skin boots from Alaska," Lana said, "and they fit just perfectly. Seems that baby is getting shoes now—but Mama has run out of stamps!"

Whoops! The hair-dos the girls are going in for! They are certainly fantastic.

Maria Montez came to Lady Mendy's party with her hair in a sort of up-sweep wind-blown effect. I know that sounds funny—but on her it looked good. I've never seen anything like it before.

I believe it was Norma Shearer who started the cornet fashion—brads wound on top of the head like Edith Ann's crown.

Cole Porter was the guest of honor at Lady Mendy's and it was a very gay affair. The hostess wore a beautiful gown she had saved for just the occasion of V.E. day celebration. There was a spirit of quietness that I haven't noticed at a Hollywood party since the war started.

Cary Grant was one of the first to arrive. I talked with him a long time and he seemed to be having more fun than usual. He has been attending a lot of parties recently but not once have I seen him with Betty Hensel. I wonder why.

The dinner was served at 6:15 and was just the thing to take the edge off a long day. The wine was delicious and the company gave me a chance to see my friends again.

"I've never known a girl to take even the slightest vestige of criticism as hard as Betty Hutton. When it was just hinted that Betty had feuded with her director on "Stork Club" and had walked off the set, she cried her eyes out denying it.

"I'm a working girl," she told me. "I've never walked off a set in my life. I might argue a point with someone—but I don't do any front-office politics behind someone's back."

Vignette on Betty Grable: She likes onions and will even go for garlic if everybody else does. . . . When she was a little girl she liked to have people call her by her middle name, "Ruth." Now she hates it. . . . She has never had a secretary and she banks her own checks without advice of a manager. . . . You know how she looks in a decollete evening gown; but how she hates to put one on for private wear! . . . She calls Harry James "Jammy" and they love to play poker. . . . She seldom wears the same color lipstick twice, but experiments every time she makes up her face. . . . Her favorite night-gown is purple but she doesn't like vivid colors in household furnishings. Her own bedroom is almost as pastel as baby Victoria Elizabeth James' nursery.

Certainly was a terrible thing that happened to little Ann Blyth. She had a serious accident skiing, resulting in such a bad injury to her back that she may not be able to work for months.

Jean Pierre Aumont was here with the French delegates to the San Francisco conference, making his bride Maria Montez very happy, you can bet. Maria was walking around on the clouds so verreee happyee that she didn't even mind being suspended by Universal for not making a Western movie.

Another short visitor (I mean his visit was short) was Richard Jockeck who blew home from the Merchant Marines to see his attractive mother. Dick stayed pretty close to home. His head was shaved when his boat crossed the equator in an old Navy custom—and he felt so self-conscious he didn't want to see any of his friends.

Made me sad to pass the former home of poor little Lupe Velez and see a big "For Sale" sign on the lawn. Lupe really loved that house where she started—and ended—her career and her life.

Yes, it is true—Nora Eddington (Mrs. Errol Flynn) has made a test for a movie and when the strike is over she should be launched on an acting career. Why not? She is an extremely pretty girl and photographs like a million. Her debut will probably be with Jennifer Jones in "Duel In The Sun"—when and if that picture picks up again.

That cute little guy, Barry Fitzgerald, has a silhouette of an Oscar painted on his dressing room door at Paramount. Says that every time he steps through the door he's reminded of what a lucky man he is. Luck? I call it talent—and lots of it.

Sometimes Hollywood isn't as "hipp" as it thinks. I mean, nobody imagined that Helmut Dantine would pull a Frank Sinatra and have the gals swooning in the aisles when he made personal in New York, but that is exactly what happened. Helmut, a very moody young man out here, certainly didn't seem to be the type to knock 'em cold. But he did it.

Some time ago Victor Maturie and I had a little fracas. But you can't stay mad at a good looking guy in uniform and the last time Vic visited Hollywood we "made up."

The Coast Guard experience and service has certainly worked wonders in his appearance. No longer does he look like a "pretty boy." He's hardened and toughened and better looking than ever.

Vic was at the Mocambo with Buff-Cobb, pretty granddaughter of the late Irvin Cobb. When I asked him if he was going to marry her he said, "I like the girl. How can I ask her to marry me?" Same old Vic.
Oh, what a Beautiful Moment!

When You are a Bundle of Sweetness
Crushed in His Hungry Arms

Your man has been feeding on dreams of you... so when he comes home, let nothing mar the wild, glad joy of your meeting! Be lovely... be sweet... yes, sweet all over with the alluring fragrance of these flower-blended talcs. Wear romantic Lilacs and Roses Talc as a token of surrender to his flaming tenderness. Or tease and tempt his heart with Spicy Apple Blossom—the fragrance that says yes and no with such maddening invitation!

**LANDER'S**

**PINK DELIGHT**—the New, *Singing* Color that's exciting as love, itself, upon your lips! This glorious shade is the very latest creation in Dorothy Reed Lipstick. Made with Cream-Seal base so the color stays and stays. It's the rage with smart women everywhere! Jumbo size, swivel case — sensationally priced at only 25c. Insist on getting *Pink Delight* at your favorite 10c store. You'll love it!

**Dorothy Reed**

COSMETIC STYLISTS
Fifth Avenue New York
Greetings to the “Beauty Bunch.” The order of the day for all you Modern Screen-ers is this: Wanted, one smile, sunnyside up! But don’t smile at me. I’m too busy pecking out beauty news on my old typewriter. The idea is to smile at yourself. In the nearest mirror.

Like what you see? Do your teeth gleam with a four-star gleam? Let’s hope so. For that’s terrifically important. Smudged, crooked or chipped teeth send your beauty rating down, down and down. And though I shudder as I write it, there’s the matter of unpleasant breath. Let’s all face it: Unpleasant breath puts a girl in the dog house.

The Hollywood gang knows the importance of smile insurance. Dentifrice is valued above lipstick. And this could be a fairy tale . . . but I’ve heard of a starlet who broke a date with Van Johnson to keep one with the dentist. She wasn’t going to miss her six-monthly check-up and, once broken, it’s sometimes hard to make another dental appointment. The reason for all this care ties in with that old slogan of mine . . . beauty needs a healthy basis. Unblemished skin teams best with your make-up; sparkling, well rested eyes are the ones that live up to the glamor of mascara . . . and pearly teeth are the contrast needed for your rosy lipstick.

You’d like to invest in some smile insurance? Then use...
your dentifrice regularly. It can be powder, paste or a liquid. Important thing is to use your pet dentifrice at morning, night and after lunch, if at all possible. By the bye, some gals say they can understand the night and after meal workouts, but what gives with this morning business! Yes, it's true that you settled down to dreaming with newly scrubbed molars. You've eaten nothing during the night. But remember that your body doesn't go into retirement while you sleep. Waste matter is thrown off ... and this is attacked by your morning brushing. You face the day with a fresh mouth.

Each time it's used, a brush should be dry and firm as the state of Vermont. It's ideal to have two brushes and alternate them in use. When possible, hang them in a clean, airy spot rather than in a stuffy cupboard. And, please, not just a couple of licks and a promise for your brushing. Clean both uppers and lowers, inside and out. Clean about three or four teeth at a time and then move on to the next group. Hold your brush at a slant and always sweep away from the gums. Your dentist will okay this system because it helps prevent receding gums. Occasionally try brushing your tongue. It often catches tiny food particles which need to be gently scraped off. If left on the tongue, they may decay and help cause bad breath (that villain!).

At this point you're not quite ready to put the cap back on your dentifrice. Instead, take a little on your fingertips and massage your gums. Pretend you're pressing the insides and outsides together. With one finger on each side, squeeze hard and draw little circles. The friction will give your mouth a glorious feeling of exhilaration.

Dental floss is grand for scrounging out food particles that escape your brush. I like to use it for the final bedtime cleansing. Then there's no doubt about it ... the mouth is free of all excess baggage. Hold floss taut and be gentle about the whole process. You really don't want to cut your gums, only to clean your teeth!

Mouth washes, gargles and rinses help your mouth to feel the way a bunch of daisies look. Persistently unpleasant breath can result (Continued on page 71)
modern screen's fashion guide

Not a minute too soon to collect wonderful
back-to-school sport clothes. Our money's
on these—worn for you by Phyllis Thaxter

By Jean Kinkead
& Toussia Pines

Newest thing on campus: Long shorts. Topped with a bright red blazer, dark sweater, it's irresistible!

Neatest look on campus: Black shirt with a bright plaid kiltie skirt. Swell from classes to coke-dates.

Tailored look on campus: Wool gabardine slacks, man-tailored shirt, narrow leather belt. The guys will approve!
Prettiest look on campus: This tailored but feminine suit of corduroy. With a sweater, it goes seriously to class. With a sissy blouse—it's date-bait!

With two-and-a-half more months of hot, hot weather dead ahead, to look at a wool skirt or a red blazer is almost to swoon. Better drag out the smelling salts, pets, 'cause it's not a day too soon to start collecting your fall finery. Right now is the time to pick up a suit, an odd jacket, a good sweater. Right now, while the selection is wide, while you've got time to browse through the stores.

Us, we've browsed already, and we've really come up with some honeys. We want you to know that in choosing them we had you in our minds and—if you can stand some corn—in our hearts. You, our wonderful bunch of kids who are fast becoming the best-dressed gals around. There are back-to-school clothes, back-to-work clothes, clothes for a GI's bride, clothes for a busy little mom, and when we tell you that they are all from the superb fashion house of Korday, you will know that they are good clothes, beautifully designed, beautifully made. That is our lesson for this month: In sport clothes, above all, get good clothes. The very best you can afford. You won't need to replace them often, and you won't need many if you buy them wisely, matching and contrasting colors and fabrics skilfully.

Pedalpusher: For biking to market or to Math class—no hands for a country honeymoon with that beautiful ex-sergeant, we give you this colorful, irresistible trio. The good looking blazer is fire engine red piped with white. Carefully tailored, it has that casual, expensive look that is the Korday trademark. Handsomely detailed, the buttonholes and piping look positively hand-stitched. Copy the college boys and button the top two buttons, or wear it flying open to show off your smooth black shetland sweater—a short sleeved Tishu-Knit classic. The “pedal-pushers” (darling knee-length shorts that provide freedom and fun!) are all wool in a smart
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It's
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Prices:
Jacket
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$11.
Skirt
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$6.
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Vicki
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All
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Keep
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AUTOGRAFP:
Help
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64.

Sunny's Washday ABC's

"The class will come to order, please,"
Says Sunny to her scholars.
"Today we'll learn how Linot starch
Will save you time and dollars.
Now watch me, children, while I wash
And rinse and starch and press.
You'll see how cotton Linot starched,
Looks like a linen dress.

To half a cup of water, cold,
Add half a cup of Linot
And then two quarts of water, hot,
Is just enough to thin it.
Shirts and sheets and curtains, too,
When starched the Linot way,
Will iron like a summer breeze
And clean much longer stay."

LINIT LIGHTENS LAUNDRY LABOR

At all grocers
BY WORD OF MOUTH
(Continued from page 67)

from many causes (sinus trouble, for instance) and only a doctor can say which. But the average girl—that's most of us—can suffer protection by using mouth wash after every brushing. Follow directions, throw your head back and swish the mouth wash vigorously. Mouth wash will help check the kind of halitosis which originates from decomposing food particles, heavy smoking, sharp food odors and other local causes. Many dentists will tell you that nine-tenths of all offensive breath come from these sources.

Those who spend their time counting such things, say that the average man has ten decaying teeth, while the average female is one up on him with ten cavities—the sad result of "soft" living. It's not your dentifrice's job to plug up these pesky holes, so visit your dentist regularly. He can straighten teeth that are out of alignment. Over too small or crooked teeth, he can fit jackets that look like nature's own product. The better your acquaintance with the dentist, the more dazzling your smile. In fact, I'm so convinced of this that I've just taken time out to call the dentist for a Monday appointment.

Remember a while back, I talked about health? Here are some food facts. An exclusive diet of chocolate eclair and potatoes will not only blur your silhouette, it will dim your smile. What you eat is vitally important to the health and beauty of your teeth. Dishes that contain calcium, phosphorus and vitamins are wonderful in building healthy chewsers. Star these on your menu: milk, eggs, butter, cheese, green vegetables, fruits, whole grain breads and cereals.

Before saying "Goodbye" until next month (when the talk will be of smooth hands and glistening fingertips), there's one more thought I want to leave with you. When your friends say you're pretty as a picture, I hope they mean a talking picture! Don't let "dum" dam and dose fall from your pretty mouth. Drag down a dictionary to check pronunciation. Don't say mean things about friends and not expect them to travel back to their ears. Don't sass Mom, the teacher or boss—a soft answer is better than woeful wrath! Let your smile be quick and often ... you can be proud of it.

Now that I've answered all your mail from last month, I'm rolling up my sleeves to attack this month's batch. Incidentally, do try to send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Any and all queries on beauty are welcome. Write Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Yes, we're not sounding off for a finance company, and the only rate of interest we care about is your interest in MODERN SCREEN. But we thought you might crave an easy way of lining your pockets (that's five dollars' worth of lining)! It's all so simple: Just write to the I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., and tell us what happened when you met a real, live star right in the flesh! If your story is clearly written and makes us feel just as if we'd been there, we'll send you five dollars faster than you can say "MODERN SCREEN!"

New kind of ink safeguards pens 4 ways!

1. **No clogging... no gumming**

That's right—it can't gum, can't clog. It's Parker Quink containing solv-x. In solv-x, Parker scientists have discovered a means of stopping ink's most common faults. Remember, Quink is the only ink containing solv-x.

2. **Cleans pen as it writes**

No special operation needed. Just drain pen, refill with Quink, and write. Shortly the messy pen will be clean! Surprisingly, Quink costs no more than ordinary inks. The only ink containing solv-x.

3. **Dissolves, flushes away sediment**

Solv-x dissolves the sludgy, scaly deposits left by high-acid inks. Refill with Parker Quink and get "like-new" pen performance to the last drop in the bottle... because Quink is the only ink containing solv-x.

4. **Ends rubber rot, metal corrosion**

High-acid inks rot the rubber and corrode the metal parts of a fountain pen. The solv-x in Quink stops such pen troubles before they start... may save your pen from a visit to the repair shop. The only ink containing solv-x.

9 BRILLIANT COLORS... ALL FREE-FLOWING, FAST-DRYING.

Good for all makes of pens—steel pens, too. Regular size, 25c. School size, 15c. Also in pints and quarts.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

(Continued on next page)

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!
to be a lawyer because of his breezy talk and fast mind. But he also sang wherever he went and after athletics, what fascinated him most was the early jazz music he heard on the Victrola.

Around Spokane Bing gained an early rep with the Musicaladers, a pick-up band of jazz-happy kids like himself. When it broke up, Al Rinker and Bing worked up a duo singing act and finally left Gonzaga and Spokane to follow their hearts—and the trail led south to Hollywood. Their snappy, jazzy hot-luck tunes booked them right away on stage show tours of California movie houses, which turned into larks and binges strewn with wild oats. But even folly couldn’t stymie Bing Crosby’s date with fate. Paul Whiteman, his boyhood idol, asked their “Two Boys and a Piano” act to play at a small San Francisco theater and again in Los Angeles. He asked them to travel East to New York with his band as a novelty act. Bing and Al didn’t believe their luck. New York! The Big Time! Broadway! Bing wrote the big news to his folks back home in Spokane. “I’m going to settle down and make good now,” he promised. But his pearly teeth were just clicking. He would make good, all right, with his razz-ma-tazz tunes because he was Bing Crosby and he couldn’t help it. But he wouldn’t settle down and sober up and beam his golden gift of song on the world—not yet. Bing was in his early twenties when he left the Coast for the East, but he still had a lot of growing up to do before he became the Bing Crosby that the world knows today and loves.

To Continue—

A few months ago Paul Whiteman wanted to book the Rhythm Boys on his Radio Hall of Fame anniversary show, just as they’d been back in the 1920’s when he was the King of Jazz. He reminded up Al Rinker and Harry Barris, who happened to be in Manhattan at the time. Bing Crosby flew from Hollywood to New York. They met in a Radio City rehearsal studio, with the rest of the show. Close to twenty years had slipped by since the trio huddled around the little piano and shouted out their rhythms. Plenty had happened to all three of them since then—particularly Bing.

“Boys,” said “Fatha” Whiteman cautiously. “Think you can work up something a little like you used to beat out? You’ll have a day or two to rehearse.”

Bing tipped back his hat and frowned indignantly. “What do you mean, a little like—why not the same act?”

“Rehearse?” put in Al Rinker. “Why rehearse?”

“Got a piano?” Harry Barris asked. They rolled one out. Bing borrowed a cymbal and stick from the drummer. Harry twirled up the stool and Bing and Al leaned on the upright. “Let’s go,” said Bing. “Uh-one—uh-two”!

They leaped into “Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue.” Nobody fuzzed a break or a harmony run. They looped, slapped and panned through “The Bluebirds and the Blackbirds.” Still not a ragged riff. They wound up with their own wowing masterpiece, “Mississippi Mud.” It was in the groove, all the way down to the last steamy, expiring, “P-o-s-s-s-s-h-h-h-h-h-h!”

In spite of Bing’s notoriously sketchy memory it would be hard for one of Paul Whiteman’s Rhythm Boys to forget a line of those ancient senders, for before the Rhythm Boys were born, it was just “Crosby and Rinker” introduced by Mae-
 stro Paul as "a couple of kids I picked up in a Walla Walla ice cream parlor." Paul used Walla Walla instead of Spokane because it sounded funnier. Bing and Al drew $150 a week apiece. They opened with Whiteman at the Tivoli Theater on the South Side of Chicago in snappy blue jackets with shiny brass buttons, cream flannels and, of course, bow ties. Bing put slickum on his corn colored hair and stage makeup. He was pretty cute.

Opening night he and Al dummyed in the band, Al strumming a guitar without any strings and Bing pretending to puff into a huge tuba horn. When their cue came, they hopped up and over to a tiny white piano, center stage, and went right into their songs. Chicago jazz hounds yelled and whistled. They loved it.

It was the same in Cleveland and Detroit. In St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis—wherever Paul Whiteman took them on his Midwest tour on his way back East. Bing penned his triumphs back home. The idea was "look out Broadway!"

Bing was cocky that opening night at Broadway's Paramount Theater. He's been forgetting he was just a rustic kid from the raw West. The applause had made him think he was some punkins. He forgot that all along Pops Whiteman had been easing him in as a curbstone cowboy from Walla Walla, wisely softening up the audience to get ready for a laugh. Bing and Rinker weren't music—not then. They were comedy—actually a double burlesque of juvenile jazz.

As usual, Bing and Al gave the big event little mind. They'd hauled freight into New York four days before the show opened and, true to form, had spent those four days—and the four nights as well—seeing the big town. They tried and see how many speakeasies they could cross and how many Harlem hot spots they could close.

 flop in new york . . .

The Paramount was crammed to the eaves for Whiteman's opening. The crowd loved the King of Jazz. But New York's the Big League of show business and a tough audience with a stubborn "show me" complex built for a Missouri mule.

So when "Pops" pulled his Walla Walla line and the Big Noise from Spokane pranced up to their places in the trick blue spotlights and their trick blue outfits, there was a dead, expectant silence.

When they finished their act there was the same silence broken, maybe by a trickle of weak applause. Both were stunned. They didn't get it.

After 3 shows they caught on—Broadway just wasn't having any of Walla Walla. After the last show, Father Whiteman beckoned them into his dressing room.

"Oh, oh," said Bing, "back to the pickle works!"

It wasn't quite that bad. Crosby and Rinker were yanked off the bill, but they weren't rubbed out of Paul Whiteman's book. "It's a funny town," he soothed them. "But you'll crack it yet. Stick around and work for me in the night club. I think you'll go to town there."

The Whiteman Club opened a month from Bing's Paramount pink slip parting. Park Avenue was there, along with Broadway, Every Manhattan big shot, including Jimmy Walker, showed up the opening night because Paul White- man was a New York institution—but again, it was no go—Bing and Al got over like a load of wet coal. Pops Whiteman had to confess he was mistaken. Something had to be done. And something was. Paul Whiteman was the doctor.

He and a few people who'd heard Bing sing on records. Bing wasn't even listed

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**New! Pond's Make-up Pat**

**Glowing, unstagy water color make-up delights Society Beauties**

New double-formula discovery gives Make-up Pat foolproof flattery in Every Shade!

So easy to be your own make-up artist with Pond's new Make-up Pat! Lovely "water color" shades wash with enchanted evenness over your skin. And every shade flatters!

Because Make-up Pat has a double formula. The lighter shades are in a featherweight formula—to go on sheer, unchalky. The darker shades have a richer formula for rosy glow.

No other cake make-up that we know of has this newly discovered "fit" of shade and formula. That's why we think you'll like Pond's Make-up Pat better than any make-up you've ever tried. 6 grand shades—69¢, 39¢, plus tax.

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**"Pond's blonde shades are soft and natural as can be!"**

Mrs. Wm. Rhinelander Stewart

---

**"I love the unstaging way it gives my skin smooth, glowing color!"**

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

---

**"Camouflage!"**

Little blemishes, freckles, large pores. Without heavy, "coat" your face!

**Dry Shave!**

A shiny face—gives a fresh, velvet, just-made-up look that lasts and lasts!

**Water Colors!**

Your skin with a clear, soft, natural tone.

---

**Wear it every day—it protects your skin!**

Just smooth on Make-up Pat with damp-to-wet sponge or cotton. Let dry. Blend smooth. It acts as a "buffer" against outside dirt and weather!
on the platters but in a couple of spots on Whiteman disks, Bing's voice had caused early Victrola addicts to sit up and listen. That was one good reason why Paul refused to hand Bing and Al the sack. Instead he had a suggestion. There was a red hot little ball of fire over at George Oleson's club who was hotter than a two-dollar cornet. "His name's Harry Barris," said Paul, "and I think he's just what you kids need to make yourselves a terrific trio."

the rhythm boys...

That's how Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys were born. Harry Barris moved on to Al Rinker's piano stool and Al stood up to sing with Bing. Harry was as startling as a jumping jack, with a composer's sense of melody and harmony. (Later he composed some of Bing's most popular croons. "It Must Be True" and "I Surrender Dear.") The three stopped turning off the lights up in Harlem and spent their days brainstorming new routines in Bing and Al's New York nest at the Whitney apartments. They started relaying each other into solos and it was funny how many got tossed Bing's way. They showed up featured on the night club show again and this time it was a different story.

The breaks came fast after that. Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys got to be a feature on all Whiteman recordings. When the band made its first coast-to-coast broadcast, it was Bing who featured a sextet singing "Green Day." Paul led the boys behind when he sailed for London—it was a bitter blow—but carry Paul knew their slam-bang rhythms weren't tailored for Mayfair. But left at home, the Rhythm Boys made plenty of hay on their own. They cut records and the Keith vaudeville circuit snapped them right up for a stage tour. Twelve hundred a week for the trio—that was 400 smackers every Saturday. That sounded wonderful when Bing wrote the good news home. But it wasn't good for Bing—it was bad. He was back on the road, and as usual his big blue eyes were sparkling with that old playboy glint. The tour turned into a protracted binge.

scarlet youth...

Maybe one reason why Bing is such a model of sobriety today is because he cut the string off the bag of oats in his reckless youth. As they barged un-restrained through the East, Midwest and South, Bing collected parties like a dog collects fles. Country dances and keep the guys in a sleepless state and adoring lovelies clustered around them like bees around honey. In Akron, Ohio, Bing had his first narrow brush with romance. He fell for a streamlined blonde who liked the same things he did. When it came time for Bing to move on, she had other ideas. She thought Bing a Bing Crosby was a sound idea and she put it up to Bing flatly. Her dad was a millionaire and she was papa's only beloved child. How about it? That night he left the hotel by the back entrance and met Harry and Al on the train.

Bing still liked his gin and the nights were filled with wassail. But that wasn't the main trouble. Bing wouldn't take time out for work. He wanted to play—even on the stage, right in the shows. His old Spokane faculty of wise cracking, joking and clowning around crept into the act until half the time the Rhythm Boys were cracking bad jokes instead of singing. That went over great in slap-happy college towns, but in the bigger cities like Toledo, Ohio, for instance, the manager complained.

Other flacs crept up inevitably. They got their signals mixed in Cincinnati and
Bricked the wrong train to the wrong town, thus missing the bill, the cardinal sin on the three-a-day circuit. They lost their stage props in Indianapolis. In Omaha, Bing got involved in a hotel room crap session and dropped not only all the money in his wallet but a few hundred he'd borrowed. He couldn't ransom his luggage and the Rhythm Boys went on stage in Jersey City, their last stop on the way back to New York, in the rumpled wardrobe they had on—sweaters, knickers and corduroy pants. That close to Manhattan they knew the squawks would get to Fatha Whiteman pronto by telephone. Bing and Al and Harry crept into Paul's office the next week, expecting to get the truth act read for them for pecadilloes.

"Come in here, you guys," beckoned Whiteman curtly. "I want to talk to you.

"Well," sighed Bing to Al, "it's a nice climate out in Spokane, anyway."

But if Paul Whiteman knew anything about their whing-ding, he never let on. What he said was, "How'd you like to go to Hollywood and make a picture?"

"Are we still on salary?" blurted Bing, his sins burdening his guilty conscience.

"Sure.

Bing felt natural again. He might have known that Bing Crosby couldn't miss.

All he asked was, "When do we start?"

The Old Gold—Paul Whiteman special train pulled out of New York within the week with the Rhythm Boys aboard. Bing had just come in off a tour and so he wasn't impressed, but when they finally hit Hollywood he had to admit he was a complete green pea, even though he'd got his show business start out there. He'd never faced a camera himself.

The picture "The King of Jazz" was to be a musical extravaganza in color and sound, glorifying Paul Whiteman and American jazz. It would cost Universal Studios millions. The whole band was raring to be movie stars but they didn't know the mysterious ways of Hollywood production. "The King of Jazz" had everything—except a story. They, too, would go through the routine—wait and wait.

That didn't bother Bing and the boys. On salary and flush, they rented a big nineteen-room bungalow in Hollywood and Bing, Al, Harry and Eddie Lang, the guitarist, moved in with an appropriate liquid housewarming. "The fraternity house," they called it. Hep guys and hep gals whipped in and out, parties went on at all hours, and usually over in a corner somewhere somebody was running through a tune.

The spring and summer frizzled by as the marathon script for "The King of Jazz" wrote and rewrote on and on. The boys had to show up at the studio every morning but usually, outside of a few tests and recordings, there was nothing to do when they got there. Bing turned to golf in the daytime, went head over heels for deep sea fishing, chasing across the channel to Catalina every time he got the chance.

But the Rhythm Boys were luckier than the rest of Paul Whiteman's band. They got a chance to keep their hand in with a job at a local Montmartre Cafe and Bing hadn't worked there a week before MGM asked him out for tests to make short subjects. As usual, all Bing had to do was keep out of trouble and the road was open. But keeping out of trouble, in those days, was not his specialty.

The first scramble was a bar friendship in a Hollywood speakeasy that messed him up with a gang of underworld bootleggers and landed him, dizzy with drink, in their hideout, where a battle with the cops rubbed out Bing's alcoholic pal and trapped him in the inevitable John Law raid that followed. Luckily, they let Bing go. But the next time was different.

"The King of Jazz" was in production at last and Bing learned of his lucky break. Besides the seat number that the Rhythm Boys were slated for, "The Bluebirds and the Blackbirds," Paul had picked Bing for a lavish solo song number, "The Song of the Dawn." The news came to Bing after the first week of shooting was over, and to celebrate that there was a studio party—a tragic one for Bing, as it turned out.

and into the cooler . . .

The old Tom Mix lodge on the Universal lot had been fixed up into a clubhouse for Paul Whiteman's band. It was a spacious mountain cabin on the back lot, ideal for a whing-ding, and this night it was jumping. The orchestra rocked and rolled, beer flowed like water and bartenders passed out prohibition highballs as fast as they could mix them. Along with the rest Bing sang himself hoarse and drank himself happy. It broke up in the wee hours and Bing rolled his flivver over Cahuenga Pass taking a young movie cutie home to the Roosevelt Hotel before he rolled on to the fraternity house.

They idled along Hollywood Boulevard lazily singing and cracking jokes, and then, just as Bing made a turn to draw up at the hotel door—Bang!

Bing caught his breath and shot over the windshield and he picked himself up a second later out of the street. The flivver looked like an accordion. He knew he'd been smashed by a garbage truck but that wasn't bothering him then. He felt himself. He was bunged up but not hurt. The girl, though, was out like a light. Bing carried her into the hotel, called a doctor and then came back out to the wreck. The cops were there and they sniffed his breath.

"Uh-huh," they said, "come along."

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Bing spent the night in the pokey. Next morning, a few lawyers unloaded him out. The accident wasn’t his fault and he wasn’t too hot and bothered, although the fellow who’d smacked him was from out of town and had the lawyer’s name on him. Bing walked off. Bing is one of those that takes up to a few days. Charge, reckless driving. They advised Bing to plead guilty, pay his small fine and charge it up to experience. Bing did. That is, he pleaded guilty and looked over his record.

"Drinking—eh?" he frowned. Bing was breezy as usual. He sported baggy knickers, plaid golf socks, a jazzy bow tie and a big cigar in a holder. He lounged before the bar of justice lazily.

"Sure."

"Ever hear of the 18th Amendment and Prohibition?"

"Seems I have—somewhere," grinned Bing. Nobody grinned back.

Thirty days ought to refresh your memory.

Bing couldn’t stop talking. "Judge, I won’t need that long," he cracked.

"Lock him up, said the West Coast Solokoff. "He’s a jailbird in jail."

At the studio they wondered why Bing didn’t show up to rehearse his big number, "Song of the Dawn." Ev worried too. He traced Bing down to the court and there was the big band head crooner Bing walking in his cell. "Hey," he said peevishly to Ev, "get me out of here.

Ev did his best. So did Paul Whiteman and Red Nichols—everybody—but it was no go. The judge was a stern character and he just didn’t approve of tight young men. Bing’s jailhouse job was slinging hot dogs, playing the keyboard and sitting in the electric chair with the Judge. Bing didn’t call him the singing waiter! Bing served out his sentence. After twenty days, the judge relented enough to let him go. But Bing still had to look under escort of a uniform cop. But Bing knew before he asked that his big solo chance in "Song of the Dawn" number had been taken over. He wasn’t going to whine behind bars. Pops Whiteman confirmed it. "John Boles is doing that now," he said curtly.

But Bing got out. Bing was let down but not downhearted. He worked all day and then rode back to jail with his keeper. "Hell," he told himself, "I’d probably have loused up the number anyway. John Boles is doing a swell job." Bing had no illusions about another Valentino then. In fact, they were brutally frank with him about his photos—generally postcards of the first time he tried. That was several weeks after "The King of Jazz" was safely in the can, reviewed, and on its way to an uncertain fate. Bing calmly went on with their own. They were in love with the old act with Al and Harry in the "Blue Birds and Blackbirds" number, on and off camera before you could say "Paul Whiteman’s Rhythm Boys."
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trouble. As usual, it stemmed from Bing's incurable Playboy habits. The Grove closed Sundays. Saturday nights Bing sometimes listened to the siren song of Agua Caliente, its no-Prohibition bar and its spinning roulette wheels. One week end, with a gay party, he barged off to Mexico and the Casino. He started out lucky but pretty soon he'd he'd have to marry Dixie vanished. Desperately, Bing tried to get it back. He lost the rest—and more. He forgot about time and the next thing he knew it was Monday night and he was a long stretch away from the bandstand at the Cocoanut Grove. He didn't show up until Tuesday night and the management was hopping mad. He got docked a week's salary for playing hookey. That made him sore.

Too soon afterwards he repeated the week-end story at Black Springs and this time three days rolled by before Bing could forget his fun. He got docked more severely. He burned up. He took to nipping on that kind of bad. For the first time in his life he started gloom- ing around with his head in a sack of woes. The only thing that seemed to make sense to him was Dixie.

He called her up and did a little crying on her shoulder. He was busted and in hot water with his job. A fine time to propose, he said, but Dixie wasn't listening to anything. "What difference does it make?," she pointed out. "We love each other, don't we?" So the next day at the Blessed Sacrament Church on Sun- set Boulevard, Bing slipped the gold ring into the act of his life. The Rhythm Boys were there, Al and Harry, and of course brother Ev and his wife.

Dixie's friend, Sue Carol, provided the honeymoon touch. She moved out of her big house up in the Los Feliz section of Hollywood (where she lives today with her husband, Alan Ladd) and turned herself over to the honeymooners. In other respects, it was a funny honeymoon. Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. And no kidding. They all turned up for Bing in the next few days. He got signed to his new job making crooning shorts for Mack Sennett, $750 per copy, for a series of five, life was swell. Pictures. He was also out of the Cocoanut Grove. All the bad feeling exploded there one day and the Rhythm Boys, to a man—Bing, Harry and Al—walked out on their jobs. Maybe they just beat the Grove to the punch, before they got fired. Anyway, that was fin, washed up, kaput. The musicians union was blacklisted them for jumping their job. Bing had his movie contract to keep him warm. Al and Harry drifted off to greener fields of music. At last, it was Bing Crosby on his own—but not alone. He had Dixie. When the old gang suggested a bender Bing took to grin- ning and yanking his thumb Dixie's way, "Can't," he'd say, "I got a keeper now."

Bing had another keeper besides Dixie. More and more his brother Everett was busying himself with Bing's affairs. The business was to make him Bing's official manager from then on was clicking away in Ev's brain. He had more faith in Bing's greatness than Bing himself, and he wasn't backward about telling the world. He packed up the two best Crosby records, "It Must Be True" and "I Surrender, Dear" and shipped them both to New York broadcast- ing home offices, NABC and Columbia. He said, not a bit bashfully, that Bing could be persuaded to sing on a coast-to-coast hook-up.

When the replies came back, "Bring him here for an audition," Ev hurried with the good news to Bing, on the set at Mack Sennett's. "Go 'way, Boy," he told Ev, "you bother me.

But the Sennett shorts were winding up and Dixie was on studio layoff. She didn't have much trouble talking him into having a go at it. They made it a family trip to California. They stayed at their home, the Grove, the town, and dropped off the wagon at speakeasies, and when he sang for the radio chain, they hired him with his guitar-playing pal, Eddie Lang, accompanying, he was in, à la Crosby, with no trouble at all. Ev took the best offer and Columbia signed Bing for a national sustaining spot—$900 a week. When Ev got the good news he chased around over to the hotel and found Bing sitting around in wet clothes, eating ice cream. They celebrated, the whole crew. But Bing should have stood in bed. Not until the day before the big broadcast did he notice anything. Then, running through a number, his voice cracked on him. He tried again but this time it wouldn't even warble. They called in a doctor. He took a look at Bing's throat. "If m-m-m-m," he said, "you say, you're not singing tomorrow?"

"Sure, wheezed Bing. "You're going to stay in bed tomorrow," said the doctor, "and keep your mouth closed. Maybe your vocal chords are caught cold at the same time." Bing thought of the air-chilled rehearsal rooms and the way he'd been yelling in the rainrooms during the wet golf course.

**lucky jinx . . .**

"That's out," he croaked. He explained what he meant to him: Just how much was his whole future, that's all. The doctor shrugged.

"Impossible," he said, "you've already got little bumps on your vocal chords, scars, blisters—if you strain them in this condition they'll stay there and you might lose your voice for keeps."

Then, as Bing tried to sing again. He still sounded like a frog with asthma. He and Ev walked glumly back to the hotel. Bing went to his room. After a couple of minutes a disturbing hunch. He knocked on Bing's door—no answer. The door was unlocked, he walked in. There was a note on the table. "Yours truly—Bing," Bing had written. "I've given it the works and I guess it's no go." Ev still has that note. Whenever Bing gets out of line he reads it to him.

Ev had spine-chilling visions of Bing drowning his woes in drink, as the gang sat around the hotel gloomily. Along about evening in walked Bing, who was looking merrily, soberly as a judge. He'd been walking around New York, having a battle with himself. Nobody said anything. At last one of the doctors don't know much, do they? Besides, I've already wired home about the show and what'll they say? If I yellow out on 'em? You didn't expect that, did you?"

"No," said Everett.

Next day Bing felt better but his voice was still crackly. Freddie Rich and the orchestra stopped when he showed up at the studio. He babied his voice, running through the numbers for tuning as the Columbia eyebrows shot up like a tag. They'd hear about it. Ever- yone they'd heard three days ago? Back of the glass Ev, Dixie and Naomi held their breaths. The red light flashed.

The Rhythm Boys crooning and whistling his melodies out just as easily as if he'd stepped up to the stage at the Cocoanut Grove with a couple of shots under his belt, only this time he had only a cold to keep him warm. Maybe his tone was husky but if it was that all was well. Typically Bing, everything that happened happened for the best. The nodes never went away, as the doctor predicted. They're still hanging around on Bing.
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LOVELY LANA TURNER
starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF"
Crosby's larynx, but they've only added a husky, resonant tone to his rich voice. How does Bing miss?

Bing on the air waves was the Coconaut Grove success story all over again, on a nation-wide scale. He couldn't miss it. With his familiar, ingratiating up-with-the-Sinatra swoon madness. It was more solid for by now Bing had graduated from his wild Rhythm Boy hot jazz way of singing numerals. He would stuff a lot of stuff he had to sing sweet and deeper, and the individual way of his Boo-boo's and informal whistling sent him out just as if he were leaning over the piano in your own parlor and singing to you. "Say anything," he said, "I'll fasten onto him like a tick. When his sustaining program turned into a sponsored show for Creme Cigars, Bing picked up a tune the sheet music was malarially written, "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day" and started using it as his theme song. As far as he knew, a New York radio company had composed it before him—that and nothing else.

Hollywood hadn't made marriage with radio yet. Sunset and Vine was still just a group of two blocks below Hollywood Boulevard and that's all. The movies were doing their best, in fact, to ignore radio stars. But it was a losing battle. Paramount promptly recognized the new and potent personality of the air, "The Big Broadcast of 1922." One day Ev came with the news as Bing was rehearsing a new number in his show. They were preparing to record the picture. He stopped in the middle of a bar. "Okay," he said, then finished the tune. "I guess I can work it in." Bing had heard such a just-in by Gene Burns and Gracie Allen, Kate Smith, the Mills Brothers, Boswell Sisters, Arthur Tracy, Cab Calloway, Vincent Lopez, all were making pictures at Columbia in New York, shipped to Hollywood to piece together a picture. Bing thought it meant a day's work for him in a New York studio. "I'd like to be nice getting back to California," said Ev.

"What do you mean 'California'?"

"You're in the story," Ev explained. "You and Burns and Allen are in the script. We're doing a picture for Paramount.

"You mean I've got to act?" Bing exploded. "Why, that would be a plain case of defrauding the public."

That was the way Bing felt about becoming a movie star, and basically Bing's attitude hasn't changed much. When, half way through "The Big Broadcast," Paramount finally told Bing, "You and Burns and Allen to long-term movie contracts, Bing made them write it out in black and white that he'd never be starred in Bing Crosby's, for a long time, too, even after he'd become one of the biggest box office kings since Rudy Valentino, he stuck to that claim.

The day Ev gave the set he walked up to Frank Tuttle (the director who made Alan Ladd a star years later in "This Gun For Hire"). "Look," said Bing, "I don't know anything about acting. Just sing a little.

"Then don't act," said Tuttle. "Just be yourself, Be Bing Crosby." Bing cottoned on to that advice in "The Big Broadcast" and stuck to it.

Stuart Erwin and Leila Hyams were the stars in "The Big Broadcast." Bing walked nonchalantly through the story and sang "Pineapple Green." (Or Maybe, Bob's confused,-two of his biggest song hits still. Over his protests, he also had his ear pinned back with tape to make him beautiful. At one point, known when the disgusted gang around Paramount were saying, "Hollywood wouldn't have made a scarlet red. Because the idea of casting Bing Crosby, a lowly Choo-boo-boo radio crooner, to act, shocked everyone

in the studio. "Good Lord—if they had to have a crooner," complained the scoffers, "why didn't they get somebody with something—like Russ Vallee or Russ Colombo? But this guy Crosby?"

It was their turn to take on a crimson complexion when "The Big Broadcast" smashed to a hit all over the land—the only way Bing Crosby could miss. He would be to throw rocks at the camera. Not did Bing Crosby's voice thinning, he kept singing from Hollywood all the time he made his picture, then back to New York to carry on, this time for Chester Nile. He sang there, and was back in night clubs on featured evenings. He made personal appearances at the Paramount Theater on Broadway and smashed the house the same way. He left a musical kidding campus cutups, was ready for Bing when he got back to Hollywood. Bing crooned "Down the Old Ox Road" and the young stars couldn't stand it. Suddenly, in the crooning field there just wasn't any competition at all. Bing was like young Alexander the Great of Macedonia. He wasn't thirty—but there weren't any more worlds for him to conquer.

Bing still refused to star. But that didn't keep him from picking some of the best stars in the business—Scandals or as Bing preferred to put it—he was their leading man. The gals were always the official stars but they didn't kid themselves. Bing was the one who packed them in. And it was Bing Crosby who, after only one year in pictures, showed up on the First Ten in the annual box office charts—along with old standbys like Will Rogers, Mae West, Wally Beery, Mary Dressler.

hates to watch the birdie...

Bing is the same about people who worship audiences. But from the start Bing was not impressed. From the start photographers had to pester him even to have his face photographed. The gallery expert at Paramount, John Engesedt, wrote a famous column in those days, "I, Bing Crosby," it read, "promise to sit for pictures once a month in consideration of one bottle of Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky." It was just the Bing. He hated publicity. He said, "I'm no glamour boy. I'm not even a star, and just started with his mouth closed. He hated publicity. He was a star, a personality, a celebrity. After "College Humor," Bing incorporated himself and started the Crosby family organization which efficiently runs his affairs now. For three story Crosby Building on the Sunset Boulevard strip. Ev managed Bing and added clients to form a big agency business. Bing's voices from the States. He spent advertising job and took over Bing's publicity and promotion. Harry, Senior, and Kate Crosby moved to Southern California and Bing and Kate moved into the favorite section, the San Fernando Valley (they still live there.) Pop Crosby's account executive got busy on Bing Crosby and the years went on. Ted rounded out the family corporation, leaving his job in northern California and taking over the running of Bing's defense plants. Since then, rockers, Catherine and Mary Rose, are the other members of a group who aren't a part of Bing Crosby's great success today. They're both married to non-stars—just married and live in northern California. Of course, baby brother Bob's in the service.

In this way, Bing has escaped what he loathes to watch the birdie—trouble, fuss, bother, worship. The taped book for one instance. In "Here Is My Heart" a new makeup man came on the picture. He forgot to glue back Bing's ear and the director was so busy with his work that he didn't notice until eight shooting days had passed. Then one day he noticed, clapped his hand to his brow, and cried, "What the hell—are your ears loose—get them in place!"

Bing calmly puffed his pipe. "Too late now," he said. "Unless you want to shoot those—just do it." He added, "from now on it's never again." It was, too. Bing has been as the Lord made him in the ear department ever since. He has enough trouble running it. He's been known to wear cornsilk for years but he still calls the toupe "Crosby's Curse," and sets the minute he's away from a camera. For a long time he was afraid an audience shows because Bing actually hated the sound of applause. It made him feel like he was fooling somebody into thinking he was a star. How he hates that word "star."

at ease...

Bing never has lived like one. Bing and Dixie rented a little house near Sue Carol's when they came back to Hollywood for "College Humor." But out in the San Fernando Valley was the Lakeside Country Club where Bing found his real after-hour fun slipping the golf pillow around with the golfers. He'd dress up as Johnny Weissmuller and the boys (while Bob Hope came along.) He decided he ought to live handy to the course, so he staked a five-room house in Toluca Lake where he lived until it burned down last year. Bing and Dixie's boys began coming along before they got into the new house, but their first, Gary, was named after Gary Cooper, who was always a good Paramount Pal of Bing's was christened—along with Dick Arlen's boy Rickie—right after they moved to Toluca Lake.

Dixie had abandoned her screen movie career temporarily to become Mrs. Crosby and for keeps when the twins came along. Afterwards, she was billed as picture at Paramount, a thing called "Love In Paradise." They didn't talk about that one and "Redheads on Parade" was her last acting effort.

Dixie's greatest production was the twins, Phillip and Dennis, first twins ever born to a big Hollywood star and another record for the incredible Bing. Even when it comes to family he couldn't miss!

popularzer...

Bing took a vacation trip to Hawaii with Dixie. He came back with those lurid Kanaka beachboy shirts and an idea for a picture. The shirts—well after all, there was the movie "Pineapple Green," inspired by the dreamy music of Harry Owens at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel where the Crosbys stopped—turned into "Waikiki Wedding" and who can't hum the tunes "Sweet Leilani" and "Blue Hawaii?"

And when Bing took a flyer away from Paramount to put his own money into a picture, "Rutabaga," up came "Pineapple From Heaven" and one of Bing's greatest hits.

When he teamed up with Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope in those jungle movie, and the Road to This-And-That—well, it all got to be a lot of stars and Bob's cracks that kept Paramount out of the red for months and months. But as he stepped sirly up the ladder of success he got to be, with his different finger from his pals of dimmer days. Somehow he managed to work a lot of them into his good luck. Harry Barris has worked in every one of Jimmy Grier arranged Bing's early Woodbury programs and Jimmy Dorsey, another pal of the Whiteman days, supplied the band for the Kraft Music Hall show. As the pictures rolled by, unknowns who played with Bing became stars—Donald O'Connor got his first break in "Sing You Sinners" and Marjorie Reynolds bloomed.
from "Holiday Inn" to the Paramount star list. Bing had the magic touch not only for himself but for everyone else.

Bing's Road to Maturity as a great Hollywood star also found him growing up at last himself. He discovered that what people liked him to sing were sentimental, tender and melodious ballads. From then on his biggest hits have been sentimental tunes like "White Christmas," where Bing's untrained but naturally perfect voice, has its fullest play. His greatest selling record is the religious double, "Adesie Fideles" and "Silent Night." And in his personal life he changed from the irresponsible Hell-busting Bing who never harbored a serious thought in his head to one of Hollywood's most solid citizens.

But as he became more and more of a family man, his extra steam found its outlet in another major love of his life—sport. Bing took up golf again seriously. He qualified for the National Amateur and three times copped the Lakeside championship cup. The horse fever that seized the Hollywood big shots when the Santa Anita race-track opened found a ready victim in Bing Crosby. Bing went for a stable of bangtails. His racing silks were blue-and-gold after his first radio theme song. He hired a high priced trainer (an old Spokane boy) and bought an ancient Spanish ranch near San Diego at Rancho Santa Fe to breed and train his gee-gees. From two ancient adobe ruins, Bing created a beautiful country home and launched his campaign in the sport of kings. On his Paramount sets he glued himself to a telephone between takes as his horses galloped in the local races. He rolled out of bed before dawn to pace and clock his thoroughbreds at Santa Anita.

And, while the tardiness of Bing Crosby's naps has been a running joke for years and years—actually Bing didn't do so bad. How could a Crosby really flop at anything? His horses came through at the wire oftener than people realized. "Flight On" once paid 100-to-one and "Ligaretti," his best racer, collected some very sizable money stakes around West Coast and Eastern tracks. A Crosby dream came true, when, with Pat O'Brien and other Hollywood horse lovers, he built Del Mar, his own track, now converted to a big defense factory.

Bing remained a rabid football fan, supported West Coast baseball and had his left hand on the promotion of all of Hollywood's big sports developments. He kept up his early love for ocean fishing and before war struck, planned to buy a boat and cruise the far corners of the seven seas. His motto about people became, "Everybody's okay with me until he proves himself a wrong guy." Potential rivals coming along turned into buddies—Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra. Bing's calm, even ability to dupe any symptoms of a swelled head made it this way. He never patronized anyone in his life. He recognized Bob and Frankie as terrific personalities and gave them their due. When war came and Bing turned over the efforts of his Crosby Corporation to entertaining Army camp Gls he told his brother, Larry, who planned the programs, "Listen now, nothing but the best for these guys. They're not dopes. They're plenty hep." On his GI entertainment tour of the European war front, Bing added millions of fighting sons of Uncle Sam to his list of friends by the same great, natural way he has of easy, unassuming friendship. Once a pompous public relations officer introduced him as "Bing Crosby, the great Hollywood star" and Bing got so mad he could have smacked him. He quickly corrected that with the Gls. "Nuts to that star stuff," he said, "I'm just Bing Crosby. Hello guys!"

Next to his heart warming, unforgettable moments as "Der Bingle" abroad, the experience closest to Bing's heart is playing

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a Catholic priest in "Going My Way." What got to Bing's ticker was the chance to do something for the religious faith and its institutions which have done so much for him. Besides starting him out with his basic faith and values of life, the Jesuits at Gonzaga had long before conferred the degree, Doctor of Music, on Bing, an honor which he accepted as humbly and gratefully as any that have come his way.

It is typically Crosby that Bing got to see "Going My Way" only a few days before Hollywood decorated him with its greatest honor—an Oscar. He was going to see it with Dixie at the preview but shots and other preparations for the European tour interfered—and they came first. By the time he got back to Hollywood, "Going My Way" had played Los Angeles and was off the marquee.

It finally got back on the screens at neighborhood theaters and one day Bing and Dixie hopped in the car and drove over to Glendale to catch it.

Naturally, a line was stretched down the sidewalk, so Bing hunched his coat up on his neck, yanked his hat over his eyes and stood in line with the rest for tickets. He almost made it unrecognized. But up near the box office a kid spied him.

"Coosh," he screamed. "It's Bing—it's Bing Crosby himself!"

There was a small riot and Bing was buffeted back and forth signing autographs. His hat came off, his pipe went flying.

"Hey," yelled Bing at last, "take it easy! Take it easy!"

In moments of stress you usually hear Bing Crosby shout out that phrase. When the kids act up around the house. When a Hollywood producer blows his top. When the orchestra can't get on the beam with a new tune. When a million people with a million axes to grind catch up with him. Whenever Bob Hope has his dormire in a golf match and starts rubbing it in.

"Take it easy."

The old Grounder is not one to toss philosophic gems around on his path through life. Bing sends out a song and lets it go at that. But if you pressed him for advice to the young sprouts coming along and the three word phrase of what has made for success and happiness in his forty-some years on earth, he'd probably hunt a long time before he could top that simple advice, "Take it easy."

Because, going his way, he knows that it works—especially if you're Bing Crosby.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My sister and I once decided to slip into a cinema, and capture Cornet Wilde's autograph while he was in town. After waiting in do in front of the St. Regis for about two hours, we were bearing over freshley written autographs of Shirley Temple, Joan Fontaine, and Janet Gaynor, but no cornel Wilde. Disappointed, Anne and I wandered to the "Fun with Dunn" show, but the doorman would not let us go in without a ticket. Very much concerned, we sat on the running board of a car, and who do you think was inside? Cornel Wilde! After hearing our story, he took us inside and caught with him during the entire program. Afterwards he gave us copies of the script, pictures, and passes to his latest picture, "A Song to Remember." Now you can see why I am "wild about Wilde."

Sunny Rosen

New York, N. Y.
"I won't do it," she said. "Maybe I'm not an actress, but neither am I a blankety piece of cheesecake—"

So far it's a draw, but the studios don't sit so pretty as they used to sit before the De Havilland case. Now all time out for suspension comes off the contract.

Take Humphrey Bogart (with Baby Bacall's permission). Bogey was such a sensation in "High Sierra" that Warners signed him to a new 7-year deal without options. Eager to cash in on a winner, they stuck out the other hand—with a lemon in it.

"Uh-uh," drawled Bogey. "Go ahead, suspend me. I can live on my boat for nothing—"

And there he stayed till they added something new to his contract—a clause giving him approval over stories.

But I think Bob Cummings' fight was the most exciting. His was the first Hollywood contract broken by an actor. His brother Oscar's a lawyer, and they did it between them. "Let's test democracy," they said. "Let's see if the little guy can beat a corporation."

Bob hadn't done much at Universal. Joe Pasternak was all for him, but others were against him. In fact, I've heard that the row over Bob was one of Pasternak's many reasons for quitting the studio. Be that as it may, all the good Cummings pictures were done off the lot—"King's Row," "Princess O'Rourke," "Devil and Miss Jones." After that he went home to what looked like a prodigal's welcome.

"We've got a great picture for you, kid. This story was originally bought for Cary Grant and Roz Russell. They can't do it, so it's yours. With a sensational cast: Teresa Wright, Coburn, Francis Lederer. And Leo McCarey to direct—"

"You're killing me," said Bob. "Here's the script. Take it home, read it and be happy—"

Reading it made him the reverse of happy. He picked up the phone. "You were kidding me about this script?"

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"It's the worst junk I ever read. Now I know why Russell and Grant couldn't do it—"

"You're not trying to back out ...?"

"Tell me just one thing. Is McCarey really directing?"

"Sure he is—"

"Okay then, I'll stick with it. Because he'll make it another picture—"

A few days before starting, Bob came on the lot for McCarey. Oh, didn't they tell you? We couldn't get McCarey. Nor Coburn, nor Wright, nor Lederer. Besides, the budget had to be slashed. And the shooting schedule cut in half.

"But we start Monday. There's no change in the starting date—"

"Maybe you start Monday. Not me—"

"But you promised—"

"Sure. You promised a lot of things too—"

There was a second angle to the situation. A trained pilot, Bob had joined the Anti-Submarine Command of the Civil Air Patrol. The enemy was sinking our coastwise shipping. More than anything else, the Army needed flight instructors. A group of civilian pilots banded together without pay, and formed a squadron to convoy downcoast shipping. Bob was assigned to be a squadron commander and instructor.

Universal suspended him. Normally, a suspension lasts till the studio finds a replacement for the role. But they kept on suspending Cummings every four weeks

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OUR MARRIAGE WAS TOPSY-TURVY

Nothing but arguments between Bob and me! I didn’t dream then that I was the guilty one. You see, I thought I knew something about feminine hygiene—but I didn’t know that “once-in-a-while” care isn’t enough!

My doctor came to the rescue when he told me how many marriages fail because the wife is careless about feminine hygiene. His recommendation was to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.

IT’S HUNKY-DORY AGAIN!

What a difference in our marriage now! Bob and I are so happy! And I’m so grateful to my doctor. Of course, I use Lysol now—always in the douche. Exactly as the doctor said: “Lysol is a proved germ-killer . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar.” It’s easy to use, economical. But best of all—it really works!

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For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol always!

over a period of eight months. One noon he came over to my table at the Derby. “How’s it feel,” I asked him, “to be unemployed?”

“Who’s unemployed? I’m training boys for overseas duty instead of making pictures that stick.”

Meantime, he and Oscar had started proceedings to break the contract—to see if the little fellow could win. Remember, there was no precedent for this. Movie contracts had been ironclad. By the option system, a studio could drop the actor at the end of six months. No actor had ever been known to drop a studio . . .

Suddenly the whole thing was brought to a head. Bob got a radio bid, and the studio enjoined radio from him. An injunction suit comes up for hearing without delay, and that’s when the suit was tried and won. The judge turned in a 62-page decision, rescinding the contract, awarding back salary and damages, and mincing no words in expressing an opinion. The most flagrant piece of corporative arrogance I have ever encountered he called it. I think what roused his ire as much as anything was the studio’s charge that Bob “was hiding behind patriotism to break a contract.” He was hiding behind nothing. On his own time, he’d helped his country, and what was wrong about that?

I bet Paramount’s saying the same thing about Bob Hope. But with Hope’s record, nobody’s going to get very far slinging mud at his motives. He’s made a perfectly frank statement of his case. Ninety-seven percent of his earnings now go to the government, and he says it’s a pleasure. But under his present contract, he’d be working for nothing while Paramount rakes it in. Why should he spend his time making Paramount rich? He’d rather go out and entertain the boys.

And while we’re on the subject of war it’s the fashion in certain quarters to take potshots at actors. Why, I don’t know, except that those in the limelight make easy targets. Actors have nothing to apologize for. Man for man, they’ve sent as many to the service as any other group. If they’ve waited to be called, so have most of their fellow Americans. And some didn’t wait.

Young Dick Jaekel fought like a demon—with his mother as well as the minorities. He wrote his 17 and his mother had to sign the papers. When he made his hit in “Guadalcanal,” TC-Fox said: “Well, we’ve got him till he’s 18.”

“Like fun you have,” said Dick, and refused to do “Wing and A Prayer,” unless his mother promised to sign the papers when he’d finished. She had no choice, she knew he wouldn’t budge. The day they took him into the merchant marine, he flapped his arms and went crowing all over the house like a drunken rooster.

TC-Fox lost two at a blow. Ty Power joined the Marines the same day as Hank Fonda. Neither applied for a commission. Both got theirs the hard way, and that’s how they wanted it. Ty Power some mad as a story in a San Diego paper, that went on about how he did the same work as the other boots—scrubbed floors, picked up butts and the rest of it. “Why the hell should I do anything different?” he raved.

Gable wanted to go right in after Pearl Harbor, but President Roosevelt asked him to stay put. When Carole died, he couldn’t stay put any longer. I doubt if the studio expected to hold him. He’d have steamrollered them right out of his way. No, his big bout with the bosses came earlier—when the lady from England claimed him as the papa of her child.

The studio wanted to hurl the whole thing up, make a settlement. Clark let out the roar of a bull in pain. “Settlement for
never
said.
me.
Fred.
think
doesn't.
Be
notice
per-
don't.
They
It
land.
father.
wife
Japs
calendar,
to
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artist,
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The
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say,
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happened
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no-wife-and-kids
Murray
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He
"It
Sometimes
You
They
Pictures.
You've
burned
in
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balked.
how
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were
she
a
star,
but
MacMurray
it's
in
faster.
normal
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the
told,
especially
the
family,
with
I'm
I'm
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that
way.
I'm
in
the
life
in
the
the
You
out.
He
"Gilded
Lily."
An
overnight
star.
Well,
in
those
days
they
didn't
like
stars
to
be
married.
The
girl
of
your
heart
also
the
skele-
ton
in
your
closet.
She
might
be
there
but
you
didn't
talk
about
her.
When
Fred
hit
the
jackpot,
everything
was
lovely.
He
wasn't
married.
"I'm
engaged,
though,
he
said.
They
were
big
about
it.
They
didn't
say,"Break
the
engagement."
They
said:"Keep
it
dark—"
"Why?"
"For
not
like
leading
men
to
be
mar-
rried.
You've
only
got
one
picture
under
your
belt.
You
could
fa de
as
fast
as
you
shot
up—"
"That's
too
bad.
But
I'm
not
keeping
Lillian
dark.
What
happens
to
every
new
screen
rave
happened
to
Fred.
The
routine
never
varies.
Today
nobody
knows
you're
alive—
except
a
few
friends.
Tonight
your
picture's
released.
Tomorrow
the
hostesses
swarm
like
locusts.
Where
Lillian
wasn't
invited,
Fred
wouldn't
go.
He
turned
a
def
ear
to
the
studio
pleas
and
warnings.
And
when
he
and
Lil
were
ready
to
marry,
what
d'you
suppose
they
did?
Why,
they
went
and
got
married.
Paramount
really
tore
the
roof
down.
But
I
notice
Mac-
Murray
still
has
a
few
fans.
By
the
time
Alan
Ladd
came
along,
the
no-
wife-
and-kids
slant
had
pretty
well
fizzled
out.
But
not
altogether.
"Stay-
pedal
the
family
stuff.
Alan
was
told,
especially
after
Alana
was
born.
"A
little's
all
right,
but
don't
overdo
it."
Remember-
ing
how
things
were
when
she
was
a
star,
publicity-wise
Sue
backed
the
studio
up.
Alan
balked.
"I'm
married,
and
always
let
people
know
it.
Because,
I
don't
be-
lieve
in
that
stuff.
I
think
they
enjoy
knowing
that
I'm
happily
married
and
live
a
normal
life
with
my
wife
and
kid.
Any-
way,
it's
a
chance
I'll
take.
Sue
and
the
baby
are
part
of
me,
and
I'm
not
sup-
pressing
them.
The
studio
stood
its
ground.
When
a
feature
request
came
up
that
involved
the
family,
they'd
quietly
shelve
it.

How to win flowers... and influence husbands

IS HE SHELF-CONSCIOUS?
He'll
pay
off
in
posies
when
you
stick
up
those
shelves
with
fancy-edged
shelf
paper
stuck
down
tight
with
crystal-clear
"Scotch"
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his
favorite
recipes
and
stick
'em
in
a
special
scrapbook
with
"Scotch"
Brand
Tape.
(Note—
buy
extra
vase
for
the
flowers
he'll
bring
you.)

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Seal
it
with
"Scotch"
Tape.
It'll
help
keep
his
sandwiches
fresh.
(Swell
for
sealing
icebox
left-
overs,
too.)

DON'T KEEP HIM GUESSING
what
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jam
or
jelly
it
is.
Stick
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labels
on
with
firm-holding
"Scotch"
Tape.
They'll
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curl
up
and
drop
off.

We
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nobody's
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Tape's
uses.
You'll
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day.
Too
bad
"Scotch"
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happier,
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for
the
"SCOTCH"
trade-mark.
It
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"It's EASY and it's FUN!"

-says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look."

"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be. I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home.

At last, finding myself so out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42, I desperately decided to do something. That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course. With her encouragement and my husband's tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That "middle-aged look" is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely. As for the Success Course, I want to say that Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you, just as it helped Mrs. Clarke and more than 200,000 others to find a way to beauty and vitality. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. Then you follow right at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the convenient coupon to find out what it can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course

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City
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State

Richard Hudnut Salon
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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.
After dinner they went to the Mocambo. Phil Ohman's band played all the music from Oklahoma. "People—will say—we're in love," sang the violins and, with Natalie's golden-brown head at his shoulder, it came over Bob that he was highly susceptible to suggestion this evening.

meet the folks . . .

They dated next night and the night after—the first time Bob called for Natalie at home. He walked into a wide hall, and she came down a winding staircase, looking so beautiful that his breath caught. He knew he was going to ask her to marry him.

She took his hand and sort of squeezed it, which set his heart thumping and his hopes scooting skyward. Why would a girl squeeze your hand except to show she liked you? "I want you to meet my mother and stepfather," she said.

Bob knew that Natalie'd had a brief career at M-G-M. What he didn't know was why she'd quit. Her mother's conservative enough to disapprove of acting. Natalie was under age. When persuasion failed, Mother simply broke her contract.

Blissfully unconscious, Bob was introduced. They all chatted amiably and everything was fine. As the young people were about to go, Mrs. Bowers asked: "By the way, Bob, what do you do?"

"I'm an actor—"

Pause. Just long enough for Bob to catch a flash from Natalie's eyes—"Oh dear!" Mrs. Bowers was saying. "How could a nice boy like you get mixed up in that profession?"

"Why, Mrs. Bowers, it's a wonderful profession!" He spent the next few minutes explaining how wonderful it was—and realizing sadly that a girl could squeeze a boy's hand out of sheer nervousness.

For all his softspoken ways, Bob's a lad of unswerving purpose. A week after the birthday party he proposed. The Legion Stadium was hardly the place for it. But suddenly he couldn't stand the suspense. As arms failed in the ring, Bob said will you? and Natalie said she would. "Only, you'll have to ask my folks—"

Not to put too fine a point on it, Bob was scared stiff. Squaring his shoulders, he marched in as to battle. Mr. Bowers proffered a genial hand. "Well," he smiled, "you kids seem to have made up your minds—"

There was only one stipulation. They thought the youngsters ought to wait a few months. The date was set for December 18th, four months away. Natalie went to New York for her trousseau. When she got back, they hunted apartments. Natalie'd conducted a quiz program of her own and discovered that Bob made a production of dressing. That meant two bathrooms. Fine! When, for love or money, you couldn't get a hole in the wall, they set out in quest of two bathrooms.

And found them. Through the kindness of Frances Heflin. And kept them through the masterly intervention of Natalie's mother.

It was three weeks before the wedding. By now all their friends were desperately aiding the search and, sure enough, late one evening Frances called. This place had just been vacated. Two bathrooms and all. They'd better dash over first thing in the morning and grab it—

A breathless Natalie appeared on Bob's doorstep at nine. They dashed over. . .

Look, Bobbie, it's got swell possibilities.

The rooms are a nice size and they're well planned. If we tear it all apart and get painters and carpenters in and move these things out and bring our own stuff in and if and if and—if—why, it'll be lovely!"

"You sure?" She was sure. "We'll take it," he told the landlady.

"Well—by the way, what do you do?"

"I'm an actor—"

"An actor!!! Good heavens, no! I wouldn't have an actor on the place—"

They implored, argued and cajoled, all to no purpose. She'd been married to an actor once. She hated actors—When Mrs. Bowers heard the story, she took it from there and emerged victorious.

How, she won't say. Natalie swears it must have been the bond between them. "Mother probably said; 'I know so well how you feel. But Bob's not an actor at heart. The poor boy must have been dropped on his head as an infant—'"

orange blossoms . . .

At the wedding, Natalie was nervous, not Bob. First of all, he's near sighted and the guests were a vague blur, so he just made believe they weren't there. Besides, he was fascinated by his bride's behavior. Her hand shook so, that petas kept swaying from her bouquet.

A week-end at Arrowhead was all the honeymoon they had. "But it was unique in a way," says Bob gravely. "Because there were three of us. Me and my wife and the koala bear—"
Natalie has a passion for fuzzy animals, and the koala bear is something special. Her companion from childhood, she won’t be parted from him. To her he’s a person.

One morning Bob picked him up and his head came off. She burst into tears.

"Now, really, honey—you’d think someone was dead—" The sobs grew wilder.

"Want me to sew him up?" A strangled sound, which he took to be yes. "All right, if you’ll stop crying—" But when he started operations, down went her head again.

"Now what’s the matter?"

"I can’t bear to watch the needle—"

To Bob—to any man—that’s comical. But on the subject of live animals, they’re completely in accord. They want a house, when the war’s over, for several reasons. In an apartment, there’s no place to go but the living room. In a house, there’s outside.

Besides, Bob likes a lawn to mow and a hedge to cut. And another reason is Vic—animal lovers . . .

A month after their marriage, he brought Vic home in his pocket and set him down in the hall. Natalie was fixing her hair.

"Someone to see you," he called and, brush in hand, she went down on her knees to the black and white scrap, all paws and eyes and droopy spaniel ears, and a perfect V for Vic on his forehead.

He grew up to be a devil, and the most wonderful dog they’d ever known. But Vic believed in self-expression at any hour of the day or night. His barking made him unpopular with the neighbors, and they finally had to park him with a friend.

Meantime they entertain the neighborhood pets. Either the front or back door is always open, and young visitors wander in at will. One night Bob found an Irish setter under the bed. One morning Natalie woke to meet the patient eyes of three dogs and four kids. They feed the dogs Friskies, and the children cokes. A child or dog turned away by a closed door is more than they can contemplate.

Since “Hollywood Canteen” started the Hutton landside, Bob’s been steadily at work. "Roughly Speaking," "Too Young to Know," "Janie Gets Married." So Sunday’s his lazy day. They both sleep late, and each gets his own breakfast. Because Bob’s a marvelous cook and likes things the way he likes them, while Natalie eats strangely.

Never a whole meal at a time. Maybe orange juice for breakfast, and an egg for lunch. Bob really sits down to his food—a big orange juice, cream of wheat, two soft-boiled eggs and a glass of half-and-half—to keep his weight up.

They agree that he’s by all odds the more efficient of the two. Natalie’s easily distracted. The other day she was pressing her best blouse. "Bet you’ll burn the collar before you get through," Bob prophesied cheerfully. And she did!

She practically never gets really mad, for the simple reason that Bob’s an angel. But they sometimes wonder what the neighbors think. Because they love to wrestle. And of course she screams and things fall and it probably sounds awful.

Bob likes his showers hot. One morning, to create a diversion, Natalie dumped a pitcher of cold water over him.

"You’ll regret this," he promised calmly, so she fled downstairs to the landlady for protection. Creeping back an hour later, she was seized by her husband and stuck under the shower, because she can’t stand getting her hair wet. Later, he went down for a paper and she locked him out. He had to crawl in through the bathroom window.

"We call it entertainment," says Bob. "Simple, inexpensive, and harmless—"

When he has a day off, they like to go marketing together. The market has a neighborly atmosphere. The clerk at the bakeshop hands over a bag of bran muffins without waiting to be asked. They both

---

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adore bran muffins. By the time they reach home, all the muffins are gone and Natalie's through eating for the day. Bob's just worked up an appetite for dinner.

Friday nights are sacred to the lights. Natalie says she likes it better than Bob does. Bob says no, she just jumps around more. Saturday nights they play penny ante with a crowd that includes Van Johnson, the Ediths, Bonita Granville, Ann Rutherford and her husband.

"Natalie thinks she plays a good game, but does she?" Bob muses. "I'm a better gambler."

"Yes, and you always lose," he points out kindly. "I'm a conservative player and I usually win."

"My husband," she murmurs. "tastes differ..."

They present a practical example of how the theory in "Natalie's Heat" works. Take movies, for instance. By and large, they agree on movies—see them all, good and bad. Being optimists, they always think the bad one is going to be good.

Take music. Serious music depresses Bob. Natalie loves it. She'd like to go to the Bowl every night. Bob's been there once—before they went engaged and when he wanted to make an impression. All he remembers of the evening is falling through his collapsible chair. His kind of music is played by Carmen Cavallaro and the Doriches, the telanets and Whiteman and Dave Rose. At night they listen to dramatic programs. And play chess or gin rummy.

They prefer chess, which leaves them both offside, whereas they're unhappily gin rummy players. For one thing, the loser ponies up. But that's not the whole story.

At chess we know who's boss, says Bob. "But we both think we're good gin players and don't like to have the contrary proven."

They get all hot and bothered about Christmas and birthdays. No matter how deeply hidden, they can always smell out a beribboned package. Honor prevents them from opening it, but they're allowed to feel and guess. Last Christmas Natalie bought Bob a lighter, stuck it in a box as big as a table, and happily watched him go nuts guessing that on the bottom. Whatever goes to her, it's not Christmas without a stuffed animal. She gives him sports jackets, sweaters, shirts, and pajamas and wears them herself. He likes that—can't understand men who object to wives wearing their clothes. Nothing's cuter than Natalie in one of his sweaters, which on her becomes a sloppy Joe. Unless it's Natalie in his pajama loner, with the sleeves rolled back and the hem reaching her knees in a short nightgown effect.

About clothes, there's a difference of opinion: "She always wears ties," says Natalie. "He goes around all dressed up in a suit and collar." That's the Einstein in him. But she's just talked him into a couple of sports coats.

conservative himself...

With Bob, you never can tell. A conservative dresser himself, on her he likes slacks. Only to her it takes a lot of effort; her tastes, she never used to wear them. Now she does. And he hates to see her stick a hat on her head. Your hair's too pretty to cover."

On the other hand, he wants her to look sophisticated at night. The jewel of her wardrobe, the loveliest formal she's ever owned, is a peach-colored French taffeta with a bolero skirt. When she takes it out, Bob groans.

"But why don't you like it, Bobbie? Give me one good reason—"

"Makes me look like a little girl—"

Here's what goes on at the Buttons on dress-up nights. In their own words—

"While Bob dresses, I take a nap. When he's ready to put his coat on, I start—"

"With me," explains Bob, "dressing's a form of relaxation, not a race against time. I like to linger in the shower. I like to shave and smoke and maybe meditate a little. Like to listen to the radio. Or look at the paper. Or mend a lamp. Or just sit around and gab. Does the law say not to enjoy yourself with your clothes?"

"And he never can make up his mind what he wants me to wear—"

"Let's put it another way. Natalie comes in with a dress. Do you like it, Bobbie? 'Not especially.' 'Why?' Well, I don't know why, I just know what I like. But my wife's a fast talker. Pretty soon she's got sold that the dress is a wow. Till we're ready to start. Then I say, 'Honey, I wish you'd wear that other one—'

"Sweet as a kitten, she says okay."

"I love your clothes, Bob. How long will it take you to change?"

"Ten or fifteen minutes—"

"I say, 'Never mind, I like this one—'

"Froth and fun aside, they've made one important adjustment. Natalie still wants to act. Like her mother, Bob was opposed at first, though for different reasons. He'd heard enough of talk about Hollywood diversions, about how two careers in a family never work. Why take a chance, he contended, that you don't have to take when there are two chances enough?"

But, living with Natalie, he came to realize that her feeling about it wasn't a girl's whim, but a deep-rooted ache and fear. He knew his own heart, and his sense could help taking seriously. They talked the thing out.

Lots of people with careers are happily married. Look at Phyllis and Reagan and Jane. Look at Bob Taylor and Stanwyck. Look at Betty and Harry James. You just have to love each other enough—"

"Suppose I get a vacation. Suppose I feel like going to Hawaii and want my wife along—"

"Bobbie, I don't want to be just another actress. I want to be good. If I'm not, I'll quit. If I am, I'll tell 'em I want a vacation too. Oh, maybe it won't be that easy, but the way I feel now isn't going to stay either."

Let me try, Bobbie. If I never try, it'll be a thorn in my flesh as long as I live—"

"twin careers..."

Two careers may be dangerous to marriage. But Bob thinks it's just as dangerous to dam so eager a stream from its natural course. So he's letting her try. Not long ago, David Selznick saw a magazine picture of them, and sent for Natalie. At the moment, his studio's closed because of the strike. When the strike's over, he's going to ask for them.

One more thing they argue about—dripping faucets. The minute they're in bed, a bathroom faucet starts dripping. Whosever bathroom it is, that one's supposed to get it—"

"It's yours," decides Natalie.

"It's definitely yours," says Bob.

The argument's resolved by a June bug. With a wake-up call of greenery round the house, June bugs get in. Natalie's not afraid of lions or tigers. She could face a snake or a Prattville with no fear. But innocent June bug drives her crazy. Bob gets up, scoops it into a paper and drops it outside.

"My big brave husband," she sighs. "As long as you're up, would you turn off the faucet?"

"He shouldn't, but he does." Because she's scared of June bugs. Because her tawny hair's spread all over the pillow. Because she looks so funny with her head sticking out of that silly pajama top. Because he loves her.
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FELLOW ON A FURLOUGH
(Continued from page 39)

tripped on the curb, and landed on his bad knee. The cartilage was torn, and he spent his whole furlough in the hospital. Tough? Sure. But he'd be back at the Field before October first and that was all that really mattered.

He got back September twenty-ninth. The first friend he met was commiserating. "It's a tough break, kid. I'm sorry."

"Oh, the knee's all right now, thanks." Funny how they'd heard about it.

His pal stared. "What knee? I mean it's tough you missed the 'Winged Victory' assignment. They called them September fifteenth instead of October first. So you're still a classification specialist, kid."

tough, luck . . .

There it went, the nice, shiny dream of Broadway. Don wandered around in a fog for two days. It had been so damned close! Well, war was hell, and this was war, and he didn't have much to kick about. He thought of the guys out in foxholes, and was ashamed of himself. Meanwhile, in New York, Moss Hart was having trouble. Moss was the producer and director of "Winged Victory." He had a tremendous company assembled, and all the roles were cast but one.

"Pinky's got to be right, or the whole thing goes up the creek. We've auditioned dozens of actors, but they haven't got that bounce, that cockiness. Who else have we on the list?"

"Nobody, Mr. Hart."

"Well, find somebody," Moss said impatiently. "Get me all the pictures that were sent in."

He riffed through the enormous sheaf they brought him. Half through—and stopped. "There he is," he said quietly.

So—Don got a wire. "Report to 'Winged Victory' company in New York."

This time he wouldn't get excited. He wouldn't let himself believe it. Maybe the orders wouldn't come. Three days later he was strolling into Moss Hart's outer office. A tall, lean kid with a cocky grin, smoking a cigarette.

"Hi. I'm Don Taylor."

Too late he saw that the man behind the desk was a lieutenant. The lieutenant looked at him slowly, his slant spectro look ever Griffith. How can I assist you, young man?"

"Have you considered that there are orders in the world?"

Moss scowled. "What do you mean?"

"Orders that the Army must fill."

"This one's one of them, all right. What's the trouble?"

"Just the usual. If you could fill it, it wouldn't be a problem."

"There's got to be a problem, or you wouldn't be here.

"There isn't. It's just that . . ."

"All right, Taylor. First reading next week. Just like that.

So there he was. Pinky. It never seemed like a role in a play to him somehow. It seemed like part of his life. Even the gestures—young and awkward and exuberant—were natural to him. This was the kind of part he'd longed for ever since he had decided to be an actor . . .

That wasn't so long ago, really. It was when he was at Penn State. He'd had a vague idea when he entered college that maybe he'd be a lawyer. But he went out for dramatics freshman year and the vision of Donald Ritchie Taylor, Attorney for
the Defense, faded into a dream of “Don Taylor” up in lights on Broadway. Sure, he knew being an actor was a tough life. In his mind he knew that, but in his heart he knew something quite different.

The spring of his freshman year, a talent scout came to see him after one of the college shows.

“I’ll give you a job with our stock company for the summer, Taylor.”

Here was an opportunity. And according to the copybooks, it knocks but once. Obviously the thing to do was grab it before it could get away. But—“I’ll have to think it over,” Don said. “I’ll let you know.”

He talked to the head of his college dramatic group. “What do you think? It might be a good chance....”

The director brooded. “You’ve got personality, Don, but you don’t know from nothing about acting. Yet. I’d wait.”

So he waited, studied, built himself up in the meantime, tore himself down, waited till he was sure he had his technique at his fingertips. And when the talent scout came around again, he accepted the offer for that summer and every summer after throughout his college career. Sometimes the job was acting, more often it was painting scenery or selling tickets. It certainly wasn’t all fun.

For one thing, there was the matter of money. The other guys at college all had good jobs in the summer and came back in the fall well loaded with that folding green stuff. Don got his room and board and the sum of five dollars per week. What could you do on five dollars?

One thing he could do, and did, was to fall in love. The girl was an actress at the Playhouse, and all one summer they went around holding hands, and looking very moon-eyed, and losing pounds because how can you eat when you’re in love? They had long discussions about the future.

“What makes you so sure you’re going to get somewhere in the theater, Don?”

Don looked at her uneasily. It was a good question, but he didn’t know the answer. He just had that feeling. “Maybe I won’t get anywhere. Maybe I’ll starve on a park bench.”

When he went back to college, they wrote to each other, and for a while she came up week ends. Only—it just didn’t work out. One Saturday night after a big game and the dance that followed it, they were sitting with a lot of others in Don’s fraternity house, Sigma Nu. They were singing “Fight On, State!” and Don was right there, his voice louder than anyone’s. His girl touched his arm. “Let’s go where we can talk, Don.”

They went, Don rather reluctantly. He’d been having fun, and he was surprised to find her crying a little.

boy loses girl.....

“It’s no good,” she said quickly, when they were outside in the moonlight. “You’ve changed, Don. Last summer you seemed grown up and serious about your career and about us. But now you’re—you’re just Joe College!”

He couldn’t argue. It was true. He was a chameleon, adapting himself to the atmosphere he was in. They never saw each other after that.

And in their own loving way, Don’s family felt the same, that he was a head-in-the-clouds dreamer, a kid who just refused to grow up. But regardless, even back in his high school days, way, way before the episode with the Girl, Dad had been swell, slipping him a five-spot when the allowance wore thin or lending his next-best tie for a particularly heavy date.

Don’s mother was more sympathetic to his acting ambitions than his father, but she wasn’t the type that enthused much. She used to come up to college to see him

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in a play. He'd knock himself out to give a particularly spectacular performance. When he saw her afterward he'd say, "How was it, Mother?" Expecting raves.

"It was all right, son."

Spring of his Senior year he had the lead in "The Taming Of The Shrew." Afterward a couple of strangers came backstage. They were the Epstein brothers of Hollywood, two of Penn State's most famous alumni. The first question they asked was unexpected.

"What is your draft status?"

Don had just registered. He told them so. They made vague noises about his performance, and started to drift out the door.

"If you should decide to come to Hollywood, look us up," one of them said casually as they left.

But one of his professors wrote the Epsteins a letter. "When you get a reply, "Send him out. We'll see if we can help him." So Don scrounged around and got seventy-five bucks, and hitch-hiked across the country. It was the standard way for aspiring young actors to arrive, and didn't impress anyone. However, through the Epsteins, he got an agent and, eventually, a screen test at Warner's. They kept him around for two months, then decided they could continue to make pictures without Taylor.

He was living at the YMCA, which didn't cost much, but he had to eat. So he took a job as doorman at the Pantages Theater.

"Standing room only in the balcony. Best seats now available in the loges." He ate.

He didn't know anything about Hollywood. The first day he was there, he walked the streets looking for movie stars. There weren't any. Just extras in dark glasses. Disgusted he stooged back to the Y, and went up on the roof for a sun bath. He lay down next to a long bronzed hunk of muscle whose brown face also wore dark glasses. Another extra, Don decided.

"Are you in pictures?" he inquired politely. Might as well make the guy feel good.

The hunk of muscle rose, stretched, and removed the glasses. "Now and then," said Johnny Weissmuller dryly, and strode off.

Don kept plugging away at the studios. But he didn't have the right approach. He got in to see an important man at Columbia, who eyed him sourly.

"What the hell have you done?"

Don stammered, "Well—uh stock—and plays at college."

The important man laughed unpleasantly. "College! Hah! We'll get in touch with you if we need you."

Don stood there uncertainly. "Is that all?"

"Sure. What did you expect—Kewpie dolls?"

It would have been fun to take a poke at him. But impractical. Don went out, seething.

Later he got another agent. Buster Collier, who believed in this string-bean kid with the dark eyes and restless manner.

Collier sold him to Metro and Metro signed him for a bit part in "The Human Comedy," which eventually ended up as the face on the cutting room floor. After that he had a few minor parts in Pete Smith shorts, and one in "Swingshift Musette." Then—the Army.

gets stood up...

That was February, 1943. A year later he was playing Pinky to enthusiastic Broadway audiences, and strolling into Sardi's as if he'd lived there all his life. At first the fact that a girl named Phyllis Avery had the principal feminine role in the show didn't mean a thing to him. If you'd mentioned her name he would have looked at you blankly and said: "You mean the small blondish number? What about her?" Not that Don was allergic to small blonde girls. But he was busy with the...
show, he had plenty of friends, and he just wasn't interested. He didn't realize how smoothly experienced an actress Phyllis was, and he wouldn't have cared if he had. As for Phyllis, she told a friend, "That Taylor is a conceited monkey, the way he jumps around, so cocky!"

Then one rainy night, Don came out of the stage door and stood there waiting for his date to show up. He noticed Phyllis standing a little way off. She gave him a frosty hello, and went on waiting for her date to show up. Neither date arrived. "How about a drink to console drink oneself?" Don suggested. After all, it was only polite to make some sort of gesture in a case like this.

Phyllis smiled reluctantly. "All right." They had more fun than either of them had expected to. A week later they went out together again. Then somehow it seemed as if they were thrown together all the time, at rehearsals and things. All of a sudden Don realized that if he wasn't with Phyllis he was lonely, even in a crowd. They liked the same things, and never seemed to quarrel, because as soon as they started to they'd break out laughing at some idiotic remark.

But they'd sit till four in the morning discussing heredity, and getting really violent about it. By then, though, they knew they were in love. Don's family came to New York to see the show. They met Phyllis and approved, although at that time Don didn't say anything about marriage. That came later when they were making the picture of "Winged Victory" in California. It was swell to be out there again—with Phyllis. Fun to go swimming and lie in the sunshine. Fun to find that she loved tennis almost as much as he did.

They wanted to get married, but they both felt it wouldn't be sensible. Don was on Army wages, and even though he was a sergeant now, that didn't mean very heavy sugar. It would be a lot more practical for Phyllis to go back to Broadway where she could get a good part in a new show than to go on tour with "Winged Victory." Only—who wants to be practical or sensible when they're in love? They got married in Beverly Hills at a quiet wedding with a few friends. Phyll's father managed to get there. He's Stephen Morehouse Avery, the writer, and he is now a colonel in Army Intelligence. It was a lovely wedding with the "Let Us Be Gay" wedding cake and everybody pretty happy about the whole thing. The kids rented an old Chrysler roadster and had the most wonderful two weeks on record.

Then the show started its tour. The picture of "Winged Victory" was released while they were in the Middle West. And then something happened. It began at the first performance they gave in Cincinnati. The picture had played there the week before, but Don didn't think much about that except to wonder that they got such a big crowd at the show. Then came the moment in the opening scene when Pinky comes onstage, making zooming motions like an airplane. He'd made that entrance hundreds of times before. Thousands. It was strictly routine. Only tonight when he appeared, all hell broke loose. There was wild applause, there was stamping of feet, there was a concerted shriek like the howl of a voracious banshee. "Pinky!" said the shriek, and it came from all over the house. Don stood there in complete astonishment. He looked over to where Phyll was standing in the wings.

"Go ahead, dope," she whispered. Her eyes were bright with tears of pride and happiness. "Don went ahead, but he's convinced that he gave the worst performance of his career. The thing was so unexpected, so bewildering. After the show, there was a mob at the door. Don signed the first autograph book thrust in front of him, "Best
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regards, Don Taylor.

"Don Taylor" said the kid in outraged disgust, "I thought you were Pinky!"

In Pittsburgh one morning after a late rehearsal, there was a knock on their door at eight A.M. Don thought it was the maid. "Can't you make up the room later?" he asked sleepily.

There was a flurry of giggles outside. Sibilant whispers. "You do it," "No, you!" "Oh, go on, somebody!" Finally a voice said, "Don, please can we have your autograph?"

"Look, kids, I'm not dressed. I'll be down in the lobby at ten-thirty." More whispers, then a drifting away down the hall. In a few minutes, another knock. "Miss Taylor," said the voice of the negro maid, "Miss Taylor, there's a whole lot of gals here say you're a hunwick a movie star. They want your auto-graph."

"He'll see them later," Phyllis said.

This, then, was fame. This was what Don had felt all along would come some day—that feeling that had been so inexplicable and yet so positive. The feeling that had made him such a cocky kid. The feeling that lasted last come true. So now when he got that odd certainty inside him, he relaxed. Everything will be all right. When "Winged Victory" closed, and Don got a furthong, he and Phyllis headed for New York. Hotel rooms were scarce—and expensive. But Don wasn't worried. Something would turn up. And it did, in the form of a friend's apartment where they could be "Mr. and Mrs. Don Taylor." Now Don has been sent to California with a special service unit and no one knows what happens next. But one of these days the war will be over, and he'll be back on the screen, as cocky and gay and vital as ever. So—keep waiting!

"STATE FAIR" PRODUCTION
(Continued from page 43)

in their eyes whenever the Boy and thirty-four boys hired as "extras" occupied the Swine Pavilion. It was tough to spend the day eyeing all those red points on the hoof, and then go home to a vegetable plate...

Those nasal notes of Haymes' were not intended as a flashback to the Valley school of the croon. Dick was plagued throughout the picture by man's meanest enemy, the common head cold... Viv Blaine can thank the stork for her picture break. No, he didn't bring her. But he did call on Grable and Paye at the very time Fox was casting some important musicals.

An intensive search for new talent turned up one Vivian Stapleton, a chubby, blonde band vocalist. Five name-changes later, Miss Stapleton emerged as sleek, redheaded Vivian Blaine, promising contender for the title of studio glamor queen.

Happy Ending Dept.: Dana put in some anxious hours awaiting long overdue letters from his two younger brothers, fighting in the ETO. One memorable day both boys heard from twenty-eight-year-old Lt. David sent a 16-pager from the London, PFC Bill, veteran of the Battle of the Bulge, sent a scrawled V-mail from the former Fuehrerland. Dick Haymes was another who went from gloom to bloom. He and wife Joanne announced their parting, but reconciled speedily. The Fair scenes were a challenge to the production boys. In times of peace a company would be dispatched directly to the Iowa State Fairgrounds at Des Moines to film background. But with traveling conditions what they are, the studio couldn't feel that this trip was really necessary. Undaunted, studio genius constructed nine Fair scenes on the sound stages, and tossed in half a million props.
“STATE FAIR” 
STORY
(Continued from page 42)

could get away, Margy.”

“It’s just the State Fair,” Margy said. 
“You know what it’ll be like.”

“Not able to be there with you.”

“Do you?” Margy said. “Really, Harry?”

“You know I do,” Harry said.

She looked at him: Harry Ware. And she knew what he meant. It was written all over the broad, serious, sturdy face. 
And Ma always said Harry would make a fine husband some day. Only...only what? Oh, he was Harry, good, dull, even-tempered Harry who never seemed to be able to make her laugh...or cry, either.

And how could you love a man who couldn’t make you laugh? Or cry?

“Marge!”

She looked up, Ma was waving to her from the truck. They must be ready to go. She trudged up the hill silently with Harry padding along at her side telling her to have a good time at the Fair and that he was sure Ma’s pickles would win a prize and Blue Boy was sure to get the ribbon.

Why that Blue Boy, he was the finest specimen of pig anywhere in Iowa...

Pig!

Harry, Harry—she thought—tell me how the sun makes rainbows in a spider’s web and how moonbeams dart with leaves of the trees on Crabapple Hill late at night.

It’ll be different at the Fair, she said to herself, something’ll happen and it’ll all be different. She remembered how gay the lighted was along the Midway and how the sound of music was everywhere...

Pigs!

“Ready, Marge?”

“Ready, Ma, Where’s Wayne?”

“He’s on the telephone. He’ll be right out.”

“Anything wrong?”

“Eleanor can’t come.”

“Poor Wayne, He’s been counting on showing her the sights all year.”

“It’s only for three days. Ain’t a lifetime.”

Wayne came out of the house, looking like he’d been struck by lightning.

“Guess we’re all ready,” Ma said cheerfully.

They climbed into the truck and Pa threw her into gear. In the roadway Harry waved to them. Down the road the twin lanes rose, dipped and curved, and like all the good roads in Iowa that day, it led straight to the State Fair.

Margar stood looking up at the long rise in one roller coaster. It seemed to climb in one long, breathless line to the fat lazy clouds that hung over the Fair. Well, this was it—the Fair! And she felt a bubble of excitement rise and form and burst like a soap bubble. She looked again at the roller coaster and walked toward it.

It was only after she was in the car that she noticed the other figure in the car: Lank, easy, munching an apple. Then she turned away and looked back up the rise again. She stiffened a little as the car jerked and began to move. The Fair seemed to drop away from them. Climbing higher, she would see the colored blocks which were groups of people and then sun glinted on the glasses of someone peering up at all. They looked so funny—the people down there: it looked so tiny—the whole great, braving State Fair. And then, suddenly, the car topped the final rise. It was as if she had dropped, like Alice in Wonderland, down some fantastic hole in the sky.

She half rose. And the lank figure beside her reached for her with a swift intensity and pulled her back and she heard a voice say:
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"You little fool!"
Then it was all gone in a huge swirl of motion and she closed her eyes and
reached for whatever was nearest and she
buried her face against something smelling
oddly and comfortably of tobacco and she
thought she heard the sound of laughter.

And after the news did she realize
she had buried her head against the chest
of the figure next to her, and she pulled
away, embarrassed, sitting stiffly in her
seat while the car . . .

And grabbed again at the next swoop!
It was a nightmare until she heard
the guard's voice saying, "All out!" and the
men, blessedly quiet and she saw that
they were back at the exit of the ride. A
voice at her elbow said:

"Feel better?"
She saw where the labels of his jacket
were creased where she had grabbed at
them at each dip of the roller coaster. He
seemed taller and leaner standing.

"How about a coke? Nothing like a coke
to settle the nerves. I'll tell you all about
the life and the philosophy of Pat Gilbert
and you can give me a quick resume of—"

"Marry Frake," she said.

"All right, Marry," he said. "A coke and a
slice of life. How about it? It's as nour
ishing as a ham sandwich."

He was, it turned out, a reporter, and he
had a yen for roller coasters. He had, too,
a lot of funny ideas.

"Take us," he said. "We met on a roller
coaster. Well, all life's a roller coaster. Up
again, down again. You'll meet someone
and maybe you click and maybe you don't.
You never know until you try. I always
say try it. Then if you don't like the ride
you can get off and just walk away.

"Just like that?" she said.

"Just like that."
She sipped her coke, looking up at him.

She said, "More loops than a roller coaster. More fun than a
merry-go-round. Try a ride. Free!"

"I'll try one," she said.

He grinned at her and suddenly she re
membered that back at the Farm she used
to have a crazy idea that at the Fair every
thing was going to be different. Well, this
Pat Gilbert was different; she'd never
known anyone like him. If she had to tell
Ma or Pa about him she'd have a little
difficulty trying to say just what he was
like. Be easier to tell Wayne. Wayne . . .

She wondered if Wayne was having a good
time at the Fair . . .

The Barker at the Hoop-La Stand said
in a tight voice: "Look, son, you've had
your fun. Now run along."

"I got a right to keep playing as long as
I got money," Wayne said stubbornly.

"Look, sonny, don't make trouble. You
won yourself those dollar bills, a pearl
necklace, a revolver, a fountain pen . . ."

"The necklace is just colored stone, the
revolver doesn't work, the fountain pen's
a fake . . ."

"Cut it, sonny. Run along."

"I got a right to play."

"Want me to call a copper?"

Someone in the crowd around the Hoop
La Stand said:

"Why don't you try?"

"Well, I'm unwashed and it was a girl. She
was jaunty and crisp and fresh as morning
dew. She stepped up to the Barker.

"Why don't you call a policeman?" she
said. "I'm sure my mother'll have the Chief
will be glad to send one of his men over
to explain the law. It says you've got to
sell him rings as long as he wants them."

She turned to Wayne: "I was watching
you. You must have a knack for it."

"It's no knack," Wayne said. "I practiced
all winter. Last year I lost eight dollars
eight right trying for a pearl-handled re
volver and then when I finally won it.
it turned out to be a fake. Got me so mad—"

She laughed: "That you decided to practice and trim the trimmers. I like that!"

"You should have heard him last week. He kept kidding me all the time. Making out I was a big rube. Made a fool out of me. I guess there are all kinds of fools and he doesn't look so smart right now—"

"Look, sonny," the Barker said. "Here's your eight dollars back. Lay off now. Is it a deal?"

Wayne said carefully: "All right."

She had started to walk away but Wayne caught her arm. "Look," he said, "I'd never have got the money back without you. I only want it to spend at the Fair, anyway. Suppose you help me do that, too? How about tonight—"

She looked doubtful: "I don't know."

"Will you be around the Midway?"

The girl was silent for a moment and then she said: "Look, you don't really know who I am."

"I'll ask for the prettiest policeman's daughter at the Fair," Wayne said.

"I only said that to get your money back for you. I'm Emily Edwards. I sing with the band over at the Starlight Gardens."

"I saw your name out there," Wayne said. "Say—"

"Well, will I be seeing you?"

"Will you?"

She was smiling again. Then she turned. There was a free easy swing to her shoulders, a jaunt to her stride. She looked like a streak of sunshine shooting between the shaded branches of the elms back home at the farm. Wayne began to whistle . . .

There's a certain swing to a Fair, a color to it, like the color of wine—rich and warm. A Fair is people—the swarms on the Midway, the men banding over exhibits in the Pavilions, the women fusling with their jars of preserves and jellies, the kids laughing and shouting and always underfoot.

It's the beat of the horses hooves racing around the turn with the whole crowd yelling. And somewhere along the rail Mary was dancing up and down watching her horse lead into the stretch, and beside her was a tall, lean young man who watched her gravely and smiled when she turned to him, shouting: "Pat! Pat! We won!" He smiled and then suddenly, there in the middle of the crowd, at the hearse of the Fair, he bent and kissed her.

A Fair is a Technicolor night. And in the Starlight Gardens the colored lights played on the dance floor and the music seemed to be coming from the sky out of the peepholes of the stars. And behind the bandstand, in the faint light of the moon, Emily and Wayne traced the fingers of night clouds as they swiped across the night sky. And Wayne said: "Emily, Emily . . ."

A Fair is prizes and blue ribbons. And in the afternoons when they judged the pickles and the mincemeats, Ma was like young girl at her graduation, nervous and fidgety. And they all, the whole family, watched while the Judges sipped and paused and sipped again. And there was the breathless moment until the words came: "First Prize—Mrs. Melissa Frake . . ." And then it was Pa carrying Blue Boy's coat for the hundredth time, talking to him, whispering to him, coaxing him. And the Blue Ribbons did look pretty against the sheen of his hide . . .

A Fair is a beginning and an ending. Pretty as flowers, tumbling as a brook, bright as summer. A Fair is the corner you turn to a place you never saw before and never hope to see again. And sometimes you forget it quick as a turned page. And sometimes you remember forever . . .

There was a wooded grove overlooking the Fair, and there weren't many people

---

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"Maybe it hurts me as much as it does you. Maybe I don't want to leave anymore than—any more than maybe you don't want me to—"

"Then you don't have to. Come on back and meet Ma and Pa. They'll like you."

"Come home with us tomorrow—"

"I can't, Wayne."

Someone was calling her from the bandstand. There was the urgent sound of an introduction being repeated and then someone was whispering urgently: "Emily!"

He had to watch her go. Then McGee was at his side, again, chewing his cigar silently while the music walled up over the bandstand and Emily's voice came through, fresh as the song of a bird.

"Look, kid," McGee said. "I was listening. In my business you learn to do everything. You really want to marry Emily?"

Wayne said harshly: "Yes."

McGee said softly: "She's married already, kid."

The words seemed to explode in his head like the roar of thunder. He turned away McGee and suddenly he was shaking him until McGee made him stop.

"That's not going to do any good," McGee said. "It's not going to do any good to get mad at Emily. She's the sweetest kid this side of Paradise. And she's married to the biggest heel this side of Hell. It's not so easy for her either, remember that. Waking up and finding the guy you thought you loved is a louse. And being stuck with him. Married—"

"Why didn't she tell me?"

"Maybe because she's ashamed and bitter and scared. Maybe because there isn't anything anyone can do about it. He won't let her go. Maybe she wanted something bright in her life for a minute, too. That was you, kid. Sometimes you can love someone—and still it ain't going to come out—"they lived happily ever after."

There isn't much left for Emily except working and singing—"

"I didn't know," Wayne said. "I didn't know!"

"Look at it this way, kid. You been here at a Fair three days. Well, what happened? You met the sweetest kid in the world and for three days the two of you could pretend it was like a fairy tale. What's so bad about that? What have you got to kick about? Don't make it tougher for her.

"Let her go, kid, she has to."

Wayne turned away blindly.

McGee said softly: "What's a Fair without a little corn lick'er to sweeten it up?"

"Let's get a drink, kid."

Out near the roller coasters Margy was waiting for Pat. Overhead the roller coaster dipped and turned like a mechanical snake upon its steel tracks. There was a light wind whipping through the Fair grounds and Margy drew her coat about her. Pat was late. He said he'd meet her more than an hour before—"

"Maybe—"

No. She thrust the thought from her. But it kept coming back like the refrain of an old song. She kept hearing Pat's voice in her ear, little snatches of what he'd said:

...if you don't like the ride, you just get off and walk away...

...just get off and walk away...

It was easy enough to say, and it sounded right. Two people meet and they stick around for a while. But that didn't mean they were fated for each other. You couldn't kick one of them once you'd tired after a while... and walked away. That was how it should be. She believed that, didn't she? Didn't she tell Pat that was how she wanted it to be—"

...and walk away...

She couldn't blame Pat. What was she? She was only a little kid off a farm. All right. She was in love with him. Just like that. And what did that mean? You

---

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can't put shackles on a man just because you happen to love him. You keep your fingers crossed and you hope. But if it doesn't work, then you've got to take your medicine. Marry, she said to herself, you wanted it that way, didn't you, you've got no right to kick now. If you wanted it easy and sure you took a fellow like Harry but if you play for the Pats of the world, you had to take your chances.

She pulled the collar of her coat up around her chin. She felt suddenly cold. She knew he wouldn't come anymore that night. He'd never kept her waiting before. And he wouldn't, unless— She looked back at the roller coaster as she started away. It was climbing up to the first high peak. It was wonderful at the peak. But she knew what happened right after. Right after. Right after came the dip.

... and walk away.

Pat, she thought, Pat!

Then suddenly she was running home. And so the Frakes came home. Abel and Melissa were tired and happy. Wayne sat in the back of the truck, nursing a hangover—and an ache. Margy sat dry-eyed, staring out at the familiar landscape, the stretch of the friendly stand of trees, the curl of the hills.

"Some Fair," Pat said.

"Best Fair we've had in years," Ma said. They dropped Wayne off down the road a bit. He said he wanted to mosey over and talk with Eleanor. They came up the sweeping drive before the old house. Inside they could hear the jangle of the phone. It was Marry who dropped off to answer it. She lifted the receiver mechanically. And then suddenly her whole face was alight.

"Who? Who?" she said. "Pat! Oh, Pat! No, I'm not crying. Of course. I'm glad to hear from you... Where?... Just down the road... Right now! Oh, Pat, I waited and waited for you last night... No, I never got the message... They offered you the job in Chicago... And do you know what I thought? You'll never guess what I thought... No, Pat, I'm not going to talk forever. Of course I want to see you... Down at the drugstore. Of course you can come up. No, wait! I'll come down. I'll be right back. Wait for me, Pat! Wait for me!

She was out of the house and running down the road, past Pa who turned from unloading Blue Boy to stare after her, past Ma who was taking out the remaining jars of pickles and mincemeat. She ran down the road toward the Drugstore.

"Did you hear Marry?" Pat said. "I never heard her laugh like that."

"Must have had a good time at the Fair," Ma said.

"Guess so," Pat said. "Fine things for the young ones. Fine things, Fairs!"

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_50_ (worth $1 each) _Christmas Greeting Cards_—Clip and MAIL TODAY! All cards _Famous Religious and Humorous Characters._

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over Hollywood Boulevard. After all, you’re star discovery of the year.”

The director was laughing at the ex-
ception on Bill’s face. “Go about Bill. The darn bridge is stronger than it looks.”

“You hope,” Bill said. But then he re-
membered his own acting and the song “The Song Of Bernadette” was a really big pic-
ture. He was lucky to be in it. He remembered, too, suddenly and unex-
pectedly, that Jennifer would be in it too. She was a picture girl who saw visions of the Blessed Virgin. The mood of spiritual reverence which had affected them all during the shooting of the pic-
ture crept over him again.

**LUCKY VOODOO**

He wasn’t the only one who had noticed it. They had all spoken of it. The shoot-
ing had gone along with an almost un-

Everyday was happy and kind and helpful. Bill is a practical and rather lu-

tical of the fence of fancy, but this wasn’t anything you could

It was just—well, a feeling of in you inside. And after the picture was as finished, he remembered those who had helped make it. Jenni-

Fibs and the whole thing was wiped out. He knew her,

Bill has been lucky, though, in a lot of ways since he came to Hollywood. One of his best breaks has been the girl’s cast opposite him. Jennifer and Anne Baxter and Joan Bennett Tallulah herself. Of course, he and Anne Baxter are very good pals indeed, so he naturally

Not like that time he had to do a scene or “Wing And A Prayer,” and never saw her face before his life. She was

“Thanks,” he said, and rushed her over there before she could change her

Not like that time he had to do a scene or “Wing And A Prayer,” and never saw her face before his life. She was

As far back as he could remember, as he gave the line of the scene, she told him. His eyes were prac-
tically popped open with matches at that point but he kissed the gals with all the enthusiasm he could muster. She re-

“...of course!” she says. And she’s so

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**CHARMING BILLY**

(Continued from page 35)
kind of a nice jerk.” It’s a comedy part, which delighted Bill—he loves playing comedy. He does pratt falls and everything. Tallulah used to laugh so much at some of the scenes that they had to stop shooting. Like the one where she leans against a pillar, looking beautiful and queenly as all get out, and says in her throaty, dramatic style, “I’m the loneliest woman in the world!”

The young officer looks at her with his eyes practically popping out of his head in sympathetic identification. He says lasciviously (honest, that’s the only way to describe it), “Oh, your Majesty!” That’s all, but it used to kill Tallulah. She’d shriek with laughter and dance and wave it again! It’s so wonderful, I can’t bear it!”

royal chase . . .

Then there was the scene where he took her back to the wastebasket. That’s when he has just found out that she has been trifling with his young affections, and his ego is smashed to small and painful fragments. He isn’t advancing toward her, his retaliation in his eyes, and the czarina sees what’s coming and runs like hell. He chases her all over the palace, and when he finally catches her, he up and heaves her into the wastebasket.

“arrested actress on earth,” he told his friends in awed embarrassment, “and I’m chasing a footman and corridors and tossing her into the wastebasket.”

He gave her a little souvenir of one of her scenes together. The one where Bill says menacingly, “You know where you’ll never see a man again. No men, your Majesty! East or West, North or South, no men!” Bill sent her a silver compass marked as a heart, with the inscription “Your Majesty, no men!”

Bill wears tights in “A Royal Scandal.” The costume of white and gold and blouson and tight and accidentally becoming to his lean, dark good looks. But the tights proved a definite hazard when he was chasing Tallulah. They split up the back! Bill could feel them going but there was nothing he could do about it except back hastily off the set. Everyone ran around with needles and tape and pins and got him looking respectable again. He started to laugh. This was once moment camras grinding, and this time the damn tights split up the front! It was very funny—“It’s all Bill’s fault! There was a young soldier on the set who had just returned from a couple of years in the South Pacific. He came up to Bill afterward and said, ‘Bill, that’s the first time I’ve laughed in twenty-five months!’”

“Come in anytime,” Bill said helpfully. “Always glad to oblige, if the supply of tights holds out.”

proof positive . . .

“A Royal Scandal” convinced any doubters there might be left in Hollywood that this Eyth was headed for stardom. There are probably some people who are not pleased about this. Bill is too outspoken, too much of a law unto himself, to achieve his dramatic popularity in a way as governed by gossip as the cinema capital. He does as he pleases, not because he is trying to establish a reputation as a “character” but because he is essentially too lazy to change his habits.

Colonel Effingham’s Raid," his most recent picture, was exciting to make because there were so many accomplished actors and actresses in it. Joan Bennett, Charles Coburn, Allan Jodson, Donald Meek. Donald used to threaten around, very dead pan, with an enormous picture of a monkey, saying politely, “Will you autograph your picture for me?”

Joan was swell to work with. Never pulled any heavy stuff, laughed at herself all the time. One night when they were all cold and exhausted after a particular hard location, Bill was sitting in Joan’s trailer, feeling like the end of the world. Joan, taking makeup off her lovely face with cold cream, stopped abruptly and leaned forward to study herself dramatically in the mirror.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star! What a silly jerk you are!” she declared.

He laughed till he was sick. After that they both felt fine.

They used real soldiers in the last part of the picture where the young reporter plays by Bill with the Army. On of the soldiers approached Bill.

“Uh—Mr. Eyth, would you please give me your autograph.”

Bill beamed happily. “Oh, you don’t really want my autograph,” he said, with all the phony modesty of a chorus girl accepting her first mink coat, “I’m no much of an actor.”

“Oh, I know that,” said the soldier earnestly. “But after all, you are in pictures.”

After “Colonel Effingham’s Raid” finished, Bill went on a sort of cross-country tour, making personal appearances and doing a bit of radio work. Radio a medium which turns the brush M. Eyth into a sort of fly-fish. It stands in front of the microphone, and his hand shakes so much that the script he is holding is just a blur in front of his eyes.

In one theater the audience asked the performance by the audience’s reaction he explains. “In pictures, if it isn’t right, it can be re-shot. But on the radio, you talk in that dark, and if you don’t all you know comes out of people’s radios may sound like Mortimer Snerd!”

There are a couple of words which invariably muffle up in the script. One is “interested” which he can pronounce at all unless he says so solemnly—“in-ter-es-ted.” The other executes.” He encountered that in a script on the Paula Stone program where he was guest-starring. He saw it coming a couple of paragraphs away and cast agonized glance at the least idea what was wrong with. His smile, sweetly, encouragingly, Bill went on, in the manner of a victim approaching the dentist, blankly. “They all became at the ‘executive,’ he pronounced it (a) (b) (c) and—finally, with triumph, “ex-e-o-u-tive.” It slowed a program up a bit, but you can’t have everything!

plug happy . . .

In Chicago, he guest-starred on Breakfast Hour, which is McC’d by D. McNeil. Don is a great guy, and he got Bill quite a build-up as they began. E ended his eulogy by saying, “Bill Eyth who is currently appearing in ‘A Royal Scandal,’ Bill plucked at his sleeve—and the word was ‘Royal’—he looked at him blankly.” Don took over the microphone.

“I hate to start out in a negative manner,” he said, “but the film is named ‘A Royal Scandal.’ Oh, Don repeated, ‘A Royal Scandal!’” “This,” Bill announced, “sho get me a raise at Twentieth. Three pl no longer that’s the end of the story.”

He next project, which is already under way, is a picture about the FBI. Lio Nolan is to be in it, too. Part of it is to be made in Washington, and the rest in New York. It is a small affection in New York, and is happily bordering around from one theater to another in between work on the picture. It is said to be semi-documentary in nature, and is based on Ambassador Dodd’s diary. It plays a kid who is sent by the FBI Germany before the war to assimilate German technique and plans. He alv
it all so thoroughly that when he gets back, his superiors don't dare trust him. They think he has gone over to the Nazis.

Bill met one celebrity on his tour who really excited him. That was Chester Gould, the originator of the frintic Dick Tracy adventures. Bill, like most of America, reads Dick with the same regularity with which he consumes his morning coffee. So when he was introduced to Gould in Chicago, he oozed admiration at every pore. They went into a long huddle, and Bill emerged with the slightly glassy-eyed look of one who has been entrusted with a vital military secret.

"I am now one of two people in the United States who know what is going to happen to Gravel Gerte for the next six months," he confided to a friend. "It's almost too much for me." But wait till a couple of Bill's pals on the Coast find out about this. The three of them have been sworn to secrecy on the next day's Dick Tracy strip. They'll probably accuse Bill of trying to gyp them out of their lifesavings.

Bill would love to "commute" between the Coast and Broadway, taking advantage of both mediums. He thinks an actor in either one can learn a lot from the other. That's one of the nicest things about Bill—his willingness to learn from anything or anyone who has something to teach. He has a secret yen to play parts like the of a Warner Bros. castoff. Or else villains—he loves villains. He played in "Night Must Fall" in stock, and in "Ladies in Retirement," and couldn't have been happier. Since he is a man who may be tired tomorrow but still guarantee to do his very best, Bill is certainly going to be a very appealing young man, you'll probably stroll into the corner movie one day and find him playing the most sinister kind of murderer. But meanwhile he'll settle the way he looks and acts in "A Royal Scandal." Such fun!

Hollywood, and they'd like it to have the domestic qualities that make Malabar so rich—and most of all, the spirit of warm, glowing love.

So they came to Pleasant Valley and this was their wedding day.

american...

Humphrey Bogart is an American. He loves this country and he wants a lot for it. So they stopped in Chicago for "I Am an American" Day, Bogey, and Betty and her mother, attractive, gleaming Mrs. Natalie Bacall. He made a talk there, and a lot of it was still with him as he spoke to reporters, a lot of the thrill and excitement that comes into his voice when he speaks to the soldiers, and when he talks about them.

A girl told him that she'd come up to forbid the bans. "My big brother's fighting the war for Malabar," she said. "He wants to come home and marry her. "How's he fixed for points?" Humphrey asked, and then his smile flashed. "He isn't the only one. You ought to hear those GIs when they see her picture—"Woof!" and his eyes lighted again and he looked across at her—"It's a great thing."

They left Chicago. A very small party, just Bogart and Lauren and a driver who had come along because twenty-year-old Miss Bacall must have a parent's signature to get a marriage license.

It was late when they got into Mansfield, Ohio—almost midnight.

It's a small town, a city of large, gracious old homes, with a central square
and a rugged looking courthouse. There weren't a lot of cars parked around the business center and much of the place was dark. But the reporters. It isn’t every evening that two world famous people come here to be married. . . .

They had to get up at six o'clock in the morning, next day from the Bromfield farm for their marriage license.

There was a doctor who was ready to shut himself into his laboratory to make blood tests in a hurry. There was a probable judge whose privilege it was to waive the five-day delay. There was Judge H. H. Shettler, whose enormous privilege it was to perform the ceremony.

So they got their license and there was time for Louis to take them for a good workout in the fields.

"Maybe Modern Screen would like to see Betty on a manure spreader?" Bogey suggested. "That's what we get when we come here—work with manure.

There's been screwy weather in Ohio all through the spring. But the sun came up to shine on a very happy bride on May twenty-first.

People came from all over, but Lauren wanted her wedding very simple and very private. She wanted Bogey and her beautiful young mother. She wanted Louis Bromfield for best man and George Hawkins, his handsome secretary—man, to give her away. The judge to read the ceremony. Lovely, slender Hope Bromfield, Louis' seventeen-year-old daughter, to play the wedding music. Mr. Bromfield's wife and mother.

And could that be all, she asked, just those special few? It could be arranged—it took doing. The Bromfields have hundreds of friends everywhere in the world. The press was excited over the proceedings. It isn't easy for anybody to be turned away from Malabar.

And yet, somehow—it was done.

There's a great central hall at Malabar. A huge recessed window at one end brings the whole breath taking landscape into the room. There were flowers banked in the window.

Hope Bromfield played. The Warsaw Concerto on the big piano. The Warsaw Concerto—it has certain sentimental associations for the pair of them. And then the Lohengrin wedding march. The judge stood in the window reading a simple service.

"I charge you both to remember that love and loyalty alone will serve as the foundation of an enduring and happy home . . ."

The lovely girl in rose-beige lifted her eyes—the Look was a still one now, a vow and a sacrament. They both want an enduring and happy home.

"Your life will be full of peace and happiness and the home which you are establishing will last through every vicissitude . . ."

There is on the floor of the hall, a great, striped tiger skin rug Louis Bromfield shot in Mysoore, India. Humphrey Bogart stood on this tiger skin now, a certain leashed power in his shoulders under the trimly cut suit. He looked at the lovely girl, and there was no hard feeling there. There was wonder, and peace, and a growing happiness.

"Will you, Humphrey Bogart, have Betty Joan Bacall, to be your wedded wife? Will you love her. . . ."

There were two rings to be exchanged. Lauren had worn on her finger the giant chrysoberyl which was her choice far above rubies. Now the slender wedding ring slipped on her finger.

Bogey and Lauren Bacall were man and wife.

They stood still for a moment. The judge smiled.

"It's all right—you can kiss her now." A lot of people wanted to kiss her—she gave a warm kiss to big George Hawkins, she had an embrace from Louis, she turned to her mother. "It's wonderful—and it's over," she whispered. "I'm Mrs. Bogart—Mrs. Humphrey Bogart. . . ."

They drove away from Lauren and Bogey, but she ran up the stairs, motioning the men away.

She poised her flowers high, ready for the traditional hurling of the bouquet.

"Out of the way, boys," Lauren said severely, her eyes on young, pretty Hope Bromfield. "She's going to get it."

Hope went on tiptoe and the flowers sailed into her hands.

They all came out into the sunshine.

She came across the screened verandah and suddenly Lauren leaned forward and kissed Humphrey—a swift, little girl kiss, with her eyes laughing, and her long curly mouth mischievous. She daubed a speck of lipstick from her hand to her father.

"Are you happy?" somebody said to Bogey.

"What do you think?"

"She's a beautiful thing," a wistful guest murmured.

"She's better than that," flashed Bogey. "She's sweet and kind and good."

That's what everybody was saying—the Bromfields who have known great people all over the great world, and who with three daughters of their own, Hope, Lauren, and Elsie Betty Bacall for a fourth. She came hurrying out at a photographer's plea, and the door swung behind her and nipped the tail of one of the huge own boxes that room about the premises.

"Oh, darling!" Lauren wailed. She sat down and hugged the fierce-faced, loving-eyed dog, and apropos to him deeply, she told him over and over that it had been a mistake and she was terribly sorry. This was Prince, who, during the wedding ceremony, came stroiling into the room and lay down, trustingly, on the judge's shoes.

Later, "Climb up on the roof, will you?" a photographer suggested and Bogey said, "I'd love to," and Lauren added, "and I'll hang by my toes. Right?"

Humphrey shrugs away the notion that he and Lauren may do a stage play together. "We haven't been in a stage play for so long, I'd be scared to death—and we're both tied up with contracts."

So tied up, in fact, that they are going straight back to Hollywood after this halcyon interval in Pleasant Valley. Overnight at the farm—one day's honeymoon in Chicago. Then to work.

But they were married at noon when the sun was high and the air sweet and for the rest of this glowing day they were bride and bridgegroom and nothing else.

"Will you stand over here, Mrs. Bogart?" Lauren Bacall flung back her hair and cried out.

"What did you say?"

"Mrs. Bogart. . . ."

"Say it once more. . . ."

"Mrs. Bogart. . . ."

"I LOVE this man!" she exclaimed. It was time to go into the huge, gracious dining room, where the tall four-layer cake was brought in.

Humphrey Bogart swung the knife over the shimmering cake. "A-ah!" breathed everybody.

He looked up with a darkly gleaming grin. "Wife," he said, "wait till Van Johnson does this!"

A breathless young girl came up to Bogey, just as Louis Bromfield seized and at that first hank of tears, Humphrey listened attentively—he nodded, and went over to speak to Lauren.

Two girls wanted pictures taken, wedding pictures of Lauren and Bogey—and could the girls be taken too? They were
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and burn from overwork,
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sleep? Then cleanse
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all for him. Others couldn’t figure him out. He was no problem child in the ordinary sense. “But it was one of my colleagues saying, “he sits there behind this barrier of reserve, and you simply can’t figure out what goes on in that handsome head of his.”

**taking stock . . .**

The minute I saw him, I knew what she meant. I saw an imp flickered in his eyes. I knew he was sizing me up. And why not? Wasn’t I doing the same to him?

From the beginning, Alan stood out. Besides each name in your record book, there’s a space for remarks—if you care to make them. As a rule, you don’t. About the average child you have nothing to say. He has no curiosity, he absorbs what doesn’t require too much effort, he goes to school because he must. Beside Alan’s name, he wrote: “Imp—original ideas—intelligent curiosity—creative imagination—sense of humor.”

For four years I taught him English and drama, and he was an active member of my Shakespeare Club. In all that time I never knew him to accept an opinion merely because it was voiced by authority. Always, he doubted for himself.

Trouble was the last thing he ever gave me. The only time he stepped out of line was in my behalf. We were studying “Hamlet,” and he and I were in the class of a tough character who made it his business to create disturbances. After one such interruption, I saw Alan give a little signal to another boy. They both rose quietly, lifted the offender between them, took him through the door, and returned to their seats, dusting their palms off.

It all happened so quickly for me to interfere. Recovering my breath, I asked: “Where’s he gone?”

“Oh!” replied Alan. “I don’t believe he went with him to create disturbances. After one such interruption, I saw Alan give a little signal to another boy. They both rose quietly, lifted the offender between them, took him through the door, and returned to their seats, dusting their palms off. It all happened so quickly for me to interfere. Recovering my breath, I asked: “Where’s he gone?”

“Out!” replied Alan.

While my knowledge of Alan at the time was only through school activities, I followed those with considerable interest. He was a champion swimmer and diver, guard at the play pool, and popular with boys and girls alike. In his junior year they elected him president of the student body. He made A’s in more than half his classes, including math, yet there was nothing of the grand about him. Among other things, he was a notable dancer. Most of those kids danced well, but they’d clear the floor to watch Alan and his partner toss off a routine. It didn’t take much, of course, to impress me, but when his contemporaries broke into loud applause, I knew I’d been seeing something pretty special.

I went out with any particular girl through his high school years. He had the normal boy’s interest in the opposite sex, but it seemed more general than specific. At times, however, he’d recall one gossamer little romance, because I watched it flourish and fade in English class.

When you sit up in front of forty young boys and girls one day, you see a great deal they don’t dream they’re giving away. A turn of the head, an unconscious gesture—and the poor young innocent’s secret heart lies bare to a little trick—they call her Betty—blushed every time Alan got up to recite. I’d make them memorize poetry of their own choosing, and Alan’s selections were always off the beaten track. One day it was Herrick:

“Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying: And this same flower that smiles today, Tomorrow will be dying . . .”

As he sat down, his eyes flashed toward Betty, who turned pink as a rosebud her—mouth her—self-conscious. A couple of weeks later the mood had changed. He’d dug up this message from John Soulking, and the imp was very much in evidence as he delivered it:

“Out upon it, I have loved Three whole days together, And I am eager to love three more If it prove fair weather . . .”

Betty was stung, no question about it. Her ankles batted furiously, her lip quivered, and she kept her eyes fixed on the desk till the bell rang. Alan was at the door with one of his pals, and made her a mocking little bow when she passed, head high. Naturally, my curiosity was aroused, but I had to restrain it. You can’t call on any boy to recite every day. But as soon as I could decently get around to it, I had him up again, intoning:

“Who’s she be, That not impossible She That shall command my heart and me . . .”

This time his face was inscrutable, and Betty’s only reaction was to stare into space. There was no one around to whisper that the name of the “not impossible” She would be Susie. Only they both knew for sure that it wasn’t Betty!

What interested me most in Alan was his acting ability. I nursed a thwarted passion for the stage myself, and took it out in bringing a popular coach at North Hollywood was Miss Marie Byrne. She gave Alan the part of Paul in “Come Out of the Kitchen” and that performance turned him into an arch-rooter for acting and his career. From then on, I hadn’t the slightest doubt that he could become a professional actor. It may have been my enthusiasm for his talent that prompted him to come to me one day with a problem.

**confessor-comforter . . .**

I no longer remember what the problem was—only that it seemed very large in his life at the time, and was something he couldn’t talk to his mother about. Which makes me think it may have had to do with whether or not he ought to leave school. That afternoon brought us closer. I believe he knew he could come to me as a friend. My own son, Harry, was 19 at the time—too much older than Alan for me to be really chummy. But they met when Alan did some work in my garden and liked each other—and Harry’s sometimes took the younger boy along on his rounds. Normally, he was selling cars, but those were the depression days, and most of his business consisted in taking the cars away from people who couldn’t pay for them.

I knew of course that the Ladd’s didn’t have much money, but Alan was prouder as Lucifer, and I had no idea how tough things were for them after his stepfather fell ill. Years later I asked him: “Why when we were so close didn’t you tell us? Harry and I were your friends. Who were friends for?”

He just shook his head: “I couldn’t have told anyone—”

His mother had the same kind of reserve She’d come to see me at school from time to time—a gentle, quiet person, to whom Alan was the sun and moon and stars. You had only to see them together to feel
the love and understanding between them. Alan's not demonstrative, not even with his small baby. He doesn't rave like most fathers—just looks volumes at her. And the way he looked at his mother told the same story. . . .

She believed in his career. She didn't know how it was going to be managed, but she knew as surely as if she'd lived to see it, that his talent would be recognized. I think that's why she came to see me—because I believed, too, and there weren't very many at the time who did.

We put on some one act farces, in which Alan was splendid. In fact, I could hardly believe my eyes when I sat in the theater, watching "This Gun for Hire." Somehow, I'd been expecting comedy. He'll kill me for telling this, but in one of the farces he played a college boy posing as his friend's sister, and don't think he didn't make a beautiful girl—oh, a little rough maybe but a slick chick just the same. He swore to my face the other day that he never played it—even after I showed the program under his nose.

It wasn't till he did Ko-ko though, that I went overboard and proclaimed to all who'd listen that he was the most gifted boy I'd ever known. Miss Mildred Hewes of the Motion Picture Department put it best in "The Mikado," with her Glee Club. My son was makeup man, and I had the fun of coaching Alan. Not only did he show an amplitude of the part and a beautiful sense of timing, but he took infinite pains to master every nuance of the pantomime. Fifty times he'd go patiently through a scene to perfect some detail. He sang in a pleasant baritone—not a show-off voice, but extremely sympathetic (perfect for the chanteys of "Midshipman Easy," if Paramount doesn't mind a suggestion). I assured him there'd be lots of encore for "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," and though he was skeptical, we prepared extra verses and business. As it turned out, we were prepared enough. They kept calling him back till he'd used and repeated them all, and only when he was ready to keel over, did they let him go.

almost not quite . . .

With this in mind, you can imagine how I received the news that Universal was sending a man through the high schools on a talent hunt. The youngsters he picked were to be put under trial contract for a year or two—and if they proved themselves—given a regular contract in the fall.

I made up my mind that Alan had to be chosen. Or rather, I felt not the smallest doubt that he would be. So when Mr. Turney came in and picked this one and that, and ignored the pride of my heart, I rolled up my sleeves and gave battle.

"He's too blonde," Mr. Turney said. "He won't photograph well—"

"That's where you're wrong, I know, because we've had him photographed in schools this year. Mr. Turney, I've worked with hundreds of children, and this boy's got more than the rest of them put together. I have no axe to grind. You say you're looking for talent, and I'm showing it to you. If you pass it up, you'll be making the mistake of your life."

I had Alan sit down; get up; walk around. He moved easily, knew how to use his hands, had already achieved a kind of authority. Mr. Turney wavered some more—

"Do those lines of Cassio's, Alan," he said. He grinned at me and began: "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."

That did it. "He has a fine voice," Mr. Turney said. "I think we'll try him—"
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a great failure...

All summer Alan worked like one possessed—spent the day at Universal, had no job at night, and early every morning came over to my house. There was a big swing in the garden, and there we'd sit, doing voice exercises, through some scene for the studio. The neighbors must have thought we slightly batty, which didn't bother me. What did was the shock that came at summer's end. Universal failed to take up Alan's option. I know more about studios now than I did then. At the time I was dumfounded by what Alan's acting career is going to end up. My splutterings didn't do much good, nor my feeble attempts at comfort.

"Somebody'll grab you, Alan. Somebody's bound to..."

"Sure," he said.

I was transferred to Samuel Gompers Junior High School, and moved to another part of town. Angela sprawls all over the map, transportation is difficult, and the Ladd's had no phone. I tried to keep in touch with Alan, but failed. It's characteristic of him that when he's on his luck, he doesn't hear from him. When his luck turns, when he can do things for you, then you hear from him. I did hear about him. From time to time I'd meet one or another of his pals, who'd give me news of him. Still, there were long dry gaps in between. After one such gap had passed again to me, I came to remember the old crowd. He told me that Alan was working as a grip at Warners. That jolted me out of my normal pattern of behavior. Maybe because this friend of his had told me of a grip who'd fallen from the catwalk to his death. Maybe because memories of the boy and his talent and his fine eagerness came flooding back too brightly. Anyway, I sat down and wrote him a letter, the gist of which was: "Why are you wasting yourself? Get out and fight for the place you're entitled to..."

I mailed it to the studio, and for several years that was my last communication with Alan. I couldn't even be sure that the letter had reached him.

The first time I spied his name in the movie columns, my heart skipped a beat. "Alan Ladd," he was a promising newcomer. Soon it began popping all over the place. "Alan Ladd signed by Paramount," "Alan Ladd considered for starring role," "Alan Ladd marries Sue Carol..."

reflected glory...

I'd gone downtown to see "This Gun for Hire." I'd toyed with the idea of writing to Alan, but decided against it. One day the school phone rang, and a voice asked for me.

"If you'll leave your name, said the clerk, "I'll give her the message..."

"Alan Ladd," said the voice.

I never got the message. Luckily for me, though, Alan's persistent. He asked Sue's secretary, "Who was that caller?" if she got me—which she finally did, in a free period.

"Will you come out and have lunch with Alan at the studio?"

Would I? I believe it or not, I palpitated like any of my high school girls. Couldn't wait for the day to arrive, set out in a dither and wound up in a state of complete collapse. First of all, I was late. Someone gave me the wrong directions. When I did reach the studio, they wouldn't let me through the main gate. Eventually, the police that looks after idiots shoved me through the right door. I knew it was right, because Alan was there to greet me. As we started toward each other, a cameraman intervened. "Just a minute, please..."

I couldn't take it in. What did they want a picture of me for?—this droopy-looking
teacher in a cocked hat. However, mine not to reason why. With that beautiful kid smiling beside me, the least I could do was try to look human. Not knowing how we got there, I found myself opposite Alan at a luncheon table. More cameras clicked. Someone thrust a book at me. "Now teach him!"

"Oh Lord," I wailed, "do I have to be a teacher forever?"

Alan howled and, next thing I knew, we were safe in his dressing room.

"What's all the fuss about, Alan? Why the pictures of me?"

"We know all about that letter you wrote me."

For a second I couldn't think what he meant. Then it came back. "You did get it then? I never knew."

"I was too low to answer it, but I got it all right. It made all the difference. I stood there reading it, then crumpled it into my pocket. Tears? No.－Never turned the trick. That's when I said, 'An actor or nothing'—"

After work, he took me home to meet Sue. With my son in the service, I'd been feeling a little lonely, and the welcome she gave me all but dissolved me in tears. Before leaving, I asked Alan for a autographed photo—any movie, really. He promised to send me one to the school.

A couple of days later, the photo arrived. I had the poor sense to open it while a child was around. He spread it like wildfire. He'd written: "To Isabel Gray, who wrote the letter that changed my life."

Heavens, how my stock rose! From a cranny old teacher, I was hoisted to a place on the same level. He sent the whole thing by proxy through me. Gompers High became a Mecca to which the faithful flocked, even from other schools.

To avoid being labelled Public Enemy No. 1, I had it framed and kept it on my desk and I know I was honestly mortified when I retired. Because I was mean enough to take the picture along.

I see Sue and Alan often. Officially, they've adopted me as their aunt but I feel more like a mother to them both. We're in normal family footing. They'll phone of an evening, and say, "We're coming down to get you." Or I'll take a bus and run up to see them. If they're not in, I can visit with Allen—her surname with Georgia, their wonderful cook. Or the secretaries. They're all nice enough to give me the run of the house. Even Jezebel, the dog, tolerates me.

**hero at home**

I stayed with Alana while Sue and Alan were away on their recent hospital trip. At least two times I made little pilgrimages to their pictures and talk to them. Once I heard her cooking at Alan's picture, "Daddy says no." I knew just what she meant. Alan never raises his voice. He hates loud noises. But even the baby knows who's boss in the house. When Sue says no, there's a kind of loophole in her voice. When Alan says it, it sticks. The night the two of them got home, I told them that story.

"Uh—huh," said Alan. "And what happened then?"

"Then," I had to confess, "she smeared kisses all over you."

We spend quiet evenings at home, or we go to the movies. Neither Sue nor Alan can ever get enough of movies. And never do we go out without picking up a couple of service men and taking them back to the house—"

---

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your picture" and such crafts. Not long ago his mates caught Guy answering a ravel letter. He called Harriet and not only was his official name for the next week "Harriet," but he'd find cut-outs of sexy cuties titled "Harriet" draped around wherever he went, trimmed in the shapes of daisies, roses and a certain variegated garden flower which shall be nameless here.

But this is just normal Navy razz, and Guy rises above it with a good natured grin. Really, by now the North Island crew is used to Seaman Guy showing up with a story or two. He can police the beach for cigarette butts and emote along with it all he wants. He can practice breathing exercises, twist his handsome face in dolphin shapes as he bends his spy glass over the bay, make love to a hunk of kelp or even dance an adagio with a porpoise without getting a raised eyebrow. By now, Seaman Guy Madison is recognized by his mates as a sailor with a post-war future.

There's not much doubt about that around Hollywood, either. You have to dig way back in the record book to find a miracle meteor like Guy Madison. After all, he flashed on and off the screen of "Since You Went Away" in three minutes flat. By the time David O. Selznick studio was saturation-bombed with rave mail. "Somebody at your studio," wrote one indignant chick, "made a horrible mistake. Why don't you send a wonderful sailor in the bowling alley?"

Another passionate Priscilla penned, 'I'm mad about Frankie Sinatra and Van Johnson makes me swoon. But when I saw that super sailor I have my doubts. First month after "Since You Went Away" began clicking on the nation's screens, 5000 ardent notes like that sailed in. They all raved about that 'wonderful guy.'

It's been like that ever since, even though it is almost two years now since Guy cashed his seven-day Liberty into a movie career and there are more reversion plans for Guy Madison at Selznick's than you'll find along Wall Street. Guy never kidded himself for one moment after the lightning strike. What he knew about acting would rattle around inside his sea cap. But with a post-war Hollywood contract all signed and sealed, and a sensational break-up one of these days, Guy's making sure he won't be caught with his skivvies down, when V-J Day rolls around.

But of course, the beautiful brute like Guy Madison will not necessarily be exactly a John Barrymore to get by. What Guy has is elemental; he's a terrific hunk of young male man—a real, not a phony Apollo.

Even Technicolor can't do Guy's looks justice. You have to see him in the flesh to realize what a Golden Boy this sailor is. He's got the cut of a young sun god. Even his thick, close-cropped blond top, with its stubborn wave, is sun-bleached to an 18-karat hue. That's what a young man looks like when you first spot Guy. His 180 pounds and six feet of muscles, tapered chest, flat stomach and lean hips all add up, too. But if the guy lets off his carved sculptured face and frame, makes his blue eyes bluer, his white smile dazzling. When Guy's sun-gilded head tops off his trim Navy blues he's something to make a girl's heart do nip-ups—from six to sixty.

After the "Since You Went Away" premiere, Elsie Mannix, Oscar winner, one of her elegant parties for the Hollywood haute monde and Guy was exposed to his first Hollywood soirée. Now, good looks are about as rare in Hollywood as fleas in a dog kennel. But with all the glamor boys hobbing about, dressing up the male end
of the party, it was bashful Seaman Guy who held the spot, embarrassingly.

A lady writer old enough to be his mama came up to Guy and said, "You know, you're the cutest thing I ever saw!" just to watch him blush through his tan.

Next, a glamorous girl who has the wolverine snapping at each other, all over Hollywood took one look at shining Guy and cried right out loud, "He looks like something on a birthday cake!"

At these cracks, Guy managed a test- ing return quip. "Hey," he said, "don't say things like that or you'll spoil me! But when a certain star—and a mighty glamorous one, too—started following him around with real romantic intentions he got scared. He slipped over to the side of his pal, Henry Willson, the Selzick executive who gets all the radio broadcast casts and tagged him for fame.

"Say," whispered Guy, "who is that old dame who's following me around?" That 'old dame' was a star you'd know pronto if I just named her initials.

To show you what a green apple Guy was about Hollywood when fame seized him by the shoulders.

When he was making "Since You Went Away," Ingrid Bergman came on the set one day, and Jennifer Jones remarked, "I think she's lovelier than Garbo."

Guy looked blank. He said, "Who's Garbo?"

It was Jennifer's turn to drop her pretty jaw. She didn't believe it—and maybe you won't either—but it's gospel. Before that day Guy had never heard of Greta Garbo—the greatest star Hollywood has ever launched! He's just as naive about Hollywood customs. A press agent at Selzick's batted out a description of Guy Madison after the fan demands poured in. He wrote, "Guy has long eyelashes and an olive complexion." When Guy read the release he blushed, "I thought you only said such things about girls," he said. And on his first trip to a Hollywood glamour cafe, the waiter came around after Madison had polished off his proteins, grems and solids. "Demi-tasse?" he inquired.

"What's that?" asked Madison. The waiter coughed and Guy's pal pointed to the print on the menu. "Oh," said Madison, "that's that little word I've seen before at the end of the menu. What's it mean?"

"Coffee," whispered the pal. "Oh, sure," grinned Guy. "Well, I'll have a glass of milk!"

Don't get the idea that Guy Madison is any dummy. On the contrary, he's plenty smart—nor is he slow to realize that this Hollywood business is not his natural racket and that he's got about as much background for being a glamorous star and leading a public life as—well—as Bob Mosely has. And smart enough, too, to spend his liberty days every week catching on. Sailors want a six-week-end holiday when they get plenty of things to do and places to play. But Guy takes his day off when he can go to the studio, study the stars in action, take a few dramatic photographs and learn what it all about. He may not be the smoothest character in the world, but he's got sense enough to know that there's plenty to learn and there's no time like the present.

Because, the truth is that only the purest Cinderella happen-stance in Hollywood history plumped Bakersfield's Guy Madison into the spot he now occupies. From his home town history you can see in a sec that Fate was in a frolicsome mood indeed when she whisked Guy before a camera. From his bringing up and the kind of guy he was Guy had about as much business being there as a deacon has in jail.
Guy grew up in Bakersfield, California, where they pump oil and raise corn, but without the barley. They also switch trains of the Santa Fe Railroad around and that's where his dad has worked for 22 years. There's not a solid class of American citizen than a railroad man. Guy had rugged English, Scotch and Irish ancestry back of him too, but funny thing—of all the family of five kids (he has three sisters and one distant cousin who grew up to be a Praxiteles dream) the puny of the lot. In fact, for a while they thought he had the White Plague but then he got fresh off to a t.b. sanatorium. Turned out to be a false alarm but ever since then he has been extremely health happy. Maybe the reason he has that super chassis is that he takes care of it.

When you read that Guy Madison doesn't smoke or drink, for instance, you are reading the truth. The high school Guy tried fire water once and all it did was burn his tonsils. From then on liquor of any kind was in his little black book. He doesn't mind it if other people drink but he can't see any sense. Same with tobacco. In fact, the toughest job of Guy's one-shot movie career was learning to puff a cigarette in that razzing bowing alley scene.

They'd light one for him right before the director called "Action!" and by the time "Roll em' came—there was Guy's cigarette perched on his mouth. He took a pickle and just as cold. He couldn't learn to puff the thing. Finally, the assistant director took him aside and gave him six easy lessons. Guy whimpered a little when the exasperated assistant exploded,

"Look—you draw in—like this—see. Just try to remember that you're smoking—and not trying to think.

So he finally mastered the art—although Madison doesn't count that as backsliding a bit. After all, anything for art.

Guy is a big-time wheat bread. He never touches coffee or tea and can pass up even a coke unless it's forced on him. He's a great personal hygiene guy, too, always scrupulously clean. He bares his teeth, his mates say, at least fifteen minutes by the chronometer and when he gargles he uses only salt water—that's part of Guy's fight against medicine of all kinds. So you can see that I'm not kidding when I call Madison a child of nature. But when it comes to stowing the chow—well—that's something else.

To his friends of the good and his disposition soothed Guy has to have two things—sleep and food. He's a glutton for both, although they don't make him dopey and they don't make him fat. He can sack in any time, any place. The other night he joined in a V-E day party at Henry Willow's house in Beverly Hills. It was a mild clathk of souls with Henry's friends. Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens were there, Tom Drake and his wife, Chris, Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling and Henry's own Marry Ann Purifoy. They were jabbering, laughing, singing and keeping the vic and radio going full blast. Suddenly in the midst of all this hoopla, host Henry looked around and tried to spot a party that's when Seaman Madison likes to sack down.

About food—well, here is an average Guy Madison menu which I weaseled out of him by slow torture: High glass of orange juice. Four shredded wheat. Eight eggs. Two orders of bacon. Double stack of toast. Two glasses of milk. And maybe hotcakes if he still feels empty.

Okay—so you don't believe it. Well, neither did a waitress at the Beverly Hills
Hotel the other morning when Guy breezed in for breakfast. He ratted off his choices, she smiled and hustled off to the kitchen. Soon she was back, hoisting the plates of food, two poached eggs, four pieces of toast, two strips of bacon. When she sat down, Guy asked, "Where's the rest of the eggs?"

"He chickened the girl coyly. "I can take a joke."

"It's no joke," assured Guy. "I want my eggs." When she saw he really meant it she turned bright red. "Hey, " he added, "there's the last one in the kitchen perched through the glass peephole to get a load of this egg-centric sailor."

Over at Ann Lehr's Guild Canteen, (probably the service men's favorite overnight spot in Hollywood), where Bob has stayed often and still does on his trips up to Hollywood, they have a name for Bob. Selznick's wanted him one day for something or other and called around town to locate him. At the Guild Canteen they said, "If you see Madison? Oh, you mean the Milkman."

"Come again?"

"We call him that," explained, "because he wears the red and white of the iceman's policy."

"It's Madison's a problem. Whenever he checks in we order a couple extra quarts of milk. He drinks them up before going to bed."

The point of all this feeding dope on Madison is that it has been going on for years to build that body of his. In addition he has worked on a "fit" for the screen. He used to be a friend of our mishap supreme. What spare time he had as a kid Guy spent hunting rabbits, peasan...ant and quail in the San Joaquin Valley, tramp HO3 and hitch rides to the beach and in the woods. he was old enough to chase off alone, diving for abalone and lobster in the Pacific Ocean. He tooted a 22 rifle on his hunts. He was interested in hunting, of Indian style and switched to bow-and-arrow. He's an expert by now and the first extravagance you can check against 22s is a deluxe bow and set of shafts he saved up and bought from Howard Hill, the world's champion archer. Even when he's tramping around Hollywood he carries his bow and arrows. Every day, Guy's heart's in the highlands.

He was in a Beverly Hills ice cream parlor the other afternoon with Ann Sothern and Adolphe Menjou and then when John Boles (Jack Benny's wife) came in. They'd heard about Guy Madison, of course (news about newcomer sensations gets around fast and swift), and all the gals, knows an Adonis when she sees one, except that Mary has to kid about everything. She gave Guy an arch look, got up and took his arm.

"Mr. Madison," said Mary kiddingly. "Let's go shopping. Isn't there something you need?"

"I think it straight. "I can't now," he replied, "but if you run into any good turkey feathers, pick me up some. I need them for my arrows."

Then he turned to the notion up nibbly with clever talk—especially around girls. He hasn't had much experience. The first female he fell for back in Bakersfield, school days told him right off and scared him away from the fair sex for a long time. She was a flirty little brunette doll, Guy remembers. But when he small-timed her and took her off to his own golf school, she started weeping and slapped his fresh face.

"You stop," she bawled, "or I'll go right home to my folks!"

That gave Guy his own juvenile ideas about the inconstancy of the fair sex, and he's still a little skittily that way. But the main reason he never developed into a curbstone Casanova was because he was always too busy earning his own way. The kids in his family had to handle their own school expenses and buy clothes sometimes too, since a railroad man with five kids to feed is never wallowing in money. Guy's interest in the dance and social cliques, which didn't bother him much. But they also kept him from going out for football and basketball.

"He did play active outdoor jobs to grow on. He picked grapes and berries on the Valley ranches in the summer, husted a paper route before school, he used to be a Bakersfield Junior College-I learned a telephone line-man's job. Guy was so sold on the outdoors that he studied agriculture in J. C. and then went to work as a ranch hand. He got a job on the Antelope Ranch. In the years that followed, he raised cattle and horses and did other kinds of jobs. He was a commercial fisherman where he could get all the salty sport he loves so well and make a money killing at the same time. Post-Harbor changed the world, but the reason Madison chose the Navy as his way to serve Uncle Sam sprang from one of those old sea yen he nursed. He wandered to his boat and spent the Fleet. Too hot the other day Guy went down to San Pedro to see him off for Jap waters.

But at Pearl Harbor messed up Guy Madison's original pattern for the future. Hollywood tossed it right out the window. Until that unbelievable Cinderella-man episode occurred, what Guy knew about Hollywood was that all his figures, lasted exactly two-and-one-half seconds. He fought his way through the GI stag line for a dance with Betty but he was turned away. He's slim and naturally, she was whirled away from his aching arms.

Heaven knows Madison had no inkling of the career himself when he got some radio tickets at the Guild Canteen to see Janet Gaynor at the mike. Nor did he have any control over the coincidences that were to be. He didn't realize, for one thing, he was was to make his way with Guy Madison's career, that his figure of an ex-star do her stuff. You probably know what happened by now. The exec. the woman in New York who is Madison, and is sharp as a tack on talent bets, spotted Gun and his terrific face spelled "star stuff" as plain as if it were lined up in a newspaper. He was the kind of boat that had turned his head that he would wind up shoving Madison's career, the same thing when he saw the sailor on his next Hollywood comedy. Guy made the famous "Since You Went Away" scene on his own and they were kept under cover for a long time. For one thing, Guy had heard about those sad faces on the cutting room floor. So he didn't let his folks in Bakersfield know about the Hollywood adventure, nor his skipper at the base—not until the picture finally ended up with Guy Madison still in the rear, the world has turned upside down and promised Guy it would be, word of honor.

"Whatever I have to cut out," he assured the sailor Guy, "it won't be you." And when the wife doesn't sell you short—"it's a cinch you've got what it takes to be in like Gable." But Guy Madison isn't relying on his good looks and that lucky break to ease him along to fame and riches. After he saw the results of his camera acting he cracked. "Now I wonder why they ever thought I'd get away."

He already passed through the Cinderella-man stage that he buckled down to this shore leave course in dramas and studio stuff. The money will pay off after the Japanese job is done.

Then Guy bought himself a flivver, stowed all his worldly possessions in the rear end and for over a year now he's been operating out of the jalopy. Comes his mid-week 24-hour liberty, he hops in the heap with a few hitchhiking mates and roars from "Dago" up to Hollywood. Where he sacks in overnight doesn't matter—at a pal's, Willson's, the Canteen or just rolled up to a bowling alley. It's all the whole idea of the trip. Henry Willson's the supervisor and Svengali of most of that because he arranged with dramatic companies and any other actors and actresses. He fixed Guy up with starlet dates on his nights in Hollywood—Judy Garland, Sheila Ryan, Rhonda Fleming and the rest. They laughed at others. They toured the glitter spots—Moscato, Cito's, the Troc and the Grove. They took in all the premiers and at first it made you think that you could set up twenty-five or thirty bucks worth of dinner and still walk away hungry!

Guy Madison doesn't limit his strong operating to Hollywood by any means. Like a good sailor he has been to most ports. There's one down in San Diego, and one in Long Beach, too, where Guy often hung out with them who they are, but he does say he's not getting too serious until he has his post-war Hollywood fling at acting. Guy likes girls under five feet five, no painted dolls, naturally, and the real thing.

He also likes them younger than himself. Any female over eighteen is too old to send Guy. He took out a sweetie the other day in Hollywood, but where he wanted you had to be officially grown up to get in. Guy's s.f. was under age, so he prepped her for hours to say she was twenty-one in the youth haven. When the girl ordered the waiter demanded ages immediately and the flustered filly popped out with Guy's age—twenty-three.

"And do you know, you, mate?" demanded the waiter. Guy had been concentrating so long on "twenty-one" that he came up with that, realizing the minute the fatal words "Who are you?" had been said, he'd done. He didn't have any fun the rest of the night figuring the waiter had spotted him as a sad sack out with an old lady practicing for a trip to Europe.

In fact, when you boil it right down, I have a hunch that Guy Madison's feminine ideal is pretty well summed up, as it is 'Pearl' or 'Pearl'. So any time you see that Hollywood dream girl, Miss Shirley Temple. The Temples, who are always super nice to all service men, have been particularly hospitable to Guy. He has a standing invitation to swim in the pool and eat from the ice box when he comes up to Hollywood. He took Shirley to a premiers that Shirley saw her a lot around the Selznick studio.

Soon after Shirley announced her engagement, she had a little party at her home with Guy and a few of her other friends. The 'Guy' looked particularly depressed but what Shirley noticed mainly was that he kept calling her "Pearl". It bothered him certain extent that he couldn't be that Hollywood dumb. He called her "Pearl" again.

"Why do you call me 'Pearl', 'Guy' asks, a little annoyed. "Do you mean 'Shirley'?"

Guy shook his head sadly, "No," he said, "I mean 'Pearl'. Pearl Harbor! The 'M' stands for!"

"Well," sighed Guy. "When you got engaged you should be all in the picture!"

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Here's Bettina Bolegard... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... interpreting for you

Hair-do news from Paris

To make sure you always get the last word on hair-do news—from Paris as well as New York—Drene now has its own Paris correspondent. Whenever there's big hair-do news from anywhere, Drene will see that you get it!

The smartest Parisian hair-dos feature a topknot arrangement of some sort. Here all hair is brushed sleekly up and over to one side, held firmly with rubber band, then ends arranged in three big shining puffs, tilted to one side. (The way you'd tilt a hat!) The shining smoothness is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!
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It's a table for two, at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, after a day's happy sail in their sweetheart days. Stella is radiant, her skin glowing. "I'm devoted to Camay's gentle care," she says, "for my complexion has sparkled ever so much fresher and softer, since my very first cake of Camay."

—The former Stella Mikrut, Mrs. Robert T. Linder Jr., Little Neck, Long Island

Two's a Honeymoon... on their picturesque schooner, Glad Tidings. "Now that I'm a sailor's sweetheart—for life," smiles Stella, "I count on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to help keep my skin nice, despite wind and air." To win your lovelier Camay complexion, follow instructions on the Camay wrapper.
GIRL: And if a girl's like me, and isn't pretty, she might as well stay home!

CUPID: Or, my peevish pigeon, she might remember to stop glooming and start gleaming! Even a plain girl's pretty when she turns on a sparkling smile! And that means you, Sis!

GIRL: Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't got a sparkling smile... What then?

CUPID: You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

GIRL: And if I have?

CUPID: You see your dentist right away!

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Angel... dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Oh? And right away I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

CUPID: Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers
First, the stars. "Anchors Aweigh" has Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Jose Iturbi.

From FRANK SINATRA you get four numbers, duets with other principals, and—shiver our timbers!—some fancy footwork as a bonus! From honey-throated KATHRYN GRAYSON you get the title song, a Spanish number, six popular arias, and that smash song, "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings!"

From GENE KELLY you get plenty of the dazzle-dancing you expect—only it's more dazzling—plus duets with Frankie and Kathryn, and a dance number with—we swear it!—an animated mouse!

From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity. From JOSE ITURBI you get music—by a 100-piece band, a symphony orchestra, a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 grand pianos!

From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, Henry O'Neill—you get the merry musical story of two sailors on leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect.

Isabel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.

Technicolor enhances the beauty, gaiety, and charm of it all.

It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh". It's a nautical corker from M-G-M's top musical drawer.

STORIES

*SHORE LEAVE*
It was all yo-ho-ho and a barrel of fun when Dana Andrews played host to two gobs, two gals and a spanking fresh swimming pool.

* TOM DRAKE LIFE STORY, (Part One)*
He thought the world was lost when Mom and Dad passed away, but there was always hope, there was always Chris.

* THAT'S MY POP!*
Catching Van Johnson on some fancy table turning, with "Ir" giving the lowdown on "Pop!"

*WHO SAID DIVORCE?*
The Dick Haymes' discovered that what's a tiff in Tacoma becomes a Reno rumor in Hollywood.

*HEY, TRIXIE!*
Pete Lawford has that precious accent, those wonderful manners, that handsome face—and then some!

JOIN A FAN CLUB! by Hedda Hopper
Hedda Hopper visited hundreds of fan clubs, found they give you adventure, training, experience; found they give you fun!

*SMALL IN THE SADDLE*
Elizabeth Taylor likes malteds, cooking, sewing, dancing, and singing—but best of all she likes horses!

CAMEO KID
Phyllis Thaxter ain't got glamour, she ain't got oomph—but what she has got, everybody wants plenty of!

Rhapsody Man
"I won't be a doctor," sighed Bob Alda, "it takes four years." So he became an actor. P.S. It took him fifteen!

ROMANCES THEY WON'T TALK ABOUT by Louella Parsons
Movieland turned their tenderest moments into comic valentines. So for the stars of the silver screen find that silence is golden.

GOOD NEWS by Louella Parsons
There's orange blossoms for Judy, Van's data for a date, Shirley T.'s decision to be a bachelor—of Arts

"ANCHORS AWEIGH"
Romance with a gal (Kathy Grayson), 2 howling gobs (Sinatra and Kelly), and music that sends you out singing!

*COLOR PAGES*
Dana Andrews in 20th Fox's "State Fair"

Cathy Downs in 20th Fox's "Dolly Sisters"

Mary Anderson in 20th Fox's "If I Tint These Walls"

Tom Drake in M-G-M's "Hold High The Torch"

Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Weekend at the Waldorf"

Dick Haymes in 20th Fox's "State Fair"

Peter Lawford in M-G-M's "Hold High The Torch"

Elizabeth Taylor in M-G-M's "Son of Lasie"

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COVER: Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Weekend at the Waldorf." Color portraits of Van Johnson and Dick Haymes by Willinger

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Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS! "WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?" "BEGGESSHER" "FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY" "THE WORRY SONG" "MY HEART SINGS" "ANCHORS AWIGH"
MOVIE REVIEWS

Christmas in Connecticut

- Christmas would be okay in Connecticut or anywhere else, with a cast like this. Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, Sydney Greenstreet, S. Z. Sakall and Reginald Gardiner all do their best to make it a merry one. La Stanwyck alternates comedy and romance with the greatest of ease, as Elizabeth Lane, author of the famous "Diary Of a Housewife" in Smart Housekeeping magazine. Thousands of readers drool over Elizabeth's descriptions of mince pies baking in the huge oven of her Connecticut farm kitchen. They would be pretty upset if they were to find out that she really lives in a small New York apartment and can't so much as boil an egg. Alexander Yardley (Sydney Greenstreet) the magazine's publisher, would be even more upset. He, like his readers, believes Elizabeth to be a perfect wife, mother and cook! He has even extended an invitation to a young war hero to be a guest at Elizabeth's farm for Christmas.

This makes things a bit awkward. Because she not only hasn't a farm—she hasn't a husband or baby, either. If Yardley finds out he'll fire her, and the department store will take back her new mink coat. In desperation, Elizabeth decides to marry a dull young man whom she's known for years. His name is John Sloan, and he has a perfectly beautiful farm in Connecticut. They can be married at the farm, and Elizabeth will take Felix along to do the cooking. Felix (S. Z. Sakall), who runs a restaurant, gives her all her recipes anyway.

It might have worked except for a couple of (Continued on page 8)
EVERYBODY HAS A SWEET TOOTH FOR THESE TATTERTOOTH CHECKS!

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT

unforeseen complications. A—the hero, J. Jones (Dennis Morgan), arrives before Elizabeth and John have time to get married. B—Elizabeth immediately falls in love with Jonesie. And he begins to think there might be something to this marriage business, after all. When Jonesie and Elizabeth with the baby (borrowed from a neighbor for the occasion) he goes all sentimental, and wishes he had a wife and little girl like that. Elizabeth wishes so, too, but it's a little hard to explain to him how easily it could be managed. Because Mr. Yardley has come to spend Christmas with them, and he mustn't find out she's not married to John.—War.

P. S.

The fourteen-foot Christmas tree used in many of the scenes was the most temperamental actor of the picture. An out-of-season item, it had to be replaced four times during the production so that it would be as fresh looking at the end as at the beginning. . . . When Miss Stanwyck's birthday rolled around during production, the cast presented her with an enormous birthday cake and the usual armload of "gag" presents. Another cause for celebration was a visit from her Navy husband, Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor. . . . Dennis Morgan's collection of war maps was practically worn ragged before the picture was finished. Crew members checked them daily to follow the progress of the swiftly moving war. . . . When two trees were brought on the set to provide a bit of farming atmosphere, Wisconsin born Dennis proved himself a true product of the Dairy State by going right to work and milking them. . . . With a long list of film appearances behind him, S. Z. Sakall's career was kissless until this one came along. Barbara is the wife who plans to plant a kiss on his chubby cheek. . . . In two years, Sydney Greenstreet has become one of Hollywood's top-flight character actors, famed as a creator of terror at its most terrifying. But in this one, Mr. Greenstreet is neither killer nor spy—merely a magazine publisher. . . . Despite (or maybe because of) his 280 lbs. Sydney was the big hit of the square dance sequence. . . . Reversing the usual procedure, twin babies played the part of one infant. Restrictions allow small children to be before the cameras only four hours a day, so the two look-alikes were a great help in meeting production schedules. . . . Reggie Gardiner returned from a USO tour in the icy reaches of the Arctic Circle, blessing the California climate. The first day he reported to the set it was buried beneath tons of artificial snow.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES

Set a thief to catch a thief. I'm referring to Margaret O'Brien and Anna Roosevelt who observed starts suing for libel, let me say hastily that I refer to the good old Hollywood stunt of scene stealing. In "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," Margaret O'Brien and Anna Roosevelt take one scene right out from under the noses of such accomplished scene stealers as Edward G. Robinson, James Craig and Jackie Jenkins.

The basic theme of the picture is the charming relationship between little Selma Jacobson (Margaret O'Brien) and her father, Martinus (Edward G. Robinson). Selma is a cute child of seven who gets into the normal amount of mischief but makes up for it by her sweetness. The big family live on is a fine place for children to play, and Selma usually has her cousin, Arnold (Jackie Jenkins), to keep her company. Arnold is two years younger than Selma, which makes her a little bosky. She doesn't always get away with it, though.

At the moment, a couple of exciting events have taken place. One is the birth of a new baby calf. What makes that so thrilling is that Selma's father has told her she can have it for her very own. His other excitement is the arrival in town of a new schoolteacher, Miss Johnson (Frances Gifford) is young and pretty, and the editor of the local paper (James Craig) begins to take more than a reporter's interest in her.

Selma's father has something on his mind these days. His neighbor, Bjornson, has just built an enormous new barn, with all the most modern improvements. Martinus would love to have a barn like that, too. "I'll bet Mrs. Bjornson sometimes wishes she had Mrs. Jacobson says grimly, and it's true that in this Wisconsin farm country, the barn is apt to outshine the house.

The seasons pass. Autumn, with school beginning, Christmas, and Selma reading a Christmas story at the school entertainment. Spring, when the river overflows and Selma walks out and into a bathtub. Summer, and Bjornson's barn burns down. The sequel to that makes one of those walks where Margaret O'Brien off with your heart all over again.—M-G-M

P. S.

Instead of filling a scrapbook with clippings about herself, Margaret O'Brien's collecting all the news of her favorite actress, Elizabeth Taylor. Margaret's personal clippings are taken care of by Mrs. O'Brien, and to be by a filing cabinet to accommodate all the news of her wonder child. . . . After seeing "National Velvet" nine times, Margaret decided she had to have a horse. So Producer Joe Pasternack presented her with a Colt named "Lightning." Margaret is hopefully waiting for it to develop into a prize-winning offspring in the hero of her favorite picture. . . . It's officially "Butch" Jenkins now. The studio tried to dignify him with the name of Jackie, but "Butch" stuck to him like glue. So now for the first time he's getting screen credit under his nickname. . . . For awhile it seemed that "The Canterbury Ghost" had gotten loose on the set. In one scene a Christmas tree was all decked out in long strings of popcorn. Mysteriously, the popcorn disappeared from the tree between scenes. Eventually a search revealed that both Margaret and Butch were devouring the props. . . . Workmen labored four long hours above the sound stage before the mystery was solved. The water was finally turned on it couldn't compare with the California "deau" falling on the outside. Eddie Robinson suggested it might be a lot easier just to cut a hole in the roof. . . . Agnes Moorehead playing the farm wife, is one of the few women in

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You CAME Along

beautiful . . blonde . .
aloof . . alluring . .

What a gal to be picked
to ride herd on three wild
and willing bird-guys!

Robert "Princess
O'Rourke" Cummings
Lizabeth Scott
Don DeFore
in HAL WALLIS' Production

"You Came Along"

Four wonderful kids—living
the great love story of our day

with CHARLES DRAKE • JULIE BISHOP
KIM HUNTER • HELEN FORREST
Directed by John Farrow
A Paramount Picture.


**CAPTAIN EDDIE**

The critics admitted that Fred McMurray was quite an actor when they saw him in "Double Indemnity." His performance as Eddie Rickenbacker in "Captain Eddie" is even more convincing. You remember the newspaper accounts of Rickenbacker's miraculous rescue after weeks adrift on a raft. Just the bare facts, as told in those accounts, brought a lump to your throat. Now the whole story of Eddie Rickenbacker's life has been filmed, and it couldn't be more inspiring.

It begins in Columbus, Ohio when Eddie is twelve years old. His passion for machines of all kinds is forever getting him into trouble. One day he borrows an umbrella from one neighbor and a baby buggy from another, and constructs an "airplane." All the kids in the vicinity collect to watch Eddie "fly off the roof of Smith's barn." Eddie flies off, all right and lands on the ground with a horrible crash. He's lucky he isn't killed. Next he uses his only five dollars to go up in a plane which takes sightseers over the County Fair. The plane hits an air pocket before it really gets up, and Eddie again escapes death by a narrow margin. This time his mother makes him promise never to fly again.

Eddie's father (Charles Bickford) understands and sympathizes with the boy's love of machinery. "Pin your hopes and dreams to a machine," he tells his son soberly, "then you can make your dreams come true." Eddie always remembers that, long after a machine has been the death of his father. He goes to work for an automobile company, and it's through an automobile that he meets his future wife. Adelaide (Lynn Bari) isn't much impressed at first with either the car or its driver. But Eddie really sells her on the idea that the automobile is here to stay, and sells himself with it. Then comes World War I and he switches from car to planes and becomes America's leading flier.

At the time of the second World War, Eddie is no longer young. But he still knows planes better than anyone, and the government needs his services. When Eddie and his crew are forced down at sea, the search for them is carried on with all possible resources. The story of the grim, heartbreaking weeks on that life raft is something for you to remember always.—20th-Fox.

**PARIS UNDERGROUND**

Whether a war picture is dated or not depends a lot on how it is handled and who is in it. Connie Bennett, Gracie Fields and Kurt Kreuger make "Paris Underground" so convincing that you forget it all took place some time ago. The story begins the day the Germans enter Paris. There are people, even on that day, who wouldn't believe that the Germans were actually coming. Among them is chic and glamorous Kitty de Morny (Constance Bennett). Kitty has just left her husband after one of their periodic battles, and is more concerned with that than with the approaching army. She comes to the apartment of her old friend, an Englishwoman named Emmeline Quayle (Gracie Fields). Emmy has quite a time convincing the irresponsible Kitty that they must leave Paris. In fact, Kitty insists on having her hair done first, and so they miss the last train.

"We'll drive to the south of France," Kitty assures. "The idea, only everyone else has had it too. The road is so full of traffic that in five hours of driving they only get twenty miles from Paris. In disgust the rig turns off the main highway, and drives to a little inn she knows on a side road. It is night, and the inn seems to be closed, but she finally persuades the owner to let them in. He is very nervous, and at last confesses to Kitty that he has an RAF flier concealed there. Kitty and Emmy stow the flier in the carriage compartment, hoping to get him to England, but a suspicious German patrol stops them and sends them back to Paris.

En route, they encounter a German staff officer, Captain Von Weber (Kurt Kreuger). Kitty flirts with him disgracefully, but even Emmy admits it was a good idea when, through his unknowing protection, they get the flier safely to her apartment. There is still the problem of getting him out of the country. It is, ironically, Kitty's husband who helps them and becomes members of the French Underground. In an amazingly short time they have assisted not only this flier, but many others, back to England. Eventually, however, the day of reckoning arrives—U.A.

**The way he loves you...**

Hollywood who would feel right at home in the part. She owns a prosperous farm back in Ohio. James Craig, who is thoroughly at home playing a newspaperman after a long line of such parts, ran into a bit of trouble in his role of country editor. One scene had him composing a news story while simultaneously setting it up on the linotype and reading it aloud to Frances Gifford. . . . Lionel Barrymore paid Margaret O'Brien the compliment of her life when he presented her with a gold ring owned by his actress grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. He said Margaret was the first actress worthy of having the treasured heirloom.

Did his first moments with you bring a warm glow to his eyes? Neet Cream Deodorant helps you keep you the way he loves you—dainty, feminine, lovely. Just put it on—that's all! Perspiration and perspiration odor are checked. Protection lasts up to three days. Also use delightful Neet Cream Depilatory to remove superfluous hair quickly and easily.

**Neet**

at cosmetic counters
in stores everywhere

Producer Winfield Sheehan had six biographers work two years collecting data on Rickenbacker's life before a single word of the screen play was put on paper. When enough material was uncovered, Alva Johnston put it into a life story of over 700 pages, from which John Tucker Battle fashioned the screen play. . . . Before shooting, permission was obtained to impersonate all the living persons in the story. To insure absolute accuracy, technical advisers from the fields of aviation, auto racing, and the Army were engaged. . . . 20th-Century-Fox scouts scoured the whole country and many cars that could still percolate. Everything from a 1902 Columbus Horseless Carriage to a 1928 Rickenbacker sedan are driven by stars. . . . Before "Captain Eddie" was finished, Fred, disgusted at the subterfuge necessary to round up a package of cigarettes, built a cigarette perched precariously on a box. Lynn, on the other hand, claims to have made most of her love scenes in stockinged feet to cut her height. Lynn has the distinction of having been under contract to 20th longer than any other player on the lot. She had an early start though—got her first contract at 13. . . . Before undertaking the part of Lt. Whittaker, Lloyd Nolan spent almost a week with the Lieutenant and got at first hand the details of the time Lt. Whittaker was adrift with Rickenbacker on the sea. . . . Both the Army and the Navy cooperated in making the picture. The Army Air Corps loaded a B-17 and life rafts for the Pacific crash, and the Navy allowed the use of a pontoon plane for the rescue scenes.

**With this dramatization of Etta Shiber's**
A love story

born out of the bedrock of the human spirit

The magnificent story of one man and one woman and the love they so thrillingly shared—-incredible because every breathless moment is true!
best seller, Constance Bennett adds producing to her other accomplishments. Connie's the boss-lady on this one. After enacting to the satisfaction of Director Gregory Ratoff, Connie carried on her various producer's duties from her dressing room. . . . Over five hundred applicants were interviewed before convincing-looking Germans with matching accents were found. . . . Two celebratioris occurred during the first week of production. Gracie Fields celebrated her birthday at a four o'clock tea, and Elly Mulroy's 55th anniversary in the theatrical world rolled around. . . . Miss Bennett's six suit wardrobe was the creation of Adrian—Hollywood's master designer. Borrowed from private owners, Coco and Poudre, pedigreed French poodles, needed only one week's training before making debuts worthy of old hands at the game. . . . The famed Parian sections of Montparnasse and Montmartre mushroomed right in the middle of one of the studio sound stages. Designer Nicolai Remessoff created apartment houses that were complete even to the installation of a three-floor elevator. . . . The props on one of the sets were valuable antiques handed over by the leading art dealers of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and were carefully guarded night and day. . . . One of the very, very nasty Gestapo spies is played by socialite Harry Hayes Morgan, brother of Gloria Vanderbilt. . . . Comedienne Gracie Fields departed from her accustomed roles and for the first time in her movie career went strictly dramatic. Director Gregory Ratoff and bit player Dina Smyrnova had quite a reunion on the set. Their reminiscences concerned the days when both were starred on the stage of the Petrograd National Theater. . . . The set was a veritable Tower of Babel. Gregory Ratoff is the master of four tongues, dialogue director Dr. Serge Bertensson speaks four, and leading man George Reinaud speaks six.

**MEN IN HER DIARY**

Jealousy can be serious, or it can be funny. In this new Peggy Ryan picture, it's very funny indeed. Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton, and Peggy get themselves tangled up in the damnest mess you ever saw. Jon plays a handsome business man, Randy Gleaming, whose wife, Isabel (Louise Allbritton), is abnormally jealous. She has an idea Randy is playing around, either with someone in his office, or with an ex-girl friend, Diane (Virginia Grey). When she finds he is backing Diane's new show, she is sure it's Diane. Then she discovers he has bought for her pretty secretary and veers back to the "office wife" theory. She manages to have the secretary sent away and replaced with the plainest girl she can find. Certainly even Randy should be safe with Doris (Peggy Ryan) who is a very mousy type.

Unfortunately, Doris is romantic. She has never had a boy friend or any fun in life, so she makes up exciting happenings and writes them in her diary as if they were real. She develops a mad passion for Randy immediately, and makes him the hero of all her diary's most lurid passages. When he asks her advice about what kind of fur coat Diane should wear in the first act of the new show, Doris writes down that he has given her a mink coat. When he speaks curtly to her, she imagines that he is wildly jealous. All in all, it's quite a diary, and it's just too bad that Doris leaves it open on the desk one day when Isabel happens in. There it is in black and white, all the things Isabel has suspected Randy of. She promptly institutes proceedings for divorce, naming Doris as correspondent.

One person is delighted by this. Diane sees in it her chance to get Randy back. But she's afraid that when the judge sees the mousy Doris, he won't believe a word of the diary, so she spends the next month turning Doris into a glamor girl. Her efforts are so successful that she almost breaks up the courtroom. It all comes out fine, eventually, but when you get home maybe you'd better burn that diary!—Univ.

P. S.

F. Hugh Herbert, author of the stage hit "Kiss and Tell," collaborated on the screenplay, which is a good enough beginning for any picture. . . . "Men in Her Diary" reunites the romantic team of Jon Hall and Louise Allbritton, who appeared so successfully in "San Diego, I Love You." . . . Hall and partner Del Dickerson completed a 40-foot speed crash boat which they named "The Hurricane" after Jon's first Hollywood picture. Before "The Hurricane" was built, the partners sold a life boat they had designed to the city of Santa Monica, California. . . . Peggy Ryan turned her back on her usual slapstick shenanigans. She plays her first strictly dramatic, no-singing no-dancing role. She also has her first grown-up romance complete with marriage and honeymoon. . . . Ernest Truex came directly from "Night in Paradise" to "Men." After flitting about for several months garbed in the flowing toga and laurel wreath of a Greek scribe, he was only too glad to report for work in a business suit. . . . Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom spent his between scenes spare moments getting into condition in the studio gymnasium. The former light heavyweight champion is preparing for a ring comeback and will fight

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**AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY**

"But you didn't have to deliver it yourself, Mr. Schmidlip!"
South America's heavyweight champ, Arturo Godoy... In a Los Angeles warehouse, Universal dug up a thousand feet of practically non-existent English louvre glass, paid $1,000 for it and built it into the handsome movie offices of Jon Hall... Samuel S. Hinds, who was a retired attorney when he entered films, plays his fifty-first judge. It was "Judge" Hinds' 350th screen credit in 12 years.

**NIGHT IN PARADISE**

You've heard of Aesop's fables and probably you've seen pictures of Aesop—a bearded, hunchback slave. Hardly a romantic figure, but that was before Universal got hold of him. Now the beard and hunchback are just a disguise, and underneath them Aesop is handsome, dashing and romantic as all get out. He is, in fact, Turhan Bey.

Aesop assumes the disguise because he finds that wisdom is only recognized in the old. He achieves considerable fame as a sage in Samos, and when that little island is threatened by the great King Croesus, Aesop is sent to him as ambassador. It isn't as good a job as it sounds. He's got to tell Croesus that Samos refuses to pay tribute, and Croesus will quite likely have him thrown to the lions. Maybe it's because he's in no hurry to be eaten that Aesop doesn't declare himself when he first gets to Croesus' court. He sticks around until he sees what's up. In this case, what's up is the arrival of Delarai (Merle Oberon), who has promised to marry Croesus.

Delarai is really beautiful. She makes Aesop wish he had never adopted the beard and hump. Croesus greets her with enthusiasm, and Aesop thinks maybe this is a good time to break his news. However, Croesus flies into a rage over his message, and if it weren't for Delarai's intervention, would have had him killed immediately. She is amused by the grey-beard and his fables, until Aesop tells her a few things about women who marry for money. Then she gets furious and conspires with the Prime Minister to "frame" Aesop. The king, in the meantime, has become fond of the ex-slave. Nobody but Aesop can soothe him when he is in one of his rages.

Delarai makes a date with Aesop for midnight in her apartment, and tells the Prime Minister to come in half an hour later. But Aesop shows up as his true, handsome self. When the Prime Minister tries to come in, the door is locked! Eventually, of course, the king hears about it. You know how those things get around. So Aesop is sent off on a mission to the Oracle of Delphi, from which Croesus hopes he'll never return. Delarai follows him, to an exciting climax.

This is one of Universal's lavish Technicolor extravaganzas. It's decorative and amusing enough to pretty much carry the plot. This time, Delarai is played by Turhan Bey, who is just as beautiful as she is in "Sahara". The story is set in ancient Egypt, and the costumes are magnificent. The production is top-notch, and the acting is excellent. This is a film that will appeal to all ages, from children to adults. It's a fun story with plenty of action and adventure.

**P. S.**

"Paradise" is heaven. For the gentlemen in the audience, Merle Oberon takes her first screen bath—in Technicolor, too. For the ladies, Turhan Bey plants one of his first "kisses" on a leading lady. Closest he ever got before was when he hugged Maria Montez in "Sahara"...

In the beginning, Merle was so-o-o excited about her glamorous Persian princess wardrobe. After a few weeks of being swathed in heavy draperies, she was only too happy to admit that those days are left to the past... The day Turhan came to the set decked out in a false beard, Universal saw him as a walking fire hazard. The added fuzz was sprayed with

(Continued on page 16)

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**You are the one who forgot—to keep yourself nice to be near!**

If kisses were rationed they couldn't be scarcer. But she doesn't dream it's her own fault. Poor, puzzled wife!—to trust just her bath alone instead of topping it off with safe, dependable Mum.

For your bath washes away past perspiration, but Mum safeguards you against risk of underarm odor to come.

So take just 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. Then you will be free all day or evening from fear of offending. Free from the fault men don't forgive.

Mum guards charm. And charm and romance go together like love-birds. Ask for Mum today. (Note: You can use Mum even after you're dressed. Quick, safe, sure—Mum will not injure fabrics or irritate your skin.)

---

**Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

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For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.
MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

Batters up! Get ready to hit a home run on these questions. Gee, a tried 'n' true M.S. reader shouldn’t have a bit of trouble with these toughies. So start picking the correct answer from the three suggested beneath each pic. If you score from 9-12, you’re Pennant material. 6-8 just makes the Big League but below 6? Three strikes, you’re out! (See page 71 for the answers.)

1. These two appeared together in "Birth of a Nation" and 25 years later they re-met as supporting actors. They’re Marjorie Main and:
   a. Mickey Rooney  b. C. Aubrey Smith  c. Donald Crisp

2. Ernst Lubitch is the one-man show known for his:
   a. "touch"  b. cigarettes  c. meekness

3. Humor’s with the Fighting French even though Marius Montez was born in:
   a. Mexico  b. the Dominican Republic  c. France

4. Off-stage sparks flew between Fontaine and de Cordova when they finished playing lovers in:
   a. Frenchman’s Creek  b. The Moon and Sixpence  c. Captain Blood

5. He won the first "special" Academy Award in 1942 for:
   a. the most outstanding b. most distinctive for- c. establishing the French Research ening role of the year sign Foundation
direction

6. This primitive family group existed in:
   a. the nineteenth b. the author’s imagina- c. Dutch Guiana
century
tion

7. "The Three Caballeros" marks the first time that:
   a. Donald loses his b. Humors act with temper c. Disney has used a South American locale
d. cartoon figures

8. New papa Ronald Colman, whom you loved in "Kismet," is about:
   a. 30 years old  b. 40 years old c. 50 years old
9. You know that Arthur Shields and Oscar winner Barry Fitzgerald are brothers, but what is their family name?
   a. Shields
   b. Fitzgerald
c. de Maupassant

10. As a lad in Bristol, England, Babs Hutton’s estranged hubby answered to the name of:
   a. Al McGonegal
   b. Milton Berlinger
c. Archibald Leach

11. “How Green Was My Valley” dealt mainly with:
   a. An annual flower show
   b. Welsh chorales
   c. the coal miners’ strike

12. We hadn’t seen him since the ’30’s, now he “ran away” with the tree that grow in Brooklyn. He’s:
   a. Lloyd Nolan
   b. James Dunn
c. John Beal

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wouldn't.

Though stagecoach. mean. took.

Alto and softer, of headliners.

Jottefi & Hand.

Lowell, smoother.

of set. pins.

and shop.

Perfumed pins.

And sticky. tax.

of tax.

Three days. stuck.

When it was done to perfection, it took just 12 seconds on the screen to burn to ashes. Little Mairzy Doats, making his screen debut, took to direction so well Director Arthur Lubin rewarded him with extra footage. But Mairzy wasn't too impressed, being a five-week-old lamb.

**ALONG CAME JONES**

How dumb can a guy be, anyway? The all-time high—or do I mean low—is probably reached by one Melody Jones in this picture. Melody is played by Gary Cooper, who is as lean, gaunt, and attractive as ever. His pal, George (William Demarest) spends most of his time being disgusted with Melody's dumbness. You can hardly blame him. Certainly no guy with any intelligence would be so flattered when a strange town seems to be terrified of him that he would go on telling them he thinks he's a stagecoach robber, just for fun.

But no one has ever been impressed by Melody before, and it goes to his head.

It starts when he and George ride into Payneyville, and someone offers the MJ on his saddle. They think it stands for Monte Jarrat (Dan Duryea), robber and murderer. Melody fits the only description that has been circulated, and when he walks into the saloon everyone practically dives under the table. Then a beautiful girl named Cherry (Loretta Young) kisses him in public and calls him Monte. She hurries him out of town. Even Melody realizes that she's using him as a decoy to lure the sheriff's posse away from the real Monte, but he doesn't seem to care. He has, George decides sadly, lost what few brains he had left.

The two of them are suddenly enmeshed in the manhunt of the decade. Melody is pursued by the posse, but that's not the worst of it. Jarrat has seen him with Cherry, and has sworn to kill him. Then Cherry shows Melody where the loot from the robbery is hidden, and that really puts him on a spot. An investigator for the Express company becomes a corpse at an awkward moment, and Melody's chances of emerging from all this intact seem to be vanishing. A desperate gun battle between Jarrat's men and the posse finds Melody right in the middle. But he's just dumb enough to get away with it—with Cherry's assistance. There is laughter as well as shooting.

**FREE OFFER!**

Hurry, hurry! There are just 500 FREE DELL Mags waiting for 500 lucky people who will fill in the Questionnaire below and send it to us—promptly! And pronto means not a minute later than the 20th of August. These Dell mags are swell-filled with stories of star doings, star pics, everything you want to know about your favorites. So be quick—and maybe you can be one of the lucky ones!

**QUESTIONNAIRE**

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

- Shore Leave (Dana Andrews)...
- Tom Drake's Life Story, part 1...
- Cameo Kid (Phyllis Thaxter)...
- Romances They Won't Talk About by Louella Parsons...
- That's My Pop! (Van Johnson)...
- "Anchors Aweigh"

Who Said Divorce? (Dick Haymes)...
Hey, Sexy! (Peter Lawford)...
Join a Fan Club! by Hedda Hopper...
Small in the Saddle (Elizabeth Taylor)...
Rhapsody Man (Robert Alda)...

**What is your favorite story?**

**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 ADDRESS:**

- Address this to: Poll Dept., Modern Screen
- 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
- I am... years old.
- My name is...
- My address is...
- City...
- State...
- Zone...

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for softer, smoother, lovelier hands and skin. Neither sticky nor greasy. Jar, 50c plus tax.

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Sixteen BEEN KISSED (?) FILMED FROM BROADWAY'S GREAT STAGE HIT!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Kiss and Tell

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION
Play and Screenplay by F. HUGH HERBERT

starring SHIRLEY TEMPLE as Corliss Archer

with JEROME COURTLAND · WALTER ABEL · ROBERT BENCHLEY · PORTER HALL · TOM TULLY

Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL · Directed by RICHARD WALLACE
in "Along Came Jones." In fact, no one seems to take the plot very seriously, which is probably all for the best.—RKO.

P. S.

"Along Came Jones" is Gary Cooper's first assignment as producer-actor. Gary says he's now "a member of the aspirin group" because he used up a half dozen bottles soothing the headaches that are a producer's lot. . . . As "Melody," Gary sings for the first time on the screen. But Crosby and Sinatra needn't lose any sleep. Tis said that as a singer, Gary's a swell producer-actor. . . . An entire cattle range was built on International's sound stage, complete with ranch house, barn, hillside, and a menagerie of horses, cows, and chickens. . . . The fact that as a youth Dan Duryea didn't even own a BB gun doesn't influence producers who persist in casting him in "shoot 'em in the back" roles. Dan's reconciled to playing "heavies" though—they're very much in demand nowadays. However, he's always shocked when he hears himself described as "the most revolting man on the screen." . . . Loretta Young found herself in an enviable position in the role of Greta, a guest woman in the picture. . . . Bill Demarest, unflustered by the rude laughter of his co-workers when they saw him in a pair of very baggy, very ugly trousers, insisted the outfit would make him the favorite pin-up of the WACS and WAVES. . . . When Gary came out from Montana in 1922 he brought with him the trusty pair of leather chaps. They came in very handy in his cowboy extra days, but one day they disappeared. Walking onto the "Jones" set, Gary spotted the chap, but the extra who had been dressed by a costume company. Until he could buy them back at the end of the picture, Gary, as producer, had to pay rent on his own pants.

BLOOD ON THE SUN

"Blood On The Sun" is probably best known for having had its première in San Francisco during the Peace Conference. Actually, more important is the fact that it's the fastest moving, most exciting piece of screen action in recent times. Jimmy Cagney is at his toughest, which is plenty tough. He insults Japanese statemen, tosses Jap cops over his shoulder, knock's 'em silly and finds time in between to make love to Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia, by the way, stages a splendid cameo as the alluring Oriental beauty in the plot. Jimmy plays Nick Condon, newspaperman who has put Premier Tanaka and his cohorts in a dither. Nick has written a piece about Tanaka's plan for conquering the world, and the Secret Police come around immediately to demand the source of his information. Most of Nick's material was gathered in the field, but through them think he knows something. Later he realizes that there is more to this "Tanaka Plan" than he had been led to believe, and the murder result from it, and since the victims are friends of Nick, he takes it upon himself to find out who is back of it all. There isn't much in the way of a clue. The two who were killed were Ollie Miller, a newspaperman, and his wife. Nick glimpsed a girl's hand with a ruby ring on it just closing the Miller casket after the first murder. That's clue number one. Ollie gives him clue number two just before he dies. It is the original document of the "Tanaka Map" that Tanaka needed to frame his plans. But Nick is arrested by the Secret Police before he can accomplish much sleuthing, and the document is stolen. When he's let out of jail, he is surprised to find that the police haven't got it. They want it and Tanaka wants it. So who has it? Nick is still wondering, when he is introduced to Iris Hilliard (Sylvia Sidney) who is enough to take any man's mind off his troubles. Only with Nick it works just the other way. Especially after he finds a ruby ring in the jewel box in her bedroom. It's hard to tell if the police or anyone is on, in this melee of spies and counter spies. But it's a lot of fun trying.—U. A.

P. S.

Produced by brother William, this is Joan Crawford's second venture into the field of independent pictures. . . . Though it is a fictional story, "Blood" has its basis in fact. It was inspired by Garrett Ford's latest work—the mystery of the Tanaka Memorial, Japan's Mein Kampf, conceived by the infamous Baron Tanaka. As managing editor of the Tokyo Chronicle, Jimmy is right in his stride. He's played a newspaperman so often the role fits him like a glove. . . . Sylvia Sidney returns to the screen after three years spent on the stage. When she came to Hollywood for the health of her young son, Jody, she had no idea of returning to the films. She had already rejected several picture offers. Then her brother William Cagney offered her a role in "Blood On The Sun." As bait he showed her sketches of the wardrobe that would be hers if she'd only come. She was taking a peek at the luxurious gowns created by Michael Wolfe, a newcomer to Hollywood, she hesitated not another. . . . An outstanding makeup job was done by Miss Westminster and Miss Norrin, who managed to transform the Caucasus actors into very believable looking Japanese villains. John Emery and Robert Armstrong have the pleasure of reporting to the makeup department hours before their set calls to have their elaborate Oriental faces put on. . . . Cagney continues along his sensational two-fisted way. The old Cagney form is displayed in two wild stunts with John Halloran, a knock-down, drag-out with two policemen, a couple of Japs, and a real judo bout that spares nothing in its attempt to be realistic . . . Rosemary DeCamp at last appears as herself. After playing "mothers" for sometime, Miss DeCamp accepted a small role in "Blood" just to be able to appear on the screen as a fan of the man. Director Frank Lloyd, three-time Academy Award winner, does his first work since returning from 18 months with the Army Air Forces.

JOHNNY ANGEL

Remember the moment in "To Have And Have Not" when the camera focused on an odd, wistful little man at a piano? The screen acquired a new personality in that moment—Hoagy Carmichael. Now he's a police taxi driver in "Johnny Angel," starring George Raft, Claire Trevor and signe Hasso. Hoagy sings "Memphis In June" and helps along the romance between Johnny and signe Hasso, who mean the romance between Johnny Angel (George Raft) and Paulette (Signe Hasso) whom he meets in the French Quarter of New Orleans. Johnny is looking for the murderer of his father, Captain Angel. The Captain's ship was reported missing, and Johnny himself was listed as missing. He found it adrift in the Caribbean, with nothing but bloodstains to show what had happened to the Captain and the crew. So now Johnny is back in the home port of New Orleans, and a lot of people wish he wasn't. He has found evidence on the ship of the presence there of a French girl in a green raincoat. He combs the Quarter till he finds her—lovely, frightened Paulette. She tells him the whole story when she sees (Continued on page 88)
Hot... sweet... solid! A SCANDALS to make even Broadway raise its eyebrows!

GEORGE WHITE'S

Scandals

JOAN DAVIS
JACK HALEY

PHILLIP TERRY • MARTHA HOLLIDAY • BETTE JANE GREER • FRITZ FELD

GENE KRPAL • ETHEL SMITH
His Drums and His Band Hit Parade Swing Organist

Produced by GEORGE WHITE
Directed by FELIX E. FISHT
Screen Play by Hugh Wedlock
and Howard Snyder • Parke Levy and Howard Green

RKO Radio Pictures

100 Scandals Girls
EVERY ONE A SWEETHEART

Joan Davis back on the air beginning Monday, Sept. 3rd at 8:30 P.M., E.W.T. CBS
This month, we ditch our usual format. We leave a lot of records plaintively crying to be parographed off and talked about, and, without a backward glance, go away to a date with Diana Lynn. After all, a man's human.

Diana was in town on a short visit, and she said she wanted to tour the swing spots, so Editors Al and Henry contacted Boy Scout Feather. "How'd you like to show a beautiful blonde some hot music?" Well, like I said, a man's human.

I called for Diana at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. I called a little early, and she came a little late. But it was in a good cause—"you see there was this Bond Rally and I had to wait to go on and I'm terribly sorry—"

We got started, finally, along with friendly Bob Gilham of Paramount, and went to the Copacabana for dinner. The Copacabana is a lovely place, and Xavier Cugat was playing there, but (Continued on page 102)
of your favorite Victor band leaders and singers!

Perry Como  Spike Jones  Hal McIntyre  Artie Shaw
Tommy Dorsey  Sammy Kaye  Glenn Miller  Dinah Shore
Duke Ellington  King Sisters  Vaughn Monroe  Charlie Spivak
Lena Horne  Freddy Martin  David Rose  Fats Waller

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They're printed in brilliant color...on glossy, heavy cards 5½" x 3½" (actual postcard size!). Interesting facts about each star are on back.

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FINE QUALITY. Exceptional value! All new wool, rich, luxurious and long-wearing...

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

120 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very top notch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★ means unsurpassed, 3★ excellent, 2★ very good, and 1★ good. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children.

Movie.............................................Rating

Abroad With Two Youngs (United Artists)....3★
Affair of Susan, The (Paramount)............3★
A Medal For Benny (Paramount)..............4★
And Now Tomorrow (Paramount)..............3★
And The Angels Sing (Paramount)............3★

Babes of the Yukon (International Pictures)....3★
Between Two Worlds (M-G-M)...............3★
Between Two Worlds (Warner's).............3★
Big Noise, The (20th Century-Fox)...........3★
Body Snatcher, The (RKO).....................3★
Bowell to Broadway (Universal).............3★
Brezil (Republic)...............................3★
Brighton Strangler, The (RKO)................3★

Cantville Ghost, The (M-G-M)...............4★
Can't Help Singing (Universal)..............4★
Carolina Blues (Columbia)...................3★
Casanova Brown (International Pictures)....3★
China Sky (RKO).................................3★
Climax, The (Universal)......................3★
Colonel Blimp (Archers Films)..............3★
Conflict (Warner's)............................3★
Conspirator, The (Warner's)...............3★

Come Is Green, The (Warner's)...............4★
Counter-Attack (Columbia)..................3★

Dangerous Passage (Paramount)............3★
Dark Water (United Artists)..................3★
Delightfully Dangerous (United Artists)....3★
Desert Song, The (Warner's)................3★

Double Indemnity (Paramount)...............4★
Doughgirls, The (Warner's)..................3★

Diogen Seed (M-G-M)............................4★

Escape In the Desert (Warner's)............3★

Film In Hollywood, The (RKO)...............3★
Flights Lady, The (20th Century-Fox).......4★
Flame of the Barbary Coast (Republic).....3★
Frenchman's Creek (Paramount)..............3★

Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)....C 3★

Gargoil (M-G-M).................................4★
God Is My Co-Pilot (Warner's).............3★

Going My Way (Paramount)..................C 4★

Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic)..........3★

Hall The Conquering Hero (Paramount).....4★

Heavenly Days (RKO)............................3★

Hollywood Canteen (Warner's)..............3★

I Love a Mystery (Paramount)..............3★

I Love a Soldier (Paramount)..............3★

Impatient Years, The (Columbia)............3★

In Old Oklahoma (Republic)..................3★

In the Maelstrom, Darling (RKO)...........3★

In Society (Universal)........................3★

Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal)....3★

Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox)...C 3★

It's In the Bag (United Artists)............C 4★

Janie (Warner's)..............................3★

Jungle Woman (Universal)...................3★

Junior Miss (20th Century-Fox).............3★

Klondike (M-G-M)...............................3★

Lot in a Harem (M-G-M)......................3★

Marie Ralston (RKO).........................3★

Marriage Is A Private Affair (M-G-M).....3★

Meet Me In St. Louis (M-G-M)..............C 4★

Molly and Me (Twentieth Century-Fox).....3★

Mr. Skiffington (Warner's)................3★

Music for Millions (M-G-M)...............4★

National Velvet (M-G-M)...................C 4★

Nouveau Nannies (Universal)..............3★

No Time For Love (Paramount)............3★

None But The Lonely Heart (RKO).........4★


Objective, Burma (Warner's).............4★

Out of This World (Paramount)............4★

Pan American (RKO)..........................3★

Pillow To Post (Warner's)..................3★

Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)............3★

Practically Yours (Paramount)............3★

Riding High (Paramount)....................3★

Roger Touhy, Gangster (10th Century-Fox)........3★

San Diego, I Love You (Universal)........3★

San Fernando Valley (Republic)...........C 3★

Secret Command (Columbia)................3★

Scotland of 1945 (Universal)...............3★

Seventh Cross (M-G-M).......................4★

Show Business (RKO).........................C 3★

Silver Fleet, The (Archers Films)..........4★

Side Show (10th Century-Fox)..............3★

Something for the Boys (10th Century-Fox)....3★

Son of Lotty (M-G-M).........................3★

Song of Remembrance, A (Columbia)........3★

Step Lively (RKO)..............................C 3★

Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox)....C 3★

Summer Storm (Universal)..................3★

Sweet and Lowdown (10th Century-Fox).....3★

Take It Big (Paramount).....................3★

Take It or Leave It (20th Century-Fox).....3★

Tell In the Saddle (Republic).............C 3★

That's the Spirit (Universal)..............3★

This Man Goes Home, The (M-G-M).........3★

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M)........4★

91 Rue Montana (French Films).............3★

Those Endearing Young Charms (RKO).......3★

Thrill of a Romance (M-G-M).............3★

Till We Meet Again (Paramount)..........3★

Together Again (Columbia)................C 3★

Tomorrow The World (United Artists).....3★

Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)............3★

Unseen, The (Paramount)..................3★

Very Thought of You, The (Warner's)......3★

Way Ahead, The (Two Cities)..............4★

Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)....3★

Where Do We Go From Here? (20th Century-Fox)....3★

Wilson (20th Century-Fox)...............4★

Wing and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox).....3★

Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox).........4★

Without Love (M-G-M).....................3★

Woman in Green, The (Universal).........3★

Woman in the Window (RKO)..............3★

Wonder Man (RKO).........................3★

1★ means unsurpassed, 2★ excellent, 3★ very good, and 4★ good. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children.
Benedict Bogeaus presents

He loved to loot and looted for love!

A full tide of adventure, romance and lustful seeking after gold and women... the private life of the pirate rogue, Captain Kidd!

Captain Kidd

Starring CHARLES LAUGHTON • RANDOLPH SCOTT
BARBARA BRITTON with JOHN CARRADINE • JOHN QUALEN
HENRY DANIEL • GILBERT ROLAND • SHELDON LEONARD • ABNER BIBERMAN and REGINALD OWEN

Produced by BENEDET BOGEAUS
Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE

Original Story by Robert N. LEE • Screenplay by Norman Reilly Raine • Released thru United Artists
CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D 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, Done 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 pics of your favorites. Tells you where to write to them, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped [3c] self-addressed envelope...[ ]

★ MUSIC MAKERS—1945-46—by Harry James (5c)
This is NEW! And terrific! Everything you want to know about band leaders, song writers, soloists, their lives, their records, albums, movies, radio shows! Here’s where you become an authority—this chart tells you the works—from sweet to swing-and-hott. Send 5c, and 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 Fan Club Association. Free. Send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope...[ ]

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about Hollywood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 80 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STAR AUTOGRAPH—Turn to page 71 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...[ ]

★ CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when he’s gay 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 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 ball, plus a complete follow-through for when you’re out with him. The straight stuff on getting steady up, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope...[ ]

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.’s 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...

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 all the time, at play, in the rain, on the train! Free! Send a LARGE self-addressed, stamped envelope...[ ]

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GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS—This is specially for girls from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hairdos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope...

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL—For over 12—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope...

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

★ SPORTSWEAR THAT FLATTERS—Now that sport clothes are worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here’s the info on how you can look your best in them! FREE—Send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope...

★ FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lends 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...

★ ACCESSORY CHART—It’s accessories that make your outfit! How to glamorous-up your clothes by that little touch that means everything. Do’s and don’ts to make you the best dressed gal ever! FREE—send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope...

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.
IF YOU "HATE EXERCISE" AND "LOVE TO EAT"—
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!

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 strenuous, difficult exercises, WITHOUT 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. Coolery—brings you a slimmer, more attractive figure, and also greater health and beauty! Your skin becomes smoother, clearer... your hair softer, more lustrous... your eyes 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 give you in fat-producing calories. Others are high in energy-producing calories. If you merely cut down the amount of food—without 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 a slender slice of bread? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, the steak would give you 13 times as many precious ENERGY-calories. Yet the total number of calories in each is roughly the same!

What This Book Can Do For You
Mr. Coolery's book shows you, quickly and clearly, how to apply this simple principle of selecting energy-calories instead of fat-calories. It gives you a "10-Day Miracle Diet" by which you lose a pound a day for 10 days; a "tapering diet" for losing 15 pounds in 30 days; a "slam-Slim" diet, so that when you reach the right weight, you STAY there.

You don't have to adhere rigidly to these diets, either. The book's Substitution Table gives you dozens of meals, and other foods you may substitute. The following pages on this page, suggests only a few of the ways this book goes about improving your figure, health, appearance, and general disposition.

WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. K359
404 Fourth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send—In a plain wrapper—"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" for a DOLLAR and a PENNY! If I keep the book I will send you $3.00 plus actual postage. Otherwise I will return it without further obligation.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _____________________________
State _____________________________
Postage Stamps ____________________

WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. K359
404 Fourth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
nuggle-soft and cloud-light, with a deep, pure wool face that practically purrs under your fingers, and cotton back for extra strength. WARREN means wear-forever fabric—tailors into a coat to make your heart sing. About $29.

So you're all grown up now... had a summer job 'n everything...
and you're thinking of leaving school! But are you sure you're thinking?

Really?

CO-ED LETTERBOX

What do you think about Dutch treats? Do boys ever expect you to pay your own way? J. C., Dallas, Texas.

If a boy asks you for a date, you may be sure that he has the price of the movie and soda in his gray flannels. He'd be kind of surprised and a little embarrassed if you attempted to pay your half. However, if you meet a boy you know in front of the movies and he asks you to sit with him, don't expect him to pay for your ticket. Likewise, if you run into a lid at the bus stop, have your nickel all ready for the conductor. Unless you're somebody's date, you ride on your own dough. (In both these cases, should the boy make a sincere attempt, at paying, don't hurt his feelings by refusing, of course.) If you invite a guy over for dinner and the movies, have your tickets in advance so that he's not put in the position of a.) having to buy them himself, or b.) squirming while you step up to the box office.

I broke up with a boy a few weeks ago over a foolish quarrel. Would it be wrong for me to take the initiative in patching? (Continued on page 90)
Max Factor Hollywood

1. It imparts a lovely color to the skin
2. It creates a satin-smooth make-up
3. It clings perfectly...really stays on

You'll like this famous face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood in Color Harmony Shades to accent the natural, youthful beauty of each type: blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Try your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder and see how lovely your make-up will look.$1.00
No other Shampoo...
only Drene with Hair Conditioning action
leaves your hair so lustrous, yet
so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Now . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✔️ Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✔️ Such manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing. ✔️ Complete removal of unsightly dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Drene Shampoo
WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION
Product of Procter & Gamble

Straight from Paris
these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through his Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

Loely Madelon Mason . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs. For this pecky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madeleon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

(Left)—Huge Ribbon Bows, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely center-part hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(Below)—New Parisian Page-boy! Notice the covered ear . . . and how the hair slants sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.
There's never a dull moment down at MODERN SCREEN. We keep on the go. The other day, for instance, we hired ourselves the high priest of Swing!

High priests are very scarce these days. So we're extremely proud of ours. His name is Leonard Feather (see Sweet and Hot, page 20). He is the critic for Esquire magazine and heads the judges who pick Esky's All-American Band each year. He is one of the editors of Metronome. He is one of the country's finest composer-arrangers—having worked with the top bands. His piano playing is half way between Frankie Carle and Teddy Wilson. But what really impresses me is his collection of three thousand records!

Henry and I stewed around a lot about meeting the guy. Primarily because neither of us had a thing to wear. Not a reet pleat between us. No suede shoes. Mortifying, don't you know.

But Leonard wasn't zoot. Leonard, in fact, was born in London 28 years ago and is a very serious young man, who beats time discreetly with one knowing finger while he listens to hot music.

Aside from that one fault, he's the nicest high priest you'd care to know. He has all those human qualities that you never expect from a man of his achievement. He's shy and sincerely modest. And so absent-minded. He has a worried habit of writing himself memos on odd sized slips of paper, which he crumples into his pocket. As often as not, he forgets to read them.

He was having lunch with us one day in a little Italian restaurant and kind of subconsciously fishing in his jacket while we waited for the spaghetti. He got a nibble from a piece of canceled check and started reading what he'd scribbled on the back. Sweat broke out on his face.

"Gosh, fellows, this is awful!" He looked at his watch. "You'll really have to excuse me. I'm getting married today, and I'm already half an hour late. My bride will be quite cross!" And off he dashed, frantically scratching a vivid dash of tomato sauce off his conservative tie.

You see what I mean about his being the nicest high priest I ever met?

Executive Editor

P.S. If you're between 14 and 20, take a look at page 113.
Host Dana Andrews had more fun than anybody at party. Showed up late, so Mrs. Brand casually mentioned how prompt Tyrone Power always is!

"Dear Naval Aid," they wrote, "We're two gobs who'd like two gals. Can you help?" They did. Dana Andrews did. So did we.
That's Mrs. Sybil Brand, head of NAA, who dreamed up party. Tall, dark and handsome sailor is Kice Miller, Gunner's Mate, of Illinois. Blue-eyed pal hails from Ohio; he's Steve Balogh, Electrician's Mate.

- "Dear NAA," he wrote—

"I hear you influence people and help gobs. I'm a gob who needs help. My worries are strictly social. Also slightly unreasonable. But after seventeen months in the South Pacific, it'll take more than a brush-off to kill me.

"So I'll come straight out with it. You couldn't fix me up a date with a movie actress, could you? I'm no hog, NAA. I don't ask for Betty Grable. If she's tied up with the James guy, let's don't horn in. Matter of fact, there was a girl in "Lifeboat" who's just my style. Not the ritzy dame, but the one who played the nurse. Maybe that's why. Seeing what they did for us, we guys go for nurses in a big way. Then there's another kid I'd like to meet, name of Cathy Downs. Used to be a model, but I hear she's in Hollywood now. She was our (Continued on page 102)

What's a barbecue without hot dogs ... ? Mary Anderson (see "Within These Walls") in print suit, and Cathy Downs (nick-name's "Kitten!") heckle Chef Dana for gobs ... of mustard.
Dana subs for blackboard in tic-tac-toe game. Mary played Anne Baxter role in stage's "Guest In The House." Studied diction to lose drawl from German teacher; lost drawl, acquired German accent!
Later, Dana piled kids into car, chugged to NAA party for returned vets at Cira's. Danced till end of a perfect day.

"Just try it on for size!" says Kice to Mary. Cathy adores Mexican jewelry, sun-tanning, gets dreamy-eyed over exotic perfume, thick steaks! So do we!
tom drake

By Ida Zeitlin
Drakes need a new home with bannisters for three-year-old daughter to slide down. Present landlady objects for fear baby will sabotage her heirlooms! Tom owes Chris a million dollars... in gin rummy paper stakes!

His name, which is Tom Drake now, was Buddy Alderdice then—Alfred, after his father, in the family Bible, but nobody ever called him that. He was five years old and Claire was six, and they sat very close together because their big sister Monona had died.

Monona had been like some faraway princess, whom you didn't get to see except once in a while. Being sixteen, she belonged to the grownup world. But mostly they didn't see her because she was ill. Or because Dad had taken her to another doctor in Europe. Once they were all going, only Mother hated crossing the water, so at the last minute Dad and Monona went alone. You could tell, the way he looked at her, how much he loved her. Her name was after the lake in Wisconsin where he'd met Mother, and there was just nothing he wouldn't do for her. When she was little, he'd even arranged for Santa Claus to ring his sleigh-bells down the chimney for her—

"Why doesn't he ring them for us?" Claire had asked.

Mother'd looked sad. "I guess your father hasn't the heart to ask him—"

Sometimes, when she felt well enough, Monona'd...
Fourteen-year-old Tom signed this picture "Buddy," his nickname; Wife Chris prefers it to "Tom" also. To tease her, Tom calls her "Izzy"; her real name was Isabel! His was Alfred; never used it.

In 1941, Tom (second from right, bottom row) played stock at The Red Barn Theater in Westboro, Mass. Experience was great, salary small: $25 a week, but room and board were included.

Tragic death of older sister Manona (she died a few years after picture was taken) shocked five-year-old Tom, made him cling to little sister Claire. Still close today, they gave their children same name.
play hide-and-seek with them. And Buddy remembered the time he'd wandered into the livingroom, and there was Monona giving Claire a dancing lesson, both holding their skirts and laughing and looking pretty. And the time she was angry with him for hitting Claire. Claire was bigger and could always beat him, no matter how hard he hit back, but Monona said that didn't make any difference. "A gentleman never strikes a girl—" What Monona said was law to Buddy. Never again did he hit back at Claire.

Now his eyes strayed to the Scotch collie, curled on the rug. He'd been sent from Scotland for Monona, and had come only a few days ago. There was trouble getting him, on account of something called quarantine, but Daddy told the man about (Continued on page 122)
A couple of months ago Modern Screen ran a story about Van Johnson, told by his father to our Jean Kinkead. Van was deeply moved by the story. He wrote to Jean: "It meant more to me than I can tell you. I learned things about my dad I'd have died not knowing, if I hadn't read it."

Charles Johnson could tell Jean how he felt when his kid trottled off to school for the first time and when the 18-year-old, who'd never been further than Providence, set out with his straw suitcase to conquer the world. In a million years he couldn't have told Van. That's the masculine way. Besides, the elder Johnson, descended from Swedes, was less given to gab than most men. What you felt was apparent in what you did. Words were excess baggage. They'd have embarrassed Van no less than himself.

Van admits he was disturbed when he first heard about the story from his dad, whom he calls at regular intervals.

"I've been busy," said Dad. "Drove to Providence to pick up a writer and cameraman for Modern Screen. Told them about you—"

"Are you kiddin'?"

"Certainly not. Had a good time doing it too—" (Continued on page 92)
"Look," a friend said earnestly to the Dick Haymes', "you kids have something pretty special here . . . hang on to it!"

who said divorce?

Bill Burton, who is probably the best friend Dick and Joanne Haymes will ever have, picked up his morning paper and promptly went into his dance. His war dance. The news, on Page One, was that Dick and Joanne had announced their separation! Bill Burton couldn't believe the type. There must be a mixup somewhere. Dick and Joanne, that pair of deep-in-love characters—separating! Bill took a benzedrine and a fast trip into the country, arriving in time to find Dick in the pool and Joanne minding her young daughter, better known as Pigeon, in the music room.

"You stay right there," he told Dick. "Don't you move until I have time to knock your head against a brick wall."

Then he descended upon Joanne in the manner of a Dutch uncle mending dikes. "All right," he boomed, giving her that 50-calibre look, "what goes on here?"

She launched into a tearful story that indicated that friends are not sometimes the best people but a bad influence. Seems that Dick and his radio company decided to have dinner after the show one night, and one of the men in the group had a new girl friend whom he brought along. The girl sat between her escort and Dick. Naturally, being the light-hearted type, Dick laughed and chatted with the girl as well as with other people (Continued on page 76)
Between two requests for his autograph, Peter Lawford, unknown, became Peter Lawford, new dreamboat of the Bobbysox Brigade. He's not sure which of the two gave him the bigger laugh.

The first book was handed him as he left M-G-M one day. Even at the studio, they barely knew him from Adam. He had to show his pass to get in. So he was thrilled but puzzled when the little girl said: “Can I please have your autograph?”

Her companions hung in the background, their voices carrying farther than they knew. “Who’s he—?”

“Nobody—”

“Then what does she want his autograph for?”

“She has to be polite, doesn’t she, else how can she ask him about You-know-who?”

With difficulty suppressing the shout in his throat, Peter returned the book. Its owner glanced rapidly at the signature, then lifted a pair of limpid eyes. “Thank you so much, Mr. Lawford. Could you tell me when (Continued on page 114)
JOIN A FAN CLUB!

by Hedda Hopper

A fan club's a big happy family, exchanging letters and snapshots with its adopted star.

- It was the night of Frank's last broadcast for the Hit Parade, and the president of The Sigh Guy fan club was in a dither. Not that that was anything new, really. She'd been in one since the night when she'd answered the phone and that voice had said "Pam? Want to do me a favor, hey?" That had been a month ago—the busiest month Pam had ever spent. Now, watching Frank come onstage for the broadcast, she thought about what he had said that night. “Look. You know, Pam, my fan clubs around the country are spending an awful wad of dough on presents for me lately. And it's kind of silly, because I've got money to buy things for myself. So how about you contacting the clubs in New York State and persuading them to send the money to the Halloran Hospital Swimming Pool Fund instead? Would you?”

Would she? As if he'd had to ask! That had been the beginning. And now (Continued on page 108)
Miss Margaret O'Brien's stand-in and boon companion called from the doorway of Margaret's dressing room, "Come on, Margaret, come play hopscotch with me."

"I'm sorry, but I can't," said Margaret abstractedly. "I'm busy working on my scrapbook."

"It isn't EITHER your scrapbook. It's a scrapbook about Elizabeth Taylor—so there!"

"She is my ideal," stated Margaret with great dignity, "and when I grow up, I'm going to be a jockey exactly like Elizabeth." She cut another picture from the magazine at hand, then delivered the ultimate haymaker of hero worship. "And I'm going to start a collection of horses exactly like hers."

Furthermore, Margaret has taken up horseback riding despite the fact that she is mildly allergic to horses and contact with the giddyups brings on a minor case of asthma. The doctor says she will outgrow this in time—meanwhile, she suffers in order to emulate her shining heroine, Elizabeth Taylor.

If you have seen "National Velvet" you are probably as berserk over this 13-year-old English girl as

"Twinkle Toes" applies to both, but it's cocker spaniel's name. Pet alley cat's called "Squeaker," Elizabeth's favorite sports: Swimming and... you guessed it, riding!

Small in the Saddle

by Cynthia Miller

New star Elizabeth Taylor can sing, cook, and sew a fine seam... but not with a horse around!
Shirley Johns attends M-G-M school with Elizabeth, whose favorite subject is art... but she likes spelling, reading, and... whispering! Other classmates include Gloria Jean, "Butch" Jenkins. She'll star in "Now That April's Here."

Margaret is; and if you didn't see "National Velvet," your local picture purveyor just isn't doing right by you, that's all.

But, to go back to Margaret's threat to start a collection of horses like Elizabeth's, such a feat will take a bit of doing—even taking into consideration Margaret's impressive talents—because Elizabeth currently owns something like 30 miniature nags and 3 genuine hayburners.

Boarding at the Riviera Riding Academy are Prince Charming, the pony given to Elizabeth by Producer Joe Pasternak; Sweetheart, brother Bill Taylor's mount; and King Charles, as magnificent a specimen of horseflesh as ever neighed at a pretty filly.

King Charles is the real name of "The Pi," on whose back Velvet won the Grand National. During the filming of the picture, one scene was planned to show the influence of Velvet over the undisciplined, mettlesome steed: The Pi was to come (Continued on page 141)

Small in the Saddle

Eliz. studies piano, voice, and ballet. Only public appearance before movies was at age of 3; danced at recital before British Princesses Eliz. and Margaret Rose!
Shirleyan Gibbs of Detroit
to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer

Softly curling dark hair, wide-spaced, velvety-brown eyes, patrician clear-cut features—that is Shirleyan.

And her fine, smooth complexion has that clear, fresh satiny "Pond's look" you'll notice about so many engaged girls these days.

"I really love Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so soft and silky, and it does a perfectly grand cleansing job."

This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care...

She smooths on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.

She "rinses" with more Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this extra cleansing and softening that's so special," she says. "Twice-over cleansing is just twice as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Get a big Pond's jar today—the big wide-topped jars are a joy to use!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney · Miss Nancy Leeds · Lady Dowerdale

SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't you volunteer in your community?

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May.
No glamor here, no glitter.

Just loving a boy with wings

and being his wife, Phyl Thaxter.

- There must have been, say, three hundred service men on leave at the Hollywood Canteen that night. Short and tall, in blue and in khaki, fresh as wet paint or moanin' the blues, all very busy gawking and all lonesome as the devil. So what happened? Instead of a nice gin rummy or doughnut dunking fiend appropriating Miss Anything-For-The-Boys Phyllis Thaxter for a quiet evening, the jitterbug champion of the U. S. Fleet tagged her for a torso heaving session. She whirled and wiggled, twirled and twisted, flipped, flopped and flew off into space. She did her best but it was no use. When the music stopped, the gob gave her a severely critical look. “I thought you said you could jitterbug, Baby,” he remarked scornfully. “So long,” he added with emphasis.

Well, Phyl felt pretty crushed at her failure and she knew she’d never see that sailor any more. But after a couple of numbers, there he was right back again, holding out his hand and asking, “Dance?”

“Well!” huffed Phyllis. “What are you doing back?
**The PRIZE of the Pirate Loot**

HIS...if he can Tame Her!

THIS reckless son-of-danger, feared by men, meets his match in the loveliest, most dangerous of females—his captive bride!

---

**The Spanish Main**

*in Glorious TECHNICOLOR*

starring

PAUL HENREID • MAUREEN O'HARA • WALTER SLEZAK

with Binnie Barnes • John Emery

A FRANK BORZAGE production

Executive Producer: ROBERT YELLows • Associate Producer: STEPHEN AMES • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by GEORGE WORTHING YATES and HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ.
I thought you said I couldn't dance!"

"You can't," sighed the sailor. "But neither can my wife—and hell, I'm homesick!"

Her fellow glamor hostesses almost swooned when they got a giggled report of the conversation—who ever heard of a dancing partner being popular because she couldn't dance?

But then, for that matter, whoever heard of a singular character like Miss Phyllis St. Felix Thaxter turning into a Hollywood star practically overnight? A girl who's allergic to glamor?  (Continued on page 131)
Joan McCracken, hit of "Bloomer Girl," and her adoring shadow, Lynn Clayton, admire their Bates "Big 'n' Little" print dresses.

As bright as "Tinora!"

Fresh as a new day are Bates "Big 'n' Little" prints... another smash hit by Bates' designers. They're twosome cottons with a single theme, beautifully styled for grown-ups and scaled down in perfect proportion for small fry.

The "Little" prints are smart for accessories, too.

Bates FABRICS, INC., DEPARTMENT F, 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13
Love is everywhere. Even in delicatessens. The mother of Alphonse D'Abruzzo said to him one afternoon when he came home from school, "Run down to the store and get a pound of bologna, son."

Now Alphonse D'Abruzzo believed in Fate. He still does—implicitly. But if some good reliable fortune teller, wearing five red petticoats and four layers of beads, had told him at that moment that he was about to meet the girl he was to marry and set out on the adventure that was to take him to Hollywood as Robert Alda, he would have said, "Bologna—one pound for my mother." Which he did.

The delicatessen had another customer, a blue-eyed, blonde-haired slip of sugar cane named Joan Brown. Her mother had sent her to purchase a pound of salami. Bob looked Joan over and his corpuscles said, softly, of (Continued on page 99)

**RHAPSODY MAN**

*They started out with more blue than rhapsody:
Bob Alda lost his job just before the wedding!*
for ever
changing
fashion...
the
never
changing
Beauty
of
Marvella
Pearls

Marvella

Jewelers' Quality Pearls
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Simulated
383 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

...$16 (PLUS 20% FEDERAL TAX)...DINNER DRESS BY BEN REIG
Suit-ables For Fall

The suit story, with accent on you.

Angela Lansbury models three glamorous

new versions of the feminine suit.

This winged-sleeve suit by Leeds forecasts
the newest, smartest fashion. It's for you!

Dress up this classic Kessler Schwartz suit
to get that best-dressed-gal air Angela has.

Lady-like version of your guy's trench coat by Junior Deb. Sissy sailer dresses it up for work, for play, for dawn to dusk glamor.
We've been thinking ahead to Fall.
To bright blue days that are suddenly cool as an air-conditioned movie, to
dark blue evenings that are cold. We've been
thinking about the first roaring fire
in your long-neglected fireplace, about
russet leaves and the first frost, and
lights in the windows at suppertime.
And naturally we've been thinking about
Fall clothes. Anticipating the switch
from straw hats to fedoras and from
dress whites to dress blues. And do you
know, we're looking forward to the
change of scene, the stepped-up tempo?
Are you, too?

To get ready for it, begin checking
over your wardrobe, airing the things
you've had in mothballs. Look over
belts and buttons and make replace-
ments where necessary. Then figure out
what you absolutely need in the way of
supplementary clothes. A good basic
dress? Maybe. Some really good look-
ing accessories? Probably. A suit?
Almost certainly.

Foreseeing your needs, we've covered
the suit market thoroughly and come
up with these dreamboats, all of which
you're going to love, one of which you're
going to want to have. We're proud of
them, because they're all as good as they
are beautiful.

For a Bride: If you want something
heart-stopping enough for a honeymoon,
practical enough for an old married
woman, you'll adore this sweet softie of
a brown wool, its lines new as your
marriage vows. The winged victory
dolman sleeved silhouette gives you all
the drama you crave with its fullback
shoulders and ballerina waist, and the
marvelous fabric by American Woolen
handles the practical side. Fashion wise
are the hand and button detail, the
waist-cinching belt. The well cut skirt is
slim and uncluttered as your wedding
ring. He'll like the good, clean lines, the
fact that it makes you more beautiful
than you've ever been before. And the
price, of course, which is only $25.

Top it off (Continued on page 121)

By Jean Kinkead
and Toussia Pines

"With Jergens Twin Make-up, it's one... two... and surprise... you're twice
as lovely!" says Jean Sorensen of
Broadway's famous "Latin Quarter."

One! Sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake
(made with special skin-softening oils).
See what a flawless look it gives you...

Two! Fluff on matching Jergens Powder
... and your new complexion is complete!

Matched and in one box... the Cake and
Powder... that's Jergens Twin Make-up.
A $2.00 value for $1.00.* Six skin-tone shades.
Wear YOURS today... for twice the loveliness!

JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES, 25¢, 10¢*
"Somebody should tell Linda Darnell there are no vitamins in fingernails!" wrote a columnist in what must have been a very peevish moment. Come, come, Mr. Columnist. Maybe in one hectic moment you did see Linda nibbling at her nails. But I assure you that she doesn't make a habit of it. The girl has beautiful hands. As have any number of Hollywood people: June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Joan Fontaine and our pretty model, Lana Turner.... Such beautiful hands, in fact, that they're models for all of us. We want handsome hands and—zip—to our aid comes any number of intriguing hand grooming items. For example, there's that gadget that I've grown to love. It's a plastic affair, shaped like a fountain pen. Packed with it, is a bottle of fine pink oily cuticle remover. Uncap the barrel, fill it with the lubricating liquid. There's a nib (see, I said it's like a fountain pen) that when pushed against the cuticle...
kills just one drop of the liquid. That's enough remover for one finger and you use the nib to push back the softened cuticle. No need about orangewood sticks, cotton wads or separate bottles. A really smooth performance. Incidentally, the whole works also comes packaged in a strictly masculine box. It weighs less than eight ounces, there's no request necessary ... all in all, a fine overseas gift.

Here's another item you're bound to like, a liquid to apply over nail enamel. Usually, it isn't true that after you've done an enameling job, there is a long, long pause in your life while you wait for the darn stuff to dry? The new oily liquid takes care of all that bother.

It goes right on over polish and cuticle both, sealing in and drying polish and softening cuticle simultaneously. It safeguards fresh polish from smudging. As soon as you have applied polish to both hands, the first finger should be ready for your speed-drier. Only a thin coating is necessary. Wait a few seconds and then wipe off lightly. Polish is shielded from marks and scratches, cuticle has extra lubrication ... and the time you've saved!

Such hand-maids of beauty are wonderful at keeping fingertips at their best ... and you cooperate with regular care. None of us are ever going to neglect that weekly manicure. To make sure we use the correct process, let's whip through the routine so that we'll properly briefed for our next manicure session!

Removing Polish: Roll absorbent cotton in a ball. Moisten it with an oily polish remover, place on fingernail and hold firm for a few seconds ... long enough to soften the polish. Then, still with a firm hold, draw the cotton pad away from the base of the fingernail to the tip.

Cuticle Remover: That fountain pen gadget does a wonderful job at this step of the game. If you use the regular method, be sure the remover has an oily base ... your cuticle will be grateful! We all know that a little cotton should be wound on the end of an orangewood stick when it's dipped in cuticle remover. But do you know that it actually saves time and effort if you roll cotton on both ends of the stick?

Filing: Never ever file up and down the fingernail. If you do, you'll have a frayed edge that catches in everything, absorbs dirt and looks pretty awful. And don't file too deeply into the corners. Allow nails to grow out at the sides to protect tips and to make fingernails more graceful.

Nail Enamel: Dazzlingly beautiful stuff, this. Take your pick of different tones of red ... true red, tawny or blue-tinged. Just because it's so pretty, be nice to it. Apply it perfectly. Try using a base coat that lets polish flow on smoothly, evenly. Or, there's a protective over-polish liquid that guards against chipping and peeling.

Day In—Day Out: Creamy, silky-textured hand lotions are what you need for every day care. No more chapping, no more redness, no more roughness! Instead of that unpleasant trio, lotion give you the hands he'll like to hold. Beforehand, when setting to work, a lotion protects your hands. And, of course, you know about using a lotion every time your little fists have been dabbing in water.

Special hand creams also do a dandy softening job. Nice to use just before climbing into bed. Massage cream on firmly with the same movements used in drawing on a pair of snug kid gloves.

Beauty hand-outs! That's what I've got for you if any problems of hand-care, of makeup, of skin care or of hair grooming, have been niggling you. Write to Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Redheads rejoice! Artist Haddon Sundblom creates the image of your complexion glorified with this original "Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUEST face powder

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquest shade for you:

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, "Rachel No. 1"
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Oh! Lady be good to your fair, fresh beauty. Play up the rosy, Titian tones in your skin with Cashmere Bouquest's new "Flower-fresh" Rachel No. 1. It clings to your skin in a superfine finish, veiling those tiny blemishes. Stays on smoothly for hours without need of re-powdering. Cashmere Bouquest comes in brand-new "Flower-fresh" shades to flatter every lovely complexion from a honey-bronde to an exotic brunette.
Lana bitterly regrets all the publicity her past romances received, now that she's in love with Pvt. Turhan Bey of "Night in Paradise."

Romances they won't talk about
The stars used to wear their
hearts on their sleeves . . . but too many
hearts got broken! by Louella Parsons

So they won't talk!
I mean these new love birds of Hollywood who have practically broken out in an epidemic of coyness, shyness and reserve. There was a time when a new amour was the inspiration for not only the love light in a glamor girl's eyes, but the springboard for her conversation both privately and for the press. But those were the old days of the Harlows, Crawfords, Lupe and the Alice Whites.

These are the new days—and believe me—the picture has changed.
I am not saying I have not talked to Lana Turner about Turhan Bey; to Robert Walker about Jennifer Jones and his new love, Florence Pritchett; to June Allyson about Dick Powell; to Bogey about Lauren—but it's like pulling teeth. Parsons ain't a girl to give up easily, but if I were, there's many a heart story I would have to write off to: "They aren't talking."

Why?
Well, every love story is different with its peculiar problems but this I believe to be true: These new youngsters of Hollywood are acutely conscious of good taste and oftentimes of just solid common sense and they have become wary of proclaiming a new love to the world until they are sure it is the real thing.

For that I really (Continued on page 62)
respect them—and if I didn’t have to earn my living the hard way, I might think they are right!

I remember what Lana Turner told me the day she dropped by my house after work.

“Louella,” she said, “you know I am very much in love with Turhan Bey. Everyone knows it. But I hesitate to talk about it because, well, I have discussed other romances of mine in the past—and now I regret that very much.

It’s real for Lana . . .

“You see, I am a different person now in every way. I’m not just a carefree girl as I was when I thought I was in love with Greg Bautzer and Artie Shaw and when I married Steve Crane. I was just a kid then—perhaps more in love with love than anything else.

“But suddenly, after I married Steve and had little Cheryl, everything changed. I’m only twenty-four years old now—but I’m a woman with a daughter to bring up—and I want always to have my little girl’s respect and admiration. My whole outlook on life has changed because of her. Sometimes I am bitterly sorry for all the publicity I had as a night club girl—seemingly out dancing with a different beau every time my picture was taken.

“What I feel for Turhan is something entirely different in my life and that is why it is so hard, almost impossible, for me to discuss him with anyone.

“The thing I love best about him is that he is so devoted to Cheryl. Sometimes, I think I have two children to look after. He’s so very young for his age. And then, again, he is so wise and gentle about everything concerned with the happiness of the three of us.

“That is the way the situation is now—just happiness for us—and no plans. How can there be, with Turhan in the Army? I’m just another woman waiting for the man of her heart to come home—and until then we can just dream about our future.”

Personally, whether Lana talks or doesn’t talk, I believe these two will be married as soon as her divorce from Crane is final and when Turhan can make her his wife whether he is still in the Army or not. I also have very good reasons to believe that by the time this is printed in Modern Screen, petite June Allyson will be the wife of Dick Powell—another romantic duo who have certainly given their romance the silent treatment.

There are two reasons why June wouldn’t “give” in the early days of her courtship with Dick. First, he was separated from Joan Blondell, but not divorced. Second, it is no secret that M-G-M, her company, wasn’t as much in love with this romance as June was with Dick. In fact, hell did a little poppin’ every time any scribe tried to get June in a corner and talk to her about the man of her heart.

Perhaps it was good business on the studio’s part to try to keep the little Allyson girl heart whole and fancy free. She’s the idol of a small army of GIs. One boy even wrote in that he couldn’t stand it unless June waited for him to get back before making up her mind to marry anyone.

But trying to advise her not to fall in love with Dick and was like trying to sell a pneumonia victim that she shouldn’t have caught cold! She couldn’t mention his name without lighting up like a Broadway sign. Every time she said “Dick,” her face was illumined by the inner spotlight of her feelings. Somehow, she touched me deeply. She was so darn young about it.

Just like a high school girl, she would say to me, “Isn’t Dick wonderful? Oh, not just on the screen in ‘Murder, My Sweet,’ but on the radio, too, and in everything he
FEMALE, KEEP THAT V-MAIL!

Ten years from now, when Joe Serviceman is Joe Civilian, and sits around the fire telling tall tales to the kiddies, you'll hand him your V-Mail letters... if only to prove he didn't really take that hill single-handed! So store them carefully in one of those practical transparent V-Mail files before they get too ragged to read!

him. Maybe Dick and Junie won't talk—but their love speaks so loudly it isn't necessarily necessary.

The most amazing non-talkers of them all have been Errol Flynn and Nora Ed- dington in what has been the most talked-about romance and secret marriage (and possibly divorce by now) of them all.

Unfortunately, that Errol did have to say about it, in the beginning, was the wrong thing, and landed him in plenty of Dutch with the press and with Nora. Flynn is an Irishman whose temperament flares and I am sure he did not realize how it would look in black and white when he said to a reporter, after the birth of his and Nora's baby in Mexico, "If I were married as many times as the papers say, I would win an Academy Award for bigamy!"

When Nora came back to Hollywood from Mexico with their beautiful little daughter, everyone was sure there was a divorce in the offing for these two. I talked with her soon after her arrival, and was surprised to find her not cynical nor bitter, but deeply hurt and still madly in love with "Flynn," as she calls him.

heart freedom for flynn . . .

"Perhaps he will be angry with me for talking at all," she said, "but there is no reason why he should fear anything I could or would say about him. If there is anyone to blame about the humiliating position I am in now—it is myself. I fell in love with Flynn with my eyes wide open, realizing he was not the type of man

(Continued on page 72)
Judy's Mrs. Minelli and the John Paynes are parenting. Are Van's bachelor days numbered?

Judy Garland's wedding to Vincente Minelli was the most simple and unpretentious ever held in Hollywood. Judy wanted no fuss or fanfare and only ten people attended the ceremony, which was held in the living room of her home.

Just before the wedding, a pianist played "I Never Knew What Love Could Do," Judy's favorite ballad, and as the music stopped Judy came from one side of the room and Vincente from the other, and they met before a large window to exchange their vows.

She was wearing a soft gray jersey silk dress with a matching hat and she carried beautiful white peonies. The belt on her dress was really a lovely thing—and the only ornament. It was studded with medals of the Renaissance period in assorted bright colors.

The bride spoke so softly she could hardly be heard but Minelli was very emphatic in his "I do's."

After the ceremony he kissed Judy very tenderly on the forehead and then kissed her hand. They looked into each other's eyes for a minute—wordless, and then turned smilingly to their guests. Somehow there was more emotion between them than if they had been the usual demonstrative newlyweds and everybody wishes little Judy great happiness in her marriage this time.

* * *

The other June bride, Donna Reed, managed to get herself in Dutch but plenty with the Los Angeles press. She knew that she was to be married July 15th to Tony Owen, the agent. But when the newspaper crowd asked her for information, she said, "I have no plans."

Her happy bridegroom was certainly less evasive and freely admitted that he and Donna were getting married and leaving for Chicago almost at once. Having had experience with the lady before when she denied she was getting a divorce from Bill Tuttle, I went ahead and printed the
At NBC, Reggie Gardiner kept imitating wallpaper so H. Lloyd had to lend June Allyson his goggles for better concentration. Harold's movie comeback marks Hol., Jr.'s debut. Junie's Dick Powell just bought their $33,000 wedding home.

With "The Life Of Walter Mitty" his next, Danny's publicist's so sure of the Kaye success, he works several hours daily in a war plant! Clark's Eng. bound, will do a pic, sight-see freed countries.

Just out from Santa Ana hospital, Don O'Connor's down to 115 lbs., but reports "I'm great." Pronounced okay for active duty, he reports for special service in N. J. (Coke-sharing with the Mrs.)
advices even his adorable Child Powers Models to use only this shampoo!

Certainly You'll Want This Remarkably Beautifying Shampoo For Your Child’s Hair

Mother! those darling little child Powers Models whose pictures you see in magazines are also advised by Mr. Powers to use only Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair.

And there are very good reasons why Mr. Powers always recommends Kreml Shampoo—and why you should buy Kreml Shampoo for your child’s hair.

Beneficial Oil Base Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry

Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff. It leaves hair so much softer, silker—easier to comb—just gleaming with natural sparkling beauty.

Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Instead it has a beneficial oil base which makes it so excellent for shampooing children’s hair—which helps keep hair from becoming dry and brittle.

Why not take a tip from the gorgeous grown-up’ Powers Models and glamour-bathe your hair with Kreml Shampoo? Sold at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

What Kreml Shampoo Does For Powers Models’ Hair

Brings out natural sparkling beauty and lustre

Helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle

Leaves hair with silken sheen that lasts for days

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

story in spite of her denials.
Donna must learn that newspaper reporters will forgive a lot of things, but not being on the square with them is one thing they will never forgive or forget.

* * *

I’ve got bad news for you, kids. I think Van Johnson is really interested in lovely Jacqueline Dalrymple. He’s had more “solo” dates with her than any other Hollywood charmer.

Want to compare yourself to the new honey and see if you are Van’s type?

Jacqueline is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Weighs 120 pounds. Has creamy olive skin and black hair with brown eyes. She’s very vivacious in type, laughs a great deal, and speaks in a husky, attractive voice which is unusually low but still not as deep as Lauren Bacall’s. She once worked as an extra in an M-G-M picture, which may be where Van met her.

She rides, dances, cooks simple dishes—particularly a terrific spaghetti sauce—loves the color “electric” blue, is twenty years old, and hails from New York.

* * *

Nora Eddington Flynn has made more friends than ever since Bruce Cabot’s birthday party for Errol Flynn. Bruce, who dearly loves to kid his pal, invited Nora, Lili Damita (the first Mrs. Flynn) and three blonde girls who were a part of Flynn’s gay bachelor days.

If ever a girl conducted herself with dignity it was Nora. Every eye in the room was upon her, but she certainly proved she is a little thoroughbred.

Although Lili had promised Bruce she would come after dinner, she didn’t show up.

When the cake was brought in the inscription read: "NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR ALL YOUR BIRTHDAY CANDLES." I asked Errol how old he really was. He said, "I’m a Warner Brothers 32!"

I must say he gave none of the blonde cuties a tumble, spending the entire evening at Nora’s side.

But when they went home—she went to her house and he to his home on the hill. They are still married but living apart.

* * *

Bing Crosby’s 10-year-old chip off the old block, Lindsay, is certainly a rotter and tooter for his Old Man.

Lindsay makes no secret of being allergic to Frank Sinatra, not for any personal reasons, but because he also croons. The kid takes plenty of ribbing because everybody, by this time, is on to his sassy spot.

Even Bing gives him no peace. The other day he said, "You know, a singer like Frankie comes along just once in a lifetime."

"Yeah?" said Lindsay, "Well, it’s too bad he had to come along in your lifetime!"

From Crosby père—no comment!

* * *

Ouch! Was there a fuss from all concerned when I said Clark Gable and Joan Blondell were dinner dating off the set of “Strange Adventure.” What can I say after I say I’m sorry—if it wasn’t true. But certainly no one
will deny that Clark and Joan have a lot of fun kidding each other on the set.

It certainly isn't true that Gable, the one and only, and Greer Garson have developed a chill. I know—because I was out on the set one day, had some laughs with both Greer and Clark, and had my pitcher taken with them.

* * *

After sitting on the fence for months, fighting and then kissing and making up, affirming and denying they were rifting—it is now all over for the Robert Huttons. (I guess! With these two you never know—or do you care?)

Anyway, Bob turned a little pink under the collar when the following happened on the set of "Janie Gets Married." Director Vincent Sherman was kidding Joan Leslie. "What type of a man would you really like to marry?" he asked with an amused twinkle in his eye.

Joan must have taken his remark seriously. "I'd like to marry a man like Bob Hutton," she said. Everyone roared—and Bob couldn't have looked more embarrassed.

P.S. He used to take Joan out before he met and married Natalie Thompson.

* * *

Errol Flynn's car broke down on Laurel Avenue the other evening. A huge mail truck came along and pushed him up the grade to a filling station.

"Thank you," said Errol with a wave of his hand.

"Not so fast, Mr. Flynn," said the mail man, "while I've got you, you might as well pay up for these letters with postage dues!"

Which goes to prove, I suppose, that every silver lining has a cloud!

* * *

Believe it or not—Marguerite Chapman has made twelve movies and never been kissed in any of them, until she got a big kiss from Fred MacMurray in "Pardon My Past." When asked to comment, the lady said, "It wasn't much!"

Oh, Marguerite! Or should I say—Oh, Fred!??????

* * *

Gloria De Haven Payne laughed her sides out when she returned home the other day and found that her groom had left a poem on her dressing room table. It read:

"Gloria De Haven and Johnny Payne
Hope it will be a boy—but if it ain't—
They'll take a girl—because,
Only a girl can wear a curl!"

"And," laughed Gloria, "Johnny had the nerve to take a bow on what is probably the worst poem ever written!"

* * *

Bogart on the Bias: He likes booths in a cafe because he has a little habit of cat napping after a meal.... He swears that he has never called Lauren Bacall "Baby" and that she never calls him "Bovey.".... He is one of the most completely honest men in Hollywood. If he doesn't like you—you know it.... Martinis are his favorite drink.... He says nothing could happen to his face that hasn't already happened.... He hates to wear coats and prefers soft wool shirts—but he gets dressed up when his bride asks him to.... His favorite flower is the carnation.

Every drop of Quink contains solv-x—protects pens 4 vital ways:

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I use Djer-Kiss perfume and I've noticed how many really smart women do, too. I know the fragrance a woman chooses is just as important as the clothes she wears. For me, there is no lovelier scent than Djer-Kiss.

Countess Mohl says:
"As Important as the Clothes You Wear"

With the wedding rice scarcely out of her hair (she'd traveled half way round the world to meet and marry fiancé Col. Tex McCrary, former editorial writer), Jinx Falkenberg threw a fancy dress Mexican party to celebrate opening her dress shop. (Hot dogging it with Esther Williams.)

... tion because it's "got a smell to it"... He would like very much to be a father and hopes any baby they would have would look like "The Look." Of course, I mean Humphrey Bogart.

I don't know anybody in the world who takes things more to heart than Frank Sinatra.

He was bluer than indigo because of criticism over that plane priority business.

In all justice to Frankie it must be said that he had to go to New York in a special hurry to leave on an entertainment tour overseas. And he had been detained in Hollywood until the last minute making a juvenile delinquency film (for which he received not one penny) until the very last minute.

He could have explained all this to the New York reporters and thus been completely in the clear. Instead, he felt it sounded too much like boasting to say anything in defense of himself and just went into a blue funk instead.

Frank Sinatra is going to have to learn to state his case. In the spot he is in, he is the target for much unfair criticism and snide comments.

Jeanne Crain's boy friend, Paul Brooks, looks so much like Errol Flynn that poor Jeanne is getting rumored about as having dates with Errol—which isn't true.

She told me, "I'd like to pin a sign on Paul saying, "MY NAME IS BROOKS—NOT FLYNN. WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?"

In spite of her great beauty, Hedy Lamarr is a very practical gal. Just before her baby was born she was upset because her house wasn't big enough for a nursery and a baby kitchen.

One night she awakened in her sleep, excited, and jumped out of bed much to the concern of husband John Loder who had been sleeping calmly.

He found Hedy out on the back porch, yard-stick in hand. She was making notes excitedly and mumbling to herself.

The back porch is now the nursery and a former broom closet has been converted into a kitchen for the nurse to cook baby's food.

Glenn Ford told Walter Brennan that he and Eleanor Powell were having trouble getting enough milk for the baby and what does Walter do but present them with a real cow! The Fords, who live in a Hollywood apartment, have to board Bossy out until they can find a home—or a farm.

That publicity hound—and I mean HOUND, "Blaze," is at it again!

The other day, Faye Emerson brought the famous pooch to the studio and at the end of the day they went into the projection room to see the rushes on "Danger Signal."

On the screen Zachary Scott is supposed to be chasing Faye on the beach and trying to kiss her. She squeals and tries to get away—which is all Blaze needed.

All he needed was to hear Faye's voice crying out for help and he made a mad dash...
Once they called her Dateless Dora, Now her dates would fill a book.

I gave her my beauty secret

See—she has that Ivory Look!

Here's how you can have a lovelier complexion—

"Date bait"—the younger crowd calls it. We call it that Ivory Look—the smoother, more radiant skin that invites romance.

You can have a complexion like that—if you'll change to baby's own beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory. Take doctors' advice: stop being careless about skin care.

Start regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of Ivory Soap. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin.

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More doctors advise Ivory—than all other brands put together! 99% pure

DON'T BE A SOAP WASTER! Soap contains materials important to the war effort. So make every cake of Ivory last and last!
Back in the hooch-happy days of the Terrific Twenties Texas Guinan greeted the mob at her famous night club with her famous shout of “Hello Suckers”... but she was the biggest sucker of them all, for she was desperately, hopelessly in love with a man... gambler and racketeer... she could never marry.

Texas was famous for another expression, “Give this little girl a great big hand” an expression that she would use again today if she could see Betty Hutton as Texas Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE." Betty is slightly more than terrific as the great Guinan... she has to be for Texas was a fabulous personality, rodeo queen, Ziegfeld girl, Hollywood star, and owner of her own night club, telling off the gun-toting gangsters who tried to muscle in on her.

Paramount has filmed Texas Guinan’s exciting story in a riot of color, with a cavalcade of great hit tunes, and at a mile a minute pace. The picture is so good that Paramount has chosen it to mark its Third of a Century of Entertaining the World.
LOUELLA PARSONS GOOD NEWS
(Continued from page 68)
for the screen trying to chew Zachary's shadow to pieces. She really had to struggle to hold him—and that marked his first and last (albeit devoted) appearance in a projection room.

I saw Private Donald O'Connor dining at Chasen's during his brief furlough in Hollywood. I thought he looked much thinner and much more serious than he left Hollywood, but he told me he is completely recovered from the illness he had when he first went into the service.

"I'm doing some radio stuff for the Army while I'm out here," he said. "Writing the material and getting the kids on the air."

I asked him if he was still just as glad to get his fan mail. "You bet," he said enthusiastically, "the studio holds it for me—and I spent one whole day a few weeks ago going over it. Sure, I certainly want my friends to keep on writing." 

Shirley Temple entertained for a dozen of her classmates two nights after graduation at the Beverly Tropics, and with no one to supervise their eating, all the kids ordered the exotic Chinese plate with pressed duck and all the trimmings.

The little hostess wore a Kelly green sports suit, matching bag and a very cute off the face hat with a bright feather.

One of my spies, sitting nearby, heard one of the girls ask Shirley, "Are you really going to wait three years to get married?" to which she made the surprising reply, "No, I'm not."

Don't know what that means but we might watch out.

Shirley, who has always said she liked costume jewelry better than the real variety was, nevertheless, wearing the lovely diamond-studded watch her parents had given her for a graduation present.

Another thing she said was that she was planning to attend college at UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles) because "a college education is just as important for a girl as for a man."

Poor Alan Ladd has finally found a place where he can eat in peace. It is the very quiet and very dimly lighted Beachcombers, and everytime I go there I usually spot Alan and Sue at a little table for two almost completely surrounded by bamboo walls.

There are plenty of stars in Hollywood, popular, too—who can go almost anywhere without being molested. But Alan isn't one of them. He's just as popular with the home grown fans as he is with the "outside" variety.

QUIZ ANSWERS
(Continued from page 14)

1. c 7. b
2. d 8. c
3. b 9. a
4. a 10. c
5. c 11. b
6. b 12. b

Enclosed please find 25c in 2 stamps on your return envelope or in NAA card autographed by

Jennifer Jones
Arline Judge
Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

June Allison
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Doris Andrews
Lauren Bacall
Jane Balfour
Louella Ball
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Furman Bickley
Julie Bishop
Blondie Bostock
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown
Eddie Cantor
Marguerite Chapman
Dudley Clayson
Claudette Colbert
Rex Coleman
Ronald Colman
Richard Conte
Bark Cooper
Joseph Cotton
Jean Crain
Diana Crane
Shep Gagne
Bing Crosby
Killer Dillat
GailDaniels
Linda Darnell
Dolores Darnell
Gloria De Haven
Gloria De Havilland
Tommy Dugan
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante
Irma Durante
Nelson Eddy
William Eythe
Johnnie Farkenbrook
Allie Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Enoch Fynn
Clark Gable
Ada Gardner
John Garfield
Rudy Gaynor
Peter Ann Garner
Gower Gulf
Paullette Goddard
Greta Garbo
Frederick Grainger
Diana Graham
Lonie Grantville
Katharine Grayson
John Hall
June Havoc
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
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Lena Horne
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Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

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1. c 2. d 3. b 4. a 5. c 6. b

Brides Know

TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN

AUTOGRAPHS!

Why do things the hard way? Suppose you do live in Kansas...or Oregon...or Quebec...or any place that's thousands of miles away from a movie star? If you really crave the autograph of any of the stars listed below, why, all you've got to do is send a quarter to us for each one you want. There's a bonus of an extra autograph if you order four! And the best part is this: Your quarters go to the Naval Aid Auxiliary Fund, that organization which watches over a sailor's family while he's off somewhere fighting.

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Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Doris Andrews
Lauren Bacall
Jane Balfour
Louella Ball
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Furman Bickley
Julie Bishop
Blondie Bostock
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown
Eddie Cantor
Marguerite Chapman
Dudley Clayson
Claudette Colbert
Rex Coleman
Ronald Colman
Richard Conte
Bark Cooper
Joseph Cotton
Jean Crain
Diana Crane
Shep Gagne
Bing Crosby
Killer Dillat
Gail Daniels
Linda Darnell
Dolores Darnell
Gloria De Haven
Gloria De Havilland
Tommy Dugan
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante
Irma Durante
Nelson Eddy
William Eythe
Johnnie Farkenbrook
Allie Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Enoch Fynn
Clark Gable
Ada Gardner
John Garfield
Rudy Gaynor
Peter Ann Garner
Gower Gulf
Paullette Goddard
Greta Garbo
Frederick Grainger
Diana Graham
Lonie Grantville
Katharine Grayson
John Hall
June Havoc
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Huta Humpert
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Shinjy Humes
Bo Big Horn
Lena Horne
Harry Horse
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

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Finish answers to the following questions:

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1. c 2. d 3. b 4. a 5. c 6. b
to be tied down in the conventional sense. "But it doesn’t matter, because I love him very much. I think it is better to love greatly for even just a short time than never to feel real love at all. If he wants a divorce I will give it to him and all I expect is just support for our baby. I’m well and strong and I can work and support myself."

My heart went out to Nora that day. She is such a pretty, refined looking girl, with auburn hair and a peaches-and-cream skin. The newspapers had printed that she met Errol when she was behind the cigar counter at the Court House during bail trial. But she told me this was not true.

"I worked at the Court House for a few days, relieving a girl friend of mine who had the job and was ill," Nora told me. "I saw Flynn passing through daily—but I did not meet him until several weeks later at a party. But it isn’t important where or how we met. The important thing is that I loved him from the start."

She was such an unhappy little thing then and I am almost sure she felt Errol would ask her to divorce him. But what a change several days later when I had a telephone call from Nora telling me that "Flynn" was entertaining in her honor at a party at his home and that he was introducing her to all his friends as his wife. I attended that party and I must say Mrs. Flynn was graciousness itself, completely charming all of Errol’s friends. Since then they are still refusing to talk—but I have seen them on several occasions at night clubs and Errol is certainly attentive to his wife. In fact, his manner is completely that of an infatuated swain as he dances cheek to cheek with Nora.

Whether or not this marriage will last is in the lap of the gods. Personally, I think Nora is good for Errol. If he can be happy with anyone I believe he can be happy with her. But I can only repeat Nora’s own words, "Flynn doesn’t like to be tied down; he’s a free soul." So we can only wait and see what we shall see—for these two are saying no more.

Judy Garland and Vincente Minelli are another duet of love birds who have had little to say about their romance beyond the mere announcement of their engagement and then of their marriage in June. There were none of the usual reasons for Judy and Vincente to lapse into silence, for Judy had filed for her divorce and Minelli was not married.

I think Judy’s reserve where her new love was concerned was due to business reasons! Not heart reasons! Here is what happened:

During the making of "Meet Me In St. Louis," the first picture Minelli directed her in, he had several tiffs with the front office. There were even rumors that another director might take over. But Judy went to bat and she won for him, and this was the first tip-off that there was more than a casual interest between them. The movie turned out to be one of the little Garland girl’s biggest hits—so she certainly proved her point that she was right about Vince’s talent.

Everyone commented on the fact that Judy glowed in that picture as she hadn’t glowed on the screen in a long time. "It was because she was in love," a very close friend of hers told me. "Judy is the type of girl who wilts and fades when she is not loved—and in love herself."

"The pictures she made when she and Dave Rose first broke up—and she was unhappy—prove this. She just wasn’t herself. But Minelli rekindled the spark in her heart and it radiated once again in her personality."

Vincente is the type of man who was bound to interest Judy. She is attracted to the artistic, sensitive man such as Dave Rose or Minelli. Before he came to Hollywood to direct pictures, he had been very successful putting on artistic stage shows in New York. She has great respect for his judgment and there’s no doubt but that he will be a big influence on her career from now on.

But it is no particular secret that studios are not too crazy about lovers or husbands who have too much influence over the careers of top feminine stars!

Judy knew how to make another picture with the man of her heart, "The Clock," and so, being a very wise little girl, she just decided not to talk too much about her husband-to-be! I call that smart, if you ask me.

bogart ya-ta-ta ..."

It is hard to include Bofe (Humphrey Bogart, in case you don’t know) and Baby (Lauren Bacall) in any group of "silent"
lovers because the very-much-in-love Mr. Bogart certainly shot his mouth off even before he was legally free to do so. As for making me promise I wouldn't tell a soul that he had told me he was marrying Baby as soon as Mayo Methot Bogart obtained her divorce, what did Bogey do but go to New York and give out an interview spelling the beans all over the place. Later, he wrote me that he was sorry and had spoken in confidence.

all's swell that ends well...

It put Lauren in a very bad spot and there was nothing she could do but say that “perhaps” she and the Colonel would be married following his divorce. Of course, you know that they have been Mr. and Mrs. since last May and by now are settled down (I hope) as one of Hollywood’s happiest married couples.

I will say in defense of Bogey that he is so much in love with Lauren that he just can’t help talking about her. He is 20 and I don’t think he has quite recovered from the fact that she fell in love with him in spite of the difference in their ages. Like most older men in love with very young girls, he catches her and showers her with gifts of jewelry—not to mention a little $46,000 home he just bought as a honeymoon nest. “I didn’t even tell her the first time I married her,” he says.

Both of the Bogarts are wise-crackers and talk like a Damon Runyon story. But under the brittle, sophisticated surface they are very much in love.

Not long ago I was on one of his sets when Lauren blew in, all excited about this particular house I have just mentioned. At that time Bogey had not yet seen it. Lauren, or “Betty” (her real name), went on and on about the floor plans and the den and the gardens. “All houses have those things,” said Bogey, suddenly serious for him. “All I want to know is, is there a room that can be turned into a nursery?”

Very much on the spot at writing is the hot and heavy romance between Robert Walker and the former fashion editor of the New York Journal American, Florence Pritchett. She is a raven-haired honey and one of the most stunning girls to hit Hollywood in a long time. Oddly enough, she came into Bob’s life at a time when everybody thought he was trying to put out of the loop occasioned by Jennifer Jones’ divorce by having dates with little Diana Lynn. These two youngsters were having a wonderful time night clubbing, dancing and going to all the parties together. Then the sophisticated New York girl came onto the scene. Since then, Bob has had eyes for no one else.

When I interviewed Bob not so long ago, he was very emphatic, and besides get your own dresses without a penny of cost. Mail coupon for full details. Send today, there is no obligation. Paste coupon on a postcard.

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A tweed cardigan suit in the mood of the pictureque Welsh Princess, in dark turquoise.

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1. Clarence Doolittle (Frank Sinatra) is "a bum from Brooklyn" who used to sing in a choir. In on leave with his pal Joe (Gene Kelly) he tags along with the "wolf." Otherwise he'd spend his liberty in the library.

4. Donny's parents are both dead (his father was a Navy man killed in action) which is why Susie (Kathryn Grayson) has to leave him in the landlady's care while she's out working to make a home for them both.

5. Joe doesn't want any ties, and besides, he's faithful to Lola, a cute trick he dates. He and Susie go to a county fair where a fortune teller prophesies Susie's marriage to a "tall, blue-eyed man—like him."

7. But Susie's a nice kid, the boys figure, and if it'll make her happy, they'll arrange to have her audition with Iturbi. Of course, the fact that they don't know the great man doesn't faze them, they'll gate crash.

8. They never do get to see Iturbi, but Susie corners him herself and wangles an audition. Their leave up, the boys report to the ship where a concert is underway, featuring Iturbi's "great new song star"—Susie!
2. A police car picks them up, drives them to headquarters to try and persuade a little lost boy to identify himself. He finally tells the gobs his name is Donny (Dean Stockwell), a "sailor" who lives with Aunt Susie.

3. Contrary to the sailor's image of Aunt Susie as a wrinkled old lady, she turns out to be a lovely young girl who works as a movie extra but longs to be a great concert star, singing with conductors like J. Iturbi.

by Maria McCullers and Mary Stanley

When Shy Guy Sinatra

takes lessons in love from Wise Guy Kelly.

it's full speed ahead, no holds barred.

STORY: The band fanfares once more and then the Admiral stepped forward, moving toward the small group of men lined up on the deck of the huge battleship. Behind him the sun was high over San Diego harbor. The Admiral's voice boomed out as he read the citations for valor and then as each man stepped forward he pinned a medal on the breast of his uniform.

"Clarence Doolittle, Seaman 1st Class, Joseph Brady, Gunner's Mate, 2nd Class."

Clarence and Joe stepped forward together and the Admiral's voice droned on: (Continued on page 82)

PRODUCTION: Gene Kelly's gob garb was a hint of things to come. Last day of shooting, Gene went directly from the set to the nearest Naval Enlistment Center. When he emerged he was a sworn-in member of the Bell Bottom Trousers brigade. As a farewell gift, friend Frankie optimistically presented him with a solid gold checkbook case. . . . The Sinatra-Kelly friendship really got started the day the company locationed at the Hollywood bowl. Frankie invited Gene to lunch at his nearby Toluca Lake home. Over a dish of Nancy's famous spaghetti, Frankie confided his plan to (Continued on page 81)
at the table. At another table, distant enough so that Dick's conversation could be seen but not heard, were a group of people who knew Joanne rather well. They looked, commented.

The next morning foggy and early, since bearers of bad news can't contain themselves until the laggard California sun emerges at noon, one of these "friends" called Joanne and asked where she had been the night before. "We saw Dick having dinner with a strange girl... or perhaps she was with someone else in the park, or perhaps he was table hopping... or something," hissed the serpent's tongue.

**he she she talk...**

Joanne laughed and skipped that one. No wife whose husband is in show business takes these after-broadcast gab fest seriously; on the other hand, a plain wife whose husband is constantly surrounded by the most beautiful and most entertaining girls in the world can afford to be completely complacent. And when a girl is in love, trifles no bigger than a salt spoon look like bulldozers trying to tear down the lofty hill of one's happiness.

When the same report came to Joanne several weeks later, and again a month later... well, try it on your own domestic warp and see what sour scales you can play.

When Joanne finally asked Dick about it—in a slightly brimstone tone of voice—"he had a ball of particulars of his own that he wanted to discuss. There was, for instance, the time when he had spent an hour late getting home from dramatic school; he had never liked the idea of dramatic school for his wife, and he thought a career of wisdom and motherhood should keep her busy... furthermore... Hot words and bitter tears go here. Plenty of them.

Bill Burton listened to the recital of his rue until Joanne had it all out of her system. "Okay. You sit right here until I send for you," he ordered. He strode out to Dick, his mouth a thin line. "Let's have it," he said. "Begin at the beginning of your beef.

After Dick had itemized each of his marital bruises, Bill Burton heaved a profound, synthetic sigh, and announced, "You're a couple of crazy kids. You've got everything the heart could desire: Each other, a swell career, a comfortable home, two wonderful youngsters—and what do you do about it? You quarrel. You fight. You argue. You jeopardize your entire future happiness. Now, listen to me: You stay right here until I get back."

He collected Joanne from the music room and brought her to the wide white porch overlooking the pool. "I ought to crack your heads together, d'ya know that?" he growled. "The very idea of letting a little domestic upset hit the front pages, Do they do it in Seattle? No. Do they do it in Bangor? No. In other towns, a man and his wife sit down and discuss these things fairly. You should be ashamed of yourselves, God bless you! Now sit here and talk your troubles over until you are in perfect agreement, because I don't want to hear any more of this cockeyed conversation about divorce."

And Mr. Dove-Of-Peace Burton strode into the house where he summoned the servants. "No matter who calls on the telephone, tell the caller that the Haymes are not here and that you don't know when they'll be back. No matter who rings the doorbell, tell the person no one is at home. Let's give them a chance to get hold of themselves."

The porch swing moved to and fro. Joanne cried a bit, then her head was pulled down on her husband's contributively arm. For a long time they sat in the morning sunshine, recapturing the fragile, precious thing that they had almost kicked onto the scrap heap.

Afterward, friends learned a few of the Melon's reactions. Joanne is to have her career if she wants it, with the understanding that she and Dick will never appear in a picture together. Dick feels that no partition is necessary for his usual feminine lead; she can blow her lines 45 times in a row, and he feels only a kindly pity for her. But if a man's wife is inadequate, he dies a thousand deaths of chagrin; his pride in his sense of partnership, even his love for writing.

On the other hand, Dick stipulated that any time he was seen with another girl (or such an incident was reported) he would explain the entire situation to Joanne at once.

Toward noon of this important day, Bill Burton called the house and asked the maid how things were going. "Mr. and Mrs. Haymes aren't in," said the maid dutifully.

"Look, this is Bill Burton," explained Mr. Fixit. "I'm the guy who told you to give that message to all callers. I want to know the real lowdown."

The maid chuckled. "That's the real lowdown, Mr. Burton. Mr. and Mrs. Haymes have gone horseback riding together. They left word for me to tell you Thanks' when you called."

Mr. Burton mopped his brow and telephoned a reconciliation report to all the papers. He had had a busy day.

When Dick Haymes goes horseback riding, every wow in the world seems to vanish. He first learned to ride when he was four and a resident of a ranch just outside of Santa Barbara, and now, as then, his idea of a gentleman's kingdom is the back of a palomino.

His present mount is a handsome dun 'horse flesh named Thunderbolt, but Dick calls him Pappy. Pappy, a stud stallion, stands about 16½ hands high and his mane is an impressive three-fourths Palomino (which explains his super

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**WHO SAID DIVORCE?**

(Continued from page 41)

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**NEED SOME NEW CLOTHES?**

Summer is a fickle lass... she's gone before you know it. And if you're at all like us, you'll be wanting to buy Fall clothes before long. That takes plenty of green folding stuff, though—and there's where we come in. All you've got to do is sit down, take your typewriter (or a receipt you've been told to do, and give with what happened when you met a movie star in person. We're that curious, our ears are burning to know all about you and your career (or she said, and what you said then... and we hope your palms are itching for the five dollars we send for each acceptable contribution. So do Tell All to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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Tampax

War Department, Dick and Helen Forrest interview each week one to three service men stationed in some foreign theater by sending the two-way short wave. Sometimes atmospheric conditions make it impossible to establish contact; sometimes the combat zone GIs can be heard in the studio, but the Los Angeles station can’t get through; sometimes the Los Angeles beam goes through, but nothing comes back.

It had been arranged, on this particular program, for the pretty young wife of a service man stationed in Germany to talk to her GI by short wave. With her she brought her 16-month-old daughter, whom the father had never seen.

When the circumstances, the studio audience waited in agonized eagerness for the contact to be made. And the overseas station came in, clear and strong. The GI’s voice reached into the room. At its first sound, the wife’s eyes filled with hot tears. She tried to fight them back; she tried to make this moment a joyous one, watching her baby she said tremulously, “Talk to your daddy, darling. That’s Daddy’s voice. Say something to him, sweet.”

The child staring with wide eyes, and bewildered by the bodiless voice, became frightened. Her face creased, she began to wail.

The voice of the GI came pleadingly across thousands of miles: “Don’t cry, please! Say ‘Hello’ to Daddy.” And then, sensing the futility of this tenous contact, achieving the sight—not simply the sound—of the two whom he loved, the boy in Germany began to cry, too. His sobs echoed through the studio.

At that, the wife broke down completely and sobbed incomprehensible words of love and longing into the microphone. By that time Dick was crying as hard as any of the principals in the drama. And crying, too, were the orchestra and the entire audience.

All this was faithfully recorded. It remains in Dick’s files, a poignant souvenir of the howling being broadcast.

After the broadcast, Dick—considerably shaken—hurried to the nearest telephone to talk to Joanne. “Did you . . .?” he started.

“I love you,” said Dick.

“Me, too,” said his wife.

“We’re lucky people,” Dick admitted. “Let’s not ever forget how lucky we are . . . ."

“Never. Well . . . I’ll be home in half an hour. Bye—till then.

IT CAN’T HAPPEN HERE!

But it can! Accident or sudden illness can strike at your home . . . and would you know what to do? Wring your hands pathetically? That won’t help Junior’s blisters if he’s tipped the kettle over. Almost as bad as doing nothing is doing the wrong thing. ‘Dreadly’ curling your curls at this point, and thinking glibly, “I’ll call the doctor and let him worry!” Then you must be the optimist type; for Los Angeles is a broadcast city (7:30) Skipper and his sister are usually sound asleep, but each program is waxed and afterward Dick plays the recordings for the family or for a group of friends.

The most popular program to be aired so far seems to be the one on which Judy Garland sang; everything went along just right that night. Timing was perfect down to radio’s split second, the gags came off sure-fire, Judy and Dick were both in unusually good voice.

Dick’s favorite program recording is another, however. As you know, through the
You wouldn't think it Possible!

It's something out of the ordinary — that's what people say about Schlitz. Its freedom from bitterness, its smoothness and delicacy of flavor, make a magic combination for perfect enjoyment.

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France's famous designer catches the gay, spirited color of Cutex "Young Red" with her light-hearted linen... toasts youth everywhere with this flaming toe and fingertip shade. Just try and find a lovelier polish at any price.

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

"I was gathering stars, while a million guitars kept on playing..." As goes my favorite song, so went my trip to Hollywood, substituting the guitars with a hot swing band from Earl Carroll's, plus soft music floating through the Beverly Hills Hotel's Polo Room, with me sipping cocktails with Tom Drake, Guy Madison, Ben McCormough, and Johnny Sands.

Then, came The Mitchums... consisting of Bob, charming wife Dot, and adorable chiluluns, Jim Robin, four, and Chris—going on two. Peter Coe and his wife were visiting, so we all sat on the floor and ate sandwiches and ice-cream like mad. Peter, who played opposite Montez in "Gypsy Wildcat," is 27, and has just been discharged from the Marines. He's with Universal Pix, as is Charles Korvin, to whom I introduced me. Korvin debuted as Arsenie Lapin, and he is Czech by birth, the date being, Nov. 21, 1907. Has hazel eyes, dark hair, and is married to Helena Freidricks.

No visit would have been complete without a tour of M-G-M, so that came next... starting with lunch a bit away from Keenan Wynn... followed by a whirl around the sets, watching James Craig, Abbott and Costello and Frances Gifford. Van wasn't working in his latest, "Early to Wed," nor were June Allyson or Bob Walker on the set of "For Better, For Worse." Consolation took the form of a big hello from John Hodiak. Would have stayed much longer, but what with a dinner awaiting me at the McCalthorpe home, time was not to be wasted. And such a dinner! Everything from half a fried chicken to Lon's pet lemon pie... Mrs. M. and I lounged on the rug in front of the hearth and heard Lon's records, until he phoned long distance to say hello.

And it went on. Lunch at The Players with one of the loveliest of gals—Janie Withers, and Ross Hunter... with Turhan Bey a few feet away. Then two yellow orchids, followed by a tour of Paramount, including "The Stork Club," where Betty Hutton, Andy Russell and Barry Fitzgerald were shooting, all courtesy of a very wonderful Billy Daniel. (He was Pierre in "Frenchman's Creek," and Marjorie Reynolds' dancing partner in "Bring on the Girls!"

And despite his efforts to stay away from sweets, I shanghaied Billy to Farmers' Market where we both guzzled down chocolate melts. Then he drove me to my rendezvous with Kurt Kreuger, (who was the blond major in "Hotel Berlin"). Kurt whizzed me to his hilltop home, and we turned a half-hour visit to 122 minutes even.

Oh—almost forgot to tell you about my visit to Scarlett O'Hara's home, and the soda with Scott MacKay, and the wild time Don Taylor and I had trying to find each other, cause everyone gave us the wrong directions...

But—hey—I'm running out of space now—so I'm filled to the brim with new 'n' exclusive info... so if you have any questions about anything, send them along with that STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 16, and I'll do my best for you.
tour the U. S., speaking to school kids about racial tolerance. Gene excitedly contributed some thoughts of his own, and the following morning appeared on the set loaded down with books on the subject which he and Frank studied and discussed for weeks. To Frank fell the season's loftiest honor. The Ouray (Colo.) Chamber of Commerce renamed its highest mountain Mt. Frank Sinatra. Surprise casting: Rags Ragland, the guy with the face that launched a thousand nightmares, slays the gals in this one. They trail him like slaves, while Frankie-boy can't get a single date. The lovely melody, "La Golondrina," is put through the vocal wringer by Kelly, Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson. As Gene tells it, three schools of song are represented; the Classic, as rendered by Grayson, the Sweet of Sinatra, and the Bathrub of Kelly. Whenever Mr. James Durante appeared on the set, lovely women dropped their gin rummy and knitting and flocked to his side. The lure? Jimmy was handing out choice tickets for Sinatra broadcasts. Now it's Gene Kelly who can boast of an anatomical nickname. Gangers labelled him The Feet. Frank's slender form contracted and expanded like an accordion. Strenuous dance routines, taught him by Gene, whistled eight pounds off his frame. Six months a day put them back on. But when new dance rehearsals were scheduled, he again fell away to a shadow. Though well past draft age, Henry O'Neill can't get out of uniform. As "Anchors" Admiral, he plays his ninth "gold braid" role. Armchair travelers will be treated to a Metro-guided tour of Los Angeles, for reproduced to the last cobblestone, and Olvera Street, L.A.'s famed Mexican thoroughfare, and the world-famous Hollywood Blvd. Appearing as themselves are the Hollywood Bowl and Metro's own studio lot.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Singing star Dick Powell appeared at the Metropolitan Theater in Providence, R. I., several months ago. He sang and played the cornet to the enjoyment of the huge crowd present. In the middle of a song, however, a baby started crying very loudly. An impatient usher tried to get the child and its mother to leave, but Dick had other ideas. He stopped singing and asked the mother to bring her baby up to the platform. Then he sang Brahms' Lullaby to the bewildered infant until it stopped crying. As the grateful mother went back to her seat, he told the audience that many times he had paced the floor himself, singing that lullaby to his own baby.

Louise Joyal
West Warwick, R. I.
"When do you expect Aunt Susie to turn up?" Joe said.

"Oh, Aunt Susie'll come," Donald said. "What's an old lady doing out so late anyway?" Joe said.

Aunt Susie turned up around midnight. Aunt Susie turned up in an evening gown with her hair done up in a high swept pompadour. Aunt Susie, give or take a few months, looked twenty-three. It was Clarence who whistled when he saw her.

Joe was too sore.

"Well, what do you know," Joe said. "That's some gag to pull on a kid, sister. He could have been in Podunk by now while you were out stepping—"

The girl swept forward, hardly looking at Joe and Clarence. She found Donald. Her eyes looked him over swiftly. Then she turned back and you could see the relief on her face.

"For a moment you frightened me. I thought something was wrong with Donald."

"Something's wrong with you, sister. Not the kid. We turned him up in a police station—"

"A police station?" Susan said sharply. "Why, I left him here with Mrs. Murphy."

"Maybe you did. Maybe you didn't. Gals like you murder me, anyway. Come on, Clarence—"

They were halfway down the block before Clarence said anything. Joe was looking at his watch and muttering angrily to himself. There wasn't a taxi, or anything living stirring anywhere within five miles. "Joe—Clarence said. "Yeah?"

"I'm sorry about Lola. It was all my fault, I guess."

"You guess? If you hadn't trailed me in the first place—say, where in the world do you come from that you never got around to wolfing a girl in your life?"

"Brooklyn," Clarence said. "Brooklyn?" Joe said. "What did you do in Brooklyn all these years?"


"Yeah?"

"About the girl you were going to get me. I know the girl I want, Joe."

"Spill it, sonny boy."

"Susan."

"That dame? Aunt Susie? I won't do it. She's poison, kid."

"Susan, Clarence said. "If you think—"

"Susan!"

There was a long, pregnant moment of silence, then Joe sighed. "Joe—"

"What now?"

"I'm sorry about Lola. I guess it's too late for you to see her tonight."

"You guessed right."

"I know a Dorn, where we can put up tonight. It's run by two nice old ladies."

"Two nice old ladies!" Joe said, he sighed again. "Why did you ever leave that choir in Brooklyn?"

Susan Abbott, it turned out, wasn't quite what Joe had thought. She was a girl trying to make her way in movies and last night she came home late at night, wearing clothes she had been working as an extra. When they saw her again the next afternoon she looked fresh and new and somehow very innocent and appealing.

"So you work in pictures," Joe said.

"Sometimes. I'm not really an actress though. I'm really a singer. Someday, maybe, when I'm working with Joe Iturbi or someone like that, a good fairy might come along and get me a chance to sing for him."

"That so?" Joe said. "You sing good?"

"I try to."

"Well, you know Clarence here is a great friend of Iturbi. Clarence is in the music racket himself. Right, Clarence?"

"Iturbi? Me?"

"Mediterranean," Susan said. "That's Clarence all over. Why if it's an audition you're after, Clarence has it all fixed up. How about Saturday? Saturday be all right, Clarence? You'll talk to Joe about it?"

"Audition? Saturday? Jose?"

"Then it's all settled," Joe said.

Susan just stared. And then suddenly her face seemed to light and she turned to Clarence. Clarence stared back at her.

"What do you say we celebrate?" Joe said.

"Why not?" Susan said. "It's something to celebrate, isn't it Donnie? Come on now, to bed with you. I'll call Mrs. Murphy. And no tricks this time."

Clarence waited until she was out of the room and then he swung on Joe: "What's the idea, Joe? Iturbi—me. How'm I going to get an audition for Susie? What am I going to do?"

"One thing at a time," Joe said. "You got her now. Don't you see? You've hit your first big shot. Play your cards right and you can't miss."

"You can't walk out on me, Joe. Iturbi—me! Susie!"

"If you think—" Joe began.

So they all went to the El Parador. It was a little Mexican place down in a corner of Los Angeles. The small band in the corner was playing softly. Joe nudged Clarence.

"Dance with her," he whispered.

"It's a rhumba," Clarence whispered back. "I can't."

So Joe danced with her and somehow they found themselves out in the small patio that faced the garden, bathed now in the gold of the moonlight. "You're a funny girl," Joe said.

"Am I?"

"Yeah. You know what I thought the first time I saw you?"

"I know!"

"Well, you're not. You're just the girl for Clarence."

"Clarence?"

"Sure. He's a straight guy. You're a straight girl. It's natural."

"Is it, Joe?"

"Sure thing."

"And why do you want, Joe?"

"Me? Oh, I don't know, Susie. I'm a guy out strictly for the laughs, I guess. I'm a guy strictly for—"

"Lola?"

"How do you know about Lola? Okay. A guy for a gal like Lola."

"No promises. No questions. No ties."

"That's how it adds up, I guess."

The music stopped then and slowly they walked back into the room. Joe followed her slowly. Why, a girl like that was one in a million. Joe shook his head angrily. What was wrong with men anyway? This California moonlight was getting him. Going soft. Mushy. Well, that wasn't Joe Brady. It was late when they got Susan home again. But this time all was safe and sound. Donald was asleep upstairs, clutching his sailor's cap. The house was quiet. The left Susan and started down the hill.

"Joe," Clarence said as they walked. "What are we going to do about Iturbi?"

"Well, Joe," Joe said, "I'll give the guy the spiel. He'll see it. And she's in."

"Yeah," Clarence said. "Funny thing happened tonight," Clarence said finally. "You know when you were out dancing with Susan?"

Joe looked up sharply."Yeah? What?"

The waitress. Joe got to talking to her. She's from Brooklyn. "You don't say?" Joe said.
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DON JUAN MILLION DOLLAR LIPSTICK

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 18)

she can trust him. How a cargo of stolen French gold was taken aboard the boat, how a mysterious stowaway shot Johnny's father and the crew. How the boat was abandoned with Paulette hidden away on it, and her escape. But she is not too much, and the murderer is after her.

There are indications that a night club owner named Sam Jewel (Lowell Gilmore) is involved in the mystery. A few other clues point directly to seductive Lilah Gustafson (Claire Trevor), wife of the owner of the Gustafson line. It was on a Gustafson ship that Johnny's father was murdered. Somewhere there must be a missing factor which will solve this curious equation, and Johnny is determined to find it. His search adds to the knock-out conclusion that will leave you gasping.—RKO.

P. S.

Patriotically "sharing the ride" on her way home from the studio, Claire Trevor invited several Army officers to join her in her cab. Last one to leave, Claire discovered one of the officers had taken her bag by mistake. A quick call to the cab company straightened things out, but not soon enough to spare an Army officer the shock of finding a backless evening gown in place of his expected khakis. . . . That old "ciggle" shortage caused one of the scenes to be shot two ways. When the cameras returned to shooting Claire had recorded a Planche selling a pack to George Raft, someone reminded Director Ed Marin of the shortage. He had the scene reshot with Bill O unhurried's tray to find George on the set just by following the tootsie roll wrappers. He picked up the tootsie roll habit during his overseas tour, and has been a slave to it ever since. . . . Roberta Hasso can now be classified as foreign correspondent as well as actress. She received a commission from an old friend in Sweden. Hollywood Diplomatic correspondent for a Stockholm newspaper.

LOVE, HONOR AND GOODBYE

It's tough when you have a beautiful wife who insists on being an actress. Especially when she can't act. Bill Baxter (Edward Ashley) thinks he has the answer, though. He secretly backs a show for his wife, Roberta (Virginia Bruce), knowing that the critics will pum it, and hoping that she will then return to the fireside and start raising a family. He is right about the critics. They walk out in a body after the first act, and most of the audience goes along. Everything might have been okay if the play's leading man hadn't persuaded Roberta that Bill arranged things that way. Presumably he even bribed the critics! Anyway, Roberta believes him, the dope, and she packs her things and goes home to mother.

Bill decides to drown his sorrows in the time honored manner. In the process he gets himself involved with some pretty weird characters. He meets them at the Penny Arcade, and there he meets a tattoo artist named Terry (Victor McLaglen), his girl friend, Marge (Veda Ann Borg), and a cute three-year-old orphan, Sally. Terry has been trying to persuade the Welfare Society that he would make a fine father for Sally, but so far they have remained impervious. They keep pointing out that he is a butcher, not an ideal environment, which Terry considers very narrow minded of them. Bill, who is more than slightly botted, solves everything—by marrying Terry, Marge and little Sally home with him.

A friend tips Roberts off that something strange goes on, and she comes back and finds out the truth. Virginia Bruce's first screen appearance as a brunette. In one half of her dual role, Virginia's a French maid complete with accent and dark wig. When Victor McLaglen reported to the studio gym, he found himself face to face with a ghost from his past. As a child in Arabia, studio athletic coach Abdullah, her husband, was lost on the desert with his mother, who died. A British Desert Patrol happened by, and a captain took the youngster to Baghdad and safety. The British Desert Patrol was seen (you guessed it) Victor McLaglen. . . . When a living room set needed a portrait of Miss Bruce, the studio borrowed an unfinished one from Tim Costa, famous California portrait painter. . . . Four-year-old Judith and Jacqueline Wells, identical twins, were supposed to splash Virginia angrily in their bath scene. But bathing was too much fun, and the kids wouldn't look angry. Neither would they splash Virginia, explaining "But mother would spank us." It took the long and threatening of the whole crew to convince the twins that mama wouldn't mind.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was in my teens living in Niagara Falls, there was a timid looking fellow who lived across the street from my house. My friends thought him shy and supercilious, because he didn't pal around with us. It took the long and threatening of the whole crew to convince the twins that mama wouldn't mind. Suddenly a young man pushed through the crowd, bent over, picked me up gently, and carried me home. He drove me to the hospital. From that day on, the erstwhile reclusive and supercilious fellow was the most popular boy in town. Whenever I remember his kindness and consideration, I murmur, "Thanks, Franchot Tone!"

William Lane
Jackson, Michigan
Cornhusker! Bob's a farm boy, and he's helped husk corn like a Trojan today. Corn to feed the stock with, come winter—and to help relieve the food shortage everywhere.

Now, he's sinking into the soft, gloriously cushioned luxury of a Beautyrest mattress—made by Simmons. You can't help but drift off in the deep comfort of Beautyrest—its 897 individually pocketed coils see to it that you relax gloriously! If you own one, take care of your Beautyrest. For we're still deep in war work. If you need a new mattress buy one of the other Simmons mattresses your dealer may have. Any mattress bearing the Simmons label gives you fine sleeping comfort.

P. S. Also available, a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!
Made by SIMMONS COMPANY

IMPORTANT! Buy more War Bonds! Not just a "per cent" that lets you feel patriotic, but enough so it really pinches your pocketbook.
things up? H. M., Yazoo City, Miss.
It wouldn't be wrong at all, provided that you did it deftly. In case he has a new girl or something, you don't want to put yourself out at the start. When you say things to a guy, don't growl. At the end of the note, say something like, "I've got a new Goodman album I know you'd love. Come listen next time you're in town.
You're not pinning him down, but you're suggesting yourself at him, but the latchstring's out, and he'll know it. And what do you bet he'll be over!

May an engaged girl whose man is overseas date occasionally? A. G., Lancaster, Pa.
That's strictly between you and your guy. If you've promised him to sweet it out all by your little fat self, you're honor-bound to do just that. However, if he said, "Oh g'man, Have fun" (as Shirley Temple's sergeant has), that's all you need to know. Just be sure he's made it clear to his family that he wants it that way or you may run into some hilarious misunderstandings. I know, there are a couple of things to remember, even if you're dating with his approval. Stick to double dates. Don't date the same person more than a few times. Wear your engagement ring, and make it plain that your post-war plans are all taken care of.

If you don't let the boys in your crowd kiss you good-night, they never ask you out again. What's a gal to do? B. B., Gainesville.
Personally, we think the girls have the boys all wrong on the subject of woo. It really isn't all most of them have on their minds, and if the boys in your crowd are like that, then they're dopes, and good riddance. Don't go through the evening with a chip on your shoulder waiting for your date to make one move toward you. Introduce him with the lines, "This is Mr. Smith, please make him a bit, tell him that you're having fun. Give a thought to his finances and his precious-as-perfume gasoline. He'll forget he's a wolf and act amazingly like a gentleman.

I've just moved to this town, and it's so hard to crash any of the little cliques at school. I'm so lonesome for some of my old pals. What can I do? H. O., Padsuch, Ky.
Well, first of all, don't push. And don't cliqutel the first mark at the party, asking to see him and turn her into your best friend. She may be the class dud. Case the joint a couple of weeks. See which kids have the most fun, do the most things, know the most nice guys. Then ferret out their extra-curricular activities. Join the dramatic club, get on the swimming team, be around, be sure, you're looking just as cute as they are. Smile at them, talk to them. Gradually, you'll be one of the crowd at the local school. One of the queens at the football dances.

Our house is so ugly I hate to have my dates see it. Would it be very incorrect to have them pick me up downtown? E. P., Woonsocket, R. I.
Your dates should pick you up at your own home. Completely aside from what is correct or incorrect, your parents will want to meet the lads. Also, if you were to meet your dates elsewhere, you'd get involved in lies that you will have to cover up, and they'll probably be utterly miserable. The thing to do is to get to work on the house. Would a freshly painted porch help? Window boxes at the windows? How about inexpensive slip-covers for the living room furniture? If the furniture is scratched or worn-looking, wax it or apply some scratch removing polish. Could the family chip in and get a really good looking rug? What about water paint for the walls? Have a family conference, then all of you pitch in your pennies, ideas and time, and in a jiffy you'll have a house you'll be proud of.

* * *
Kids, bring your problems to us. We take 'em on in all sizes and shapes and make 'em disappear like so much smoke. Stop stewing about the fact that the lads by-pass you as if you were a land mine, and make them look at the way the gals thumbs-downed you for the Friday night club. Stop mourning that lost love, tiffing with your mom and dad, worrying about your face and figure. We'll help you get things squared away. Will you let us try? Write to Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

CO-ED LETTERBOX
(Continued from page 26)

CO-ED (Continued from page 26)
when each kiss may be the last...
Each Kiss Counts!

The TRUE story of two daring women in Paris!

Bennett Fields in "PARIS-UNDERGROUND"

with
George Rigaud • Kurt Kreuger

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF
Based on the Story by ETTA SHIBER
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Over 30,000,000 thrilled to Etta Shiber's great best-seller in Reader's Digest and as a Book-of-the-Month.
It was a pretty bewildered boy who replaced the phone. His father! Who's always cherished his privacy and shied away from strangers. He must have been watching to do it! And he could not have seen no in a few well-chosen words, and Dad knew how to choose 'em. Van scratched his head. He couldn't figure it out...

He gave up after the story was finished. 'I've had five hundred fan letters,' wrote Dad, 'and I'm answering them. Don't know when I'll get a chance to turn the lights off and go to bed. When someone hasn't ringing and when it's not the phone, it's the doorbell. Children asking to see your room with the movie stars pictures. I can't refuse them. Then I start for the bank and never get there. Everybody wants to talk about the story.'

"I pass", says Van. "After all these years Dad's coming out of his shell. Hallelujah, it's a miracle--"

backslappers, beware! . . .

There's nothing mysterious about the shell. Van's father is a man who buries his roots deep. All his life has been spent in New York, and from a certain point of view, in Providence. He'd be as wretched on big city pavements as a quiet tree. Facile talk and easy acquaintanceships are not for him. He's too stubborn to be out of phase with his time. So is Van, for that matter. H ello-joing round the lot is all very well, but his intimacies, if you notice, are few and well-tried.

As children, we see parents only in relation to ourselves. Not till we're older, do we see them as people. Looking back, many things struck us as strange which he once took for granted. Clearest of all is a quiet man's devotion to his son, inarticulate but never-failing.

Van's earliest memories are of a big old rambling frame house--of lilac bushes in the yard, deep purple and white--of peach-trees and grapevines a boy could raid (that's where he stored his colossal appetite for fruit)--of a snug little safe little world, bounded on either side by Dad and Grandma.

Indoors, Grandma was the presiding spirit--energetic as she was tiny, hair knotted on top of her head, earrings in her pierced ears, rustling in a dozen petticoats, and always the fragrance of cleanliness about her. That's one of Van's sharpest associations with home--something clean and fresh and aired-in-the-sun. Dad had the same immaculate quality. To the longest of his life, when Van smells Florida water, he'll think of his father.

And candied apples will always bring Grandma back. Grandma," she'd say, "are for spoilin' little boys," and she'd stir up a batch of candied apples or fudge. Their meals were eaten in the kitchen, and she was the cook who w'd wash as she went. Every last pot had to be scrubbed and put away before she'd sit down with her menfolk. Then, with the smell of fresh coffee brewing--the coffee-pot was always on the stove--she'd sing Van little Swedish folksongs while Dad read his paper, or tell him stories of 'the old country,' as she called it.

He remembers that first day Dad took him to school, and how he loved it from the start. It was so much that, after lunch, he trotted back.

"Where are you going?" asked Grandma.

"To school."

"But you don't have to go in the afternoon--"

"Well--I'll go anyway--"

She smiled and let him go, but the minute he reached the schoolyard, he knew he'd made a mistake. The sun was higher, the atmosphere was different--it seemed to close in on him. Elsewhere, the small figure hove into sight, she was sitting on the porch with a large piece of cake.

Dad was his outdoors companion. "A great affectionately today. In the old days, his eyes widened in awe and admiration of his father's prowess. No one could sock it or swing a stick as far or skate as well. Dad swam all year round--practically had to break the ice to get in. On the lily pond round by the ocean drive, she taught Van to still skates there himself every Sunday in winter.

 Summers, they'd cross the bay on the Jamestown ferry, walk to the end of the pier, and fish Van scooped wafers. There was the warm feel of the sun on Van's back, his wavy reflection in the water, the little minnows coming up to grab the bits of meat, and the feel of being beside a mixer. So is Van, for that matter. Hello-joing round the lot is all very well, but his intimacies, if you notice, are few and well-tried.

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"Well--I'll go anyway--"
This Beauty Bath's a WOW!
such Exquisite Perfume
such Rich Creamy Lather!

Betty Hutton
Lovely star of Paramount Pictures' "INCENDIARY BLONDE"

Dancing in the moonlight... he draws you close
... closer... There's thrill, there's appeal men can't
resist, in skin that's fragrant, sweet. So don't take chances
—make daintiness sure. Lovely screen stars tell you a
daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap does the trick.
Active lather carries away every trace of dust and dirt,
leaves skin exquisitely fresh. You'll love the delicate perfume,
too, a flowerlike fragrance that clings lightly to the skin.
Try this Hollywood beauty bath!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it...
it's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!
of a child. His passion for movies dates from that day. Till he was old enough to drive he and the other kids, Dad took him to the Colonial every Saturday. Before they went in, he’d buy the usual package of Necco wafers, break it in half and give the kids their share. If it happened to be a comedy, there was always some point at which the chortling Van would choke on a wafer and have to be thumped.

He remembers the time Dad plunked down his fifty cents, and the man said, “Sorry, Mr. Johnson, it’s six dollars today.” Dad glanced at the billboard—“The Cat and the Canary”—not a movie, but a New York show. He reached for his wallet, and plunked down the six bucks. They sat right up front with all the millionaires.

Van thought that was swell, but not till much later did it fully dawn on him. He was three when his parents separated, and Charles Johnson was well aware that, with no mother in the house, a boy misses plenty. He was firmly resolved that Van should miss nothing more than he could help. Though he didn’t earn a great deal, his son’s clothes were the best money could buy. Van had to take care of them, yes—especially after Grandma died—he’d have to keep the suits cleaned and pressed, and the shoes polished. He can still feel the heat of the big old-fashioned iron; he’s still a fanatic about the shine on his shoes. And, thanks to his father, he knows that when he walked down the street, he looked as well turned out as any kid in town.

Dad never made a fuss over him, but at Christmas his tree was the biggest, and was hung with the most lights and the shiniest ornaments. His bikes and trains were as good as the next guy’s. Better. Dad always said quality paid in the end. But it wasn’t just laying out dough, because there are things you can’t dig out of a pocket; they have to come from the heart. Like Dad’s taking down the old bathroom mirror, and making it into a lake for under the tree. He’d cover the frame with cotton batting snow, and build a little enchanted village of gabled cottages and sleighs and people skating around and Santa Claus driving his reindeer through the whole thing.

Of course it wasn’t all movies and merry-go-rounds and fun. Dad had a well-balanced sense of values. He believed in responsibility and self-reliance. Van had his daily chores—coal to bring in and wood to chop and a lawn to mow. The mower was a corny antique, and he’s sure no grass ever grew as fast as his father’s. He’d hang out the wash and beat the rugs for Grandma, rake and burn the leaves and throw horse chestnuts into the fire. California’s wonderful, but even now Van gets homesick for a tangy October evening and the smell of roasting horse-chestnuts on the air.

Winters, when they’d cleared their own walks, he and Dad would go on a little neighborhood tour, shoveling snow for the ladies who had no menfolk of their own. That was Dad’s idea, and a nice one too, thinks Van. And his early training’s stuck. When he has a day off, he feels uneasy till he’s done something constructive—like a fast game of tennis, since he has no lawns to mow. That earns him the right to be lazy the rest of the day.

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

It was New Year’s Eve, 1942, and I was standing at the window watching the road when a car pulled up outside our house. The next minute I was shaking hands with Put. (now Maj.) Melvin Douglas, whom my father had met when both were stationed at Little Rock, Arkansas. We spent two wondrous hours, just talking. Capt. Douglas told me about his family, his children, and friends. He showed us his Sharpshooter’s Medal and said, “My son loves medals; I’m going to send him this,” with great pride in his voice. At eleven o’clock he had to leave, and my parents drove him into town. After he left I just sat there and wondered how many girls’ fathers had such famous friends as mine!

Arlene Shapiro
Chicago, Illinois.
York World. He never went to bed without reading the old New York World.

They became their own housekeepers and, if Van does say so himself, you couldn't have found a cleaner darn house in town. Left it dusted and speckless each morning, and on Saturdays gave it a regular spring cleaning. They ate out a lot—there was a grand new diner down the street—but Van also developed a taste for cookery. He owned every cook book from Fanny Farmer on down, and his greatest asset was faith in himself. Running out of canned applesauce one afternoon, he took a couple of apples and made his own. From there he went on to prune pie, and it turned out fine.

domestic training...

His meals could generally be counted on, but a notable exception was the Case of the Pork Roast. Leaving the market, he noticed they were running a new picture at the movie house—Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." It was very sad and tears dripping over the roast, he sat through it twice. They had dinner at ten. Dad had spoken his piece and that was the end of it. He was no nag. Only Van couldn't get over the frown of Claudette—"Look," said his father at last. "Could you manage to quit basting that meat in brine?"

When Van had the kids in of an evening, Dad would find himself some errand in town, leaving the gang to their blackjack or Michigan rummy. Van would fix his specialties—bacon, cucumber and tomato sandwiches—and big pots of coffee, and stay up till midnight with the dishes, because a good host doesn't make his guests help.

Animals were permitted within reason, and you could hardly blame Dad about the German shepherd. Van found him tied up at the gas station, looking noble and patient. "Want him?" asked the man.

"Whaddaya mean, want him?"

"He's a stray. We've been keeping him here, but nobody's called for him—"

Not pausing to look a gift dog in the teeth, Van hauled him home and dumped him into the tub, where he continued patient while water sloshed over him and soap got in his eyes. In the midst of this, Van heard Dad at the door and rushed out to forewarn him. But the noble beast beat him to it, cleared the tub in one leap and went gamboling through the house, spraying father as he went. In three minutes the place was a shambles. They finally coralled him and led him to the garage.

"That's all, son," said Dad. "From now on, nothing over thirty pounds."

Just the same, they kept him—strictly in the garage—till Van found his owner.

As he grew older, he developed the same kind of relish about his feelings that his father had. This was partly force of example, partly the sense of being different from other kids, which made him shy. Calling for a schoolmate, he'd find him at table with his family 'round him and could hardly escape the realization that he and Dad led a kind of one-sided existence. But that was a subject he never brought up, knowing instinctively it would hurt his father.

Because of their reserve, the moments when emotion showed through were unforgettable. Confirmation, for instance, Van didn't expect Dad to be there. He never laid off work except for drastic reasons, and to him any public assembly was a thing to stay away from. So when Van looked up as he left the altar, and saw Dad standing at the back of the church, it came as an utter surprise. Their eyes met and Dad gave a little grin. As if to say: "Sure I'm here. Where else would I be on this important occasion?" Van's never lost the warmth of the memory.

Are you in the know?

How to brighten those blinkers?

☐ Read the funny papers
☐ Moehn Mom's mascara
☐ Quick, Watson—the eye pads

Dreary-eyed? When you want to be stary-eyed? Rest your lids beneath a pair of moist eye pads. Their soothing liquid eases the ache—brings back the twinkle to tired optics. Comfort and "sparkle" are first cousins. That's why, on certain days, so many bright young chicks insist on Kotex sanitary napkins. Kotex has dependable softness. Unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Free from bunching, roping, you're more comfortable with Kotex.

If you loose the setting-up exercises, try—

☐ The Lazy Mae routine
☐ A starvation diet
☐ A new girlie

If you would shirk the workout—try the 5-minute Lazy Mae routine. It means setting-up without getting up! Prone in bed, stretch for your toes, tie on ten minutes. Bicycle your legs two minutes, then pull them back till toes touch bed headboard. Keeping trim props up your poise. On problem days, let Kotex bolster your confidence—for those patented, flat tapered ends don't show revealing outlines. And you'll thank that special safety center for the safety plus that Kotex gives.

Which proverb applies here?

☐ All that glitters is not gold
☐ Handsome is as handsome does
☐ Beauty is only skin deep

Okay... suddenly your face needs a retreat. But why make it a public project? It's bad manners. What's more, it de-glamorizes a gal. "Handsome is as handsome does"—so do your patchwork in the powder room. And remember, loveliness is lost without daintiness, especially on "those" days. Choose Kotex.

Yes, Kotex contains a deodorant. Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. You'll appreciate this new Kotex "extra" to help safeguard your charm.

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

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

Then there was his first high school dance. He was taking a girl, the tickets cost plenty, and later you had to treat her to ice cream and stuff. Dad gave him an adequate allowance, and this was his own responsibility. It never occurred to him to ask for a handout. To make sure he wouldn’t be caught short, he skipped lunches for a couple of weeks.

“Have a good time,” asked Dad next morning.

“Oh sure. Danced my fool head off. Then the crowd went down to the diner for a snack—

“Have enough money?”

“Oh sure. Been saving lunch money—"

lunchless lover...

There was such a long pause that Van glanced up. Dad had the funniest look in his eyes. “You mean you went without lunch?”

“Gee, that’s nothing, Dad.” He had to wipe the look out. “All the fellows do it. We just stoke in more at breakfast and dinner, that’s all—

“I’d like you to promise never to do it again, son. There’s always enough for anything you need—"

Van kicked himself straight through his chores for not keeping his trap shut.

He doesn’t know how the story got around that his dad was a rigid disciplinarian. True, there were certain things he insisted on—like cleanliness and doing your job right and minding your manners. But his methods were mild, and Van was no problem child. Whatever misdeeds he committed stemmed from thoughtlessness rather than deliberate hell-raising, and the most Dad ever did was cut him down on some privilege. In fact, the punishment Van will remember longest was inflicted by his own conscience.

The pride of Dad’s heart was his new Ford. Before driving off mornings, he’d clean it inside and out, and again when he came back. After Van learned to drive, he was allowed to use it on special occasions. One rainy night he backed it into a tree, and crashed the whole rear in—one of those nightmare things that couldn’t possibly happen, but did.

He remembers driving it into the backyard and crawling miserably to bed—waking to the memory of what he’d done and hating to get up—going to the window where the rain still slushed.

There stood his father, looking at the wreck. Just looking. Then, under his old umbrella, he turned and trod through the rain toward town. If he’d raised Cain, it would have been easier on Van than that glimpse of his dad’s face, and the way he plodded patiently off to work.

That night he tried to stammer apologies—

“Well, you didn’t do it on purpose.

Next time, be careful—"

Next time! With most dads, there’d never have been a next time—

He can’t remember when the acting bug hit him, but it must have been pretty early in the game. Naturally, Dad knew he was movie-struck. So were lots of kids. When he plastered movie stars over every inch of his room, right over the new wallpaper, Dad only grunted. “Do what you like in your own room. Just don’t bring it out here—"

The chief reason he went to dancing school was that every year they put on a big revue in a real theater. That’s where he got the smell of paint in his nostrils, and couldn’t get it out. When they handed out questionnaires at high school, asking, among other things, what the kids wanted to be, Van wrote boldly: “Actor—"

With Dad, he wasn’t quite so bold. Oh, he’d drop hints every now and then, which were mostly ignored. Or Dad would say, “Sure. And when you were five, you

June faces studio lights and outdoor shots—so her advice about dry skin is worth taking! It’s this...

Use Lander’s Cold Cream with Olive Oil for quick relief from dryness. It’s all-purpose—cleans exclusively... softens... so rich for overnight!

Lander’s Hand Cream with Olive Oil is grand, too. Get both at your 10¢ store.

PINK DELIGHT... New, thrilling shade—in smart Dorothy Reed Lipstick—made with Cream-Seal base so the color stays longer. Jumbo size, swivel case, only 25¢ at your 10¢ store, Dorothy Reed, Cosmetic Stylists, Fifth Avenue, New York.
wanted to be a shorthand. One night they were having dinner at a neighbor's. Dad was in the pantry when the crucial question was tossed at Van. "What are you going to do after graduation?"

"Go to New York and be an actor—"

Dad's eyes came peering round the pantry corner, and his son suddenly felt as if he'd grown eight heads.

If he had, you couldn't have blasted the obsession out of any of the eight. It stayed with him through the summer days—after graduation, as he got his first taste at wage earning in a fried clam joint. It flourished through the summer evenings as he talked to Lois Radcliffe, who'd traveled in Europe and was pretty sophisticated from his point of view. "You've got to get away," she kept telling him. "New York's the place for you."

To his father he said with elaborate casualness: "I've saved a few dollars, Dad. Think I'll go down to New York for a couple of weeks. May look around—"

Dad eyed him over his spectacles. "Thousands of people down there looking around. And starving—"

"Yeah—well—I can always come back—"

Neither was fooling the other. Dad knew what Van meant by looking around, and Van knew that Dad was saying to himself "He's a Swede and as stubborn as I am. Let him get it out of his system."

At the train, Van was in no mood of elation. He loved his father. He was worried over leaving him alone. What did he think he was doing anyway—a green galoot off to the big city to crash a profession he didn't know the first thing about—"

"Well, goodbye, son. Take care of yourself. Be a good boy—"

Van grinned. That was Dad's regular line. "Be a good boy," he'd say, whenever Van left the house. His spirits lifted. What did he have to lose? There'd always be Dad to come home to—"

"You take care of yourself, too. So long, Dad—"

The tall, erect figure stood on the platform till the train disappeared.

You know that Van never went back to stay—though there were times when it looked as if he might. But he kept away, and promised himself five years. If he hadn't made a dent by then, he never would.

Periodically, he'd go up to see his old man. Bearing neckties or a sweater or golf balls, depending on how his luck was running. Johnson Sr. had his own way of receiving gifts. His voice would go a little gruff. "Well, that's fine," he'd say. "Now tell me about yourself—" But as quick as next day, he'd be wearing the tie or using the golf balls.

They'd go around visiting old friends, driving to Providence, taking walks along the beautiful cliff road by the ocean. Dad still seemed bewildered by the fact that Van could get any kind of job on the stage. "How do you go about it? What happens then? What kind of people are they? How much do they pay you—?"

Skeptical he might be, but nobody else could take a peck at his fledgling—not even a fancied peck. Dad, of course, wouldn't brave the tumult of New York, but when the townsfolk went down, they'd take in Van's show and report.

Once Dad remarked: "So-and-so saw you. Van was in the chorus at the time. "Said he stood out like a sore thumb——"

"That's good," grinned the appreciative actor.

"What's good about a sore thumb?" growled Dad, annoyed. "If he liked you, there's nicer ways of saying it—"

He was also determined that Van shouldn't worry about him. The boy had his own life to live, and Dad was an old hand at looking after himself. During one
of his successful years, Van treated himself to some snazzy luggage, including a brass-studded steamer trunk, heavy as lead. All along the line it had taken a couple of porters to move this job. At Providence, before Van could stop him, Dad had it on the back, hauling it to the car. Not to mention the fact that it made a kind of unspoken statement, "I'm fine, son. Look at me. Good as new—"

long distance fame . . .
The five years passed. Van had been in "Pal Joey," and made a test for Columbia. And though nothing had come of the test, there was a kind of stir in the air that seemed to call for a bonus of an extra year. He went home for a couple of weeks that summer and was in his room, typing a letter, when the phone rang with the bid from Warner Brothers.

"Looks like I'm going to Hollywood, Dad—"

"What happened?"

"Just got a long distance call."

It wasn't the offer so much as the long distance that impressed Dad. "If they'd go to that trouble," he said slowly, "I guess they must want you—"

Eventually they dropped him, which wasn't so smart, because M-G-M picked him up and parlayed him into a gold mine. But that's another story . . .

Dad continues to use his regular line. His letters are never signed, "Yours etc." They always wind up: "Be a good boy. Dad."

What he can't say, he can sometimes write. Especially since the night his son almost died . . .

Van lay in the hospital after his first transfusion. Through the haze of pain and faintness, words penetrated. "What's his father's phone number?" Everything within him rose up and cried no. His dad had never been on a train in his life, much less a plane. They couldn't do this, he had to stop it—

The doctor leaned toward him. "Don't—get my father—out here. He'd—die—"

Keenan Wynn bent over. "I'll phone him—"

"Yes—but tell him—I'm all right—"

Without going to church every Sunday, Van's dad is a deeply religious man. He hates hearing the Lord's name taken in vain. Yet all he could say to Keenan that dreadful night was "Oh God! Oh God!" over and over again. It was the measure of a man's agony.

actor's father . . .

That's all over now. Though on the phone he still asks first of all: "How are your headaches? Do you get enough rest?"

Reassured on that score, he goes on to other things. "Saw 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo' last night. There was quite a turnout. Had to stand on line—"

The management would be pleased to pass Van's father in, but he doesn't believe in special privilege. Also, Van's beginning to suspect he enjoys his position as an actor's parent—"

"Like the show, Dad?"

"Yes, it was fine. But why did you make so many faces?"

"Why didn't you smile?"

Van explains that you can't go round showing your fifty-four teeth all the time.

"Well, I like to see you smile—"

The conversation continues. "How's Martha, Dad?"

"Don't call an older woman by her first name. Mrs. Martin's fine. So-and-so had all his teeth out. Remember the Armstrong boy? His wife just had a baby boy. By the way, thanks for the jacket—"

"Think it's too loud?"

"I thought so at first, but I'm getting used to it now—"

There's one phenomenon of success that still puzzles Dad. After Van's first radio broadcast, he asked: "What's all the yelling?"

"Kids. They pulled my coat apart—"

"Does that mean they like you?"

"That," laughed Van, "is a very legitimate question. The answer seems to be yes—"

"Glad to hear it. Sounded to me like they might be mad at you—"

Occasionally he'll let slip a rather wistful: "I'd like to see you."

With no time off to go east, Van's been trying to get him out to California. So far, no soap. Dad still clings to the old familiar places. Maybe, when the war's over and Van has a house . . .

Maybe's as far as Dad will commit himself. You can't have everything, and the main thing he's got. The main thing—as it's always been—is that Van's well and happy. And a good boy.

BE A SUMMER SANTA CLAUS!

Seems funny to think of Christmas while your sunburn's still peeling, but packages to your fightin' man overseas must go out between September 15 and October 15 . . . or he'll be fightin' mad! Don't let him down! He's twice as lonesome for home now that half the job is done. So shop early, unless you want your gift to arrive for Easter instead . . . and do shop wisely: No perishables! Wrap well in strong box and cord, address clearly in waterproof ink, and make it a really Merry Christmas for That Man overseas!
course, "Huba, huba, huba!" The next day they met before the same counter. Bob bought salami and Joan bought bologna. By the end of the week a tradition had been established: They were meeting every day over a cup of cappuccino and a sandwich.

Bob discovered the salient characteristic of the wand-like little woman. She believed in things such as love, marriage, a home, ambition, struggle... and Bob.

So Bob lightly turned his thoughts to that springboard of matrimony: Money. Of which he had very few. Originally, in his early high school days he had decided to become a doctor. He liked chemistry and he was a fast man with a triangular bandage, but his relatives discouraged him. Those already engaged in the healing profession pointed out the long years of training necessary, and after that the long years of thankless service to be rendered before a man could support a family.

Abandoning this ambition, he got a job as office boy in an architectural firm and had worked his way up to junior draftsman standing when, in the classic words of Variety, Wall Street laid an egg. It crashed with a splash that egged architecture right out of the financial district. Tycoons became scrambled eggs, and Bob got himself a job as stock clerk in a department store.

It was during this period that he met Joan. However, juggling packing cases was not his only means of support; he was also holding down a radio job during his noon hour. This is the way he got into show business in the first place. At a neighborhood theatre a picture entitled "Merely Mary Ann" starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell was playing, and someone was wanted to sing the theme song. Bob qualified, was paid $25 for winning the "Merely Mary Ann" competition, and decided that he was in show business.

He discussed his career with Joan while they were out walking one Sunday. Did she think they would be able to make a start on his income as stockroom clerk and occasional radio singer? She said positively that he was going places; she had galloping premonitions about his future.

"Oh, look," she interrupted her lavish tribute to his future success, "at that darling print dress." The gown was worn by an austere store window manikin. The background was white and on it were nosegays of soft blue flowers. "You'd sure look sweet in that," agreed Bob.

Joan sighed. "Maybe I'll buy it in a week or so." And they walked on, returning to talk of the future.

When Bob received his paycheck that week he strode to the store, asked the size of the dress (14), said, "That's just right," and made his purchase. It was the first gift he had ever purchased for Joan. Currently, whenever Bob and Joan spy such a frock, they smile into each other's eyes and nod, "Reminds me of our first dress," one of them says.

Bob's most recent gift to his wife was made on February 26 to celebrate his birthday and it consisted of what he described, beaming broadly, as "a little old mink coat."

They decided in November, 1932, at about the time President Roosevelt was being elected, that they would be married on New Year's Eve, the day before the hopeful beginning of 1933. Bob was just past eighteen; Joan was a year younger.

Bob, not quite so jaunty as usual, had

"Water-Colors"

Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

"Camouflages"

Make-up Pat hides little blemishes, freckles. Gives skin a young, "poreless" finish.

"De-Shines"

Does away with nose shine! Gives your face a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and lasts!

MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY—one of the young society leaders who wear—and love—Pond's Make-up Pat.

Pond's double-formula discovery means foolproof flattery in Every Shade!

Pond's tested the many cake make-up shades carefully—discovered that no one formula works equally well for both light and dark shades! So Pond's Make-up Pat uses a double formula:

The lighter shades are in a featherweight formula—go on soft-tinted... fresh. Never chalky.

The darker shades are in a richer formula to carry richer color, rosier glow. Never sallow!

And it's so easy to look lovelier with Pond's Make-up Pat! Apply with a damp sponge or cotton. While moist, blend with fingertips. 6 shades—and they all give foolproof flattery! 69¢, 39¢, plus tax.
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.

an announcement to make on December 30, the day before the ceremony was scheduled: “I got notice today that I’ll be through tomorrow night. They’re cutting down the Christmas force, so that means I’m going to be pared, as well as paired. How about it, Joan—still game?”

She didn’t hesitate an instant. “You’ll get something better. I know you’re going to be a big success.”

The times were really rugged. Bob got a job, singing with a burlesque show; the management liked his voice so much that they spotted him for twelve songs, each song to have two or three choruses. The first night he gave out with everything but the sextet from “Lucia”; he poured it on strictly from Pagliacci. And the next day he had laryngitis.

After that he sang a little less and worked a little more at playing straight man for the comedians in the show. Incidentally, did you ever realize that there would be no comedians (except in Danny Kaye cases) if it weren’t for the straight man? Comedians are steak sauce, but first you’ve got to have the steak.

The show went on tour, and Joan went along. They lived in suitcases, in trunks, in trains, buses, bleak hotels. But at least they were in New York when Alphonse, Jr. arrived. Bob had managed to get a practical nurse, but as the doctor left he said to Bob: “Now, it’s up to you.”

Bob cooked, sterilized bottles, made formulas, shampooed the three-cornered slacks. He would light a cigarette with trembling fingers, open a can of creamed chicken, light another cigarette, answer Jo’s call bell, get her a glass of water, light another cigarette...At one time he discovered with horror that he had six glowing cigarettes chummily burning holes in the furniture.

Somehow all three members of the family managed to survive the perils of parenthood. Bob went back to burlesque and bounced around considerably until he landed a night club spot. The next day he was offered three screen tests, two in New York, one in Hollywood. He talked it over with Joan. “You belong in Hollywood. Let’s go,” said that intrepid teammate. So they hit Los Angeles in 1943 when the housing shortage was making

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My husband and I are baseball fans, and as our home is in Los Angeles, we’ve seen a number of movie celebrities at the different games. Most autograph hunters confine their activities to before and after the game, but this afternoon a particularly impatient little boy couldn’t wait to ask his idol—George Raft—to sign his book. It was the last half of the ninth inning, and the score was tied. Everyone was tense with excitement, including Mr. Raft, who rose from his seat with the others to see if there was going to be a home run. Just then the little boy tagged at George Raft’s coat, and said, “Could I have your autograph, please?” Mr. Raft didn’t hesitate a moment, though I’m sure he was as anxious as the rest of us to learn the outcome of the game. He gave the kid a big smile, said, “Sure, sonny,” and sat down amidst all the excitement to write in the boy’s book. A great guy, I think.

Mrs. R. L. Qualls
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Gaylord
Products Inc.
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HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"
more people homeless than Vesuvius managed in its best day. The three Aldas found a room in a small, a very small, hotel.

Bob reported to the studio almost daily, then returned to the cramped hotel room. Nothing definitely had been established, but after seven weeks Joan found a bungalow, persuaded Bob to lease it, and settled down to write to all the Alda family friends: "We are settled in Hollywood and we are so happy. Everything is wonderful. Bob is to play George Gershwin." Bob hadn't even tested for the part so his scalp shivered like a dried apple when he learned of this blithe assumption. But Joan is a better Fate foreteller than Bob believed at that time. He did get the part; he did sign a contract; he did go to work; and he did have problems. He was accustomed to stage technique; he didn't know how to play the piano. He was rolling out of the tired Simmonds every morning at six, reporting to the studio, rushing home long enough at night for a quick dinner, then reporting to his piano teacher, with whom he practiced until midnight. Sometime during those hours he studied his script.

Then came the day when he began to relax; he had become accustomed to the medium of motion pictures and he knew from the reaction of the people with whom he was working that they approved of the job he was doing. The biggest day in the shooting was that scene in which Gershwin returned after a triumphal tour... this festive scene was interrupted by the set telephone's insistent light blinking, blinking... a frantic voice demanded to talk to Bob... "Oh, Bob, I'm so worried. The doctor is here, he says our boy has polio..."

Bob, ashen-faced, drove home, took his son to the hospital, walked the corridor for nine hours. Today, in 1945, Ali is unmarked by his ordeal. He is nine, has the gay, glit personality of his dad, the coloring of his mother.

He and Bob are constant performers at the Hollywood Canteen; they do the celebrated Abbott & Costello baseball routine. Ali has been taught certain remarks—i.e. "I still have to go to school, but look who stays home!" "What is the country going to do about senior delinquents?" etc. Bob's line, defensively spoken, but with a proud parent, proud co-star beam, is always, "Stick to the script."

Afterward, on the way home to the 11½ acre farm, Bob has bought near Sunland, he and Ali discuss their timing, alteration of gags, and reaction of audience like old-line trouper.

There is just one thing about which Ali is impatient; his dad has been a star for 25 months at Warner Brothers, but he hasn't yet seen Bob in pictures. Even as you and I—but "Gershwin" is currently packing 'em in at theaters the country over (after a really terrific premiere in New York), so from here on in there's no question but that we'll be having loads of Alda instead of Nothing At Alda.

**October Issue**

You know how fast a theater fills when Van Johnson's on the screen? Well, that's nothing compared to how fast the October MODERN SCREEN will vanish once it hits the newsstands on September 11. So get there early... And P.S. Frankie's on the cover!

**Beloved 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. Doesn't dry out...

usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢... 25¢... 10¢
On lips that know romance...

Stadium Girl
in SUNSET PINK

Sunset Pink on your lovely lips — soft... warm... alluring. One of six of the season's smartest, most captivating shades, available in Stadium Girl Lipstick... Long a favorite of many popular, budget-wise, beauty-wise women, Stadium Girl now has a smoother-than-ever texture — new, lingering radiance for your lips. Convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container... Let Stadium Girl Lipstick—in Sunset Pink — help you enjoy the thrill of kissable lips. Ask for Stadium Girl at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax.)

Six exciting shades:
CHERRY RED (med. lt.)
SUNSET PINK (med.)
ORCHID
TROPIC (med. dark)
RUBY (dark)
BURGUNDY (very dark)

Leading 10¢ stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup... Stadium Girl Rouge... and Stadium Girl Compacts.

Be a charmer with a Chatelaine! Intriguing eye-catcher that will highlight your prettiest dress or suit. Pink gold finished metal. About $4.00 at your favorite store.

SHORE LEAVE
(Continued from page 31)

pin-up from a magazine cover and used to write regular to nineteen fellows in the outfit. When I left, they said: 'Find Cathy Downs and tell her thanks—'

Please don't think I'm fresh. Just sitting here, thinking of home, this kind of spilled off the pen by itself.

Yours truly,

Kice Miller

Grunnors Mate 3rd Class,
Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif.
P.S.—I know it's a pipedream. Please forget it and excuse me.

In the course of events, this letter reached Sybil Brand. You kids know that Sybil Brand is head of the NAA, which sends you stars' autographs at a quarter apiece, and uses the money to brighten things up for our Navy boys on shore leave. Well, Mrs. Brand looked up from that letter and she wasn't laughing. "Seventeen months in the South Pacific, and he says excuse me." Then she picked up the phone. "I want to get hold of Mary Anderson and Cathy Downs—"

Dana Andrews and his wife dined with the Harry Brands that night, and Mrs. Brand told them about the letter. "Let me do something, too," Dana begged. "Tell him to bring a buddy along, and let's give them a day with the girls and I'll play host—"

"And maybe we can get Modern Screen to take pictures. Then they can send the magazine home to their folks—

"And to those nineteen guys in the South Pacific—

You can read the rest of the story in the pictures.

SWEET AND HOT
(Continued from page 20)

dinner was not what you'd call peaceful. I kept trying to pump Diana about her musical preferences, and every time I opened my mouth someone would put his head in it, leaning down to talk to an honest-to-goodness movie actress.

union member...

From the Copacabana, we hopped a taxi to the Onyx Club, and in the taxi we had a chance for some conversation. It turned out that Diana's a member of Local 47—the Los Angeles chapter of the American Federation of Musicians. She's also something of a prodigy—started playing the piano at the age of four, and by the time she was six, she was reading music fluently! She's very casual about it.

"I studied with my mother, and when I got older I accompanied violinists and singers sometimes." Nothing to it, you understand. She played with the California Junior Symphony from the time she was twelve to the time she was fifteen, though most of the kids were twenty and twenty-one. She was quite a snob in those days, she admits.

"About music, strictly classical, I wanted it. I didn't care for popular stuff until about two years ago when I began to go to dances with boys."

She still isn't what you'd call a rabid swing fan, though her tastes are vastly more catholic than of yore. Next to the Chopin, Cortot, Debussy, Ravel and Bach in the Lynn collection, you can find some Duke Ellington (he's pretty much her favorite jazz man) and some Artie Shaw.

She goes for the small bands like Louis
Jordan and King Cole. She likes Martha Tilton, Lena Horne and Ethel Waters. Songs, she'll take schmalty-—"Sweet Lor- raine," "These Foolish Things," "Dancing in the Dark."

And now comes a blow. You know that boogie-woogie she plays so beautifully in "Out of This World?" Well, it doesn't come natural to her. She says so right out—"I'm not a jazz musician. I can't play boogie-woogie unless it's written down for me, note by note, and there's a big orchestral background. Nothing spontaneous about it."

She sighs, a little wistfully. "But I've got perfect pitch."

Now don't overlook that last. Perfect pitch is fairly rare, and many musicians don't have it, and it isn't a thing you can cultivate. It's a very remarkable gift. If you've got it, a person can sing, hum, play or whistle any note in the whole wide world—and before he's done, you can name the thing. "B-flat, C-sharp. F-natural," just like that.

Anyhow, by now we were at the Onyx Club on 52nd Street where Stuff Smith and Hot Lips Page were spreading themselves around.

Diana's technical knowledge influences her appreciation, and she kept squealing, "Ooh, listen to those fours! Oh, listen to those elevenths!" all the time Stuff was playing. Confusing for the uninitiated, but vastly gratifying to Mr. Smith. Hot Lips impressed her, too. He's a fellow from Texas who plays trumpet and sings blues in a very authentic way.

I tore Diana away from the fourths and elevenths, and across the street to the Three Deuces. Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet, was soloing when we arrived. 21st Century Gabriel would be a good name for Dizzy—his stuff is so radically different from, say, that of Harry James, that it hardly seems he plays the same instrument. I'm not saying one is better than the other, but I think Dizzy's twenty years ahead of his time.

Once again, Diana's musical background made her realize what was going on, and how difficult it was to do. She could hear him changing keys in mid-phrase, so to speak.

After Dizzy came a chap named Erroll Garner—a pianist who works with a quartet. Garner came into town from Pitts-burgh, last year. He doesn't read music; doesn't study much. He's just a natural genius. Diana got so excited she was in imminent danger of being drowned in her own Pepsi. She talked a lot about Dizzy.

"I want to go home and work. I want to do some really serious practicing. He's been the most exciting thing on my whole trip."

Everyone's saying Erroll's the hottest piano discovery since Tatum. His playing shows definite classical influence—he's been inspired by everyone from Debussy to Ellington, and yet his music is vitally and peculiarly his own. When he'd gone, Diana leaned across the table. "Do you think maybe he'd do an encore?" I went back to ask him. Erroll obliged, and I didn't think the grind would come off the Lynn face, ever.

Q. I'd love to be kissed like that.
A. Then see that your skin's smooth as satin.
Q. Oh, my skin's hopelessly dry!
A. No! This new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps "make over" dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Provides such "all-you-require" care for smooth skin it's like a "treatment" every day. Helps gently erase little dry-skin lines. Simply use Jergens Face Cream—without fail—

1. for Cleansing 2. for Softening 3. for a Foundation 4. as a Night Cream

A safeguard against crinkly dry skin—this skin scientists' cream. Made by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to 31.25 a jar (plus tax).

Share the happiness so many girls know—have kissable, satin-smooth skin. Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need.

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USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

AUTOGRAFHS:

Like Lon McCallister? June Allyson? Tom Drake? We thought so! If you'd like their (or any other star's) autograph, whisk over to page 71 and learn the MODERN SCREEN way of getting them!
We headed for Kelly's Stable, a while later, to hear the Vivien Garry trio. They have a lot in common with King Cole's threesome. Same style. Diana looked Vivien's singing and bass playing, and she sat in at the piano herself for the photographer, but she refused to play a note. "I'm not a jazz musician," she kept explaining patiently.

Possibly not. But she is a swell kid. The Astor ballroom was very crowded and very hot the night I went to see her. In Harry James. I caught him, between sets, behind the bandstand. He was sprawled out in a chair, shirt open at the throat, tie off. We couldn't go down to talk, because Harry'd be mobbed, so we stayed there and kicked things around a while.

"What do you think you'll be doing ten years from today, Harry?" I said.

He sounded as though he'd had it all figured out very carefully for a long, long time. "In ten years, I'll be living on a ranch in Southern California. I'll have three kids at school and three thousand head of cattle (not at school) and the ranch will be self-supporting."

I wondered whether he planned to keep in contact with the music business. "Maybe as a publisher," he said. "I might have a music publishing company. And I guess I'll make a record occasionally."

"Would you want the kids to be in music, Harry?"

That was easy. "I'll give them a musical education, if they want it, and show talent. After that, they make their own choice."

Harry said Betty would be retired long before the ten years were gone.

He and Betty wouldn't like to stay in New York all the time. "Everything and everybody is too busy. You can get more work done in less time on the coast."

The Jameses weren't at the Astor. They had an apartment (the location of which is only about two people in the world—and I'm not one of them—know). This insured them a million times more privacy.

"No phone, though," Harry said. "The former tenant took it with him. It's wonderful, in a way, because the place is so quiet, but on the other hand, where there's a baby, you like to have a phone available for any little emergencies. Of course, we can always use the neighbors if we have to, but we don't like to bother them."

If you can picture the neighbor who wouldn't love to be bothered!

new york's nice to visit...

Anyhow, Harry seems to prefer quiet apartments to crowded hotels, and peaceful Hollywood to more frenzied New York.

"Maybe it's because I lived out of a trunk from the time I was fifteen, when I first went out with a band. For twelve years (not counting the years with the circus, before that), until I bought my house, two years ago. That house gave me a good feeling."

Now, while the life of Mr. James is not placid, it's got an air of order about it. Once a year he does a picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, and they have an option for another. If they don't take the option, he can make one outside picture. Currently, he's interested in Dorothy Baker's "Young Man With a Hat," the best seller of a few years ago. Bruce Manning—Harry says he's one of the best young picture writers—is nuts about the story, and he'll do a screen play if the project goes through.

We discussed Harry's newest picture, "Knife on the Keys." There's a number in it that ought to be sensational. Harry does "St. Louis Blues" with a hundred and three piece symphony in back of him. The orchestration was done by Herb Spencer and Billy May.

"I don't know how it came out," Harry said. "You never can tell until you see...
the finished picture. I saw rushes of "Two Girls and a Sailor" and thought it would be awful. It turned out swell."

I asked Harry where he'd be in September.

"Probably at the Palladium in Hollywood, playing. Or else doing a picture."

I wanted to find out any news about other members of the band before I took my leave, and Harry said a flying clique had developed. Vocalist Kitty Kallen had started taking lessons at a field in Rahway, New Jersey. So had Buddy Di Vitto, Ray Heath, who's a solo trombone player, is a solo flyer now, too. He had to make a forced landing on his first flight, but everything came out okay.

Harry grinned, as he got up, stretched, and prepared to go back to work, "Take it easy," he said. "Be seeing you."

**RECORDS OF THE MONTH**

**Selected by Leonard Feather**

**BEST POPULAR**
AND THERE YOU ARE—Andy Russell (Capitol), Kate Smith (Columbia)
ENLORO (VOODOO MOON)—Xavier Cugat (Columbia), Carmen Cavallaro (Decca)
GOOD, GOOD, GOOD—Jose Bethancourt (Muscraft)
GOTTA BE THIS OR THAT—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Joe Marsala (Muscraft)
I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY—Dinah Shore (Victor), George Auld (Guild)
IF YOU ARE BUT A DREAM—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
IF I LOVED YOU—Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Harry James (Columbia)
JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
ON THE ATHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
OH! BROTHER—Harry James (Columbia)

**BEST HOT JAZZ**
SIDDNEY DE PARIS—The Call of the Blues (Blue Note)
TOMMY DORSEY—DUKE ELLINGTON—The Minor Goes Mugging (Victor)
ERROLL GARNER—Twistin' the Cat's Tail (Black and White)
DIZZY GILLESPIE—Salt Peanuts (Manor)
BENNY GOODMAN Sextet—Slipped Disc (Columbia)
WOODY HERMAN—Goosey Gander (Columbia)
GENE KRUPA—What's This? (Columbia)
JOE MARSALA—Southern Comfort (Muscraft)
LUCKY MILLINDER—Shipyard Social Function (Decca)
BILLY TAYLOR—Candy—Val In Rhythm (Keynote)

**BEST ALBUMS**
DEBussy Piano Music—Arthur Rubinstein (Victor)
DINING SISTERS—Vocal Trio Numbers (Capitol)
GERMAN—Billy Butterfield Orchestra (Capitol)
GOLDEN MOMENTS OF SONG—Jan Peerce (Victor)
JEANETTE MacDonald—Religious Songs (Victor)
ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH—V-E Day Broadcast (Columbia)
PORGY & BESS—Sevinsky-Indianapolis Symphony (Victor)
RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Arthur Fiedler & Boston Pops (Victor)
SONGS OF DEVOTION—Fred Waring Glee Club & Orch. (Decca)

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**See BETTY HUTTON starring in "Incendiary Blonde"—A Paramount Production**

**...So easy to keep house in Apple-Pie Order**

Just Keep E-Z-DO's Gay Hollywood Family Around

That's what they all say, the clever young career women, whose homes always look so warm, inviting and uncluttered.

E-Z-DO's gay "Hollywood Family"—those charming matching flower-patterned home accessories—are truly miracle-workers in helping you keep house in apple-pie order.

If you need extra closet space in your bedroom, guest-room, child's room or any room—E-Z-DO's Hollywood Princess closet that holds up to 25 garments will fill the bill to a "T!"

If you must have storage room for your towels and linens, E-Z-DO's Hollywood Tuckaway Boxes will do the trick.

If you're on the hunt for drawer-space, want to add a splash of color to your bedroom at the same time, E-Z-DO's Hollywood Victoria Chest is just your dish.

And all E-Z-DO Hollywood accessories are plastic-coated, so you can wipe them clean with the whisk of a damp cloth.

However, don't buy E-Z-DOs unless you absolutely need them. Just put them high on your Post-War list. And when the war is over, E-Z-DO will be making shoe cabinets, shoe racks, closet accessories and hundreds of other decorative household necessities.

Remember, E-Z-DO is America's largest maker of wardrobes, storage chests, and closet accessories.

**PICTURED ABOVE**

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E-Z-DO—DEPT. AA
261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Wherever your gypsying instincts lead you for that outing, you'll want an appetizing and well-planned picnic lunch

"For from a mess!" say sailors sharing picnic lunch with June Hoover.

Where do we go from here?

Omar Khayyam’s picnic lunch—"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou," sounds a little dull to most of us. He was probably secretly hoping that "thou" wouldst show up with a well-filled hamper containing potato salad, frankfurters, cheese sandwiches, sweet pickles, fruit gelatine, sponge cake and a thermos full of lemonade!

Don't underestimate picnic appetites. Fresh air, exercise and relaxation, as well as the care-free atmosphere of the meal, have their effect so that even the friend who is a nibbler pitches in saying, "Usually I can't eat a thing! I can't think why I'm so hungry! May I have another sandwich?"

Because there are so many kinds of picnic meals, we'll limit ourselves to the lunch which is almost entirely prepared at home and has to be carried, without benefit of car, to the picnic site.

More or less unrationed and easy to find are favorites such as potato chips, pretzels, baked beans, olives, sweet pickles, fruit, packaged cookies, crackers, cheese and meat spreads, and, if there's a chance to build a campfire, frankfurters and potatoes. (And don't forget paper plates, cups, napkins, wax paper and something resembling spoons and forks!)

While some people just won't budge unless there's going to be potato salad and deviled eggs on the menu, we're giving you a number of sandwich fillings combinations. Proportions of each ingredient aren't so important, but do use plenty of mayonnaise with the non-sweet fillings and season them to taste.

Dessert had better be fresh fruit and some kind of cookie—easy to pack, easy to serve.

Have a nice time and don't forget the salt shaker!

PICNIC SANDWICH FILLINGS

Trim crusts from white, whole wheat or rye bread. Spread bread with softened butter, fortified margarine or mayonnaise. If bread is too soft to be handled easily, chill it for 15 to 20 minutes to make it firmer. Wrap sandwiches carefully in wax paper to keep them from drying out. Let us not be stingy in spreading any of the following sandwich fillings:

1. Crush salted peanuts with rolling pin. Add chopped stuffed olives and mayonnaise to taste.
2. Blend hard cooked eggs, finely chopped, with mayonnaise and any one of the following: Finely

How to prevent a case of poison ivy. Picnic luxuriously on your front porch with fancy sandwiches and iced coffee to forget the heat!
IF YOU HAD TO DECIDE...

Suppose it was up to you ... to say who should have first call on this nation’s soap supply.

Wouldn’t you say exactly what the government has said? ... that Fels & Company, along with other leading soap manufacturers, must help keep men and women in the service supplied with this indispensable item of war equipment. Of course you would!

If you thought about it twice, you would realize that one of the reasons our fighting men are winning battles is because they have plenty of good soap. A clean soldier is a healthy soldier. He is in better condition for combat. He gets well quicker if he is hurt.

So—when you find, as you often will, that you can’t get Fels-Naptha—just remember that by going short on your favorite soap for a little while now, you are making a long-term investment in a peaceful future.
JOIN A FAN CLUB!
(Continued from page 45)

tonight, before the broadcast, Frank was going to announce the amount they'd raised for the fund. It was a lot. It had surprised everybody, including Pam. Most of the clubs had given ten dollars apiece. Some of them more. And then a friend of Frank's had heard about Pam's efforts, and had sent a check for one thousand dollars! So the Swimming Pool Fund had done all right, and Pam had a nice little glow of happiness at having been able to help in something Frank wanted.

what's in a name? . . .

He looked awfully handsome tonight. Half the kids in the audience were crying because it was his last broadcast for the Parade. Frank stepped to the mike and made an earnest little speech about the fund, and how proud he was of the amount they were contributing. "I can't mention each individual contributor, of course," he said. "But someone has just handed me a list of some of the clubs. I could read that."

They clapped, and he pulled the list out of his pocket. He grinned down at them, and then he looked at the list, and his ears got red. "Go ahead, Frankie!" they yelled.

"Well, Uh," The corners of his mouth twitched uncontrollably. "Number one—'The Frank Sinatra Solid Sending Swooning Screaming Sirens.' Two—'Grand Guy Frank.' The ears got redder. "Three—'The Swoonettes.' Four—'The Bobby Sox Brigade.' Five—'The Hotra Sinatra Club.' " Laughter overcame him momentarily. His blue eyes rolled gleefully. "Whoever dreams up these names? They're terrific! Six—'The Semper Sinatra Swoonettes,' Seven—'The Fascinated Fans of Frankie,' Eight—'The Frank Sinatra Swoon Club,' Nine—'The Sigh Guy.'" He stopped and grinned right at Pam. "Who's supposed to do the sighing? You or me? He looked at the list again. "This last one's a killer. Get this. Number ten—'The Sinatra Swoon Society of Sizzling Swooners Suffering From Sinatra's.' " He exploded into hilarious laughter then, and the fans forgot their tears and laughed with him.

Well, not all fan clubs have as fancy names as those. But whether they do or not, they are very practical organizations indeed. Like the Sinatra club that opened an office in a Staten Island business skyscraper, . Imagine a bunch of executives at an important business conference, while in the next office somebody's playing a record of Frank Sinatra singing "Night and Day." But from the kids' point of view, their set-up was a sound idea. Because fan clubs are really a business. Files must be kept, bank accounts opened, hundreds of letters sent out. People who don't know about fan clubs are apt to think of them as a dozen or so kids sitting around cutting out pictures of their favorite movie star. They do that, too, but believe me, that's only a minor item. The amount of time, money and energy that goes into these clubs gives me gray hairs just thinking about it.

There are dozens of Frank Sinatra clubs, and they really accomplish things. Take that California group. They wanted to give Frank a really super-extra-hopla present. One that none of the other clubs could duplicate. So they raised money every way they could think of, and finally had a handsome sum stacked up. Then the club president went to Nancy. "Look, why wouldn't Frank like? Better than anything?"

Nancy pondered. "Honestly, I don't know. But I'll find out." She did. "You know what he wants you to do with the money? Use it toward that fund they're raising for a game room for the returned soldiers. There isn't a thing in the world you could give him that would please him as much as that." Your Frankie's word is law. The dough made an impressive contribution toward the game room. And in New York another Sinatra club was knocking itself out to raise money for the swimming pool at Halloran hospital. They sent a bunch of Sinatra records out to Halloran, too, and if you don't think the GIs go for them, you aren't as bright as your Aunt Hedda believes.

The Nelson Eddy club is another that does its bit for charity. They collected money "for Nelson," at Christmas time, and see that he gets a very nifty present indeed—with exactly one-tenth of the money. The rest goes to the Red Cross. A lot of other clubs follow much the same principle. Of course you can't expect people to know things like that about fan clubs, because the kids don't ask for any publicity on these gestures. They do it because they know it pleases their star.

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Natural Cres

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoonat Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoonat Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 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 silkier. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"Mountains" of Lather . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount of Fitch's Saponified Cocoonat Oil gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away all dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

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 remaining particles. No special after rinse is required. hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed. Damp hair combs out easily . . . without troublesome snarling.

Delightfully Fragrant . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoonat Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF . . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo that guarantees to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance companies. No other shampoo can make this statement.

SAPONIFIED COCOONAT OIL SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles 21, Calif. • Toronto 2, Canada

A Shampoo for the whole Family
I've heard some very silly talk lately about fan clubs being "dangerous." "Pressure groups," and all that. Pressure groups, my eye! Suppose the kids in your neighborhood happen to like strawberry ice cream instead of chocolate or vanilla. Every time they go to the drug store they're going to ask for strawberry ice cream. Does that make them a "pressure group?" If it does, I'll take a running jump into the pretty, blue Pacific. Naturally, each club boosts its own particular star. Naturally, they do everything they can to help him or her along the road to success. Look at the influence the Gene Autry "postcard patrol" has had. When Gene went into the army and Republic started building up other stars to take his place, his fans clubs went into action. They organized the "postcard patrols." It was all done in a very efficient way. So many postcards per fan per month. Editors of every publication you can imagine were deluged with requests to print pictures and mentions of Gene Autry. I happen to know a man who edits a staid and conservative magazine, read mostly by dowagers. He's a charming person, but he has one really spectacular allergy. He can't stand horses. A newsreel of a horse race will give him the screaming meemies, and the sight of a mounted cop gives him the shakes for a week. The Gene Autry patrol began to get this guy down. All these requests to run pictures of the cowboy star and his horse! The editor got so he didn't dare open his mail in the morning. He'd sit there staring at it as if a horse might leap out of the top letter with a loud neigh. He finally, in sheer desperation, ran a picture of Autry, hoping it would stop the deluge. P.S.: It didn't!

inner sanctum...

Of course, the fundamental reason the fan clubs have waxed to such impressive dimensions is because they're fun to belong to. In the first place, the fan club journal sees to it that you get all the dope on your star. What he eats for breakfast, whether he's really as tall as he looks on the screen, who his current girl friend is. Pretty soon you know as much about him as his own mother. You get snapshots of him that club members have taken. You're in. But there's another important angle. Through club meetings and letter writing, you meet a lot of girls who have the same interests you do. Some boys, too. Sure. boys join fan clubs. Anyway, the point is that if you swon over Bob Walker, for instance, and the girl sitting next to you at a club meeting does too, you'll probably find you have a lot of other things in common. Some pretty swell friendships have come out of fan clubs. And a romance or two.

There's a young couple living happily in a small Ohio town today who would never have met if they hadn't both been nuts about Jimmy Stewart. The girl lived up in Massachusetts, which is quite a step from Ohio, but they belonged to the same fan club. They exchanged letters, and they happened to have a poem afloat in the same issue of the club journal. The boy wrote a complimentary little note to the girl, and she answered it. After that they corresponded all the time. Finally the gal went to New York to work, and the boy came to the Big Town to see the sights. Of course the sight he wanted most of see was The Girl. Only they were scared to death to meet. Suppose, she thought miserably, he turned out to be completely different from his letters. An awful wolf, or something. And the boy worried about whether the girl really looked like the snapshot she had sent him. You read about kids sending men pictures of their glamor girl sisters,
Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose, dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

New-Design
SANITARY NAPKIN ENDS
YOUR 2 MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEMS!

SANAPA gives extra Comfort — Protection — on those "difficult" days of the month!
This month, be smart! Switch to the napkin that gives you extra comfort — extra protection! SANAPAKS are made with a super-soft cotton facing. They have three "pink layers" — for triple protection. Flat, tapered ends. Yet SANAPAK cost no more than ordinary napkins.

Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!

and things like that. But when they met, everything was rose colored. Love un-folded like a flag in the breeze, and be-fore you could say "Jimmy Stewart" they were married.
Sometimes members of the clubs get on pretty intimate terms with the stars themselves. A few years ago, the presi-dent of the Robert Cummings club cor-responded with Bob at some length. She happened to mention that California sounded like an elegant place, and she hoped she could visit it some day. Presto—an invitation to come out and spend a week at Bob’s home arrived in the next mail. She went, and had a divine time, as you might imagine. Visits to the stu-dio, swimming in the Cummings pool, the works. Bob finally insisted that she go up for a ride in his plane. You know he’s quite a pilot—there’s a rumor around, by the way, that he and Sinatra are going to open a flying school after the war. Well, the girl had never flown before, and she didn’t care much for the idea. But Bob is the persuasive type, and the first thing she knew, they were flying around in the wild blue yonder, with Bob doing loop the loops and heaven knows what all. It was enough to turn anyone green. He brought the plane back to earth at last, and feeling a bit repentant, looked at her gullily.
"I guess I gave you too much fancy stuff. You’ll never go up in a plane again, I know."
But his fan was smiling delightedly. "I loved it! It was just like the roller coaster at Coney Island, only better. Let’s go back up!" In the end it was Cummings who had to yell "uncle."

two gals; one thought...
Bette Davis is another star who is par-ticularly nice to her fans. Last year when she was East, she gave a luncheon for her New York club at the Hotel Gotham. It was an elaborate affair, and the kids loved it. They adore Bette anyway, as who doesn’t, especially after all her wonderful work for the Hollywood Canteen. At the luncheon, the club president sat beside Bette, and when the ices were being served, Bette noticed that the girl was as jittery as a waitress on roller skates.
"What’s the matter, dear?" she asked.
"You seem nervous."
The girl blushed like mad. "Oh, Miss Davis, you’ll think I’m an absolute pig! But I just love chocolate ices, and—well, everyone is taking chocolate and I’m so afraid they’ll all be gone!"
Bette laughed suddenly. "That’s really funny. Because I’m in exactly the same predicament. I’ve been watching those trays like a hawk, but I was being the perfect hostess and not doing anything about it. Now that I have an excuse, we’ll both get chocolate ices in a hurry."

fan meets star...
With a star like that, no wonder we have fan clubs! June Allyson, too, is on very friendly terms with her club mem-bers. She happened to meet the founder of her club at a broadcast in Hollywood, and took a great fancy to Gwen. After the broadcast, June drove her home, and they sat around on the living room floor all afternoon while June signed member-ship cards and Gwen blotted them. If you had glanced in the window you would have seen a couple of kids in sloppy sweaters and loafers, with shining hair and friendly smiles, and it wouldn’t have occurred to you that one of them was a movie star. That’s a pretty far cry from the days when the stars rode around in purple limousines a block long and used ermene bath towels, and spoke only to God and their press agents. Personally, I think this deal is a considerable im-
movement on the old system.

Speaking of June Allyson, her club has just won one of Modern Screen's big fan club contests. That is definitely a triumph, with all the clubs competing, and it means that her club has done a wonderful job. The award was based on cooperation between the club and the star, in the club journal, and lots of other important angles. The trophy is a handsome silver cup, and both June and the club are positively oozing pride. My own personal congratulations to the club members and to June!

There are some fan clubs that go in for being different. Like the Turhan Bey club which a girl in New York started, and which wants one member from each nationality. A sort of fans' League of Nations, and maybe that's as good a way as any to promote international friendship. After some of the things I saw at the San Francisco conference, I think the fans might do as well in that direction as the statesmen!

There's a Frank Sinatra club that picks its members in an original way. First, one member from each of the forty-eight states. Then one additional member from each major city within the state. That club would no more have more than two members from one city than I would have two heads. Not as much—if I had two heads could wear two hats, and you know how love hats!

The Rise Stevens club is another that's off the usual track. It concentrates entirely on music. Its files contain scores of all the operas, and its journal gives opera news and anything which might ed in appreciation of good music. The members go to the opera at least once a month, and when Rise comes to New York she has them all to tea and tells them the latest gossip about the tenor in La Bohème and the soprano in Tristan and Isolde.

You'd be amazed—or would you—at the way a fan club can mushroom into being practically overnight. Suppose you go to a movie and spot a new player who strikes our girlish fancy. You're curious about him right away. You want to keep track of his activities and watch for his next picture. You are, in fact, now one of his fans. So, what do you do? You write for Modern Screen's chart: How to Join a Fan Club (see page 24), and find out if he has a club. If he does, you join at once. If he doesn't—well, there's where something pretty exciting can happen.

You're Columbus. You're Balboa. You're a Discoverer, honey. You write the actor and say: 'Look, I think you're wonderful and can I please start a fan club for you?' Only you put it in your own inimitable style. If he writes back okay, from that moment on you're an influence.

Look at the way it worked with Guy Madison and his fan club. Guy is a lively lad with a swell sense of humor and an apparently larcenous ability to steal scenes. He appeared on the screen for exactly three minutes in "Since You Went Away," and the studio was prompted duly with a pile of letters as high as the Empire State Building. A Guy Madison fan club was organized immediately, of course. Guy is in the Navy and hasn't made a picture since, but his club sees that he gets more mail than almost any star at the studio.

Within the ranks
You know, there's one thing I've noticed about fan clubs that gives me a nice, warm feeling around the spot where my heart would be if I had one. (My enemies claim I haven't one, and I'm not going to start an argument.) It's the spirit of loyalty that the members show, not only to their star, but to each other.

FRANCES LANGFORD, APPEARING IN "RADIO STARS ON PARADE" AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

FRANCES LANGFORD
her hands of Heart's Desire

YOU: Such darling hands! Wish mine were so smooth and soft.
FRANCES LANGFORD: They easily can be.
YOU: But how?
FRANCES LANGFORD: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?

Hollywood Stars, 7 to I, use Jergens Lotion
Their reasons? A girl has lovely protection against distal, rough hands, just by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Supplies needed-for beauty moisture for your skin. Two special ingredients in Jergens—same as many doctors use to help coarse, abused skin to youth-like smoothness and endearing softness. Simple! No inconvenient stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this almost-professional hand care.
They'll defend the star to the death, and they'll also go to bat for each other at every opportunity. I happened to hear of a little incident that will show you what I mean.

Frank Sinatra was doing a broadcast from a city that was off his usual beat. All his fans there were in a dither of excitement, for this was their chance to see their favorite in person. One kid—let's call her Peggy—was especially excited because the broadcast came on her birthday, and what a birthday present that was! She started for the civic auditorium where the show was to be held, but there must have been a little too much rose colored haze in front of her eyes. She stepped off the curb just as a bus came along, and was knocked down. When she woke up she was in the hospital. So what happened? The fan club sent her a birthday cake and chipped in to pay her hospital expenses, and every day a different member came to see her. To cheer her up, each visitor brought her a different snapshot of Frank, and by the time Peggy got out of the hospital she had a scrapbook of Sinatrania that was unequalled in the city. Of course there were a few die hard redheaded Gloria in New York is certainly the super-fan of all time. You ought to see her at the Paramount when Frankie Boy is making a personal appearance. They surround her with guards to keep her quiet, and even then the gal has to stuff three handkerchiefs in her mouth to keep from screaming. She knows Frank doesn't like noise while he's singing and she honestly tries to stop, but her emotions go haywire when she hears The Voice. And when she sees him face to face—well, one time his manager took her backstage. She gave one look at Frank and literally threw herself into his arms. Fortunately, he's a huskier guy than he looks or he'd have landed flat on his back.

As it was, he stood there and blushed, while everybody tried to pull the redheaded off. She says she really didn't know what she was doing—it was just a reflex. Some reflex! Gloria, by the way, is a member of seven Sinatra clubs.

Let me put in a word of warning here to you kids who are thinking of joining fan clubs. There are all kinds, including a few which are, I'm afraid, strictly a racket. So do a spot of investigating before you join up. There are, too, some people who try to join fan clubs in order to use them for their own commercial purposes. You see, club members get some special privileges, and these charlatans want to cash in on them. But these are isolated instances, and shouldn't prejudice you against clubs in general.

Funny things happen to members sometimes. Like the Rosemary De Camp fan who went to visit her idol on the set of "Rhapsody in Blue." Rosemary was wearing the clothes and makeup of an old lady for the part of Mother Gershwin. She and the fan had lunch together, and in the course of the kid broke her camera. Well, her heart was broken along with the camera, because she'd wanted so much to get some snaps of Rosemary in that makeup. Rosemary said hastily, "Never mind. My stand-in lives just a few doors from the studio, and she has a camera. I'll ask her if we can go down and borrow hers." The stand-in gave them permission, but neglected to notify her husband. A few minutes later the police got a call from the irate husband. "An old lady and some crazy kids are trying to break into my house." Rosemary got her makeover off just in time to keep them from being arrested.

If odd things happen to club members, some very pleasant ones happen, too. A girl who was one of Helmut Dantine's original fans plugged him so hard through the club, and did so much work on it, that he finally gave her a job as his secretary! Another fan became quite a friend of Anna Neagle and through her met Anna Lee, who hired her as a secretary. Then there was the girl who wrote a poem to Eddie Cantor for the club journal. He liked it so much that he began to correspond with her. When he came to New York she went to see him and through his influence she got a chance to display her talents on the Major Bowes Hour. She joined a vaudeville unit and later went overseas for the USO. Quite a success story, eh? There is, too, Beverly Linet of Modern Screen's Information Desk. She got her first experience writing articles for fan club journals, and she met editor Al Delacorte through a letter he wrote to one of the journals. Eventually came the job with Modern Screen.

You know, I'm continually amazed at the way fan club members get around the country. Seems to me they sort of commute from coast to coast, stopping along the way. Of course they know that whatever city they come to, they'll have contacts—members of their own club maybe girls they've corresponded with! It's like belonging to a sorority. Some times they travel for club business. The representative of the John Garfield club in Michigan, for instance, was invited by Warner Brothers to come to Chicago to

**Better Together!**

Like boy and girl, chewing gum flavors have their romantic thrills.

Take velvety spearmint and sparkling peppermint—combine them \[
\text{WARREN'S MINT COCKTAIL!}
\]

There's a chewing gum variety as delicious as romance, as cool as moonlit water!

And **WARREN'S MINT COCKTAIL** is proof that good chewing gum can still be made.

**ASK FOR**

**WARREN'S CHEWING GUM**

Made by Bowman Gum, Inc.
the première of "Between Two Worlds." They paid all her expenses, including a luxurious room at a fancy hotel. The day of the première, she and all the Chicago members were given special bonnets with JG on the back, like a cheering section, and marched through the streets, banners flying and band playing. What could be more exciting?

So you see how it is. Joining a fan club means you'll get certain definite advantages and maybe a prize package or two thrown in. I'm sold on the clubs myself, or I wouldn't be writing this. Join up, kids, and have fun.

P. S. FROM AL DELACORTE

Anything Hedda can say in praise of fan clubs, I'll double in spades. Modern Screen has been privileged to work with the clubs for two years now, and I can tell you that they are a splendid American institution. If you call yourself a movie fan, you belong in a club!

Fan clubs toss you right up on your favorite star's front porch. Suppose you happen to be carrying on a platonic love affair with Van J. Van doesn't even know he's your guy. How can joining his club bring you two kids together?

Well, the moment you pay your dues (about a nickel a month!), your romance flies straight out of this world. You find candid snaps of Van in your mail—many of them from Modern Screen's exclusive files. You get a club journal, featuring perhaps a heart-to-heart letter from the curly-headed guy himself.

Join a club, Sister, and you're no longer just Van Fan number two million and one. Nor is Van just a cute face high up on a silver screen. You're his girl. He's your guy. You may not get to know him personally. If you don't, at least you'll outgrow that sad, sad feeling of worship from afar. You're in the inner sanctum!


Get the idea? Join. Pay that nickel. Relax. And your life starts looking up. Fan clubs are fun—if fun's what you want.

But if your sights are set on the future, that nickel pays even greater dividends. No high school business or journalism course can teach you the practical knowledge you pick up working for a club. You'll learn to write. You'll learn publicty. You'll learn to handle mail and I'm talking from experience. Most of our staff are former fan-clubbers. We've come to insist on it. Modern Screen is duck soup for kids like that. They speak the language. Modern Screen's just another club journal to them—only bigger.

As for publicity, just ask Frankie Boy's manager, George Evans. Ask him what proportion of his staff has had fan club experience. You'll die when he tells you.

So you see, fan clubs are fun—nothing but fun. If that's the way you want it. But for kids with ambition, they are Route One to success in the fields of journalism and publicty. And all for a nickel!

Think it over for about two seconds, and then fill in the coupon below.

Okay, Editor Al; send me your chart, "How To Join A Fan Club!" Here's my name, address, and a LARGE, 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name ........................................
Address ...................................
City ............... Zone .... State ...........

---

"The Way of Love was thus... with Hands Delicious"

— Rupert Brooke

"Hands delicious"—not from Doing the Dishes

Sure, you get E for Effort doing housework. You also get rough, red, unromantic hands! No Man's Hands...unless...unless...you use that fragrant, snowy-white cream that helps keep your hands looking as smooth, white, and lovely as a gardenia!

Doctors and Nurses know about...the damage scrubbing can do to skin. Their hands get 30 to 40 scrubbings a day! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated to help keep their hands in good condition even though they take a worse beating than yours. Pacquins is super-rich in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!

Pacquins

HAND CREAM

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

Pacquins

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

113
Van Johnson's coming out!"

On the second occasion—after "Son of Lassie" was previewed—the kids spotted him and gave him the works. "What goes on here?" demanded Peter.

"Sheer bedlam," replied Peter's bewildered mother.

As the cop went to disentangle Peter, something butted him in the stomach—something feminine and all of twelve. He laid a restraining hand on her shoulder. "Cut out the rough stuff, Junior, or I'll put you in the hoosegow—"

Junior flung the hair back from a scornful face. "You can't do a thing to me. I'm from the Bronx—"

To the cooper's intense disapproval, Peter grabbed for her book and signed it before pushing on.

Like Sinatra, he thinks the kids are swell—symbol of the spirit of free-wheeling America. From his first contact with it at the age of 14, his own spirit rose up and called it brother. He was charmed by a certain breezy relationship, he noted between parent and child—"Hi, Pop, can I have a dollar?" He'd never addressed his father as "Hi, Pop." He was expected to operate within the limits of a fixed weekly allowance. Grasping the advantages of the New World system, he decided to give it a whirl. The "Hi, Pop!" stuck in his throat, but he did ask for a dollar. For him, the system failed to work.

Though he takes to us like a cat to cream, Peter remains unmistakably British. Not in his speech alone but in his manners, which are gentle in the original sense of the word. He has the instinctive courtesy of a boy who was taught to give precedence to the maids in the house, because they were women. He never goes to a party without writing the hostess a note of thanks. Recently, he attended a preview with the Gary Coopers, and went on with them to supper. His parents, also at the preview, went directly home. From the supper club, Peter phoned to apologize for not having been able to see them to their car. Such deference, let's face it, is alien to most American boys, however polite. To Peter, bred in the English tradition, it's natural.

He'll be 22 in September and basks in the illusion that he looks at least 25. A near-tragedy of eight years ago keeps him out of the service. The Lawfords were living in a private cottage, attached to a large hotel at Aix-les-Bains. Running up the steps one Sunday, Peter stumbled and made a grab for the handle of the French door. His right arm went through. Hearing the crash of glass, his first thought was: "I'll get the devil for this." Then he looked at his arm. "I'd better go put some bandage on it." Only he felt funny, and his white tennis shirt was covered with blood. He ran for the main building and into the lobby.

high courage...

"What's this, what's this?" grumbled the old concierge. "Blood all over my carpet." As Peter turned to take his blood out-of-doors, the old man caught sight of his face. Next moment he had the boy on the floor, with a coat over him, and was tearing up towels for a tourniquet. His mother was visiting friends, but they got his father. With Dad kneeling beside him, Peter sought reassurance. "Dad, I can still play tennis, can't I?"

Meanwhile, no doctor could be found. They were all eating Sunday dinner with their relatives. Eventually one was tracked down at a little clinic, and Peter

(Continued from page 43)
was lifted into the hotel bus. As they reached the gate, his mother appeared. Dad got out. "Peter's had an accident—"

If she'd wept and carried on, his morale would have been shot. He'll never stop being thankful for her courage. She came in and took his hand, and her own was steady. "You picked a fine time to do it," she said. "Just before dinner—"

A weight rolled off his chest. If Mother wasn't worried, there was nothing to worry over. So he didn't feel too alarmed when the doctor picked up an instrument, lifted the muscle and pulled it back, so you could see the bone. Or when he grunted to the nurse: "What am I to do with this?" The operation took three hours. Mercifully, Peter was asleep when the doctor advised his parents later to have the arm amputated.

"Not without telling him," said his white-faced mother. "Very well, madame. But it is you who must do the telling—"

"Don't let them, Mother, don't let them," Peter begged.

The doctor shrugged; it was their responsibility. They decided to take it. The arm healed, but a nerve had been severed and the fingers wouldn't straighten out. They took him to Paris. A beautiful job, said the specialists, no surgeon could have done more for the boy. In time and with training, he might regain partial use of his hand, if not full control.

England's Jackie Coogan...

At seven, Peter was called England's Jackie Coogan.

His father would have been profoundly shocked, had he known he was raising his boy to be an actor. Not that he objected to actors, but Peter, of course, would join the 41st Royal Fusiliers, his own regiment. The army was General Lawford's career. He'd been knighted for gallantry in action in World War I.

Peter was born in London shortly after his father's retirement. Since neither of the Lawfords could endure the English climate, they spent most of their time on the continent, shuttling between Monte Carlo, Deauville and Aix-les-Bains, and returning to England only for the summer.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Here in Philadelphia we have a club called "Fellowship House." The members are all high school students, whose purpose in joining the club is to promote better relations among the different racial and religious groups in our city. Recently, when Frank Sinatra was visiting Philadelphia, he paid a surprise visit to our clubhouse, and I was lucky enough to be present. Mr. Sinatra spoke at great length about how wonderful he thought our work was, and how important it was to educate school children about religious tolerance. In concluding, he gave us a sincere offer of his help, whenever we might need it, whether it be monetary or otherwise. When he left, we were all filled with renewed vigor to continue our work. We realized that if a person as busy and influential as Mr. Sinatra could take time off to speak with us and offer us his help, our ideals and ideas must be pretty important!

Janice Lekoff

---

MRS. RONALD COLMAN:

You know, Mrs. Huhn, we Hollywood wives have to watch our lip-appeal. That's why I'm so excited about your glamorous new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Tangee Red-Red is my favorite—but they're all thrilling!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

That's what almost everybody thinks, Mrs. Colman! It gives me a thrill, too, to find that the smartest women from Hollywood to New York are so pleased with the latest colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Satin-Finish is a Tangee "exclusive" that keeps your lips unusually soft and alluring—not too dry—not too moist... In Red-Red, Medium-Red, Theatrical Red or Tangee Natural.

Use TANGEE

and see how beautiful you can be
Lady Lawford was a journalist, whose ideas on child education didn’t include Eton or Harrow or gray flannel trousers. Peter’s never gone to school. His lessons were done first with a governess and then tutors. He was treated as an equal, allowed greater independence than most English children and lots of Americans. He’s always been at home with his elders. When there were guests, he wasn’t shunted off to the nursery. Even bedtime wasn’t a sacred taboo. He could stay up till nine or ten if he felt like it, and sleep late next morning.

He got his first taste of the theater at the Monte Carlo Casino, where Thursday was gala night, with a big revue. It was all duck soup to Peter—the music and lights, the glitter, the dancing, the girls. He’d hound Mother and Dad to let him go watch rehearsals, then he’d come home and imitate what he’d seen. Mother thought it was fine for him to meet all kinds of people, and Dad was more amused than perturbed. After all, Peter wasn’t quite ready for the army yet.

Not till one summer in England, did Sir Sydney cease to find Peter’s talents entertaining. A friend invited mother and son to the Elstree Studios. There Monty Banks, now married to Gracie Fields, was directing a picture called “Poor Old Bill.” Banks is an Italian counterpart of our own Gregory Ratoff—the mercurial type. He’d been tearing his hair over the child lead who didn’t suit him at all. Taking one look at Peter, he cried: “There’s the boy I want. May I try him out?”

Between high pressure from Monty, and her son’s pleas, Lady Lawford found herself in the director’s office, with Peter: reciting some nonsense called “Tony Goes to War.” Convinced that the child was heaven-sent, Monty hardly listened. “Wonderful, perfect, he’s in, let’s sign the contracts—”

Here Lady Lawford took firm hold of the reins. “Now wait just a minute. I’ll have to call his father—

At the other end of the phone, you could all but hear Sir Sydney dropping dead. “I think you’d better come home and talk it over—

now is forever . . .

At home there was a long discussion, in which Peter was invited not to take part. Mother was, on the ground that, if they let the child try it, he might quiet down and, since they’d be leaving in three months anyway, what harm could it do? So Peter became England’s child star of the moment, and even Dad was rather bucked. He made a second picture in London and three in Paris and was about to return to the scene of his first triumphs, when the British passed a law, forbidding any child under 14 to work. The young workman’s disappointment was tempered by the fact that now the family’s long-cherished plans to travel could be realized. Dad’s only stipulation was that Peter stick to his five hours a day with the tutor. Otherwise, he was free to drink in the wonders of the world.

The next five years took them to Tahiti and Honolulu, to Australia, Ceylon, India and back to the fateful hotel at Aix-les-Bains.

“He should live where there’s plenty of sunshine,” said the Paris doctors. So they took him to California.

At first he wasn’t well enough to do very much. But as he grew stronger, the old itch for acting returned, and here he sat in the very thick of the movies. Since the regiment was out of the question now, Dad made no objection. Ruth Collier, the agent, placed him as one of four English boys in “Lord Jeff” and got him a couple of radio jobs. Then his voice broke, ending the second phase of his career.
They spent the troubled winter of '38-'39 in Florida, and had reservations to return to Europe on the Rex when England declared war on Germany. British currency was frozen. Except for a meagre allowance, Dad's funds stopped coming. They went back to Florida and a new scale of living. Mother, who'd never known which end of an egg you boiled, tackled the cookbooks and went around muttering: "This is how you bake—this is how you broil—four minutes for an egg, but how do you keep it from cracking?"

The first meals were awful, but she tried so hard that of course you had to grin and eat them. Salt was what threw her. In Mother's hands, salt was like something bewitched. She'd eye Peter fearfully as he took his first bite—"Hon-ey!" he'd sigh—Honey being one of his acquired Americanisms.

Her face would fall. "Not too much salt again. But I only used a pinch—"

(Footnote: Lady Lawford is now a grade-A cook.)

It was Peter who engineered the move back to Hollywood. He'd be 18, come fall, and sitting in Palm Beach was getting him nowhere. A man he knew was opening a parking lot on fashionable Worth Avenue. "Will you let me run it for you?" asked Peter. The man was skeptical, but surrendered to Peter's sales talk. Most of the parkers were friends, and tipped like friends. He amassed five hundred dollars—enough to take them all back to California. They found a small apartment in Westwood.

"I'll go out and buy some furniture," said Peter.

"With what?" asked his mother, who'd been selling rings and fur coats as the need arose, and whose ideas on interior decoration were conditioned by the Chinese antiques and Persian rugs she'd left behind in London. Her enterprising son, on the other hand, had discovered Barker Brothers' basement. For fifty dollars he bought a full dining room set. Every night he'd leave the house at ten for some auction, and come back with a lamp—"One dollar!"—or a table—"Two twenty-five!"

"But, darling, why do you go so late?"

"Because the later you go, the sorer his throat is."

For the first time in years, perhaps, you will discover your hair's rightful loveliness... find it easy to manage, fun to wear in new ways. Those enemies of hair beauty, loose dandruff, dirt, and film, will float away in a few easy minutes when you use Admiracion... not a soap.

Be rid of soap film that shades your hair's color and dirt that dims its lustre. Foamy Admiracion in the green box. "No-lather," in the red box.
He found himself an agent, but nothing happened for six months. Weary of being without pocket money, he promoted a job as usher at the Village Theater—fifteen a week. One Saturday morning the agent called, "Get over to M-G-M. There's a bit in 'Mrs. Miniver' for an English boy."

All very good, but he was supposed to stay on the door at the theater till the manager came at six. It was Saturday, and the joint would be jumping. Peter thought fast, phoned one of the girl ushers, bribed her to take over his post and reported at Metro. Two other boys tried out, but Wyler picked him. There was just one line, spoken before the air raid that killed Teresa Wright. "The Germans are coming! Better head for shelter!"

He was through and back on the door at 4:30. The manager never found out. But that line was to bear fruit. When Joe Pasternak saw the picture, he asked who the boy was and watched his progress through the pictures that followed. Last month, under the magic Pasternak-Koster combination, Peter was set in his most important assignment to date—"Two Girls from Boston" with Allyson and Grayson. To Pasternak, big names don't matter. He's proven often enough that names can be made. Fresh talent and enthusiasm are what he looks for. "So we didn't have to look further than Peter," he chuckles.


There's little to choose between his tastes and those of his American pals. He loves malted milks, rumbas, volley ball and being called Pete. His hobbies are photography—when he has a dark room—and collecting records. People call him the English jitterbug. He'd rather have a solid Benny Goodman sextet than two steaks. The minimum he starts the records going. The house is small, and he plays them loud. If he neglects to close the door, his father does it for him.

british jitterbug

"How can you listen to that stuff? It's not music."

"I like it," says Pete.

Of the girl singers, he unhesitatingly picks Peggy Lee, and he's been mad about The Voice since the old Tommy Dorsey days. They've become close friends. Peter wears a pair of cuff links Frank gave him last Christmas. He's one of the gang that talks music and plays gin rummy at Sinatra's house. In fact, he's their favorite pigeon.

Among his other intimates are Bob Walker and the Keenan Wynns. You'll find Peter and Bob at the Wynns as often as anywhere. Evie Wynn's such a marvelous hostess, with a sense of humor that's out of this world. And they practically hero-worship Keenan. Nor are they the only ones. Hollywood seems pretty generally agreed that his talent he gets and heart make friendship with K. Wynn a stimulating experience.

Peter met him at a party and, as always, the first topic Keenan broached was motorcycles.

"I ride, too," said Peter, man of the world.

"What have you got?" Peter described it. "A motor-scooter he's got!" groaned Keenan.

So they scoured the town till they found an Enfield, which Peter rode till the studio put a stop to it. "You've got a
future with us,” they told him. “We don’t think it’s to your advantage to break your neck.”

**mother promotes a house . . .**

This was right after Bob Walker’s accident, so he saw their point. But Keenan was disgusted. He wouldn’t quit riding for anyone. Well, he’s quit now, too, though it took a smashed jaw to do it. Peter won’t soon forget an executive’s frank and pithy remark to his friend: “I’m glad you were hurt. It’s kept you from being killed.” Nor Keenan’s rejoinder, mumbled through his wire braces: “Papa knows best.”

The tiny house he shares with his parents represents a major triumph, because for a while it looked as if they might have to bed themselves down in a tent. The building in which they’d been living changed hands, and the new owner commandeered their apartment for himself. They had ninety days to find a new one.

“Don’t worry,” said the agents, “we’ll get you a house,” and showed them mansions that called for five servants and five hundred bucks a month to run. Not knowing how to procure one or the other, and with 13 of the 90 days left, their plight grew sufficiently desperate for unorthodox methods. In the Village drugstore, where ladies gather ‘round and make talk, Mother heard a perfect stranger mention the fact that she was leaving for South Africa, and followed her home.

“I beg your pardon,” said Mother, alighting from the car, “but what do you plan to do with your house?”

The lady had planned to sell it, but Mother’s no mean promoter herself. Before she left, the Lawfords had a roof over their heads.

The garden is Dad’s province. With the aid of Spot, who contributes noise, Dad raises flowers and does battle with gophers. Spot’s the overprivileged member of the household—a mutt with a collie face, rescued by Peter from a pound in Nassau nine years ago. You’d never guess his ancestry from his habits. He owns a woolen coat and refuses to go to bed without it. Every night after his run, he plants himself in the middle of the draw-

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**GYPSY ROSE LEE**

Stage and Screen Star . . . says:

“I would no more think of starting the day without using **ARRID**, than I would think of leaving the house without combing my hair. **ARRID** is an absolute necessity for well-groomed men and women.”

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1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men’s shirts.
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**MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT**

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**ARRID**
ing room, waiting to have his coat put on. He's the only one who's a late riser. Like the belle of the ball, he shows up at noon, smiling and ready for breakfast.

Peter's parents are only less adaptable than himself. Mother used to be confused by the bobby socks. Now when they corrall her at previews, and ask, "What color eyes did he have when he was born," she says, "The same color he has now," without turning a hair. As for Dad, believe it or not, he's an actor, too.

He's typically British—tall, erect, spare, with gray hair and a clipped moustache. He and Mother were visiting Peter on the "Dorian Gray" set and met Al Lewin, the director, who eyed Dad. "In a few weeks," he said, "we'll be needing someone who looks exactly like you. I wonder if you'd care to do it?"

Dad was pleased but embarrassed. He sort of huffed and puffed and said, "Well, I'll let you know—" Peter could have wept at his reason for hesitation: "I thought you might not like it. Sort of bargaining in on your territory." Reassured, he proceeded to call everyone he knew. "I'm an actor," he announced.

Since "Dorian Gray," he's worked in "The Suspect" and "Kitty," though most of him's been left on the cutting room floor. That depressed him till Peter explained, as one actor to another, that they'd snip Lamarr herself if the picture ran too long. Dad pretends not to prick up his ears when the phone rings. But a minute later he'll wander in. "That call wasn't, by any chance, for me?"

Except by military standards, Peter's hand is okay. Four-F, he spends most of his leisure on week end and one-night hops, playing "Kiss and Tell" for army officers. His ambition is to be a versatile actor, not a personality kid. Twice a week he takes tap dancing lessons, because some day he'd like to be in a musical.

He admits to two superstitions. If salt is spilled, he'll throw some over his shoulder. And he'll grab your wrist to keep you from lighting three on a match. Clothes are his downfall. "Oh, no, not again!" groans the tailor, as Peter appears for a sixth alteration. He abhors loud colors. His suits are all pin stripes, his jackets tweeds; his ties knitted blacks or dark blues. Even for girls, he prefers black at night, grays and fawns in the daytime. His favorite feminine costume is the bobbysock uniform—sweater and flannel skirt, white socks, moccasins and no hat. If your hair's shiny and well-kept, he thinks it's prettier than any Daché model. His pet peeve is Miss Shovell—the girl you take out to dinner, who talks to you and twelve others at the same time.

The ring on his right pinky, a gift from Dad when Peter turned 21, bears the family crest. The other's a friendship ring. It's from a girl, but it's still just a friendship ring. He wears it because he likes it. While he and Bob frequently double-date with Gail Russell and Diana Lynn, that's friendship, too. He's romantic in general, but not in particular.

There was a time when he wondered if he'd jinxed himself. Every girl he went out with—Judy Garland, June Allyson, Lana Turner—promptly became preoccupied with somebody else.

What's wrong with me?" he inquired dolefully of a friend in publicity.

She laughed. "Everyone loves you, Peter, but you're young—"

"Well, I'll get over that—"

"Oh, honey, you're all right—you're sex-y!"

"I am?—I!" he breathed.

The story got around. So if you hear someone bawling, "Hey, Sexy!" on the M-G-M lot, it's Pete Lawford being paged.
SUITABLE’S FOR FALL
(Continued from page 57)

in a knowing little cloche by Alice
be-hold, bewitching, it’ll put an
hat-in-the-hand routine of
your smart brown gloves are by
Right; the brown lizard pouch,
looking catch-all for your momen-
ting—trivia, is by Weeks.

For a young mom: You can get by in
dark and brunch coats most of the time,
aren’t there moments when you’d
do anything to look really smooth?

Strained and pinched knowing pigskin
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Street

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**TOM DRAKE**

(Continued from page 37)

Monona and somehow they arranged it. The man must be glad now. Yesterdya he'd dropped by at Dad's office to inquire, and the girl had said "Mr. Alderdice isn't in. His daughter just died. The man must be glad he let Monona see Laddie before she died . . ."

Father came in, looking quiet. He told them to where Monona was lying, and the door closed behind him knew she was on her way to heaven, but suddenly he felt they shouldn't have let her go alone—she might lose the way and get lost and frightened. God better help her. The line of a hymn slipped into his mind, and a childish treble broke the silence of the room.

"Guide her little feet to Thee," prayed Buddy.

He never felt that Monona was really gone. Dad and Mother and people who came to see them talked about her the way you talk about someone in a storybook. When you said Monona, you meant everything that was sweet and beautiful and kind . . .

**change of scene . . .**

They stayed in New Rochelle, but Dad couldn't bear the house where Monona had lived, so they moved to another. He gave up his linen business, then got restless doing nothing, and started building house. Life changed for Buddy and Claire. Up to then, they'd spent most of the time with their Finnish governess. All the servants were Finns, and the children talked Finnish long before they knew English. But now Dad and Mother seemed to have too much time for them.

Every night after dinner Dad would take his big easy chair in the living room, light up a cigar, sit Claire on one knee, and tell them stories. No one could tell stories like Daddy. O the table beside him lay a box of candy known as Peter Rabbit candy, because Peter was their favorite character. After each story, he'd pop a candy into the mouths. And one for Laddie.

As they grew older, the stories changed. They never tired of hearing about Dad's boyhood in Ireland. Grandfather lived in a sparsely the-red-and-splend-put-the-child. Buddy's eyes would pop at the things Dad used to get thrashed for—

"Golly, you couldn't hardly breathe— "Lucky for you you two young scamps I'm not your granddad—" he kept a switch behind the hall closet door—called it a hangover from his ear earlier training—but never it. Not ever when he should have. One morning Bud decided not to drink his milk. The devil was certainly in him, because when Dad insisted, he flung the milk into his parent face and beat it. After one stunned second Dad made for the switch, but by th time Bud had crawled through the little door in the kitchen, and vanished.

He was a very smart boy. He knew was Dad's unbreakable rule never to make a scene in front of the servants. Whatever you'd done, if any of the help was around, you didn't get punished. From hiding place, Bud watched for the chauffeur to drive up, then followed him the house. Dad was ready to leave. Bud slid in his hand, looked up the eyes of an angel, and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Alderdice's hand twitches a little, and his eyes kind of slithered round toward the close door. But that was just an act. As Clerk an admiring observer of the whole performance, remarked: "Boy, did you go away with murder that time!"
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I SAW IT HAPPEN

When the boys in the hospital here asked me to tell them something interesting to put in the ward newspaper, I told them about the one and only time I ever asked the great Sonja! It happened at Lake Placid, long before she went into the movies, and my friends dared me to ask her for an ice dance. Not being such a good skater, I took my nerve by the feet and asked her for a Waltz. Blues Henie was watching, and when we came to a Waltz turn which I couldn't do very well, she just lifted me off the ice and put me down again in the right position, much to the amusement of my pals! In skating circles, that is known as a "Waltz Jump" and to say Sonja is a powerful as well as a graceful woman, is putting it mildly!

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Why not use the coupon to find out
what this Course can do for you?
though he's six feet now, he was a late grower. At 14, he measured 5 feet 2 inches and weighed a hundred pounds. He couldn't make any of the teams, he couldn't even fight. Everyone was too big.

At Iona you counted that day lost which didn't include a couple of flat fights. You'd see a kid whose face annoyed you. "Gee," you'd think, "I can't stand that kid," and put a stick on your shoulder. He was supposed to knock it off, and you'd fight. If he didn't knock it off, you'd put it on his shoulder and knock it off. They'd have to fight, or his name was mud. At Mercersburg, all the kids were bigger. You can't make a fool of yourself, picking fights when you're bound to get licked. Bud found one fellow his size, and tipped him up. They had a good fight, but he was a nice kid. Just Bud's dumb luck. One guy his size, and the guy's face didn't annoy him.

He found other ways of venting his misery. As a scholarship student, waiting on table alternate afternoons, he'd eat the bread so thick, you couldn't eat it. Or he'd serve one course and disappear. Asked for an explanation, he'd give it. "They had enough. No one can eat that much!"

He was finally turned over to the headmaster, a very kindly man. "What makes you do these things?"

"I'm unhappy."

"Can you tell me why?"

You can't tell a man you'd rather be home, so Bud just mumbled. In an effort to learn more, the headmaster invited him to dinner two successive Sundays and took him for a drive. Since Sunday was the only day you could go to town and buy yourself a soda, Bud unhappiness wasn't appreciably diminished.

He'd never been much of a student. Now he was worse. A friend had talked Mother into letting him repeat the year he'd taken at New Rochelle. Made a good foundation, she said. That year was a lead-pipe cinch. He lost the habit of studying, and never found it again. Still, he managed to get by, which pleased Mother. Claire, flitting from school to school, garnered honors in popularity and an average of 45 in grades. Mother was beginning to wonder whether Claire might be dumb. By comparison, Bud was brilliant. At least he passed.

He thought often of running away, and once climbed out of the window with his suitcase. But imagination drew a vivid and humiliating picture of Mother hauling him back, so he changed his mind.

Only the holidays made life bearable. Then he was his own man again, with his own girl. She was slim, pretty, brown-haired and her name was Alice. He was fourteen when he met her at a party she threw, and sixteen when their engagement was announced. This happened while they danced cheek to cheek at the Westchester Biltmore Ball.

"You two look serious," observed a chum.

"We ain't kiddin'," Bud agreed.

"Mind if I announce it?"

"Go ahead—"

The announcement was made over the loudspeaker and Mother saw it next day in the local sheet, "When are you getting married?" she wanted to know.

"Soon as I open my nightclub."

night club day dreams . . .

Buddy wove his dreams of the future round his own nightclub, with himself as crooner-in-chief. As a child, he'd sung solo in the choir, and a teacher had advised voice training, but he couldn't be bothered. Now Crosby was the god of the younger set, and they all wanted to sing, including Bud, only no one would let him. Three or four times a week he'd go to the movies, and sit drooling over the night-
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I SAW IT HAPPEN

On one of those foggy days so typical of London, the warning of the Air Raid siren still echoed in the Soho streets as citizens hastily took shelter from the rain of bombs. On duty as a Warden, I was surprised to hear a voice, recognizable the world over, raised in melody at the window of a Soho restaurant. Proceeding there, I found a crowd of men and women, diligently aware of their danger, but counting no cost too high for the privilege of seeing as well as hearing Bing Crosby, on his visit to Britain. For these people, possible danger was of little importance beside the fact that Bing was singing to them and giving new courage to folks greatly in need of it.

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"I might, so long as the name isn't
Wrinkle."

The impasse was broken by strategy. They disguised Wrinkle slightly—don't ask me how—and phoned home. "Billie
has another Great Dane. Very gentle. Can
we make a deal?"

"On approval," said Mother.

As if she knew what was at stake, Wrinkle walked in and flopped her head into Mother's lap. "You angel!" said Mother.

"Now why couldn't you get a dog like this in the first place?"

Their best friends were the Careys, who lived down stairs. Mary and Helen were a little older, but lots of fun. "And very
good to confide in," said Claire, "being so
much more sensible."

Mary was not merely a swell dancer, but a highly successful teacher at Arthur Murray's. Sometimes, when she had a party, she'd ask Bud to sing. For his own amusement, he'd work up some imitations—Lionel Barrymore, Fu Manchu—the usual thing. One night he did them for
Mary's friends—

"You know, Bud," said Mary, "I bet you
could be in the movies—"

"I could?"

"Certainly. Lots of dumber kids are—"

"Wonderful. When do we start?"

THEATER BUG BITES . . .

She knew Reginaid Goode, the dramatic
teacher, and made a point of appointment with
strength of the Barrymore imitation, Goode agreed to give him lessons. Life became thrilling. Through Mary, he met some kids in Hollywood. After a few lessons, they'd have dinner in town and dance. To keep them from swiping her Dodge, Mother bought him and Claire a convertible Ford. He began cutting hair, and writing his own notes. The whole thing came to a head when two things happened. Mr. Goode offered him a spot in summer stock and the principal of New Royal Rockelle High School put his foot down.

"Either he quits cutting school," said the
principal, "or he quits altogether."

"A man after my own heart," said Bud.

"Now I can give my all to my career."

To join the Goode stock company at
Poughkeepsie, you had to plunk down two hundred and fifty five dollars. Well, there was money in trust for Bud's education. He'd educate himself at Poughkeepsie instead of old Nassau. It was just an investment
anyway, like the nightclub. You appear in a play, and a talent scout comes along and discovers you for Hollywood. Last year they discovered Doris Nolan. This year they'd discover Buddy Alderdice. Why waste time at school?

To Mother, it was one of his nutty
whims. Yet a boy had to be interested in something. She talked it over with Hakan
Carey, hoping Helen would tell her what she wanted to hear. Helen did.

"If you force him back to school, he'll just go on cutting hair. Maybe he's got a talent for acting, who knows? Let him try it out this summer, and see what happens."

"All right," sighed Mother. "I feel better about it now. Let him share the blame with it if he turns out wrong—"

On a lovely summer's day, Bud drove up to Poughkeepsie with Claire and Wrinkle, who were going along for the ride.

There were forty in the company, and they all bunked together in a house five miles from the theater. Bud roomed with three other guys and Wrinkle. Watching the first rehearsals, Claire decided she'd be an actress, too. Meantime, Goode was inspired to put the charge of the box office. Since she couldn't neither add nor subtract, this made for confusion. However, Claire had talents of her own. Ac-
counts never came out even, but the bal-
ance was always in favor of the house.

"I'm going to give up this six months ago, and I lost it. No one wants to buy it."

"But what about your health?"

"I do all right. Give me some of your
particulars."

"Well, it's a fat, pinky thing."

"I don't know where to start."

"First, the egg."

"And the egg is to be..."

"And the egg is to be..."

"And the egg is to be..."

"And the egg is to be..."

"And the egg is to be..."

"And the egg is to be..."
Their first play was a thing called "Take My Advice." Bud played the juvenile lead—a gangling 17-year-old who fell over his feet. Being exactly that, he felt perfectly at home in the part and reaped hughes galore. Made such a hit, in fact, that Goode decided to star him. Posters were designed, with his name in large letters, and the kids splashed them all over the countryside.

What got Bud, though, was that people were actually paying a dollar ten to see him and a lot of other amateurs act. Horizons opened. By now Claire had the bug, but good, and they laid their plans. Hinters, they'd act. Summers, they'd run a stock company. Not just at first, but when Bud was around thirty. By thirty, he'd be grizzled round-the-temple, and wear a beard or mustache, he'd look as if he had a brain in his head. Claire would pick a husband who could design scenery anyway, someone who could add and subtract—and they'd be all set.

"I think we should let Chris in on it," said Claire.

"That babe!"

"Well, she won't be fifteen forever. Use our head."

Chris Curtis was a peppy, long legged bit who ran around with her hair flying and braces on her teeth. She had plans—which included changing her name into something chic like Tallyho, and adjusting it to Broadway what Bernard, meant to Paris. Meanwhile, she played Bud's kid sister in one of the comedies, and developed a certain nuance value by getting a crush on him. With the new life, Alice had faded from the picture—but, after all, fifteen! That was practically cradle snapping.

Race of kisses...

One day he ran an icepick through his head, and was given a tetanus shot. As he rolled on his bed of pain, Claire and Chris reached him with calamine lotion. Chris was particularly devastated. In a burst of unashamed sympathy, she bent over and kissed him. Somehow her braces produced—

"First an icepick, now this," he growled, while the woman scowled wailed in Claire's comforting arms. "I'll never kiss another boy till these darn things come off—"

She looked so small and woebegone that he relent, and allowed her to bring his dinner in on a platter.

Half the season was over when the phone call came. Bud was rehearsing at the theater. Claire got the message. She couldn't call him. She stood waiting as he stepped off the bus, and the minute he saw her face, he knew. Mother'd been perfectly well when they left home, but he knew from Claire's face—

"Mother's dead—"

"Yes—"

For a while he made complete sense, went about his packing, did what had to be done as though nothing had happened. Then he found himself struggling against some weight, trying to get up. Mr. Goode was there—

"Where's Claire? We've got to go—"

"You've been out for an hour, Bud. Just be quiet a few minutes longer, then you can go—"

Uphoal...

Mother hadn't been ill. She'd been reading on the living room couch and had asked the maid for a glass of water. When the maid came back, she was dead.

The Careys couldn't have done more if they'd been family. Everyone was kind, and most of them were troubled. What would happen to the kids now?—a couple of youngsters, 17 and 18, a little wacky by New Rochelle standards, because in New

**HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND**

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become... well... forgetful. Yes, I found out the hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching always.

**AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!**

Our romance is so special again—now that I know about proper feminine hygiene care! Since I had that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol always for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a proved germ-killer... far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it really does the job!

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Rochelle boys don’t give up college for acting, and girls don’t go to eight different finishing schools.

Their guardian was a cousin, anxious to do his best by his young, orphaned kinfolk.

“I’m afraid the money’s gone. But I can get you a job at Bethlehem Steel, Bud, and my mother’d like Claire to come and live with her—”

They looked at each other. “It’s terribly kind of your mother,” said Claire, “but I can’t leave Bud—”

“We don’t care if there’s any money or not. All we care about is not being separated—”

“But how will you live? You haven’t been trained to anything—”

“We’ll make out,” said Bud.

Their story is...

Once convinced that he couldn’t help them his way, the cousin set about helping them in their own. They found that there was money left. Apart from the untouched trust funds for their education, there was enough to give them a modest income, enough to live on while they looked around.

They decided to finish the summer at Poughkeepsie, then go to New York and hunt for acting jobs. As at Dad’s death, their instinct was to get away from all that reminded them of the past. The apartment furniture went into storage with all the stuff from the big house. They sold the roofs for four hundred dollars. In Mother’s Dodge, they drove back to Poughkeepsie. A saddened, subdued Chris met them and tried hard to be helpful without getting into their hair. Mr. Goode offered Bud a scholarship for the rest of the season, but he said no thanks, he’d wind up the way he’d started.

And so, at summer’s end, with Wrinkle in the back, they headed the car toward New York, trying not to remember that other carefree day when the summer again had just started. For the first time in their lives, they stood alone against the world—a little terrified, but ready to rise to the challenge. If they were alone, at least they were alone together. Whatever lay ahead, each had the other for comfort and support.

Claire turned to her brother and smiled.

“We’ll make out,” he said.

He picked up her hand and laid his on the wheel. “Atta girl,” he said.

(Tom Drake’s life story will be concluded in next month’s Modern Screen.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It happened backstage at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre about five years ago. June Havoc came out with one of the boys in the chorus. A girl with a camera said, “How about a picture, Miss Havoc?” “Sure,” the actress replied. The girl focused her camera, looked up, and said irritably to the chorus boy, “Look, you’re getting into the picture. Would you mind moving aside?” The boy stepped away awkwardly, and the girl snapped the picture. June Havoc left with the red-headed chorus boy... and that’s the story of how a gal with a camera managed not to swap a picture of Van Johnson! But who’d have guessed he was to become a famous star?

G. Shay

New York, N. Y.
There's nothing really wrong with Phyllis, understand. She's as fresh and pretty as a daisy and sweet as Idha's apple cider.

She wears a dainty little cameo-cut face, a peach bloom complexion, rebellious brown hair, and eyes as merry as a Walt Disney chipmunk. She's slim and trim in the chassis department, but with all standard equipment. She's bright as a new bullet, and bubbles with personality like champagne. Also, it's generally agreed by the cinema seers that Phyllis has more acting talent in her little finger than most new movie starlets have in their entire packages of Petty girl pulchritude, if you'll go for a ten-dollar word. She's just twenty-four, but already she's got solid years of Broadway and road company stage experience behind her and a starring hit, too, in "Claudia," so she's no green pea when it comes to testing the emotions around. In addition to these virtues, Thaxter's nice to her folks, goes to church every Sunday and stopped smoking corn Silk years ago. In fact, she's got every qualification in the book—except the one most wise men tag the principal ingredient for Hollywood fame—Glamor. Phyllis has about as much glamor as a rag doll. She admits it. She's sorry, but that's just the way it is.

terrifying test . . .

A fan wrote Phyllis the other day, "Dear Miss Thaxter," she began, "I think you have an awfully nice face—but it's in the wrong place." Phyllis read that and looked in the mirror, wondering vaguely just where else her awfully nice face ought to be. At the bottom, the kibitzing correspondent cleared it up. "You look too darned natural to be in glamorous Hollywood," explained her pen friend. Phyllis knows what she means. Already, she's had some sad experiences. Her first Hollywood screen test, for instance, was pretty grim.

That decade took place a few years ago when Phyllis rolled into California touring with the "Clowning" company of M-G-M's talent scout thought he saw something and against her better judgment, Phyllis was lured out to the studio for a hurry-up camera once over the afternoon between performances. Well, they handed Phyllis a scene from the current production, "Kismet," and that's about as tailor made for her as "Camille" would be for Marjorie Main. They draped Thaxter in an old Oriental robe that Myrna Loy had worn in some ancient movie and a make-up man plastered phony glamour beauty aids here and there, including a lengthy hair-fall that made poor Phyllis look like a cross between Brenda Frazier and Veronica Lake. Then they stood her before a vine covered fence, and let the camera loose. "Your lover's coming over the wall," said the director. "Make with tender emotions."

Phyllis tried to oblige. But every time she turned her head tenderly to the absent lover her transformation tresses caught in the fence and almost yanked her head off. The glamor test wound up with Phyllis resembling a wax-work Cleopatra with St. Vitus dance.

Of course, most Hollywood careers are cluttered up with first test tragedies, and a publie bonfire of those ghastly mementos would make a lot of stars sleep better of nights. Only in Phyllis Thaxter's case it was the same sad scene the next time Hollywood Glamor caught up with her, and every time after that, too.

They booked her for a glamor sitting at
To keep him reminded of you

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

While I was visiting California with my cousin, we decided to dine at a famous restaurant. When we got there, my cousin reminded me for staring at everyone. Then, a young man walked up to our table and asked to borrow the ketchup. Because I was irritated, I just slammed the bottle toward him without looking up. But I slammed it too hard; the bottle cracked and ketchup splashed on the three of us. The young man started to laugh, as he brushed off the bright red stains from his attractive tweed suit. What a swell guy he was to take it so nicely! I looked up and tried to apologize, but he only laughed some. How embarrassing it was to have splashed ketchup on Cornel Wilde!

Cora Pipitone,
West Roxbury, Mass.

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It's shocking—the great numbers of young women today who "think" they know, yet are woefully ignorant about proper intimate feminine cleanliness.

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Star, came to Ogunquit, took one look at blooming Phyllis, and cried, cryptically, "There's Daphne!" Turned out that Daphne was a swift, unadulterated character in one of La Taylor's new plays and naturally Phyllis added right up. She played it for her first real stage job and got so wrapped up in the part she forgot that she disengaged her professional name to Daphne Schuyler, honoring that and her mother. But she came to in time. Just the same, the Ogunquit summer infected Phyllis with a stage fever from which she's never entirely recovered. She's as starry-eyed today about such matters as she was when she danced into the Rehearsal Club in New York and became one of those ambitious young characters they made the movie "Stage Door" about—remember?

Please, mr. producer...

All those odd young bodies seem to do about the same thing when they descend on Broadway. They see all the hit plays from the reviews, try out new production ideas, test all the new plays. This year, the Good Lord lets them live until it happens. Phyllis was a typical type. She got her dainty foot in producer Oscar Serlin's sanctuary one day. Mr. Serlin is very, very small. "But it's a little girl's part," he explained. "You're not young enough." Thaxter rushed back to the Rehearsal Club with a burning idea. Pretty soon she received her first major role. It was a little girl. Mr. Serlin pretended he didn't know. He was very nice again, but at the end he said, "But Miss Thaxter—you're still not young enough for the part." He should have called the cops, Phyllis admits.

She finally landed a job in a George Abbott show, "What A Life," at fifteen dollars a week. She got the greatest dramatic task of walking across the stage once during the evening. That thrilled her so—just to be actually on Broadway—that Phyllis went home and her everloyal mother made the long trip down from Maine to see Junior do her stuff. Only just as Phyllis' big moment arrived that night, aificación lifted itself up smack in front of Mrs. Thaxter and leisurely removed his coat. By the time all was clear again, Phyllis had entered and exited, too. Her maw never did see her in action.

Tripping across a stage night after night, no matter how brightly lighted, got to be a bit of a bore, even to Girl Scout Phyllis. But she stuck it grimly for a whole year and finally saved up $350.

Phyllis celebrated with a skiing excursion upstate with her brother, Sidney, and was all set to go home when they got a call for a Maine vacation when her first experience with an Inner Voice occurred. Phyllis isn't psychic but she gets a bunch of hunches and they aren't superstitious, too. Somebody gave her a lucky silver dollar dated 1843 once and she carried it for months, because the cartwheel was supposed to be the bucket of luck at its centennial in 1943.

Well, later, way out in Butte, Montana—of all places—where she was on tour, she found herself broke and had to spend her lucky dollar. She was desolate, but never gave up hope and sure enough, in 1943—boom—what did she do but click in "Claudia"? So she never sells an Inner Voice short.

This one told her to grab a rattler right back to New York instead of Portland, because something was going to happen. Phyllis did. First person she talked to was a Rehearsal Club girl who gave her the important word on a new

It was easy as pie. Lynn Fontanne took one look, as Laurette Taylor had done, and Phyllis had the job. She understudied Lunt in the show for a year, traveled all around, never played a scene but paid her first income tax—$6. She also learned plenty from Miss Fontanne, who turned pretty soon into as good a fairy godmother as a girl could ask for when Thaxter's crack at "Claudia" came along.

another claudia . . .

If many more ex-Claudia alumnas turn into Hollywood stars they'll have to order graduation pins, start a hockey team and learn a class song. Phyllis makes the third sweet young thing to invade Hollywood wearing a Claudia cap-and-gown. Dorothy McGuire, Jennifer Jones and now Phyllis Thaxter. Phyllis knew that the role was right for her the first time she read the script. She was determined to get it and her turn finally came—but they sort of dared her to do it, though. John Golden, the producer man, wanted a Claudia for the Chicago company, every bit as good as Dorothy McGuire, which was a fairly tall order, seeing as how Dotty had created the role and clicked like a turnsstile. But again Phyllis' demure and dainty American girlliness turned the trick. Producer Golden took one look at the youth-through-joy or vice versa or whatever it is that Phyllis packs around and smote his brow, "Good Lord—a child bride if I ever saw one!" he cried. "Give her a crack at it by all means."

Today Phyllis gets edgy if you call her the perfect "Claudia"—she thinks it's a reflection on her dignity or talent or something—but that's just what she is, so let's face it. If not—unless she was Bernhardt—how the heck could she have pulled off the miracle matinee that she did?

It was a Tuesday when she got the go-ahead to try out by taking Dotty McGuire's place at the Wednesday matinee. She knew the lines by heart after all the off-and-on exposure she'd had to Claudia. She'd even made a movie test from the play (and that's the one, remember, that cinched her M-G-M contract). But still—well, when everything hangs on one performance and about all you've done before is trot across a stage and look charming—it's a state of crisis, and no mistake. "Can you go on tomorrow?" asked Mr. Golden blithely.

"Oh, natch," replied Phylly nonchalantly, or words to that effect. But down inside it was a plain case of panic. She had time for one quick rehearsal. Mama Thaxter was in town, thank goodness, so she whipped along Fifth Avenue and got new clothes because Phyllis didn't have such things as a slinky negligee, which the play called for. But what really did it was that night—and Lynn Fontanne. She had panicily Phyllis over to her New York apartment, calmed her down with tea and stayed up all night primping her for the performance. They acted out Claudia until it came out Phyllis's every pore—and can you imagine a better coach for anything in the acting line than Lynn Fontanne?

Next afternoon Phyllis walked out of the wings—the perfect Claudia by nature, and about to find out is she is or is she ain't an actress. She opened her mouth—nothing came out. She tried it again. Out popped her first speech and she didn't remember a thing after that until the end of the first act when John Golden hugged her in the wings and cried, "You've got the part!" Then somebody brought her a

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

While Betty Hutton was appearing at the Chicago Theater here in the "Windy City," I managed to get a seat in the third row. Sitting about three seats away was a smart alec who annoyed everyone around him. When the lovely Betty started her songs, he shut up, only to start again the moment she stopped singing. Betty started "Murder, He Says," the first line of which goes, "Finally I found a fellow, almost completely divine.

The audience was thundered and clapped. "Oh yeah? What's he look like?"

With complete poise and typical Hutton speed, the star stopped singing, looked down at the offender, and replied, "Who are you, Bud?" We had no more trouble from him, and Betty Hutton had scored another victory.

Wanda Willhoite Chicago, Ill.
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and again a lucky flying break decided that.

Phylly was bicycling back and forth between "Weekend at the Waldorf" and "Bewitched." Then Jimmy flew into Hollywood for an overnight plane pickup. Only as he landed, the big ship got banged up and he laid over a week for repairs. That seemed like fate to Phyllis and the Inner Voice got going. Next day she made a bargain with M-G-M that she'd work until midnight if they'd let her off over the weekend. From that moment things began to pop.

Phylly rushed from Lot Two at Metro during her noon hour to meet Jimmy for the license hunger ride. It was a pretty hectic wedding, as most wartime weddings are. Phyllis worked until 5:30 with the rites set for 7 o'clock. And Jimmy's newest man from March Field got lost and just made it to the church five minutes before the wedding march. But a preacher finally made them one in proper style. Movie villain Sid Winter, bad-tempered Green howled through "There Shall Be No Night," gave her away, Kelly Morgan came through with a gala reception at her home with champagne, wedding cake and everything, and Bob Landry, the war photographer, snapped a set of private stills for their memory album. So they were off to a Palm Springs honeymoon at last.

dinners "n' dust..."

The Aubreys are cozily at home these days in a tiny little furnished apartment out near M-G-M, and Phyllis knows what it's like to be a war bride. By now, Mama Thaxter has been out for a visit, leaving Margaret, a Norwegian maid whose sister raised the Thaxter kids and who's practically a member of the family. That's lucky for the care and feeding of the Aubreys because Phyllis will cop an Academy Award long before she'll ever win a picture of her own. In the cooking line she's handy with popovers—but you can't live on popovers. Sometimes she can sew on a button, but having started acting too young she's just not handy around the house. When Ellen Lawton was expecting her last baby, Phylly thought it would be nice to knit some tiny garments. She started months before the event but at the last minute had to run out and buy the gift. Her effort was still dangling on the needles.

She would live off avocados herself, yamii yogurt (a kind of thick milk) and caviar, if Margot would let her. The avocado passion is a California discovery but can't hold her for years and years. She used to have her friends give her the stuff for Christmas and birthdays and once when she was down to her last two butts, out of a job and afraid to write her folks, she blew the whole sum for caviar just to bolster her morale. Next day, too, she got a job.

Richie Thaxter doesn't bother Thaxter's trim figure one bit—in fact, Phyllis is always eager on the gaining weight side. She burns up so much energy that clubbiness has never a chance. She's no ball of fire as a girl athlete, although she swims and rides well and thinks the beach is California's her best bet for fun and a tan, which she acquires like a Tanakka. She takes tennis and golf lessons now and then when she finds time because Jimmy was a championship links guy at Princeton and she'd like to keep up a bit. But what really keeps her trim is the way she knocks off the calories with work.

Phyllis thinks nothing of staying awake all night sopping up new script. She'll work all hours on the set, knock herself out and love it. When she encountered this sexy lady part she has to play in "Bewitched," Thaxter knew a wild tomato
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Quiz Answers (Continued from page 14)

1. c 7. b
2. a 8. c
3. c 9. a
4. a 10. c
5. c 11. c
6. b 12. b

character like that was nothing like her
own naive self. So she studied all the
teddies they'd made, all the way from Hedy Lamarr
to Thea Baza. The old stage tricks of
hers, too. Some of her most prized posses-
sions are ancient recordings made by
old time stage greats like Joseph Jefferson
and Ellen Terry.

She knows her business so thoroughly
by now that Phyllis is never threatened
with a camera freeze or stage fright if
you'd expect any gal suddenly cata-
pilled into stardom, would be. The only
time on record of any such barking buck
balks took place the other night when
Phyllis did a radio skit with Van Johnson
on the Screen Guild Theater. A bunch of
bobby soxers in the front row gave out
with such vocal hysterics at Van that
Phyllis lost her voice in amazement. After
the show some of them, to be polite, asked
for her autograph along with Van's, al-
though they really didn't have any idea
who she was.

clothes clash . . .

Phyllis' clothes help keep her incognito
in public. She still sticks to suits, sweaters
and skirts, peasant dresses and things
like that. Her favorite color is her
"Auburn suit." That is, the one she was
married in, but the advent of Jimmy into
her life hasn't helped glamour any. He sent
her an Army raincoat for Christmas! Phyllis
just can't understand, for some reason.
They tried exactly one hundred bonnets
for a scene in "Thirty Seconds" where she
simply couldn't go bareheaded, before
finding one that didn't make her look silly.
She's allergic to most jewelry too, outside
of a beaten silver belt Jimmy bought her
in Arizona and which she wears con-
stantly, and her wedding ring. Anything
like costume baubles makes her look a
fright.

Coiffures, of course, are impossible,
considering Thaxter's hair habits. She
snips her own unruly mop and washes it every
other day in the shower and as a result
it would take a wrestler to hold it down.
But somehow on Phyllis it looks good.
Besides, Jimmy likes it that way. He
doesn't spoil her, though. He calls her
"the ugly duckling," and tries to hide the
love light in his eye.

Jimmy flew in and out as usual for
Uncle Sam, but when he does get home
Captain Aubrey and his busy bride have
themselves a time about town. They like
to dance and they're got lots of friends,
especially Jimmy's pilot buddies at
nearby California's airfields. Major Ted
Lawson and Ellen (of "Thirty Seconds"
fame) are old friends by now and Phyllis sees
them constantly, especially since the hero
of the Doolittle raid is now solidly estab-
lished in business near Hollywood.

Sometimes, too, their friends, Tom Harmon
and his bride, Ellen, come now in town
and then that's a celebration.

scared o' the law . . .

They steer clear of all Hollywood par-
ties, and previews are avoided like the
plague, because they make Phyllis squirm,
especially if she's in them. So a dance
place like Mocambo or the Grove and oc-

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sitionally a trip to the Palladium to watch the jitterbugs whirl, is the answer. Jimmy always drives their little Ford car when he's home, because Phyillis is kind of care- less about cars. Once she left the door of her flivver open and when she rounded a corner it tossed her right out on the pave-

ment, bunged her up and scared her half to death. And even now she's usually worried about such official matters. She wouldn't let them say she was twenty-one at the studio when she really is twenty-four, because she thought she'd look dull or something. And her bad habit of writing checks and then not entering the amount on her stubs worries her half to death, but she can't help it. The first thing a resolute Phyillis did when she got married was to buy a steel file and a set of books so she wouldn't disgrace Captain Jimmy with her way-

ward finances.

sentimental gal . . .

When Jimmy's off to the ends of the earth, Phyillis walks strictly alone except on Canteen nights. She's probably the most sentimental girl he's ever invented. It's an old falling, really; she had her mother send out her Santa Claus stocking the first Christmas she spent in Hollywood. After she married, Phyillis flew off to the wars again, Phyillis made a vow she'd go to church every Sunday until the war ends—and she has. The other night Phyillis came home, as limp and frayed as an old shirt. She'd made retakes until all hours for "Be-
witched" and all she could think of was the heavenly hay, the bland white sheets. But when she'd tucked herself in, so tired she ached, a funny thing happened. She couldn't sleep. She tossed and turned and counted little lambs every night but it was no use. Bushed as she was, she stayed wide awake and staring.

Then she remembered. No wonder—she hadn't written Jimmy! Phyillis hopped out of bed and scribbled the daily report, trotted to the corner and mailed it, then climbed back in bed. In a second she was off to the Drug Store.

She may be in gay, glamorous Holly-

wood but Phyillis Thaxter's New England conscience is still clicking on all six. Or maybe you'd call it love.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During the shooting of "Home In Indiana," all theobby-sockers in the cast wanted to get autographs of the stars. Lon McCol-

lister was staying home, and after about two weeks, my friend and I sneaked up the ser-

vants' entrance and attempted to get his autograph. I had a pretty good idea of where his room was, so when I got to what I thought was the right door, I peered through the keyhole. Just then the door opened, and I don't remember anything until I woke up on a couch in Lon's room. He was bursting his sides laughing. I didn't think it was very funny, because I had an awful headache. Then he apolo-
gitized, talked with me, and finally saw me home . . . with his autograph!

Arlene Boggarly
Lexington, Kentucky
SMALL IN THE SADDLE

(Continued from page 48)

galloping down a narrow roadway. Velvet was to stand squarely in his path, and he was to slacken speed and approach her almost with nuzzling gentleness at the end of his wild charge.

The director, the horse handler and others discussed the scene. "I think we'd better use a double," someone said. "We can get a real jockey to stand with his back to the camera. I don't think we should risk Elizabeth.

perfect faith . . . .

Elizabeth looked horror-stricken. In her light, gentle voice she objected, "Gra-cious, The Pi, I mean King Charles, wouldn't hurt me. We're friends. We can try once, and I'll stand close enough to the fence to slide through if he doesn't seem to want to stop."

Reluctantly, the officials decided to try it. As Elizabeth predicted, King Charles pounced down that lane like lightning aimed at lodestone, but when he saw Elizabeth he turned partially sideways, eased his stride, and drew up softly beside the girl who had already begun to covet him for her very own.

She brought up King's ownership at home once, to a drug dealer and her mother, (an amazing pretty woman who looks like Elizabeth's older sister) was once an actress, so she can always depend upon her sympathy and understanding. "Do you suppose we could buy King Charles from the studio?" she ventured.

"But, darling, you already have a horse," protested Miss Elizabeth.

Elizabeth smiled rapturously. "I've thought that all out. If we had Prince Charming AND King Charles—two horses—you and I could go riding together, Mother."

Mr. Taylor laughed. Mrs. Taylor laughed and said she'd be afraid even of Prince Charles. She didn't want such an eques-
trienne as her daughter. Bill laughed and said that even if she became King's owner, she would probably give him away to the first person for whom she felt sorry.

Elizabeth looked horror-stricken, but she grinned a little, too. This open-handedness of Miss Taylor's is something of a mystery. Why Elizabeth, with her musical talent, was "National Velvet" was first planned, the assumption was that it would be directed by Mervyn LeRoy. However, when the final direction was settled, it was found that Mr. LeRoy's commitments were such that he couldn't handle it along with his other pictures. The assignment was handed to a joyous Mr. Clarence Brown. Elizabeth and her mother admired both men equally, but Elizabeth felt certain that Mr. LeRoy would be bitterly disappointed.

That morning, Elizabeth's father had made her a present of a handsome horse carved of teak; its mane rose magnificently from a strong neck, the muscles in his shoulders and loins appeared, in the heavy black polish, like the proud and generous race to carve the wind. The carving, exquisito and not to be duplicated at any price, was an antelique that Mr. Taylor had acquired in the course of his purchase of art treasures for his gallery, and—well aware of his daughter's adoration for equestriennes—he had presented it to her.

When Elizabeth arrived at the studio, toward noon, Elizabeth carried the horse—heavy as it was—with her and showed it to everyone. Then they went to Mr. LeRoy's office where he said:

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cated to lighten, fade freckles, to help skin look softer, smoother, younger. Too, Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Bleach Cream helps dry up pimples externally caused, and loosen blackheads. 25c., plus 5c tax. Caution: Use only as directed. To com-
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one day when, quite by accident, they overheard the conversation of two extra players. One girl was saying to another, "I can't believe what I'm hearing this evening. Really, I'm totally helpless in a kitchen. I can't even fry an egg."

The other girl, not to be outdone in reverse domestic virtue, said, "I burn myself and spill things and break dishes and generally create havoc in a kitchen. I'm strictly a career girl, I guess." On the way to that night's outing, Elizabeth broke a long silence to observe to her mother, "I don't think being useless in a kitchen is anything to be proud of, do you?" You mean, why shouldn't everyone know how to go into a kitchen and prepare an appetizing meal? We don't ever know when it might be very necessary to know how to cook well. "That's right," agreed Mrs. Taylor.

lookie at cookie . . .

"And besides, it's feminine to know those things. I think every girl should be able to be a homemaker . . . even if she is a career girl." So Elizabeth is learning how to make light bread rolls, several different kinds of cake, salads, and how to cook vegetables properly. So far she hasn't had a serious failure, so it would appear that her future husband is going to be robbed of that bridal biscuit gag.

One of Elizabeth's best friends is the daughter of a tremendously wealthy family; she is a girl who has, literally, everything, yet she is required to perform the same household tasks as Elizabeth is. Also, she takes care of the simple mending of her clothes; when a dress needs to be shortened or lengthened, this girl is perfectly capable of attending to it.

Recently, Elizabeth, accompanied by her mother, bought two lightweight frocks for summer. Both dresses needed to be shortened for Elizabeth, so she persuaded her mother to pin in the hem, then Elizabeth settled herself with needle and thread and ran a fine seam. A third girl friend arrived in the middle of the work and demanded pityingly, "Does your mother make you do your own sewing? Go to, MY mother does all those things for me. You and Mary seem to have your troubles."

"My mother doesn't MAKE me do any of the things I do around the house," Elizabeth said easily. "I like to have responsibility, and that's the way Mary feels about it, too. We've both found it very interesting to know something about domestic tasks."

The following afternoon all THREE of the girls spent in shortening slacks and sewing on pockets in each other's head to head, down the neck, and over the middle of her forehead to the nape of her neck with the hair brought upward from the temples and a band of yarn braided into a plait on each side of her head and crossed over to meet in the middle. Mrs. Taylor, catching her before the mirror one morning completing this coiffure, shook her head slowly. "I don't think so, dear. It's pretty, but honestly I think it's a little too mature for you. Not old, exactly, but not quite ready to grow up." 

"May I wear it this way today while you think it over?" Elizabeth, the diplomat, wanted to know. Mrs. Taylor said, "Well, all right."

They stopped in a shop in Beverly Hills to check the blouse situation, and Mrs. Taylor's conversation with the salesgirl was interrupted by her daughter's joyous request, "Please turn around, Mother!"

About four feet away stood two little girls, one about six, the other about eight. They were dressed exactly like Elizabeth's, yarn and all.

"Too mature?" queried Elizabeth.

Mrs. Taylor grinned. "It's very becoming to them, and to you, dear," she said, giving in gracefully.

People who know Elizabeth well are convinced that she never walks; she runs. Everything must be done in a hurry. Life is short, there is excitement everywhere, nothing can be missed. So—one of her streaks from sound stage to school room—Elizabeth tripped over some tiring object, fell on her foot and broke one of the taral bones. She was rushed to a doctor who took X-rays and committed the foot to a cast. "And there, young lady, it will have to remain for at least two months. Come back in three weeks and we'll see how you are getting along.

Pictures taken at the end of three weeks time indicated that the break was healed. However, the doctor thought that she should use crutches for several weeks.

"What if she won't use the crutches?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

milk maid . . .

"She will because the foot will pain her," said the medical man. "The reason she has recovered so rapidly is her love of milk—her system really produces the calcium needed fast, but I don't think the repair will be so fast that she will give up her crutches for a long time."

She discarded them at the end of a week. Currently they are gathering dust in the garage and Elizabeth hasn't even suffered a twinge since.

There are six girls in the immediate vicinity of the Taylor household. They recently organized a slumber party to be held at Elizabeth's. For dinner they had four hamburgers and two hot dogs each, then they spent a long, leisurely gab session. They talked about boys—"not very interesting, but our ideas may change"—about dogs, horses, clothes, Dick Tracy, L'il Abner, places to go bi-cycling, and the summer vacation. Elizabeth scoured everyone with envy when she announced that within a week her family was leaving for Wisconsin where her uncle owns an estate embracing several lakes.

At midnight the girls decided the time had come to "keel over" and return to their own beds. They dressed downstairs, giggling, and viewed the larder. Mrs. Taylor had anticipated them with a huge bowl of potato salad, cold fried chicken, and fruit.

The girls looked at the marvelous, beautiful food. Then they looked desperately from one to the other. They were too filled with hamburger and hot dogs to eat a bit. They slumped back upstairs and turned in, after having sworn a solemn oath to meet every year on the same night for another slumber party. To compare notes on our futures," Elizabeth said.

One of the girls giggled, "And next year, maybe you'll be able to pronounce 'linoleum.'" Elizabeth is inclined to call it "nileleum" or "nileoeme."

No matter how she pronounces floor covering, Elizabeth is pronounced adorable...
Start with Chesterfields and you can add only orchids and the theatre for a perfect evening. Chesterfield’s Right Combination World’s Best Tobaccos always gives you smoking pleasure at its best. Chesterfields satisfy because they’re milder... cooler... better tasting.
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"How about a love life of your own, Pet?"

**GIRL:** Umm... Hardly my Big Year, is it?

**CUPID:** But it *could* be, Cupcake. It *could* be.

**GIRL:** Of course it could! Just let somebody leave me a million dollars, for instance. Or give me a big movie contract. Or even a new face. Or—

**CUPID:** ... or just teach you that even a *plain* girl can be pretty if she'll smile! If she'll sparkle at people!

**GIRL:** If she *can* sparkle at people ... which I can't. Not with my dull teeth. And I brush 'em, too. And—

**CUPID:** Ever see "pink" on your toothbrush?

**GIRL:** Well, lately, but—

**CUPID:** But what? Don't you know that's a warning to see your dentist? He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** And that'll help my smile?

**CUPID:** Chick, Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums means sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that'll help you to your own love life! Start with Ipana and massage today!

**For the Smile of Beauty**

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**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Lion's Roar**

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**The greatest star of the screen!**

How's your tan? Summer working out nicely? We have a suggestion to top itself—"A Week-end At The Waldorf".

Forsake the vales and hills, the rills and lakes. Try the Great Indoors. Pleasure guaranteed; good hunting.

Of course the hunting is the Boy-Choses-Girl variety, but that's good too. Especially when it's Walter Pidgeon after Ginger Rogers and Van Johnson after Lana Turner.

Ginger plays Irene Malvern, the movie star. Walter plays Chip Collyer, the war correspondent. Lana plays Bunny Smith, the hotel stenog. And Van plays Captain Hollis, who's in a bad way.

Anything can happen in a big hotel. Well, anything does happen. And it all happens adroitly, amusingly, excitingly.

It's a picture charged with intrigue. It excites. It has hearty laughter. There's also music provided by Xavier Cugat. We like all of it.

You may go so far as to think "A Week-end At The Waldorf!" is the best picture of the year. We know it's first class.

Along with those other big stars you meet Edward Arnold, who plays a tycoon; Phyllis Thaxter, a worried bride; Kecyn Wynn, a cub reporter; Robert Benchley, a columnist; Leon Ames, a father; Lena Ramay, a hot tamale; Samuel Hinds, an oil magnate.

It's a big "Week-end". Thank Robert E. Leonard, the director. Thank Sam and Bella Spewack, the screen playwrights, who took an idea from a play by Vicki Baum. Thank Guy Bolton, who made the adaptation, Thank Arthur Hornblow, Jr., who produced it all.

And thank

---

**STORIES**

"THOSE HOLLYWOOD PARTIES!" by Hedda Hopper

Hedda Hopper digs into 30 years of party going and comes up with some memories, SOME memories! ...

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

Dana Clark's not proud. A ride in a buggy was good enough, a basket of food, two pretty fan clubbers—a day in the park with MODERN SCREEN!

"THE HOUSE I LIVE IN"

Frank Sinatra knew all the "angles" as a member of a tough neighborhood gang—maybe that's why he's doing such a swell job with these "problem" kids.

BABY TALK

Gloria's just like a little girl playing house—except that she and Johnny Payne are gonna have a real, live baby!

LUCY BUM

He's good and he's tough and he sure ain't party, but Bob (Busted-Nose) Mitchum's got a way with him!

TOM DRAKE'S LIFE STORY (Concluded)

The final chapter, as of now, in Tom's "boy meets girl, loses girl, marries girl" mix. We'll keep you posted on further developments.

"LAST FEAST"

A date with Jeanne Crain, a tussle with his 100-pound lap dog, a camping trip—they're overseas for P. J. McCollister! ...

"JUNIOR DREAM MAN"

Greg and Greta Peck chizched to the hospital, dashed to the maternity ward and then breathlessly confessed they were just making a test run!

"MY DAUGHTER," by Mrs. Natalie Bocall

Mrs. Bocall remembers her Lauren when she was skinny, with braces on her teeth and a tendency to swoon at good acting.

"WICKED WILLIAMS"

Literally, Esther's the gal who took a nose dive into fame. The swim champ with the "beautiful profile all over."

JOHNNY COMES LATELY

John Dall likes hamburgers for breakfast, hates the country—and has a terrific mother named Henry!

PRIDE OF THE MARINES

It took a girl's love to convince blind Marine Al Schmid (John Garfield) that there were no "ordinary guys" at Guadalcanal—just heroes. 

Frank Sinatra in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh"

Peter Lawford in M-G-M's "Son of Lassie"

Helmut Dantine in Warner's "Shadow of a Woman"

Errol Flynn in "Warner's Ten Commandments"

Capt. Ronald Reagan, United States Army

Dane Clark in Warner's "Stolen Life"

Private Lon McCallister, United States Army

Gregory Peck in Selznick's "Duel in the Sun" and Warner's "The Wonderful Country"

Lauren Bacall in Warner's "The Big Sleep"

Esther Williams in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies"

Editorial Page...

Best Face Forward...

Highlight Your Hair...

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide—For 'Teen Agers'

Fannie Hurst Selects "The Story of Gigi".

Women Reviews by Virginia Wilson...

Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather...

Super Coupon...

Sup-Co by Jean Kinkead...

Good News by Louella Parsons...

Modern Hostess—"Dining With Dana"


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They had a date with fate... and a rendezvous with love!

M-G-M invites you to come on an exciting and romantic...

GINGER ROGERS as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!

LANA TURNER travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!

WALTER PIDGEON fresh from adventure—and plenty fresh!

VAN JOHNSON Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!

Week-end at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD - PHYLLIS THAXTER - KEENAN WYNN - ROBERT BENCHLEY
LEON AMES - LINA ROMAY - SAMUEL S. HINDS

and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA - A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Gay Bolton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
Ernie Pyle's "Story of G.I. Joe" is a restrained telling of unrestrained war.

As stories go, it is not very well put together. Neither is war.

On the other hand, as stories go, G.I. Joe is well put together, because it is cemented into a kind of cohesive whole by such stuff as blood and tears, dirt and laughter, fears and grandeur.

Here is a scraggling, repetitive picture, whose ingredients are nothing new under the sun, yet they are never old.

They are the ingredients of your young men's valors, and your young men's fears. They are the ingredients of your sons' puniness and your sons' magnificence. They are mixed with everything you know about this American kid. His perpetual adolescence. His naïveté. His smart-aleckness. His bravery. His pitiful apprehensions. *

His grandeur comes out on top.

G.I. Joe could be any one of Ernie Pyle's home-spun stories, spinning itself across the screen.

It is a narrative of the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick makers; the soda jerkers, the bank clerks, the college professors; (Continued on page 8)
And then there were none

Fitzgerald • Huston • Hayward

Roland Young • June Duprez • Sir C. Aubrey Smith
Mischa Auer • Judith Anderson • Richard Haydn
Queenie Leonard • Harry Thurston

Directed and Produced by Rene Clair • Executive Producer Harry M. Popkin
Screenplay by Dudley Nichols • From the Story by Agatha Christie
(Continued from page 6)

the trucksters, the hucksters, the poets, the dirt desert farmers, the teamsters; the Mama’s boys who one strange day following Pearl Harbor, found themselves flung into the maelstrom of war.

This story of colossal, implausible begins with a waist and woolly pach, a G.I. in a tin hat, the tin-horn of Harry James, and a desert crawling with jeeps and army cars.

As the Army prepares to cross the desert, the guy in the tin hat is ordered to get rid of his woolly pach.

There is a moment of silent conflict between hundreds of G.I. boys who want that dog along, and a commanding officer, Lieutenant Walker.

Pooch wins and this illiad of immense warfare is off on a sentimental start. So is a convoy which includes Ernie Pyle, late and beloved American war correspondent, who, although well past the age limit, attaches himself to the unit, as all America knows by now, and treks along.

Burgess Meredith plays the difficult role of Ernie for all he is worth, and he is worth a great deal. A thoroughly character and a characterization is a thankless task, because no one man can be expected to live up to America’s composite version of this dearly beloved war correspondent. Meredith plays him lovingly, but the characterization seems “white.” Meredith plays him tenderly, but the characterization seems a little too good and too tired. But he does manage to achieve sensitivity. Both in real life, and in this rather hailing and ambiting picture, Ernie Pyle typifies what we have learned to admire, the audacity and the courage of our American fighting men; their innate and deeply rooted decencies, plus those everyday virtues which overshadow their everyday voices. Pyle receives news from America that his war coverage has won him the Pulitzer prize.

But scenes of life and death, of combat with infantry, are always the same. They are halted by fire from a monastery atop a hill, which the enemy is using as an observation post. The monastery is in sight, and the reader knows that the wedding is taking place in the historic shadow of Mt. Cassino.

In the midst of this vast razing of the monasteries, Pyle receives news from America that his war coverage has won him the Pulitzer prize.

Private Murphy marries a Red Cross nurse under German shell fire. Ernie Pyle, too old and too tired to go,

They are halted by fire from a monastery atop a hill, which the enemy is using as an observation post. The monastery is in sight, and the reader knows that the wedding is taking place in the historic shadow of Mt. Cassino.

In the midst of this vast razing of the monasteries, Pyle receives news from America that his war coverage has won him the Pulitzer prize.

But scenes of life and death, of combat with infantry, are always the same. They are halted by fire from a monastery atop a hill, which the enemy is using as an observation post. The monastery is in sight, and the reader knows that the wedding is taking place in the historic shadow of Mt. Cassino.

The story is about the rough and terrible going of a group of veterans of the campaigns of Africa, Sicily and Italy.

There is a G.I. infantryman who yearns to be in the Air Forces (Jack Reily).

There is the gallant and comprehending Lieutenant Walker, just one more example of a man who under pressure acquires genius for leadership (Robert Mitchum).

Lopez, the army bureaucracy, is a menace to his peacetime colleagues and sickness for his wife in Arizona and wonders what he can bring back to the kid on his return.

That is, if you do return,” another G.I. retorts with the cynicism of men who live in the shadow of death.

Then there is Ernie... always Ernie... Dams come. Dams go. Motor trucks, jeeps and armored cars fill the air with their din.

Through it, like a minstrel, wanders Ernie, nonchalantly home by gentle, his eyes packed with appreciation of these fighting fellows who find it so difficult to hate.

The rains come, the mud thickens, the artillery fire comes closer and closer.

The first man in the company is shot down.

Unaccustomed to death (except in the ordered way of the coffin in the family parlor, the slow hearse, the hillside graveyard), American boys leave a comrade in khaki lying face down in strange dust, thousand miles from home.

Tramp. Tramp. Tramp. The rains come down in solid deluge, the mud twists around the plodding legs.

It is defeat now, for the Americans are ordered to retreat down a mountain path. Bodies tumbled from towers, Italian palazzos, older than America, totter to bombarded destruction.

No, there is nothing new in these battle scenes, but to Ernie Pyle, every individual boy’s dilemma is terribly separate, ter-ribly vital, never old, always new.

The obscurity of war constantly appals him. He remarks, “The G.I. lives miserably.”

There is no glory in war, no glamour for Ernie. He knows that these G. I. fellows love life, and too often pretend they do not dread death in battle.

The bombardment of San Vittorio begins. Tanks, men, shells, form chaos. Streets are flaming rubble. Bullets whizz. Ernie always in the thick of it.

One G. I. Dondoro (finedly played by Wally Cassell), stumbles into a momentary dazzle of romantic adventure when he falls in love the Italian girl crouching there. But war splits his moment of passion and he is snatched back into hell’s fire.

The army refuses to worship at a ruined altar. Up in the belfry of the shattered church, a sniper grabs at the bell rope as he falls to his death, and the bell begins to ring. Over Lopez and the demolished scene. Obvious dramatics? Perhaps. So is war.

Sergeant Warnicki receives a package from home: a recording of his baby’s voice. He finds a disabled gramophone in a ruined building and upon every possible occasion, in dugouts, in fox holes: “Hello Daddy—Hello Daddy.”

Private Murphy marries a Red Cross nurse under German shell fire. Ernie Pyle, too old and too tired to go,

They are halted by fire from a monastery atop a hill, which the enemy is using as an observation post. The monastery is in sight, and the reader knows that the wedding is taking place in the historic shadow of Mt. Cassino.

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No, there is nothing new in these battle scenes, but to Ernie Pyle, every individual boy’s dilemma is terribly separate, ter-

You can relax when you know he’s yours, all yours, for the evening... or for life. You can have fun, you can look and act your best.

DeLong Bob Pins, too, give you that same sweet feeling of security. They’re true to you through thick and thin, always keeping your hair do neat and lovely, because DeLong Bob Pins, on the pretty blue card, honestly do have the

Stronger Grip Won’t Slip Out

They’re made to stick by you, made to be faithfully yours.
LEAVE US FACE IT...

Duffy's throwin' the Greatest Star Party

in Hollywood History!

32 wonderful stars! The funniest scenes ever filmed! Terrific songs and satire! Gorgeous girls, riotous laughs —as Paramount brings radio's riot show to the screen at last!

Paramount presents

ED GARDNER'S

DUFFY'S TAVERN

Starring Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken, Brian Donlevy, Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Arturo de Cordova, Barry Fitzgerald, Cass Daley, Diana Lynn, Victor Moore, Marjorie Reynolds, Barry Sullivan and Archie (Himself)

Ed Gardner with Charles Cantor, Eddie Green, Ann Thomas and Robert Benchley, William Demarest, Howard da Silva, Billy De Wolfe, Walter Abel, Johnny Coy, Miriam Franklin, Olga San Juan, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lin Crosby • Based on Characters created by Ed Gardner

Directed by HAL WALKER A Paramount Picture
This time, a man makes you?

Available in principal cities at Ann Lewis Shops and other good stores. If not available in your town, write

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MOVIE REVIEWS

Kiss and Tell

The part of Corliss Archer in "Kiss And Tell" might easily have been written just for Shirley Temple—it's that perfect for her. As Corliss, she is by turns sweet, coy, precocious and maddening. It's a good part, and a good picture. Backing Shirley are Jerome Courtland as her next-door swoon-goon, and Walter Abel, Robert Benchley, Mary Phillips and Darryl Hickman.

You wouldn't think a little thing like a kiss could lead to so much trouble. But when Corliss and her friend, Mildred Pringle, sell kisses instead of guest towels at the Red Cross bazaar, it leads to one marriage, one near-marriage, and a scandal which rocks the town. You see, Corliss' mother and Corliss' ardent admirer, Dexter (Jerome Courtland), blame Mildred for the kisses. After all, Mildred is almost eighteen, and an Influence on Corliss. That starts a feud between the Archers and the Pringles which makes the Montagues and Capulets look like bosom friends.

So naturally when Lenny Archer comes home on leave from the Air Force, he and Mildred have to see each other secretly. They carry the Romeo and Juliet business to the point where they even get married secretly. None knows except Corliss, and she swears a solemn oath not to tell. Then Lenny is sent overseas. And soon Mildred finds herself in the unfortunate position of an about-to-be-mother whose family doesn't know she's married. To make matters worse—a whole lot worse—some of the town gossips get the idea it's Corliss who is going to have the baby. They tell her mother, and since Corliss has sworn she won't reveal Lenny's and Mildred's secret. (Continued on page 12)
"As great a Warner picture as ever was made."

Says the NEW YORK SUN.

THE JUBILANT STORY OF

GEORGE GERSHWIN

Rhapsody in Blue

STARRING
ROBERT ALDA as George Gershwin
JOAN LESLIE as Julie Adams
ALEXIS SMITH as Christine Gilbert
CHARLES COBURN as Max Dreyfus
JULIE BISHOP as Lee Gershwin
ALBERT BASSERMAN as Professor Frank
MORRIS CARNOWSKY as Mr. Gershwin
ROSEMARY DE CAMP as Mrs. Dreyfus
HERBERT RUDLEY as Ira Gershwin
EDDIE MARR as Buddy De Sylva
OSCAR LORAINE as Ram
HUGO KIRCHHOFER as Walter Damrosch
AS THEMSELVES
AL JOLSON
OSCAR LEVANT
PAUL WHITEMAN
GEORGE WHITE
HAZEL SCOTT
ANNE BROWN
TOM PATRICOLA
THE WARNER CHORAL SINGERS

FOR THE PRODUCTION
Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
Directed by
IRVING RAPPER
Original Story by
SONYA LEVY

Screen Play by
HOWARD KOCH
ELLIOT PAUL

Dances created and directed by
LE ROY PRINZ
Orchestral arrangements by
RAY HEINZORF

THE WORLD SANG HIS LOVE-SONGS

BUT ONLY ONE WOMAN UNDERSTOOD!
she can’t tell the truth. Her family thinks she has been having an illicit romance with a young soldier whom she met casually a couple of times. Corliss, alarmed at this, finally tells them, in desperation, that the father of her child (imaginary) is Dexter, the devoted boy next door.

This throws everything into complete chaos. Dexter is in danger of being either shot or horsewhipped, Mr. Archer can’t decide which. By the time the situation is unraveled, you’ll be worn out from laughing. Robert Benchley has an amusing scene as an uncle who walks in on a family conference at just the wrong time. Darryl Hickman is a properly obnoxious kid brother.—Col.

P.S.

F. Hugh Herbert’s “Kiss and Tell” is assuredly a hit, if it ever reaches the screen. His “Corliss Archer” is already known and loved by millions through the stage, radio, and books. The George Abbott production, which opened on Broadway in March 1943, has been running ever since. With this background it’s a screen natural. . . . The first problem facing co-producers Herbert, Abbott and Sel Stigel was the casting of Miss Corliss Archer. Shirley was the first and only choice, but at the time she was being sought for two other parts at the Herbert screenplay was laid in the laps of Shirley and her advisers. It was far more eloquent than words—Shirley agreed to do it at once. “Kiss and Tell” was an important milestone for Miss Temple—in it she bade farewell to childhood roles. And when word got around that Shirley was to receive her first screen kiss—well, ‘twas the kiss heard round the world. Photos of the event were publicized both here and abroad. . . . Herbert, who’s writing a sequel to be produced by George Abbott, tentatively announced plans to make her stage debut in it. Shirley refused gently but firmly. She’s a real product of the film and is wary of the different acting required for the stage. . . . Though Shirley is stage shy, the cast boasts of several stage veterans. Walter Abel, Shirley’s screen papa, went to New York at the picture’s completion to prepare the production of a play he’s planning to give in the early summer. Katherine Alexander was a member of the original New York cast and the only one to appear in the picture. . . . Jerome Courtland, Shirley’s galling screen beau, reported for induction at Fort MacArthur. . . .

Love Letters

You know what a lost feeling you get when you suddenly forget a familiar face or name? Multiply that by a million or more, and you have something approaching amnesia. And amnesia is the theme of this picture starring Jennifer Jones and Joe Cotten. It all starts, of course, with the love letters. Alan Quatermain (Joe Cotten) writes them for his friend, Roger Morland, a brother officer in Italy. Roger (Robert Sully), who gets over big with the girls, and belongs to the “Weather cold here. Hope to see you soon,” school of thought in letters. So he gets Alan to turn out some tender missives for a girl named Victoria, back home in England.

Alan puts a lot of himself in those letters. Too much, perhaps, for he finds himself definitely disturbed when Roger tells him to quit. Then things get complicated. He decides to go to England and finds that Fate has pulled off one of her fanciest tricks—he has just inherited an estate in Essex, twenty miles from Roger’s home, where he and Victoria were to live.

Then comes shock number two. Alan learns that Roger has been killed, and when he asks about Victoria, is told she is dead, too, and he’d better forget her. Alan drowns his sorrows at a party that night. There he meets a girl who has a strange attraction for him. She is known simply as “Singleton” (Jennifer Jones). But by the time Alan has slept off his hangover the next day, he has forgotten her in his thoughts of Victoria and Roger. He looks up the Morland case in an old newspaper, and finds to his horror that Roger was murdered. Victoria was accused of the crime, since she was found by the body with a knife in her hand. However, she had completely lost her memory. The doctors said that there was no question but that she was a victim of amnesia, and so she got off with a sentence of only one year.

Then Alan finds that “Singleton” is really Victoria. They fall in love. She still remembers nothing of the moment the police found her by the body of her husband. Alan marries her, anyway—but what will happen if she recovers her memory?

Joe Cotten and Jennifer Jones both give superb performances in this drama of love, mystery and amnesia.—Par.

P.S.

“Love Letters” is Hal Wallis’ first production for Paramount. Wallis’ pictures have always been among the elite of the industry—in sixteen years, fourteen of his productions have received Academy consideration and have won a total of 27 awards. . . . The screenplay was taken from Chris Massey’s novel, purchased by Wallis while still in galley proofs. Ayn Rand, author of the best seller “The Fountainhead,” whipped it into shape for the screen. . . . Wallis was fortunate in capturing the services of co-stars Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten—they’re two of David Selznick’s most carefully guarded players. Both came to “Love Letters” directly from “Since You Went Away,” and play opposite each other for the third time. . . . For director, Wallis chose a man with whom he had been closely associated in all his years at Warners—William Dieterle, who rates among Hollywood’s ten top film makers. . . . The main sets designed by Roland Anderson play in the three complete English houses. These homes were built just as described in Massey’s novel and were real honest-to-goodness homes—from the fireplaces to the harness to the rows of crisp vegetables growing in the gardens outside. . . . Though not at all a war story, “Love Letters” takes place in England, and the sets and clothes had to be fashioned accordingly. The London scenes show evidences of the rubble and ruins caused by the Blitz. And Jennifer’s clothes, though designed by Edith Head, were not the fashion expert’s usual lush creations. The outfits were made strictly in accordance with British wartime rationing . . . Ann Richards and
A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN!

Soft, evil, alluring... can make some guy crazy enough to kill for HER. That's the kind of woman Captain Angel is searching for... in the "Quarter" of New Orleans!

GEORGE RAFT
CLAIRE TREVOR
SIGNE HASSO

JOHNNY ANGEL

LOWELL GILMORE • HOAGY CARMICHAEL
MARGARET WYCHERLY

Produced by WILLIAM L. PEREIRA • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen play by STEVE TRIMBLE

Hoagy sings "Memphis in June"
FREE OFFER!
We've got 500 FREE DELL Maps waiting to be mailed to 500 alert people who'll fill out the Questionnaire below and send it in to us by September 20th! Read all about your favorite stars, their pics, their lives! We're not asking you to rush your answers any more, the mags will be sent out to 500 people chosen at random, NOT the first 500 that came in. So take time to read YOUR MODERN SCREEN, answer the questionnaire thoughtfully, and take your chances on getting a DELL Mag—FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE
What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your choice. 

Those Hollywood Parties! by Hedda Hopper
Up in Central Park (Dane Clark)
"The House I Live In" (Frank Capra)
Tom Drake Life Story, concluded
Johnny Come Lately (John Dall)
"Pride of the Marines"
Baby Talk (Payne-DeHaven)

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...

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses

In which picture does your face fit?

**DID YOU KNOW...**

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and future need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments depends on future events. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.

Here's how you can serve... help save lives. Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find your place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!

Want to serve as you learn a lifetime profession? If you're a high school graduate, or college trained—17 to 35 years old—join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and get a professional education free! You'll be releasing other nurses for essential duty, serving your country now and protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

Are you a graduate registered nurse? You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured... the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.

Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide? Such an important nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you are a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!

Can you give 2 hours a week? Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals... release their personnel for servicemen.

You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX*

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on “trying days.” That’s because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, flat tapered ends that don’t show revealing lines. The special safety center of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always...

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins put together

The place: N.Y.'s Hotel Pennsylvania. The Occasion: Woody Herman's opening with Len Feather present to offer congrats.

Frankie had been back in the States only a few days when he received his invite, rushed over to join in wishing Woody well.

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The records just keep piling in. So, after a heavy sifting session, well, come on, here we go with this month's best:

ELEVEN SIXTY P.M.—Harry James (Columbia)—Remember last month Harry told me he was interested in owning a music publishing company? He's got one, now! He's called it Music Makers, Inc., and his first record (this Eleven Sixty P.M.) stars, of course, Harry's band, with a vocal by Kitty Kallen.

Actually, about seventy-five percent of the big band leaders have connections with publishing houses. Either own them, or own pieces of them.

Harry, it seems, is almost as popular with the army as he is with the swoon set. He rated second on the recent Billboard poll of Army camps throughout the United States. (Tommy Dorsey came out first.) Some of the opinions of men overseas are reflected in the poll, too, because many of the soldiers voting were just back from Europe, being re-oriented.

For the record, Benny Goodman walked away with number three spot, and Woody Herman took fourth.

There were some rather astonishing results when the poll came to male singers, Bing Crosby got more votes than Sinatra, Como and Haymes all put together! The figures, in Billboard's point system, are:

Bing Crosby: 1188 points
Frank Sinatra: 374 points
Perry Como: 308 points
Dick Haymes: 308 points

What Frankie-fans have to remember is that the opinion here is mostly male. Women in service constituted only about ten percent of those polled.

Dinah Shore came way out in front of the other (Continued on page 71)
In All the World

No Girl like You!

Oh happy moment, when he discovers you are the girl he’s dreamed of always! Oh thrilling day, when you flash your Great Decision to the world with a gorgeous Multi-Facet Diamond engagement ring!

No Diamond like This!

40 EXTRA FACETS

Multi-Facet is the only diamond in the world with forty extra facets around the “equator” of the stone.

Forty extra surfaces to reflect the rays of light, creating such dazzling beauty, such intensity of color as you never dreamed possible.

Multi-Facet Diamonds look larger. And the exclusive Multi-Facet feature helps prevent chipping. Choose Multi-Facet for matchless beauty!

Multi-Facet DIAMOND SOLITAIRES

Diamond Craft of America • 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. • Four Generations of Diamond Cutters

FANTASY $100.00
CLASSIC $200.00
OVERTURE $350.00

At your jewelers $75 to $7500
Wedding Bands To Match
Federal Tax Included
"I was
UNCERTAIN"
"I am a blonde, but it wasn't enough!" says Doris Berteel of New York, N.Y. Just look—wondering how to make the best of her chances, she bought the Revue "Photo
Review" and sent her photos for its "Three Gals" model contest, sponsored by the Powers Training school. As a result, she was declared a winner and awarded a $50 savings bond. Mrs. Berteel has had a "real" fashion success, and, in addition, she has had "real" fun. The Powers' combination of beauty training and personal service is a complete new departure in modeling schools.

"Now I'm
SURE!"
"Now, my friends say I'm more attractive! A girl needs to feel right in Face-Figure-Voice-Clothest Powers Training solved all my problems!"

Powers' Proved Beauty Course Offers YOU, Too,
New Self-Confidence A "MODEL" FIGURE!

Quick results!—yes, in just the first 7 short days you can see a new, more lovely YOU begin to emerge from your mirror! Planned just for you—the beauty secrets of the famous and envied Powers Girls! And you can practise them in the privacy of your own home! Why deny yourself the happiness, the beauty, the admiration this Powers Training can win for you—so very inexpensively?

"REAL THRILL! to wear a smart bathing suit," says Elise, "can I [name] you...now?"

Real Powers Training—PLUS . . .
... the inspiring help of Grace Eden, famed director of the Powers Home Course! She and her experts advise you on Face-Figure-Grooming-Voice-Personality. The Powers formula for charm and magnetism really works!

Clip the Coupon NOW!

Write John

John Robert Powers Home Course
1477 Park Ave, Suite K205, New York 17, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

P.S.

"House" is really a unique experiment—the story is true and it was filmed right in the very spots where it happened. Taken straight from the FBI files, it's the story of the Bureau's wartime fight against fishy and gangsters. Produced by Louis DeRochemont's first job was to visit J. Edgar Hoover and convince him the picture should be filmed. So conclusive were DeRochemont's arguments that besides giving the necessary data, Hoover offered the entire film footage of the Bureau as well. Laboratories, offices, and file rooms were used as settings—FBI scientists and agents played minor roles to impart added realism. The case with which "House" is concerned occurred in New York, so instead of building complicated sets, the whole company packed up and went East for the shooting. Bill Eythe got a kick out of living in a penthouse only a few blocks from the dingy room he had in former days . . . Before it started, Bill and Lloyd Nolan, who plays an FBI man, went to Quantico, Virginia, for a week at the Bureau's academy. Spent many hours studying FBI agents. Did in case you met one of those who've always wondered about it yourself, Victor Moore and Ed Gardner become involved in that classic argument—"Dad, don't light that in the ice box really go out when the door is shut?"

THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET

That old gag about truth being stranger than fiction proves itself all over again in this fascinating study of FBI wartime activities. The whole thing is based on actual fact, with William Eythe and Lloyd Nolan representing agents of law and order, as opposed to Signe Hasso, Leo G. Carroll and Harro Meller as German agents.

The house may not actually have been on 92nd Street, but somewhere in Manhattan just before our entry into the war, there was a house like this. In the picture, it is owned by Elsa Gebhart (Signe Hasso), who runs a smart dress shop on the second floor. This shop is the first place William Dietrich comes to when he arrives in New York. Dietrich (Bill Eythe) has just come back from Hamburg, where he took an intensive course at the German school for saboteurs and spies. The Germans, however, don't know that when they first contacted young Dietrich, he went direct to the FBI who, of course, told him to play along with the Germans, attend the school, and then work with the FBI when he got back to America.

Already, before he gets to Elsa's place, his instructions from his former superiors, which are written on microfilm, have been changed by the FBI in an undetectable manner. They now read "Dietrich is to contact all other German agents." Actually, the original instructions read "contact with other agents is forbidden." Armed with his credentials and a confidential, easy manner, Dietrich strides into the dress shop. Elsa accepts him, and introduces him to three other agents. They distrust his instructions, but his credentials and his manner, and he has the money to pay them for the work they have done.

Dietrich's main objective, as directed by Inspector Briggs (Lloyd Nolan), is to determine the identity of "Mr. Christopher," head of the German agents in New York. This turns out to be the most dangerous mission he could undertake.

There is more excitement per reel in this factual account than in any fictional spy thriller ever concocted. See it, deliberately—20th-Fox

(Continued from page 14)

door" beer hall, art director William Flan- nery created a classic set guaranteed to stir up a madcap tear or two . . . The original screen play was done by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama, who in their pre-Hollywood years worked on many of the Duffy shows. This gave the renowned experience to transport the full flavor of Duffy's from radio to screen . . . For music lovers—and aren't we all, there's everything in this one from a whirling, knock-yourself-out Betty Hutton number to the dreamy lyrics of the Groaner . . . Associate producer Danny Dens was promoted to full-fledged producer after this one. Before suc- ceeding to the lure of the silver screen, Danny was a well known dance director and stage manager . . . he did the successful "Meet The People." . . . In case you met one of those who've always wondered about it yourself, "myself, Vincent Moore and Ed Gardner become involved in that classic argument—"Dad, don't light that in the ice box really go out when the door is shut?"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When our Eighth Victory Loan got under way in Calgary the grand surprise of having Claire Trevor and George Murphy here on behalf of bond sales. On the evening of their first appearance, 12,000 Calgarians turned out to welcome them. Since the weather had been beautiful all day the show took place out of doors. Leaving the city was enveloped in a blanket of darkness. The crowd became hysteri- cal, but in the midst of the shrieking and whistling of the wind, George Murphy remained on that platform without any protection from the gusts which were creating choking sand and knocking down planks. He stood there and succeeded in calming the crowd by singing such songs as "Good Old Summertime" from the back of the stage a woman gazed at the star, her eyes filled with proud tears. "Good Old Summertime," she said. It was his mother, Mrs. George Murphy. We'll never forget the courage shown by these people.
You're lived for this moment. And he must find you excitingly lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so endearing... let Trushay guard their precious beauty.

This delicately fragrant, creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before everyday tasks, before you do dishes. This "beforehand" idea is Trushay's own! And now you can guard soft hands even in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch whenever, wherever you need it.
Filming pays $750 very big lunch a move big. Sheila Ahforitton), Paul, at new famous take career. set-up. wait (Franchot meets ing THAT a The gives his show. The next, Penny, and girls, and Penny's penthouse, and plans planning days, you wear a Now has open to you wear, girl YOU YOU TO YOU—THESE.—THEE. You" he's overseas. The Army thought so well of the little set that U.S. Army Morale officers had Spike Jones use it for a background in a morale short to be sent overseas. . . . Susanna Foster does her first screen dancing in this one. . . . When Franchot Tone was to end, Franchot could use the ever-present rationing popped up to shake a warning finger—huge quantities of food were needed. The main course was a sixty-pound roast served buffet style—a mere matter of 750 red points. After much executive brain-wracking, points were borrowed from the studio commis- sary—the roast to be sealed for serving in the cafe later. To insure no waste, an expert career was cast to work in the scene, but the head of the commissary hovered within objecting distance just in case . . . There's one scene that'll make the watching gas' mouths water. Suzy, Foster goes on a shopping spree for the latest in feminine fashions with which to capture the attentions of Mr. Tone. The resulting wardrobe designed by Vera West just drips with captivating creations. On the men's side of the sartorial picture are two extremes. David Bruce wears the not-too-prepossessing attire of a lunch wagon proprietor, while Tone appears in a collection of suits at which no man-about-town would turn up his nose.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

A new "Scandals" used to be a big event on Broadway. George White's shows always had extraordinarily beautiful girls, good comedians, and at least one song that you whistled the rest of the winter. The movie version contains much the same ingredients, plus a cock-eyed plot. If you're a devotee of the Joan Davis-Jack Haley radio show, you'll be enthusiastic over this same combination in the picture. On the other hand, if you're anti-Davis and Haley, you'll be unhappy, because they are in practically every scene. The plot concerns itself with Joan Mason (Joan Davis) and Jack Williams (Jack Haley) who are not only co-stars of the "Scandals" currently in rehearsal, but are in love. The affair is not progressing so well. Jack's sister, Clarabelle, isn't in favor of his marrying anybody, let alone Joan, whose antics are not exactly dig-
A girl can be too trusting at times!

SHE WIELDS an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn’t stop to think that while her bath washes away past perspiration, underarms need special care to prevent risk of future odor. That’s when a girl needs Mum!

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds—keeps underarms odor-free all day or evening long. You’re sure of the daintiness men admire.

Mum won’t irritate your skin. And, says the American Institute of Laundering, Mum won’t injure the fabric of your clothes.

You can use Mum before or after you’re dressed. It’s quick, safe, sure. Won’t dry out in jar. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar today.

For Sanitary Naps—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE — NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR FANS

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

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STAR AUTOGRAPHS — Turn to page 60 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.

FOR ROMANCE

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS — by Jean Kinkead.

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HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT — 12-page chart, giving you all the safe ways to lose weight, 2 easy-to-follow, scientific diets. Exercises for reducing, plus scoring chart. FREE, send a LARGE stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

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

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

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DO YOU WANT ABSOLUTELY

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Mr.  ☐ Mrs.  ☐ Miss  (Please Print)

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Undel 21  ☐ Price in Canada, $2.25; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.
(Continued from page 21)

They start to happen when a plane crashes in Mexico. Among the passengers are a pair of international crooks (I'm so glad someone has revived international crooks, I've missed them since the war!). They are Clyde Ballister (John Warburton) and his wife, Carola (Signe Hasso). During the plane trip they have noticed that one of the passengers, Kingby (Edmund Gwenn), has a briefcase locked to his wrist. Kingby is injured slightly in the crash and they have a chance to investigate the briefcase. It contains four wills, each signed by a different name, and each leaving a million dollars in bonds to Kingby. The first is signed Miles Kempen, Cleveland, Ohio.

It will not surprise you to hear that the Ballisters turn up in Cleveland. But Kingby arrives, first, and Miles Kempen dies at once. The police call it an accident. However, Kempen had just told an attorney, Jeff Caign (James Craig) to draw him up a new will, leaving everything to a pretty night club singer. Jeff's curiosity is aroused by the neat timing in Kempen's death, and he finds Kingby has some connection with it and follows him on board a New York train. Also on board are Clyde and Carola, who are determined to reach the next will signer, Professor Budlow, before Kingby. Clyde gets a knife in his back on the train, and Jeff and Carola join forces. Carola wastes no time on regrets for the death of her husband. There's four million dollars tied up in this thing, and she's more interested in money than in a man who was more a partner than a husband.

She and Jeff out-maneuver Kingby in New York and collect a million in bonds from Budlow. If they had left it at that, they would have been all right. But they move on to the next will signer, and run right into a trap, which threatens to dispose of them permanently.

The Craig-Hasso team is effective, and has excellent support from Edmund Gwenn, John Warburton and Mabel Paige. — M-G-M.

P. S.

James Craig came to the set one morning looking very pleased—they'd celebrated 7,000 birthdays at his place that morning. The new arrivals to his San Fernando Valley ranch were 7,000 day-old turkeys. The turkeys added to his 1,500 laying chickens means there'll be no egg or poultry shortages at his friends' homes for quite a while. . . . Visitors on the set raised horrified eyebrows every time James called Mabel Paige "Mother Rat"—all in fun of course. Miss Paige, who could pose for a Mother's Day picture any time with her white hair and kindly smile, has a record of film misdeeds long enough to entitle her to a private suite in the state pen. Practically all her screen roles have been innocent sweet old ladies—with a knitting needle in one hand and a gat in the other. . . . Signe Hasso was offered a chance this time to appear as Danny, who is lonely too. Rusty's owner can do nothing with him, and is perfectly willing for Danny to have him. But when the boy tries to pet Rusty, he gets his hand severely bitten. Ann finds out, and naturally refuses to have such a vicious dog in the house. Danny is inconsolable, and at last Ann tells Hugh she thinks they had better let him have the dog. Danny, elated, digs up a German-American dictionary, and by the time he's had Rusty a few days the police dog is obeying his commands. Still, there is no affection or friendliness to it. This worries Danny so much that he solemnly takes Rusty to a psychiatrist he has heard Ann mention. Ann consults the same man about Danny.

Irresistible lips are irresistible . . . divinely soft and lovely with IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED LIPSTICK . . . a deep, rich, dynamic tone that goes on smoothly and stays on longer thanks to Irresistible's secret WHIP-TEXT process. Matching rouge and powder.

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WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R

A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR
and they both get good advice from him.

But Rusty runs away, and that's when the excitement really begins. Because a couple of German saboteurs have arrived in the neighborhood and they find the dog and try to make him into a Nazi all over again. Whether they succeed depends on Danny.

If you like small boys and dogs, you'll like "The Adventures of Rusty."—Col.

**P.S.**

Ted Donaldson, who has never owned a dog in real life, found his co-star in "Rusty" to be an ex-war dog who needed mighty careful handling. When the war broke out, Ace—trained by guards defense plants—was used as a model in training Marine dogs... Before they could work together, Ted and Ace had to have several sessions to become acquainted with each other—with trainer Earl Johnson on hand to see that all went well... For a ball throwing scene Ted was warned to throw the ball from the side or underhanded, never to raise his hand over his head to toss it. Ace had been taught to attack like a flash the minute a hand was raised overhead. Once when Ted forgot, a serious incident came too close for comfort. Needless to say, more than one brow was wiped before it was all over. Director Paul Burnford's first day on the set was enough to drive a man mad—and nearly did. First day of production, his first important picture, and his wife presented him with his first youngster...

When Margaret Lindsay played the young bride in "Cavalcade," the cameraman who worked with her was Al O'Connell. In "Rusty," she and O'Connell met again for the first time since that picture, and in this one she's playing Conrad Nagel's bride. Bet you can guess what O'Connell popped out with—said she was "always a bride..." Wasn't the Pied Piper of Hamelin on the loose the day Ted and his friends disappeared? Out on location, the first aid man on the set was occupying his spare moments by carving things out of the plentiful supply of wood around. One day the kids were found in a circle in the woods, all industriously creating masterpieces under the supervision of the carver.

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

Lynn Bari visited the Army hospital in Vancouver, Washington, nearly a year ago, and I shall never forget what I saw her do at that time. Plans had been made for her to eat at the table with the officers, where she would be served with them. When she entered the mess hall, however, she refused her place as "guest," joined the enlisted men's waiting line, had her plate filled when her turn came, and then carried her tray to a bench, where she sat among the enlisted men. She accepted no special privileges. Up to that time the enlisted men had felt that the officers got all the breaks whenever a celebrity visited camp. Miss Bari, whether she realized it or not, did a great deal toward boosting army morale by her simple gesture of sticking with the enlisted men.

Doris Burns, Portland, Oregon
Perfectly happy?
Think the world's swell?
Then sit this out, 'cause
we're talking about fresh
starts and getting
gay and getting guys.

CO-ED LETTERBOX

What's the kindest way to tell a boy you
no longer love him? Bill and I were en-
gaged before he went overseas, and now,
two years later, he's back and it's just not
the same. B.Y., Chico, Iowa.

First of all, give the guy a chance. He
needs a while to reorient himself from
soldier to civilian. If, after two months
or so, you still feel as you do, it will be
fairly obvious to him that things have
changed. It is even possible that he'll
feel differently about you. Talk the thing
out honestly, making it clear that it is
nobody's fault—least of all his, and im-
pressing on him the fact that you still
consider him a very superior guy. Make
the break clean, with no ifs, ands or
buts to keep him dawdling, and send him
off with his self-confidence intact, and
no bitterness in his heart toward you.

I can't make up my mind which of two
soldiers I love best. They've both asked
me to wait for them. What to do? C.W.,
Eureka, Utah.

You've heard it before, but it still
goes. If you think you love two men
(Continued on page 97)
A girl who wouldn’t say YES...meets a man who wouldn’t take NO for an answer!

There’s a YES in my whistle!
It goes like this....

ONE whistle and
TWO whistles and
THREE whistles and

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rosalind Lee
RUSSELL BOWMAN

in
She Wouldn’t Say Yes

with
ADELE JERGENS • CHARLES WINNINGER
HARRY DAVENPORT • SARA HADEN

Screenplay by Virginia Van Upp, John Jacoby and Sarett Tobias

Produced by
VIRGINIA VAN UPP
Directed by
ALEXANDER HALL
Fresher charm—appealing new softness—come to your skin with your first cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay’s daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion!

READ MRS. ROSS’ STORY

Twenty—love! Ellen an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, “I care for it with Camay—for with the first cake I used, my complexion sparkled clearer and fresher.”

Moonlight—and Home! Ellen’s thoughts turn to days ahead. “I want to keep ‘just married’ happiness. And to keep my Camay complexion, I’m staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.” For your new beauty, pat on Camay—so mild it cleanses without irritation. Rinse warm. Add a COLD splash for oily skin. Repeat night and morning.

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!
If you've ever had a letter from us (who hasn't?!) you've noticed the slogan on the cute little backside of our envelope: MODERN SCREEN, the Friendly Magazine. It's a unique slogan, and we are fiercely sentimental about it. It has helped us grow. And as we've grown, our genial slogan has embraced countless new friends.

This month, MODERN SCREEN's circulation reaches an all-time high of 1,700,000. The way Henry and I look at it, that's one million seven hundred thousand very real and live friends who stand by us each month. And if you can do that, we want to stand by you!

Most of you are young. You buy MODERN SCREEN because you're crazy about Frankie and Van Johnson and June Allyson and all the others. But you have other needs, too. Youth is a tough racket. Henry Malmgreen and I would be letting you down if we didn't use the power of our magazine to help you get the most out of being young.

From this proud sense of responsibility stem the various services we offer. In the last couple of years, MODERN SCREEN has mailed out well over a million advice charts and personal letters.

No letter to MODERN SCREEN goes unanswered. If you write Henry ribbing him about that ridiculous hair-do he affects, you'll get back a blistering squelch in nothing flat. If you write Jean Kinkead (page 26) to find out why that cute GI stopped writing, she'll do her best to plumb the mystery for you. Beverly Linet, the mad genius, will answer anything at all about movie stars (page 90). Our Super Coupon (page 22) lists twenty advice and information charts. There's Harry James' brand new Band chart and Bev's Superchart with info on five hundred movie personalities. If you want to improve your dancing, lose weight or gain boy friends, just turn to the Super Coupon!

For the most part you'll want information. You'll get it—in great abundance. But if it's comfort you want or Dutch Uncle talk, you'll never find the Friendly Magazine wanting.

Executive Editor.
"Too many women may be bad," cracked Errol on New Year's Eve, "but not enough is certainly worse."

Helmut danced in the Tyrol with Claudette Colbert and never forgot. Years later, he asked, "Remember?"
Like the one when the lights went out—and Van Johnson was caught without a girl!

“Tell the kids about some of the parties you’ve been to,” says Albert.

“Have a heart, sonny. Thirty years I’ve been going to parties. How d’you expect me to get ’em sorted out?”

“Easy,” says Al, who doesn’t have to do the job; he just dishes it out. “Your memory’s a grab-bag. Stick in your thumb, pull out a plum, and go on from there.”

Being simple minded, I like games. Grab! and out came a dinner party at Norma Shearer’s, vedy vedy swank. Only she’d invited Betsy and Gene Kelly, who own as much swank between them as would balance on an eyelash.

In England they call it drawing room—short for withdrawing—because the ladies withdrew after dinner, leaving the gentlemen to brandy, cigars and masculine (Continued on page 99)
Sure, Dane offered to help pack a picnic lunch, but editors Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen (the crew cut with the cruller), certainly never expected a reception like this! And at seven a.m., no less!

“Let's keep it gay,” we said, “let's keep it light.” So when Dane Clark blew into town we blew the works — sandwiches, jive and two beautiful gals in a park.

A New York boy from 'way back, Dane decided to instruct Shirley (the beautiful) and Peggy (the blonde) in the etiquette of dunking. “See little pinky outstretched, girls, and no fair going beyond the elbow…”

The dishes cleared away (“We'll take turns,” he said, “Breakfast was swank, but lunch we'll eat my way!”), Dane settled down to autographing the girls’ M.S. Fan Club Association cards.
By 9 o'clock they hit the park and Dane got chummy with the hackman's hoss. "I like horses," he insisted, "look what they did for Bing!"

"But what'll your public think," bellowed the cameraman, "kissing nags? Do something different!" "Sure," grinned our hero, "this one's for fun!" And planted a smack on startled, pleased Peggy.

- "I'm coming home, fellas," Dane wrote us, "I'm coming home to live!" So natch, what could we do but roll out a red carpet, blare out a bugle and grin? Because Dane Clark's one of our favoritest people, and when he forsakes the tall trees and the smudge pots for grubby little us (so what if he was coming East anyhow for that Strand Theater appearance?), well, no red carpet's red enough! "I want to see skyscrapers again and Brooklyn Bridge and an Automat," he wrote. "And especially I want to see Shirley Elman and Peggy Field. Honest, fellas, the way those girls organized a fan club for me, the way they slaved..." So even if the paper shortage held up our shots of the buildings and the Bridge, we did get you Central Park at noon, we did get you this Great Day'n the Morning...
If you think Peggy was hot and bothered, you should've seen the melon! It got lugged from cab to hock, from suite to park—it got liquidated!
The trouble started when Dane got spring fever and went dancing with barefoot Shirley to the strains of Al's portable. There's the "trouble" back there—a gong of "Dead Enders."

"Hey, is that Dano Clark, huh, mistuh, huh?" they asked. "Sure." "Aw, he don't look so tough, he don't look like no big shot," they jeered. But all Dane did was sit tight, eat his fifth sandwich—and bide his time.

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

This is the sort of photo you find in Granny's album—"Portrait of Five Young People Eating Their Heads Off and Enjoying it."
It was getting hot, the Dead Enders were getting hep, and anyhow, ice cream tastes better out at sea. So off they drifted to mid-lake.

UP IN
CENTRAL
PARK

But does Dane take it easy? Does he read a book or get a sunburn or snore? No. He gets the rowboat snagged on a clump of seaweed and needs a private cheering section (Peggy) and a personal water cooling system (Shirley) to boost him on.
"She's safe!" "She's out!" "Whaddya mean she's safe? She's out!" With 8 months of professional baseball behind him, Dane's a whiz at bat, did everything but crown ump Al D. with a pop bottle and slam that ball clear to Ebbets' Field.

Home in a hack. Dane's got a date to spread Coney Island with the Dead Enders, the gals have sore feet and their heads in the clouds. The weather was fine, wish you'd been there, up in Central Park . . .

Always the gentleman, he left Shirley room to top him. By this time the Dead Enders had seen the muscles, heard the roars, recognized a champ—they were getting impressed.

By the time he decided to apply the palm of the hand to the shaft of the oar, the Dead Enders had organized a highly vocal roazzing team. That boat made land in 15 minutes flat!
At CBS, Bob grins over a GI gag pulled in New Guinea. His show interrupted by Bombers taking off, he asked, "What goes?" "Oh, Fred Allen's nearby—those guys are after jokes!"

"The House I Live In"

The street was empty and from corner to corner the store fronts and the house windows were dark. A faint light gleamed over the entrance to a building in the middle of the block. It shone weakly on two stone tablets set in a niche over the large, carved wooden door. It was a quiet street and now, late at night, it was as silent as a moment of prayer.

Suddenly a rock hurtled through the air. The small bulb over the tablets shattered in a spray of fine glass. There was the sound of rushing feet. In the thin light from a sliver of moon two shadows appeared. One of them carried something round, can-shaped, in one hand, and it made a tinny, gurgling sound as it swung. They worked swiftly for a few minutes. And then they were gone.

It was morning before the old men came to the building. They came early to say their (Continued on page 87)
Frank's new short, one of his and Marvyn Leroy's top contributions to the cause of tolerance, incorporates many of the talks F. gave on his "tour for democracy."

Just before overseaing. Frank recorded several S. A. tunes with Xavier Cugat had to switch to civvies at Army's request—G's want glammer tags!

Frank's super record collection of 150 albums is—pure long-hair, with those negro spirituals he disced with the Charioteers holding top honors.
Deep, dark secret: John's a poet who's had stanzas published! But he's no sissy; when house needed plumbing, he dug ditches himself!

Johnny's got a jinx: His dad gave him a ring he'd worn for 50 years without losing. After one scene in new pic, "The Dolly Sisters," ring disappeared!
Pink booties or blue booties, there's a gleam in the John Paynes' eyes that spells b-a-b-y!

On June 28th, Gloria and John Payne celebrated their 6-month anniversary. He gave her a two-toned gold ring, to match the pin-and-earring set he'd given her at Christmas, when she was still Gloria De Haven. She gave him socks and stuff. They had dinner at Somerset House, topped off by a look-in at Slapsy Maxie's. But they didn't stay late. John's working in "The Enchanted Voyage." Gloria won't be going back to work for quite a while, but she starts yawning early nowadays.

There's never been any cleavage in her mind on the great Hollywood problem of career vs. marriage. As a bride of ten days, she said: "I'll go on working, but only so long as it doesn't interfere with John's happiness. Our happiness, I should say, for it comes to the same thing—"

You've heard other brides voice like sentiments and change their minds overnight, so you grow skeptical. But there's something about this one that compels your faith. You've seen her on the screen—a gay, pretty kid who wins you by the grace of her talents, but gives you no hint of the girl who married John Payne. Dignity is perhaps an unexpected word to use in connection with one so young, but Gloria has it—together with a child's clear honesty and a native wisdom you'd be glad to meet in a woman twice her years. She speaks quietly, making no effort to impress or convince you. The upshot is, if she told you she'd rather wear lisle than nylons, you'd believe it.

One morning John went with her to the doctor's office, where their hope about the baby was confirmed. Gloria promptly told (Continued on page 146)
Lucky Bum

by Kirtley Baskette...

Only a four-leaved clover guy like Bob Mitchum could be kidnapped by moonshiners, then grow up to bake cakes... and keep champs!
Bob's a romantic lead who dotes on his family, his rented home in W. H'wood; an ex-hoss opry hero who hates horses.

Even after hitting the big-time in "30 Sec. Over Tokyo," (here with Van J.), Bob insists he has no talent—"just luck."
Not till M-G-M signed him was Bud Alderdice translated into Tom Drake—an event shrouded deep in the future on that day in late summer when Bud, seventeen, and his year older sister, Claire, drove to New York to take a crack at Broadway.

Their father had been dead six years, their mother six weeks. Their assets consisted of one season (for Bud) with Reginald Goode's stock company in Poughkeepsie, a modest income and the large dreams of youth. . . .

On Riverside Drive they found an apartment in a renovated private house, which they took because it had a back-yard for Wrinkle, their Great Dane. It became headquarters for a bunch of kids from Poughkeepsie, including Chris Curtis, the 15-year-old who'd developed a crush on Bud that summer— "If you get out of high school at 15," her mother had promised, "you can have a year in New York before going to college—"

This was her year, but college was no part of her program. At Poughkeepsie, someone discovered that she had a voice. Fine, she'd study opera. "You'll never get any further than op," Bud assured her kindly. "Better go in for nightclub singing." It was his idea to own a nightclub some day. "I might even (Continued on page 114)

The Drakes, Tom and Chris, prefer their hearthside to gallivanting, specialize in small gatherings with good talk, music and food. Rugged, Tom's sole claim to cooking fame is "salad di Cicco"—with coddled egg dressing!

Life wasn't kind to the kid with the lost looking eyes, but now, after the grief and the fight and the loneliness.

Tom's heart is home again.
Tom's piled up a heap of habits in his 27 years; like collecting thousands of pictures of horses, like never outgrowing his crush on Amelia Earhart and loving burnt toast and grabbing the check and singing off key.

I've never met anyone I haven't learned something from," he vows, "nor anyone I didn't adore—or detest—on sight." (With the wee O'Brien on a Lux Show.)
Three eager people stood expectantly on the leeside of the administration building at the Long Beach Army Air Base and watched the planes come in. "I certainly hope he isn’t in that little bumblebee," said Lon McCallister’s grandmother as she eyed a Mustang disapprovingly.

Lon’s mother shook her head. "He said he was hitchplaning on a C-54, whatever that is."

Lon’s grandfather came to the rescue with some potent information. "That—coming in right over there—is a C-54."

Three bodies leaned forward. (Continued on page 135)
One Sunday morning in July, 1944, an earnest student was bent over a desk with a city map under one fist and a red pencil in the other. Until that moment, Gregory Peck had been a casual traveler along Los Angeles' city streets; he had eased his way from one studio to another, from his home to the homes of friends, recognizing a tree here, a house there, a filling station or a drugstore. He always managed to reach his destination, but the process required one thing he thought he might lack on the run he was going to make some time soon: Time.

So Gregory made a road map, indicating the fastest, least traffic-ridden route from his home to the hospital, fourteen miles distant. Then he said to Greta, "I think we should make a test run."

"Seems kind of silly when Junior isn't due for at least three weeks yet," said Mrs. Peck mildly. She is not the nervous type. "I'd feel better about it if I'd checked my time," said the father-to-be. So he and Greta set out, driving cautiously but with an eye on the clock.

When they reached the hospital, they hastened to the reception desk and were met by the starched and professional smile of the nurse on duty. "Yes?" she said.

"Exactly what does one do when one is going to have a baby?" demanded Gregory. The nurse drew a fresh form from a nearby drawer and poised an efficient pen. "Your name?" she said, beaming on Mrs. Peck.

"No, no," said (Continued on page 92)
She was a funny, skinny little kid. Always reading Shakespeare aloud. Or crying over a stray cat.

“Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight.” She was a skinny little girl with an ice cream cone in one hand and a pair of roller skates in the other, and her face was screwed up with the intensity of wishing... The little girl became a rangy seventeen-year-old, standing in front of Sardi’s a little before curtain time. And if you saw her there, briefly searching the sky, her bright mane tossed back, you just assumed she was posing a little—the kid liked to pose—and you never dreamed that perhaps she was praying... Seventeen became twenty, and she was a suave, wonderful-looking gal on the way to the premiere of her first movie, (Continued on page 81)
Esther’s the kind of gal
who looks as though she breakfasts
on bubbles—and then turns
around and murders a 3-pound steak!

For four months Esther Williams had been collecting pretty pink pay-checks from the studio for having nothing but fun. For a whole year before that she’d turned the talent scouts down cold, telling them she didn’t think she’d make a movie star. And even after signing, she’d walked straight up to the studio execs who were acting as if they’d just hit Bingo, and said, “Look, fellows—I’ve got news for you. I can’t act!” On this particular day, diving in and out of the pool, she had a feeling that pretty soon now, those execs were going to start believing her.

When the telephone message came, the nasty little premonition stuck out its tongue and said “See? This is it!” Sure enough, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, the head man himself, wanted her to get over to his office at once. Any other time she would have stopped to curl her hair, or waited for her eyes to stop being red from the chlorine in the pool. Now, she merely slipped into something dryer than a swim suit, and slap-dashed a powder puff across her pert nose.

“You don’t have to go formal to be fired—” she told herself, and it didn’t sound funny.

By the time she reached the studio she was as forlorn as the heroine in a sad movie.

Mr. Mayer is a fellow who likes his little joke, only it wasn’t showing on him when she reached the inner sanctum. To her, he looked like a man suffering from a painful duty.

“Sit down—” he said, putting the tips of his fingers together and looking at her solemnly through half closed eyes. Then, clearing his throat, “Since I have only one thing to say, the quickest way is to say it—”
She's forever late, forever eating (who ever saw a fat mermaid?), forever gay. “When Esther was born,” confides her mom, “God must have said, ‘This one’s for laughs.’”

Mr. Mayer, however, was walking to the door and grasping the knob firmly: “There’s a gentleman who has offered to help you make your screen test—” He was saying, “He’s on vacation and has come into the studio specially, so I’d like you to do it this afternoon—”

He opened the door and just outside stood Clark Gable “—in all his glory!” says Esther, who still gets fireflies in her brown eyes when she thinks of it. She didn’t know how it had happened. How Clark, seeing some of her preliminary tests run off, had seen a girl with a warmth and eagerness he was sure the fans would like, and that this was his way of betting on it. (Continued on page 141)
She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

Nancy Jane MacBurney engaged to Robert Francis Reynolds Flying Officer, R. A. F.

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto “someday.”

Another Pond’s bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating “soft-smooth” Pond’s complexion.

This is Nancy Jane’s fundamental daily skin care...

She smooths white, fluffy Pond’s Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond’s — working the cream over her face with little spiral whirls of her fingertips. Tissues off again. This second creaming-over “leaves my face feeling like silk,” she says. “and so clean.”

Use your Pond’s Cold Cream Nancy Jane’s “twice-over” way—every night, every morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. It’s no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond’s to any other face cream at any price.

Get a big jar today—you’ll love the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond’s Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

A few of the many Pond’s Society Beauties: Viscountess Tarbat; Mrs. Allan A. Ryan; Miss Mimi McAdoo.

NANCY JANE MACBURNEY—Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it’s fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her lovely, clear soft skin.

JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS—Charming Nancy Jane MacBurne, sings with the boys at a USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Many girls are serving as Canteen hostesses. Couldn't you help in your locality?

HER BEAUTY CARE—Pond’s Cold Cream. "The cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream I know."

THE RING Bob gave her just before he took off for England
"What's six years, anyway?" muttered John Dall through clenched teeth. "I still wanna be an actor!"

Johnny come lately

"Mm-mm, letter from Louella!" John Dall's mom, sorting the morning mail, was distinctly pleased.

"Louella, no less," grinned John. "And you're the gal who couldn't stand anything connected with the acting profession. Remember?"

Henry (which, believe it or not is his mom's first name) was too engrossed with Louella Parsons' note to retaliate. Johnny sat staring at her, feeling again like pinching himself because the whole business was so incredible. Here he was, the family black sheep, the guy who had tossed overboard a scholarship at Yale, an assured career in engineering for a 100 to 1 shot at the theater—here he was, basking in the adulation of his mother, of his paratrooping brother, of a lot of total strangers. Fans, yet. He, old Johnny Dall, a fugitive from dinners at the Chock Full O' Nuts and very brief, very unremunerative walk-on parts, with fans! It had been a long hard pull, but looking back, it seemed neither long nor hard. Looking back, he'd had an awful lot of fun.

Johnny knew that he wanted to act when he was very young. Maybe seven or eight. He had a girl cousin named Parker McCormick, and between them they built a bright and beautiful world. A world of home-made costumes and glued- (Continued on page 58)

"Beautiful trash" is how John describes his pulp magazine stories. Pen name, to confuse family, was H. Treadwell Vanderwall!

At 14, Johnny got radio bid to sing (soprano). Mama rounded up dating friends, shined up her "Dalling," but one look at mike and John fainted dead away! (With Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green."
No other Shampoo
leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! Extra lustre... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. Such manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. Complete removal of unsightly dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Jewels in your Hair
for After-Dark Glamour

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

Lisa Fonssagrives... glamorous New York fashion model,
Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

This turquoise tiara certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoo unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A gold bracelet was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

We've large combs set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo
WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION
Product of Procter & Gamble
Johnny Come Lately

(Continued from page 56)

on moustaches. A world of glowing, if imaginary, press notices and thunderous—oh thunderous—applause. The plays that they gave were made up out of their heads and involved dozens of story lines, each with a different kind of accent. No children's plays for them, but war stuff and drama of the heaviest kind.

When John was ten, his father's work took the whole family to Panama, and—away from Parker's encouragement and interest—he temporarily ditched the theater. If he had been older, he would have felt lost, but when you are ten, the world is so full of a number of things... He played baseball and learned to speak fluent Spanish. He also made up his mind to become a writer. He was gone for four years, and it was an enchanted era studded with jaunts to places like Haiti and Cuba, the Bahamas, a heavenly period of erratic schooling and a great deal of fun.

His was a congenial family, in spite of the fact that John's brother Worthington (whom, as a child, he used to call One-to-Ten) was nine years older than John, and in spite of the usual family run-ins.

There was, for instance, the time on the trip to Panama when the ship ran into a terrible storm. The waves were Alpine, and the ship bobbed like a cork. The whole family, with the exception of John, was felled with seasickness.

"Get out of the cabin, dear," John's mother murmured from her bed, unable to bear the sight of his rosy, smiling face another minute.

"Where'll I go?" he whined. "There's no one to play with."

"Just go," she said. "Anywhere."

John trekked down to the dining room, returning presently with a bowl of fruit and a rich looking cake. "Here, mom," he said, munching an apple in her ear, exuding health. No member of the family spoke to him for days afterwards.

There was the period when he was about eleven when he made the family's life wretched hounding them for a monkey. He gave them no peace night or day. "They're a lot of work, dear," his mother would say to him.

"I don't care," he'd insist doggedly. "I'll do everything for it. You'll never know it's in the house." That was prophetic.

monkeysnipes...

In the end his mom was beaten down, and they went off to a pet shop to buy the animal. It cost $5, and John bore it triumphantly off. However, in the car, it first sat at him, then clawed him, and it was just getting ready to tear him limb from limb when he got it back to the pet man. They didn't wait to retrieve their money. It was worth ten to get rid of him.

"You would have a monkey, dear," his mother told him gently, expecting him to be crestfallen, prepared to hug and comfort him if he should cry or anything.

"Yeah," he murmured. "I know.

But what I really want is a dog." He was really a most annoying child.

Incidentally, they did get a dog when they returned to the United States. They were living in Maryland at the time, and they bought a beautiful collie called "Buster." When the family took a trip out West at one point, they shipped Buster to some friends in Westchester for a visit. However, he ran away from them and reappeared at the house in Maryland three months later, rags of paw and many of fur. The poor pup died soon after, and that was John's last encounter with animal ownership. He now contents himself with petting other people's dogs and looking wistfully in pet shop windows.

He went to high school at Horace Mann in New York, but during this time his interest in acting revived, and he worked with little theater groups after hours. He was a funny, shy kid, torn between this violent desire to act and horror of being stared at. He was devoid of the exhibitionism that is characteristic of most actors. Not only that, but he loathed girls, and long succumbed to ballet.

"Girls," he would say, "are dopes.

"What about Parker?" his mother would ask him. "You're devoted to Parker."

"Parker," he realized then that he had never consciously thought of her as a girl before. She'd always been, well, just Parker. "Yeah, that's right," he said. But it didn't change his feeling toward women in general. It remained for a session at the Theodora Irvine Dramatic School to accomplish the metamorphosis from gal-hater to gal-ater—one extreme to another.

He graduated from Horace Mann, and Parker—who was studying at the Irvine school—persuaded Miss Irvine to take on John as a pupil. She agreed, but was something less than enthusiastic about him. He was all arms and legs and whenever he had to do a love scene, he'd freeze. "Look, Miss Irvine would say. "You like this girl, see? You're crazy about her." And after a while he'd get the hang of it, and she'd have to yell at him, "Now don't overact, John."

Along about this time, he began to talk to his mother about acting as a career.

"Do the Barrymores design bridges?" she used to ask him. Honest compell him to say, "No," and then she had him.

"Well," she'd say triumphantly. Her meaning was clear. John's dad had been a successful engineer and so had his dad.

Theodore's dad had been the Worthington pumper. By rights John should have been a terrific craftsman, a fast man with a slide rule. A crisp, terse, efficient individual. Instead, he sauntered, he ganged, he was aimless with the stars. Eventually, of course, his mother agreed to let him take a flying at acting. "Get it out of your system, but don't let her put it, "then come back to the fold."

John joined Clare Tree Major's famous Children's Theater, and toured the schools of the country doing "Little John" in "Robin Hood." He liked it, but he always felt a little sad because he could never make friends with the kids. With his blacked-out teeth and frowzy hairdo, he was nobody's dream boy; and when the play was over and the children came up on the stage, they always gave him plenty of elbow room and screamed if he smiled at them. Only once did a child come near him, and she had her mother in tow for protection. She was a small girl of ten, evidently her parents, with actors had been through the movies, of course they are flat and two-dimensional. She walked around and around John, saying him from every angle, and finally she squealed, "why mama, he's round!

There followed six long years of stock, during which he made friends with people like Laurence Bacall, and tided himself over from walk-on to walk-on with odd jobs like selling pajamas in Macy's and carrying Schwab's to the streets. A tiny break was the role of "Janie," then Quiz West in "Eve of St. Mark." Warners noticed him and put him under contract. There were (Continued on page 60).
A room with a view, when you're outside looking in! Bates College Board members, Eva Blackmer, St. Mary's and Joyce Franklin, Carnegie Tech, made four-walls-and-a-window into a dream-dorm with Bates "Alpine" Bedspreads and Matching Draperies. "Alpine" also comes in blue or rose.

Claire McCardell (seated), famous American designer, features Bates fine poplin with an old-time calico print in her fashion-flash pantaloon inspiration.

Smart Girls Leave Home

Start your trunk-packing with Bates Bedspreads and Matching Draperies, and first-year dorm decoration is one required "course" you'll breeze through. Bates new patterns are as fashion important as your knee length tapered shorts—as colorful as your own special clan plaid shirt. The spreads are wrinkle-proof, easy to launder, and reversible. Matching draperies, pinch-pleated and ready to hang, go up in two minutes flat. Wartime limitations still restrict production of Bates bedspreads and draperies. If your favorite store does not have the pattern you want... please try again.

BATES FABRICS, INC., DEPT. B, 80 WORTH ST., N. Y. 13.
nine long months of waiting around. Then, the marvelous break in "The Corn is Green," and after that, the Broadway hit, "Dear Ruth." He's made, that Johnny Dall, and the only person who isn't surprised is Parker—married now to a G.I. mom of a two-year-old son. Why the hysteries? she asks people. "Johnny was always magnificent."

While he was appearing in "Dear Ruth" he lived on 55th Street in New York City; loved the street because it had trees. His apartment had a tiny kitchenette, a bath, but little hot water. It was furnished, for Johnny owns no furniture and is repelled by the idea of being tied to any one thing. He detests the country and the suburbs of New York City and is his idea of no-man's-land. Once he was invited to spend a week-end in Hartdale in Westchester County. His host had intimated that it was just a step from Manhattan, so Johnny hopped in a cab. They rode and rode and rode.

"No distance at all, was it, boy?" his host greeted him when he finally arrived. "Heck, yes," John said. "We came by way of Canada."

He spends his free time going to plays and movies, and when he was doing "Dear Ruth," he'd return from his wandering to sleep in whatever show he'd seen. After "The Mask of Demetrius" he found himself spitting out words, flouting his profile. When he saw Brian Aherne, he returned full of fire, very dramatic.

The kids in the cast couldn't wait for him to see "The Glass Menagerie" so he came back reeking of Laurette Taylor.

He has definite ideas on women. He likes 'em unpredictable and slightly on the screwball side. Like Roz Russell, he prefers them hatless, with flowers in their hair. (He sends 'em.) Loves low necks, per- fume, warm colors. He likes his girls bright—and if they've read Virginia Woolf, James Joyce and Prokosch, all the better; and he likes them funny, a sense of humor being his idea of a pretty neat down.

He was married briefly to a non-professional, and he's made up his mind that the next time it's going to stick. Meanwhile, he's got a string of telephone numbers a mile long, and he's enjoying his freedom.

Steadiest gal is his cute mom whom he regularly whips out to a dinner and a movie. She comes up to him and gives him a hug, between Boyer and Bogart, but is very cagey about admitting this yen for Bogey.

"There's that Bogart picture," she'll say. "Of course, he's awful, but his pictures are pretty good."

"You're nuts about him, Toots," John tells her, and then she'll say, "Oh, John, for heaven's sake!" And they'll wind up at the Bette Davis place. That's John's gal. He'll never forget how well she was to him while they were making "Corns."

It's a good life; good food, nice dames, work that he loves. But it's a screwy thing, being the white-haired boy after all the lean years. This business of having his mom with Lollie: of having a fan club ("The Dall House") and getting roses from the kids and having guys like Winchell say he's hot. He's crossing his fingers and hoping it lasts. For a hundred years, for our drought.
AMERICAN BEAUTY BRUNETTE

by Alex Ross

FAMOUS ARTIST PORTRAIYS VELVET-SMOOTH SKIN-TONES WHICH CAN BE YOURS WITH THIS ORIGINAL SHADE OF CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER

A triumph of rich, sleek loveliness! Cashmere Bouquet's Rose Brunette is a new "Flower-fresh" powder shade tempting in its smooth, dark glow. A vibrantly youthful shade that goes on sheer as morning mist, yet veils tiny skin blemishes flawlessly . . . that clings hours to bring your complexion fresh loveliness that will take your breath—and his. And whatever your type, there's a new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Powder just for you.

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, *Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!
It's smart, modern, exciting, the new

FLOATING FACIAL *

*Literally floats off pore-clogging make-up remnants, grease, grime or-
dinary "beauty" creams may miss.

A CREAM must liquify quickly and thor-
oughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-
ning debris...dirt, grime, grease, stale, old makeup...and particularly,
stubborn cake makeup!

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY—

Albolene, 100% pure, crystal clear, liquefies on application, sweeping away gently and thoroughly these menaces to beauty...conditioning your complexion for truly subtle, flattering makeup effects.

You see, Albolene is all-cleansing...no fillers or chemicals...and none of the water most "beauty" creams contain.

Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture...how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh makeup looks.

Thrill to an Albolene Floating Facial today! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction of the cost—from 10¢ trial size to big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

 maken this revealing test—

Remove your old make-up...one side with present "beauty" cream, the other side with Albolene Cleansing Cream. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene side. See how clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty" creamed side. See the tell-

tale smudge...from left-on makeup, grease, grime...

Jan smooths on cleansing cream; excess is whipped off with tissue.

Daily care results in a velvety skin like Jan Clayton's of M-G-M.

facing forward, I see by the calendar, means that soon we'll be smack in the middle of winter. But that doesn't worry the Beauty Department. Hollywood wonder girls always look deliciously delectable because, come snow, sleet, rain or sleet, they make skin care as definite a part of their routine as boning up on their new scripts. And all of us MODERN SCREEN-ers are going to learn to be as wise—and as pretty—by studying winter-tide glamor.

Our pictured beauty, Jan Clayton, and her actress friends aren't afraid of close-
ups because their skin is always radiantly well groomed. How do you stack up?

Ivory brow and dewy cheek, non-shine nose and velvet lips? Or, tsk, tsk, does the doleful state of your epidermis make you shudder at sight of a mirror?

If the verdict is negative, modern cosmetics and a bit of native wit will remedy the situation. Preserving an elegant complexion is an art and a science. Set to work with the fine collection of beautifiers that any American girl can star on her dressing table. National brands that brighten counters in your local variety store are probably the very same ones that your movie favorite totes in her makeup box.

(Continued on page 64)
Portrait of a woman
who has just had her first
Helene Curtis permanent...

A Helene Curtis Cold Wave...

the whole thing was
an astonishing experience
in cool comfort.

But most exciting of all
were the results.

Hair silky, lustrous, alive...
miraculously natural looking and
curled right down to the scalp
with spring and softness.

But no need to envy
the lady at the right.

Simply do as she did.

Ask for, insist on

Helene Curtis COLD WAVES

FROM $10 TO $50 . . . REMEMBER, HELENE CURTIS IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PRODUCTS FOR THE BEAUTY SHOP
TO THE CLEANERS. Oil debbil Winter, if unchecked, can hang icicles on the finest complexion. Foil him with emollients and lotions and a dash of forethought. But a face must be clean before it can even begin to be beautiful! The tools for this important job are cleansing cream, soap and water. Pat the cream on in brisk, upward motions. Feels good, doesn't it? Soil and stale makeup dissolve...and whisk off efficiently with soft cleansing tissue. Now lather up snowy clouds of Suds with a fine facial soap teamed with complexion brush or sturdy wash cloth. Set to work with a will; scrub gently but thoroughly. Then, with water, rinse, rinse and rinse. Top off this ritual with an exhilarating dash of skin freshener.

Make with this cleansing business as many times a day as possible. Hollywood darlings, the wise minxes, would almost prefer to clean their faces than sign a new contract. They know makeup is at its best when applied to a clean, healthy skin. And let nothing dissuade you from the complete cream-soap-and-water routine at night. You can't expect to have pleasant dreams with a dirty face...and you certainly won't have a pretty complexion!

Be sure that you're well supplied with clean-up fixings. Your bathroom cabinet and dressing table are stocked with creams, soap, lotions and tissue, of course, but how about your kit in the office desk, classroom cubby hole or factory locker? For the skin that rates raves, you must be prepared to take your face to the cleaners wherever you may be. Incidentally, when your seconds are heavily rationed, special cleansing pads do a grand hurry-up job.

Drying Humor. A dry joke is generally funnier...but with faces, we want them pretty, not funny! If you belong to the dry-skinned sisterhood, let your cleansing cream be the "fatty" lubricating type. The longer it remains on your face, the better. First bind your hair out of the way in a gay bandanna or net. Slather on the cream (with freshly washed hands, of course) and let it remain while you do your nails, take a cat nap, or better still, while you soak comfortably in a scented bath. Steam from the tub, acting on the cream, will leave your skin soft and satiny.

You'll need daily soap-and-water treatments to remove dead, flaky, top-layer skin...use a mild super-fatted soap or one with an oil or cold cream base. Follow each washing with an application of soothing lotion or cream to keep your skin soft. An overly-dry skin always holds threat of wrinkles, fine lines and "lath print." You can soft pedal these beauty off-notes with a nightly application of special dry-skin, emollient or all-purpose cream. Massage the beauty-making stuff gently around eyes, nose and mouth, and don't neglect throat and forehead. Remove excess cream with tissues, but leave a light film to beautify your skin while you slumber.

The Other Extreme. If you're the girl who lists over-active oil glands as her chief beauty woe, you tackle your problem a bit differently than your dry skinned sister does. Realize that your sebaceous glands are working overtime, and that all your efforts should be toward normalizing them.

You should clean your face even more frequently than the average girl because an oily skin succumbs easily to the ills of, blackheads and large pores. Use a liquifying cleansing cream or a liquid

---

“Heart-Throb” is the word for Yvonne DeCarlo’s Hands

YOU: What wouldn’t I give for such dear, soft hands!

YVONNE DE CARLO: Have them easily—with Jergens Lotion.

YOU: But what’s your hand care, Miss DeCarlo?

YVONNE DE CARLO: Oh, I always use Jergens.

Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Find out why: Soft-hand protection is so sure, when you use Jergens regularly. Most hand skin needs extra softening moisture, which Jergens Lotion provides. Doctors can tell! Many doctors help coarsened skin toward dearly-desired smoothness by applying 2 special ingredients—both in your Jergens. No disagreeable stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this lovely, practically professional hand care.

FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE JERGENS LOTION
you are a bright girl who wants tresses glamorous à la Andrea, you’ll see to it that your locks are sudsed regularly. How frequently your hair needs a bath depends upon its condition. Oily hair should be dumped in the basin once a week or oftener; dry hair, at least once every two weeks. Take normal hair to the cleaners every ten days or so.

your hair

If, perchance, you think correct shampooing is a bit too tricky for the amateur, why don’t you trade shampoos with a chum? Example, a Friday night or a Saturday morning date is fun. Then you gals can help one another to thorough hair polishing jobs.

Knead your scalp energetically to achieve a rich, creamy lather. Work the billowy, clean-making stuff into every strand of hair. Rinse with clean water and repeat the sudsing process for a complete job. Andrea says that if she’s been in soot-laden city air, she often repeats the soaping a third time. She tells me that many film beauties do this.

Oil for Troubled Waves. The sun shines brightly all the time in California (Andrea is emphatic about this) but cinema belles never suffer from harsh, dry, sun-burned ringlets. At the first sign of dry-hair-itis, they pamper their parched locks with an oil treatment. For the benefit of you dry-haired lassies who would be as beauty-wise, here’s the method: Preface each shampoo with a hot-oil application (for best results, the night before the sudsing). First, thoroughly brush your tangled locks. Then, with cotton or a small brush dipped in warm oil, apply the lubricant to the scalp with a steady scrubbing motion. To simplify matters, part your hair in one-inch square sections and scrub along these parts. Also, rub oil into the ends of hair. Good-bye to dry, split ends!

Mine’s Oily. If that’s your plaint, and if you would instead have curls as silky textured as Andrea’s, learn to use your hairbrush energetically, for brushing is grand at normalizing both under- and over-active oil glands. But brushing by itself will not do the trick. Not by a long shot. You should invest in a shampoo that has a quieting effect on over-active oil glands. Wash your hair more frequently than your dry-pated sister... both to remove excess oil and to keep your tresses spanning clean, for oily locks have a tendency to dull quickly. While washing, knead with bent fists until your scalp tingles. For your shampoo finale, try a rinse. Rinses do loads to cut the soap film. They add glamor, too! Between shampoos, you’ll find that a cleansing lotion with a slightly drying effect is helpful.

(Continued on page 125)
1. Al Schmid (J. Garfield) is a gay kid who has Ruth Hartley (E. Parker) "wished" on him as a prospective wife, but the tables turn, and Al falls!

2. They're engaged, when war is declared. "They thump my chest," says Al, "and bing, I'm a Marine!" Lee [D. Clark] and Johnny [T. Caruso] are Marines, too, on a Guadalcanal gun crew.

3. It's night, the replacements never come. Crazily, Johnny is killed, Lee falls wounded and Al is alone. But it's not till 200 Japs lie dead that the bomb explodes, blinding him.

4. "Tell Ruth I don't love her," dictates A to Red Cross worker Pfeiffer (R. DeCamp) "Tell her I'll never return, we're quits."
Story: Ella Mae said: "You'll like her, Al. I just happened to run into her and I thought—"

"I know what you thought," Al said. "You've been thinking it ever since I've been boarding here with you and Jim. Look, honey, I love you and I'm crazy about Jim. But don't try to marry me off. Stop picking on it. I just don't go for this marriage business. If you like it, okay. But for me—"

"She's awfully nice, Al," Ella Mae said. "And she's pretty. And—"

"You'll never learn," Al groaned. "—and her name's Ruth. Ruth Hartley."

Jim Merchant was monkeying with a light switch and Ella Mae was in the kitchen (Continued on page 106)

Production: Warners sent three units to Philadelphia to shoot background footage of places important to Schmid's story. The cameramen busied themselves getting shots of the Navy Yard, the Broad Street Station, and Schmid's home town street—warily keeping their weather eyes open for any passing cloud or stray raindrops. Finding none, the camera boys were so thrilled with Philadelphia's excellent shooting weather that when they left the City of Brotherly Love they expressed their gratitude by presenting an astonished weatherman with a handsome gift. . . Columnist Earl Wilson went to Philadelphia to write about the production end of things—found himself in pictures—one of the 1500 extras. . . While the crew dashed about (Continued on page 70)

There were no heroes on Guadalcanal, just ordinary guys like Al Schmid who fought and prayed and sometimes died as simply as they lived.

5. Al grows bitter, he's blind isn't he, and therefore useless? When Lee realizes that his pal is determined to renounce his family, he connives with Miss Pfeiffer to have him officially transferred home.

6. Furious at the trick, Al consents to the family dinner (with Ann Doran, Ann Todd) only because it is Christmas. "There's nothing to discuss, he tells Ruth, "take me to the hospital."

7. But she pleads for their love while Al, helpless, gropees for the door, stumbles and falls. "Don't you see, darling," she weeps, "without you my heart will stumble, too?"

By Maris MacCullers and Charis Zeigler
Both cereals rich in added iron-

Babies are born with a supply of iron built up during the prenatal period. This supply often runs down three, or more, months after birth. So baby must get his iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists have added generous amounts of precious iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both contain added Vitamin B₁—a further help to baby's well-being.

Serve both cereals turnabout, for variety helps baby eat better. Both are pre-cooked—simply add milk or formula, hot or cold. Be sure to get Gerber's Cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

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

© 1945, G. F. C.
I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT—David Street (Victor); Harry James (Columbia); Henry Busse (Cosmopolitan)—Here's a number from the picture "Nob Hill." The Victor version is David Street's first recording since his return to civilian life. Henry Busse's done it very nicely, too, for Cosmopolitan, and Cosmopolitan's a label to look for.

Dozens of new record companies have erupted into life lately, but Cosmopolitan is the biggest of them all. Its head, Harry Bank, used to be Jimmy Roosevelt's partner in Globe Productions.

And war shortages or no, manpower, machines, materials notwithstanding, this company claims to be starting off with almost a million records a month! Ten years ago, the whole record business didn't do better than that.

Bank has taken over the 19-acre Frank Buck jungle camp, and you might call it a cage-y move. Anyhow, he's turned it's eight buildings into a record plant. Cosmopolitan's first releases include records by Joan Edwards (Hit Parade), and Four Chicks and Chuck, from the Kate Smith program.

I WANT A LITTLE DOGGIE—Phil Moore and Lena Horne (Victor)—Phil Moore used to be a staff arranger at M-G-M. He accompanied Lena when she went out to work for that studio. The combination was so terrific that Phil left his job and came to New York with Lena. Once here, he produced "Shoo, Shoo, Baby"—his first hit song, and Lena helped him put it over.

Phil's a big star himself, now, and this "I Want a Little Doggie" is the latest Moore-Horne smash.

THE MAN I LOVE—Hazel Scott (Decca)—The first record Hazel Scott has sung on since December, 1939, I remember that date very well. I ought to. Hazel had just been discovered by Cafe Society, and I was getting people together for a record session. Just to call it "Saxette of the Rhythm Club of London," and have all the musicians either of British origin, or else having worked extensively in England.

Hazel had never recorded before, but she was born in Trinidad, which made her a British subject. She played piano on all those records, and sang on two.

Later on, she made two albums for Decca, but they didn't let her sing.

On the other side of this new platter is "Fascinating Rhythm," which Hazel plays in "Rhapsody in Blue," the new movie about George Gershwin. Funky ad lib: Hazel is listed as taking the part of herself in the Paris sequence of the movie, but at the time Gershwin visited Paris, in the early 1930's, Hazel was about three years old.

Also, "I Got Rhythm," which is heard in that same sequence, wasn't written until at least six years later!

CLARINADE—Benny Goodman (Columbia)—Sgt. Mel Powell, pianist and arranger with the Glenn Miller band (taken over (Continued on page 74)
Flattering as candlelight, this soft, smooth date dress will turn heads wherever you are. There’s figure magic in its soft skirt, bow-tied waist, its push-up sleeves.

Switch from "Hi, Butch" to "Hi, Beautiful" in these young, smooth, school 'n date clothes, modelled for you by Elizabeth Taylor.

by Jean Kinkead and Taussia Dines
This neat but oh-so-feminine honey, with its waist-whitting red belt, will turn that gleam in his eye into an after school coke date.
SUNNY ENDS A PERFECT DAY

"I recommend for lingerie, A LINIT rinse," says Sunny, "'Twill save your dainty clothes from wear, And therefore save you money. "Before you go to bed each night Just give your clothes a 'quickie' In lukewarm water lightly starch Each collar, blouse and dickey.

"This LINIT rinse will help your bras And slips from getting 'sleazy'. And save you time and labor, too, For ironing is easy. "So if you'll do this every night (It only takes a minute), Your things will look so spick and span, So crisp and fresh with LINIT."

(Continued from page 71) by Jerry Gray since Captain Miller's dis- appearance) sent this to Benny from Germany, where he and the fellows were, last time I heard. It's a special clarinet feature number for Benny, and the best thing he's done since "Clarinet à la King."

SOUTHERN SCANDAL—Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Stan Kenton wrote and ar- ranged this tune, and he' plays piano on it. It's an instrumental number starring Freddie Zito on the trombone. Incidentally, Kenton's band was named on the Bill- board poll as "most up-and-coming."

On the other side of "Southern Scandal" is "Tampico," with a really gorgeous blonde (it's a shame you can't see her on on the record) named June Christy making her vocal debut.

June took Anita O'Day's place in the band. (Anita has rejoined Gene Krupa.) The strange thing is that she sounds a lot like Anita. She's the most sensational new girl singer this year.

"Tampico" is a clever satiric number written by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher, an extremely versatile team. They're also the authors of "Fifteen Years," the subtitle to which is, "And I'm Still Serving Time," and the subject of which is mar- riage.

AUTOGRAPHS:

"Here comes the postman, hoo- ray, hooray!" is what you'll sing when he brings you that autograph you crave. Details on page 60.

Oddly enough, Roberts and Fisher have been known to write some rather corny numbers including "Into Each Life Some Rascals Must Fall," and "You Always Hurt the One You Love." They're versatile, all right.

Rhapsody in Blue—Oscar Levant (Columbia)—Last month, Columbia Rec- ords devoted its entire Masterworks list to George Gershwin. One album had Oscar Levant playing the Rhapsody, with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. You probably know that Levant did most of the actual piano playing for the Gershwin picture, although Robert Alda did a swell job of faking. Funky omission was that nobody in the picture ever mentioned Ferde Grofe, who helped score the Rhapsody, and without whom it might never have been finished. Paul Whiteman always gave Grofe con- siderable credit.

There are a good many people who don't consider the Rhapsody real blues, and some who don't think it's even jazz.

I'm almost inclined to go along with them myself. I think George Gershwin was a fine, but fairly hybrid musician who should be remembered best for some beautiful popular songs. "Embraceable You," for instance.

As for the real spirit of jazz, Duke El- lington has come much closer. I don't think Gershwin had blues in his bones, but don't get me wrong—I loved "Rhap- sody in Blue." (The movie, anyway.)

Kiss Goodnight—Freddy Slack (Cap- itol); Woody Herman (Columbia)—A cute number about how one kiss leads to an- other, and Woody Herman himself does the shouting on it for Columbia. Woody's been telling a story lately that goes like this: He was approached by a magazine salesman about some subscriptions. He bit, And bought.
Then he said merrily, all in the spirit of good clean fun, "Tell me, are you putting yourself through college?"

The magazine salesman remained polite. "No sir," he said. "I'm sending my mother to welding school!"

IN THE MIDDLE—George Auld (Guild) —What George was "in the middle" of when he made this record was re-organization. He had no band, so he got some guys together to help him out on this. They include Chubby (solid?) Jackson, Woody Herman's bearded bass fiddler, guitarist Mike Bryan who, a couple of years ago was in an army camp with George, pianist Erroll Garner, who was Diana Lynn's rave last month, and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, who was ditto.

THAT'S THE STUFF YOU GOTTA WATCH—Buddy Johnson (Decca) —The title of this number has nothing to do with Stuff Smith. It's a current catch phrase that's traveling around, and it's so popular that two songs have been written around it, but this is by far the better. It was composed by Buddy Johnson, whose sister Ella sings it very blue, with a fine big band. It's what's called a sleeper hit record, on a 35-cent label.

There are hardly any 35-cent records cut any more—just the number insisted on by the O.P.A. And out of this number every once in a while a record comes up that's as good as any on the dollar labels. And that's the stuff you gotta watch.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

ELEVEN SIXTY P. M.—Harry James (Columbia)
I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT—David Street (Victor), Harry James (Columbia), Henry Busse (Cosmopolitan)
I DON'T WANT TO BE LOVED—Larry Stevens (Victor)
I WANT A LITTLE DOGGIE—Phil Moore and Lena Horne (Victor)
JUNE IS JUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
KISS GOODNIGHT—Fredy Slack (Capitol), Woody Herman (Columbia)
THE MAN I LOVE—Hazel Scott (Decca)
QUESTION AND ANSWER—Kate Smith (Columbia), Jerry Wayne (Cosmopolitan)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGE AULD—In the Middle (Guild)
COUNT BASIE—Jimmy's Blues (Columbia)
DUKE ELLINGTON—Everything But You (Victor)
BENNY GOODMAN—Clarínade (Columbia)
COLEMAN HAWKINS—Stuffy (Capitol)
EDDIE HEYWOOD—Blue Lou (Decca)
BUDDY JOHNSON—That's the Stuff You Gotta Watch (Decca)
STAN KENTON—Southern Scandal (Capitol)
ARTIE SHAW—Bedford Drive (Victor)
TRUMPTY YOUNG—Seventh Avenue (Continental)

BEST ALBUMS

EUGENE GOOSSENS—Rosenkavalier (Richard Strauss) (Victor)
OSCAR LEVANT—Rhapsody in Blue (Columbia)
HERBERT MARSHALL—The Snow Goose (Decca)
FRITZ REINER—Porgy & Bess (Columbia)
ARTUS ROZINSKI—An American in Paris (Columbia)
PHIL SPIRALNY—Favorite Melodies From The House of Charm (Charm)

THINK OF Tomorrows Loveliness

Today, every day, give your skin special care...the caress of these unique creams—to coax it away from "wayward" periods...to keep it on the bright beam of beauty...

The more glorious your skin and your complexion, the more attention they deserve! Even the loveliest skin at times becomes "wayward"...straying...not all you want it, or all it should be. So think of tomorrow's beauty today and trust it to Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams—Cleansing Cream for dewy, morning-bright freshness; Skin Cream for night-long beautifying and as a base for smoother make-up. Both provide Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, a friendly, familiar ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream contains softening, smoothing oils, and cholesterol to protect skin moisture. Together, they make skin care a caress!
Not only are Gloria De Haven and John Payne "expecting," but they also have a five-year-old juvenile visitor in their home—Julie Ann Payne, daughter of John and Anne Shirley.

Julie Ann has been with the newlyweds ever since their marriage and she is very interested in the preparations being made for her "sister." She refuses to entertain the possibility of a "brother." One day Gloria asked her: "Why wouldn't you like a little brother?"

"Because," replied Julie Ann surprisingly, "they get dirty!"

The little girl is crazy about her cute stepmother, but when she first came to visit them she couldn't make up her mind what to call Gloria.

"I think I'll call you 'Buttons,'" she finally decided, "because you are as cute as!"

That floored her father, so now he calls his bride Buttons, too.

Harry James has written the foreword to Nick Kenny Abner's new book, "All Women Are Wolves." What makes you think so, boys?

Ladies who think they might indulge in a little "set" flirtation while making a movie with Cornel Wilde, certainly get their noses out of joint in a hurry.

Although Corny and his wife, Pat, have been married seven years, he's the most ardent courtin' suitor husband in town. He calls her from the sets and makes dinner dates just as though they were in the first stages of their courtship.

Also, he sends flowers and encloses sentimental cards.

He never tires of telling the story of how wonderful she was when they were first married. "Neither one of us had a job," Wilde says, "and we made a pact: Which ever one landed a job first would support the other until we could get going as a team. Well, Pat landed the first job—and sure enough she decided what she earned every week with me."

He has been trying to make it up to her ever since with jewelry and furs and everything else he can give her. Something tells me that this is one marriage that will weather all the Hollywood storms.

Ever since Jeanne Crain was bitten by a dog, she has had nightmares in which she frequently relives the dreadful incident. A doctor told her the only way to cure herself was to get a dog—the same breed as the one that bit her—and grow to love it and lose her subconscious fear.

So now she has a Police Dog pup that she calls "Probation."

If you think summer garden parties are pretty to start with, you should see how they look through a big cellophane tent!

Both the lovely Joan Bennett and gracious

Gail Russell must've heard that Laddie last 12 pounds while making "T. Years Before The Mast," for she feeds Alan dunkers an "Calcutta" set. G pounded so hard on door while making "The Unseen" that she broke her ha

Capt. Reagan calls her his Janie with the light brown hair, but the Wym gal's a war at warwork: She's led war band parades and recruited WA! Swings a mean golfstick, types at 60 m.p.h., loves amethyst jewe

louella parsons' good news
Dick Jaeckel's movie-minded again; Jeanne Crain tries pup psychology.

Colby's blonde because Clark G. prefers 'em. Cary Grant (at Astor's Kent shindig) would give all his red points for a chance to act with Langman in "Notorious." Is Betty Hensel is, or is she ain't, the future Mrs. G.?

Cary Grant (at Astor's Kent shindig) would give all his red points for a chance to act with Langman in "Notorious." Is Betty Hensel is, or is she ain't, the future Mrs. G.?

Are sergeants tough? Sgt. Briggs, home after 18 months overseas, holds fast to Mrs. B. at Ciro's. Ginger's mom (they wear mother-and-daughter outfits) had pic made of all Astaire-Rogers dance sequences.

Frankie wows skeptical GIs; Van Johnson's "that way" about Bebe Daniels.
Claudette Colbert hosted parties in their gardens with beautiful flowers and lighting effects, and glamour girls wearing their prettiest gowns and best “jools”—and the whole scene covered by transparent tents making everything look like a scene literally “out of this world.”

Joan’s party was in honor of the visiting English movie biggie, Arthur Rank. What made the affair particularly different was that there were so many of the clergy present. Rank is a very religious man and Joan, herself, is a devout member of the Episcopal Church.

I am sure the church dignitaries must have been a bit startled—or perhaps amused—by the appearance of Elsa Maxwell, who arrived with her hair just partially permanent-waved. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck had been giving Elsa a home made permanent—but they didn’t have time to finish it. So La Maxwell was “frizzed” in front and she covered the back with velvet birds!

Loretta Young almost had her baby, her second son, Peter, at Claudette’s party! The young man wasn’t due to make his appearance for three weeks. When she first arrived, Loretta admitted she didn’t feel so well, but as the evening wore on she said she never felt better. She remained until 2 A.M. and the baby was born five hours later at five minutes after seven! Well, there were five doctors present—all friends of Claudette’s doctor husband, Commander Joel Pressman.

The Colbert party was really a Bastille Day celebration. The color scheme was red, white and blue, with both the French tri-color and the American stars and stripes repeated in all the decorations—even the arrangements of the beautiful flowers as the hedges in the garden miraculously bloomed with red, white and blue posies.

Claudette confided that right up until the last minute she didn’t know where she was going to get enough points, or food, to take care of the eighty guests. “Maybe you won’t suspect it,” she laughed, “but this is practically a non-rationed menu.” There were beautiful salads of fruits and vegetables and a wonderful chicken dish and everything looked so pretty and tasted so wonderful you didn’t miss the hard-to-get-dishes. That’s what a clever hostess can do.

The recently reconciled Ray Millands were there—looking like newlyweds and acting the part, too.

Betty Hensel came with Cary Grant who brought her, parked her, and then went on briefly to Tokyo—she had come back later to pick her up. Betty is a very pretty blond with enormous eyes and she is quite tall. Yes, I think Cary is in love with her—but until Barbara Hutton’s divorce is final I doubt if he will come right out in the open about his feelings. There is one conservative gent, let me tell you.

Rita Hayworth looked like a vision in a strapless, off-the-shoulder gown. She is so tanned she looks like a native. And just to make you mad—Rita seems able to keep that figure without having to diet a mouthful.

June Allyson looks like an artist running around with enormous sketch books under her arm. She’s turned interior decorator like mad and is ever on the search for ideas for her home. Dick Powell will furnish. “We are doing it all ourselves,” cute little Junie told me, looking around the home where we happened to be guests at a cocktail party. “Whenever I see something I like, I try to sketch it—or I’ll jot down unusual color combinations.”

She particularly liked a combination of blue-green walls and a large divan and matching chair of soft tomato red. “That’s pretty,” she winked, “but I bet Dick wouldn’t go for it. Too chi chi.” They have agreed on one point, however. They both like Scotch plaid for the playroom. “It’s gay—and practical.”

June would like her own room in three shades of blue, merging from slate blue to almost electric blue in the carpeting. She says she is tired of wallpaper and likes the painted walls. Ah, ain’t it wonderful to be young, in love, and planning a first home?

Van Johnson is the biggest “fan” in Hollywood. He was so flustered when he was introduced to Bebe Daniels that he actually stuttered. A little later he started sending her notes and wrote: “Do you know I’ve seen you in every picture you’ve ever made? You are my dream girl.” Bebe laughed and said, “Wait until—”

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BI~T-0-HONEY

Golden, deliciously different BIT-O-HONEY makes everyone smile with pleasure. Words just can’t do justice to the luscious goodness of this temptingly different candy bar. You must taste it. Once you enjoy BIT-O-HONEY you will know why millions say: “It’s the most delicious candy bar I’ve ever tasted.” BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six bite-sized pieces, so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You’ll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

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Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it is "Three", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J are "1"  B-K are "2"
D-M are "4"  E-N are "5"
G-P are "7"  H-Q are "8"
I-L are "9"
C-U are "3"
F-O-X are "6"
R are "9"

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Address

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If you are under 18, please state age.

Regardless of your age, you get your N Booklet FREE.
take these notes home to my daughter.” (Barbara Bebe is thirteen years old.) “I guess my stock will go up!”

There was a time when young Dick Jaeckel was bored with a movie career and told his mother that he didn’t want to be an actor. But those days are over. As soon as he gets out of the Merchant Marine, he’s hot-footing it back to 20th Century-Fox and the cameras. “The trouble with me is that I just got everything too easy,” Dick confided to a pal in a letter. “Now I know how much time and patience and money goes into developing a greenhorn like me. As for the adventurous life—brother, I’ve had enough real adventures to last me the rest of my life. From here on in I’ll take my excitement in movie form!”

Vignette on Maria Montez! She’s beautiful—and she thinks so, too. . . . She thinks that everything that happens to her is for the best. “Even a bad cold makes my voice deeper!” she admits proudly. . . . Her favorite color is pink and she loves pink and white candy stripes in hats, gloves or scarves. . . . She sleeps in long trailing night gowns that look like formal evening gowns. . . . She thinks a woman should discover one particular perfume becoming to her personality and stick to it so that “every time a man smells it on some other woman he thinks of you.” . . . Some people think she puts on the best act in Hollywood. . . . But it isn’t an act that she wants very much to have a baby (and who’s to say that Maria won’t be a momma in the near future?) . . . She has a little habit of losing her temper at parties but on her these minor rages look cute and nobody pays any attention. . . . Even her Mrs. Malaprop command of English is amusing. She once told me, “I do not eat very much at meal time. But I love to go to the ice box and nibble and nibble!”

It is certainly nice to have a mother who is a psychiatrist, as Esther Williams knows. Esther’s mother specializes in trying to keep broken marriages together—but she also is handy in such things as auto accidents. The pretty swimming glamor girl, herself, told me this story: “I was driving mother to the Brown Derby where she was to celebrate her thirty-seventh wedding anniversary. I was all done up in a big picture hat and a brand new dress—looking very fetching, I thought. But, unfortunately, I turned a corner too sharply and dented the fender of the car in front of me. ‘Mother looked out and saw that the ‘victim’ was a man. ‘Turn on the charm, honey,’ she told me. So I got out and told the man it was my mother’s anniversary and how sorry I was about his fender and pleaded and begged for forgiveness and turned on all the glamor I could. But he remained as cold as an ice cube.

‘Go and try it again,’ mother said. So behaving as much like a movie star as I could, I turned it on again! No soap. Just then he looked into our car, saw my mother and said, ‘Why, Mrs. Williams! Don’t you remember me? You straightened out my married life and set my children right. If that
NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT
which SAFELY
STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot
dresses and men's shirts.
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spiration safely.
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ELEANOR HOLM
Wife of Billy Rose, owner of the famous DIAMOND HORSESHOE, says:
"I like to pick winners, don't you? From the day I
first started using Arrid, I knew it would be the
most popular deodorant in America . . . I apply
Arrid every day, and from that moment on never
give perspiration a thought."

is YOUR car that bumped into me—it's a
PLEASURE!"

Gingers Rogers has been going around with
her chin all taped up. A combination of sun-
burn and makeup poisoning broke her out
in a rash.

Frank Sinatra may have incurred a bit of
wrath when he came back from overseas and
said the boys did not like certain types of
shows that had been put on for them. But
you've got to take off your hat to that guy.
He calls 'em as he sees 'em. Maybe he isn't
tactful—but he speaks what he actually be-
lieves to be true.

I think what Frankie meant to say is that
the boys do not like shows with smut and
insinuating "lines" and songs.

I wish you could read some of the letters
that have come to my desk about his own
show. Corporal T. Treman writes:
"Sinatra had two strikes on him with my
gang before he ever landed here. We were
up to HERE with stories about this swon-
king who had the girls back home fainting
and getting first aid in theaters. First aid!
You know how that made us feel?

"Then this skinny guy shows up—a young
man who wasn't any too looking, a
very casual sort of a guy who reminded us
all of the one and only Crosby and his non-
chalance. He sang a couple of numbers—
then Phil Silvers came out and made with
the jokes—Sinatra sang again and made
with some jokes himself. And suddenly we
were all laughing and having the time of
our lives enjoying the best show that has come
overseas.

"And let me tell you—the swell thing is
that it was all clean. There wasn't a sug-
gestive line about women or dolls or dames!
What a relief after some of the stuff that has
been thrown at us!"

That, I think, is what Frankie was trying
to explain to us folks back home.

I came darn near breaking up the Alan
Ladd's happy home—if such a thing is pos-
sible. And it was all over hats!

Sue and Alan dropped over to my house
and Susie was almost wistfully admiring the
very extreme hats some of the other gals
were wearing. "I almost bought a nutty hat,
myself, the other day," she admitted.

"But I know how Alan hates them. It was
transparent with brilliants all over the high
crown and looked like an inverted bee hive."

"Why didn't you buy it and wear it today?"
I said. "Never consult a man about the hats
you wear, Susie. Men never know what
they like."

Alan said, "If she ever starts out with
one of those goofy affairs on her head, she
can go to a party by herself."

"You going to let him get away with that?"
I prodded. The first thing you know we were
hot and heavy in an argument about whether
women should dress to please men or to please
themselves and make other women envious.

It was getting kinda hot for awhile—but
I'll bet you this: Those two are so much in
love that it's dollars to doughnuts Sue will
never appear in a hat that doesn't meet
Alan's approval—no matter what she says.
and no one could see the long, slim hands clenched at her sides; hardly anyone noticed that just before she walked into the theater she stopped a second and looked up, like a navigator taking a fix. And always the wish was the same. "Please God, let me be a good actress."

A natural mimic...

As far back as Betty can remember, there was no other wish but that. It's been said that I started the whole thing by sending her to dancing school when she was three, but that's not quite true. At fourteen months, the desire was vast. No expression crossed my face that she couldn't duplicate, and as soon as she learned to talk, she learned to mimic. My own sort of husky voice, her Granny's picturesque Rumanian accent. She was so good at it, it was scary. "I'm coming, mother," I would call in answer to a plaintive "Nat-a-lie," from the living room. From the other end of the apartment, Granny would say, "What, child? What is it?" And of course, then I'd realize that the call had just been Betty up to her old tricks. Her memory was fantastic.

Granny would take "Bettylein" on her knee and sing her an old German lullaby, and that very evening, Betty would put her various babies to sleep with a verbatim rendition.

"She has a great gift, your little one," Granny would tell me, and I would smile and wonder if it was true or whether all grandmothers and mothers imagined great qualities in the children they loved.

Granny and Betty were extremely devoted to each other, and it was a tremendous sorrow to Betty that she died just a little while before "To Have and Have Not" was finished. There was some secret bond between them. A quiet understanding. They could laugh for whole minutes over something no one else would think funny at all, and they could weep together unashamedly over some small bit of poignance. A too-thin kitten wailing in an alley. A lonely, wide-eyed, little boy in ragged clothes. Granny, who spoke seven languages and had read hundreds of fine books in all those tongues, loved Shakespeare almost above everyone, and she would read to Betty by the hour from his plays. As other youngsters absorb fairy tales, Betty absorbed "Romeo and Juliet" and "King Lear." Not understanding all she heard, of course, but loving the sound of the words. It seems to me that she was an exceptionally reasonable little girl, although no doubt time has mellowed many things in my memory. There was actually never a time when I had to spank her. When she did anything naughty, I only had to show her why it was naughty and it was never repeated. In case that sounds doing ma-[used]ish (which I pride myself on not being), let me tell you one really devilish thing that Betty did. It was naptime, and as a great treat I was letting her nap in my room. She curled up on one bed, and I lay down on the other and instantly fell asleep. The next thing I knew, she was screeching her little yellow head off. I jumped up, and there she was up on her father's chifferobe, blood all over her face. "I was just being Daddy," she wailed, "I was only just being Daddy, and look—"

She'd been running her father's straight razor across her cheeks, and she'd given herself one good jab. The scar is still there, and while it may be "interesting...

It "water-colors" Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

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at this point, it was almost the end of mama Bacall seventeen years ago.

In 1932, when Betty was six, my husband and I separated. I went back to work as a secretary in a food firm, and Betty went off to all sorts of a boarding school in Tarrytown. She was crazy about it. She liked the lovely grounds, the nice teachers, even the lessons. Above all, she looked up to me. She wrote, Gloria Hobart, who was almost as addicted to make-believe as she was. In the evenings in their room when their lessons were done—and often, I suspect when their lessons weren’t done—Betty would turn to Gloria. "Let’s give a play," she’d say. And Gloria’s eyes would shine, and she’d say, "Oh, let’s.

So the dolls and dogs and teddy bears that swarmed over their beds would be lined up in neat rows to make an audience, and the kids would begin. Invariably it would be "Romeo and Juliet," and Betty would be Juliet, and Gloria would be the Nurse. They’d go through scene after scene, Betty directing Gloria from memory, and when at last it was bedtime, they'd collapse on their beds, utterly at peace with the world.

When school was out in June, Betty would go to Highland Nature, the camp in Maine which was affiliated with Highland Manor. She was mad about the outdoors. Everything about it exhilarated her; the sounds, the smells. And it was at camp that she fell in love with the water.

After she learned to swim well, they used to tell me that her endurance was a thing to marvel at. She loved to dive, and at the time she was at camp, she was the only one ever to do a back dive off the high board. She was a streak on the basketball court, and pretty fair at tennis and hockey. All of which is probably responsible for the poise and gracefulness which add up to what Howard Hawks, her director, calls an athlete’s balance.

She kept up her swimming, and week ends, we’d go over to the St. George pool in Brooklyn where she’d do dozens of lengths, and then execute a variety of dives to the mingled terror and pride of her parents.

Betty is definitely not a softie in any obvious sense, but she was always kind of a sucker for the underdog. Underprivileged kids, unattractive people, the very old—all these touched her ostensibly tough little girl heart. At school she was always plugging for the shy ones, the unpopular ones. At camp, it was the awkward, inept child that she singled out and secretly coached. I remember very well one afternoon we spent at the pool. There was a little old lady in charge of the lockers, and she was extremely cranky. "When people get older," I explained to Betty, "their dispositions sometimes change. They get sort of crabby," "Oh, I’m not crabby," Betty said haughtily like her. She could take criticism of herself much more gracefully than criticism of one of her protégés. Growing old was apparently something to look forward to as it is to some children. She would say dreamily, "When I am old I will be beautiful like Granny and May Robson.

cousins like brothers . . .

We were a close-knit sort of family, and so—although she was an only child—Betty had dozens of cousins to play with during her vacations. Of these, perhaps Dickie and Marvin were her pets. Marvin, who is now a cadet at West Point, (a fact, as he calls himself) was a dynamo of energy. Dickie was the lazy bones. When they played house, he’d be the father, a retired business man. When they played war, he’d be the wounded soldier stretched out on the couch.

He used to say to Betty, "When you’re a big girl, make piles and piles of money and I’ll come live off you." "Sure, Dickie," Betty would say, putting another pillow back in back of his head. "I’ll take care of you." He had boys’ sorts way, then, and he still has it. He’s in the Army now and when “To Have and Have Not” broke, and Lauren Bacall became overnight householder and lover from Georgia, many, "Move over, big shot. Dickie’s California-bound.

Both boys are so proud of her they could die, but they show it in entirely different ways. Dickie shouts for pin-ups and more pin-ups. Marvin, a man of dignity is above all that, but he sat through his first movie in a dozen times.

When Betty was twelve, she was ready for high school. For we were living in the Louis Morris apartments on the Grand Concourse, and we moved there when she was fifteen, and it was a class in 848—just about in the middle.

That she ever passed an exam was a constant source of amazement to me because she studied through an absolute barrage of noise from the radio. The Lux Theatres, Screen Guild, Arch Oboles—she'd have them on one after the other. She and her best friend Betty Kail (who is now married to actor Gene Barry and has just had a baby) used to sit in Betty’s room doing algebra, and apparently with an effort at all they’d get every word the broadcast.

"Did you get an answer, Betty?" I'd hear my Betty ask.

"Uh-uh. Almost though. You?"

"Yeah. 2x plus 3 over b square. There’s be silence for a minute, the

SAW IT HAPPEN

My son was fourteen years old, and like most boys his age, very air-minded. He belonged to a group of six boys who met every Sunday to discuss planes and see how many they could correctly spot and identify. The boy who excelled at this game was chosen captain of the club, and my son won this honor and held it for the duration of the club, which was disbanded after his death. Pat O’Brien’s picture “Bomber’s” was being filmed in our city, and the boys could hardly wait to attend the premiere there. That week, however, my son suffered a severe swimming accident, and we learned that he would never recover.

His days were numbered. Each day he spoke of missing the picture and Pat O’Brien in person, so we mentioned our plight to Mr. O’Brien’s manager. Before we knew it, Pat was put to the hospital visiting my son, chartering a plane to take him, and autographing pictures for him. He made my boy promise to get well, and said he’d be sure and visit him on his next trip to our city. A week later my son died, and I have always been thankful that Pat managed to make his last visit to him, chartered his plane, full of jokes and pride in his famous “friend.”

When I later wrote to Mr. O’Brien, telling him what had happened, I received a most sympathetic letter from him which I shall always treasure.

Mrs. Julia Brooks
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Betty Kalb would lift streaming eyes to Betty Bacall. “Me, too,” she’d say. “Jeepers, isn’t Davis terrific tonight?”

Bette Davis was their idol. She was the only one Betty ever cut school to see. Goodman, James... A snap of the fingers or them. But Bette! Ah! “Hey, Betty—will you cut me this afternoon? There’s a re-issue of ‘Of Human Bondage’ downtown.” “Will I? Gee, yes!” What the advent of big league baseball in the spring does to teen-aged boys’ attendance records, Davis did to the two Bettys.

I remember one time when Bette Davis was in New York. My Betty was just about Beside herself. She telephoned Robin Byron, a mutual friend of Bette’s and my brother Jacques, and asked if she and Betty Kalb could possibly be introduced to Miss Davis. Robin, knowing what a colossal good egg Bette is, said sure, come down to the Gotham Hotel tomorrow sometime.

Two bettys and bette...

The kids went down at dawn, and Betty didn’t yet checked in. They sat in the obby all day, too excited to think about lunch, and about five, people started running vacuums all over the place, and they thought, “This is surely it.” But it was only cleaning time, and Bette didn’t appear for another couple of hours. They saw her go up to the desk, followed by Robin, and then she stepped into the elevator, a little girl with long blond hair and a wonderful laugh. They just sat transfixed for a long minute. Then they scrambled to their feet, shuffled into their new skunk coats, found out her room number and went up. Betty Kalb sat down quickly at one end of the room, and Bette stood a minute, uneasy, not quite daring to sit next to Miss Davis, but wanting to so much. Bette patted the other half of the couch. “Here, Betty, sit right here,” she said, and Betty did. They talked about New York, about the movies, about dogs—talking easily as one does with old friends, and after a while, the photographers came and the kids left. Out in the hall, Betty B. turned to her pal to say, “Wasn’t she terrific?” And Betty Kalb, who was a very emotional child, was lying on the floor, out like a light. The incident was in the papers next day, and that is item number one in Betty’s scrapbook. Her first brush with fame. She and Bette have since had a huge laugh over it.

things to come...

This next part of Betty’s story has been told and retold so many times, that I’ll go into it very briefly. It’s funny, I always find myself hurrying at this point, because I’m so anxious to get to the part about Bogey. Now there’s a guy. But first, let’s see. At fifteen, Betty graduated from Julia Richman, and next to her picture in the year book were these words:

“Popular ways that win...
May your dreams of becoming an actress
Overflow the brim.”

A little incoherent, but it pleased Betty immensely. By this time, her heart was set on Broadway. The Theater, that was the thing.

She studied a year at the American Academy of Dramatic Art and was considered “promising” by its teachers. There wasn’t enough money to send her back, so she got a job modelling clothes in a Seventh Avenue wholesale house, hounding producers unsuccessfully during her lunch hours. She gave this up for an $8-a-week ushering job at the St. James Theater, selling Actors’ Cues in front of Sardi’s in her spare time.
One day, Paul Lukas came out of the restaurant, and Betty chased him down the street. "Mr. Lukas—"

"Yes?" He saw the Actors’ Cues and dug down for a nickel. Then he started on his way again. She followed him.

"Oh, Mr. Lukas—"

"Yes?" He is so wonderfully polite. It’s not in a man like Mr. Lukas to ignore someone who speaks to him.

"I’m terribly interested in the theater. If you could possibly give me any advice—" Maybe it was because she was young and extremely sincere. Maybe he was in a hurry and this was a way to cut short the conversation. Anyway, he made an appointment with her for the next day. "You will read for me," he said. "I will tell you honestly if you have something." She read for him, and he was pleased. He introduced her to some people he knew, and eventually there were tiny parts. There was a walk-on in "Johnny Two By Four," and a speaking part in "Franklin Street," a George Kaufman play which folded on the road.

Following the latter fiasco, Betty made up her mind to go back to modelling until she’d saved enough money to try for the theater again.

She withdrew her picture from John Powers’ file where it had been since she was eleven, because he had found so little for her to do, and proceeded without his aid to get herself a job modelling for Harper’s Bazaar. Photographer Louise Dahl Wolfe found her incredibly photogenic, and Harper’s fashion editor encouraged. Betty was so happy. "You can’t get a bad picture of Bacall." After a while, she was averaging $300 a week. In March, 1945, Betty’s picture was on the cover of Harper’s Bazaar, and two things happened. Columbia saw it and wanted her for "Miss Harper’s Bazaar" in "Cover Girl," and Mrs. Howard Hawks saw it and persuaded her husband to screen test her. Betty was in Mexico at the time, being photographed in summer clothes, so my brother and I made the decision by ourselves. The bird-like, the-hand aspect of "Cover girl" was tempting, but it was almost certain to be a one-shot, whereas the possibilities of the Hawks offer were limitless. When she came home we told her what we thought, and although she was less thrilled than you’d think—Hollywood not being The Theater—she hoisted one train, and everyone knows what happened then.

It’s a wonderful story, isn’t it, but the best part of it is still to come. The boy—meets-girl part. It started so very casually with Betty and Bogey, and they’ve kept it that way. No slush. Just a way of looking at each other. A sense of incompleteness when there is none.

"Hey, Charlie, look at this." That’s Bogey with a copy of the "New Yorker." Betty’s in the kitchen for a minute, out of his sight, and there’s that lost look in his eyes again. He turns to me accusingly. "Where is she?"

diamonds ‘n’ dungarees...

Love for them is ridiculous as well as sublime. A weird, whimsical sense of humor miraculously shared. "Say, Bogey, what’s in the hospital?" "Oh, no, what’s the hospital?" "Sick people." Then they guffaw. "How much does a Grecian urn?" "Aw, baby, that’s just nonsensical." But he laughs, and the same laugh.

There’s that wonderful humility each feels before the other. "Mom, could there be a guy like that? How could any girl be good enough for him?" Betty comes to me every morning to ask if he could marry Betty. Ernest, awkward. She loves me, Nat. Imagine the lack of that! That magnificent little kid . . .

There is no pretense between those two. No laying on of the synthetic glamor. You should see them on the boat! Bogey in an old sweat shirt and dungarees—still wearing pigtails, a sweater and slacks. They still look good to each other.

Bogey’s changed Betty’s mind about a lot of things. She used to dislike diamonds. Then he gave her a diamond bracelet, inscribed, "If you want anything, just whistle," and now she thinks some diamonds always look pretty. She used to be a bit irked to cook, but now she’s gotten herself several cookbooks and she says she’s learning. The other day she told me proudly, "I got Bogey’s breakfast today."

I said, "What did he have?"

"Oh, coffee," she said, still looking terribly pleased with herself. I snorted slightly. "Well, I don’t know what to tell you . . ."

He was quite happy. "Darn good coffee," she said. So now she’s Oscar of the Waldorf.

She used to have eyes only for coocker spaniels. She used to dislike diamonds. Then he gave her a diamond bracelet, inscribed, "If you want anything, just whistle," and now she thinks some diamonds always look pretty. She used to be a bit irked to cook, but now she’s gotten herself several cookbooks and she says she’s learning. The other day she told me proudly, "I got Bogey’s breakfast today."

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"Oh, coffee," she said, still looking terribly pleased with herself. I snorted slightly. "Well, I don’t know what to tell you . . ."

Bogey loves nicknames. He calls men most "Junior." People he doesn’t like he calls "Creep." Gals are "Baby." Betty and he are a little irked that people have fastened on to that "Baby" stuff so enthusiastically. He doesn’t call her anything more often than he does Joe or Butch or Charlie. Mostly he calls her Betty. Or Darling.

"Why do they harp on this Bogey and Baby business?" Betty’s said to me. "It make the marriage sound cute. It’s not cute. It’s—it’s good."

She’s a slim, serene-eyed young woman standing on the porch of her lovely house in the Hollywood hills, one arm linked easily through her husband’s, "Look, Bogey—Star light, Star bright—" And the other wish is still there, but there’s a new one too. "Please God, let me be a good wife. The best wife anyone has ever been.

"What did you wish for, Charlie?"

"Oh—uh, a five pound steak broiled over charcoal—"

Silly child. But you know, I sort of like her.
At last. The letter! "... see you in 30 days. Love. Bill." All those plans you're dusting off. All those dreams you've kept alive. There'll be crowded moments as you make them come true! Count on U. S. Time to help you make the most of every happy moment. U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timepieces... in beauty, in accuracy.

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LIVE. They were waiting for Frank in his dressing room when he finished his show the next night. Johnny was wearing his best bow tie; Vinnie's hair was carefully slicked down—except for a small pompadour. They both wore the startled look of a kid on Christmas morning. Frank flashed and changed from his stage clothes, talking to them.

"Like Italian food, fellas?"

"Sure," Vinnie said.

"I know a place down the street. Want to go to a bite with me?"

"Gee—"

"Best spaghetti you ever tasted," Frank said.

In the little spaghetti place over the red and white checked tablecloth, they dug into the huge, fragrant plates of steaming spaghetti. Frank talked baseball; band music; singing. Then when they were almost through, he said:

"You fellows are from Brooklyn, aren't you?"

"That's right, Frank," Johnny said.

"Some pretty rough spots down there, eh?"

"Boy, you don't know half."

"Maybe. Maybe I do, though. I came from Hoboken myself. We weren't so soft down there, either. There's nothing you guys do that we didn't do—and do it tougher. The whole works."

"Yeah?" Vinnie said. "You, Frank?"

"Sure. We had a gang. And we pulled some pretty raw stuff. I know how it goes. Of course, it's kid stuff. Only sometimes some guys keep right on doing it—"

Johnny and Vinnie looked at each other swiftly.

"—and they're the ones," Frank said, "grow up to be the punks and the yoggs. Tough guys. Only they're not tough. They're the soft ones. The real guts comes in breaking away. In learning to do something besides pushing people around—"

Johnny gulped his spaghetti.

"I'll give you straight," Frank went on. "You fellows think you're pretty tough don't you? Got the whole neighborhood there right in the palm of your hand. Everybody's scared of you."

"They're just punks, Frank," Vinnie said.

**good, clean fun . . .**

"Punks? The other kids? The people who live around you? What makes you think they're punks? What makes you think you're so hot?"

"You ought to see them jump," Johnny said.

"Sure. Sure they jump. That makes you feel pretty good, doesn't it?"

"Well—" Vinnie said.

"All right. Keep it up. Next time you'll have to pull something bigger to make them jump. A can of paint isn't going to do it anymore. It'll be something bigger. Maybe a stick-up. And then? You figure it out. You're not dumb. You know where you'll end up. There's plenty of room behind that eight ball."

"We don't have any kind of stuff like that in mind," Vinnie said. "Just having fun, that's all."

"Fun? Pushing people around? Blasting them because you don't like the way they
Stop tearing your hair!

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look...or the way they dress...calling them 'minors' and 'niggers' and 'wops.' That's it, isn't it? That's what we used to call them over in Hoboken."

"Yeah," Vinnie said. "Only I don't like anybody calling me a 'wop.'"

"Neither did I," Frank said. "Neither does anybody else. And that means the 'micks' don't like it either."

Johnny said slowly: 'I never thought of that way, Frank..."

"You never stopped to think at all. That's the trouble. Right, take a minute now. What do you get out of all this pushing around? You guys are in the United States. You're part of it. It's guys like you and me and the rest of us who are the United States. Ever stop to think what that means? It means we all start from scratch together and everybody gets an even break. And that means everybody. You kids go to church, don't you?"

"Sure, Frank," Vinnie said. "Every—well, almost every Sunday."

"How would you like it if some gang along and tore up your church?"

"Like it? Why, I—"

"You'd what?" Frank said. "That's what you two guys did, wasn't it? The red paint gag? What would you have to kick about if some other guys pulled the same gag on you? Why don't you get wise to yourselves? Here's a couple of fellows like you. You're going to come from. And what are you doing about it? More red paint? More pushing around?"

Johnny said slowly: "We never thought about it like that, Frank. Honest, we never did."

"All right," Frank said. "Then I'm only asking you to try one thing. Start thinking now. And if you've got half the nerve I think you have, I know what you'll do."

It was getting late. The night shadows were blanketing the streets of the city. Outside, the taxis hooted as they raced toward Broadway. Frank looked over at Johnny and Vincent.

"Meanwhile," he said. "Go on. Finish up that saga now."

That's one story behind the work Frank's been doing lately. It's something pretty close to his heart and he doesn't like to talk about it. But Frank knows what it means to grow up in a tough neighborhood. In Hoboken when he was a kid, he ran around with a gang and he's seen what that's done to some others. The kids who never did find the right road, the kids who kept right on being tough. It's nothing new with Frank, either. He's always been that way: Out for a square deal for everyone. Long before he ever got to be a star he was making this same fight for equality and tolerance.

He was singing with a band in his early days, and late one night he and the arranger went out to grab a cup of coffee. They'd been working on a song and they wanted a five minute break before they went back to it. They headed for the first place they could find open and climbed up on stools before the counter. The wailer swabbed the counter before Frank and took his order. And then turned away.

"You missed my friend," Frank said. "He's going to have something, too."

The wailer just said dryly: We don't serve 'niggers' here."

Frank was halfway across the counter in a minute. Before he knew what he was doing his fist cracked against the wailer's jaw. Then he swung off the stool angrily, linked arms with the arranger who happened to be a Negro and Frank's friend.

"If this place isn't good enough for my friends, it's not good enough for me."

Color, race, creed never made any difference to Frank. He picked his friends because of their talents or because he liked them. He never asked a man what church he went to and he never entered his mind to look down at any man because of the color of his skin.

They tell another story about Frank. He was a star then and in the big money big enough to let him have a suite of rooms at the Waldorf. There were some people up one night and in the way it often happens when a fella becomes a star, Frank didn't know them all. One stranger was well dressed, obviously rich, obviously somebody. Frank, was introduced to him, said hello pleasantly enough and then didn't pay him more attention.

Suddenly in a hush in the talk the man's voice came clear and sharp: "... and during the war..." Frank whispered. He swung and faced the man squarely.

In a tight, tense voice, he said: "I don't know you very well. And I can see you don't enough. In my house, mister, no body can talk that way—and stay. Go—get lost!"

The man didn't make any move to go. He had the blank, incredulous look of man who never took an order in his life. But he didn't know Frank. Before he knew what was happening there was a hand on his arm and Frank felt himself being pushed to the door. Frank's hand stayed on his collar right up to the elevator. And as the elevator doors shut, he heard Frank voice:

"And stay lost!"

In a one-armed dinner or at the Waldorf Frank has stuck by his principles. Later he's been known to say more. He's been making speeches before school assemblies clubs, parents' groups. He knows it's the youth of America who will make the new people. The one thing he's talking about. He's doing what he can—in his way. He doesn't lecture them, he doesn't throw big word around. But it always adds up to: Let's make America an even broader society.

In New York, Frank and I met recently in the world's largest harbor. Of course Frank, only the man. I met in the world's largest harbor. Of course Frank, only the man. We had some words and as we parted and I watched Frank go—and I saw that he was making his way and I thought: And there's the man. Which of course is what all of us want... (Continued on page 90).

ALL THAT MEAT AND NO POTATOES?

Of course you're planning to cook all kinds of delicious delicacies for your serviceman when he comes home. But are you sure they're good for him? Don't forget that he's accustomed to meals planned by nutrition experts, who see that he gets his daily quota of vitamins and minerals. If you want to keep him healthy, you'll be there for the Nutrition Course offered by your local Red Cross Chapter. Teaches you how much (and what) to feed your fella or your family, and transforms you from chief cook and bottle washer to chef, dietician and vitamin watcher.
Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin

Mm-mm-mm-mm is for Martha...of the luscious, lovable complexion! And for you, too, if you give your skin beauty extras with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

One cream that cleanses, softens, smooths...that doubles as a night cream guarding against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines...that serves as your protective powder base, too. And for protection against blemish-causing germs, Woodbury contains exclusive "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

Hear him say "you're mm-mm-mm-arvelous"!
Try Woodbury tonight. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream
...it's all you need!
Princess DIMITRI ROMANOVSKY

This internationally famous beauty is the wife of Dimitri, son of Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Until recently she lived in London—now resides in the United States.

Subtle Charm...

"In international circles, charm, good manners and perfect grooming go hand in hand," says Princess Romanovsky. "And nothing adds so much to the subtle charm of a woman as the fragrance she uses. I use Dier-Kiss perfume because it is so young, so enchantingly lovely, and in such exquisite taste."

Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

DIER-KISS PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

by Kerkoff

Information Desk

Hi:

I can't help singing 'bout the wonderful bunch of info that I dug up for you this month. Such as what? Well—

Such as that was Johnny Coz the dancer, Benny, and Billy Daniel as Marjorie Reynolds' dancing partner. They both can be reached at Para... and the boy you loved as the king in "Nothing But Trouble," was 13-year-old David Leland of M-G-M, and Gordon McDonald left M-G-M, and is now devoting his time to B-way... 20-year-old Danny Norton of Universal Bugs Kelly in "Crime, Inc." and Rudy Weisler was Stan in "Tomorrow The World."

Of course I've much more of the same stuff in that special info box I store in back of my head—so won't you send your questions and A SELF-ADRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DECK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.? That's what I'm here for.

Your ever lovin' Bev.

Eileen Boland, New York; May I have some statistics on Scott McKay and Kurt Kreuger?

Scott was born Peter McKay Gose in Pleasantville, Louis, on May 28, 1915. Is married to Meg Power, is 6' 1" weighs 175 lbs, has blond hair and blue eyes, and will next be seen in Selznick's "Don't Look in the Sun"—with Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, and Joe Cotten. Kurt was born in St. Moritz, Switzerland, July 23, 1915. Has blond hair, 5' 11 1/2", 165 lbs., and unmarried. Just signed with Fox... latest is "Paris Underground."

Alice Matara, B'klyn, N.Y.C.; May I have the addresses of clubs for the following:


VAN JOHNSON AND CORNEL WILDE: None.

Gloria Reilly, New York; I'd like the addresses of the children in "ROUGHLY SPEAKING" during all three ages—as kids, adolescents and grown-ups... in that order.

JOHN BARBARA RODNEY

Micky Kuhn, Ann Lawrence John Calkins Johnny Ted Leland of M-G-M Bob Hutton Andrea King John Sheridan

LOUISE FRANKIE

Jo Marlow Greg Muradian Patricia Parsons Avis Sheffield Jean Sullivan Robert Arthur
Safest n' Surest!  Harry's dad is going to be mighty glad to get the V-Mail letter his boy wrote tonight. And Harry never forgets what daddy told him: "V-Mail's faster, son, and V-Mail's safer."

Happily, young Harry drifts off to a restful sleep—relaxed on the cushioned luxury of Beautyrest, the dream mattress. Made by Simmons, it has 837 individually pocketed coils which give you that marvelous "all over" relaxed feeling. Guard your Beautyrest well, for we're still engaged in war work, and cannot tell at this moment exactly when we will be making this great mattress again. Meantime, your dealer may have other mattresses bearing the Simmons label. Anyone is well worth the money.

P. S. Also available, a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

Made by SIMMONS COMPANY

MEN OVERSEAS ask you to speed your letters to them safely by always using V-MAIL! V-MAIL is fast...sure. It is the only mail that always flies. Use it!
Gregory, “We aren’t going to have the baby today. We’re expecting it in three or four weeks, but we want to know in advance exactly what we have to do when we reach the hospital.”

An invisible draueinaue pulled the smile out of the corners of the nurse’s mouth. “Well, first you report here and we fill out some forms. Then you go upstairs…”

She outlined a fairly complicated procedure “… but at least we know now what to expect,” said Gregory, “when the time comes.”

Flushed with triumph, they left the hospital and went to call on friends. Some-what later they attended a movie. Then they came home and settled down for the night. At 4:01 they were on their way to the hospital, scorching down the course established by the red pencil in a calmer moment.

He had something on his mind—a little. Gregory said once or twice, “It’s a good thing we made that test run... are you all right, honey? I’m sure glad I made that map... is everyone okay, honey?”

As they entered the hospital, they saw the same nurse who had greeted them on Sunday at 2 P.M. smiled at them on Monday at 4:22 A.M. (It had been off hours, was starting a new shift.) Brightly she said, “Still practicing?”

But she pulled out the admittance sheets and began to ask the usual questions. “We’ll have to skip that,” said the persua- sing near-pop, “and go on with the other things you mentioned.”

All of which was a way of introducing Mr. Jonathan Peck, born July 20, 1944, and now looking forward to the second Christmas of his life.

While Jonny and his mother were in the hospital, Pop Peck arrived with a watch for Mom, and as soon as she left the hos- pital with her slim new P.B. (post baby) figure there was a mink coat waiting for her. When the Pecks had discovered that Jonny was on the way, Gregory had told his wife, “Okay, Greta, you start a family for me and I’ll produce a mink for you.”

He hadn’t convinced either the newcomer was a girl or a boy, although all of his friends tried to talk him into wanting a boy first. He told Greta, “If Jonathon had been a girl, I would just as happy as I am now, but I think it would have broken the hearts of our best friends.”

The first thing Gregory did, as soon as he established that Jonny was a boy and not the countenance he had described, was to start a photographic record of Jonny’s development. Using 16 mm. colored film, Gregory snapped some footage of the young child trying to stuff that hat over his forehead, and the baby then his foot into his mouth. He took several reels each month, and as Jonny grew more and more he became to develop a personal- ity, the increased the number of frames used to record the progress of his son and heir.

Someone asked Gregory one day, “What will you do with that film?”

Gregory assumed a reminiscent air. “There will come a day—Looking back on my own adolescence. Back in those uniformed, self-important days when Gregory was a student at St. John’s Military Academy, Gregory’s stepfather took the boy and Mrs. Peck out to Westlake Park in Los Angeles. (It is now called MacArthur Park.) There, Gregory’s proud stepfather took movies of Gregory saluting his mother, walking for- ward several stiff paces to embrace her, wearing a wooden Indian smile, then stepping back, saluting again, wheeling and marching out of camera shot. At the
time Gregory was about ten, tall for his age, horribly conscious of his military training, and inclined to walk like a colt dodging lightning.

At 16 he was even taller for his age, but he had achieved an even greater dignity than a guy gets from brass buttons. He was shaving and he had a girl.

One night his mother and stepfather invited Gregory’s girl and some of his friends over for dinner; since dinner it was suggested that some recently taken movies be shown. Gregory’s father showed the new footage first, then without making any announcements, began to project that an- cient scene when Gregory was ten. Our flabbergasted hero shrieked within a suit that had abruptly become four sizes too large; glinting beads of perspiration formed on his forehead, the back of his neck and in the palms of his hands.

“When the lights go on again,” he whispered to his guardian angel, “just let me have evaporated without trace.”

He thought, “From now on it’s all over between me and my girl. What woman in her right mind could be interested by a goon like that pasteboard boy scout on the screen... eeeeee.” The lights were flashed on—rather an unnecessary act since Gregory’s bright blush was equivalent to the aura borealis—and the girl friend said, making with doe eyes, “Oh, Gregory, what a CUTE kid you were.”

So, the Pecker Grints and says, “I’ll give my son a little of the same trouble one day,” and probably achieve the same result.

One day shortly before Christmas last year, Gregory bounded into the front hall and shuffled through the mail left for him. The address on one of the letters brought him short. “Mr. Jonathan Peck,” it said. Bursting all rules of polite behavior at the seams, Gregory opened his son’s mail. It was a Christmas card signed, “Your loving nurse.” That went into the baby book.

At Valentine’s season, on St. Patrick’s Day, and on Easter, Jonathan also received cards.

Because Jonny’s nurse is so competent and so devoted, Gregory has never 1) bathed his son, 2) changed his pin-up clack, 3) wrote the hungry man, nor 4) burped the gentleman after- ward. Neither has Gregory ever rested his cheek against that of the baby; Gregory heard all about germs during his pre- med course at California, so he restrains his affection in the juvenile presence. This doesn’t mean that Master Jonny doesn’t get regale paternal workouts, however. Gregory tosses the junior acrobat in the air, rides him piggy back and bobbles the back of Jonny’s neck until he yells with delight.

There is a contest between father and son that is pretty hectic now, but is doomed to oblivion as soon as Jonny matures a little more; currently, Jonny is fascinated by light switches, floor plug variety. The instant he is set free of someone’s lap or his play pen, he makes a beeline for the nearest floorplug, and sooner or later he jumps at the nearest floorplug, and sooner or later he jumps until he is set free.

He is a philosophic little cuss; doesn’t try at this interpolation of a scientific excus- sion, simply puts his lower lip in an expression that announces, “Okay, bub. But I’ll make it next time.”

One afternoon, proving that he appreciate-
Let your beauty reign with Lorraine

Whatever your type of beauty or hair-do you will find that Lorraine Hair Aids will give you smartness, assurance and poise. The Lorraine quality and selection in all hair shades will delight you.

Sold exclusively and Guaranteed by F.W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES
ciates dramatic values, Jonny suddenly arose to his feet from a sitting stance and staggered about six steps to the rail of his play pen where he clung uncertainly for a moment, then lowered himself to the floor. He chose to do this when his mother, his father, and his pop-eyed nurse were all gathered in the room.

Naturally, the proud Pecks mentioned Jonny's new trick to several of their friends, but Jonny hasn't repeated the performance. Best subsequent effort to date has consisted of clinging to his father's reliable fingers and placing one dubious foot after another for a few paces. The Pecks are keeping very quiet about the whole thing, but they are maintaining the camera at the ready—just in case.

Incidentally, Jonny's favorite toy is a badly battered yellow duck almost as big as he is. When Gregory was selecting Greta's Easter plant—a giant azalea—he noticed a nearby stuffed quack. "Put that in the package, too," he said.

From the moment Jonny spied it in his mother's gift, there was no doubt in his mind as to its function or its ownership. He claimed it, takes it to bed every night, and would probably go on a hunger strike if someone snatched the Donald away even long enough to give it a dry cleaning.

Jonny is growing up in a family where the Head Man has some specific ideas about children, the care, instruction, and guidance of same. For one thing, Gregory certainly doesn't want Jonny to be an only child. Talking about this problem to friends one evening, Gregory said, "The life of an only child is too vacant. I know, because I was one. I used to envy kids who had brothers and sisters; they had so much to talk about. And their holidays were wonderful—so much doing, so many gifts, such excitement. On the other hand, I think a continual marathon is bad for a child. No matter how big the family, it seems to me that—if it is at all possible—each child should have some place in which he can be private. He should have some nook, preferably his own room, that is completely his own, where he can have his beetle collection and his marbles, his books, his radio, his stamps or whatever interests

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One fine day I was walking along Michigan Blvd. in Chicago when I saw a crowd of people. Curious, I walked over, and found a man lying on the sidewalk with his head bleeding. He was unconscious. Everyone was just looking; nobody was doing anything constructive. This was the first chance I had to use my first aid training. I loosened his collar, wiped his head, and waited to take his pulse. But I had no watch with me. Without looking up, I asked, "Has someone got a watch with a second hand?" One was handed to me, and I took his pulse, which was very weak. I then directed the man who had given me the watch to call a doctor, which he did at once. After he came back from telephoning for the doctor, he asked for his watch. I looked up for the first time, and gazed into a very handsome and familiar face. The man who had been so helpful and cooperative was Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor! Betty Burbach, Chicago, Ill.
him. Kids need a place in which they can think things out for themselves. Most kids turn out fine if they're given tactful guidance, and if they're allowed to develop naturally, after figuring out all the angles.

One bit of tactful guidance that Gregory intends to offer his son is Gregory's own belief that anything worth getting or worth keeping requires a lot of hard work, whether the item is something as intangible as a happy marriage, or something as concrete as the ability to play a ukulele. Gregory is convinced that the valuable things in life aren't acquired easily.

Not even, for instance, the ability to swim. He is going to see that Jonny isn't coached in the Spartan school, as he was, however. Gregory was six, living in La Jolla (a resort town not from from San Diego) when his much older cousin and a group of the cousin's friends, tossed Gregory off an alligator rock. The water in that spot was about 40 feet deep. If Gregory, who had never been in the ocean over his knees before, had shown an inclination to sputter, get hysterical and drown, the boys would have leaped in, of course. Probably they could have saved him. There is always a chance on the other side of the ledger, too.

"Tenny rate, Jonny is going to get swimming lessons as soon as he is big enough to go into a pool."

When Gregory was nine, he was allowed to ride in a department store delivery truck with his cousin, who had taken a summer time job. While the cousin was making a delivery, G. Peck decided to see whether he could drive the truck. As the vehicle was parked on a rather steep hill, the problem of take-off was simple: Gregory released the hand brake. The gear was in neutral, the engine was turning over, so a bug-eyed Greg, almost invisible behind the huge wheel, guided it down the hill. Luckily, the highway was banked on the turn, so the apprentice jockey's hard pull to the left did not upset the heavily loaded truck; instead, the wheels slowed almost to a stop on the straightaway, so Gregory delved deeper into his remembered driving technique (learned from watching his cousin), put the gear into low and—by sliding forward—pressed on the accelerator. The truck responded with a volcanic rumble and shot down the street, made another turn, climbed a hill, made the third turn, and shook down the street to stop at a gate before which stood a chalk-faced and trembling cousin.

Next scene omitted. Very painful.

Mr. Jonathan Peck is not to be allowed such a jaunt. He is to be taught that, as soon as his legs are long enough and his judgment reliable enough, he will be taught to drive by his pop and will be given his own jalopy when he is legally old enough.

Jonny will reach this legal age in a family which regards the attaining of laughs as an important occupation. Gregory and Greta kid one another continually. Greta has her frugal side, a fact that was a Peck family lifeguard at one time, but now persists to cause some merriment.

Usually it is the man of a household who cherishing some item of clothing till forty happy generations of moths have reared their young. In the Peck household, it is Greta who can't endure the thought of throwing out some of Gregory's old suits. Not long ago he went through his closet and selected three suits of a vintage that justified calling an antique dealer or calling the Salvation Army. "Call someone up and explain that these suits aren't much, but that someone might get some good out of them for a few weeks," he instructed.

A week later the suits were still in the closet; ditto two weeks; ditto three.

"What's the big idea?" queried the man of the house. "Why haven't these been...
The smart wife or wife-to-be does not forget that soft, caressing feminine hands attract and hold men—that red, ratty hands are rough on romance. She guards her hands night and day from the coarsening effects of work, weather and hot, soapy water. And if she's doubly wise, she guards them with Frostilla Hand Lotion.

**FROSTILLA'S** choice ingredients help keep dryness and roughness from your skin—help keep silky softness in your hands. Frostilla spreads evenly, dries quickly, leaving no stickiness. Use Frostilla on your legs, too. It's soothing, smoothing, quickly effective. A drop or two is enough.

**TRY FROSTILLA**—Make your own hands lovely again. With Frostilla more available because of the partial release of its scarce ingredients from war service, you can now see for yourself why Frostilla has been America's premier hand lotion for 74 years. 35c, 50c, $1.00 sizes in Drug and Dept. Stores in U.S.A. and Canada. Travel or desk size in better 10c stores.

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**Lovely Hands ARE BACK!**

**Frostilla FOR LOVELY HANDS**

tossed out?"

"Well . . . you can never tell,″ said Greta. "They might come in handy some time for the beach, or a hunting trip . . . ."

"The next thing I know,″ moaned Gregory in simulated pain, "you'll be making suits for Jonny of them."

"It's an idea,″ said his wife.

Gregory gets kidded because he tosses his good clothing around. After having worked in the yard all morning on his day off, he is likely to advance upon a cold shower by dropping a sneaker here, a sock there and a shirt somewhere else.

"But you used to be so tidy in our New York apartment,″ protested Greta one day.

"There was a place for everything, and everything in its place—always."

Said Gregory above the roar of the shower, "In that apartment, if a guy left a pair of shoes anywhere but in the closet or under the bed, he was likely to stumble over them and break his neck. If I had left shirts around, I wouldn't have had anything to wear the next day, and if I'd hung trousers over a chair, I couldn't have sat in the chair. I'm just enjoying the spaciousness of our home, Greta."

Along the line of utter relaxation, Gregory has also passed a house rule that Sunday is the day he does not shave—not even if guests are dropping in during the day. On the Sabbath, he rests his face.

Observed Greta, regarding his cocoa-mat chin, "Doesn't that feel awful?"

"It feels WONDERFUL," purred her rugged spouse.

One day Greta came home, bearing a gag gift for Gregory. "This is to wear with your week end beard," she kidded.

When he opened the parcel, instead of uttering a yell of derision, the unpredictable Mr. Peck assumed an expression of delight. "A plain wool shirt!″ he rejoiced. "Oh boy, this is for me all right, all right.″ He tried it on—exactly the proper size. And from that moment he wore that shirt every week end regularly, moaning when it was being cleaned.

When the Joe Cottens and the Pecks were in Arizona on location for "Duel In The Sun," Greta slipped downtown one morning and purchased a firehouse red wool shirt to replace the plaid garment; when Gregory got a glimpse of his new finery there was no dissuading him from wearing it. He and Greta had been invited to the Cottens' quarters for a quick conference before dinner, and Gregory couldn't resist donning the meteoric mantle. "I'll blind that guy, Cotten," he grinned. "I'll dazzle him to pieces."

Greta preceded him into the room, then Gregory arrived with a flourish. And, chest out, face wreathed in triumphant smiles, there stood Mr. Cotten—also resplendently clad in an incendiary shirt. Mrs. Cotten had purchased a duplicate for Joe.

Whereupon the two fugitives from the Royal Northwest Mounted marched upon Mr. Selznick, who simply clapped his hands to his forehead and quickly offered liquid refreshments to calm the visual fire.

By the time you read this, the Pecks will have celebrated their third wedding anniversary—on October 2, 1945. Last year Gregory gave Greta a ruby ring and she gave him a gold pen and pencil set with his initials engraved thereon. Consulting experts on the proper symbol of the third anniversary, they discovered that there is a difference of opinion; one authority says the third is the linen anniversary, insists that the item of celebration should be candy, and yet another thinks leather is proper. Gregory is trying to work it out this way: Greta should be remembered with candy, but he should be remembered with some nice matched luggage.

Over this, as over almost every incident in the household, they are having—as usual—a Peck of fun.
simultaneously, you're not really in love with either. Instead of trying to decide between them, explain to both that you're not yet ready to tie yourself down. There's a possibility that when these lads come home, one of them will have developed into your soul-mate, but until that time comes—no promises, baby.

My mother is old fashioned! At seventeen, I'm still the dateless wonder of our own because she won't allow me to go out. How can I get it across that I'm a big girl now? D. S., Front Royal, Virginia.

Your mother must dream of your eventual marriage to some nice young man. So at this be the promise on which you base your discussion. Explain to her that if you have no opportunity to know boys now, you'll have no basis for comparison later.

Let her see that she is paving the way for you to become either terribly boy-shy or completely boy-crazy. Then tell her that you are willing to co-operate with her. That you'll have every date come to the house to call for you so that she'll have a chance to meet him. Agree on a certain hour. Offer to double date during a specified probation period. If you present your side of the thing intelligently, she'll have to see that you're right. Then it's up to you to see that none of her fears are realized.

The boy I love is from what my family refers to as the wrong side of the tracks. Financially, that's true, but as a person he couldn't be finer. How can I open their eyes? E. R., Pierre, South Dakota.

The thing to do is to persuade your family to get to know him. Ask him to dinner, at your parents play bridge with you too. Play him up. Make him shine. A reasonable period of this, and his charm should have gotten through to them. Or could be you may have changed your mind.

I'm so weary of house dates, so coke-cream I could scream. Is there any nice guy of making the next evening on him? C. M., Campbell, Ohio.

Sure, fox him. Next time he calls, say, 'Gosh, I'd love it, only mom's having the bridge club that night.' He'll be looking up a good movie in zero minutes. The following week, if you're right.

Kids, we love your letters, especially the ones that say, 'I did what you said and it worked.' They make us feel wonderful. Giving us all the dithers you've got, that please know that we care. Honest. Honest. Whether it's a guy, a mom, a soul job; talking it over with us will help, and we promise to dig deep and come up with the best advice we've got. Don't stew, write to Jean Kinsed, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

AUTOGRAFIFS!

No frettin', just gettin', when you stack up those signatures the Modern Screen way! Page 60 tells how you may be sure of getting star-replied as well as starry-eyed!
FOR 'TEEN AGERS

(Continued from page 72)

—purse, snapshot space, key ring and a real honest-to-goodness four leaf clover in a medallion. Its price is middletoo—only $2.25—plus 20% Federal Tax.

Most Likely to Succeed is a dress as merry as Dane Clark, as exciting as Greg Peck, and as versatile as the two of them put together. You’ll wear it when it’s your turn to give a book report, when your big sister tosses you your first blind date, when the gang rocks the bleachers at the season’s crucial football game. You’ll love the precious grey waistcoat jacket and the clear true red of the skirt, and your trained eye will know in a flash that the twin patch pockets with their bent-down corners are something! Wear the skirt and blouse separately in endless combinations. Wear it as a suit with a sweater or blouse. In the same sturdy twill as the foregoing date-dress, this one—in spite of the chase you will lead it—will wear magnificently. Sorry—no pie—but honest—it’s terrific. Under $9.

Double Check: A wardrobe without a classic is like a record library without “Stardust.” Which is why this black-and-white checked job is a must. It’s the sort of dress the guys adore because it combines the little-girl look (for which they go) with just enough sophistication (for which they go). A crisp white collar, guileless as a choir boy’s smile, melts them every time, and well-placed color accents bewitch them, viz, the handsome red leather belt accentuating your slimness, the good-looking metal-on-plastic buttons marching down your front. For church, school, dates, town—for all the high-spots of all your days, this is unquestionably it. Beautifully tailored of a rayon that looks and feels like sheer wool, it’s a dress to cherish, a dress to be cherished in. Under $9.

There they are, our three beloved discoveries, and confidentially we feel slightly on the Christopher Columbus side. If you love these clothes the way we do, you’ll want to know where to find them; what colors they come in and all sorts of other things. We’ll be right here waiting for your queries, thrilled to death to be putting you on the road to becoming the chic-est chicks around.

Thanks for all the lovely letters. Do it again, won’t you? In case you’ve forgotten, this is us: Fashion Adviser, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

IS YOUR SECRET MILITARY OR MONETARY?

“I know a secret!” you used to shout when you were a kid. And you’d hug your secret to your heart and not tell anyone. But sometimes things happen to you which are just too exciting to keep to yourself. Like an encounter with a star. ‘F’rinstance! When you feel you’ve gotta tell somebody or bust, please give a priority rating to Modern Screen’s ear, for we’re so curious we’ll pay you five dollars if we print your story. Write clearly, and tell us all the juicy details . . . because it’s that kind of ya-ki-to ya-ki-to we go for—to the tune of five dollars! Address your letters to the I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
chitchat. It's an old Victorian custom, rapidly waning in these days of equality between the sexes. But our more formal hostesses out-British the British. On this particular evening, Norma rose and the other women followed suit. All but Betsy—she sat. Norma smiled sweetly, made a slight beckoning gesture. Little red-headed Betsy smiled sweetly back. "That's a barbaric custom," she said, "for women who didn't have the brains to meet men on their own terms. I'm staying here—"

fun with fynn

Grab! Errol Flynn's party for his aunt. We all laughed our heads off. Fancy Errol with an aunt! We couldn't wait to see what he'd pull this time. The guesses ranged from Marjorie Main to a horse in aunt's clothing. So we got there, and who should be standing beside Errol to greet us but a charming, gray haired woman? And who should she be but the true-life aunt of the unpredictable Flynn? Of course Hopper couldn't keep her mouth shut—"We thought it was a gag—"

"Well," grinned the model nephew, "isn't it?"

The party where Tallulah Bankhead, who can get away with more murder than any other ten, told Clifton Webb he served the lousiest food in town.

"Do, Hedd-a?" he asked plaintively.

"Why, of course not," I soothed him.

"Since when do they call baked beans food?"

The different kind of surprise party at Ann Rutherford's. After dinner, she took the guests upstairs, opened the door, and presto! a nursery complete with adopted baby. You've got to hand it to Ann and David May. Six months little Gloria'd been in the house and nobody'd smelled her out—not even me.

Now they come swarming—big parties and small, elegant and cozy, prestige parties, and parties you give for your friends. There's the kind I hate—where a $5000 executive can't sit next to the schnuckle who makes a pauper thousand. And the kind I love—where the old-timers get off in a room by themselves, with Fannie Brice in the middle, drink champagne, swap stories and weep over the dear dead days beyond recall. I know of, at least one party—I voss not dere, Sharlie—where the guests divided into "We-Like-Hoppers" and "We-Don't." I think it came out about 60-40, which for me isn't bad.

One thing I've noticed. You can always tell, by the way you're shown into a house, how the help feel about their employers. I'm not sticking my neck out far enough to name names, but I will say this. When you get a stuff, unsamiling, resentful maid or butler, nine times out of ten, you're at a big producer's. Lots of people won't even go to the bigshots for interviews, no matter how plush the pay, and I don't blame them. The boss gets all his ideas from the movies. If you're rich in the movies you can have ten butlers all treat them like robots. That makes you Napoleon . . .

The Goldwyns are a notable exception. I was first to arrive at the small dinner parties and found Sam looking very happy. "You'll have to excuse Frances. She's upstairs, punishing Sammy."

Presently Frances appeared, cool and lovely as ever.

"Fine time you picked to discipline your child," I said.

"Sorry, Hedd-a. He was rude to one of
Satin-smooth boy discovers buffet. Mrs. Your. My. For you drop in around four of a Sunday, eat a buffet supper and dance. Turban Bey always used to be there before Uncle Sam took him, and Cheryl always came in to say hello. She's a beautiful, pink checked youngster with Lana's features, but dark hair and eyes like Steve Crane's. Her manners are perfect and though Lana adores her with her eyes, she doesn't, thank heaven, try to get the kid to show off.

At Lauritz Melchior's you swim—or, if you're like me, lounge around the pool in a deckchair—and listen to "Pagliacci" on Capehart records. Kleinchen—which means little one, but is Mrs. Melchior's real name—always has plenty of meat in the freezer because Lauritz does his own hunting. Then there's target shooting for them as likes it, with bets on the side and the money going to Danish Relief.

At George Murphy's you listen to the world being taken apart and put together again. How times have changed! In the old carefree days, Cagney'd go into a corny vaudeville routine with Billie, his wife—Pat O'Brien would sing Irish songs till the dawn and his voice cracked together. No more. Now you listen with bated breath to what Bob Montgomery saw from his ship on D-Day, or the stories Cagney brought home from his overseas trip. Makes you want to go out and fight. So you go and buy another bond.

Ida Lupino gives the most uninhibited parties. Words can't describe what goes on at Lupino's house—it's like "You Can't Take It With You." Half the guests she doesn't even know—just takes it for granted she met them somewhere and calls them all "ducky darling" regardless. No one's ever greeted, told goodbye or introduced. You do as you please. Feet are tapping in one corner and a typewriter in another, a couple of girls are practising ballet steps and another group recording a song, which'll find its way eventually to David Niven or somebody else in the service. Everyone's expressing himself except Helmut Dantine. He sits in a trance, seeing but not believing.

Claudette remembers Helmut...

And that reminds me of a charming tale, strictly confidential, in which Helmut played the lead opposite Claudette Colbert. It began several years ago in the Tyrol. Dantine, with some other university students, was spending the holidays skiing. They were enchanted to discover that, among the guests at the inn were the American movie star, Miss Claudette Colbert, and her husband.

There was dancing after dinner. One of his pals nudged Helmut. "I dare you to ask her for a dance."

That was a challenge no good Austrian could ignore. Shaking in his shoes, Helmut approached divinity, who smiled and said she'd be glad to dance with him. But he never got more than two whirls before his false friends kept cutting in.

Curtain. The years pass. The Gary Coopers give a party attended among others by Claudette and that handsome young devil who played the Nazi in "Mrs. Miniver." After dinner there's dancing. As the music breaks into 34 time, the H. Y. D. goes up to Miss Colbert and bows from the waist, "Could we finish the waltz we started in the Tyrol?"

Then it all came back. Austria before the war, a starlit night in the mountains and a boy who asked her to dance. No
wonder her face looked wistful as Helmut's arm went round her. That other night she'd been with her husband. Now he was somewhere in the South Pacific...

The nicest parties are given by the kids who don't know from caste distinctions, and just invite the people they like. Or maybe I should say the people who fit in. Because they know and like Gable—who doesn't—yet they'd never think of asking him to a party. He's out of their world. Then what am I doing there? Well, it's like this. Their favorite meeting place is Keenan Wynn's, and I knew Keenan's parents before he was born. That seems to make a difference. Besides, there's no aura round me as there is around Clark. I don't make them self-conscious. It's just good old Hedda breezing in—

Evie's a marvelous hostess. No strain, no chichi. Just makes you feel that the house is yours. Supper's buffet, with spaghetti or chow mein from the Farmer's Market. Nothing's planned or set. It starts like any shindig in your home town when a bunch of healthy young Americans gets together. The only difference is that the room's packed with more talent than home towns offer. So when the music gets going, it won't be long before Lucille Ball busts out singing with Desi, or Van Johnson catches up a table cloth and starts a hula no Hawaiian would ever recognize.

But it's Keenan and Danny Kaye who bring down the house. The minute those two get started, you fall on your face. There's nothing forced about either of them—they'll ad lib a routine as they go along—

"People on busses are funny," says Danny, and that's all they need. Right away they're two guys on a bus, shaking with the motion, Danny reading a paper, Keenan craning to see it over his shoulder—well, there's no sense trying to describe it, but it winds up with Keenan eating the paper and the rest of us on the floor. Talking of kids brings up a Colman story. You'll see the connection in a minute, just hold your horses. It seems Ronnie and Benita dropped in on a friend who was throwing a party for the younger glamour set—Van Johnson and Esther Williams, Lana Turner, Bob Walker, Peter Lawford, Gloria DeHaven and John Payne, and June Allyson, who brought Dick Powell along.

When Ronnie saw what he'd walked into, he wanted to turn tail and flee, but it was too late. Well, in about ten minutes the Messrs. Johnson, Payne, Walker, etc. were entertaining each other, while the girls formed an adoring knot around Colman, hanging on each polished word that fell from his lips.

The girl who told me about it said: "He seemed a little shy, but I think he liked it. Because I heard him telling the hostess goodbye and he said: 'Thank you for letting me drink at the fountain of youth.'"

bachelors' dilemma...

I remember another time when the boys got left. This happened at the Jack Benny's last New Year's Eve. Mary'd asked all her unattached guests to come alone. She must have figured on having them up, but something slipped somewhere, and the men out-numbered the girls.

Well, you know how it is on New Year's Eve—you want someone special to say Happy New Year to. Just before midnight, people started looking sentimental. Husbands stuck to their wives, girls to their boy friends. The lights went out, the music broke softly into "Auld Lang Syne," you could hear the sound of kisses...

Then the lights went on. Lined up at the bar stood Van Johnson, Helmut Dantine, Errol Flynn and Freddie De Cordova, the young Warner director who—take my
word for it girls,—has as much on the ball as the other three. There they stood, four lone wolves, looking terribly sorry for themselves, and the crowd whooped.

 Flynn turned gravely to the others. "Gentlemen," he said, "let this be a lesson to you. Too many women may be bad, but not enough is worse—"

There are no more parties like the ones Joan Crawford used to throw. They weren't large, but, with her flair for the dramatic, Joan could make a production number of tea for two. She'd have gowns flown from Hattie Carnegie's, and spend two or three hours on her "toilette." When all the guests were assembled, you'd hear her voice at the head of the stairs cooing to the dachshunds, and down she'd float—"Oh, are you all here?—do please forgive me—darling, how marvelous you look—This? Oh, do you like it?"—as if it were a little thing she'd stitched up just before dinner.

old-time glamour . . .

I always enjoyed those evenings. Joan knows what people expect of a movie star and gives it to them. In the public eye she's never been less than glamorous. And as Mrs. Phil Terry, she does her job equally well—gets down on her knees and scrubs when she can't find help.

Nowadays, big parties follow a kind of pattern. Because of rationing and the servant problem, very few are given and only for special occasions. To save wear and tear on the household, the food is catered. But the eats can be perfect, the guests congenial, and you're still likely to have a flop on your hands unless there's a good pianist in the crowd. Because sooner or later everybody wants to sing. A pianist, for instance, might have given Minna Wallis embarrassment. At least, Tallulah's voice wouldn't have sounded so loud. It was kind of a mixed crowd—Louis B. Mayer, the David Selznicks, Cary Grant, and Van Johnson, who usually sticks with the younger fry. Incidentally, there was an illuminating encounter between Van and Cary, and it proves you can figure out for yourselves. Van's house-conscious. As soon as he can, he wants to buy or build.

"Gee, I envy you," he told Cary. "The one thing I want is a well-oiled home that runs itself—so all I have to say is, 'There'll be eight for dinner tonight.' Cary's jaw dropped. "Are you kiddin'? Here I am with a big place in Belfair, social debts up to my ears, and no help or food. I'd give my soul for a little place to live in, where I wouldn't have to envy anyone in my life as I envy you—"

That's by the way. The party was wearing itself out around 9:45 when in walks Tabo, in a short print dress. Everyone else was gussied up to the nines, but did that bother our dreamgirl? You don't have to answer.

Minna hauled her in. "Oh, I'm glad you've come, I think you know everyone." Tallulah stopped, looked around, then that gentle voice of hers rang out. "I don't know a blanketly soul in the place—"

Minna tried to cover up, but she should have known better. The more you cover up for Tallulah, the sharper her thrusts. She spent the rest of the evening sitting three feet from Louis B. and making horrible cracks about M-G-M, who had her out here ten years ago and ruined her with a couple of stinking pictures.

Ann Sothern gave her first party in years for the baby's christening. Mal Milland was godmother, Walter Lang godfather. From the church you went straight to the house. Tables were set in the garden under a cellophane canopy, but halfway through the meal a wind came up and ripped the cellophane. Hair and food started blowing around.
I'll get some Scotch tape," yelled Bob Sterling.

"It's no use, Bob," Hedy Lamarr yelled back. "I know these things. When they're done, they're gone—" So you grabbed your ood and ran indoors, and sat on the floor if you couldn't find a chair.

The place was lousy with actors. You'd think they'd get tired of performing, but no, they all wanted to be in the act. Ann litterbugged with Cesar Romero, who was some on leave. Dolores Hope, Bob's wife, and "More Than You Know." She's got a low kind of torchy voice and sings it dili-ently. Originally, Warners planned to rub her voice in for Bacall's but finally decided the Babe's own pipes would do. The only ones who didn't perform were Tom and Chris Drake. They'd just been married and sat starry-eyed in a corner, holding hands. You felt you ought to walk around them on tiptoe...

Finally Roger Edens took over—he's the miracle man who arranges Judy Gar-land's songs. Where Roger is, there's a million dollars worth of entertainment. Everyone crowded round for community singing. Curiously enough, it's not the Vest Parade tunes they clamor for, but the old-time favorites.

Lawford to the rescue...

In the midst of all this, there was a sound on the stairs. Heads turned, and suddenly you could have heard a pin drop. There stood the nurse, with Patricia asleep in her arms, a tiny crown on her head. "Who's the queen of the evening, anyway?" asked the nurse.

Young Peter Lawford, quick on the up-take, dropped to one knee. "Long live the queen," he said softly, "everyone murmured, "Long live the queen." It was very sweet, and I'll bet there wasn't a pair of dry eyes in the place.

Of course any hostess who has Bob Hope at a party can guarantee her guests a hell of a time. Maybe he's late, maybe he's been going all day, maybe he's had five benes, it makes no difference. Your

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One day I was visiting my aunt, who works in a tea room in California which is visitted by many movie stars. My aunt asked me to run across the street and get a dish cloth for her, so I dashed out the door with my head down, and bumped right into a very handsome man. In a hurry, I mut-tered, "Excuse me," and kept right on going. When I came back to the tea room, some movie stars were sitting down at one of the tables, and my aunt said I might wait on them, which was very exciting for me. When I served them, I realized the star was Alan Ladd, and blurted out my apolo-gies... for he was the man whom I had bumped into a few minutes be-fore! In answer to my apologies, he smiled and said that as punishment, I had to stay and mind Alana, his little girl, while he and his wife danced for awhile. I was so thrilled to tell the kids how home that I had minded Alan Ladd's baby... and been paid with a picture, autographed personally to me!

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party can be dying on its feet. Let Bob walk in, and it springs to life.

The Millands have a Christmas party every year. We in Hollywood are delighted that those two grand people are together again—that there'll be more Christmas parties for Mal and Ray and little Danny and their hosts of friends. Year after year the same guests are invited—names you know and names you never heard of—all of them people who knew the Millands when. You're supposed to help trim the tree before midnight supper. But Fred MacMurray's the only one who works. The others lack a toy here or a tie there and go off to more amusing matters. Fred sticks at it religiously. When he fixes the star on top, you know it's done.

Carolers come to the door. You hear them squealing as Ray goes out to thank them. But their excitement was nothing compared to his own last Christmas. He'd bought Mal a diamond bracelet, her first. She wasn't to get it till Christmas morning, but he kept sneaking people upstairs to take a look. "Fine thing," she sniffed, "everyone gets a preview but the wife..."

After a while you'll hear weird sounds from the piano. For reasons best known to himself, Ray's got to play "I'll See You In My Dreams" on Christmas Eve. Only he can't play. Someone who can sits down, and Ray moves over. "Play I'll See You in My Dreams." If the guy doesn't know it, Ray gets terribly hurt.

Dolores Hope was there but Bob, who'd been doing shows, came very late. Five minutes, and he had the crowd in hysterics.

"Come on," said Dolores. "You've been going all day and the kids'll have you up at six..."

But there's always another story Bob wants to tell. Dolores went up for her coat. Coming down, her heel caught on the last step and she went sprawling, just as Bob was about to make his point. Naturally, everyone rushed to help her—everyone but Bob.

"She'll do anything for a laugh," he observed, deadpan, and went on with his story.

Jane and Ronnie Reagan had a Christmas party too. Frank Sinatra came—Nancy was in New York. Van Johnson brought Mary Benny, because Jack was overseas. There was Clark Gable with Kay Williams, Fieldie and Walter Lang. Ann Sheridan—oh well, it would be simpler to say who wasn't there.

Two things you can be sure of at the Reagans. Ronnie'll wind up in a corner with George Murphy, fighting the war—and at some point he'll be on top of the piano. She adores Helen Morgan, owns all the original arrangements of Morgan's songs, and is wild to do Morgan's life in pictures. She'd be darn good too.

The unhappiest person I know at a party is Loretta Young. Ann Sheridan's the shyest. She's the best audience in the world, but hasn't an exhibitionistic bone in her body. However, Sam Brown, the marvelous colored pianist who accompanies Jane, started playing cowboy songs, and cowboy songs are what Texas Annie can't resist. Gradually she worked her way to the piano. And when Sam went into "Ragtime Cowboy Joe," no one but Annie knew the words.

First thing you know, Gable was working his way over to Annie. "What was that first line?"

Then they were singing it together. Annie'd take one line and Clark the next. They batted it back and forth, adlibbing and kidding, having a swell time. Walter Lang—you know he's married to Fieldie, Carole's best friend. No one's any closer to Clark than those two, or wishes him better. Well, Walter was watching all this with a kind of intent look. Then, al-

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most as if the words were dragged out of him, he said: "Why hasn't anyone thought of Ann for Clark? She's like Carole. She loves to laugh—"

Meantime Frankie'd been sitting quietly on the floor, listening to Sam play. His feeling about good music amounts to reverence, and you could tell he thought Sam one of the best. Of course everyone was dying for him to sing, but Jane had warned people not to ask. He was her guest, and she didn't want him exploited.

Finally, though—and I don't remember who it was—someone did ask him. Your Swoonboy, kids, couldn't have been nicer about it. He wasn't eager, yet he didn't wait to be coaxed. "If you want me to sing," he said simply, "I'll be glad to—"

Most of the gals were Sinatra fans, a few were skeptics. They got that amused, detached look in their eyes, that business of "I-dare-you-to-do-it-to-me." Well, he did. "I've got a woman crazy for me," he sang—very soft, very quiet. And before he'd finished twelve bars, the dammedest thing happened. Every woman in that room was sitting up, taking notice, growing conscious of herself as a woman. How he does it I have no idea. It's as though he were singing straight to you—an intimate, forlorn quality that leaves you helpless. Me? Oh, at my age, I'm immune, but I can still understand it.

There was just one sour note and it wasn't Frankie's doing. Mary Benny's sister Babe leaned over and whispered to her neighbor. And a guy who'd come with Frank—with more candor than sense—told her she was being rude.

Well, Babe's no character to tangle with. She managed to keep the lid on till Frankie'd finished, then this voice cut like knives through the applause: "Say, whom do you think you're telling off, anyway? I knew Sinatra when he didn't have a record to his name—"

But the boner to end all boners happened at a very different kind of a party. It kills me that I can't tell you who pulled it, and I have no interest in protecting the girl. But the guy who brought her—though he certainly should have known better—is too good an egg for me to embarrass.

In Hollywood there's an organization called the Players Club. Its members are old-time theater folk who revere great acting and the tradition of the stage. One of the youngest is Harry Davenport, which gives you an idea. Their memories would make a rich and exciting record, and they get together in their big old-fashioned clubhouse to keep those memories alive.

The year's gala event is Ladies Night. This year it was dedicated to the memory of Edwin Booth. The ceremonies are stately—even a little longwinded—but infinitely touching to anyone with a love for the theater. You might now and then be quietly, amused, but never disrespectful. Speeches are made and the climax comes when, at a given signal, you all rise together and lift your wineglass in a silent toast to the portrait of Booth.

dumb dora...

The man who brought this girl must have gone slightly haywire. Among all the conservative evening gowns, her backless formal stood out like a red light. Among all the life-lined faces, her blank young beauty struck an incongruous note. I felt sorry for her too, she looked so bewildered. Who the hell was Edwin Booth, and what was she doing here when she could have been dancing at the Mocambo?

At the signal, we rose and lifted our glasses. The little starlet turned to her companion. Her voice had more carrying power than she realizes. "Never see so many squares in your life?" she asked.

That's all, girls. Here's where I draw the curtain on Hollywood parties.

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"PRIDE OF THE MARINES"
(Story)
(Continued from page 69)
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And it was like the last piece of a jigsaw puzzle falling into place.

"You crazy kid," he said. "You crazy kid..."

She was crying, her face against his shoulder. And he cupped her chin and lifted her face and kissed her. He wiped the tears away with his finger.

"You're not sore I came, Al," she whispered.

"I could bat your brains out," Al said softly.

"Don't be sore, Al—"

"Listen," he said. "There isn't much time. So listen fast. You love me? Me, too. Ruth, I love you, honey. I can't kid myself about it anymore. And that stuff we talked about. You going out with other guys. Forget that. You're for me, baby."

"I wouldn't have gone out anyway, Al—"

"All right. Now just hold still. Let me look at that funny face of yours. It's got to last me a long time. Stay that way, Ruth. You hear me? That's what I want to come back to—"

The train was in the station then. And there were only a few moments more. He moved very close to her and for a minute the station, the train, the crowds were all blotted out and it was as if they were back there over a fire in the hunting country in the Fall.

"Hello, baby," Al said.

"Hello, Al—" she said.

get the gun, al

It was an island named Guadalcanal; and there was a field named Henderson Field. And there was the Japanese army, flushed with victories, sated with the sweep of conquest, that was rolling on like an enormous tide down the whole vast stretch of the Pacific.

And there was a handful of Marines.

There was a Marine named Al Schmid who was part of a machine gun crew: Three men—Al Schmid, Johnny Rivers, Lee Diamond. A kid from Philadelphia, a Jew—ith boy from New York and an ex-prize-fighter who was partIndian, part white and part Negro. There were these three men of a machine gun crew on the outskirts of Henderson Field and a few others like them, Marines, kids from anywhere in America. And across the Tenaru River was a Japanese Army.

They came over one night, hordes of them, like a terrible, rolling wave: So many of them that it seemed incredible that a handful of men and a few machine guns could keep them off. But they did. All through those terrible, damp, Pacific nights. That was the miracle of Guadalcanal.

They kept them off because the machine gun crews like Al Schmid’s kept firing, kept going, never stopped, never turned back. They didn’t stop when Johnny Rivers grunted and slowly slumped to the bottom of the emplacement and they could see the blood oozing out of the neat, small hole in his head. And Al Schmid didn’t stop when a skibble belt of bullets caught Lee Diamond’s shoulder and half spun him around until he fell over the gun, yelling: "Push me away, Al. Push me away. Get on the gun, Al. Get on the gun."

So it was Al Schmid all alone in the dark watching a thin line of river where the Japs came and rose and charged... and fell. Until there were more than two hundred piled before the machine gun emplacement. If he weren’t so tired, so close to the end of his rope, he might have seen the wounded Jap who inched closer and closer, holding the grenade in his hand. But even that Jap, the one who got through, was too late, because by that time the attack had been beaten back. But
he kept inching up to the dirt barricade and then in one convulsive movement the grenade arched into the hole and exploded in a twisting spiral like a huge and horrible night flower in bloom...

The Doctor pulled the shades down so you couldn’t see the sun over San Diego anymore. When the room was dark he walked toward the man in the chair.

“Ready, Schmid?” he said.

“Come on, doc. Let’s get going. Take the bandages off.”

“Look, Schmid. Don’t expect too much. It can take a long time for those eye muscles to heal. This operation doesn’t always work—”

“Take the bandages off, Doc. Please.”

The Doctor unwrapped the bandages. He worked swiftly with quiet, kind hands. And when the last roll was off he dropped it all to the floor and stood looking at Al.

Al said tensely: “You got the shades down, Doc?”

“Yes.”

“That’s why I don’t see anything, eh? I know I can’t expect my eyes to be perfect. After all, with the shades down it gets pretty dark. As you said the key was a flashlight test—”

dark, dark...

“I’ve got the flashlight out, Schmid,” the doctor said. “I’m going to put it behind my back, light it, and then slowly bring it around up to your eyes. As soon as you see anything, yell—”

The little blob of light flashed with sudden, startling brilliance in the dark room. It moved slowly toward the strained face of the Marine in the chair. Closer... closer...

“See anything, Schmid?”

“Not much yet, Doc. Bring it closer. Like the headlight of a train far away in a fog—”

“Schmid—”

“Bring it closer, Doc!”

“Schmid,” the Doctor said softly. “I brought it right in front of your eyes. You should have seen it if—”

“I can’t be blind,” Al said. “Doc, tell me I can’t be blind!”

“Son,” the Doctor said, “this is only the first chance we’ve had to treat your eyes. Sometimes after treatment and rest—say in another year—we can take another crack at it.”

“Another year?”

“Schmid, Listen to me. You mustn’t feel that way about it. I know a fellow, went through medical school with me. Blind. He does everything I can do. Some things better. All right, he can’t hunt and there are some things he can’t do but he lives a full life. Are you listening to me, Al?”

“Why don’t God strike me dead?” Al Schmid said.

He wrote a letter to Ruth Hartley that week. And his face was tight and hard as stone as he dictated; he kept knitting his hands together until they were gathered into fists. The Red Cross girl took it down.

“Why don’t you wait before you write this letter?” she said.

“Look, Virginia,” he said. “I got my mind made up.”

“How about giving Ruth a chance to decide for herself, too? You’ve never even told her you’re blind, Al—”

“And I’m never going to. All right, you ready, Virginia? Come on, take it.”

“All right, Al,” she said. “You’re the boss.”

“Dear Ruth—” he began.

“Dear Ruth: I’m not coming back to Philly. You might as well know. As for getting married... you always knew I was a rolling stone. So get yourself another guy. I wish you all the best.”

And in Philadelphia a girl named Ruth Hartley read the letter through eyes that were suddenly flooded with tears. And after the first shock passed she went to the phone. She put the call through for the San Diego Hospital, for a Marine named...
Al Schmid. But it was a woman’s voice that answered her.

"Ruth? This is Virginia Pfeiffer. I’m the girl who’s been writing Al’s letters for him. Yes, I wrote the last one, too. Listen to me, Ruth. You’ve got a shock coming. Al didn’t write that letter because he doesn’t love you any more... he wrote it because he’s blind... and because he’s afraid he’ll be a burden on you for the rest of your life... it’s something you’ll have to decide, Ruth. Do you want him... even as he is... do you love him enough? Because I think we can work it out, the two of us. First me out here, then you in Philadelphia... if you love him enough..."

And the girl in Philadelphia said: “Love him? Love him? I’d take him any way... any way he is... any way at all... as long as it’s Al...

But it wasn’t as easy as all that. Al wouldn’t listen. To no one. Not to Virginia and not to Lee Diamond nor to any of the boys who had been with him on Guadalcanal. He lived in a tight, brooding world of darkness and dark thoughts. He wouldn’t even admit he was blind. “I don’t see so good yet,” he’d say. And if they tried to tell him about the jobs a blind man could do, he wouldn’t listen. There was a bleak, stony look on his face. And he never mentioned Ruth’s name at all...

The Red Cross girl, Virginia, spoke to the Commander about it. They never told Al, of course. But one day he was called down to the office and the Captain’s voice was innocent and cheerful. Lee Diamond was there, too.

“Schmid,” the Captain said, “I’ve good news for you. You’re getting the Navy Cross. You and Diamond. For what you did back there on Guadalcanal. What’s more the Navy’s doing something else. They’ve decided that you and Diamond will get your Navy Crosses in your own home towns. Be quite a Christmas, eh, Schmid? A Navy Cross. Home. Philadelphia is your home town, isn’t it?”

Al said slowly: “I never been so proud before in my life... about the Navy Cross, I mean... but I don’t want to go back to Philadelphia, sir.”

brave man’s fear...

“Why, Schmid? You’ve got your family—”

“I got no family, sir.”

“Your friends, then.”

“I got reasons for not wanting to go back, sir.”

“Afraid, Schmid?” The Captain said.

“Afraid, you? Afraid of their pity? They’re your friends, Schmid. They’ll understand. You’ve got to face it sometime.”

“I’d rather not go back, sir.”

“T’ll orders, Schmid,” the Captain said.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to go. Goodbye. Good luck. You won’t regret it.”

Lee Diamond took him back on the train and they stayed up almost the whole way, drinking beers, talking. Al was still tense, but he didn’t say anything until they were almost to Philadelphia.

“Lee, you got to promise me something,” he said.

“Sure, Al.”

“If there’s anyone to meet me down there at the station, you got to keep them away. Anyone, Lee. I don’t care who it is. I want to go straight to the hospital.”

“Al—”

“Promise me, Lee.”

Lee said slowly: “All right, Al, if that’s what you want.

He couldn’t see Philadelphia but he could smell it, that vague familiar and haunting aroma of home. He stood on the platform while Lee got the luggage piled before them. And suddenly he was re-
membering another time when he stood on
this same platform and a girl named Ruth
Hartley was crushed in his arms while a
train puffed and whistled on the tracks.
"Come on, Lee," he said harshly. "Let's
go out of here."
He never knew that Ruth was there
on the station and he didn't see her when
she waved to Lee. He heard Lee say some-
thing about clearing an okay with the con-
derator and then Lee was gone. When he
came back, Lee took his arm.
"Chum," Lee said, "you're in luck. The
Navy sent a special car down for you.
Wave and all. From here on in you're
on your own."
So he never knew that the "Navy" car
was an old battered heap he had once
driven himself in the days before the war;
and he never knew that the girl at the
wheel was Ruth Hartley. He never knew
until she led him up the stairs of the
house. Then suddenly all the old memories
flooded back: There was a familiar feel
to the bannister, a familiar creak to the
stairs. And he stopped abruptly, reaching
for her arm.
"You're Ruth," he said in a tight voice.
"You're Ruth."
"Yes, Al," she said.
"Why did you do it? What good is it
going to be?"
"Al, it's Christmas. The least you can
do is come home and spend Christmas
with your . . . friends. That isn't much
to ask."
"It's no good, Ruth."
"Just this one night, Al. Ella Mae and
Jim and Lucy have been looking forward
to it for so long."
"You'll take me back to the hospital
afterward?"
"I'll take you anywhere you want to
go, Al."
So he stayed for Christmas dinner. It
was like old times, the gang of them
around the table, with Lucy bright and
sharp and talky as ever. And Ella Mae
bragging about her cooking. And Jim tell-
ing him how things were down at the plant.
It was like old times—almost. Because no
matter what you did or said there was
still a difference.

peace on earth . . .

He was blind, wasn't he?
Somehow, he never really knew how
—he found himself alone with Ruth, sit-
ting on the old sofa with the bent spring in
the living room. He could smell the needles
of the Christmas tree in the corner. He
shook out a cigarette and lit it the way a
blind man does, feeling for the tip.
"I want you to take me back to the
hospital now, Ruth," he said.
"Al—"
"Take me back."
"Al you've got to listen to me."
"There's nothing to hear. I been through
it all."
"You haven't even given me a chance."
"A chance for what? A chance to be a
Seeing Eye dog to a blind man. No, Ruth.
That's not for me—"
"Al, you still love me—?"
"What has that got to do with it?"
"Do you still love me, Al?"
He stood up: "Get me back to the hos-
torial, Ruth."
"You've got to answer."
"If you won't take me, I'll go myself—"
And he started for the door. He knew
the house, he'd never forgotten that. He
knew just how to get around. But he'd
forgotten the Christmas tree. Before Ruth
could move he walked straight into it.
And after the sickening crash, he was on
his knees on the floor, sobbing like a
heartbroken boy. She bent by his side.
"Al—Al—"
"Don't touch me. Don't help me."
"Al, you've got to listen. You just stumbled now and all because your eyes aren't so good. I'll be stumbling all the time if you don't help me, Al—because my heart won't be so good..."

"Ruth—"

"I need you, Al," she whispered. "Don't go away from me. Don't go away..."

"Ruth," he said. "I never was very much. Just an ordinary guy. And now I can't even see. How can I even ask you to—"

"An ordinary guy?" Ruth said. "You? Al Schmid? Do you really think there ever were any ordinary guys out there on Guadalcanal? Do you really think ordinary guys could have done what you did? Ordinary? You never were ordinary, Al. Not before—and not now. You're Al Schmid, Marine. You don't know what that is—"

"Ruth," he said. "Ruth, darling..."

They gave him the Navy Cross one windy day in Philadelphia. And after it was all over there was a girl named Ruth Hartley waiting for him. They walked past the sentry together—a guy in a Marine's uniform and a girl who looked like Spring sunshine.

"How about taking that cab, honey?" Al said.

"What cab?"

"That red one there."

Only then she suddenly realized what he had said and she turned to him and her hand was like a vise on his arm: "Al, you saw it. You saw the cab!"

"Well, kind of blury," he said.

And then suddenly they were both laughing and the cabby turned around and looked at the couple in the back seat, not knowing quite what to make of it. He'd never heard people laugh like that before.

"Where to?" he said.

"I'm going home," Al Schmid said. "I'm going home."

CAST OF CHARACTERS
John Garfield.................Al Schmid
Eleanor Parker............Ruth Hartley
Dane Clark......................Lee Diamond
John Ridgely.................Jim Merchant
Rosemary DeCamp........Virginia Pfeiffer
Ann Doran......................Ella Merchant
Ann Todd......................Loretta Merchant

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was in a cold, smoke-filled barracks at Kearns Field, Utah, during my basic training days. We had just come in after a day-long tough detail—"we" being the boys in my outfit, among them John Payne. We were exhausted, and hit the sack immediately. Then a dark, curly-haired boy with an unmistakable Brooklyn accent rushed into the barracks, shouting, "Where's John? Where's Payne?" Nobody answered at first; we thought Johnny wouldn't want to be bothered, but then he spoke up himself with, "Here I am, Jefal. What can I do for you?"

Well, the kid talked for an hour or so to his idol, and to cap the climax, Johnny wrote a postcard to the kid's mother, telling her her boy was okay. This incident sort of speaks for itself, doesn't it? —Bob Meyers, Burlingame, Calif.
hure you if you're any good—"
   "Gee, thanks, pal. Meantime I'll take a little up on the side."

Bud and Claire decided they wanted their place modern. Aided by willing hands, they painted the walls white and the wood work a royal blue. With the Oriental rugs and mahogany they yanked out of storage, it looked horrible, but they liked it. About eight of the kids would come over and eat there. Chris and Claire weren't bad cooks, and one fellow knew how to broil a terrific steak. They worked out a financial technique. On the first of the month, being flush, they'd order twenty-five dollars worth of groceries and pay spot cash. Or wave a hundred dollar bill around and ask for change, thus establishing credit. At the end of the month, they'd eat oatmeal.

casting casanova . . .

Through one of the boys who was hep, they learned about Cliff's Self (short for Self Service). From a hole in the wall over the Gaiety Building, Cliff's Self distributed a paper essential to budding thespians who didn't know an agent from a groundhog in February. For two dollars down and twenty-five cents a week, Cliff's Self kept you informed of forthcoming chorus calls, and which producer was looking for what. They all subscribed.

Every noon they'd gather at Walgreen's for lunch, swap tips and experiences; Pretty soon they were bandying agents' names around—

You never could tell about agents. At Lyons and Lyons, for instance, you went to Bob Kennedy or Margaret Lindley. Margaret was always swell to Bud, but with Kennedy he couldn't get to first base.

He'd watch for the guy to go out to lunch, then slip in and see Margaret. One noon he was down at Walgreen's with Claire and a crowd, when Kennedy walked in, nodded, and sat down at the counter. On his way out he nodded again, with a side look at Claire.

"Gettin' sociable," growled Bud.

"Who is he?"

"Fellow at Lyons I told you about. Won't cooperate—"

"Kind of nice looking, don't you think?"

"If you care for the type—"

That disposed of Mr. Kennedy—for the time being.

April rolled around before anyone got a job. Bud, however, wasn't wasting his time. Flip on the surface, he was dead earnest about being an actor, and started coaching regularly with Alice B. Young. "If I'm any good," he says today, "chalk it up to Alice."

It was Margaret Lindley who sent him to read a part in "June Night." He left the theater slightly delirious—a working actor with a contract and script. Chris was there when he got home, and if he hadn't been so steamy up, he'd have noticed something funny about the girls as he broke his news. Chris must have given Claire the high sign. For rehearsals next day, he fell flat on his face, because who should be bouncing around the stage but Chris! She had a part, too . . .

The play was scheduled to open in New Haven, which pleased Bud no end. The New Rochelle folks had promised to turn out in force and were bound to be impressed—especially his cousin, who'd tried to lure him into an office at Bethlehem Steel. Things didn't work out to specifications. When they came round to see him after the final curtain, the cousin's wife
A Star is Bathed!

(using mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil, of course)

by BARBARA STANWYCK and DENNIS MORGAN

in the won-n-derful Warner Bros. movie

“CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT”

*YOUR BABY may not be a movie star (yet!) but it’s just as important to you to keep his (or her) skin smooth and healthy! That’s why you’ll surely use mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil all over baby’s body daily. It’s the oil used by most hospitals . . . recommended by most doctors . . . bought by most mothers.* You’ll be delighted at how well Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation and many other skin troubles. Mennen-oiled babies smell so sweet, too!

Also, be sure to use MENNEN ANTI SEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby’s skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell so sweet. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other powder.*

---

looked kind of sorry for him. The cousin asked, “When are you coming to work at Bethlehem?” The producer said: “We’ll close for the summer—do some revamping and maybe open in the fall.” They couldn’t even get jobs in summer stock. So a bunch of them piled into Bud’s car and drove up to Reginald Goode’s, where their egos were soothe by the new kids to whom they were gods because they’d been in a play.

“How do you go about getting a job?” asked the kids reverently.

“Why, my dears, you simply go to an agent,” said Claire, who hadn’t been near an agent. They scared her.

Bud advised them all to coach with Alice B. Young. Come fall, and she had to enlarge her quarters.

The next three years didn’t do much for his career. The agents told him and even Bob Kennedy grew helpful—especially after wangling an introduction to Claire. But Bud seemed to have a talent for landing in flops. Besides, they said he wasn’t the picture type. And when it came to a choice between two juveniles, the agent’ll push the one who's the picture type, hoping to sell him to the movies later.

Whenever they had nothing else to do, he and Claire would move. Buck yards being scarce in New York, Wrinkle became a problem. Much as they hated to part with her, they finally married her off to a Great Dane in New Rochelle, whose owner didn’t believe in lonely heart dogs.

Lured by a fireplace and a white rug, they moved to 47th and Park, and bought a Persan cat to keep themselves from getting another dog. It was a one-room apartment, but the bathroom was so tremendous that Bud moved his bed in—so the terror of their mother's old friends who'd drop by to see how the children were getting along. That was their swank year. Big shots from radio started asking them to dinner. The mystery of this sudden popularity was solved by Chris. “I told them you were dripping with trust funds and had coupons for breakfast every morning—”

“Why don’t you shut up for a change?” Bud suggested.

When funds dropped to the vanishing point, they'd take any job that offered Claire and Chris slung hash in a beany, and Bud would have lunch there for the pleasure of hearing them bawl: “Draw one!” At the Powers Agency, where he'd gone to lend a friend moral support, someone yelled, “Hey, want a job?” This startled a yes out of him and they made him afternoon office boy at six bucks a week. When they raised him to eight, he felt he'd achieved the pinnacle, and quit . . .

Chris was on her own now.

CRAZY KIDS . . .

“You've had your year,” said Josie, as Chris calls her mother. “Now you can go to college, as per agreement, or stay where you are and earn your own living.”

You couldn't have pried her loose from New York with a derrick. New York was life and laughter and adventure. She got a part in Eddie Dowling's “The Little Dog Laughed.” It didn’t run, but oh! what a beautiful show. She was meeting more boys and having loads of fun. Claire was her best friend—one of the few who still called her Izzy, her original name having been Isabel. Bud? She wasn't quite sure now how she felt about Bud.

Nobody was better company, nobody got the same kind of wacky ideas. Bound for the movies one evening, they couldn't raise more than sixty cents between them. “You come, Bud. Take off your lipstick and eyebrows, let your hair...
Here’s why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.

2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!

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6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.

BOTH THESE BIG “EXTRAS” — AT NO EXTRA COST!

And SANAPAK Gives You Extra Comfort, too!

So say SANAPAK— and be SAFE
his niece safely into the world, he bought 

a new car, drove back in style to his home 
pitcher career, and worked all of two 

weeks. At the preview of "Houdini," he 
folded his pool into mothballs and silently 

slunk away.

Back to good old New York, where 

Claire's first piece of news set him straight 

back on his heels—Chris was going to be 
marrid.

It seems she'd met this actor Michael 

Ames—handsome as all get-out—a hit in 

"Sister Eileen." They'd fallen madly in 

love.

"Why didn't you stop her?"

"Don't be silly, Bud. She didn't tell me 
till they were practically engaged. Be-

sides, she's of age—"

"What do you mean, of age? She's a 

mere child—"

"Nineteen, willing and able—"

"Look, do you want her to marry him?"

"No, but I can't stop her."

"You could make a stab at it."

"How?"

"Send for Josie."

Claire thought it over. "That's an idea," 
she said.

Bud picked up the phone and handed it 
to her. Josie said she'd take the next train. 

let's surprise chris . . .

"We'll have a party," Claire plotted.

"We'll ask Chris and Michael. Josie'll be 
the surprise."

"Fine," snorted Bud. "I'll bring Mitzi 
Green."

He did, too. They explained to Josie, 

who was pretty upset on arrival, that this 
way she could meet Michael and form her 

own opinion. The lovebirds walked dewily 

into the trap. It's a party they'll all re-

member, especially Michael, unaccustomed 
to he as to Alderiches.

Into the midst of polite, if nervous 

conversation, Bud dropped the first grenade.

Ignoring the happy fiancé, he addressed 
himself to Chris. "How can you bring 
yourself to marry an actor?"

She giggled, to relay Michael think he 

was kidding. "You're an actor yourself—"

"True, but you're not marrying me."

Claire's manners are normally beyond 

reproach. But against the intrusion to line 

up beside her brother, she was helpless. 

She spoke with gentle reproach. "Chris, 
you're too young to marry. It's not fair 
to your mother—"

This from Claire was more than Chris 
could take. "My mother's here to speak 
for herself. And I think I can pretty well 

guess who got her here."

To switch her off that tack, Bud turned 
his attention to Michael. "What do you 
expect to keep her on? She spends money 
like water."

"That's not true," Chris broke in hotly.

"Besides, since you're all so smart,

Michael's just been offered a contract by 

Warner Brothers."

Inwardly, Bud reeled, but you'd never 

have known it. "Doesn't mean a thing. 
Six months, and he'll be out on his ear."

It was then that Michael made his first 

and final crack. "You ought to know. 
Come on, Chris, let's go."

Gloomily, Bud stared after them. There 

was the world's luckiest fellow—collar ad 

face, Hollywood contract and Chris. 

"If I sell fixed things," he muttered.

Josie patted his arm. "They were fixed 

before you took over. If I know my child, 
she's made up her mind."

A month or so later, Claire's phone rang.

"I'm married," said Chris. "We're at 

the station, leaving for Hollywood."

Claire thought—correctly—that Michael 

would hardly appreciate a good-bye from 

her. Still, one of her old friends ought to 

to say goodbye, so Bob dashed over.

How did she look?" Claire asked.

"MY DENTIST SAYS
IT'S IMPORTANT TO LOOK
FOR THIS A.D.A. SEAL!

That's ONE reason why I use
Craig-Martin
TOOTH PASTE"

- This giant white tube at the amazing low 

price does everything that can honestly 

be claimed for any dentifrice:

1—Cleans Teeth with Efficiency

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A grand refreshing flavor. Compounded with 
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Association. Craig-Martin 

Tooth Paste has passed these 
tests, earning the right to use 

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Millions of tubes used in 

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Send coupon for liberal 

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Brushing Chart showing 

how to clean teeth effi-

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Make You a Beautiful, New 5x7 

Inch Enlargement From Your 

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Everyone admires pictures in natural colors be-

cause the surroundings and loved ones are so true 
to life, just the way they looked when the pic-
tures were taken, so we want you to know also about our 
gorgeous, colored enlargements. Think of having that small snap-

shot of mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near 

and dear to you enlarged to 5x7 inch size so that the details and 
f testimonies you love are more life-

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You are now given a won-
derful opportunity to re-

ceive a beautiful enlargement. Look over your pic-
tures now and send us your favorite snapshot photo or Ko-
dak picture to be enlarged. Please include the color of hair 

and eyes and get our new bar-

gain offer giving you your choice of 
handsome frames with a sec-

dent enlargement beautifully 

hand tinted in natural lifelike 

good, subject to approval. Your 

original is returned with your 

enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of 

getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our 
work. Send today as supplies 

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SEND COUPON TODAY
"Young as I am"

"And I simply adore these two Rich Creams containing OLIVE OIL"

"Lady you can't mask SCALP ODOR"

"PINK DELIGHT . . . New, exotic shade — in Dorothy Reed Lipstick — made with Cream-Seed base so the color stays on longer. Jumbo size, swivel case, only 25c, plus tax, at your 10c store. Dorothy Reed, Cosmetic Stylists, Fifth Ave., N.Y."

"The way any bride looks. Smiling with tears in her eyes."

All Bud did that season was work with Alice B. Young and take army physicals. Pals would throw him a party, and 48 hours later, zoom! he'd be back. After five parties and five physicals, Uncle Sam gave him a card that was stamped 4F.

Summer stock, and more plays that never reached Broadway, and summer stock again. He began to think seriously of taking his cousin up on that Bethlehem Steel offer.

In April an agent called. Brock Pemberton needed a replacement for the boy in "Janie." Bud got the part. Replacements don't rate critical reviews, but agents drop in to look them over. The publicity man brought Howard Hoyt to Bud's dressing room one evening.

"I liked your performance. Would you be interested in a test for M-G-M?"

They wouldn't be interested in me. I'm not the picture type...

"There's no such thing any more as a picture type. Why not try it? You don't have to sign with me unless you get a deal."

"terribly sexy voice"...

"Fair enough," said Bud without much enthusiasm. Over a period of time he'd made several tests, and they'd all looked pretty gruesome to him. Anyway, he knew these Hollywood contracts. What he'd told Michael Ames went double for himself.

Even when Hoyt said, "Looks like they're going to sign you," he kept cool.

Even when the deal went through, and he checked in a few weeks later on the M-G-M lot, he was a very wise cookie.

"I'll be here for six months, twiddling my thumbs the whole time. So I might as well learn something."

The first day he met Bill Grady, casting director, and registered for singing lessons with Harriet Lee. He's been taking them ever since.

The second day they changed his name to Tom Drake, Alfred Alderdiece being too flossy.

The third day they introduced him to Pasternak and Richard Thorpe, who tested and took him for "Two Girls and A Sailor." He was impressed with Pasternak, Thorpe and the cast, but didn't see how the part could do him any good. Day after the preview, calls swamped the M-G-M switchboard. "Who was that soldier with the terribly sexy voice?"

So they put him into "St. Louis" opposite Judy, and the fan mail started pouring in...

As far as girls were concerned, Tom was still playing the field. At one time he and Gloria Hally sort of got themselves engaged, but it was an engagement that sat lightly on both. Gloria married someone else without bothering to break it.

He'd been in Hollywood a month when he heard that Chris was singing at the Florentine Gardens. With Maureen and Peter Cookson, pals from summer stock in Westboro, he went down to hear her. In the show they all tripped backstage. Chris seemed happy to see him, but she was different, quieter, not a kid any more. Maybe she'd had a baby.

"How's Michael?" someone asked.

Chris spoke with her old directness.

"All right, I guess. I haven't seen him for a while. We're both divorced—if I can ever get to Las Vegas."

Tom had been right. Heartbreak's a good educator, and Chris had grown up fast after her marriage. Her happiness had been shortlived. Michael's work was almost more important than anything else, and it didn't go well. At first she tried to coax him out of his moods, but they only grew blacker. If he'd been less wretched...
about his career, they might have jogged on. In the end though, it wouldn’t have made any difference, they were just ill-matched.

Her job had come out of a quarrel. Michael hadn’t wanted her to work. She thought it was silly not to. A baby was coming, and they could use the money. Finally Michael burst out: “What makes you think you can get a job?”

“I can try—”

“All right, I dare you to try the Florentine Gardens.”

She did, and succeeded, and sang there ten weeks before little Chrissie was born.

Bruni, the manager, was wonderful to her—told her to come back when she felt strong enough. Things were better for a while. Michael even seemed proud of her. But they didn’t take up his option at Warners. He joined a stock company and Chris went back to the Gardens.

She was making enough to pay for a nurse for Chrissie, and to take singing lessons. That had been Bruni’s idea.

“You’ve got a good voice. If you study, you’ll go farther.” He raised her salary to cover the lessons. Michael had agreed to a divorce, but she couldn’t afford to take the time off. There was always the rent to pay and the groceries to buy.

It was good to be able to talk to Bud again. After that first time, he’d drop by at intervals to see her. He was changed, too. Oh, the old wackiness would crop out, and she loved it. But there was a new gravity, a kind of responsibility she’d never noticed before. It sounded so funny to hear people call him Tom. To Chris he’d always be Bud, whom she’d been in love with at fifteen, but wasn’t in love with any longer, of course.

Bruni sent the show to Las Vegas for two weeks, and there a nightclub manager offered Chris a job—which meant she could work and get her divorce at the same time. The job lasted four months. She returned to Hollywood free, but also fat. The air or the food or the easing of nervous strain or a combination of all three had sent poor Chris from her normal slim 110 to 140. Bruni eyed her in dismay.

“You’re too heavy, Chris. I can’t use a baby Sophie Tucker. Take some of that off, and then we’ll talk business.”

It wouldn’t come off. She’d lose a few pounds, die of hunger and eat them back again. She avoided people—especially Bud—because she didn’t want them to see her fat. Except for job hunting, she didn’t go out at all. Her funds began running dangerously low. She dismissed the nurse, boarded Chrissie with friends, and took a room for herself. She thought of taking a war job, only she’d never earn enough to get Chrissie back. In her lowest

(Continued on page 122)
Dana Andrews doesn't seem to make a habit of regular meal times, but when he eats he makes it worthwhile!

Can they be laughing at dad's account of his genius at whipping up boiling powder biscuits? The amused little moppet is Kathy Andrews, with her mom.

Good! Good! Good! This gorgeously rich Mocha Pie which is made by a quick twist of the wrist deserves star rating on your picked list of "just desserts!"

Dining With Dana
By Nancy W.

- We once read an astounding story of an Armenian chef who knew of 15,000 ways to prepare eggplant. A close second, with 90 recipes to their credit, are the De Andrews! A victory garden with the eggplant division working overtime and Sundays occasioned this specialization. That was one time when Dana, who eats quite sparingly, had to buckle down and do his bit to help down on the surplus. It was then that Mary evolved a very good eggplant recipe which is Dana's favorite. We give it to you as we got it from Mrs. Andrews—it's easy to make and only the olive oil is rationed.

"Dana is a very irregular sort of eater," says his wife. "Sometimes he just eats and eats and other days he munches a bit here and there and finishes up with an extra box treasure-hunt just before going to bed." In keeping with such python-like eating habits, Dana eats dessert only occasionally, but when a yen for dessert seizes him he eats the richest thing he can find!

Both Dana and Mary Andrews like the same sort of food—Mexican, Spanish and Jewish food when they dine out. Both are currently becoming more and more enthusiastic about wine cookery. Mary is having a marvelous time herself trying recipes from a special wine cook book Dad bought for her not long ago.

Here are some of the recipes Mary likes for use on Dana eating days:

**Eggplant a la Andrews**

- 1 clove garlic, optional
- ½ cup olive oil
- 2 green peppers
- 2 eggplants
- 1 medium onion
- 6 ripe tomatoes
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. salt
Cut clove of garlic, if desired, and thoroughly rub heavy iron skillet with it. Discard. Then pour olive oil in pan. Remove seeds from green peppers and cut in small pieces. Pare eggplants and cut into 1-inch dice. Chop onion fine. Heat olive oil and add peppers, eggplant and onion. Cook slowly until slightly browned. Add tomatoes, paprika and salt to taste. Cook until vegetables are tender. Serves 6.

**BAKED CHEESE SAVORY**

7 slices bread, cut in 2-inch squares
1 lb. American cheese, sliced
3 eggs, beaten
1/2 tsp. paprika
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
2 1/4 cups milk
1/4 cup sherry wine

Arrange alternate layers of bread and sliced cheese in greased shallow baking dish. Beat eggs with paprika, salt and mustard, add milk and wine, pour over bread and cheese. Bake slowly at 350° F. 1 hour. Serves 4.

**DATE AND FIG TORTE**

1/4 cup fortified margarine
1/4 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
1 cup nut meats, coarsely chopped
1/2 cup bread crumbs
1 tsp. baking powder
3 tsps. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. allspice
1 cup dates and figs, chopped together
1/2 cup milk
2 egg whites
1/4 cup sugar

Cream margarine, add sugar gradually and mix well. Add egg yolks, well beaten. Mix nuts, baking powder, bread crumbs, flour, salt and allspice. Add chopped fruits to crumb mixture and mix well. Add to creamed mixture along with milk and blend thoroughly. Pour into fluted 8-inch pie plate, well greased. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Top with meringue made by beating egg whites until fluffy, adding sugar gradually and beating between additions. Bake an additional 20 minutes. A very rich dessert which serves 8 to 10.

**MOCHA PIE**

2 squares (2 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup strong black coffee
Baked pie shell (8 inch)

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and cook over rapidly boiling water, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes or until mixture is thick. Add coffee and blend thoroughly. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with chopped nut meats or whipped cream, if desired. Chill thoroughly 1 hour or more before serving.

**WINE SAUCE FOR PUDDING**

3/4 cup claret wine
3/4 cup water
3/4 cup sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch
2 tsps. butter
Sprinkling of nutmeg
Few grains salt

Bring claret wine and water to boiling. Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt and add to hot liquid. Let boil 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter and nutmeg. Serve hot over bread pudding, tapioca cream or other simple pudding. Serves 6.

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**Not yet, but —**

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence.

Soap is still near the top of the list of materials needed to win the war. So until the orders are changed the great Fels plant must spend most of its time making soap for fighting men.

This doesn't mean that you can't get any Fels-Naptha Soap. The limited supply for civilians is distributed as evenly as we know how to do it. There will be times, certainly, when your grocer has Fels-Naptha Soap on sale.

We know that most times the Fels-Naptha bin will be empty. And although that is disappointing, we think it's better than depriving the men who need good soap as much as they need good weapons.

The day is coming, when you will go to the Fels-Naptha bin and—if you feel like it— fill your market basket with this famous soap that now seems like a luxury. We hope it will be... soon!
moments, she contemplated going back to Stroudsburg. That would be admitting defeat, and her whole spirit rose in revolt against it. . . .

At last she got a job. It wasn't much of a place nor much of a salary, but one thing she felt sure of. Nobody she knew would ever come near the joint.

Of course she was wrong. They had matines as well as night shows, and one day Ulmer Lide, her good friend and Bud's, walked in for lunch. Her face went crimson. As she finished singing, a note was handed to her. "Come down to the table. I want to talk to you."

discovery . . .

No use trying to snub Ulmer. Besides, he'd tell Bud where she was working, and that would be worse. A defenseless Chris sat down at his table.

"Why haven't you called Bud?"
"No special reason. Just sort of putting it off."

"He went down to the Gardens. Bruni didn't know where you were. Want to give me your phone number? You might as well, Chris," he added gently, "unless you want me to send him down here."

It was New Year's Eve. She was through after the dinner hour, and hadn't been home ten minutes when the phone call came.

"Just heard you were back," said Tom, ignoring all the rest. "Cooksons are hav- ing a party. Will you go with me?"

"Thanks, Bud, but I don't think so. I'm pretty tired—"

"You can sit all evening. I'll bring you anything you want—"

"Oh, Bud," she wailed. "I don't want you to see me, I'm fat—"

"Ah, g'wan, you couldn't be that fat."

Suddenly, more than anything, she wanted to see him. "All right, I'll come. Give me half an hour. I've got a black dress that'll take off pounds."

A month later Tom asked her to marry him. He knew how it was with him. There'd never be anyone else. Marrying Chris would be like coming home . . . .

As for her, she was falling in love again—not with the harum scarum boy she'd known back east, but with someone matured by the years, whose eyes were steady now instead of mocking, and whose ways were so kind they made her want to cry.

But this time she had to be sure. So she said, "Let's wait a little."

And he'd wait till next day before he asked her again.

The question took different forms. Like, "Ellie May says she hopes you'll marry me. Getting bored, she says, with just me to cook for."

He'd acquired Ellie May and the house last summer, when Claire brought her two daughters out for a visit. An apartment, said Tom, was no place for kids. He adore children, and they return the compliment. "Bud's my favorite man," Christie had informed her mother.

One February morning Chris and Ulmer Lide were at Tom's for breakfast. "Pardon me," said Tom, "while I ask this woman a question. Will you marry me, Chris?"

He kept the tone light, but suddenly there was something in his eyes—an urgency, a loneliness—she wanted to wipe out.

"Why, what a dope she'd been! She wanted to spend her life wiping it out. "Yes, Bud," she said quietly. "I'd love to marry you."

He leaped up. "When? Tomorrow?"

"Well, we could wait till next week—"

"No, I want to elope—"

"Who from?"

"How should I know?—the studio. Come on, we've got things to do."

They bought a ring and plane tickets.
for Las Vegas and a black suit for Chris. They went to fetch Chrissie. Tom couldn’t wait to get her into the house.

“You’re going to have a new daddy,” Chris told her.


Next day the airport cancelled their reservations. Wartime, you know. Bud hung up and started figuring mileage.

“We don’t have to go today.”

“Yes we do, you might change your mind—come on, we’re going over to Cooksons—wait, I’ll phone Ulmer.”

madame, will you marry me? . . .

Ulmer met them at Cooksons. They took a vote, and decided this trip was necessary. They poor boys, Man and woman tickets and found they could make it. Through the rainy night Peter drove them to Las Vegas. Chris fell asleep on Tom’s shoulders in the back seat . . .

At her marriage to Michael, she’d been scared to death. Standing beside Tom, she felt sure and serene. This time, she knew it was right.

They called Josie first, and had a tough time persuading her that they weren’t pulling the gag of their earlier days. Then they called Claire.

“I’m a married man,” said Tom. She caught her breath. “Who is it?”

“Guess.”

“Izzy?” she faltered, “I hope—?”

The rest was a three-cornered babble. Ellie May’s not bored any more. There’s a family to cook for, and long conversations with Chrissie, in which Sig often takes part. Chrissie uses him to bolster her own point of view. “See, Ellie May? Sigie thinks so too—”

His full name is Sigmund Sigelman Drake. He was supposed to be a small dog. “I want a little dog?” Tom asked Chrissie.

“Oh yes!” She held her arms a foot apart. “A little teeny one.”

As luck would have it, the kennel man showed Tom and Chris a Great Dane. At six months he’d practically reached his full growth. They couldn’t resist him . . .

Tom made the presentation. “Here, Chrissie, he’s all yours.” Sig tried to kiss her, but she backed wildly away. “I wanted a little dog.”

flesh and the devil . . .

Now she rides him like a pony and calls him brother, and she supervises his bedtime routine. The other night he climbed in with her. “I hope you’re comfortable,” she told him. “Certainly I’m not.”

Chris takes nothing for granted. Her eyes widen with the miracle of being married to Bud. “Life’s so easy, he’s always doing things for me—I never knew he was so wonderful.”

He tells her how to make up, she won’t buy clothes without him. “His taste is better than mine, and more decided. I was never sure what I liked. Now I like what he likes. Whatever he wants, I do.”

So of course there aren’t any arguments. Only once Tom got mad and Chris could hardly bear it. She’s lost twenty of her excess pounds and has ten to go, and it’s been tough sledding because she loves to eat. Unlike most husbands, Tom doesn’t say: “Oh, have that eclat. It won’t hurt just this once.” On the contrary, he’s a stern taskmaster. He knows she likes to look and feel better at her normal weight.

One day Ellie May baked a chocolate cake. At dinner Chris passed it up, but all evening she haunted her. She could feel her teeth sliding through it, and the luscious taste of it slipping down. Came bedtime, and she tried to push it out of her mind, but the harder she pushed, the more she wanted that cake . . .

Raising herself on an elbow, she looked
over at Bud. He was fast asleep. Shh, I tipped down to the cakebox."

"So that's how you stay on your diet."

"Poor Chris! He hadn't been asleep at all. And he wasn't pretending, he was really sore. When Tom gets sore, he doesn't rant and rave, he just ignores you, which is worse. Next morning he was frigidly poliile. Chris went out to do some market ing, and stopped at the drugstore for a cup of coffee. She'd never bumped into Tom outside before. Now, looking ill about, she spied him having coffee at the other end of the counter. He turned an saw her, broke into a grin and brought his coffee over. All was forgiven.

But a slight slumber passed through Chris. "Thank heavens I didn't order the club sandwich."

Tom calls her his good luck piece. She brought him happiness for the first time since he was a kid. And while she had nothing directly to do with "The Green Years," he's convinced that in some mysterious way she's mixed up with it."

He was crazy to play the boy in the picture, but knew he hadn't a chance. Bf Walker was set for it, and he was set for "Bad Bascom," by request of Wally Beer. Then he heard that Bob couldn't do it because its schedule conflicted with the new Hargrove picture.

"They still won't give it to me," he told Chris, "but I wish they'd let me test, just to prove to myself I could do it. It's the first part I've ever had a real yen for."

"Why don't you ask them?"

He asked Bill Grady, who asked Leo Gordon, the producer.

"Sorry, Tom. Leon doesn't think you're right for it. Says your voice is too deep."

"The least they could do is test me."

"Well, I'll try to talk him into it. But don't count on anything.

That sounded final. Tom got ready to go to Wyoming with "Bad Bascom." Bf plotted into Grady one day, he was impressed with him for "The Green Years."

To his amazement, Bill said: "I'll phony and find out."

To his greater amazement after making the call, Bill handed him script. "Said they're testing a girl, or you might as well test with her."

Chris bubbled as she cued him lines. "You'll get it, Bud. I have a feeling in Tom's heart Leo Gordon's not my wife grinned Tom."

They made the test on a Friday. Chr and Tom saw it together on Saturday. To tried to be objective. All I kept my voiceight—the brogue sounded okay—it seems to me he wasn't wrong for the part.

Chris scorned objectivity. "It's wonderful, Bud. You're as good as it."

At ten Monday morning he was Grady's office. "Do I get the part?"

"Sure," said Bill. "Didn't you know?"

At home Ellie May and Chris were making the beds. Tom appeared in the door way—Tom, the cool, the skeptical, the original show-me guy—and his eyes were blazing. "Your man's playing the lead The Green Years."

Chris flung herself at him. "What did tell you? Oh Bud, how do you do it?"

"Like a corned ham. I could talk abo myself for hours and enjoy it."

"Well, what are we waiting for?"

That's the story as of now. Boy mee girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl. A happy ending, and a happier beginning.

On one point I can testify myself. I'm Tom before that crucial New Year's Eve. He was the life of the party, gay and full of wisecracks. But all I could remember was the lost look in his eyes that Chris spoke of later.

Well, she's taken care of that. His eyes aren't lonely any more.
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ME FOR
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I SAW IT HAPPEN

About five years
ago, I met that
vivial 5 x 5 comedian,
Jack Oakie. Clound-
ing about the
sweater he wore,
his told me it was
handmade, with
"love in every
stitch." About three
weeks later, I met
Mr. Oakie again,
during the intermission of a play. This
time I was with some friends, and
they dared me to speak to him. Push-
ing through the crowd, I finally
reached Jack Oakie, but was my face
red—he didn’t remember me! I smiled
and said, “Jack, where’s that sweater
with love in every stitch?” That
clinched it. He said, “Bless your
heart, Kay,” and gave me a kiss! Even
my friends saw it happen!
Kay Schwarz
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

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to set your own hair? If not, shame on you.
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ers and quick-drying setting lotions
so easy to buy, you should be able to turn
out a coil-masterpiece. Hollywood glam-
or girls wouldn't dream of checking their
good grooming with the studio hair-
dresser. Andrea, for example, was on a
cross-country tour. She made personal
appearances at local theaters, then rushed
off to camp shows and bond rallies... but
ever a hair of her pretty head was ruffled.
When necessary, she could care for her
own curls, believes every girl should know
how. Occasionally, she enjoys a really
ultra hair styling. The one photographed
was created especially for her by a top
hairdresser. Très glamorous, but very easy
to handle, she explained.

Decide upon your new top-knot by
studying your film pet's hairdo. Then... this
is important... adapt it to suit your
own contours. Remember, Claudette's
charming bangs may look plain silly on
you. Use a setting lotion (a thin dime will
buy a generous bottle) to achieve a pro-
fessional smoothness. Try variety in your
hair styles; don't become a one-style
woman. In her latest hit, Andrea wears at
different times, braids, pompadours, a loose
bob and a chignon.

Happy Ending. It's a wonderful time to
try out new tricks and ideas, so make hair
beauty your objective. You have the
rules, now it's up to you to give them a
chance. With these hints on glamour
and a few inexpensive preparations for shining
locks, you're sure to be Number One on
his "hit" parade.

* * *

Post Pay! It's been fun answering your
letters, and now that the topic is hair care
I'll be glad to send you info on shampoos,
rinses, lacquers, etc. And if you have
other problems of figure, makeup or skin
care, send 'em along also. They're my
weakness. A letter enclosing a stamped, self-
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“Standard MODESS.”

HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 67)
Lucky Bum

(Continued from page 43)

job meant anything to him you'd never know it.
The producer eyed him critically.
"Let's see your profile," Bob turned it around lazily.
"Good gosh!" cried the producer. "Your
voice has a permanent wave. It looks like
it's busted."
"It is," said Bob in his calm, deep voice
no pretty boy . . .
The producer shook his head and
frowned. "And your hair sticks up all over
like a weed patch. Your eyes are too little.
Your ears are too wide. Your this is too
that and your is too thin. Frankly,
Bob, he ended, "you're terrible!"
Bob felt his fists clench and with him
that's a danger sign. What did he care
if this guy across the desk could make or
break a job that he needed above anything
else in the world?
"Oh, yes?" said Bob icily. "Well, my
fat friend, did you ever have a gander at
that pan of yours? Better take a good
look—because I'm going to change it for
you." And he started over the desk.
But the producer had already pressed
his buzzer and the studio cops swarmed
in and tossed Bob out on his ear.
Now that obviously is no way to win
friends and influence people in Hollywood
—of all places—but Robert Mitchum is a
lonely wolf, a maverick, unique, and
occasionally a lethal dose of male man who
just can't take any sass from anybody and
never has. He's the most rugged bit of
stuff to hit Hollywood in ages—a restless,
rollicking, talented ex-hippie with the
top of a Missouri mule in both fists and
a reckless laugh in his eyes. His wife
calls Bob a character. His agent calls
him a "young Bogart." The Bobby soxers
(who called him to MODERN SCREEN's
attention) tag Mitchum "divine" and
super-sized.
Bob—well, Bob just kids himself as "Baby Boy Bob," laughs at
his luck and takes nothing from no man.
No, sir!
But the picture he ever made, a "Hapsong
Cassidy" hock opera, Bob played, as he
always did then, one of the "bad guys"
who tangled with the "good guys" in every
Western ever filmed. Bob can act just
naturally, and he'd had such an experience
knocking around, but he'd never before
looked into a camera lens. Still, that didn't
turn a whisker on the bushy beard he'd
sprouted. His blood practically changes
to ice water whenever he steps into a
scene. So, right away, this one was as
easy and natural and realistic as any he'd
made since. In fact, maybe it was too
realistic.
Bob had to annoy Bill Boyd, the star, at
a bar. Whenever Bill reached for a drink
it was Bob Mitchum's job, as a heavy, to
knock it out of his hand. He did it like
he meant it—and after a couple of takes
Bill Boyd got sore as a bullied owl. There
was something in the rough and insolent
way this new kid slapped his arm that
smacked of the real thing. Bill went over
to the director, staring at him like a tea
kettle
"Say," he said, a warning softly. "That
new guy—he makes me plenty sore the
way he acts. In that last scene, I damn
nearly plugged him!"
The director took a look at Bob. "Uh-
huh," he said. "Well, Bill, I reckon it's
a good thing you didn't. Because I was
watching that guy and he was just about
to slug you first!"
That's typical of Bob Mitchum. It's also
typical of him that when he found out his
rude scene had really made Bill Boyd

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“a character.” He is that, but he’s a very attractive character. Some of the things you notice right away when you meet him are his merry eyes sparkling away under enormous sweeping lashes. They’re hazel-green sometimes and blue others, especially when he gets sore. He’s got a devil—may-care look about him and a mischievously humorous grin that just keeps rolling around in his face. He’s a hell of a laugh, so bring on the fun!” You can’t miss the big 46-inch chest and the shoulders that look as wide as the San Francisco Bay Bridge above the snake hips that stack him up above the waist like a great Big V. But maybe what registers best is the way Bob walks, or rather glides—from smoothly, gracefully, but restlessly, too. That’s the tip-off that Bob Mitchum has to have action. If you put him in a cage—like a leopard—he’d just pace back and forth and soon go really nuts. He’s got to keep moving; something has to happen with Mitchum or he busts. It has always been that way with the guy.

Right before he got his first Hollywood break, Bob took a job on the graveyard shift of an airplane factory near Hollywood. He wanted to help make the big ones and besides it was a case of strictly from hunger then with the Mitchum family. Being fenced in, feeding a machine monotonously was bad enough for Bob, who craves something different every minute. He whipped that, however—but when there was a protracted change-over at the plant which kept him standing around for hours after night. Bob just went off his beam. He dropped forty pounds from his lean frame, got so he couldn’t sleep and began to scheme when a feather dropped out of the pillow and hit the bedroom rug. He went to a doctor.

“What do you want to do?” asked the doc. “Keep your job—or live?”


strong-arm poet . . .

But long, long before that, Robert Mitchum revealed that he craved an exciting, adventurous life like most people crave three square meals a day. When he was only twelve he landed in jail. The charge—vagrancy. He’d run away from home to see the world. Bob kept on running away, too, although he grew big enough to look like a madman. He’d hustle into a new home, long before he was twenty-one. Master Robert Mitchum had seen every one of the forty-eight states in the Union and had more adventures than an ordinary guy collects in a hundred years of comy existence.

Bob started his restless life in Bridgeport, Connecticut. His mother’s Norwegian. His father was American, with a touch of Indian blood in his veins, and maybe that’s where Bob gets those high cheekbones and that strong, silent look. Bob’s dad was in the last war, and a few years after Bob was born he was killed, railroaded. That left Mrs. Mitchum with Bob, his older sister, Annette, and his young brother, Jack, on her hands. Nothing new and different. It was a pretty big job. She worked on a newspaper, the Bridgeport Post, so the kids necessarily were one of the most a lot of the time. They developed “Easy-like.”

One of Bob’s kiddie quirks was to become a boy poet, of all things. He’s still pretty sharp with a pen and typewriter, and later on for a time, made a precarious living scribbling skits for night club entertainers. He can tell a wonderful story today—sometimes too wonderful—because after he’s told it ten times there are ten different versions—but all of them good. Anyway, back in his romper years, the Bridgeport Post printed all sorts of Mitchum poetry, starting with one epic called “A Cheesemus Pome.” Bob then waxed
lyrical about World War I, and here's the last stanza of "A War Poem" I copied down just to show you the kind of stuff the Muse stung the youth Mitchum with:

"I seek adventure and I find too much.
Oh, if I were only rich
"I'd not be in this terrible 'dutch,'
"I'd not be in this ditch."

I suppose Bob was already putting himself in a grown-up soldier's place in the trenches. But why he thought being rich had anything to do with it, is a mystery. Anyway, Bridgeport called him, right out in print, "Bridgeport's finest young poet!" They even tagged Bob, "Bridgeport's genius!" With early publicity like that "genius" stuff, Bob was a cinch to wind up in "super, terrific, colossal" Hollywood.

He spent a lot of time as a kid on his grandparents' farm down near Woodside, Delaware, and that's where he first started running away regularly and hopping freight cars back up to Connecticut. Physically, the life on the farm didn't hurt him, although it did put Bob in a spot years later in Hollywood.

When the Hollywood agent who uncovered Bob, Paul Wilkins, landed him his first "heavy" job in a "Hopalong," Pop Sherman, who makes them, said, "He looks okay—but can he ride?" After all, a hoss-opera was made with horses, Wilkins called up Bob, and asked him the $64 question. Bob remembered the old plugs and do-bins who used to sleep-walk around the Delaware farm, "Oh sure," he said. "I used to handle the horses on a farm."

baby commando . . .

That was translated to Producer Sherman as "he used to break broncos on a ranch" and Bob was hired pronto. Bob had to hustle out to a San Fernando Valley riding academy and cram up on horsemanship. He had some nasty spills anyway, when they gave him a wild cayuse to ride in the picture, but what's a spill to Bob Mitchum? He catches on to any kind of action quick. Today he's a superb horseman.

Farm life, schoolyard scraps, a summer at a CCC camp and athletics built Bob's lean, rugged figure. He was good at baseball and swimming particularly. He felt he had to prove himself to the bullies at every school he attended and as a result was always getting booted out for fighting. He went to grammar school down in Delaware and in Connecticut and had a fling at high school in New York City. He never finished. He was too restless to stick to books, although he has since read himself into a good education. He lit out on the lam whenever he had a chance, sometimes with his brother Jack and sometimes alone. He rode the rods and the blind bagage, lived in hobo "jungle" camps, dodged yard bulls in railroad centers, begged for handouts at back doors all over the land. In his early teens Bob grew as self-reliant as a young commando—and about as tough. Once he got caught on top of a high-ballin' box car by a "bull" and they battled it out while the train rocked and rolled until one of them got knocked off the car—and it wasn't Bob. Bob can hold out for hours about his weary-willy exploits as a kid. He fell in with some Tennessee hillbillies once when he was only fourteen. They forced him to swallow white mule moonshine whisky, kidnapped him to their mountain shack and Bob woke up in the pig pen the next morning, snoozing away with some friendly porkers—just like Li'l Abner. But I won't go into Ramblin' Bob on the road—because that would take all day and night, and, like I say, you'd never know whether Bob was quoting gospel or taking you for a ride—and maybe he wouldn't know himself.

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There was one bit of method behind this adolescent wanderlust of Bob’s, besides lighthearted. He was already acting-happy. His mother always hoped for his children to be performers. Older sister Annette got an early start as a night club singer and today Bob’s younger half-sister, Carol, is aiming for movie fame. Bob clicked in with the family ambition and what made him a steady passenger on the lonesome railroads was chasing tent shows, circuses and things that traveled around. He landed all kinds of jobs with them, hauling water, taking tickets, hustling baggage, cooking, dishwashing and sometimes helping out in a shabbily act. He learned to tote a sax a little. He loved it.

home to roost . . .

But he always came back to Delaware. The reason was a slim and beautiful brunette with big brown eyes, named Dorothy, whose mother owned a tourist cabin court in Camden. Dorothy is Mrs. Mitchell today and mother of Bob’s two sons, Jimmy Robin and Christopher, rugged chips, incidentally, off the not-so-old-block.

She was fourteen when Bob first met her and he was sixteen. Dorothy was Brother Jack’s girl at first but when he brought Brother Bob around night that was a mistake. Dorothy fell for the Mad Mitch like a ton of bricks, especially after Bob and Jack had a slambang battle right in front of her eyes over her affections and Bob took the nod. That might not be so easy today, even with Bob Mitchell’s lullaby right. Because Jack, who’s a private in the Army, too, is very classy in the professional rings, and not long ago won the lightweight championship at Camp Crowder, Missouri.

Bob and Dorothy were just getting going steady and parking a Model A Ford in the moonlight under the soft Delaware skies, when the Mitchum family moved to Long Beach, California, where sister Ann had married a Navy man. Bob’s mother was remarried, too, by that time, to Major Hugh Morris, an Englishman with a brilliant record in the first world war who’s now doing his second war bit aboard a “floating refrigerator” ship in the Pacific. At that time he had landed a job managing the Long Beach Yacht Club. The family rolled across the Continent in a share-the-ride-auto. Jack and Bob hitch-hiked. Bob was seventeen.

Long Beach is right on the back doorstep of Hollywood. Bob didn’t overlook that. He rustled odd jobs around the beach, in service stations, stores, factories and along the amusement Pike—and found time to get brown as a nut in the sun and swim all over the ocean which didn’t hurt that Indian chief build of his. But what really got him buzzing was the Long Beach Theater Guild. He put on amateur plays under the direction of a professional dramatist, Elia Day. A girl named Laraine Johnson, from Utah, was there then and later on when she moved up to Hollywood and took his name to become Laraine Day.

It wasn’t long before Bob had made his “professional” debut in “Stage Door”—although he didn’t get a bean for it. From that time on everything else was incidental. He haunted Little Theaters wherever he found them. He started writing stuff for local radio performers and sold some, too. Sister Annette got divorced and resumed her nightclub career singing around at Hollywood spots and in Palm Springs. Bob took to writing letters for her. He quit his odd jobs in Long Beach and moved up to Hollywood. He had to eat so he fell into a typical Hollywood endeavor. He teamed up—with all things—astrologist. This astrologer was a top man in his field and he cracked horoscopes for people like Marlene Dietrich and Maria Montez and

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**STAY AWAY**
a lot of metaphysical-minded stars. Bob became his "contact man." He met a few stars but not many. The bulk of the seer's trade was old ladies and lonely wives. He held teas in hotels and lectured here and there and Bob traveled along wherever his astrologer went. He got pretty hep on the star-gazing business himself and today he can look at you and come right up with the day and month you were born and what's giving with your future.

This kind of confuzion' pretty soon, because Bob had not forgotten Delaware Dorothy by any means. In fact, since he'd come to sunny California he'd made three trips back just to hold her hand—and—yep—he'd traveled the box-car express all three times. The psychic business got to working too, because every time he'd head east Dorothy would start to tingle and know he was on the way although he never let her know. Maybe it was the Mitchum personality zooming over the ether.

The stars look down . . .

The confuzion' part came in when Bob's star-gazing boss took a tour of the Atlantic Coast. They started in Florida and worked up the coast to New England. Dorothy had gone to business school in Philadelphia by then and was working in a Quaker City insurance office. Bob whipped over from the Traymore Hotel engagement in Atlantic City and the only thing that stood in the way of a preacher was the stars. Bob's boss consulted the horoscopes and shook his head.

The stars said he was under the influence of Leo the Lion. Dorothy was guided by Taurus the Bull. "Conflict," predicted the astrologer. "It'll never work."

Dorothy's parents thought the same thing, by the way, without benefit of the planets. You couldn't blame them for not approving of wild Bob Mitchum as a match for Dorothy. Dorothy knew his faults, too, but as she says: "I was so much in love with him that I didn't give a darn." She's still that way, although they've had more ups and downs than a pogo stick.

They went down to Camden to get married. Bob borrowed a hundred dollars and Dorothy had another hundred her office had collected for a going-away gift. They routed a preacher out of bed one Saturday night late and he wrapped himself in a blanket and made them one. The parlor was too chilly so he married Bob and Dorothy in the kitchen, and the cabbage aroma wasn't exactly orange blossoms. Neighbors—hood kids peeked in the kitchen windows to kibitz.

After a one-day honeymoon in one of Dorothy's tourist cabins, they hopped a Greyhound Bus to Hollywood. There they pined in with Bob's folks, making nine people in a two-bedroom house. Bob had left his astrologer job and had plenty of no prospects. But Dorothy never worried a bit. None of the Mitchum family had a steady job then and things became tougher, especially when Jimmy Robin promptly announced his approaching arrival.

There were days when Bob had to clench in his fists and shrug. Dorothy dodged bill collectors. She got a typist's job and finally Bob connected with a Wilshire Boulevard shoe store as a clerk. His pants were so thin at that point, he remembers, that when he stopped over to try on a shoe, he had to ease down sidewise lest they rip open and ruin the sale. He peddled things from house to house, too, and finally landed the graveyard shift airplane factory job a month before Jimmy was born. So they got by.

But, as in Long Beach, what really hypnotized Bob Mitchum's mind all the time was acting. And working or not, he knocked himself out every night at Michael.
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Mark's Little Theater on La Cienega Boulevard in Hollywood. They put on a play called "The Lower Depths" (which was very apropos of Bob's financial status at that point) and the opening night, just about curtain time, Bob got the Big Word. He would be a father any minute. He didn't even have an automobile but he borrowed one and dashed Dorothy down to the hospital—then rushed back and did his stuff on the stage—and back to the hospital in time for the main event.

That probably had nothing to do with it—but Jimmy Mitchum started talking at five months, and plenty, "just like his old man," remarks Dorothy.

Bob's luck began breaking fast the minute he became a proud papa. That's when Paul Wilkins, this agent fellow, dropped into the show one night to see a girl somebody had asked him to look up. The young lady wasn't so hot, he decided right away, and he was yawning and reaching for his hat when Bob Mitchum came on. Mr. Wilkin's gaping mouth snapped shut and he came to attention. So did the audience. Whenever Bob left the stage they went to sleep. When he came on they sat up in their seats. Wilkins observed all this. "H-m-m-m-m—" he hummed. "This kid has something."

So that's how Bob Mitchum, Hollywood actor, started. Wilkins signed Bob and the next day landed him his first "Hopalong" job, just like that. Once he was on film even nasty man parts, a bushy beard and Bob's studio caprioles couldn't keep him under cover. The fans started swooning and swarming right into the horse opera circuit. When Bob turned romantic for one of "Hopalong" and actually kissed Teddy Sherman (Pop's acting daughter) you'd have thought he had betrayed sweet young American womanhood en masse. The howls reached to high heaven.

Mitchum got his Hollywood diploma from the bang-bang B's first when he played that brief but charming scene in "Human Comedy"—remember—where the three soldiers date up the girls on the street and treat them to a movie? Next came "We've Never Been Licked"—just another bit at first—but when Walter Wanger, the producer, saw the rushes he spotted Bob with an experienced Hollywood eye. "Rewrite the script," he ordered, "and give this Mitchum a real part." The break in that added up to the part of Pig Iron in "Gun-Ho," the next Wanger special. And when the director of that one, who'd had Bob forced on him practically, started skipping Mitchell's scenes, Walter Wanger, himself, hopped right down to the set and personally corrected that.

tough and tender...

That's a funny thing about Mitchum. He can be as belligerent as a U. S. Marine on a boat as cocky as a rooster; as explosive as a Teller mine. But something brazen about his personality makes him aces with big shots. Mervyn LeRoy tucked for Bob in a big way at M-G-M, and even plugged him to play the Van Johnson part of Captain Ted Lawson in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." He tested Bob for 32 different parts while he was there and told him one day, "Mitchum—you're either the loudest actor in the world—or the best. I can't make up my mind!" Bill Wellman, who directed "G.I. Joe," had never seen Bob before, showed up one day for the Captain Waskow part (called "Captain Walker" in the movie). But after five minutes talk with Bob and no test or even a reading, Wild Bill told Wild Bill, "Well, that's it. You're the Captain!"

And when Ernie Pyle saw Bob he marveled. "It's amazing. You could be Waskow himself." High praise from the late and taciturn Ernie, indeed. Because Captain Waskow is the most beloved character.
Bob jumped forward to flag him and Paul Wilkins grabbed Bob. Later, inside the studio, he lectured him. “You can’t do that around your own studio, Bob,” he said. “You’ll get everybody down on you.” “Look,” explained Bob, “I wasn’t mad at what he did to me. I can take it. But if he cracks like that at me he’ll do it to some unknown kid down on his luck. And that’ll hurt him. It’s that little guy I was thinking about when I got sore.”

That’s just another odd quirk in Mitchum’s makeup—that he can be as instantly hostile as a grizzly bear and under-neath as friendly to everybody as a kitten. All the camera crew are Mitchum’s pals wherever he plays. In the marketing district he and the Mitchum house is better known than his wife, Dorothy. He stroll’s up there when he’s home and pats around with the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker. When he started making westerns he got himself a lasso and entertained the merchants, lassoing what he wanted from the shelves. He can think of the darnedest things. A half-breed Indian came one day to trim the palm tree in Bob’s back yard. Bob started chinning with him and found he was a stunt man out of work. Not only did Mitchum hustle up a job in a studio for the fellow right away, but latched onto him, as a pal.

Being Mrs. Robert Mitchum, Dorothy confesses, is strictly a never-a-dull-moment deal. Bob’s as unpredictable around the house as he is around the studios. In fact, whatever character he’s playing in a picture, he’s quite likely to be the same thing at home. He gets all wrapped up in his parts and it’s a toughie he’s playing. Mrs. M. leaves him alone. He’s a particularly swell father, now that Jimmy has got so he can pal with his pop. Bob’s never teaching him gig nifties and having Jimmy spring them on the drop-in trade of new friends he seems to make every week. Dorothy never knows when he’s going to have a flock of people she’s never met for dinner, but that’s not so bad, because Bob’s a terrific cook, a wizard with meats, gravies and salads. He always bakes Dorothy (“he calls her ‘Goodie’ and ‘Dorsey’”) a birthday cake, too.

He launches into great homework projects that never seem to get finished—like the lawn he dug up to seed and stopped, leaving it looking like a victory garden without the V. And the tiny whippet car
he bought for Dorothy and decided to recondition his car this year but has never driven it yet. It's been scattered all over the garage. Bob took it apart but he never got around to putting it together again.

Bob's not lazy but he likes his comfort. He takes two-hour soaks in a tub, never shaves unless he has to, likes to lie on the floor and listen to the record music he loves. He is a slayer-upper until all hours, a slave to black coffee. He likes bourbon whisky best and hangs a cigarette out of his mouth most of the time—except on Saturday nights when he walks up to the drug store and comes back with two big black cigars and the Sunday paper.

He'll stay in bed all hours unless he's working snoozing in the raw. He can't stand tight clothes or dirty rumpus rooms. Anyone who touches him suddenly is likely to pick himself up off the floor. That's a hangover from his hobo days when he had to he quick on the draw. When the week fun he'd rather play poker, but outdoors he's strictly beach and boat happy, with a frustrated ambition to own a sailboat and cruise off the Delaware coast, when Bob still hopes someday to own a farm.

sentimental gentleman...

Because Bob is sentimental under his leather tough hide. His family lives right down the street and the Mitchums are thick as leaves. Bob never takes a gold ring off his little finger. Dorothy gave him when he put the wedding ring on her finger. It's her school class ring from Camden High. He also hoards a red-checkered hanky which he swiped back in their courting days. He's a sucker for a sassy Scottie named Lady Macbeth who queens it around the house. Her financier manager had to take away his power to sign checks because Bob was giving his salary away every week to down-and-outers. He's got an easy-come-easy-go complex about money that makes him a check grabber and a soft touch. And—it's hard to believe—but when he played some heartbreaking scenes in "GI Joe" Bob wept real tears like a kid.

All in all, you might believe that when Dorothy Mitchum refers to her ever lovin' as "a character," she is making true talk. What Bob Mitchum is likely to do the next minute is anybody's guess, including his own. But there's one thing that's dead certain—he'll get along.

Because he's built like Superman, even the army quartermaster had a rugged time whipping up a uniform for Bob when he was inducted recently. For a week Bob walked around in dungarees while waiting for the proper appurtenance. Then the week end rolled around and he wanted to hop up home to Hollywood. But the Army has a rigid rule that way—not a stop do you go off the post without full uniform. Bob made it up to Hollywood all right. Maybe he uniform fit him a little quick in some places and a little slow in others. His shirt covered his big shoulders but it hung around his wisp waist like an empty gunny sack. And his pants were half way up to his knees. But it was all regulation.

What Bob Mitchum had done was go over to the post hospital and borrow this and that from the sick report GIs who weren't going anywhere, anyway. He got all he needed, except a dress cap.

Walking across the post, Bob spied a captain in full uniform. He had an idea. He marched up and saluted.

In a few days Private Mitchum was hitting the highway home to Hollywood. He wore the captain's hat, with the gold insignia stripped off, of course.

When a row, dog-faced rookie can talk an Army captain out of the hat on his head—well—the future wouldn't seem to pose many serious problems for a character like Bob Mitchum, now would it?
LAST LEAVE
(Continued from page 47)

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One girl tried to snatch his tie; another was trying to possess a second button. One fan even took a firm grip of Lon's hair in order to pull out a few samples for her memory book.

Police officers had arrived by that time. They managed to get Lon into a freight elevator and up to the roof while frantic fans clung to the regular elevators and packed themselves subway fashion into the stairways.

Lon, sitting on the roof in the afternoon sunlight, wore a wry grin. He thought it over very carefully. It was wonderful to be famous—it was the thing many people wanted more than anything else in life. But it had penalties—plenty. What man could enjoy having his clothing torn, his hair pulled, his neck see-sawed by fans, no matter how flattering their intent?

Lon thought of something else. He thought of men who knew who were flying over the Japanese home islands and dodging flak; he thought of male fans who had written to him from destroyers eluding kamikaze pilots; he thought of kids he had known in school who were working in underwater demolition teams, preparing the way for beachheads to be established.

By and by the store manager, who was charming throughout this unexpected riot, and several other people, came up to Lon's hiding place; they made arrangements for him to descend by freight elevator to the alley, and there they had a cab waiting. So Lon got back to his hotel with a full head of hair and a uniform in fairly good condition.

Then there was the time in Cincinnati when he was ordered to remain in the wings and to keep off the stage after the first performance. During that first performance, the kids in the audience set up such a screeching that the lines being spoken by the principals in "Winged Victory" couldn't be heard. Adult members of the audience protested, but with refund-money tones, so Steps Had To Be

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about wanting the girl you marry to give up her career if she has one, or to be a non-career girl in the first place?"

"Dead serious," he said. "I really mean it. When I get married, I want to be able to come home and find my wife there. If she had a picture career, she might have to work late on the day when I felt lowest and needed her the most. You know yourself how it is. There are times when you need someone to tell you that you're taking yourself too seriously and that dinner will be ready by the time you've changed your clothes."

"I don't think I'd ever be happy without my career—now that I know what a thrill being an actress is," admitted Jeanne. "I want to go on and on, making more important pictures, learning how to do great dramatic work... I don't want to give it up, just to be married."

Lon said, "I used to think that I wanted to marry an actress because she would understand my work thoroughly. Well, that would be okay if she wanted to give it up, in order to be one hundred percent a wife after we were married. I've decided that just since I've been in the army, Jeanne. A girl gets a lot of ideas in the army that stick with her—the feeling of the importance of a home, for one thing."

"It's going to be hard for you to meet a girl like the one you have in mind,"

Jeanne pointed out logically. The girls you get to know well are all in theatrical work.

"I'll figure it out while I'm overseas—when I'll have plenty of time for that kind of thinking," grinned Lon.

helping hand...

Several nights later he took Marjorie Rioridan to dinner; they didn't talk very much, though, because Marj was having a job of a struggle despite the fact that she is one of the most beautiful and most talented girls in Hollywood.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It happened at the "Music That Satisfies" program in New York. The announcer came out to "warm up" the studio audience. After introducing the members on the program and talking about the applause, the announcer looked at the clock. Then he said, "I think I'll tell a joke. A little girl was watching her father at the telephone. After her father hung up, the girl asked, "Papa, who made the telephone?" His answer was, 'I don't know.' The little girl then asked, 'How old is Mama?' She received the same reply. I guess I'd better not ask you any more questions," the child said. 'Oh, no," said her father, 'After all, how else can you learn,' "The audience, except for a few polite chuckles, remained quiet. The announcer looked grim. He began again. He got up to the part where the girl asks her father, "Papa, who made the telephone?" Before he got any further, a chorus of voices called out, "Your brother!" The announcer was, of course, Jim Ameche, brother of Don Ameche. It was the first time a studio audience ever "warmed up" the announcer.

William Kushner, New York, N. Y.
After he had returned to Malibu, Lon said to his mother, "From now on I have just one terrible reason for wanting to get to be so important that I'll be able to wave a hand and say, 'I want So-and-so for my next picture.' There are so many swell kids in this town who aren't getting the break they deserve. Golly, I wish I could do something...something really important to help."

"Everything in its proper time, Bud," said his mother. It helped; it pointed out a goal, and somehow it made tomorrow seem much nearer.

One Saturday morning Lon, Ray (his longtime buddy who works for Lockhead), and a third man (who sold Lon his Malibu house originally) went up to a lake about one A-ticket into the hills. They took along two sleeping bags and a stack of blankets because the fog always comes down to the water's edge at night at that time of the year.

And they took along their fishing gear; object: Large fish.

All afternoon and late into the evening they cast their bait into the lake with exactly the proper wrist movement; they moved up the stream, trailing all sorts of stuff that would, presumably, entice a finny glutton.

Total result: 17 medium-sized trout.

busman's holiday...

At their camp site, they discussed the dinner menu. "I hope you don't think I'm a Section 8," (i.e., psycho-neurotic), said Lon, "but I don't want fish for dinner. I don't like to eat food socially as I have these characters, before I eat it."

The other two anglers were in agreement. Besides, the fish were so small. They opened a can of peas, a can of spam (yeah), boiled a pot of coffee, and boiled half-a-dozen eggs in the coffee. It was a wonderful dinner.

As the fire died down, the trio bedded for the night. Ray and Lon in the sleeping bags, and their friend, the owner of the total equipment, stretched under several layers of blankets.

Ray, wriggling inside the sleeping bag, looked at Lon suspiciously. "I notice that you chose your fox hole pretty carefully. I'm just finding out why you hollowed out that area and removed all the stones and sticks before you bedded down."

"Can I help it if I've been trained in army methods?" taunted Lon. "Just a little superior planning, my boy."

There was silence for ten minutes. Then Ray crawled out of the sleeping bag and removed a few more stones and sticks from the depression of his choice. Silence for thirty minutes. Then a long groan. Ray: "Every time I turn over, I try to hang myself in this crazy thing."

No answer. Silence for twenty minutes. Choking sounds of a locomotive going up a grade only to run into a mountain of cotton. Ray: "Hey, some little animal just ran over my face."

At which point Lon observed warily, "I'm not getting much sleep, either. I guess my trouble is that I'm so used to Mack lying across my feet that I can't doze off without him."

But not that Mack is supposed to spread his weight across the foot of Lon's bed, of course. Mack now weighs around 160

**AUTOGRAFHS**

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pounds and stands, when leaping on his hind legs for joy, about six feet plus tall. But, great as his size, Mack thinks of himself as a lap dog. He has a merry little toy paddle soul in his Great Dane body.

The first night Lon was at home, Mack actually tried to him. The dog placed his face some four inches from Lon's and engaged in a prolonged recital of his woes. He growled, he arched, he barked, he chuckled. He told Lon about every new dog and cat within twenty miles. But most of all, he told Lon that the way Private McCallister had sneaked away without giving his faithful pal, Mack, goodbye on the occasion of Lon's last furlough, was a shocking shame. And Mack let it be known that the affair was not to be repeated.

When they prepared for bed, Lon pointed to the rug and explained to Mack that the floor was the proper place for 100 rugged pounds of body weight. Mack, keeping guard, snatched a little shut-eye at the same time.

Night after night the same performance took place. Mack was ordered to the floor. Mack would awaken Mack on the bed, Mack would be ordered to the rug again. Again he would sneak up on the bed.

"It's a good thing he isn't here tonight," said Ray at the end of this story, "because that madman-mutt would be trying to get into your sleeping bag!" Everyone finally went to sleep and awakened as soon as the sun managed to crawl gingerly through enough chiffon veils of fog to smother Salome. And for breakfast, to be different, they had canned peaches, coffee — with eggs boiled in the coffee.

The last day Lon was at home he moved around the huge living room with its magnificent stone fireplace, studying each corner, each wall, each piece of furniture with an appraising eye. "As soon as we can get good materials," he told his mother, "I think we should have those two lounges upholstered in bright red corduroy. Now we'll keep this one long lounge in sandstone, but don't you think the drapes would be swell if they were made of a print featuring those red Williamsburg roses?"

He stopped, leaned his head back and laughed. "Gosh, being in barracks really makes a guy appreciate a house," he said. "Oh well — I'll have two years to think about all the things I want to do here at home. Two long years overseas. I'm glad I'm going band-vey... how glad I'm going to be to get back!"

At this point he had a dejected thought: "Do you suppose everybody will have forgotten me by that time?" he asked his mother.

"Certainly not," said that wise woman. "Fans will keep on writing to the studio, and the studio will forward the letters to you wherever you are, so you'll be able to see for yourself that you aren't forgotten. The ideal!"

She is going to forward her lightweight typewriter to Lon so that he will be able to answer the letters he ardently hopes he gets.

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"WICKED WILLIAMS"
(Continued from page 54)

She only knew that her hair was still damp and stringy, and she'd left her lipstick home, and that for the first time in her healthy young life she was wishing she could manage a swoon.

"It was one of those things that calls for a faint—and all I could do was gulp and gulp."

The test, what with several rehearsals and being photographed from various angles, took four hours to make. When Clark, who didn't know the script any better than she did, forgot one of his lines, he reverted to S.O.P. in the Army, that's Standard Operating Procedure—in a Gable picture its means beating the gal. At the end of four hours, Esther had been kissed some thirty-five times!

bean babies...

These days when Clark passes Esther on the lot he sometimes waves and says, "When are we going to do a picture together?" She still gulps, and says, "I don't know"—which happens to be true. It could happen, of course—but I'm not doing any pining," she says, "I'm not a gal to push my luck.

You can't really know Esther unless you know "Mommy"—wise and lovely Bula Williams who managed while teaching school, to give private lessons in normalcy to a box of five at home. Ask Esther the secret of that exuberance and vitality of hers and she'll say, "I'm a product of fresh air—and Mommy's baked beans!" That's when you see a look of amusement and remembrance and companionship go quietly between them. The "joke" about the beans, neither of them minds telling you, is that one winter the Williams family would have been pretty hungry if it wasn't for a five-bushel basket of the darn things!

Esther was born in Los Angeles, after another thespian in the family had already caused them to trek west. Her Dad, Lou Williams, was an artist, doing theatrical art work in Salt Lake City. A troupe visiting there became impressed with six-year-old Stanton Williams and the youngster was given a role in a play starring Clara Kimball Young. Her brother Stanton's acting career was a pitifully short one, he died when Esther was quite young. In other ways too, the family had its good times and its bad ones, as most families do.

Mr. Williams is now head painter at Calship, "—but in those days Dad was a dreamer, not a doer—" says his daughter proudly. "One winter when he was having one of his big beautiful dreams, we got all the way down to those five bushels of Navy beans. Mommy fixed them every day in a different way—baked, boiled, with tomatoes and without. It's a tribute to her ingenuity that to this day my favorite dish is still beans!

The swimming began when Esther was eight years old and a public playground, complete with pool, was built near her home.

Because her mother's P.T.A. activities had been largely responsible for the pool, young Miss Williams was invited to assist in the dedication. She was to swim across the pool (after a little preliminary practice she could just about make it) and render a "thank you" speech. Nothing might have come of it if only Esther, with whom she was very much in love, hadn't been present at the ceremonies. The embryo Bathing Beauty stepped to the edge of the pool, posed, and hit the water in what is known among the younger set as a "belly wopper." The roars of the crowd wouldn't...
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son it was on the Metro lot where she was the prize "Bathing Beauty" from the picture of the same name. It was then that Mr. Anderson smilingly nicknamed her "the Wicked Williams," which she liked—

"it seemed like a friendly sign." The water chosen for the photo session—only Mr. Anderson knows that Esther is no more "usual" than her native state's weather.

"We start shooting tomorrow," he all of a sudden told her. "You have today to rehearse in." Then, while her mouth hung open, "Get into a suit, get into the water—and improvise!" he told her.

She hopped into the water grinning like a terrified tadpole," when came the director's voice over the mike: "Why you silly little girl you—now that was nice and stupid—"

"I climbed grandly out of the tank," she recalls, "wrapped my robe around me, and stalked majestically off to my dressing room." "Send Mr. Anderson, ma—" I said, arm raised in queenly gesture. He came, and he said, "How do you find time to be so childish? Hurry back to the tank, you're delaying us!" So—oh, I hurried back to the tank!"

If you saw "Bathing Beauty" you haven't forgotten the liquid grace of those ballets.

"I guess J. M. A. is my favorite foe, after all. I don't know, knowing him is something like running yourself through a wringer," says his favorite victim. "I expect to go on meeting him all my life, and winding up every little limp and stareless—and knowing it's good for me!"

When she was not quite eighteen, Esther met and married young medical student Leonard Kovenitz. Married a year ago. For a while she did a gallant job of quick-changing from movie star to housewife, a housewife who fixed breakfast before she rushed off to "glamor," and at night switched contentedly from grease paint to biscuit dough. She doesn't talk about it much, but if she did she wouldn't make Hollywood the villain in the case.

Two people in any town can find it impossible to think and feel the same about the same things—and that's what happened to this first love of hers.

Currently along with the advent of blonde six-foot-four Sgt. Ben Gage, life is again a lovely, laughing thing for Esther. "He's such a happy character," says the girl who knows Christmas cards. "Not a possession, but a habit. "Full of fun, but underneath it’s solid and loyal—the first real friend I’ve ever had!"

"I found a New Personality..."

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It was very discouraging for Sgt. Ben when Old Dad won. Also when all the other horses Esther picked because they "reminded her of some one," or may just because she happened to stick a pin in their name on the racing form, kept on upsetting the consensus. It was nice, however, being able to borrow dinner money from her after his own betting was done!

Recently, when Esther toured the service hospitals it was suggested that since she had heard of other women just like herself were being done. They have learned how to bring about the loveliest consensus. "You, too, can do the same... safely, easily and positively."

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"It isn't sweet, but it's short—I'd be happy if you'd let me scribble it somewhere," she said.

"Okay—autograph that—" said the boy grimly. "That was a foul and odorous cast, with a smashed leg under it. He watched her bend over it with a smile, and take her time about it while she wrote, "Love—she's all that good luck you've still got coming, Esther Williams."

"Aw, cut the clowning," he was ugly, wanting to hurt others like he had been hurt. "You don't feel—know you hate getting near that stinking thing!"

Esther straightened up—and hit right back. Look, Dirty Disposition, I'm from Hollywood, remember? You ought to smell some of our B pictures!"

A grin spread over his face, the grin he'd lost when his plane crashed. "You're okay, kid," he said, "Think you can take it again—come see me again, I mean?"

"I'll be here tomorrow morning, right before I leave—she said.

That's how she was this "Wicked Williams," spunky and witty and gallant hearted. A kid who swam her way to a championship "against the most outstanding field of 100-meter free-stylers ever assembled," the sports writers said. The kid with the curves who'd be able to handle herself in any field, because she is also a champ at living and laughing. A lot of both is being done these days in the small house she recently purchased for herself. It sits high on a Pacific Palisade with hot-and-cold running wind and sun and a built-in view of where she lives. Every morning she takes a deep breath and says, "I'm going to live here till I die!"

While gulping and waving at Gable, she's also been busy as an open Mickey Rooney, Red Skelton, Van Johnson and William Powell—not bad screen dating, you'll agree. The Powell picture, "The Hoodlum Saint," will take Esther out of a bathing suit and present her for the first time as a completely dressed leading lady. "Removing the distractions—" is the way Metro describes it.

"I've had to learn something new for every picture," she says, "to sing and to dance, and now to wear clothes! It will certainly be a nice, warm change from those chilly-morning swim suit scenes. People were beginning to call me 'Water-Soaked Williams!'"

Several years ago, Dick Powell made a personal appearance at Shea's Theater in Buffalo. When he walked out on the stage for his 6:00 p.m. performance, he made quite a speech to the audience. It seemed that Dick had three very ardent admirers who were sitting in the front row, and had been sitting there since 11:00 that morning when the theater had opened. He explained that he appreciated the enthusiasm that the young women had shown, and felt he wanted to express his gratitude by giving each a small gift. With that, he went into the wings and came back on stage with three bottles of milk and three delicious sandwiches. I say "delicious" because they sure were. I was the gal in the middle, and that's how I know!"

Eileen A. Hill, Niagara Falls, Ontario

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several years ago, Dick Powell made a personal appearance at Shea's Theater in Buffalo. When he walked out on the stage for his 6:00 p.m. performance, he made quite a speech to the audience. It seemed that Dick had three very ardent admirers who were sitting in the front row, and had been sitting there since 11:00 that morning when the theater had opened. He explained that he appreciated the enthusiasm that the young women had shown, and felt he wanted to express his gratitude by giving each a small gift. With that, he went into the wings and came back on stage with three bottles of milk and three delicious sandwiches. I say "delicious" because they sure were. I was the gal in the middle, and that's how I know!"
M-G-M, and M-G-M wondered if they couldn’t squeeze a picture in. A trupor from the eradle, Gloria was willing on condition that the defect be agreed. But the picture called for tight period costumes and lots of dancing, so he said better not. Was Gloria downhearted? If anything, her face turned a shade more radiant. "It’s such fun to stay home.”

It’s fun for many reasons. At first, there’d been the house to get settled. John had quite a lot of it done before their engagement, but Gloria got hold of the bedroom in time to rescue it from strict masculinity. Now it’s soft, without being gossy—lamps that are neither too fussy nor too frou-frou; curtains at the windows, crisp and fresh but not drowned in ruffles—an oversize bed flanked by two utility tables—in short, a restful, friendly room.

For the living room she bought all the fascinating doordas a man never thinks of—plus one major piece. Between two windows stood a cherrywood table they both hated. The decorator kept promising to find something else, but Gloria found it first—a lovely maplewood desk that looked perfect for the spot—and had it sent home. As a rule, John balks to notice any change, but this time of course he didn’t—rambled all over the place with never a glance in the right direction till Gloria was ready to remove it. Finally, she maneuvered him to a sofa facing the desk—now he’d have to see it. Instead, he kept his eyes on her face. "What’ve you been doing today, honey?"

She collapsed into giggles. "Buying us something—" she didn’t even look at him."

P. S. — He liked it.

Then there’s the fun of planning for after the war. Like other good citizens, the Paynes put their money into war bonds, saving against inflation and making blueprints of what they’ll do when the war’s over. John’s father pulled out the orchard behind the house and put citrus in—have a swimming pool built and, in the far corner, a corral with a horse or two. Years ago he acquired a piece of beach property. Every month they pore over house-and-garden magazines, and know exactly what their beach house will look like. A huge living room, bedrooms on the occasion—a tremendous fireplace—the necessary bedrooms and kitchen—a workroom "for me to waste time in," says John—the whole build strong as oaks, sustained by wind and wave. But not now, with costs 300% more than they should be. What John and Clarence could do with their own hands, they’ve done, but the land, laid a foundation. The rest will wait, though Clarence would like nothing better than to put the house up himself. To Clarence and Mary Ellen, their couple, the Paynes are family.

They’ve also had a vacation—not the one they’d planned, but a nice one just the same. Their honeymoon was cut short, when TC-Ford called John back to start the "Dolly Sisters." He’d had no holiday since before entering the service so, with the picture finished, he was decided to take Gloria to Tahiti. Travel was less curtailed than it is now, but you still had a tough time getting reservations. Finally John came home from "the tickets—and much good—" said he. The studio called. "Get ready to go to New Orleans for "Enchanted Voyage." They canceled the tickets, kissed Mexico goodbye and waited for orders, which came in due course. "You don’t have to go to New Orleans—"
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So they went to Del Monte, explored Monterey, swam and played golf. Gloria'd never played before, but the pro told her she'd be good some day, which was more than he'd say for John who doesn't want to be good. John's attitude toward the game might be called indulgent. What he likes about it, it keeps him in the air. His idea is to hit the ball a whack. If it overshoots the green, it's heaven's business. As long as he smacks it 250 yards, he's a happy man. "Good deal," he says. Anything that leaves him content—a date with a friend, a book he's enjoyed, a fire on his health—is a John a good deal.

Finally, to keep the best for the last, there's always Julie, daughter of John and Anne Shirley, a dark eyed charmer with an impressionable personality. Of course she's not always there, but John lost a lot of time with her while he was in the service, and Anne generously agreed to let him make it up. He's Pop to Julie, and Gloria's Button—a name she took over from John. She and Button were fast friends before the marriage, but not till they lived under the same roof did Gloria discover the infinite variety and diversion provided by an almost 5-year-old...

Julie's blessed with an inquiring mind and a reluctance to admit ignorance on any subject. She'll fish for information, then pretend she's known it all along. Gloria bought her a hammer set. Following instructions, Julia hammered a juggler together. "See what I made, Button! Isn't it wonderful?"

"It's a juggler," Gloria told her. "Look, Pop, it's a juggler!"

He explained what a juggler was—how he throws and catches and balances things. Two minutes later they heard her in the kitchen. "Of course it's a juggler, Mary Ethel, he told her, refusing to let it be pointed out. "I don't know what a juggler is—"

who's little girl?...

Pop's the disciplinarian. If Julie's naughty with Button or Mary Ethel, they'll say, "Mary Ethel should know about this—" And Pop takes direct action. His child has a lot of excess energy, and doesn't mind a fight. A little stronger and more active than most kids her age, she generally wins. The first time John heard of these doings, he gave her a long talk on the good neighbor policy, and why you don't trouble other people. She listened attentively, but had the bad luck to be caught redhanded a couple of weeks later. The result was a royal spanking, since then she's kept her hands respectfully in her pockets.

To Gloria, Julie's such fun that at first she wanted her own child to be a girl. But discovering that John sort of goes for boys she changed her mind. After all, they'd like more than one, and it's nicer for the older to be a boy. Names have been discussed, but no final decision reached. "Let's wait and see what he looks like," says John. Sometimes it always slips out "he." What "he" won't be, by paternal decree, is John Howard Payne, Jr. Payne thinks a kid's entitled to his own name. At first John wouldn't sell Julie anything but a boy—she definitely didn't want another girl around. Pop knew what was eating his daughter when, having heard about him for the eyewax minute, then made a running jump into his lap and smeared him with kisses. "Am I your little girl," asked the small voice.

"Look, honey, every child is different. There are all different kinds of love, and a person's heart stretches to hold them all. When you get to know and love Button, did that make you love me any less? Well, I'll love you even more if you're a girl, but you'll always be Julie. The way I

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"Why don't you let me bring you a tray, Mrs. Payne?"
Or: "Why don't you break that appointment? Mr. Payne can take care of it."

As a rule, though, she's up for breakfast with Julie, and sees her off to school. Takes her time about dressing and lunches at home, where Mary Ellen feeds her exactly what the doctor orders. Up to now, she's spent most afternoons shopping for the baby—taking Julie places, ranging from the dentist to "Dumbo"—picking up groceries on the way home. On Mary Ellen's day out, they get hamburger, cheese and cole slaw and John takes over at the barbecue, fixing wonderful cheesesburgers which they eat under a huge pepper tree in the patio.

A couple of nights a week they go to pictures, "axy taste," says John, "is strictly from hunger. I like to see them all." He gets a bang out of oldies run at the studio, especially when Gloria hasn't seen them before. And they'll take in some bad ones, just to see what makes them bad. When they're at home, people drop in. Or they listen to records or read. At least, John reads.

He has a thirst for books that can't be slaked. He wants to read everything, ten lives would be enough. "Some guy's worried about it and written it," says John. "Least you can do is find out if he's got anything to tell you."

no better, no worse . . .

"I can't read," says Gloria, neither proud nor abashed, just stating a fact. "The idea of sitting alone and just reading a book always makes me nervous."

John is a little different; he reads as this and that, "For your own sake, Button. You don't know what you're missing—"

She finished "Leave Her to Heaven." She liked it, which encouraged them both. . . .

"Why didn't you read aloud to me, John? I'd enjoy that—"

So he read aloud to her. Three minutes, and she'd fall asleep. Now he repeats the performance every night, and it's even better than a sleeping pill. When all's nice and quiet, he can read to himself in the cool, quiet house.

He's given up on another score, too, Gloria's chronically late. John tried to train her to punctuality—

"I think I'm a little better," she coaxes, "don't you?"

"No," he says, without even looking up. just like a woman . . .

She's given up trying to make him dress more. Not that she asks for a collar and tie, that would be overdoing it. But she wishes he weren't quite so devoted to his old jeans—and that he'd wear shoes round the house once in a while. She has nothing against bare feet in and of themselves, but he runs through every draft in the house and he's bound to catch something. Only for spice he doesn't.

If you could eavesdrop, you'd hear things like this go on—

John gets up early even when he doesn't have to. Gloria can't see why—"Because I'm naturally lazy," he explains.

AUTOGRAFPERS:
Good deed Dottie? Here's something that's good for you and others, too. Have your screenfaves sign on the dotted line. You give up the autograph; your quarter increases the Naval Aid Auxiliary Fund.

See page 60.
"Darling, don't confuse me—"

"I'm not. It's perfectly simple. I know I'm lazy. Staying in bed gives me a guilt complex. I get up for my conscience—"

"Even when there's nothing to do?"

"Especially when there's nothing to do. Gives me more time to concentrate—"

"On what?"

"Feeling virtuous—"

"Or it goes like this:"

"Did you take your pills, Button?"

"No, I can't stand them—"

"Just like a woman. The doctor prescribes 'em, she can't stand 'em, so she blissfully forgets them—"

"I'll take them tonight—"

"You're supposed to take them three times a day—"

"'Til take three tonight—"

"She takes them three times a day."

As a thrower of surprise parties though, John'll back his wife against the field. With the odds stacked against her, she pulled off a dilly for his birthday on May 28th.

First of all, Julie knew—and how many five-year-olds can keep a secret? But Gloria had a special reason for telling her. She'd said never to deprive the secret of the baby. One day it accidentally popped out before she realized, and she was in her face was more than Gloria could take. She had to prove she trusted Julie in spite of the slip. Wild horses couldn't have dragged a word from her this time. Not so much as a glint of the eye did she let on.

**Surprise spoiler...**

Then, John wasn't working and they couldn't get rid of him to do the necessary phoning. Gloria did most of it from her mother's and, even so, had to warn people not to call back because John's long legs carry him to the phone before anyone else. He has a chance to pick it up. Consultations with Mary Ellen and Clarence had to be held with a weather eye to the door, and plans had to be made for a fake celebration.

"What would you like to do on your birthday, John?"

"Oh, nothing special. Let's have dinner at home and maybe go out later—"

Dorothy and Bill Wellman were in on the conspiracy. They'd just started laying the groundwork one afternoon, when Gloria gasped: "Adlib. I hear John coming—"

Dorothy took it from there. "Why don't you kids come over for dinner Monday?"

"Good deal," said John.

"Oh, but Monday's your birthday, John. Did you forget?"

He flopped right into the net. "Honey, it's fine with me. Let's all four celebrate my birthday. But over here—"

Dorothy yielded sweetly. "Well, if you'd rather, seeing it's your birthday. But come over to us for cocktails anyway—"

So it was arranged. The guests had promised to be there by 6:30. Gloria'd asked them to park their cars away from the house. Fielding Lang would be on hand to receive them. As John turned into the drive, everything looked perfect—no cars around, the place quiet and dark. Then John spoke: "Looks like we've got callers—"

Just ahead of them walked Lillian and Fred MacMurray. "We're dead ducks," thought Gloria wildly. "I might as well tell him—"

But Fred and Lili had turned, waiting for them to pull up. They never cracked a muscle. Hi, John, Gloria. You've been asking us to dinner and we had a few minutes before dinner. Hope it's not inconvenient—"

"Swonderful," said John, with his key in the lock. "Perfect timing. Another couple of minutes, and we'd have missed you. He flung open the door—"

"Up went the lights. "Surprise!" yelled the gang, while John stood there saying "Oh no!" and Julie squealed: "I never told, did I, Button? I knew all about it, Pop, but I never told—"

In the patio, where Clarence had strung lights through the trees, they ate spaghetti and hot cornbread and spare ribs, Gloria having had a foresight to borrow red ration points from their guests. Then they moved indoors to sing around the piano and play records and games. Whenever John missed, he'd yell: "Second chance, it's my birthday—"

**Matchmaking magazine...**

The Paynes will always be special with modern screen, because they met at another party, given by the Ladds for one of our editors last September. We wish all our friends well, but there's an extra warmth in our good wishes for them.

Leaving the house behind the colonial pillars—bought by John before he ever knew about Gloria's dream of living in a colonial house—you take away pictures. John in a corner of the sofa, kidding his wife—Julie running in for Button to fix her hair—Gloria trying out the quilled rocker in the nursery—the wonder she was more than her face as she said, "It's such fun to stay home—"

Leaving, John's phrase sort of follows you on the breeze. It's a good deal.

**MORE TIPS ON GI GIFTS**

This year thousands of soldiers are moving to new assignments, across oceans and deserts. It's going to be especially difficult to deliver your Christmas gifts to them safely and on time. We need your full cooperation.

1. This year please send only one package.

2. If your soldier is en route home or about to come home, don't send him a Christmas package.

3. Use his latest address and be sure it's complete and accurate; name, rank, serial number, organization and unit, APO, in care of postmaster at port of embarkation. Address it—then check it.

4. Mail Christmas packages overseas from September 15 to October 15. This is the only time you can mail a parcel overseas without a request from your soldier. But...

5. If there's reason to believe he may move to a new location...it's safer to wait till you can mail your gift to the new address—even if this means asking for a letter requesting your gift so that you can mail it after October 15.

6. Use a heavy box and strong cord. (Government-approved overseas boxes can be bought at retail stores.)

7. Send only non-perishable food and simple, usable gifts. Like hard candy, dried fruit, canned foods, razor blades, soap, a fountain pen, a wallet, a wristwatch, etc.

8. Your package must not weigh over 5 pounds. It must not be more than 15 inches long, nor more than 36 inches in length plus girth. Mail Christmas packages any time, but seal them and put on first-class postage.

Many millions of Christmas gifts will go overseas this season. If you'll start them off right, the post office will do its best to get them there.
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COLD WAVE

CONTAINING "KURLIUM"

Yes!—with the new Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it's done in 2 to 3 hours at home! Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving COLD WAVES costing up to $10.00, $15.00 or more. The result will be luxurious curls and waves that are natural looking and easy to manage.

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LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE

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Gentle words, gentle ways... the soft butterfly touch of fingers... will tell a man he's home.

Let your hands be soothing music, sweeter than he could have dreamed.

There's a lovely, different hand lotion to help you—creamy, flower-fragrant Trushay.

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Before daily tasks, before you do dishes, smooth on Trushay. It helps guard beautiful hands even in hot, soapy water!

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Sometimes we get to thinking about titles like "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes". Why do authors choose 'em?

Take a recent M-G-M picture—"The Clock," for example. That was about a soldier on a 48-hour pass. So the title was quite logical.

Now try to figure out "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" and what does that tell you? Well, plenty if you've seen the picture, and love it as much as we do.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

G. V. Martin, author of the best-selling novel, took his title from "The Song of Solomon": "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes".

We guess the author meant this to say: when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow, you've got to watch over it.

That's why it's a great title—and a great picture! It reaches straight down to your heart—without pretense or sham.

And it's brought touchingly to life by the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch: delightful, wistful little Margaret O'Brien; granite-faced, golden-hearted G. Robinson; hardboiled and hilarious little "Butch" Jenkins. What wonderful contrast of character.

Like a promising vine yourself, Margaret O'Brien grew beautifully past "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Music For Millions". Now, in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" she matches her brilliant talent with the rough, earthy greatness of Edward G. Robinson.

Yes, a truly fine wine has come from these grapes: a taste of romance with James Craig and Frances Gifford—flavor from Morris Carnovsky and Agnes Moorehead—and a bit of tang from "Butch" Jenkins—the belligerent brat you loved in "National Velvet".

A great vintage, with screen play by Dalton Trumbo, direction by Roy Rowland and production by Robert Sirk.

This fine motion picture has its World Premiere at Radio City Music Hall.

We urge you to see it as soon as you can.

-- Leo

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's LION'S ROAR**

The greatest star of the screen!

Published in this space every month

MARGARET O'BRIEN

DACIA ANDREWS' LIFE STORY (Part 1)

There was always fun in the Reverend Andrews' family—and whenever the 9 kids felt the holy life weighing too heavily—there was a watermelon…. Yes, a watermelon…...

MY FRIEND, VAN JOHNSON, by Keenan Wynn

This is the story of two men, who, each looking for a brother, found something even dearer—a friend. The story of Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn and the good fellow they've found in each other…. 34

"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLOBY"

A never-never land kind of love story where a bellboy (Bob Walker) renounces a princess (Hedy Lamarr) for a crippled kid named Allison who believes in fairy tales….

**DATE FOR CINDERELLA**

This is one of Guy Madison's best "picture" roles to date—playing Prince Charming to dainty fan club pretty Gwen Littlefield….

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!

Johnnie Johnston's fan simply had to meet her ideal, her hero—So off they went on a date, dining and enjoying….

THE WILD WOMEN

Butcher's hand how tough the going was, Cornel always had Pat. So now success isn't hard to take, not to the Wildes, it isn't….

FAIR HAIRRED BOY

He loves America, loves Americans, but golly, Kurt Kreuger wishes Hollywood would declare peace and let him stop playing Nazis!

PERPLEXED POP

Acting comes easy to Robert Walker, but it's tough playing stern father to two young wildcats when everybody thinks you're their older brother!….

THE CONSTANT NYMPH

There aren't many things young Eleanor Parker wants out of life. But being an actress is one of them. So she worked, but hard, and now she's an actress, but good….

**THE THREE JAMES**

Take away the pin-up sams, the million dollar trumpet, and what have you got? Betty, Harry and Vicky—sleekest family in town….

NEED BEEN KISSED

Mister MacDonald seems like such a nice, quiet, English lad—till you pipe those dazzling ties, catch him jitterbugging, or hear him give out with a Crosby croon….

CRISIS QUINTETTE

There's quick on the uptake, these Crosbys. "Chip," starts Gary, and Bing and Danny and Denny and Linny chorus, "Old block?"

But definitely!….

GOOD NEWS on the June Allyson wedding by Louella Parsons

June Allyson takes a custard pie facial, Franka plans a new short, the Bogart butler has a British accent, and Jeanne Crain swears she isn't marrying anybody…. yet….

*COLOR PAGES*

Dana Andrews in 20th-Fox's "Fallen Angel"

Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Easy to Wed"

S. G. Gay Metzner, David O. Selznick producer

Cornel Wilde in Columbia's "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest"

Kurt Kreuger in 20th-Fox's "The Spider"

Bob Walker in M-G-M's "Her Highness and the Bellboy"

**FEATURES**

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FASHION

DEPARTMENTS

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Hooray For Lipstick!….

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide—"On The Town"….

Fannie Hurst Selects "The Last Weekend"

Movie Reviews by Virginia Wilson

Modern Screen's Scoreboard….

Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather

Super Coupon….

Co-Ed by Jean Kinkead….

Modern Screen's Picture Quiz….

Modern Hostess—"The Perfect Guest, Van Johnson"….

COVER: Ingrid Bergman in Warner Brothers' "Saratoga Trunk" and RKO's "Bells of St. Mary." Cover and color portraits of Bob Walker and Kurt Kreuger by Willinger.

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IN M-G-M's
THRILLING TRUE-TO-LIFE DRAMA!

- The screen's tough guy in an absorbing new role!
- Never greater! She wins your laughter and tears!
- The hard-boiled hilarious brat, "Butch" himself!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON · MARGARET O'BRIEN

Our Vines Have Tender Grapes

with
JAMES CRAIG · FRANCES GIFFORD
AGNES MOOREHEAD · MORRIS CARNOVSKY

and "BUTCH" JENKINS

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo · Based on the Book, "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," by George Victor Martin · Directed by ROY ROWLAND
Produced by ROBERT SISK · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Nat, the bartender (Howard da Silva), is sympathetic, though skeptical, as Don Birnam (Ray Milland) vows to swear off alcohol, return to his loyal fiancée, and write a novel about his experiences.

It took courage to picturize "The Lost Weekend," because in the novel from which the picture takes its title, most of the action takes place within a man's burning brain.

"The Lost Weekend" is the story, compressed into three fearful days, of an alcoholic and his immemorial struggle to slay the fiery dragon of drink.

The author of the novel told his story by pushing through the portals of the mind of Don Birnam, and interpreting from the inner reaches of his consciousness some of the processes of the confirmed alcoholic.

Obviously, the camera is a heavier medium than the point of a pen. The picture must tell the story of Don Birnam's struggle to save himself, by way of plot and action. Seldom has the discrepancy between the written word and its pictorial equivalent been more sharply defined than in this picture.

In the book, words slip into crevices too small for the camera to enter. Words describe aspects and nuances of the human mind that are too (Continued on page 8)
THOSE
Lovely ★ Glamorous ★ Scandalous
DOLLY SISTERS!

THEIR LIVES AND LOVES...
IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL STORY EVER

Thrilling as they are beautiful! Glorious as they are gay! Dazzling a world with the songs they sing and the things they do!

A picture spectacular as their own flamboyant drama!

Songs you'll be singing!
"I Can't Begin To Tell You"
"Dont Be Too Old Fashioned"
"Always Chasing Rainbows"
"Give Me The Moonlight"

Songs you'll remember!
"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"
"Dark Town Strutters Ball"
"Give Me The Moonlight"
"Give Me The Girl"

Starring BETTY GRABLE and JOHN PAYNE • JUNE HAVER

S. Z. SAKALL • Reginald Gardiner

Directed by Irving Cummings • Produced by George Jessel

Original Screen Play by John Larkin and Marian Spitzer
Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
minute for the broader medium of movies. Nevertheless, the result is a good brave try, surprisingly achieved.

Don Birnam is a young man who wants to be a novelist; who is betrothed to a lovely, well-born girl; who is hunted by that kind of craving for alcohol which burns the mind, sears the brain, parches the tongue and bedevils the spirit.

Ray Milland plays this difficult role and if he misses some of the complicated aspects of Don Birnam's struggle, it is simply because they will not translate into action.

When the story opens, Don and his brother Wick, a quiet fellow whose good intentions are overshadowed by his failure to understand the blazing hell in which the alcoholic lives, are about to leave their apartment for a long weekend.

Half-heartedly consenting to his brother's well-meant efforts to get him away from easy access to "the stuff," Don packs his bag. He does not want to go. His eyes and mind are on a bottle of whiskey which, with the alcoholic's cupidity, he has concealed from Wick by suspending it from the window by a string.

As the two men pack, Don's craving eyes revert constantly to the window sill.

From the very beginning, Milland succeeds in making the spectator aware of the fiery affinity between man and alcohol. The bottle becomes a sort of atomic bomb which can reduce its victim spiritually, mentally, and physically to rubble.

Don Birnam, who has recently become engaged to Helen St. James, wants his bottle more than the companionship of the lovely girl.

Helen is ably played by Jane Wyman. Her attitude toward Don is less mental than Wick's, but never cloringingly, sentimental. She is as eager as Wick for this weekend and has come to the apartment bearing going-away gifts.

Don and Wick have planned to take an early train. But at the last moment, Don, in a squirming out, tells Wick into agreeing to take a later train, and sends him and Helen to an afternoon concert.

They accede to his change of plans reluctantly, as well they might. No sooner do they leave the apartment than Don fishes in the bottle hanging from the window, finishes it, and then begins his frantic search for the other bottles he has cunningly secreted about the apartment.

Wick, however, knowing his brother's habits, has just as cunningly discovered and removed them.

Thus Don finds himself without drink. His brother is equally careful to see that he has no access to sufficient money to buy himself in possession of the stuff.

Don becomes demoniac. Frenzy finds a way.

The cleaning woman comes to the apartment, and through her, Don accidentally discovers that a ten dollar bill, her weekly wage, is in a certain sugar bowl. He slyly postpones her payment and with the money, rushes to the neighborhood liquor store.

The Lost Weekend commences.
Jennifer Jones
Joseph Cotten

"Love Letters... TENDER WORDS
HAUNTING WORDS THAT LED TO MURDER"

In
Hal Wallis' Production

"Love Letters"

with
ANN RICHARDS and Cecil Kellaway
Gladys Cooper • Anita Louise • Robert Sully
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE A Paramount Picture

Based on the Novel of Suspense
And Mystery by Chris Massie
KEEP HIS EYES ON YOU WITH

Pink or
Red Dynamite
by Tayton

The New Make-Up...
Perfectly Matched
Sheer new color magic! A dynamo for your loveliness! Satin smooth, perfectly matched make-up... wickedly flattering to ignite your glamour!

TAYTON PINK or RED DYNAMITE high satin sheen LIPSTICK (in new metal case) matching CAKE MAKE-UP to achieve glow and radiance... to camouflage blemishes! Then TAYTON SILK-SIFTED FACE POWDER and a finishing touch of TAYTON VIVID ROUGE to complete your make-up.

USE THEM ALL TOGETHER... to keep his eyes on you.

10c to $1... at your cosmetic counter

TAYTON

from this point the action, by necessity, becomes repetitive. When Wick returns from the concert and finds Don gone, he departs in disgust on his weekend, alone. Helen, too, after making a search, gives up and goes home.

Don returns and proceeds to drink himself into unconsciousness.

Scarcely stuff from which motion pictures are made! And yet director Billy Wilder succeeds in holding the interest, in spite of the fact that the screen can neither capture nor photograph the stream of consciousness of this wrecked man.

Action, plot, horror, repeated emphasis on the unfortunate Don’s struggles, just are not enough.

The aloneness of Don as drink torments him are not too much for Wilder, the director, but they are too much for the camera, the recorder.

The machinations of a man crazy for drink and the lonely weekend filled with his cravings, offer immediate possibilities for a slow-going story. There is not much variety to the goings-on of a man pursuing his liquor.

Don’s capacity for cunning and duplicity, even desperate thievery, are told in one similar episode after another. He wheedles five dollars from a kindly laundry woman.

He meets Gloria, a lady of the evening, at Nat’s bar and makes a date to join her later. But when the time comes for keeping it, Don is lying sodden drunk in his flat.

He relates to Nat, the bartender, in a series of throwbacks, his romance with Helen. He is sober enough to describe, with tenderness, how for six weeks after meeting this sweet girl, he had been able to keep straight and thus conceal from her his terrible weakness.

Then one day her parents come from out of town to make their daughter’s fiancé. Unnerved by the strain of the approaching ordeal, Don fails to keep the appointment with Helen and her parents. Later, Wick and Helen arrive on a drunken stupor. Thus the young girl comes into her knowledge.

Confronted with the situation, she decides that she loves Don sufficiently to fight the good fight with him.

It now transpires that the mere telling of the story of his romance to Nat, the bartender, renews something almost dead within Don. Ambition and purpose are reborn. He determines to utilize the long weekend and begin work on a long contemplated novel. He staggers homeward. On the way, he passes another bar. It is too much. He enters. The bartender refuses to give him credit. So inflamed by desire that sanity leaves him, he attempts to steal a woman’s purse, and is thrown out into the gutter.

Sobered, he returns home and hauling out his typewriter, begins his life’s work. He attempts to invoke the muse of creative writing, but gets no farther than: “The Bottle.”

A Novel by Don Birnam. For Helen.

The following night, after a sudden sleep, weak from lack of food, desperate from lack of whiskey and money, he decides to pawn his typewriter.

Now begins the trip-up and down Third Avenue, looking for an open pawnshop, only to find them diabolically closed on what happens to be a Jewish holiday.

In a series of lurching episodes, Milland succeeds in conveying to the audience the understanding that alcoholism is a disease, a raging sickness which should be classified and treated as such.

Don’s torture mounts and the endless weekend advances. In desperation, he finally seeks out the lady-of-the-evening with whom he had not kept tryst. Her compassion overcomes her wounded pride. Comprehending his condition and pitying it with the ready understanding of such women, she gives him a five-dollar bill.

On his rush from her apartment for the saloon, he stumbles and plunges headlong down a flight of stairs, typewriter and all. Don wakes up in the alcoholic ward of a public hospital. Whether or not this picture has the power to deter the average alcoholic debauch is debatable, but certainly no one who sees this hair-raising night in an alcoholic ward, filled with men whose senses and sanity are torn to shreds, and whose mass delirium tremens fills the night with blood-curdling horror can fail to feel the impact.

The spectacle of Don Birnam, watching in delirium a rat gnaw its way through a wall and its subsequent bloody encounter with a bat, is nightmare, plus. Milland succeeds in depicting the frozen horror, the sweating terror with frightening truth.

Finally, by Don succeeds in escaping from this hospital hell. He has lost his typewriter in the scuffle. But the following morning he finds his fiancée’s fur coat in his apartment, and in his abysmal shame and despair, takes it to the pawnshop where he exchanges it for a gun.

Helen learns of this ominous exchange. She rushes to the apartment to locate the gun. There she finds Don, and convinces him that the writer, the dreamer, the doer, are stronger than the drunkard, the victim of rat-versus-bat hallucinations, the seeker after death.

At this moment, piling up to rather sudden final action, Nat the bartender, enters sympathetically with the typewriter which has been lost in the scuffle.

Don regards this return of his typewriter as a prophetic symbol. Impulse for regeneration surges high within him. He drops his cigarette into his glass of whiskey.

To Helen this combination of circumstances is also the miracle and sign of Don’s redemption.

The spectator may or may not share her complete optimism.

She places the sheet of paper on which Don has started his novel back into the typewriter. She urges him to start dictating his own story, the story of delirium, rats, bats, lost ideals, lost weekend, and—redemption.

P. S.

Something new has been added in the way of an eternal triangle. This time it’s a man, his girl, and the bottle... Although there have been notable drunk scenes in pictures, almost all have been softened by comedy relief. Certainly none has ever approached the proportions of the morbid bender staged by Ray Milland... The eyes have it! The camera lens was placed a bare six inches from the Milland optic to photograph the closest closeup Hollywood has yet attempted. The eye is shown as Milland supposedly awakens from a drunken deep sleep and is subjected to the hangover inspection of his room... It’s mother’s day to shine and Lillian Fontaine, la mère de Jœuf, displays the scene’s third film favorite, Jane Wyman... Location filming in Manhattan continued for two weeks. In order to achieve a completely natural street scene without interference from throngs of sightseers, Director Wilder and company resorted to secret tactics. To avoid crowds, they began work at five o’clock. The camera was concealed in large packing cases and in vacant stores, leaving casual passersby unaware that they were being filmed. For pleasant play, a laundry truck was rented and Milland was photographed from the slowly moving vehicle... Wilder is reverting to the silent technique of 20 years ago in filming the story. He estimates that in its final form fully forty per cent, and possibly fifty per cent of the footage will be wholly without dialogue.
THE KIND OF WOMAN
MOST MEN WANT —

but shouldn't have!

She knew there was
trouble coming... trouble
she made for herself!

Mildred Pierce

STARRING
JOAN CRAWFORD
JACK CARSON
ZACHARY SCOTT

"Mildred had
more to offer
in a glance
than most
women give
in a lifetime!"

He said he'd rather die
than double-cross Mildred
— so he did both!

WARNERS' daringly bring to the screen
the daring novel by James M. Cain!

WITH
EVE ARDEN · ANN BLYTH · BRUCE BENNETT · MICHAEL CURTIZ · JERRY WALD

DIRECTED BY
PRODUCED BY
SCREEN PLAY by Ranald MacDougall · Based on the Novel by James M. Cain · MUSIC by Max Steiner
by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

The Dolly Sisters

- It's uncanny, the resemblance between Betty Grable and June Haver in "The Dolly Sisters." What a sister act they make—and in Technicolor! I don't know how accurately the story follows the actual lives of Jenny and Rosie Dolly, but it makes a pretty romance, with John Payne in the male lead.

The Dolly sisters and their uncle Latzie (S. Z. Sakall), come to New York from Hungary in 1904. The little girls are darlings, even then. The first night they are here, Uncle whips them off to a restaurant called Little Hungary, so he can resume a card game with an old friend from Budapest. The kids, in their bright peasant costumes, get plenty of attention and end up dancing for their supper. Eight years later they are still dancing for their meals at Little Hungary. Even Jenny (Betty Grable) who is an optimist, admits this isn't progress. Rosie (June Haver), the practical one, finally persuades a booking agent to get them a week in vaudeville. It isn't in New York, though. It's in Elmira.

Due to a slight shortage of funds, the sisters dress for the train trip in sailor hats, middy blouses, and flat-heeled slippers. They can travel for half-fare in these costumes, but the result is a little perplexing to handsome Harry Fox (John Payne) whom they meet on the train. He isn't interested in the "children" till he gets a look at Jenny's legs, which stand out, even in black cotton stockings, as if they were in neon lights. Elmira works out fine. The Dolly Sisters are a sensation. Everything is lovely, except that Jenny has fallen in love with Harry Fox. The rest of her life is to be one long struggle between her longing for a career with Rosie, and her (Continued on page 14)
It's all in knowing how!

**basic make-up!** Your hair and skin coloring are the determining factors in selecting rouge and powder. Choose a shade which will enhance your natural coloring and apply it so as to flatter your facial contour. A Peggy Newton consultant has much vital beauty information at her command.

By *knowing how*, you can attain your greatest beauty possibilities.

Let a Peggy Newton consultant show you how to apply the basic complexion make-up which has been created for you.
There’s something awfully appealing about Bob Walker. It makes you feel like seeing that he gets whatever he wants, right away. What he wants in “The Sailor Takes A Wife” is June Allyson, and who could blame him? There are, of course, some difficulties in the way, and that’s what makes the story.

Perry O’Flaherty (Johnny Walker) and Mary Brockenridge (June Allyson) fall in love as soon as they meet at a Canteen. They get married that very same night, but instead of living happily ever after, their troubles begin immediately. For one thing, they are both the sentimental type. They don’t want to begin their honeymoon in a broken-down hotel room, which is the only place available. So they decide to wait until the next weekend. By then John will have another leave, and Mary will have found a nice little apartment. Everything will be perfect.

Well, you have tried to find “a nice little apartment” lately? Especially for practically nothing a month? The one Mary settles for at last has a leaky roof, a front door that won’t open half the time, and an elevator that will fly off the floors. It also has a janitor named Harry (“Rochester”) who is supposed to remedy these matters, but never does. Its biggest drawback, although it doesn’t show, but that till last line, is a beautiful refugee on the floor below. When John arrives the next weekend, he is in civilian clothes, discharged from the Navy. This is Mary. John, in turn, gets a shock when Mary appears at bedtime dressed in pink wool pajamas, with her hair in pigtails. He laughs hyst- erically. “You look like a rabbit,” he tells her. “A ten year old rabbit!” Now no girl is going to stand for that sort of insult. John sleeps on the living room couch and it serves him right! Things don’t improve much in the next few days. John meets the exotic refugee, Lisa (Audrey Totter), and Mary gets a mink coat as a wedding present from her boss, Freddie her boss Cronyn). Neither of these events are helpful in getting the honeymoon started. At last, a black chiffon nightgown and a recalcitrant front door do the trick, but not before you’ve had your money’s worth of laughs and love’s young dream.—M.G.M.

**THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE**

**INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month)**

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

Know what my most oft-asked question is? No? Well, it’s what I like most about being your “Into Desk.” The answer is easy. It’s your super letters: but next comes the kick of discovering those swell newcomers with you, and watching them develop into a Don Taylor, a Madison, a McCallister. And oh, that Bob Mitchum! You boosted him when he had a bit in “Gang Ho” and then he develops through it’s like “Girl Rush,” “West of the Pecos,” and “Nebraska,” til he snapped the Bob Grey role in “30 Seconds,” and then Capt. Walker in “G.I. Joe” and stardom. Bob visited us while doing some army work in N. Y. (he was a G.I. himself) and is more than grateful for your attention. Finds it hard to believe it’s happening to him... but he’s one guy who won’t let it change him... for he is sincere, honest, and downright human.

So send those questions on everyone to me. Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. Together with that SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE. You’re my pride and joy, and I love you all.

Bev.

Jersey Cameron, Rutherford, N. J. -- MAY I HAVE SOME INFO ON BOB MITCHEM?

Bob was born in Bridgetown, Conn. Aug. 6, 1917. Has hazel eyes, light brown hair and is 6’1”, 180 lbs., married to Dot Spence, and has two sons. Not much about cigarettes, being lazy, and he adds, “the terrific shots at Cafe Zanzibar, N.Y.” His friends are Freddie Steele (Warners of “G.I. Joe”), Art Carney, and Bob Parker (new singing sensation). Send lots of mail to him at RKO, Hollywood, for that’s the stuff to keep him on top. His fan club's proxied by Anna Runnata, 1420 Third Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.

Lynn Curtin, Bronx, N. Y. -- MAY I HAVE THE ENTIRE SCORE FROM "ANCHORS AWEIGH"?

SUNG BY SINATRA (Alone)

(With Kelly)

What Makes The Summer

We Have to Leave

The Charm of You

I Begged Her

Sung Song

Easily

PLAYED BY ITURBI

Donley Serenade

Litol's Hungarian Rhapsody

DANCED BY KELLY

SUNG BY GRAYSON

Mexico Hat Dance

Mexican Hat Dance

Worry Song

My Heart Sings

Tango by Rodriguez

My Heart Sings

(Perez Serrano or

in garden)

Tchaikowsky

Mildred Ashen, Bklyn, N. Y. -- MAY I HAVE THE FOLLOWING

PAN CLUB ADDRESSES:

Don Ray Lehman, 11749

Panty Laska, 1538 S. "S" St.

Peter Lasky, 1538 S. "S" St.

Roosevelt Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Guy Madison—Dorothy Nahman, 1445

Minkoff, Bronx, N. Y. Van Johnson—

N.Y.

J. T., Los Angeles... WHO WAS

JIMMY BURNS IN "DELIGHTFUL-

LY DANGEROUS"? Chris Drake...

United Artists, Hollywood, Calif.
"Will you look at that guy MacMurray... in stitches at himself!"

"If the picture's that funny... I oughta see it myself!"

IT'S THE PROMISE OF A RARE GOOD TIME!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

FRED MacMURRAY in

Pardon My Past

with MARGUERITE CHAPMAN
AKIM WILLIAM RITA
TAMIROFF • DEMAREST • JOHNSON

Harry Davenport • Douglass Dumbrille

Produced and Directed by
LESLIE FENTON
Original story by Patterson McNutt and Harlan Ware
Screenplay by Earl Felton and Karl Komb

A MUTUAL Production
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. 4☆ means unsurpassed, 3☆ excellent, 3-☆ very good, and 2☆ good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

<table>
<thead>
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<tr>
<td>Alias Came Jones (RKO)</td>
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<td>Around the World in Eighty Days (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Valley of Decision (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>You Can't Stand (Paramount)</td>
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ONE-MAN Invasion!

One lone Yank secretly embarks on a dangerous mission . . . infiltrates the heart of Japan . . . lives the war's most exciting adventure!

FIRST YANK into TOKYO

WITH

TOM NEAL - BARBARA HALE
MARC CRAMER - MICHAEL ST. ANGEL
LEONARD STRONG - RICHARD LOO
KEYE LUKE

Written and Produced by J. ROBERT BREN
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS
Okay, kids, let's clean house. We've got a lot of records to latch on to this month, and they're arranged in order of heat. That is, if you're in the mood for something sweet, soft and only moderately warm, the first several paragraphs are for you. They're the popular tunes. If you go for jive, boogie and stuff hot enough to curl your hair, proceed further. After that, we'll treat an album or so.

Rockefeller, chances are your budget won't stretch to include the whole list, so I'll pick two records you really ought not to overlook. One sweet, one hot. This time, for the sweet platter, try Frankie and the Charioteers doing "Don't Forget Tonight Tomorrow." And the best hot jazz, for my money, is Count Basie's "Taps Miller." So have fun...

**Popular . . .**

**JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR**—Woody Herman (Columbia)

—I, personally, myself, went to the session when this was recorded, and I can state right now that Woody's a very exacting character. He spent practically the whole afternoon getting this one tune just right. When the band records, Woody stands off in a little cubicle about twenty or thirty feet away, and works with a separate mike. Somebody suggested that he ought to install a phone so he could keep in touch with what chorus the guys were playing. They figure the fellows could be halfway through Chattanooga on that choo-choo, and Woody might still be hanging around Tuxedo Junction, waiting for the train. On the other side of "June Comes Around" is a terrific instrumental number called "Northwest Passage." It features solos by Marjorie Hyams, vibrapharp; Woody on clarinet; Flip Phillips—tenor sax; and Bill Harris, who's rapidly replacing Tea. (Continued on page 129)
16 PINUPS IN GORGEOUS COLOR
—get yours TODAY at your RCA Victor dealer's!

FULL POSTCARD SIZE! Each of these glowing, full-color pinups measures a big 5¼” x 3¼”. You can send them to your friends as novel, unusual postcards—there’s space on the back for address and your message, plus an interesting note about the RCA Victor star shown. Note that all sixteen pictures are printed from original oil paintings by the noted artist, Albert Fisher and reproduced in glowing, brilliant colors. You have never seen anything quite like them before!

Only your RCA Victor dealer can supply you with this thrilling postcard pinup set. But his supply is strictly limited, so you’d better get yours today.

Listen to the RCA Show Sundays, at 4:30 p.m., E.T., over NBC, Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.

Ask your dealer for records of these RCA Victor artists
Perry Como • Tommy Dorsey • Duke Ellington • Shep Fields • Erskine Hawkins • Lena Horne • Spike Jones • Sammy Kaye • King Sisters • Wayne King • Freddy Martin • Hal McIntyre • Glenn Miller • Vaughn Monroe • Phil Moore Four • Tony Pastor • Alvin Rey • Roy Rogers • David Rose • Artie Shaw • Dinah Shore • Charlie Spivak • Larry Stevens • Martha Stewart • David Street • Fats Waller

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS

Buy More War Bonds
It's fun...it's young...it's meant for you!

frolic

...by CHERAMY

Here is a perfume after your own heart
...a joyously fresh, light fragrance
with a world of appeal in each
precious drop. And... Follic lasts...
repeating its bright charm, over and over!

Perfume, $6.50; 1.50; debutante size, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dustins Powder, 1.00. Talcum Powder, 50c.
(Plush tax)

like a Hargrove misadventure. Actors wear their own suit unless a costume is required. But just before production began, his home was burglarized and all clothes except those he had with him were taken. Oh, yes, in the pic, Bob does wear civvies—compliments of the wardrobe department. Script called for a complicated gadget not to be found in the prop department. Undaunted, Director Richard Whorf turned inventor. The result is a Rube Goldberg type arrangement lovingly called the Orange Blossom Bride Saver. It's a combination ironing board, towel rack, sock and glove drier, and inventor Whorf may market it. Both atmosphere and actor is Snowball, versatile white cockatoo used by Audrey Totter to make the surroundings a little more exotic when she tries to camp Robert Walker. However, Snowball is also partial to the endearing young charms of June Allyson. Between scenes, his favorite perch is on her shoulder, and if he had written the script, the sailor who took a wife would also have gotten a cockatoo.

MILDRED PIERCE

Here's a picture that will inevitably cause as much comment as a blonde at a Moslem banquet. For one thing, it is definitely sensational in plot. For another, it's Joan Crawford's first in some time. Be sure to see it. Mildred Pierce is a good woman by some standards, and a bad one by others. But by almost any standards, she's a foolish woman. If she hadn't been, perhaps her second husband, Monty Beragon (Zachary Scott), would not have been murdered.

It is during the police investigation of this crime that we learn about Mildred Pierce's past life. We see her when she is married to her first husband, easy-going Bert Pierce (Bruce Bennett). He and Mildred drift apart, as a result of her almost neurotic absorption in their daughter, Veda (Ann Blyth). Mildred is prepared to make any sacrifice so that Veda can have what she wants out of life. The first sacrifice is Bert. After he leaves, Mildred takes a job as a waitress. Veda disapproves. Not because it's hard work, but because it's plebian. Veda is a little stinker, and why Mildred doesn't realize it is beyond me. Even mother love can't be that blind. Anyway, Mildred eventually goes into the restaurant business for herself. This pleases Veda. Maybe now they'll get rich! The funny part is, they do. With the help of her old friend, Wally Fay (Jack Carson), who is always ready to make a dollar, honest or otherwise, Mildred starts a successful chain of restaurants. She also starts, less wisely, an affair with Monty Beragon. The last of the Beragons is worthless and expensive. He and Veda between them account for most of the profits from the restaurants. Veda needs more money, and to get it she goes in for blackmail. Even Mildred is disillusioned by this, but not disillusioned enough. She thinks that maybe if Veda has a nicer home, she'll be a nicer girl. So Mildred marries Monty (at the cost of a third interest in her restaurant chain). They take Veda to live with them in the aristocratic old Beragon house in Pasadena. Then Bert Pierce turns up again, and so does Wally. When Monty Beragon is murdered, there are plenty of suspects, including Mildred Pierce—War.

P. S.

Leather wardrobes have long been a Joan Crawford trademark, but the early sequences find her garbed in the apron and housedress of the average American housewife. . . When the script demanded that Mildred Pierce bake a cake, Joan
Wilma sold war bonds in all kinds of weather

But HOLD-BOB pins held her hair-do together

- Why is a Bobby pin? To hold your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly... that's the way Gayla HOLD-BOB Bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads, satiny finish and the rounded—ed—for—safety ends. That's why HOLD-BOBS are America's favorites. Look for, ask for the Gayla HOLD-BOB card.

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Gayla HOLD-BOB
"The Bobby pins that HOLD"

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WE WOULDN'T SAY YES

Do you know what a nixie is? It's a little gnome which sits on your shoulder, gives a weird whistle, and thereby persuades you to do something which is completely crazy—but fun. A nixie can get you into a lot of trouble. Look at the effect it has on the life of Dr. Susan Lane (Rosalind Russell). Dr. Lane is a serious minded psychiatrist who is absorbed in her work and doesn't believe in romance. She encounters the nixie when one of her soldier cases laughs for the first time in months. His laughter is caused by a comic strip about the little gnome, drawn by one Michael Kent (Lee Bowman).

Next day Susan meets Michael in person. They are both buying train reservations for Chicago. The nixie perches on the shoulder of the ticket seller, whistles impishly, and presto! Susan and Michael

(Continued on page 25)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few months ago, I was tiptoeing down the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria, in great fear of being caught, trying to gain access to Clark Gable's suite. Finally I reached his door, breathed a sigh of relief, braced myself and heroically tapped on the door. A slim, dark-haired young man opened it and inquired what I wanted. Assuming he was a friend or relative of Clark, I nervously stammered, "Is Mr. Gable in?" "I'm sorry," he replied, "he's checked out. I'm occupying this room now." As I turned away, very disappointed, it suddenly dawned on me that this young man's face was very familiar. "May I have your autograph, then?" I asked. "Certainly," he grinned. And so I walked out of the hotel, very happy to have seen another famous star—for the slim young man was Robert Walker.
CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE — NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR FANS

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

• MUSIC MAKERS — 1945-46—by Harry James (5c)

Teriffic new chart, all about bandleaders, song writers, soloists, their lives, records, movies, radio shows! Here's where you become an authority! Send 5c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

INFORMATION DESK—Answers ALL your questions about Hollywood, the stars, their lives, their loves, their friends, their movies. Also tells you all you want to know about pictures in general: casting, musical backgrounds, etc. See box on page 16 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR ROMANCE

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkade.

How to be date bait, plus how to act once you are. The straight stuff on smoking, drinking, getting stood up. Hold-your-man tactics that really work! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

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

PLEASE BEHAVE! Be poised, well liked! This practical chart gives you tips for dating, engagements, weddings, the works. FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

FOR GLAMOR

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

GLAMOR FOR THE TEEN—This is specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to be really glamorous. New makeup, hairdo's, ideas for your particular type. FREE, send a LARGE stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

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CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

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

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.

Address your envelope: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
are both given upper berth 10, car 31. They don’t find it out right away, of course, and in the meantime Susan takes quite a dislike to Michael. Or is it a defense mechanism to prevent herself from falling in love with him? Anyway, she convinces herself that he is bumptious, crude, and a wolf of a particularly low type. She gets added proof when he tries to climb into her berth. Even when he shows her his ticket she doesn’t realize that it’s the nixie and not Mike who’s responsible.

By the time they get to Chicago, Mike is definitely in love. He pursues Susan to her home and meets her father (Charles Winninger) who has no patience with Susan’s neglect of romance. The situation is complicated by a sensational blonde who is known simply as La Rubia (Adele Jergens). Susan is treating her for a psychosis involving men. When La Rubia sees Mike, she’s sure he would be just the cure she needs. By now, Susan has a certain proprietary interest in Mike, but as a doctor, she agrees that he would probably effect a cure. She promises him for La Rubia and then gets angry when it works.

Women are so unreasonable, even when they are doctors.

“She Wouldn’t Say Yes” follows the pattern laid down by Rosalind Russell’s other career woman pictures. The dialogue and some of the situations are amusing enough so you won’t mind if the plot isn’t strikingly original.—Col.

P. S.

Introducing the Niece, an alter ego in disguise! For photographic and entertainment reasons, Columbia has made him into a little man who IS there. This fabulous character is introduced first as a cartoon drawn by Lee Bowman, then as a six-inch figure, and subsequently as an animated fellow who engages Rosalind Russell in conversation and persuades her of the folly of her ways. Roz is the gal who wouldn’t say yes, but the lady has a right to change her mind. . . . Coming back to reality, all the inconveniences of present day travel are realistically reproduced. Thirty passengers are shown in a crowded sleeper, while the club car action calls for more than double that many. The travel weary group never left home, however. Train sequences were filmed in their entirety within the studio walls. . . . Roz has an unchallenged record for continuous occupancy of a Pullman upper, having spent two solid working weeks in “Upper Five.”

. . . . The space was so limited in one scene that in addition to acting, she had to tend a lamp and the microphone, the camera slate and measuring tape, and the exposure meter. . . . Deceptive but ever so practicable are the pseudo-sheer stockings worn by Miss Russell. Since she had numerous fails to take in the course of the story, the studio had three pairs made up for her use. They’re actually heavy, but appear sheer to the camera thanks to delicate color shadings. . . . Soft-leaved elms that had been intended for the walk at the Russell and Bowman wedding place had to be replaced by sturdy pine trees. Despite everything the company green man could do, the trees wilted under the hot lights. What, no spreading chestnuts? . . . Because he is too expert at almost any instrument, Charles Winninger’s trumpet tooting was somewhat of a problem. So Ed Frazier of the studio’s music department was assigned to be on hand to see that Charles played as badly as called for in the script.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Remember the old nursery rhyme about (Continued on page 87)

But will you stay as sweet as you are?

You step from your bath all fragrant and fresh. But how long will that freshness last? Will it begin to fade almost before you’re dressed?

Not if you know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness! One for your bath—to wash away past perspiration. And Two for Mum—to guard against risk of future underarm odor.

That’s the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath plus Mum is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.

So take 30 seconds to smooth Mum on each underarm and stay nice to be near. You can depend on Mum’s protection to last for a whole day or evening.

Remember, too, that gentle Mum won’t irritate your skin, won’t harm fine fabrics—can be used before or after dressing. Use Mum, to be sure. Get some today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers
Peace, it's wonderful!

But how 'bout keeping the peace? Pardon us while we do a little soul-searching on you—'cause you're a Future Voter!

---

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I manage to get dates, but the boys very rarely ask for seconds. I'm golly and fairly attractive. I wonder where I'll fumble. H. G., Athens, Ohio.

Maybe you're too eager. So anxious to MURder him, you spoil his act. Boys like smart girls. They also like funny girls. But a man's-eye view of a gal who's smart and funny is one who cues him for his stories and laughs her head off at his jokes. Let your next date be head man, and we bet he'll come back for more.

I want desperately to go to college next year, but my family can't afford to send me, and I'm afraid I can't earn enough money myself. What is the least amount of money I could get by on? E. M., Alameda, California.

Go to your library and ask for a list of state colleges (which are, of course, the least expensive.) You can then write to them requesting information about tuition, self-help opportunities, scholarships, and student loans. You could even work for a year after you graduate from high school to give yourself kind. (Continued on page 118)
The Night you will Never Forget...

Heaven was in her Eyes...
And her Lips were Paradise

Night in Paradise
in TECHNICOLOR

The screen's glorious new love-match!

Starring
MERLE OBERON
TURHAN BEY

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE with
THOMAS GOMEZ • GALE SONDERGAARD • RAY COLLINS • ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE DOLENZ • JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN • Produced by WALTER WANGER • Associate Producer: Alexander Golitzen
From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman • Screenplay: Ernest Pascal • Adaptation: Emmet Lavery

WALTER WANGER'S
temptations
tribute to that
sly old feeling!
LISTEN TO CONNIE JOANNES, FAMOUS MODEL

She's appeared on covers of McCall's, Redbook and many other magazines. That's her 6-months-old son Bobbie in the picture coaxing her to tell, "Tell everybody where you got that lovely complexion, Mommy!" he says. "Just watch Bobbie splashing in his tub," Connie says, "and you'll discover my beauty secret. It's regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap, of course. I was an Ivory baby myself!"

LET CONNIE TELL YOU HOW TO HAVE THAT IVORY LOOK . . .

"Every girl wants a lovely complexion," Connie says, "but a model like me has to have one. If you suspect your complexion could stand improving, my advice is—don't give it a hit-or-miss wash-up. To get that Ivory Look, change to regular care with gentle Ivory Soap."

P.S.-St! . . . Bobbie wants to talk, "That's right, Mommy, what's mild enough for a baby like me is grand for grown-ups' skin as well!" Try pure, baby-gentle Ivory care today—and watch your skin become softer, smoother, lovelier, too!

P. S. for U. S. Don't waste Ivory . . . it contains vital war materials!
Some people take Henry and me too seriously. We're always bragging about MODERN SCREEN being "the friendly magazine."

And so our pretty partner, Sylvia Wallace, West Coast editor, has gone all out. In fact, she's downright affectionate.

She's converted her office into a joint. A junior Schwab's drugstore, complete with everything except Sidney Skolsky. And in place of Sidney, we have a bar . . . Of course the stars love it (I mean the friendliness—not the bar). We do rush business from nine in the a.m. till way past closing time. Biggest day of the month is when the new copies of MODERN SCREEN come in. And thereby hangs a tale. . . Picture Hunk-of-Man Madison riffling through a bright new September issue. He comes across that picture of June Allyson presenting MODERN SCREEN'S silver fan club trophy to Gwen Littlefield.

He lets out one of those long, low whistles and asks Sylvia to set up a date.

Sylvia not only being friendly, but foxy too, says, "Sure. And we want pictures."

So, on page 38, you'll see some of the gayest, charmingest boy-girl pictures you ever looked at. . . What worries me about all these goings-on at Wallace's joint is this. Take Madison and Littlefield.

Suppose they fall in love. Suppose they get married. And have a baby. Will MODERN SCREEN be responsible?

Will Sylvia have to walk the floor with the kid? Where does all this stop? Just how friendly do we have to be?!! . . . Okay, kids, I'll be all right in a minute. I shouldn't go telling you my troubles, anyway. Just you turn to "A Date For Cinderella," and make believe you went along!

Executive Editor.
On Dana's first day off in months, son David gashed his toe and Pop zoomed him to hospital. Then Cathy disappeared; frantic search found her munching cookies next door; calmly reported she'd crawled under fence "like a gopher."

There were nine Andrews children, with Dana third from the top. Eight were boys, and the fact that Dad was a minister didn't keep them from raising their fair share of Cain. Looking back from his present vantage, Dana's inclined to think it was more than their fair share.

When the neighbor's peaches were raided, you could count on finding the Andrews kids in the forefront. When the neighbor pelted them with stones, they'd throw peaches back, and the aim of the Andrews kids was straight and true. When she told on them, they'd take their punishment, and plan the next raid more carefully. There was always the beautiful chance that you mightn't get caught.

Dad dealt out judgment with a firm and impartial hand. Too kindly a
Before gas station job, Dana was down-and-out reporter. Now he's acting (for reel) what he lived (for real): Reporter in "Fallen Angel."

Brothers Harlan, Wilton, and Dana A. (D. at right; age 11) raised coin as kids, so now Dana can't be too severe on son David when he goes fishing in private lakes... so long as he throws the fish back!

At seventeen, Dana secretly dreamed of an acting career, even took lead in high school play, but wisely kept silent when his older brothers talked of their plans for the future—sober plans, like school teaching, or engineering...
See wife Mary's gold watch? It's the first gift Dana bought after signing contract with 20th-Fox and M-G-M to do 2 outside pics a year.

Andrews had tough time finding furniture to fill new Toluca Lake house ("large enough for breeding and breathing," says D.) but piano helped.

man to inspire fear, he was also too sensible to let his rough-necks get out of control. What he said, he meant, and what he promised—good or bad—he performed. Dana's earliest memories are bound up with faith in his father, who taught him to swim by tossing him into deep water—

"By the time you come up, I'll be there," he'd say.

If Dad said he'd be there, he'd be there—and he always was. And you'd grab his shoulder and start kicking your feet and yelling for him to throw you in again.

Mother was the stuff that saints are made of. Deeply religious herself, she wasn't given to preaching. By what she did, rather than what she said, they learned to know her. Never did her children hear her speak ill of anyone. If she had nothing good to say, she said (Continued on page 97)
With Keenan and Evie Wynn, Van spent first holiday in years at Lake Arrowhead. M-G-M removed N. Y. subway ads of Van's latest pic—bobby sockers kept stealing 'em!

"By Keenan Wynn," it says. But it isn't, really. Because Keenan's the kind of guy who just grins, twists his feet, and says, "Aw, shucks, fellas," when asked to talk about his friendship with Van Johnson... and then lets go with a rapid-fire series of gags to hide his real feelings. So when Modern Screen asked the boys to Tell All, they looked at each other helplessly, and then yelled, "IDA!" in loud and desperate tones. The minute I got there the gags began to fly thick and fast.

This is how Keenan signs autograph books. "To Ida. From Van Johnson's best friend." The kids think it's cute, Van gets a boot out of watching him operate, and Keenan's sardonic humor is satisfied. So everyone's happy.

He is Van's best (Continued on page 119)
This is the story of how a bellboy, a crippled girl
and a queen proved that not all fairy tales are in books...

1. Few people, seeing Leslie Odel (June Allyson) for the first time, would know she is helpless, a cripple whose only amusement is listening to the fairy tales Jimmy Dabson (Bob Walker) weaves.

2. Albert Weever (Rags Ragland), a porter at the hotel where Jim bellhops, mistakes Princess Veronica (Hedy Lamarr) for a maid. Later, after Jimmy's dated her, the boys discover her title. Al says, "Well, kings make big money!"

4. By now, Jimmy thinks Veronica's statement about "a princess can love a commoner" refers to him, neglects Leslie, intends proposing to V. Albert comforting Leslie, mutters, "there's other fish to catch."

5. And Leslie, wanting to make Jimmy's decision easier, tells him she's cured, tries to prove it by taking a few steps. She falters, however, falls in his arms and Jimmy, realizing where his love lies, "relinquishes" the princess.
"Let's take the long way home," suggested Gwen, who wanted all the neighborhood kids to see her fella. (Well, wouldn't you?) But even so, Gwen's sure that whoever wrote "Lawd, you made the nights too long," had never been dated by that swell Guy Madison!
Johnny conspires with waiter J. E. Smith on super-colossal dessert to surprise Betty. Last year, appendectomy made John conceal personal appearances...to the tune of $15,000.

"Hi!" says Betty Cornell, as Johnny introduces her to host Toots Shor. MODERN SCREEN picked Betty as Johnny's prettiest fan, to spend day with him.

Taking his No. 1 Fan to lunch wasn't enough: Johnny even lets her feel muscles developed from boxing and pocket billiards. (Won championship!)
The sun was shining when Johnny Johnston took his prettiest fan to lunch, but all she saw was a star . . . a big, blonde, and very human star.

BEAUTIFUL DAY!

"All this, and heaven too!" murmurs Betty blissfully. Like Dagwood sandwich, concoction has a little of everything: ice cream, fruit, and syrup.
Betty wanted to meet the folks informally; this is how they responded! Julie's 3, while Johnny and Dot, married 9 years, had unusual courtship: he worked nights, she, days. So he proposed at breakfast!

Johnny looks doubtful, but Betty greets stage star Frank Fay's invisible rabbit, Harvey, with, "What big ears you have!" [P.S.: H can't see H, either!]

"What's Trigger got that I haven't?" asks Johnny. Betty pulled a Gypsy Rose Lee: Changed entire outfit.
Johnny's got a varied repertoire; does every type of tune, handles tempo so cleverly that other top-flight warblers are "sent" by his solid singing. Even doll's impressed!

Singing Julie to sleep is one job Johnny likes. Her bed's a far cry from park benches where he stowed his six feet for the night during freight-hopping days. "First sound Julie learned: Bronx cheer!"

Betty went home starry-eyed with Johnny's recording of "Laura," an autographed picture, and memories of a wonderful day spent with the Johnston family.
For dozens of long, lonely months you haven’t looked crooked at a date dress. You’ve hardly even thought about an evening dress. You’ve been terribly functional, terribly faithful, and you’ve carried red tokens where your mad money used to be. Now, miraculously, the lights are on again; there are guys on Main Street again. Whistles, double talk, civvies, heaven. And the biggest hunk of happiness of all, the thing that’s so good it hurts, is that your boy is coming home. Look, it says here, “Darling, I’m on my way.” It’s a four alarm fire. It’s a home run with the bases full. Peace, it’s wonderful.

Now the dilemma. What to wear to do justice to him? We’re not going to advise you about dressing for that heart-shaking first meeting. If you’re a bit of a sentimentalist, and aren’t we all about now, you’ll probably wear your going-away suit or some other cherished, familiar number. We’re going to talk about that first historic big date. That champagne-and-caviar binge you’ve been promising yourselves for so long. You want a dress so devastating, so slaughterhouse—there just are no words for the dress you want.

We know. And we’ve found it for you; in fact we’ve found three, anyone of which is unquestionably It. Obviously these aren’t budget jobs. They are magnificent dresses, and the prices are steep. We look at it this way. For three years your man has been dreaming of you with your hair sleek and shiny, your ears, discreetly perfumed, wearing something smooth, something really out of this world. Three years is a long time. So is eighteen months. So is ten weeks, if you’ve been apart. We think he’s earned a glimpse of you in one of these superb dresses, designed by the talented Harry Schacter for Miss America Dance Frocks.

Greek Goddess: He told the guys you were a pin-up girl, but even he’s (Continued on page 107)
He's home again! For that Caviar and Champagne binge, choose one of these devastating dresses, worn for us by lovely Evelyn Keyes.

Arabian Nights magnificence is yours in this sequin embroidered Paisley dress, its middle bore or not, as you wish.
"Whatta life," groaned Cornel. "They dropped my option." "Goody!" cheered Pat. "now you'll get a better job!" Whatta-wife!

by Fredda Dudley

the Wilde women

It was Christmas Eve: December 24, 1940. Cornel Wilde had been under contract to Warner Brothers for six months. Harried months, anxious months, months filled with four and five line walk-ons in minor pictures. Very minor pictures. Cornel had said to his agent, "But when I was signed, it was with the understanding that I was to get leads, or at least second leads." The agent said, "Play along with them. They'll take care of you. You'll have to be patient because Hollywood works in weird ways."

But on December 24, the agent called and asked Cornel brusquely, "Can you take it?"

"Sure," said Cornel, looking across the narrow room with its horrible flowered carpet at Pat. Her hands were clasped together; her eyes were enormous.

"Warners' have let your option drop," said the agent. "But I'll keep plugging for you."

"Thanks," said Cornel. He hung up. He tried to smile at his wife. (Continued on page 135)
By Helen Colton

Fair-Haired Boy

Kurt's police dogs floor guests with enthusiastic greeting. Lofty hilltop home has breath-taking view of Los Angeles, separate room for answering fan mail, and bar papered with travel labels from far-away cities he's visited.

When Kurt Kreuger played those
dusty Nazi roles, the hisses and boos for the
villain turned to kisses and ooohs.

One day last December, Kurt Kreuger took off the uniform of Nazi Major Kauders, donned his Sunset Boulevard tweeds, drove his green convertible coupe from the Warner Brothers studio to the Federal Building in downtown Los Angeles, and achieved the greatest ambition of his life. He became an American citizen.

Then he celebrated his "I Am An American Day" in a way no new citizen ever has before.

He drove back to Burbank, donned his Nazi uniform, reported back on the set of "Hotel Berlin," was introduced to Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President of the country of which he had just become a citizen, and began to make love to the president's daughter-in-law, Faye Emerson.

For a new American, he was certainly doing all right!

As a matter of fact, all right is what handsome, blonde Kurt has been doing ever since he had a bit part and bottom billing in "The Purple V" at Republic three years ago.

As Hollywood careers go, three years is a fraction of time. Many actors hang around that long waiting just to get an "I may call you" from a casting director.

But not with Switzerland's gift to the movies. In that short time, he has behind him a lot of juicy roles, like the part of the Nazi flyer in "Sahara." (Continued on page 81)
It was Sunday; a California Sunday soft with sunlight and ruffled with breeze. Two eager beavers stood at the window and watched the highway with Superman eyes. These characters were named Bobby, aged five, and Michael, aged four, and they were dressed in clean white shirts and their best suits; their faces gleamed with soapy cleanliness and their eyes glistened with anticipation.

At length the expected car swung into the driveway and two small boys, yelling like Comanches, cataracted out of the house and down the steps. “Hi, Pop,” they yelled. “Hello, Daddy!”

Bob Walker unwound himself from the car and accepted the greeting of his two sons much as an oak accepts the mantling admiration of a smothering growth of ivy.

After this initial greeting was over, Michael announced from the vicinity of Bob’s left ear, “We saw you in the movie, Daddy. In an airplane. Is an airplane hard to drive, Pop?”

Bob said it was just a picture. Those things were done in the studio—er—an actor didn’t have to be able to fly a plane, not really. The studio . . . er . . .

“And you fell in the water and got all wet,” added Bobby, the older boy. “Mommy says that if we fall in the water and get wet we’ll catch a cold. Did you take cold, Daddy?”

Bob explained that, in the studio, those things were arranged. One got wet, yes, but (Continued on page 112)
"God speed and good luck," rang through clouds of rice as the brand new Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell left for their honeymoon.

VAN'S HEALTH IS ON THE UPGRADE . . . FRANKIE'S ON THE WARPATH—AND LA! NOW IT'S MONSIEUR BOGART!

The June Allyson-Dick Powell wedding at the home of Johnny Green was a very gay affair that got considerably gayer right in the middle of the marriage ceremony when popular Judge Brand made a slip and said:

"Do you, June, take this man, Richard, to be your lawfully wedded wife—?"

June, who had been very serious up to then, formally holding her little white family prayer book in her hand, tried hard to hold in the giggles—but had to finally give in—and did she laugh! The minute the ceremony was over Dick said, "Hold still, Stinky, for a kiss!"

The improvised altar at the fireplace was very pretty with even the fire screen covered by lilies of the valley. Tall white candles burned in silver candelabras—but I swear I think host Johnny Green jived up the Wedding March just a bit when he played it on the piano.

Just before the happy couple departed for a honeymoon on Dick's boat, Junie pressed a little gold heart into his hand, inscribed, "My. Love—Always."

Now that you have heard about the wedding, I suppose some of our MODERN SCREEN readers want to hear again about the romance of Dick and little June. Well, they met when both were in "We The People" at M-G-M. She had always admired Dick greatly and when he stopped to talk to her one day, her big blue eyes started shining. But to her, he was still married, so as she told me, she didn't make a date for a long time, even though he and Joan Blondell were separated. "But it seemed as if everything kept putting him in my way," she said. "We met at parties. I would see him at restaurants, and finally, when (Continued on page 58)
good news... june allyson weds!

Above, the wedding party at the Greens'; Bunny Waters Green, June and Dick, and Johnny Green. At left, the Powells' first "married" kiss.

by louella parsons
he was free, he asked me to go out with him. I accepted and we had such a wonderful evening." To June, who has never been in love before, Dick is perfect. I saw them the week before the wedding at a dinner in Margaret Ettinger's garden. They had just the day before obtained a license to wed and it was in all the papers. "I bought seven copies of the 'Examiner,'" June told me. She kept holding Dick's hand and saying to me, "isn't he wonderful— isn't he wonderful!" Dick, who adores her, is perhaps less demonstrative but his feelings are just as deep. "She is such a grand little girl," he told me. "With a character so beautiful, so sweet, that you wonder how she could have grown up and remained as unspoiled and untouched by life." The Powells took their honeymoon on Dick's boat and went to Catalina for a cruise in the Southern California waters. It was the first time he was able to take his boat out since the war. Dick has bought a house in Brentwood for his little bride and she has been busy furnishing it for the last two months. If being in love means anything, this is a marriage that will last. I hope it will, for they both went into it with such high hopes and such a sincere resolve to be happy.

(Continued on page 108)
AFTER A YEAR AT OUR LONDON EMBASSY—Mary Anne Braswell shares a "reunion-cake" with three British airmen. Soon after graduating from the University of Georgia she received her Diplomatic Corps assignment. Her work was "fascinating and exciting" she says. Air raids, celebrities, robot bombs—and "getting engaged" to an American officer from Boston were all part of her London adventure.

She's Engaged!  
She's Lovely! 
She uses Pond's!

Mary Anne Braswell to wed Edwin P. Cushman, U.S. Army Officer  
She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Braswell of Athens, Georgia.

The first day Mary Anne was in London she met her officer fiancé-to-be...at a luncheon club near the Embassy! She's another engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look! "I surely do depend on Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "it has the nicest way of making your face feel especially soft and clean. I wouldn't be without my Pond's for anything."

Twice every day Mary Anne uses Pond's Cold Cream—like this: She smooths the silky-soft cream well over her face and throat and pats rapidly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues it all off.

She rinses with more Pond's Cold Cream, plying her white covered fingertips round her face in quick little circles. Tissues off. This is "extra-care," she says, for extra cleansing, extra softening.

Why don't you use Pond's Cold Cream her way? Every morning, every evening and for in-between time clean-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxury jar that lets you dip in with both hands!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Nicholas P. du Pont · The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · Lady Louis Mountbatten · Mrs. George J. Gould, Jr. · Princess Xenia
The other 5-year-olds
played with dolls, but Eleanor Parker
played she was Janet Gaynor.

Constant Nymph

There's a little white card among Eleanor Parker's treasures that she'd hate to lose. In a sense, though, she can't lose it. It's engraved, as they say in Shakespeare, on the tablets of her memory—its shape and texture, the exact shade of the green ink, the way each letter's formed.

"I hope," it says, "that Mildred will do as much for your career as she did for mine. In your hands, I know she will. Bette Davis."

It came with a beautiful bowl of gardenias on the day Eleanor started "Of Human Bondage." She read the card and then she read it again. Tears stung her lids as her arms went round the bowl and her cheek brushed the flowers in a wordless little gesture of passionate thanks.

If she'd been a producer, Eleanor Parker's the last girl she'd have cast in the role of Mildred. Eddie Goulding felt the same way. Jack Warner didn't. He sent Goulding out to take a look at her on the set of "The Very Thought of You," and Goulding returned, convinced that his leg was being pulled. Not at all, Mr. Warner assured him blandly. In that case, Mr. Goulding assured him back, he'd prefer to shove off and forget the whole (Continued on page 76)
Beginning of Time!

Your phone will ring. Your heart will leap. His voice, "I'm back!"
And time will begin again. Time to do together all the things you've planned. Yet time to relax and linger over every precious moment. For U. S. Time will help you find more hours for fun. U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timepieces, in beauty, in accuracy.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS
INGERSOLL • KELTON • WATERBURY • SAGA
Many years ago a little boy named Harry James was given a drum. He thought this the most exciting and wonderful toy he had ever seen in his life. The instant he awakened each morning, he grabbed the drum and went parading around barefoot and in pajamas until he was forcibly sent off to get dressed and to have some breakfast.

The instant he could climb down from the table, he donned his beloved drum and went outside, marching around and around the house, beating lustily. He was the Spirit of ’76, Gene Krupa, plus a brigade of Mickey Rooney's and Jack Coopers; he perfected hot licks and jungle rhythms—he was skin happy.

This routine went on for almost a week. One afternoon a haggard neighbor made friends with Harry by commenting on what a pretty drum he owned. To further cement the friendship, the neighbor gave Harry a pocket knife. Then, as he was leaving to return to his temporarily quiet home, he said to Harry: “The inside of the drum is the most interesting part. Have you looked to see what makes that wonderful noise?”

So Harry became a trumpeter, the trumpet being an instrument not susceptible to pocket knives.

At the present time, Mr. James has a young daughter who already shows signs—as her father did at an early age—of becoming a musician. When anyone says to her, “Would you like to hear some music, Vicki?” she assumes an important, straight-spined pose, lifts both hands, and proceeds to lead an (Continued on page 69)
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... 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. Thats 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 curbed. 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 rightly proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send it now!

SEND NO MONEY

MAIL 7-DAY 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 test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft, dry, harsh hair may feel in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW...you may know at last the happiness of possessing really lovely—longer hair.

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. J-603
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 hair doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

I am enclosing $1.00
I Send C.O.D. plus postage

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Our Customers Participate in Beauty Gifts
While not busy acting "squashed" (sad), Roddy works on his novel, "The History of Fidelis," the story of "an imaginary country in a world of faith." He'll soon appear in 20th-Fox's "Home Stretch."

Mrs. Mac is best pal as well as mom to Roddy and 18-year-old Virginia—Blushed when R. roved, "I love Tallulah Bankhead but I don't think the Bd. of Educ. would let me act with her!"

He'd ridden in "My Friend Flicka," hadn't he? And he was the bring-'em-home-a-winnah jockey in "Thunderhead," wasn't he? So who said he wouldn't be able to keep up with Farley Granger if they went off for a day's outing with the riding stable a starting point and their ultimate destination . . . . ?

He and Farley (of course, this all happened before the older boy joined the Navy and left for the Pacific), had driven out to the stables, rented a couple of spirited horses and ridden off. The path wound picturesquely through an olive grove, everything was peaceful, the two boys talked away about pictures and (Continued on page 152)
Imagine! A Thrillingly Lovely 16-inch
HALO *PEARL NECKLACE
With Sterling Silver Safety Clasp

YOURS FOR ONLY $2.98 TAX INCLUDED POSTAGE PAID

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There is something about a string of pearls that helps a lovely lady put her best face forward! So, if you have longed for the elusive beauty and charm which pearls inspire, and have heretofore permitted a price you couldn't afford to stand in your way of pearl ownership, you'll welcome this opportunity to acquire an exquisite Halo strand of extravagant beauty at a truly low affordable price!

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Please rush Halo *Pearls in Gift Box as checked off below. If not delighted after 5 days I may return them for money back without question. I understand prices already include tax which you are paying.

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- Watch Fob @ .98
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- Send my Halo *Pearls C.O.D., I will pay postman $_________ plus postage.

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Postman check for extra postage.

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Halo *Pearls For All Occasions
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- 2-Strand Halo Choker—Sterling Silver Clasp .98
- 3-Strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp 4.49
- Assorted Size Halo Earrings on Sterling Silver 1.49

ABOVE PRICES ALREADY INCLUDE TAX
Bing's forever getting notes from the kids' teachers—too much zing! Well, chips off the old block...

There are 5 of 'em—count 'em—big-eared, tow-headed, cocky sons of Erin who never miss a trick and refuse to swoon for Sinatra! by Nancy Winslow Squire

• The Crosby Kids, Gary, aged 12, Philip and Denny aged 11 and Lindsay aged 6, were dismissed early from St. John's Military Academy one afternoon, whereupon they turned their full zeal upon their driver with the result that they were taken to RKO where their proud pop, Mr. Bing (Oscar) Crosby was working in "Bells Of St. Mary's."

Also working in the picture with Bing and Ingrid Bergman were some 90 youngsters representing the enrollment of a parochial school. As the youngsters were between takes, they were playing on the recreation ground prepared by RKO. One gang was in the midst of a hot baseball game; because Gary is big for his age and gives every indication of being a competent shortstop, he was enlisted in the ball club.

Philip and Denny got involved in a volley ball game, and Linny was rapidly getting to be athletic slide champion when the lot school teacher brought the recreation hour to a close. "One more hour of school, children," she called. "Everyone come inside."

A few assistants began to round up the laggards, among which were all four Crosbys. "We don't have to go to school any more," one of the twins said. "We've done our time for today—we aren't working in this picture."

"Yeah," said the grip, acting as truant officer, "I know what you mean, but you ain't a gonna get away with it. Back you goes."

"Perhaps it would be better if you went in our place," said Gary slyly. The eyes of the twins gleamed and even Linny manfully suppressed a grin.

The grip didn't find the retort amusing. "Kids is sure fresh these days," he observed. "Go on—git!"

Gary decided that the time had come...
when a stand had to be taken. "We're the Crosby boys," he explained, "and we're only visiting this set."

"And me—I'm Frank Sinatra's baby daughter," said the very funny grip, showing his very humorous teeth. "Now, widdout any more argument—in ya go."

The boys, shrugging from one to another, went into the temporary school room and found places. "Dad saw us—he'll come over and get us pretty soon," Linny confided.

Dad had seen them. He had seen them arrive and he had seen them being forcibly exposed to further knowledge. Not a man to interfere with the progress of so worthwhile an enterprise, he hung around until that final hour of unexpected schooling was over. When the boys strolled out, he shifted his pipe to say, "Had no idea you gentlemen were so devoted to book larnin'."

"Chips," said Gary, knowing that it was unnecessary in his fast family to add "off the old block." The Crosbys are exceedingly rapid on the pick-up. It is true that Bing is an erudite man; not only did he secure his university degree (AB) but he studied law before he decided to go into the entertainment business. His grade school and high school report cards were replete with high grades, and he expects to cash nothing but win tickets on the scholastic attainments of his sons.

Incidentally, there are still people who believe that Bing can’t read music. That is really the result of a stupe scoop that went this way: A reporter once asked Bing, "You can’t read music, can you?" Because Bing finds it easier to give the answer that is obviously expected of him, he replied, "Nope."

Yet Bing did time, and kept it, in his high school orchestra, along strictly long hair lines. In college he had his own orchestra for a time, much to the admiration of his younger brother, Bob, currently a 2nd lieutenant of Marines, based in Honolulu.

Bob buttonholed his tympanistic brother one day and demanded, "Do you have any special advice to give a guy who wants to get (Continued on page 94)
MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

You've seen lots of movies, you've torn 'em apart and put 'em together again with your friends ... but how well do you remember them? Pick up your pencil, curl up in a chair, and test yourself on these teasers—but no nail-biting! Sweet 16's a perfect score, 12-15 rates a pat on the back. 10 gets by, but below 8 draws a dunce cap. Answers on page 90.

1. Scene from "Destination Tokyo" (based on real life incident) shows Bob Hutton recovering from:
   a. eating green apples  b. an appendectomy  c. "the bends"  d. combat fatigue

2. Among those present at the Bogart-Bacall wedding were these dogs, known as:

3. This pathetic Chinese family went hungry because "The Good Earth" was ruined by:
   a. floods  b. droughts  c. sheep grazing  d. locusts

4. "Back Street" starred Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan, won fame for its author, who is:

5. Maybe you think this is just a bunch of GI guys, but look closer, and next to the MP is:

6. "'Tis a far, far better thing I do now than I have ever done before," says Colman in:

7. The movie, "Chetnik," concerns itself with the brave exploits of the fearless:
   a. Russian Air Corps  b. Balkan guerrillas  c. Polish infantry  d. Yugoslavian fighters

8. The isolationist senator who fought Woodrow Wilson most bitterly in "Wilson" was:

   (Continued on page 70)
invisible orchestra exactly as she has seen her dad do.

When she was taken on the set of "Kitten On The Keys," the picture which Harry James, Dick Haymes, and Maureen O'Hara made together, she was perfectly at home. Another child, brought visiting, almost leaped out of her mother's arms when Harry's brass section began to flare a coda. (i.e. coda: To add a final roof-lifting phrase to a number.) Then the child began to scream and had to be removed—but fast—from the set.

Not Vicki. She laughed. She began to do a little stick-snapping with her own chubby hands.

**woman of few words...**

However much she may admire and imitate her father, Vicki is set on having her little joke on him. When Betty asks her daughter, "Where's Daddy?" Vicki marches over to Harry's picture and points to it solemnly, ignoring the fact that he may be seated across the room.

To even himself up with this tableau between mother and daughter, Harry has a small comedy that he shares with Vicki. To explain it, it must be told that Vicki—who will be around 22 months old when you read this—is in no hurry to learn to talk. In her present vocabulary she has three major words and several thousand incomprehensible sounds. The words are "Mommy," "Dada," and "boy-o-boys-o-boy!"

She uses "Dada" as a term exclusively for Harry; she uses "boy-o-boys-o-boy" to greet her cereal, her vegetables, her nurse, or the prospect of going outdoors. But she uses "Mommy" to designate practically any picture she finds in any magazine.

This inclination may have developed from the fact that Mrs. Grable once showed Vicki a full page picture of Betty in a film magazine and said, "Mommy." Since that time, Vicki has gone through fan magazines pointing to such starred beauties as Hedy Lamarr, June Haver, Rita Hayworth, and Linda Darnell and loudly asserting her blood relationship to them. Noting this habit, Harry took his daughter on his lap one Sunday morning and opened a canvas book decorated with magnificent animal pictures. "And who is this?" asked Harry, pointing to a horse.

"Mommy," said Vicki.

He indicated an elephant. "And this?"

"Mommy," asserted the traitorous little lady.

He rest a forefinger on a pig. "And what is the name of this?"

"Mommy," yelled Miss James.

Harry beamed at his wife. "She doesn't seem to have a very dainty opinion of you, dear," he observed, innocently.

Simply because her speaking vocabulary is restricted, don't come to the conclusion that her listening vocabulary is similarly small. Indeed not. She has a habit of going through her mother's purse in search of some junior treasure; when, during her search, she finds a pack of cigarettes, she puckers up her lips and blows imaginary smoke rings.

If anyone in her presence mentions flowers, she wrinkles her button nose and sniffs appreciatively. But it's obvious she can't spell because she overheard the cook asking Betty to bring some flour from the market recently—and promptly puckered her nose and sniffed in honor of that word, too.

All things considered, Vicki James is...
MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

(Continued from page 68)

9. In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Elizabeth Barrett (Norma Shearer) is loved by:
a. John Keats  b. Robert Browning
c. Jonathan Swift  d. Ben Jonson

10. Raymond Massey portrays a hard-working storekeeper who one day became:
a. a famous diplomat  b. an actor
c. president  d. an explorer

11. In "All That Money Can Buy," Walter Huston plays the part of:
a. a rich merchant  b. the devil
c. a truck farmer  d. a country squire

12. Lucille Ball made a lovely Du Barry, and Red Skelton made you laugh as:
a. Henry VIII  b. the court jester
c. the wicked prince  d. Louis XIV

13. J. Fontaine and T. Power starred in "This Above All," and the title's a line from a play by:
c. Carl Sandberg  d. Lillian Heilman

14. Of course you recognize Bogart in "High Sierra, but do you know the clerk behind the counter is:
a. Cornel Wilde  b. Claude Rains
c. Don Taylor  d. James Craig

15. "The Scarlet Pimpernel" became a symbol of hope and faith, but it is really:
a. a fresh water fish  b. a precious jewel
c. a flower  d. an exotic fruit

16. She's quite grown up now, and goes out with fellows 'n' everything. Remember? She's:
a. Cora Sue Collins  b. Virginia Weidler
c. Margaret O'Brien  d. Mitzi Green

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sitting fairly efficient bilateral training, which is to say that she is as much mom-
y's girl as she is daddy's girl. From daddy she is learning to be a good sport; to take
and to dish it out. Even when she was
little, nine months old and newly
marshaled with a decision to walk, she had
a minor battle to win. Betty didn't want
to try to walk at so juvenile an age
because she was afraid that the baby's
legs might be bowed. Harry thought that if
Vicki had the urge to walk, the proper
time must have arrived.

She was out with Betty. "Her
toes are as straight as match sticks," said
Harry. "Let 'er travel!"

Even so, each time the young lady
pulled herself up beside a chair and set
it across the floor in the manner of a
rug wallowing in a heavy sea, Betty would
place a tender hand against the out-
trast chest and gently push Miss Vicki
back onto her derriere. Vicki viewed this
as some sort of amusing game. She laughed
heartily, scooted on hands and knees to
the nearest chair, pulled herself up and
set forth again.

Finally she won out against Betty, "Her
legs are as straight as match sticks," said
Harry. "Let 'er travel."

From the time Vicki could hold her
head up, Harry had cautiously rough-
oused with her. He could toss her into
the air, and she would yell with delight.
Their piggy back sessions left Harry's
nees scuffed and Miss Vicki exhausted
from laughter.

Currently, First Baseman Jr. James is
setting her initial lessons in how to
handle a ball. Before she was born, Harry
guessed that if she turned out to be a
boy, he was going to make a hot ball
layer of her. But when she arrived, he
said, "Plan still stands." They are practic-
ing with a tennis ball— to the intense
anger of all adjacent glassware—but as
con as Vicki is a little older she will learn
to handle a league sphere. Some girls'school is going to have a terrific pitcher
on one of these days.

Incidentally, Vicki's favorite toy ap-
ears not to be a faithful rag doll with
chararine face and golden curls, No, it is
a sturdy, stuffed Missouri mule which
when it first arrived from Vicki's aunt
was a pale beige-grey. Its coat has now
darkened to an all-over molasses brown,
bUt to alter its veteran charm would be
to invite Miss James' howling wrath.

feminine twerp...!

Don't let this one descent from daintiness
disable you, however, for Vicki is the
soul of elegance. Sunday is her favorite
day, because Betty is at home, and in
Vicki, Betty is the epitome of beauty and
charm. She will stand motionless beside
the dressing table and watch Betty comb
her hair or apply the brief makeup that
Betty uses in private life.

As Betty dabs on the final bit of powder,
Vicki will rest a petticoating hand on her
mother's knee and extend her tiny nose
to be powdered, too.

Sometimes they play a game called
Trying On. Betty drags out every hat
in her closet and she and Vicki take
turns trying on the chapeaux. Vicki,
dorning by one of the creations her mother
had bought in an exotic moment, likes to
pose before the mirror, turning this way
and that.

At some time she has watched Betty
for a guest of the James' put on gloves
carefully working the fabric down be-
 tween each finger, so Vicki likes to borrow
pair of her mother's gloves—something
matching or complementing the hat Vicki
is wearing for the moment—and carefully
work them onto her own hands. The fact
that the gloves fit her as a pup tent fits
Chihuahua doesn't trouble her in the
least.

Truly feminine, she loves clothes, point-

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No blurred edges, no fuzzy liplines with
Solitair's new, exclusive "Fashion-Point" Lipstick.
It's the only lipstick that is actually curved
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Of course you know plenty ways to spend five dollars: That slick new sweater you've had your eye on; that $5 war stamp you need; that zipper case for school; or maybe Fall gloves for mom ... but do you know an easy way to get five dollars? We do! Just write us about your encounter with a movie star, and if it's interesting and unusual, we'll print it and pay you for your story. So type it up and send it in to the Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 14 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And pull-lease! Be patient if you don't hear from us right away. We read every single entry, and that takes weeks and weeks!
Might as well admit it in the beginning—I've made a mistake. Here's how it happened. Planning to collect the latest lipstick lore for the November article, I thought it would be a bright idea to begin with a quotation. To give the Beauty Dept. a cultured air, you know. But I was swamped. Seems that from Horace to Irving Berlin, men have been singing the praise of beautiful lips. My mistake was in expecting to find one good quotation. There were so many that I just couldn't make a selection.

But I did learn something and will gladly pass along the information—men would appear to like their women with beautiful lips, rosy, ruby, pink, soft, neatly curved. And quoting Rita Hayworth (she's prettier than Shakespeare), "Lipstick is a basic beauty essential."

When you're using this b.b. essential, try for the natural effect the boys are so enthusiastic about. Take the time and trouble to do a good lip-painting job. Thickly smeared lipstick that leaves a flaming imprint on coffee cups, cocktail glasses or uniform collars is strictly taboo. Bob Hope quips that when a man kisses a girl he wants to feel he's kissing her lips... not sliding into third base. The darlings don't like to see a red-dyed fingertip. If you use your pinkie as a lip rouge spreader, be sure to clean it thoroughly.

Here are the simple pointers for applying lipstick. First, if at all possible, lips should be absolutely (Continued on page 74)
clean. This is often difficult in your, busy lives, so we’ll make the rule “as clean as you can.” Which means using cold cream if it is handy. A soap and water washing is fine, too, if there’s a basin in the neighborhood. When both of these are impractical, you resort to cleansing tissues which may always be carried in the purse.

They clean off the stale makeup and leave a nice, fresh surface to decorate with lip art. Save laundering hankies and towels, too.

After the lips are immaculate, draw a clean, sharp outline—using lipstick, lip brush or pencil. A steady hand and a little practice do the trick. Color should then be filled in on the upper lip with lipstick, and transferred to the lower by pressing them together. The lower lipine is then smoothed out evenly.

Face powder is a big help in the lip painting art. Used before the first application, it insures a dry, even foundation. Instead of wiping the lipstick, it helps set the color. The excess powder should be brushed off and a second light coat of lip rouge spread on top. After a final blotting with cleansing tissue, you can defy the hottest soup or coffee to dim the brilliance of this paint job.

Rita Hayworth looks luscious in Technicolor; doesn’t she? But don’t forget that your public is always getting a Technicolor view of you. Take into consideration your complexion and the shades of hair, eyes and costume. They should all blend in a harmonious picture.

Here are a few color pointers. Dark, autumn-hued greens, rusts, browns and smoky grays team happily with a russet, orange-hued red. Ruddy wine colors, purples, violets, blue-greens and navy are at their best with a muted, blue-red lipstick. Black, white, multicolored stripes and prints, all respond most strikingly to the stimulating note of a true red-red.

On the whole, brunettes, brownettes and ash blondes with creamy colored or medium complexion are flattered by blue-reds. Golden blondes, carrot tops and bronzed brunettes are usually more fetching in tawny, orange lip tones. True reds may be worn by practically all types. The really fastidious gal will have a change of lipstick for her day and night life. Electric lights have a tendency to blot out delicate tints, so darker shades are better at night.

Are your teeth as white as pearls, or do they have a yellowish tinge? You can help whiten such teeth with the color of your lipstick because dark blue-reds cast a white reflection. When you want to know how to make teeth look lighter (after scrubbing them all you can, of course) consider the purplish lipsticks.

You can have variety in color and you can also have variety in shape for your lips. You may be able to wear a half a dozen (one at a time, naturally) for different moods and effects. Movie girls change around for the different parts they play, and in the same way, you can be Dietrichish one night and a June Allyson the next.

There are certain rules you must follow, though, in re-doing your mouth. If your chin is pointed or if your face is heart-shaped, your lips should be, too. But make it a modified heart-shape, not the cupid’s bow that’s as outmoded as pantaloons. If your upper lip is a straight, Bette Davis mould, it needs a full lower lip to go with it. If your jaw is square, try a square effect on the lips, too. Is your nose upturned? Then paint on a wide upper lip. Is your nose flat? Then give it a full lower lip to balance it.

It’s easy to change the size of your lips. If they’re too thin and you make you look prissy, draw the lipstick over the edge. If they’re too full, keep well within the line. If they are too long, stop the rouge before it reaches the corners. In every case, please keep the corners turned up.

Speak easy! Beautiful lips should be accompanied by the tune of a pleasant voice. Harsh, rasping tones or loud, shrill squeaks scare away friends and beaux. Speak naturally, pleasantly, in a low pitch. You’ll find that with lips easy on the eyes and the ears, you will have much more fun.

“Every American girl a beauty!”... that’s the Beauty Department Platform. So to help along the campaign we’ve concocted a new booklet, “The Art of Make-up.” It’s planned to teach you how to get the last smidgin of glamor out of your makeup base, mascara and lipstick. There is even a chart which lists six separate facial types. It’s all yours... just fill out the coupon and mail it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

CAROL CARTER
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
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(PRODUCTION)
(Continued from page 37)

falling apart in a similar manner. They had just finished a scene in which a fight was featured... Agnes Moorehead readily admits that money has gone to her head. It seems that Irene created the most amazing hat for her to wear—a blond rust felt confection with a towering open-topped crown. As between-scenes fun, someone conceived the idea of tossing pennies into the felt cone. The first day netted only $1.53 in pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters but in following days the game grew in popularity. By the time a costume change was in order, Aggie had sufficient funds to purchase a $25.00 war bond... Hedy Lamarr, who was expecting the stork, was advised that the auto trip from home to the studio, so early in the morning was too strenuous for her. So she moved into her M.G.M. dressing room. She stated that it was like living in the middle of a defense plant. Trucks rolled by all night, lights shone in the windows, and someone was always borrowing her cooking utensils. The studio came to the rescue by rigging up a neat little apartment... The Prop Department concluded that the cast was the sleepiest in Hollywood. Never in the history of the studio have so many types of beds been required for a single production. A royal couch with all the trimmings was needed for Hedy. Bob Walker is shown dozing in a broken down wooden bed. Rags Ragland is required to crack his head on the fancy grill work of an iron model. A small brass bed is needed for June, and Mary Servos as Aunt Gertrude is shown crawling out of a reconverted davenport... Clark Gable doesn't have his name listed with the cast. In fact, he doesn't even know he's in the film. Scene from a popular picture of 1938 was required for an audience consisting of Hedy and Bob. Producer Pasternak selected a brief spot from "Test Pilot"... The term "dumb animal" is open to dispute. In one scene, a trained pup was supposed to focus his attention on Bob, but he was too much intrigued with Hedy to care whether or not he obeyed instructions. Each time he had, he would squirm from Walker's grasp and stretch far enough to plant a moist tongue on Hedy's face. After the fourth mistake, Director Richard Thorpe stopped the camera with the remark, "Things have come to a pretty pass. Asked for a dog and I get a wolf!..." The purely imaginary Hotel Eden is a beautiful postwar dream. Dwarving the Waldorf, the foyer alone occupies almost an entire sound stage... Two hundred "New Yorker" extras had an easy day. Their main task was to sit around in soft cushioned davenports and chairs and sigh their admiration for "the princess."... Perhaps the strangest screen test on record was made when Bob went before the cameras in an attempt to determine which of eight assorted dogs would look the silliest when he walked it in Central Park!

DECEMBER ISSUE!
It's something to sing about, the December issue... and it comes out on November 13. Thought you might be interested, on account there's a story on the Alan Ladd Thanksgiving party.
The Constant Nymph

(Continued from page 60)

thing.
Eleanor knew exactly how he felt. All her quiet self-confidence fled, leaving her panicky. Day after day she pleaded with the casting director. "Don't make me do it. It's not just the idea of following Bette Davis, though that's bad enough. But can't they see that I'm all wrong for the part?"

Meantime the boss wrestled with Eddie Goulding. "Will it hurt you to make a test? If she's no good, okay, take somebody else." When Goulding yielded, Eleanor's fate was sealed.
you're for me...

He sent her to Doris Lloyd for lessons in cockney dialect. He told her to study the Davis picture. "So you won't imitate Bette. She gave a characterization that can't be topped. The only thing left is to make ours different." She sat by a pool for two weeks, reading the book through twice, writing down every word of her dialogue, talking cockney to herself. Then she came back and made the test. Three scenes had been prepared. After the first two, Goulding said: "Never mind the third. You're my girl. I wouldn't do the picture now without you."

That was her first shot-in-the-arm. Bette's flowers were the second. From then on to the final day, when they whisked her straight to the hospital for an appendix-yanking, everything was magic. The picture hasn't been released yet, but let them pan her or praise her, she doesn't care. Compared with what she learned from Eddie Goulding, nothing else matters.

If you think that's baloney, you don't know Eleanor. At the age of five, she set her course by a star and followed it steadfastly through the years. You could call the star Learning-to-be-a-movie-actress. Or you could call it Janet Gaynor. She was hardly more than a baby when they took her to see "Sunnyside Up." "I'm going to be a movie actress," she said. "Just like Janet Gaynor."

Years later she sat at a drugstore counter in Tolula Lake, when Janet walked in with Robin, her son. Eleanor trembled over her chocolate malt, and couldn't get up the nerve to speak to her. But they've met at parties since, and now Janet knows all about her young disciple. She's a most understanding person. Once, in Arizona, Eleanor got hold of an old poster of "Sunnyside Up," and offered it to Janet.

"Wouldn't you rather keep it yourself?"
"Oh yes!—I mean—" Janet laughed and Eleanor relaxed. "You see, I've always dreamed of a house with a playroom and a poster of "Sunnyside Up," hanging on the wall—"

How can a child of five have any fixed purpose? We can only report that this one did. From the day she saw that picture, she was Janet Gaynor. She badgered her parents into sending her to the Tucker School of Expression. Growing older, she'd board a streetcar, ride downtown, and sign up for tap or ballet or piano lessons. Then she'd come home and tell Mother, and somehow the money would always be found. It seemed pretty silly to Dad, who taught math in a Cleveland high school, but whatever Mother decided was all right with him. Bob and Mildred older and busy with their own affairs, paid scant attention to their pesky kid sister. Even Mother didn't take it too seriously. The child would probably change her mind a dozen times before she grew up.
On the other hand, there was just the chance that she wouldn't, and Mother didn't believe in destructive criticism. Every night when Eleanor'd finished her lessons and climbed into bed, Mother'd come along with an egg sandwich and cocoa, and they'd talk and talk about being a movie actress. Or let's say Eleanor talked, with a word tossed in edgewise by Mother.

The kids at school were less tactful. So completely did Eleanor identify herself with her dreams that she felt no self-consciousness, nor any need to hide them. She was going to be a movie actress, of course.

"Movie actress, my foot!" jeered her cousin Lloyd. "Who do you think you are, a glamor girl?"

That puzzled her. "You don't have to be a glamor girl. It's just a business like anything else. Like being a nurse—"

And one day she stood in front of the house with her two best friends. How the argument started was unimportant, but it ended with one girl flinging a challenge at the other. "Betcha five dollars she'll never be in pictures—"

"Betcha she will—"

They couldn't have raised fifty cents between them, but that didn't affect the drama of the situation. Eleanor stood apart, hurt and defiant, crying to herself: "I'll prove to that girl she's wrong, I will, I will—!"

Her ambitions didn't interfere with her school work. At the big round dining room table, she'd sit over her books till one in the morning. Though she hated math, she'd have been ashamed of poor grades, so she worked at it twice as hard to keep her self-respect. Meantime she studied at the Rice School of Expression and was one of the original members of the Curtain Pullers, a group of talented children organized by the Cleveland Playhouse. At eleven she was playing old women and cackling witches. Never once was she cast as Cinderella, nor did she want to be. The wicked sister was more fun because it was harder...

One day, during her freshman year at high school, she came home all agog about a summer stock company at Martha's Vineyard.

"We couldn't possibly afford it," said Dad.

wish on a star...

Dad's daughter has a theory. If you want a thing badly enough, if you work hard enough and if you deserve it, you'll get it. "I will, I will," she kept to herself. But she didn't nag. Merely sent for folders and pored over them with Mother and showed them to Dad, sitting on the arm of his chair, and pointed out that she could earn board and room by waiting on tables.

"And I wouldn't even want to take a Pullman, Dad. I'll be my first train ride. I'd just have to sit up all night, so as not to miss a thing—"

She must have deserved it, for one summer's day found her bidding the folks goodbye while a boy friend waited to take her to the station. She was just fifteen—

"Aren't you afraid to have her go alone?" people had asked.

And Dad had said "When Eleanor was eight, she went downtown in a streetcar on her own affairs. I'm not afraid to have her go wherever she likes—"

It was a summer of hard satisfying work. She roomed with Nancy Andrews on California, and she played Grazia in "Death Takes A Holiday." The following year she went back as head usher, and played the lead in "Will A Life?" A TCF fox scout asked her to go to New York for a test. She was thrilled to death, but her feet stayed on the ground. "I'm too young,"

"Water Colors"

Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

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Make-up Pat hides little blemishes — freckles. Gives skin a young, poreless finish.

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Does away with rose shine! Gives your face a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and lasts!

MISS NANCY LEEDS, descendant of Russia's Imperial family says, "Pond's Make-up Pat is smooth... even... completely 'unstagey'!"

New double-formula discovery means every Pond's shade flatters!

There's a special reason for the fresh, "unstagey" look of every shade of Pond's new cake make-up. Pond's Make-up Pat has a double formula:

The lighter shades are in a featherweight formula. Their delicate colors go on soft, clear — never thick and whitish.

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For glamour-smooth make-up, get your Pond's Make-up Pat today. Apply it with a damp sponge or cotton. While moist, blend with fingertips. Make-up Pat is the easy way to a flawless-looking complexion!
she told him, "Besides, I want to graduate from high school at least."

As she was about to leave for her third summer at the Vineyard, a murder was committed in the dormitory where she’d lived. That gave her the prickles. She decided to watch and concentrate on school. Next June she’d be out. Besides, something had happened to change the whole complexion of things.

Dad had always been—well, skeptical was the word. He’d never seen her act, but she’d mostly own fault. She didn’t want him to. The thought of Dad in the audience made her self-conscious. When he finally did come to the junior play, she forced herself to forget he was there. And felt shy about meeting him when it was over.

But she needn’t have been. He looked at her as if she were somehow different. "I wish I’d seen you before," he said. "I think you’ve got something. If you want to be an actress, go ahead—"

This from her reticent father was an accolade that set her bubbling. He’d offered her the choice between college and dramatic school. At first she wasn’t sure. You could study dramatics at college, too. But you could also be swept away with sororities and parties and stuff, which she didn’t want. And you’d have to wait four years to get started. That was the deciding factor. She couldn’t wait.

Nancy Andrews had to but go out of her mind a lot about the Pasadena Playhouse, which had the added advantage of being near Hollywood. She sent an application, listing her credits, and was accepted as a student for the following year.

"One o’clock, dear," said Mother, and Eleanor jumped up.

She was driving west with the sun and uncle of one of her boy friends. They’d arranged to start in the coolness of 2 a.m. Saying goodbye, everyone was fine and matter-of-fact. It wasn’t till a long time after that Mother confessed how she’d stood at the window with a sinking heart, watching her baby drive into the night with people she hardly knew. The baby herself hadn’t a qualm in the world. Naturally it was hard to say goodbye, but after all she’d been waiting thirteen years—time she got going—

Early one morning the nice aunt and uncle dropped her at Nancy’s. The girls wasted no time—

"What do you want to see first?"

"Hollywood Boulevard and all the movie stars’ houses—"

Nancy even got her in at RKO, where she saw her first movie stars—Ray Francis and Erich von Stroheim. She was the Cow making “Little Men.”

**share the ride**

Two weeks later she and Nancy had started classes. They were roommates in a dormitory okayed by the Playhouse. Life was real and earnest and terribly exciting. From 8 to 6, fencing and rhythmic gymnastics in the morning; piano, the morning of the day in the theater, costume design and voice and diction and drama. Evenings, they’d gather round a radio, or take in a movie or run home to corner for two World’s a cheesecake, mellow. Eleanor spent what spare minutes she could scrape together in dungearees and turtleneck, polishing hiker—a broken-down moped. With her thought—most beautiful thing on wheels. It cost forty dollars and she’d gone halves on it with Bill Irwin—hence the name. Eleanor could barely drive it, and Bill were dating, so that made it handy.

One Sunday night in February they went to the Playbox—an intimate little Theater connected with the Playhouse, where you were to wear formal clothes. As they were leaving, a man came up. "I’m Irving Cumin," he said to Eleanor, "talent scout at Warners. I’ve seen you around the Playhouse and talked to the director about you. When do you graduate?"

"Next June," she said.

"Well, here’s my card. Give me a ring in June. I’d like you to read for Sophie Rosenberg, our coach. At sight of him be beautiful and come astride: that’s what I never seen you act, remember. So don’t get yourself all steamed up about this, it may not mean a thing.

From May to June was ten long years, but they passed. Eleanor read for Miss Rosenberg; they prepared two scenes from “Claudia” and “Animal Kingdom” and she was recommended. Mr. Cumin said she’d better get an agent, and told Bill Irwin he could assist in the test, she might feel easier with Bill—

The evening of June 24th, two days before her birthday. They said she’d been in from a couple of weeks. Next day she was called to the dormitory phone. "A very nice birthday present?" asks her agent.

She said, "What?" never dreaming anything could have happened so soon.

"Heather Brothers contract—"

"NO!!!"

"Yes. They want you to sign tomorrow—"
Meet a BIT-O-HONEY . . .

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? It has a special meaning!

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find yours by using the Number- Alphabet below.

"Four" people are steady and win success through a combination of will and action. Being capable of big things, they will work zealously and conscientiously to win them. They also have good judgment and understanding.

Example:

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7+1+1+2+9+9+3+2+3+1+5+5+9+7 = 67
6+4+7 = 13 1+3 = 4

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Four," write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J are 1
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D-M are 4
E-N are 5
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Address
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If you are under 18, please state age.

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a job when her husband went overseas, Eleanor needed her, and a mutual friend got them together. Lida calls her eight times in the morning, because she hates alarm clocks and also hates to get up. Falling asleep is the easiest thing she does. Once she slept from 4 p.m. till 9 next morning, and Lida couldn’t budge her to get her clothes off. Ordinarily, she sleeps in butcher boy pajamas, the roomier the better. What she’d really like—when you can get them again—are men’s pajamas. She loves it in pictures when the girl comes out in the boy’s pajamas, legs rolled up and sleeves flapping. As in her tomboy childhood, she still prefers to go barefoot—pulls off shoes and stocklings the minute she gets home and falls asleep on her stomach on the living room floor, with Bobby Lee beside her.

Bobby Lee's first dog, a shepherd, who hoists himself into her lap, heedless of the fact that he weighs more than she does. On the whole, Eleanor has a nice disposition, but when people say, "Where did you get the monster?" she wants to kick them in the teeth. Don't tell her Bobby's feelings aren't hurt. He crawls right under the bed, and it takes an hour of babying and telling him how beautiful he is before she can get him to smile again.

Her own most obnoxious habit is snapping gum. It's not safe for her to chew in public, because sooner or later she's bound to snap. So a favorite diversion is sitting by herself and snapping sixty to the minute. And she's always late, which is really her father's fault. Dad was always on the dot. At one minute past six, you knew just what he'd been doing, which annoyed Eleanor. "Being late," she explains, "is a minor form of self-expression."

She loves restaurants with candles and red checkered tablecloths—going through empty houses that she has no intention of buying—walking in the rain—and splashing barefoot through mud puddles, only California has none. She hates writing letters and it makes her sick to ride in the back seat of a car. She collects symphony and opera records—likes jazz to listen to, but not to keep. Brushing her teeth is an obsession. She keeps 5 brushes going, all different colors, and every time she passes the bathroom door, it's an invitation to brush. She can't go to sleep without a hanky under her pillow, which she never uses.

At the moment she's working in "Never Say Goodbye" with Errol Flynn. He was the first actor she ever spoke to. Just after she was put under contract, she met him on the set of "They Died With Their Boots On," an encounter that bewildered them both.

"I'm so thrilled to meet you, Mr. Flynn," she breathed earnestly, "I've always been such a great admirer of yours—"

"Are you kidding?" he demanded, and couldn't be convinced that she hadn't been put up to it.

Now that the all-important goal's been reached, Eleanor has two unrealized ambitions. One is the dream house. A rambling ranch type affair on a hill with a far, far view. An enormous big beautiful fireplace—it'll be her first. Furniture you and the dogs can put your feet on. A special music room with indirect lighting, shelves and shelves of records, a Capehart, and a piano for Solito to play. And cork walls, so she can have the radio going full blast. Rather wistfully, she's given up the idea of a bowling alley, as little as on the extravagant side.

The other ambition has to do with a scene in front of the Parker house in Cleveland—"Betcha five dollars she'll never be in pictures—"

"Betcha she will—"

They probably don't remember, but Eleanor does. She wants to get hold of those two girls, and make the loser pay up.
FAIR-HAIRED BOY
(Continued from page 32)

the gal-chasing Major in "Hotel Berlin," the Prussian officer in "Mademoiselle FiFi," and Menace No. 1 in Connie Bennett's first independent production, "Paris Underground."

With every picture, Kurt's billing has gone up a notch until now it's right there on top, as co-star with Richard Conte and Faye Marlowe in "The Spider."

Kurt himself is still amazed by his rocket-like rise. When he was told he was on Modern Screen's poll, he couldn't get over the idea that movie fans know who he is and are clamoring for more of the same.

all a dream . . .

His first experience as somebody was the night of the sneak preview of "Paris Underground" at the Academy Theater in Inglewood. Walking up the aisle and through the lobby after the showing, Kurt could hear shouts from the crowd on the sidewalk. When he got outside and realized that all the clamor was for him, he couldn't believe it.

"It was as if I were playing a part in a picture of an actor who gets mobbed," is his modest report of that encounter.

All during the making of "Paris Underground," Gregory Ratoff kept saying to Kurt: "This picture will make you. You'll see, you'll be a star after this picture."

When the film was finished, Ratoff held a private showing of it for Mr. Zanuck, to point out the desirability of getting Mr. Kreuger's signature on a contract. Zanuck liked the young actor, BUT: "He's only played Nazis. The war is over and there won't be any more Nazi parts." That was that.

One of the first calls Kurt got the morning after the sneak preview was from his agent.

"Lew Schreiber of Fox wants to see you." (Mr.* Schreiber is head of talent there.)

Kurt was surprised, after what Zanuck had said. "How come?" he asked.

"Seems Virginia Zanuck was at the showing last night and saw the kids mobbing you and reported it to her husband."

So Kurt has Mr. Zanuck's charming wife and his fans to thank for his seven-year deal at Fox.

Mrs. Zanuck's faith in him was justified when his phone rang again that morning.

"Hello. Mr. Kreuger, please," said a feminine voice at the other end.

"This is Mr. Kreuger."

"Oh." The voice showed the caller was taken aback. A movie star answering the phone himself!

"I saw you in 'Paris Underground' last night. You were wonderful. Goodbye," she blurted, tongue-tied now that she was actually talking to him.

As soon as Kurt hung up, the phone rang again. It kept up that way all morning. Some girls didn't know what to say, others were willing to talk on and on. Some wanted to know what picture he was going to make next. Finally, he asked one of them where she had gotten his phone number.

"Oh, a girl at school's been selling it to everyone for ten cents apiece!"

"Well, don't tell her I told you," confided Kurt, amused, "but she probably got it from the Los Angeles phone book."

Ever since then, fans within calling distance of Los Angeles have been keeping the phone busy burring. If they're not too shy—some of 'em just stutter and stammer and hang up without saying a word—they usually express amazement at one

Gertrude Niesen
Star of "Follow the Girls," says:

"Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil cleanses with foam but retains the benefits of an oil shampoo."

Wouldn't you, too, prefer a shampoo that embodies the unique benefits of an Oil Shampoo, yet cleanses quickly with oceans of rich, oily foam? Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil does even more than this—it removes dandruff flakes, dust, and waste, and leaves your hair refreshingly clean, aglow with lovely, silky highlights. It rinses out instantly in hard or soft water (without lemon or vinegar) but contains no harsh caustics or alcohol. Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil is a pure, bland, deftly-blended shampoo, manufactured by the makers of Mar-o-Oil Regular—the world's largest selling Oil Shampoo.

Give your own hair a Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil beauty bath today and see for yourself exactly why this shampoo is so universally popular with women everywhere, including famous stage and screen stars. Get a bottle at your favorite drug, department, or ten-cent store or ask your hairdresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil shampoo.

Try It Today!

Mar-o-Oil
Super-Foamy SHAMPOO

81
of two things: The fact that his number is in the phone book, or the fact that he speaks “such good English” off the screen, where they’re used to hearing a guttural voice with a German accent.

In person, Kurt’s English is practically perfect, but when he first came to the United States, it had almost as many accents as the Tower of Babel.

At boarding school in Switzerland, Kurt’s English had been taught to him with a Swiss accent. At London in the Polytechnic College, English “as she was spoke” by the proffs there was pure Oxford. And on the bus going to and from his boarding house to school, the English e’ard from the bus conductor was cockney.

During the summer of 1939, after he’d been here about a year-and-a-half, Kurt got a scholarship with the aid of some friends as an apprentice actor at the famous Wharf Theater in Provincetown, Massachusetts. His English was good enough for him to be understood by the audiences, but the director felt they ought to offer some explanation for the slight trace of an accent he still had.

When Kurt was cast in the part of the schoolteacher who is sympathetic to Henry Aldrich in “What A Life,” the session went something like this.

Director: “Let’s see now, Kurt. This is a high school in New York. What’ll we tell ’em about your accent?”

Kurt: “How about saying I’m the school’s German teacher?”

Director: “Perfect!”

Every time a new play was cast, they went through a similar session. When Kurt played the doctor who attends the expectant mother in “Boy Meets Girl,” they added a line saying he’d gone to medical school abroad!

Somehow, he escaped all contact with that great American dialect, Brooklynese, until one day on the RKO ranch in San Fernando Valley where he was making “Mademoiselle Fifi” with Simone Simon.

Sitting around between scenes, Kurt heard a prop man yell.

“Where’s de ladder f’ Kolt Kreuger’s haws?”

Kurt hurried over to Director Robert Wise. “I don’t need any ladder to mount my horse, Bob,” he protested. “I ride very well.”

“Sure, sure,” Wise answered. “I know that.” And he waved to a couple of grips approaching with buckets of suds.

“Just set that ladder down here, boys. We want to plaster it all over the horse as if he had been running hard enough to work up a good sweat!”

Then Wise turned to Kurt. “Ladder is Brooklynese for ‘lather,”’

“No, a wise guy!” Kurt flipped back, in pure Americanese.

Kurt hated business, but he loved to travel. So when his dad howled “No!” to the stage ambitions of his only son, who was compromised: Kurt traveled to London to learn English, a necessary part of his business training.

embarrassing moment . . .

His very first night in London, Kurt landed in a boarding house. At dinner, the English ladies were doing everything they could to make the handsome youngster feel “comfy” and at home. They kept passing him just a wee bit more of everything. At last, the stewardian said:

“No, thank you. I am fed up!”

After that boner, the one subject he studied in earnest was English.

When he finished at the Polytechnic, he went to the University of London’s School of Economics for another year. The dull stuff of business was mercifully interrupted when his father, who had gone to Boston to settle the estate of a brother, wired Kurt with the offer of a magnificent present.
Two months, no strings attached, in America.

The minute he walked down the gangplank of his ship in New York, Kurt fell in love with the United States. The two months were spent on an automobile tour throughout the eastern part of the country and as far west as Chicago. When it came time to return to Europe, Kurt knew that his future home would be in this country. He returned just long enough to apply for entry to the United States under the immigration quota for Switzerland, and landed here in 1937, his heart set on seeing more of America. With an allowance from his father and an inheritance from his late uncle, he had enough money to keep him going indefinitely, in style.

The best skiing terrain in the country, he found out, was Sun Valley, Idaho, so he headed there, traveling leisurely by car, his skis protruding from the rumble seat.

After a visit in Sun Valley, where he gaped at the movie stars like all the other guests did, he headed back to New York. Fun was fun, but it was time he got a job. At a cocktail party he met Dorothy Marsh who ran the Marsh Travel Bureau in Rockefeller Center.

"You sure know a lot about Europe," she said after a chat with him. "How would you like to take charge of European travel at my place?"

Kurt did, for the next year, planning itineraries for school teachers on six-month sabbaticals, and Texas oil millionaires going to Europe with their families for some Old World culture. But always in the back of his mind were those glamorous film folk he'd seen at Sun Valley. He'd like to be friends with people like that. The way to do it was to become an actor!

That urge landed him in the Province-town Playhouse, and after his summer season there, in Hollywood, where he bought a house in the hills above the Sunset Strip, he then set about offering himself to the movies. The movies, except for one bit part at Republic, weren't having any.

By the following summer he began to get restless; the itch to be working was upon him again. In a movie trade paper, he read that Lawrence Langner of the Theater Guild was in Hollywood, casting roles in "Candle In The Wind." Helen Hayes's play set in Nazi-occupied France, Kurt phoned Langner at the Chateau Elysee, and gave his name to the switchboard operator. Surprisingly, Langner came on the phone.

"I'd like to talk to you about a part in Miss Hayes's new show," Kurt said.

"What have you done?" Langner asked.

"A summer season at Provincetown."

"That's not much," Langner hesitated. Kurt's chance was slipping away. He had to make a pitch.

"I've been through the part of France where the play takes place." That clinched it.

"Okay, come on over. I'll talk to you."

consolation prize . . .

Langner liked Kurt's type, thought he might do for the lead opposite Helen Hayes! That was better than the best movie job, because Hollywood was always scouting Broadway for new actors and bringing 'em to the coast with great fanfare.

But when Kurt arrived in New York to start rehearsals, he was in for a big disappointment. The part opposite Miss Hayes had gone to someone with more stage experience. His consolation prize was a bit in the first act, with a couple of lines.

Kurt stayed on during the play's Broadway run and then went on tour. When the company reached Indianapolis, Kurt was tired of sitting on stage in the first act for two minutes and then hanging around all night in his uniform for the curtain calls. He gave his notice, and hurried back
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to his mountain home in Hollywood and
the two shepherd dogs he adores, Rolfe
and Vance.

During his absence in the play, he'd
acquired a new neighbor, Andre De Toth.
De Toth (who later married Veronica
Lake) was getting the breaks as a di-
rector, but he had no part open that Kurt
might fill at the moment. But he'd see
what he could do for Kurt.

One day, Andre was chatting with Alex
Korda's brother, Zoltan, who'd come over
from London to make pictures for Colum-
bia, and was getting ready to do "Sahara"
with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.

Zoltan was stuck on casting the part
of the young Nazi flyer. It was an im-
portant role, as the Nazi, who pretended
to understand English, was later to
reveal the plans of the American unit
which captured him. De Toth told Korda
about his Swiss friend who looked the
unpromising role, and who also cared about him of
having just appeared in a Broadway suc-
cess. Kurt got an interview.

Korda looked over him. "Ever done
any screen acting?"

His part in "The Purple V" was nothing
to boast about.

"No."

The ensuing pause was long. Kurt didn't
realize it at the time but his future screen
career was being decided that moment in
the mind of Zoltan Korda.

"Okay, report tomorrow afternoon for a
screen test."

After it was over, Kurt got the usual
unpromising "We'll let you know." He
spent the waiting period thinking of all the
reasons Columbia was going to use when
they announced that Jess Barker would
get the part. Zoltan was under contract,
they had to pay him his wages anyway, it
was a juicy role, he was a blonde.

For the next three weeks, Kurt told
himself he was discussing it with anyone because he has a superstition
that talking about something in advance
spoil it. He pretended to keep busy,
playing a good tennis and spending time
with Ingrid, who was under contract. It was
the minton in natty white shorts which, every-
time he put them on, reminded him of that
white uniform; kiddding around with Rolfe
and Vance; enduring Burnt Mantle's "Con-
temporary American Playwrights" (every-
thing with the American motif interests
him); but it was that kind of artificial
busyness that thainlizes something you've been waiting for turns up.

A casual phone call ended the misery.

"Be ready to leave early tomorrow on
the location of the Brawley, ours again."

No need to tell him to be up early; he
wasn't able to sleep anyway. He was too
keyed up, knowing he was starting out for
the biggest bat.

Brawley was wonderful. Everyone was
swell to work with, from Bogart down to
the "grips." But his bug about this being
his first screen role was with him.

The local theater booked "The Purple V"
and the whole company went over to spend
an evening. He kept shrinking into his
seat, as his name came nearer. It was the
first time he was seeing himself on the
screen, too. How would he like Kurt
Kreuger, the actor?

Suddenly, there he was, driving up in
a car. As a German civilian, he was out-
fitted with a monocle which stuck out all
wrong at right angles, built-up shoes (as
if he's 6-foot and weighed 200), and a leaded
coat. "No overcoat. Then he got out of the
car and walked to the adjoining coffee shop!
Struggling to keep the darned monocle in
place, and the long coat from flapping about
his ankles, he practically waddled.

The movie bunch recognized him and let
up a howl of laughter at his appearance.
When it was over, Kurt stayed in his seat
and sat through the second feature, some-
thing he'd seen before, so he wouldn't
have to wave to the names crowd. But
they got him back at the hotel later.

"You looked like a pregnant duck!" they
yelled. And liked him all the more because
he looked it. The laughter was so good he
didn't get sore. He was doing such a swell job in
"Sahara," it didn't matter what he'd done before.

When the picture came out, Kurt sub-
scribed to Allen's Clipping Bureau. The
cips came in from newspapers and maga-
Zines all over the country. Most of them
unanimously praising Kurt. But he's been
so busy he's never even read them.

The one thing he finds time for is eating.
His maid, Lillian, a pinch woman whom he got
through an ad in the Hollywood Citizen-
News, doesn't come in till 2 o'clock, so
he makes breakfast himself—grapefruit.
aspaless as a butter spread on toast,
offering portions of everything, and two of
dessert, especially if he's dined out at The Play-
ers, which features gooey desserts with
oodles of whipped cream. Hostesses love
him because he enjoys them serve and never leaves anything over on
his plate.

Between pictures, 45 minutes every
day are devoted to singing lessons with Nina
Koshetz and someday he wants to sing the
title role in "The Student Prince." But be-
yond saying that much, he won't talk. His
old superstition about talking in advance
crops up, and he's mum.

When it comes to what they think of
Kurt Kreuger, America's 85 million weekly
moviegoers are not mum. To the list of
things for which Switzerland is noted—
watchmakers, clocks and portable
typewriters (when they weren't available
here during the war)—they are now adding
Kurt Kreuger.

MONIKERS IN MASQUERADE

What's in a name? Would you recognize
a movie star if we gave you his (or her)
real name? Aw, g'wan, don't be so sure!
Try your skill by matching the real names
in Column I with the real names in Col-
um II, scoring 5 points for each correct
answer. 90-100's excellent, 80-90's not
to be sneezed at either, 70-80's still good...
and anything under you haven't
been reading MODERN SCREEN lately! Check your answers against ours on
page 125.
1. Benny Kubelsky
2. Betty Perske
3. Claude
4. Grace Strohfeld
5. Pauline Levy
6. Myrna Williams
7. Estelle O'Brien
8. Dorothy Konmeyer
9. Muni
10. Weisfrend
11. Charlie Loecher
12. Heddy Kiesler
13. Lucille Le Seur
14. Zanta of Boston
15. Gustafson
16. Mike Mauseitoff
17. Dolly Laehr
18. Leslie Towne
19. Charles Pratt
20. Alfred Alderidge

Baris Karloff
Bob Hope
Dorothy Lamour
Dukefield
Gna
Grace Strohfeld
Joan Crawford
Ginger Rogers
Gary Grant
Lauren Bacall
Weisfrend
Loecher
Kiesler
Le Seur
Boston
Gustafson
Mauseitoff
Laehr
Towne
Pratt
Alderidge

1. Doris
2. Bob Hope
3. Claude
4. Merle Oberon
5. Jan Hall
6. Joa Crawford
7. Ginger Rogers
8. Gary Grant
9. Lauren Bacall
10. Myrna Loy
11. Jack Benny
12. Greta Garbo
13. Mickey Mouse
14. Dame Tie
15. Diana Lynn
16. Gracie Fields
17. Helen Lamarr
18. Paulette Goddard
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scene has been hailed by the critics as one of the best comedy sequences of its kind. On the strength of it, Haydn has been offered more jobs than he can accept. ... René Clair won European fame as a film director years before coming to Hollywood. His first act upon completing the famous mystery story was to return to France and England to make a survey of conditions which will guide his future production activities. ... The producers and all assistants identified with the making of the picture, religiously avoided seeing the stage play "Ten Little Indians" until after the film had been released. That's because a clause in the contract with author Agatha Christie provided that the movie picture be made absolutely independently of the stage title was forbidden!

**BLITHE SPIRIT**

Rex Harrison is an English star, but I'm all for furthering Anglo-American unity by having Hollywood adopt him right away. Meanwhile, here he is in a United Artists release fleshing out the gaiety, wit, and outrageous sophistication in the best Noel Coward manner. The play was, as you probably know, a smash hit in both New York and London. It involves certain strange occurrences in the home of Charles Condomine (Rex Harrison). Charles, a writer, is living happily with his second wife, Ruth, in a cottage in Kent, Ruth (Constance Cummings) is a charming woman, companionable and a good hostess and housekeeper. Of course she hasn't the vivacity of her first wife, Elvira (Kay Hammond), but she isn't Elvira's malicious mind, either, or her propensity for flirting with other men.

Charles is considering a novel involving mediums. In the interests of scientific accuracy, he and Ruth invite one to dinner. Madame Arcati (Margaret Waterford) is prevailed upon to conduct a séance after dinner, as a little demonstration. Nothing happens except a few minor knockings, and Charles is rather disappointed. Later in the evening, when he is alone, he finds to his consternation that the séance had a very strange result indeed. It has materialized the spirit of Elvira. Perhaps I should say "semi-materialized," for no one can see or hear her except Charles. It wouldn't have been so bad if Elvira were a nice, amiable ghost. But she isn't. She has an awful temper, and a habit of throwing vases. Besides, she's jealous of Ruth, whom she considers an intruder, and she makes the most venomous remarks in her presence. When Charles is goaded into a retort, Ruth thinks he's either drunk or crazy. At last, in desperation, he tells her about Elvira. Ruth sends for Madame Arcati and asks her to de-materialize the ghost. Elvira's power is stronger than the medium's, but Charles finds her laughing hilariously. He doesn't know that she has just figured out a scheme to get back to him from Ruth. Unfortunately—or fortunately—it backfires, and results in the kind of mad triangle which only Noel Coward could evolve—U.A.

**P. S.**

The property department scoured auction rooms, salons, and the storehouses of dealers in antique furniture to provide furnishings and decorations for the 15 room English mansion in which the action takes place. Value of there was set by insurance appraisal experts at $300,000. Film marks ex-Marine Captain Louis Hayward's return to pictures. He served with distinction in the Pacific. ... When not working, Walter Huston is at home with time between his two out-of-county ranch houses. During shooting of the film, he lived in different hotels. June Duprez won the heroine's role because of her authentic British accent ... Barry Fitzgerald was assigned to star in the pic months before his victory in the 1945 Oscar sweepstakes. The film producers of "None" were thoroughly resold after private preview of "Going My Way." ... The song "Ten Little Indians," which has gained wide popularity, forms the basic theme of the musical score of the picture. It was composed especially for the production by Charles Previn. ... Judith Anderson goes through an entire sequence hastily plying her knitting needles, but admits that she actually can't knit a lick. ... Richard Haydn's drunk

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eye of a horticultural expert; so successful were they that birds came into the studios, and were so vocal they had to be chased off by prop men! . . . Problem of creating "ghost" personality of Elvira presented difficulties for director and studio technicians. Though she does look like "a shadow of her former self," she is nevertheless a gay and charming one. She moves always in a green light, but this light must never fall upon the other actors with whom she is seen. Wonderful make-up gives her an alabaster look in Technicolor. She's green-gray, with lips and fingernails of a vivid rose . . . Kay Hammond (Elvira) has appeared in only three stage plays in eight years, because they've all been such terrific successes they've kept running and running . . . Kay war-worked through the London blizzards in a mobile canteen . . . Constance Cummings (Ruth) will be a surprise to moviegoers who have associated her with heavier parts . . . Rex Harrison (Charles) returns to the screen after serving in the R.A.F.

SPANISH MAIN

The Spanish Main was probably not quite as romantic as it looks in Technicolor. Also, I think it doubtful if you could have found a pirate either as charming or as altruistic as the one played by Paul Henreid. But only a viperspit critic would quibble over such details when faced with the dashing magnificence of "Spanish Main." As an added attraction, there is the breath-taking sight of Maureen O'Hara in a white lace nightgown. The nightgown belongs to Francesca (Maureen O'Hara), daughter of the Viceroy of Mexico. It is part of the fabulous trousseau on board the Santa Madre, which carries Francesca to her wedding in Spain. She has never seen the Governor (Walter Slezak) whom she is to marry. She has a vague hope that he will look something like the Dutch navigator, Laurent (Paul Henreid), of the Santa Madre. Francesca casts an appraising glance at Laurent every now and then. One evening this leads to her being thoroughly kissed—and, later, to Laurent being thoroughly whipped.

But Laurent turns out to be a pirate, and when his ship, "The Baracuda," comes alongside, he becomes master of the situation. To everyone's surprise, he marries Francesca in a legal ceremony. This is not usually the fate accorded to beautiful damsels who fall into the hands of pirates, and it irks the rest of the boys considerably. Maybe they feel it's creating a precedent. Or maybe, as they insist, they're just worried about what's going to happen when His Honor, the Governor, hears about it. Laurent's treacherous assistant, Da Bilar (John Emery), seizes Francesca and "The Baracuda" and makes off for Spain. He hopes the Governor will reward him properly for this industrious effort. But the Governor (Walter Slezak) threatens to hang him unless he inveigles Laurent into capture. Now that would be worth a reward, if he could do it!

Treachery, sword fights, and kisses in the moonlight are the principal ingredients of this romantic potpourri. Bunny Barnes makes a swashbuckling female pirate, and Mike Mazurki is effective in a minor role. A wicked villain than Walter Slezak has never been hissed. —R.R.O.

P.S.

The action takes place on the high seas, aboard 4 pirate ships and galleons of the period, in Tortuga, the island stronghold and rendezvous of the pirate fleet, and in Cartagena, Spain's capital of her New World empire . . . Love takes quite a beating to conquer all as the romance progresses against a thrilling background of tropical typhoons, sea battles and tyranny on the high seas . . . Author Aneas McKenzie has previously written such outstanding adventure originals as "Juno and the Paycock," "Elizabeth and Essex," and "They Died With Their Boots On," and collaborated on the screen plays of "The Fighting Seabees," and "Buffalo Bill." . . . Before becoming an actor, Paul Henreid covered the publishing field, designing formats and covers. Although Walter Slezak's father, Leo Slezak, famous operatic tenor, Walter started out to become a doctor . . . Others in the cast accepted the fact that they were destined for drama at an early age. When only fourteen, Maureen O'Hara enrolled in the famous Abbey Theater School and in the next three years won every award and medal in Ireland's many dramatic contests. At seventeen, she

SUNSET IN EL DORADO

Evidently the West of today is neither wild nor woolly enough to do justice to the talents of Roy Rogers and Trigger. So most of "Sunset In El Dorado" is a flashback to the days of the Gold Rush, and pretty vigorous days they were, too. Especially when a certain "Kansas Kate" and a cowboy named Roy were involved. But, I SAW IT HAPPEN

I am a circus performer, an aerialist on one of the two major circuses. One day while we were performing in Los Angeles, we learned that Edward G. Robinson was visiting the circus. We were all thrilled to have such a famous person in the audience, and wanted to perform to our best ability. To our surprise, however, Mr. Robinson preferred to visit the real "workmen" of the circus: The ropemen, abouts, the clowns, the acrobats and the horsemen. He came backstage, and although it was hot and sultry in the dressing room tent, he stayed and chatted with us for several hours. The funny part was that, thrilled as we were to meet this star, he seemed more interested than we were in the idea of meeting us, and was as wide-eyed at the experience as any kid. We'll never forget the "tough guy" of the screen peering at everything with all the naive curiosity of a little boy.

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were on the house... Off-set mystery was that of Geraldine Fitzgerald's stolen automobile. Taken from her garage, it was found several days later in the Malibu hills—out of gasoline. Mystery frayed as it was a pair of bowling shoes and some publicity photos. For two days, Miss Fitzgerald had to rely upon taxicabs to take her to and from the studio. Negulesco, who was an established artist before he turned to film direction, uses three of his paintings in the picture... The end of the production found Yvonne De Carlo, Loring frantically searching for a house into which she and her mother could move. She had received an eviction notice because the owner of the place she rented wanted to return to make it his home... No wonder the finished product sustains a "continental flavor." Greenstreet, Napier, and Rosendal Ivan are English. Joan Loring was born in Shanghai, China. Geraldine Fitzgerald in Dublin, Ireland. Peter Lorre is Viennese. Negulesco is a native of Craiova, Roumania. American born include Robert Shayne and John Alvin... Two's company, but the three strangers are certainly an interesting crowd.

FRONTIER GAL

In these uncertain, post-war days, most of us crave action, and lots of it! Action is what you get in Technicolor, a saga of a beautiful girl who runs a frontier saloon. The beautiful girl is Yvonne De Carlo, and the man in her life is played by Rod Cameron, Andy Devine, Fuzzy Knight, Sheldon Leonard and Betty Sue Simmons, furnish the complications. Red Horse Gulch has several saloons, but the most popular is the Red Horse, run by Lorena Dumont (Yvonne De Carlo). Lorena's figure is enough to make it popular, but she sings, too. She's pretty pleased with her abilities till one night, when a handsome stranger saunters in. The H.S. is a rancher, Johnny Hart (Rod Cameron), who is looking for the man who shot his partner. Johnny's search is temporarily side-tracked by the Dumont girls. Lorena takes his attentions in a more serious spirit than he meant them. When he walks into the Red Horse next day, he is sentenced to be shot the day after tomorrow. He promptly tells her that if he marries anyone it will be a schoolteacher named Sheila Winthrop.

Now Lorena finds the girl to be publicly jilted. She has announced that there will be a wedding, and there will be one. She sticks a gun in Johnny's ribs, covers it with her fur muff, and marches him off to the preacher's. Afterward she gets her revenge by turning him over to the sheriff on a homicide charge that comes up conveniently. Johnny manages in time to spend the night with his reluctant bride, but is re-arrested next day and goes off to serve six years in jail.

Six years is a long time. Not long enough for Johnny to forget two things, however. One is Lorena, and the other is the murder of his partner. When he comes back to Red Horse Gulch, he is looking for Blackie Schwartz (Sheldon Leonard) who he believes is the murderer. Johnny finds, to his startled terror, that he is the father of the quite little five-year-old named Mary Ann. She is quite a personality and pretty soon he admits that if he wasn't so busy on his man hunt, it would be nice to be the father of the hospital preparer on the move. She and her mother are at cross-purposes for a while, but when they finally get together it's worth waiting for.—Univ.

AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED?

You are, if you've been thinking of war work as ending with the war. That's when your work—as a civilian—really begins. Bluebird Registered Diamond Rings need you... and needs you urgently. For your ges... and want to read to patients, escort visitors, or take charge of the reception desk. But would you rather be outdoors? Then have your red the Motor Corps'. Pretty exciting, meeting convoys of ambulances and transferring soldiers from ships to hospitals. The Staff Assistants Corps thinks it's important, because they provide rooms for service-men's families and shopping service for hospitalized GIs. Complaining because you're stuck at home? Silly girl! If you can knit or sew, the Production Corps is crying for your aid. Too young? Not for Junior Red Cross! Girls may bring along their sewing, bath- robes, slippers, utility bags. Boys can make canes, crutches (wouldn't you rather make 'em than use 'em?), card tables, bedsteads, and Morse code to go with the Motor Corps' 50 sets for use of convalescents forced to lie on their backs. Rather be on the snow line? Dietitian's Aides scamper about the hospital preparing food, weighing it for special diets, serving and checking food supplies. So take your pick of which VOLUNTEER SPECIAL SERVICE you want to join and pitch in for all you're worth!
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Note: In addition to the sets illustrated, there are other Djer-Kiss sets from 5.75 to 1.00. These contain, in various combinations, the articles illustrated as well as Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge and Djer-Kiss Soap.

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THE CROSBY QUINTETTE
(Continued from page 67)

into the music business?"

"Yeah—don't learn to play drums. I've lugged those things around until the sight of an animal still wearing its hide gives me an attack of acute weariness. Better take up piano. At least that you won't have to lug around. As for myself, think I'll start singing seriously."

For Christmas time, last year, Bing and his group were asked to do something for a friend of whom they were serenading with carols, and was urged to appear at the Canteen. As the boys had leaped out of bed at six that morning to explore their stockings and sundry mysterious boxes under the Christmas tree, Bing thought they might be too tired. "How about it, boys?"

"Let's go!" yelled Linny, pushing his answer so that no one would think that because he happened to be the youngest member of the orphanage, he was the least durable. The Crosby men finally rolled home around 2 A.M.

water sprout...

As you probably know, Bing's junior swimming ability was somewhat more than considerable and he hasn't parted company with his pool, either. One Shabbos afternoon, when he was in high school, Bing said to his mother, "Would you like to watch a swimming meet this afternoon?"

"Will I know all the contestants?" she wanted to know.

"Could be," said her aquatic son.

So she sat there, squinting against the dazzle of sunlight on water, and watched Harry L. Jr. win twelve events, twelve medals, and the meet. Each time he won a medal, he trotted over and dropped the honors on his mother's lap. "Look out for that for me, huh, Mom?" he said, and tracked away dizzily to enter the next event. Some of the medals in his mother's lap were at a few salt water tears to mingle with the fresh water splashing.

A good many years later Bing was working on a picture at Paramount with Dick Arlen who undertook to kid Bing about the crooner's relaxed behavior between takes. There you sit—getting flabby," chided Dick. "But then, I'll bet you never in your life developed a muscle not needed for snapping a pair of percussion sticks on a drum head. Now, you take my physique, for instance..."... and he launched into a humorous account of his erstwhile athletic prowess. He spread it on pretty thick while Bing took it all in, although he appeared to be nodding away.

That night he appeared at his mother's house with an urgent request. "Did you happen to bring my medals down from Spokane?"

Like any devoted mother, Mrs. Crosby was able to answer, "Naturally," and to make good her statement by sending her son that evening a way through old trunks and packing cases filled with the mementos of a family of five boys and two girls, until he had produced every medal Bing had won.

The next morning, Bing arrived on the set swathed in his topcoat buttoned to the neckline. When Mr. Arlen arrived, Bing ostentatiously removed the topcoat, then his sport coat, to reveal a chest covered with a bronze coat of mail. Egad, sir, he was more resplendent than a pre-war Balkan prince at a royal wedding.

Mr. Arlen rose humanely to the occasion. "The Champ," he announced, "old Buck every fisherman knew!"

One summer afternoon Bing was lounging with friends around his own pool and observed lazily, "Anybody want to bet that I can't swim those strokes?"

He had several instant takers among those who had never seen Bing's aqua-bility demonstrated. Shedding his robe, he went in, and few people won't bet with him any more.

Naturally, when Gary was born, Bing announced, "I'm going to see that I have that young gentleman is going to learn to do everything a real boy should do."

Then Philip and Denver came along to augment the old Crosby Athletic Association, followed by Linny. In those days Bing owned a ranch at Del Mar where the kids spent their summers. Linny was only two when Bing made a deal with a chap who was a wintertime school physical education instructor to give his boys the full course in muscle making. Linny, despite his scant years, was playing with his three senior brothers—and occasionally licked them in races. That the effort expended by the other three contestants was less than maximum has never been proved, of course.

All four of the boys learned to ride that summer, and to handle themselves pretty well in the leather glove department.

As you can see, Linny has been hard put to it to keep up, being about four years younger than his four brothers. He takes the advantage of being only a year younger than Gary. But if you think Linny isn't equal to it, you're mistaken. The other three boys, before the twins were born five years before, had been seeing Bing get his legs under him, and decided to even the score until Bing got there, but one night when they broad came home from school, the amazed parents of the quartet were intrigued to see Bing backing their Linny up against the home plate and the second baseman. "Look who got to be senior officer in a hurry," grinned Bing, opening the door. "They finally got United Gary, nodding toward his kid brother's sleeve.

Linny was wearing the chevron of a PFC—the first in the family of St. John students. Gary made it two weeks later, but the twins are still bucks.

All four of the boys worked with Bing in Paramount's "Duffy's Tavern," but even there rivalry reared its ugly head. Bing was strolling across the lot one day when he met the twins. "Hey, what's the idea?" he wanted to know. "I thought you two were supposed to be on the set this afternoon."

"Not us," said Philip. "They got all they wanted of us in a hurry. Gary and Linny are still working, ask me—Linny's got all the good lines."

gag that became a fable...

It was also Linny who, the first time he saw curvaceous Julie Gibson, who has the role of the boys' nurse in the picture, nudged his brothers and emitted a wolf whistle. Errol Flynn looked like Casper Milquetoast.

There is a popular fable stating that Bing Crosby is color blind. It was started as a gag by Bob Hope who were attempting to explain Bing's exploded rainbow taste in haberdashery, but someone took it seriously. A reporter one day asked Bing whether he is aware of his color blindness and Bing, wiping off that grin and planning to tell Bob about...
The Twins Did It! Because materials sent to the men still in the Pacific must be double wrapped, more paper is needed. And these heavenly twins have collected it ... all ... day ... long!

Now, they drift off to a restful sleep—cushioned on that luxurious dream mattress, Beautyrest, made by Simmons.

You don't see new Beautyrests today, for it just takes more of everything to make a Beautyrest. Why, one Beautyrest alone takes 50 yds. of cotton cloth—compared to 10 yds. in the average mattress! Why? Because each of the Beautyrest's 837 coils must have its own cloth pocket—and that kind of fabric is still critical—even though the war's over.

If you need a good, new mattress now, however, we suggest you buy any Simmons mattress your dealer may have. For any mattress bearing the Simmons label is a real “buy.”

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afterward, said that he guessed he had always been like that, but that he couldn't remember the onset of the disorder.
All four of the boys have inherited pater's admiration for paint-shop riot color schemes. For Easter this year, Grandmother Crosby gave each of them a khala shirt. (An Hawaiian garment more dazzling than a flag factory.) The boys instantly shed their normal Sunday garments and buttoned themselves into the haberdashery.

"And now," piped Linny, "let's go over—all five of us—and give Uncle Bob Hope a thrill!"
One of the gags that has been heightened by hilarious acclaim in army camps consists of Bing strolling out on the platform wearing every G.I.'s idea of What To Wear Upon Being Discharged, and being followed by four boys in similar dazzling array.
Bing can't always take all of the boys on his excursions, but he usually manages to take at least one. This fact has led to some serious rivalry in the son ranks; there is a running discussion as to which is father's favorite. One week Bing was set to play an exhibition golf match, a fact well-known and solemnly debated in the Crosby dormitory. Saturday morning at the breakfast table, Bing said to Phillip, "How about it? Want to go with me today?"

Phil's face came up over the edge of the table like the July sun blazing out of a cloud bank. "Gosh . . . Gosh—I'll say I do."
On Sunday Gary and Linny visited their parents Crosby and Linny sighed, "I guess Dad likes Phil best. He went to the tournament with Dad yesterday."
"Don't talk nonsense," soothed Grandmother Crosby. "He loves each of you quite as much as the other. There are only four of you, but I had seven children, and my heart couldn't tell the difference between them."
The following week, Denny was chosen as companion, the next week, Linny, and then Gary. Bing has managed to perfect this rotation system so that no boy is favored two weeks in succession, and no boy misses his proper turn. And that feat requires a prodigious memory—for which Bing is noted.

One of his memory stunts was revealed when he returned to Spokane after having been away for a good many years, walked up to school chums on the street and called them instantly by name.
Several months ago, Bob Burns spent a good deal of time telling Bing about a Burns uncle who was going to visit him. This uncle was something very special, Bob insisted, and spent hours telling anecdotes about him.
At about this time, Bing's Uncle Frank—whom Bing hadn't seen for about fifteen years—arrived in Hollywood for a visit.
Mr. and Mrs. Crosby decided that it would be fun to take Uncle Frank to a broadcast before he actually renewed acquaintance with his nephew. On the street, just before entering the broadcasting station, the Crosbys met Bob Burns and introduced him to Uncle Frank, revealing their plan.

"I've got an idea," said Bob. "Let's work it this way."
So, just before the broadcast, Bing strolled up to Bing in the wings and said, "I've been talking about my uncle for weeks, Bing, and now I want you to meet him."
Bing extended his hand and slowly a warm, welcoming smile creased his face. "Bob, this is no uncle of yours. This is my Uncle Frank!" he announced triumphantly.

From the time Bing was big enough to handle a paper route, he earned all his own pocket money and was soon able to buy most of his clothes. Even though his own boys will one day come into a comfortable sum, Bing has always said that they had to learn the value of money. "They've got to be capable on their own hook; they've got to know the score so that they don't ever have to depend on anyone but themselves for their financial welfare."

So, although the boys are given an allowance, it is paid for services rendered. Each boy is responsible for a certain department in the Victory garden, and is paid according to the amount of work done. There is a fee for cleaning the garage, for stocking the fireplace wood boxes, and for assisting the gardener in transplanting shrubs, clipping hedges, and cultivating the grass.

When Gary was discussing his summer vacation he told his mother, "I'd sure like to go to the ranch, but I've got to stick around and earn some money. I've got to learn some things in mind that I want to buy."
The ranch consists of ten thousand magnificent acres in Nevada. Bing bought it originally with the intention of running it as a breeding farm for racing thoroughbreds, but conditions did not appear to be right, so this enterprise is being carried out at the farms of his friend, Lynn Howard. However, the Nevada property has many important advantages; it is the only spot where Bing can really rest. He can get so far from a telephone that the eagles would have to be wired for sound to reach him. He doesn't have to see people. He can give in to the urgings of a generous heart when sweet charity calls.
Best of all, he can spend twenty-four hours a day with his sons; he can swim with them, box with them, ride with them, and harmonize with them until the sage swallows. In short, he can be the one thing he likes best to be in all the world: The father of Gary, Philip, Denny, and Linny Crosby.

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nothing. To the rearing of her brood of young hellions, she brought a rare combination of patience, humor and tenderness. Crises did arise when she'd have to ask Dad to take over—and others that she felt even Dad couldn't cope with. When Mother'd reached her limit, she'd dump the whole thing in God's lap. "He sent them to me, so He must have known what He was doing. I've tried everything, now it's up to Him."

facts of life . . .

Just as Wilton and Harlan, the two eldest, were special brothers, so were Dana and Charles, the next two. The older boys educated the younger. When you've got a raft of brothers, you learn self-reliance fast, you learn to give and take, you learn not to sulk or whine or feel sorry for yourself, because all that gets you is the cold shoulder or a kick in the pants. Dana was five and Charles four, when Wilton and Harlan decided they'd been babies long enough.

It was two days before Christmas. "Well, kids," said Wilton, who was eight, "it's time you found out about Santa Claus—"

"What about him?"

"See this closet?" He opened the door. "See those toys? That's what old Santa's supposed to bring down the chimney Christmas Eve. With his ole sleigh and reindeer. Well then, how did they get here? Mother 'n' Dad bought them, that's how—"

"Is Santa Claus sick?"

"No, he's not sick. There never was any Santa Claus. That's just stuff for babies—"

Charles broke into a wail—"I'll tell Mother—" but Harlan's hand nailed him down.

"You wanna make her cry?"

Dana was shaken too, but he got the point. Santa Claus was a game grownups play with kids, and their feelings were hurt if you didn't play along. He took Charles's hand. Charles would do whatever he said. "We won't tell," he promised.

It was a household that got along on what the Lord provided, and he didn't provide much cash. The boys were Mother's helpers. They loathed it, but that was all right. They weren't required to like it, just to do it. By turns they made beds, scrubbed floors, baked biscuits, and scraped like wildcats over whose turn it was. They delivered papers in winter, and in summer hoed weeds from dawn to dusk for fifty cents a day. Dana's one good suit was a hand-me-down from Wilton or Harlan. Birthdays went unheeded except for Mother. Even the birthday child forgot what day it was, till Mother appeared in the doorway with a lighted cake.

But they had the kind of fun which is independent of money. Uvalde, Texas, was set in the midst of cattle country, and all outdoors was their playground. They fished and swam and rode horseback, they went camping for three or four days at a time, unhindered by adults. "Wilton's old enough to take care of himself," Mother'd say serenely, "and smart enough to look after the younger ones."

Lack of funds never interfered with the Christmas spirit. Granted the world with its easy to walk into a shop, plunk down your dollars and say, give me this or that—only takes a few minutes. But the Andrews' clan spent weeks of affectionate toil on Christmas gifts for one another. Dana and Charles would collaborate on a racing wagon for Harlan, a breadboard for Mother, a tie rack for Dad. The things
"The Touches of Her Hands, and the Delight"—James Whitcomb Riley

We bet the lady never "touched" household Drudgery!

Housework can make your hands look like anything but a poet’s dream. Rough, red, older-looking than you are. So be sure to use Pacquins Hand Cream twice daily to help give your hands a "young-skin" look.

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weren’t so pretty, maybe, but the folks must’ve liked them, because they stuck around for years.

Summer nights they’d gather around Mother on the front porch, listening to tales of her father’s cotton plantation, which they’d left when Dana was four. I was born in Don’t Miss," he’d tell hi pals waggishly. Don’t was the name of the Mississippi town, where Dad had taught school and fallen in love with Anice Speed, one of his pupils. After their marriage, they lived with Grandfather Speed while Dad studied theology at the Seminary. Dana remembered the corner's where he’d played, and the colored folk with their chuckling laughter and gentle hands, lifting him to their shoulders. Best of all he remembered the smell of the woods—great old oaks dripping with Spanish moss—nothing in Texas smelled like the woods of Mississippi . . .

Then the winter evenings when Dad sat down at the piano, and they’d sing by the hour. Dad’s songs fascinated them. He’d learned them from his grandfather, and they had an eerie quality and no one but Dad ever sang them. At least, Dana never heard them from anyone else till years later on a TC-Fox set, when a big blonde guy named Burl Ives plunked his guitar and broke into one of Dad’s songs.

Dana was the family showoff. Of them all, only Dana liked to get up in front of a crowd and recite. At four he appeared on the program of a church entertainment. He and another little boy marched out and spoke the piece in unison:

"When I am grown to be a man, I'll be a good one if I can,
I will not smoke or drink or chew,
Or other things that bad men do."

His partner walked off. Dana, remembering how Teacher always said, "Now let's do it again and do it better," stayed where he was and proceeded to do it again. This brought down the house and enchanted the artist.

At seven he’d take his school reader home and practise the billygoat story with expression, so when Teacher called on him to read, he could make a stir. That was partly to impress a certain curly-headed girl, partly to sustain his reputation as best-reader-in-the-class. Both objects were accomplished. Curlyhead peeped at him from under her lashes, and Teacher gave him the reading prize.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Many years ago, in a drugstore in Ft. Worth, Texas, a young girl walked in, and I instantly recognized her as the girl who had just won a Charleston contest at the local theater. She was carrying a tiny, dirty kitten, meowing at the top of its voice. She asked for a saucer of milk, and as the boy behind the counter handed it to her, he said, "That'll cost you 5c." She produced the nickel, took the saucer of milk, and then the boy said warily, "And feed 'em outside!" When she came back to return the saucer after the kitten had been fed, she handed the saucer to the boy—but it dropped to the floor and crashed to smithereens! "That'll cost you 5c," she said smilingly. That was Ginger Rogers' comeback to a snippy old jerker.

Gladys Tatum
San Francisco, Calif.
At twelve he got wind of a recital that the music teacher was putting on for her pupils. Dana didn’t know one key from another, nor did Dad have the money to give him piano lessons. But he had to be in that recital or die.

So he went to the teacher. “If I work for you, will you give me lessons?”

**musical mugger...**

For two months he ran her errands, cleaned up her yard, led her cow to pasture—and learned to play a pretty complicated march, strictly by ear. Came the recital, Dana played his march, made his bow, walked off purring, and the music teacher never set eyes on him again.

He wasn’t old enough nor introspective enough to analyze this partiality for the limelight. Any more than he analyzed his passion for movies. It’s natural for kids to love movies. But it wasn’t natural for one of the Andrews kids to sneak out at night, as Dana did, and sneak in the back door of the picture house to indulge that love.

Now and then Dad would catch him. “All right,” he’d say. “I’m taking the boys swimming tomorrow. You went to the movies, the others didn’t. So you’d better stay home tomorrow—”

He didn’t want to stay home, and certainly he didn’t want to be caught again. But the next chance he got, he snuck out to the movies. Movies with punishment was better than no movies at all.

At 13, he put on his most spectacular performance. He ran away. If Dick Whittington could be three mayor of London, Dana Andrews could be something equally startling. It was time he got going. With a sure instinct that this was one venture on which Charles wouldn’t collaborate, he packed his grip in the dead of night, slipped out and hopped a freight to San Antonio.

Maybe Dick Whittington didn’t leave a mother behind him. Though Dana stuck it out for three days, he spent them drowned in homesickness and tears, weeping for Mother who he knew must be weeping for him. On the third day he rang the doorbell of a friend of Dad’s, who seemed pleased but not surprised to see him.

“I’ve been waiting for you, son. Your father phoned me. Now just come in here and sit down while I call him back—”

Dad’s friend put him on the train. All the way home, Dana kept wondering what punishment would be dire enough for this dire displeasure. Pulling in at Uvalde, he caught sight of Dad on the platform. In silence they walked to the car, got in and drove through town.

Finally Dad spoke. “Tell me one thing. Why did you go away? Were you unhappy?”

His voice didn’t sound stern at all—only quiet and a little sad—and Dana’s heart burst. “I just wanted to make a lot of money, and put you and Mother up in a big house—”

There was another silence, but when Dad spoke again, his voice wasn’t sad any more. “I think I can understand that, son. But you do realize that you made a mistake? You won’t run off again?”

That was an easy promise to make—even before he saw Mother standing on the porch, tears streaming down her face.

**off to huntsville...**

The following year they moved to Huntsville. In the Andrews family, college was taken for granted. “I don’t know how we’ll manage it,” Dad always said, “but manage it we will.”

So his call to Huntsville—home of Sam Houston College—came like an answer to prayer. Living at home, with your bed and board assured, it was easy for a boy to work his way through.

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THE RABIN COMPANY, LOS ANGELES

"The Lovebug" started it—the senior high school play in which Dana got the lead. Hook, line and sinker, he fell for the praise and applause. Other kids were praised and applauded too, only they didn't seem to take it as hard as Dana. Maybe he was just a conceited dope, but he didn't think so. Dimly he realized that, while the plaudits were sweet, they were just the trimming—decorations on a birthday cake. What really excited him was the acting itself. Moulding lines with his voice, feeling the audience respond—that made him come alive in a way nothing else ever had. His blood pumped faster and his eyes glowed with the memory—golly, people acted for a living, why couldn't he?

Then he'd grim ruefully, thinking of Mother and Dad, who didn't believe in dancing or playing cards. Besides, who ever heard of a Huntsville boy turning actor? When they played the game of "Whatcha gonna be when you grow up?" the answer was always doctor or lawyer, teacher or preacher or business man. Dana could just hear himself say, "Gonna be an actor." Might as well say a bum and be done with it.

Just the same, he joined the dramatic club at college. And a fellow-townsmen who didn't know he existed, gave his dream the first touch of reality.

Bills were posted, announcing the coming of the Devereux Players. A wave of excitement swept the town. Dana didn't know why till a pal gave him the lowdown. "So-and-so's with them—used to be a Huntsville kid—went to New York and now he's a regular actor—"

grobbing the laurel leaf...

So-and-so's name was on every tongue, and the tongues clacked with pride in the hometown boy who'd made good. Dana rolled that bit of psychology over in his mind. A few years earlier this fellow had been in the same spot as himself—a Huntsville boy who wanted to be an actor and had certainly gleaned no encouragement from his background. Yet here he was, an actor, and the crowd roared. Dana's spirits rose. What man has done, man can do.

Something happened in his sophomore year that clinched it. Dana'd got himself a job in a movie house—from usher he'd been promoted to ticket seller and sort of assistant manager. Talkies were in, but the owner couldn't afford to lease a machine.

"Let's rig up a turntable and loudspeaker," Dana suggested, "and play records to the screen. It won't be talkies, but it'll be better than nothing—"

Dana was elected to change the records. In order to pick up cues, you had to watch the screen every minute, which meant seeing the picture forty-nine times. The first time, he was a sucker for the story. The second time he caught bits of business he'd missed the first time. Then he began studying the actors. They weren't gods or supermen, they didn't float on air or spout pearls and rubies. They were plain, bony masculine flesh-and-blood people who walked across the screen and tried to act like human beings. Anyone could learn to do that—especially Dana Andrews, because that was the one thing in the world he ached to learn. . .

Meantime he was majoring in business administration, chiefly to keep away from liberal arts which led to teaching. With teaching he would have no truck. Business method had its practical side. On his way through college he'd incurred some debts. He'd have to work for a while to pay them off and accumulate a nest-egg before hitting the trail. Mother and Dad were a little disappointed that none of the boys showed an inclination to enter the ministry, but the children's lives were their own. As for
**Are you in the know?**

Tea bad she doesn't care about—
- Her competition
- Boogie-woogie
- The Three D's

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—
droons who ignore the three D's. (Dainti-ness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks will tattle on such charmless-ness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, now there's a deodorant in Kotex. It's locked inside each Kotex and can't shake out—
because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!

Which would you use?
- The guest towels
- The Turkish towels
- The end of your slip

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the guest-towels—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, use them. Spare yourself needless puzzle-ment, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the different kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

I am a boy scout, and a group of coast guard men, stationed near our camp, frequently march past here. Once they marched by during regular camp session, when there were about 300 scouts in camp, and for some reason their chuck wagon was late. Finally it did arrive, and we scouts were given permission to watch them unload and feed the men. Suddenly one alert scout shouted, "Whew! There's Cesar Romero!" And sure enough, there he was, part of the K.P. bunch on the chuck wagon! He was a won-derful sport, gave us all his autograph, talked to us, and said he liked being in the Coast Guard "kitchen department" very much. I don't know whether he meant it or not, but it certainly encouraged us to perform our chores more cheerfully in the future, because we always remembered the thoughtful and gay manner in which he handed out "chow" to his hungry comrades-in-arms.

J. Lenden
Oakland, Calif.

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

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost.

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, sporting heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "poesy" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can be at your best even on trying days—with the self-assur-ance Kotex gives. The patented flat tapered ends of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for those flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. And thanks to that patented safety center, you get plus protection with Kotex.


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**Can you be picture-perfect—**
- With a shiny nose
- Without benefit of bangles
- In winter pastels

---

Dana, business was an honorable calling. Luckily for their peace of mind, they couldn't see inside his head. He went to Austin and worked as an accountant. From any viewpoint but his own, a highly successful eighteen months during which he was upped to office man-
ger. Since he couldn't study acting, he took singing lessons. With sound in the movies firmly established, a trained voice might come in handy. The singing teacher had been in show business. It was to him that Dana laid bare his hopes for the first time. "Do you think I have a chance?"

"A chance?—yes. It'll mean a lot of work, it may take five or ten years, you may never be a star, but you should be able to make a living—"

He might have stayed put longer if the boss hadn't offered to promote him again. The business was being enlarged, he felt Dana was ready for more responsibility, etc., etc. With the benevolence one feels in giving pleasure to a fellow man at no cost to oneself, he outlined the plan. But Dana was staring into an abyss—

"It was marked. DANGER. SUCCESS-
FUL BUSINESS MAN. He saw himself bogged down in better and better jobs, more and more money, lured away from the vision by a swelling bank account. Austin was a nice town—a swell people—pretty girls. His imagination leaped ahead like a runaway horse—to himself at forty, with a wife and house, with a car and kids, feet stuck in rut, eyes turned wistfully now and then toward a goal that had vanished. It was a very sad picture and it scared him stiff—"

"That's what I don't want. I could be
**Stars are whispering this Beauty Secret**

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All Hollywood knows how dry skin can threaten beauty. That's why stars are raving about Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. It's a rich, fluffy cream whipped with olive oil that instantly makes dry skin softer, smoother - coaxes away tiny lines - brings rosy freshness! To velvetize hands, use Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. Get both glorious creams at your 10¢ store.

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**A MESSAGE FROM Fannie Hurst**

With our armies of occupation now concentrated on farthest flung fronts, the loyal women and vital arm of the National War Fund is more drastically needed than ever!

Our boys are not only thousands of literal miles from home, but they are soul, mind, spirit and heart, miles from home, surrounded by peoples and ways of life strange and remote to them.

Our "GI Joe," from Great Falls, Montana, or Fancy Prairie, Illinois, needs, as he has never before needed in his life, heart-warming evidence that he has not been forgotten now that the war is over. He wants the close-to-home services that the National War Fund agencies can supply.

It he has left the need of them in the European areas, and he has, think how much more distant, bewildered and homesick he must feel in the Far East, where peoples and habits are more sharply differentiated than in Europe's occupation zones.

Joe stands personally in need of the major services and the tremendous trifles that the National War Fund agencies can supply. But even more, he also needs the peace of mind which it can give him by making it easier for the loved ones he has left behind. The knowledge that his wife, children or parents can turn to community war fund services, brings him a sense of security.

Likewise, beaten men and women laboring beneath the oppression of our enemies come under the vast coverage that the community war fund umbrella spreads over direct and indirect war victims.

In fact, it is interne, red cap, wheel chair, sister of mercy, ambulance, night light, shoulder to lean on, to a world inching its way back to normalcy.

We need the National War Fund and its affiliated community war funds every day in every way.

Fannie Hurst
Night must fall... and you'll dream of nocturnal fashions
deftly made of Beau Spun,
a new principle in spinning cotton
and rayon so typical of the
quality standards represented by the mark
of BEAUNIT FABRICS...
a guide that will serve you increasingly
in the future.

SLEEP MY PRETTY ONE
"I am, but not you. I gave you ten bucks to eat. Did you pick up the check? No. Did you even offer to pick up the check? No, I'm good and sure. Not on account of the dough. Look here—" He took off his boot. It held ten thousand-dollar bills. The dough's nothing. But you wouldn't pay your way. That gets my goat. I like fellas that pay their way."

He got into the car and drove off, leaving a pretty abashed fella behind him. Not till a year later was Dana able to scrape ten spare dollars together, and go hunting for Paul Fruchet at the address on the card. But they'd never heard of him.

Dana'd like to find him. The ring's no longer important. But he'd like to apologize to Mr. Fruchet with the best dinner in town.

The family knew some people in Van Nuys, who were swell to him. They helped him find a job—driving a school bus at ten dollars a week—and a place that gave him room and board for eighteen a month. Now all he had to do was tackle the studios.

If you wanted a job in Austin, you went in and asked for it. Why should Hollywood be different? Dana bought a guide book, located the studios and started his rounds. "I'm an actor," he'd tell the gate cop. "Where do I go for work?"

"Casting office."

There a girl sat at a desk. Dana fumbled with his hat brim. "Any chance for a job in pictures?"

"What experience've you had?"

"College plays—"

"Leave your name and phone number. If something turns up, we'll call you."

He was green, but not dumb. It took one round to make him realize that they'd call him when hell froze over. There must be some other angle. Experience. Without experience, you couldn't get a job. Without a job, you couldn't get experience. Or could you? Amateur dramas mistakes make.

He beat it over to the Van Nuys High School, discovered they had night classes in acting, and enrolled.

There was a girl in the class named Janet Murray. What he noticed about her first were the clear brown eyes. One night he asked if he could see her home, and they told each other the story of their lives.

Janet didn't want to be an actress; she'd just joined the class for fun. Her job was in the newspaper field, she'd taken a master's degree at Northwestern in journalism. Lived in Van Nuys with her parents and sister. "I'd like you to meet them some time," she said.

Before long he was calling Janet's mother Aggie, as all her friends did. The Murrays thought it was silly for Dana to be driving a bus—and would have, thought so even if it hadn't become obvious that he and Janet were crazy about each other. By now the depression was in full swing, and jobs weren't easy. But thanks to Dana's training and the Murray connections, he was hired as bookkeeper by a big service station at $100 a month. Well, that was riches. "What are we waiting for?" he asked Janet.

"I wouldn't know."

So there was a quiet wedding in the Murray home.

Janet thought Dana's voice was wonderful. She thought he ought to concentrate on singing. A teacher in Van Nuys confirmed her opinion. If Dana worked hard enough, he could do musical comedy.

"Why musical comedy?" Dana asked Janet calmly.

"Why not the Metropolitan?"

At first Dana put that down to a wife's partiality. But she talked him into going to see old Braglotti, father of the planks and long established as a teacher of operatic voices.

"You have the equipment," old Braglotti said, "it's a matter of training. And work and work and work—"

"And money," added Dana. "Which we don't have much of—"

"I'll give you a special rate. One lesson a week. Five dollars a lesson..."

Twenty dollars is a large slice out of a hundred. "We can manage," Janet insisted. "You've got to do it—"

They'd rented the upper floor of a duplex, and moved in with a bed and several chairs. "We'll buy the rest of it piece by piece," Janet said. "That way, you get to know your furniture—"

But when the Braglotti lessons had been arranged, she came to Dana with her eyes aight. "Darling, there's one thing we've got to have now. A combination radio record player and recording machine—"

She had it all worked out. They'd been planning to buy a dining room set or rugs. Those things could wait. But they needed the music machine in their business. Maybe at first glance it seems kind of silly, but take the long view, and it's an investment, that's all, and we'll get it back. Besides, look at the money we'll save staying home from movies because we'll be making records—"

For months their living room held nothing but the big combination machine. They read plays together, made records and played them back. Dana'd come home from Braglotti's and sing to the machine, and they'd compare the latter with the last one to see if he'd improved. According to Janet, he always had.

They didn't have money for parties or glad rags. Or for anything much beyond shelter and food. But they had each other, and the future, and they were happy.
Dana's boss, Mr. Wardlaw, owned the service station alone, but in certain other ventures had a partner named Twomey. Twomey was a man who liked to set people up in business. Instead of stocks or real estate, he invested in human beings, and walked the world with an eye peeled for prospects. He'd meet up with a barber head and shoulders above other barbers—or a keen young pharmacist, fresh out of USC.

"How'd you like your own shop?" he'd ask. "I'll furnish the money, you run it. When I've drawn out a legitimate profit, the place is yours."

Three unrelated events brought Dana to his attention. Bing Crosby became a sensation, the late Pauline Frederick made a remark, and David pumped gas into Mrs. Twomey's car while one of the regulars was out to lunch.

"Such a nice-looking chap," she told her husband. "Ambitious, too. He came up from Texas to get into pictures, and now he's studying opera with Braggiotti—"

Pauline Frederick was a friend of the Twomeys. They dropped in to see her and the talk veered to Bing Crosby. "Right now," she said, "this town's got a hundred Crosbys who'll die on the vine. Kids loaded with talent flock here from all over the country to crash pictures. And wind up eating their hearts out at gas stations because they can't get a hearing—"

Next day Mr. Twomey showed up at Wardlaw's. From an office he heard the punch of an adding machine and a voice raised in song. But first he had a few words with Dana's boss. "If you think he's a good risk," Mr. Wardlaw chuckled, "it's okay with me. In fact, you can cut me in on the deal—"

Dana looked up from the adding machine. He knew Mr. Twomey from having seen him around. That gentleman came straight to the point.

"I understand from my wife that you've got a voice, and I'm here to make you a proposition, strictly business. I've done the same with other young folk who had no capital. Set 'em up, take my profit, and then they're free. You're taking singing lessons. With a wife to support and the money you earn here, it can't be easy. I'll pay for the lessons—"

Here Dana found his voice. "What's the deal?"

"First, forget opera. Sing popular music. This fella Crosby's making a lot of dough. Maybe you could do the same—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This incident took place at Court Square in Springfield, Mass. Charles Laughton was selling bonds, and I say "selling" and not "trying to sell," because they "sold!" Mr. Laughton did the trick when he stood up and said, with great dignity and restraint, "I am not here to do my little piece and try to sell you a bond. I think it's a disgrace that the American people have to feel they must get a return of interest on money loaned to the government, must be teased into buying a bond."

Well, the result was that tears welled up into our eyes, and a very shame-faced audience bought their bonds hoping for peace with their consciences as well as peace for their country.


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30 feminine and 30 masculine names in stock. Others made without extra cost. Three letter names $10.50—each additional letter 75c. Add Federal tax. Sold at Jewelry and Dept. Stores, PX's and Ship Service Stores everywhere.

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URISCRAFT

URIS SALES CORP., 222 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N.Y. 105
“Thanks, but the answer's no. I want to sing at the Met—"
Mr. Twomey rose. “Okay. If you change your mind, let me know—"

David was an incubator baby. He weighed four pounds, and the sight of him broke Janet's heart. "I always wanted my baby to be so pretty, and he looks so sad—"

skinny little fellas . . .

Even when they got him home, he was still scrawny. "My poor little sparrow without any feathers," Janet called him. But the sparrow filled out and turned fat and sassy and laughed up at his mother out of brown eyes like her own—

"You sure had me fooled for a while," she told him. "How did I know you'd turn out to be just the baby I wanted—?"

A baby makes a difference in many ways, not the least of them being the budget. Three couldn't live as cheaply as two. So when Mr. Twomey came round once again, Dana was in a much more receptive mood. "Changed your mind, young man?"

"Well, I'd still like to sing at the Met but—what's the deal again?"

"I'll pay for your lessons, and we'll work out the rest of it later—"

"I don't want to go into debt—"

"There'll be no debt unless you make good. If and when you do earn money singing, you can pay me back. If not, I mark it off as a bad investment. But first I want to take you to another singing teacher—"

This one proved as encouraging as the others. Also, she saw no reason why Dana shouldn't study opera and learn some light music, too. So he and Twomey struck their bargain on that compromise—a gentleman's agreement—and no contract was ever signed.

Meantime, with some others, Dana and Janet had organized a Little Theater group in the valley. Its two most faithful patrons were Twomey and Aggie. Whoever else didn't come, they always showed up and applauded.

"I don't know much about acting," Twomey'd say, "but they tell me you're good—"

Aggie said: "I'm proud of you, Dana. Who's this Gable they're making a fuss about, anyway?"

Just before bedtime one Saturday night, Janet was seized with a violent chill. The doctor came, made his examination painstakingly and motioned Dana into the kitchen.

"It's pneumonia and it's bad—"

The look on his face was more terrifying than the words. Through lips suddenly stiff, Dana asked: "How bad?"

"A 50-50 chance. We'll do everything we can, but I wanted you to know—"

She was too sick to be moved. The doctor phoned for a nurse. Aggie arrived. Dana was sent out for a hospital bed and an oxygen tent. The night wasn't real. This wasn't happening. You couldn't be well one minute, and the next— He pushed the next away. One minute at a time was all he could take—

blithe spirit . . .

On Sunday the blackness receded a little. Except that her eyes were too bright, Janet seemed herself. Still sunny and gay. The doctor had said to put something warm on her, so they slipped Dana's sleeveless sweater over her head. She thought that was very funny—

"The latest in bedjackets. Couldn't we at least run a little pink ribbon through it?"

But the next day she couldn't kid any more—On Tuesday she died.

(Dana Andrews's life story will be concluded in the December issue of Modern Screen.)
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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Mickey Rooney is frustrated! What happened was this: A number of movie stars arrived in San Francisco to lend glamor to the President's Birthday Ball. They paraded up Market Street in open cars while huge crowds stared, cheered, and admired. Mickey was sitting in a back seat, receiving his full quota of attention. At this point, one of the escorting motorcycle policemen, arriving late, zoomed up into position. This speed attracted Mickey so much that he immediately turned from performer to spectator. The cop, having a human share of ham, basked in the light of his famed audience and put on quite a show. The stunts intrigued The Vitamin so much that there was danger of his falling out of the car and making that pug nose even more so. At the end of the parade, Mickey turned to the cop and said wistfully, "Gosh! That was great! Gee! What a life you've got!"

Margaret Ann McGuire
San Francisco, Calif.
ter in Hollywood. Someone said:
"He's his own worst enemy!"
"Not while I'm around," quipped Van.
The poor guy had come down to the beach
for a day of rest and quiet. Did he get it?
Within ten minutes of his arrival the word
was out that Van was present and not only
was the fence around Bebe's house jammed
with onlookers—but a huge mob gathered
on the Palisades about a hundred-and-fifty feet
above. So Van had them yelling at him from
the ground to the sky.
When we finally found a quiet spot we
had a little talk about his health which I
had heard isn't so good.
"I'm all right, Louella," he told me. "I tire
easily and I get backaches and bad head-
aches when I get overtaxed. But the doctors
tell me that these will disappear when
Nature gets a chance to complete healing the
scar tissue over my brain." I'm glad he is
all right and that there is nothing to those
stories that he might have to give up his
screen work for six months to a year.

The Stork has certainly been the busy bird
around Universal. The two box office queens
of the Valley lot—Deanna Durbin and Maria
Montez—are both on the Long Legged visitor's
list for next Spring.

The very formal Jamaican Negro butler now
working for Humphrey Bogart and Lauren
Bacall has their friends in stitches. If you call
either of the newlyweds, and they are not at
home, a very British-accented voice from the
other end of the 'phone informs you:
"Monsieur and Madame are not at home!"

Monsieur Bogey! That's a new one!

I came right out and asked Jeanne Crain
which one of her suitors, Lon McCallister or
Paul Brooks, had the inside track to her
heart.
"If you mean speaking matrimonially," she
replied, "I can say 'I'm not marrying either
boy—although I'm fond of both of them.'

Jeanne had dropped over to my house for
a little talk and I thought she was one of
the prettiest girls I had ever seen. She still
wears her hair, which is dark and curly, in
a long bob and says she just doesn't like
the new top-knot hairdos no matter if the
fashion magazines do recommend them. She
was wearing a blue suit with a lovely piece
of costume jewelry—moonstones and brilli-
ants.

"I feel I have more in common with Lon
than with any boy I have ever met," she
said. "We love to read and have long talks
and go to the movies together. I think I can
best describe it by saying we are comfortable
together.

"With Paul, I like to go dancing—because,
well, he is a wonderful dancer," she laughed.
"But I'm only 20 years old—and I won't
marry anyone for five years or more."

**

Purely Personal:
Carole Landis announces more "engag-
ements" than any other player. Unless, may-
be, Betty Hutton.

Gracie Allen wore the cutest dress of the
month—a plain white shirtdress with the
names of herself, her husband, George

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The girl who gets the rave notices never
annoys others by "hairfussing!" She's sure of
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Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINER! They keep
any hair style secure with exclusive spring-
tooth action that grips firmly yet gently!

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grips hair here

ORDINARY COMB
late hair strands
slip through

Burns, her two children, Ronnie and Sandra, the family dog, and a couple of her closest friends, embroidered in red letters on the skirt and bodice.

Sonja Henie owns the largest diamond clips in Hollywood.

Jinx Falkenburg gets more publicity, and makes fewer movies, than any other player.

Peter Lawford is giving Vic Mature a run for his old honors of taking out a different girl every night.

Wish somebody would trim Ginger Rogers’ hair a bit.

Lana Turner’s new short bob is the cutest hair cut in town.

Susanna Foster won’t wear orchids because they die on her immediately.

Dixie Crosby is the star’s wife with the cutest figure—and the mother of four sons, too! She looks sixteen years old playing with the kids on the beach.

I certainly caught up with the serious side of Frank Sinatra the day we lunched at Lucey’s. Just a few days before I had seen his “short,” “The House I Live In,” in which he sings and makes an inspired plea for religious tolerance among children.

“T’ll never forget how it hurt when the kids called me ‘Dago’ when I was a boy; it’s a scar that lasted a long time and which I have never quite forgotten. It isn’t the kids’ fault—it’s their parents’ They would never learn to make racial and religious discriminations if they didn’t hear the epithets hurled around at home.”

Frankie, himself, has done a wonderful thing, I think. He has had a medal made up showing a St. Christopher on one side and a Star of David on the other which he has given to his friends and also to many boys overseas.

Of course, the swooners swooned around our table—but Frankie has learned to take that in stride. I asked him if he ran into much personal trouble with the Bobby Sockers—femme version.

“I am sometimes surprised at their language,” he admitted. “Most of the girls are
sweet kids—but others say things they shouldn't." He told me he planned to make another corrective educational film as soon as he finishes his M-G-M movie.

Something tells me it may be on the subject of clean speech.

Everyone feels deeply for Lynn Bari and her husband Sid Luft, who lost their baby at birth.

The infant girl had an enlarged heart and lived only a few minutes.

The people who helped Cornel Wilde along the way when he "didn't have a tambourine to beg with," can never say fame went to his head or that he doesn't remember "when."

He has paid back every single debt he acquired on his way to stardom.

The "biggest amount was $1,200 loaned to him by his wife's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Heimann of Boston. "At the time they gave it to me that money looked like $100,000," Cornel says.

Then he paid a hotel bill of $245 to the manager of the St. James in New York. "That was an awful lot of free rent to trust an actor for," he laughs.

$180 went to a dentist who had fixed up his teeth and the rest were $25 and $50 loans made to him by other actors.

"I kept their names and the exact amount down in a little book," he explains, "but I think it must have been a surprise—to the actors, anyway—to get anything back!"

* * *

What a ranch Dorothy Lamour and her husband, John Howard, bought themselves down near Riverside!

It's 741 acres with a herd of cattle roaming over the place, ten horses in the stables, 200 chickens and three houses. The main farm house is a low rambling affair, very rustic outside but ultra-modern on the inside. Two adobe guest houses are California landmarks. They are over 115 years old.

The Howards move in after the baby is born. Hope they invite me down. I love roughing it—de luxe.

* * *

I'm glad Gail Russell is coming out of it. Paramount's "Hedy Lamarr" is far too pretty a girl to act and look as unhappy as she did a few months ago.

She was brooding about her health and an unhappy romance—but I understand that is all over now—colder than an igloo in Alaska. High time, I say—for it was a romance that could never have brought her joy.

She should begin to get a few laughs from here on in. Her next movie is the female lead opposite Bob Hope in "Monsieur Beaucaire"—and it's hopeless when you can't laugh with Hope.

* * *

Two good reasons for NOT becoming an actress:

Diana Lynn, who almost drowned as a child and has had the most violent fear of water ever since, has to take swimming lessons for "The Bride Wore Boots"—and she's almost bedded with fright.

The roller coaster is the big fear "complex" in Jeanne Crain's life and she had to ride

**Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont**

"The quickest, most refreshing complexion pick-me-up that I know is a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington. "The moment my skin begins to feel rough, I smooth and brighten it with a Mask."

**Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont**

"I 're-do' my complexion 3 or 4 times a week with a 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. du Pont

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**Grand powder base . . .**

Use your Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, too! Just smooth on a light film—and leave it on. Not greasy! Not drying! "It holds make-up beautifully," says Mrs. du Pont.

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
"Don’t tell me how you feel—I know!"

Taking pity on yourself “these days”? Sitting it out just because menstruation’s functional cramps, headache and “blues” are making you feel slightly lower than sea level?

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CRAMPS HEADACHE "BLUES"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I am in a convalescent home for crippled girls and boys, and my favorite star is Victor Mature. Recently I went to a theater on Broadway and saw Mr. Mature in person. I waited backstage for hours afterwards, hoping to have him sign the cast on my leg. Finally he came out and said he couldn’t sign any more autographs. I couldn’t help crying with disappointment, and when he saw that, he came over and asked me what the matter. I told him how long I’d been waiting, and right in front of all the others he bent down and signed the cast on my leg and wished I’d be well soon. With that encouragement, I guess I’ll just have to!!

Pearl Friedman
Valhalla, N. Y.

PERPLEXED POP

(Continued from page 55)

it wasn’t like being outdoors, and besides, every comfort was provided. One took off one’s wet clothes at once even if the scene had to be shot over again. . . . “You boys mustn’t worry about me. But if Mommy says you’ll catch cold if you play in water, you’d better pay attention.”

Michael fixed his male parent with an accusing eye. “All the same, when Bobby and I were in the picture show and we saw you and yelled at you, and we said, ‘Hello, Daddy,’ well I think you should have waved back at us,” he said levelly.

Bob swallowed. “Look, boys, that wasn’t really I. I mean, it was only a picture of me . . .”

“And Van Johnson had his leg cut off!” groaned Michael. The boys know Van Johnson well, and like him. They were very much upset over his accident in “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.”

So Bob went into detail. He explained exactly how the illusion of a legless Van Johnson was achieved and why it was necessary for actors to create certain impressions. His sons listened carefully. At the end of the recital, Bobby said in his gentle voice, “I still think you should have waved back when we waved at you.”

Bob gave up. It was obvious that his sons were still too young to understand the technical aspects of motion picture making.

As soon as he could change the subject, he asked what the boys wanted to do to celebrate that Sunday (the day Bob always spends with his sons). “We want to go to the zoo,” announced Bobby. “Bobgy” is the sedate, gentle malleable son; Michael, a year younger, is the wild man.

As for Bette—she stayed up all night at the Hollywood Canteen the afternoon and evening of V-J Day and the boys went crazy when Bette worked with a local cafe comedy team and took two pies in her face—real pies; one custard and one berry! She was covered with goo from her head to her heels—but did she care? After the first pie was thrown, Bette said, “Now let’s have the Technicolor one, boys!”

Also, La Davis got herself all rigged up as a cowgirl for the Canteen Workers picnic a few days later out near Griffith Park. It was a real old-fashioned affair with hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade.

President Davis surprised the 3,000 who attended by doing some very fancy tricks with a rope. Now—you guessed it—she says she wants to do a Western.

Just before I sign off for this month I want to tell you boys and girls who have written me so many letters how much I enjoy hearing from you. I appreciate knowing what stars you want to hear about and what type of news letter most appeals to each of you readers of our “Good News” department.

I am trying to answer as many letters as possible. But I am sure you will agree with me that our boys overseas come first. To keep them go a report of Hollywood happenings and so on. So many of them see Monkeys on the Screen. They quote from it and that makes me very happy. Many of them have read “The Gay Illiterate.” One soldier found nine pages torn out and wrote and asked for a complete volume. (P.S. He got it.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Helmut Dantine was appearing at the Strand Theater, my friend and I went backstage and presented him with a pretty tie. When he accepted it, he said, “Oh, a present for me? Thank you very much.” We put a note in the box, asking him to wear the tie at his next show. We got seats down front, and sure enough, he wore it for the performance. After the show, was over, I walked to the stage and said, “Thank you so much for wearing our tie,” thinking he’d just smile and say, “It’s nothing.” I was delighted to have him take my hand (and my heart!) and say warmly, “It’s a beautiful tie, and I shall always wear it.”

Gilda Suris
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bob bundled up his two curly-headed, hazel eyed dictators, stowed them in the car and was going through Beverly Hills when he had an inspired idea. “Mike, since you’re going to be a fireman,” Bob announced solemnly, “I thought you should take a look at the equipment.”

Mike gave his father a look that you could have used as a halo. “Oh, Daddy!” he breathed.

(Continued on page 116)
Dorothy Lamour

STARS
in Paramount’s Star-studded, laugh-studded Paramount Production... “Duffy’s Tavern”

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Shining example: “Hollywood Princess” wardrobe closet (shown above) that holds up to 25 garments, boasts hat and shoe shelves, two eye-level mirrors. And soon E-Z-DO will bring you shoe cabinets, shoe racks, window cornices, glove boxes, hat boxes, screens and 100-and-1 other wonderful home and closet accessories.

E-Z-DO, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Good taste, that's what we call it—this Orange Blossom Cake and hat tea, fragrant as the roses that beautify the table set for dessert.

Even very shy guests lose their inhibitions when it's a question of helping themselves to this delicately tart, beautifully spiced Cranberry Mince Pie. Easy to make and you'll love trimming it!

Hollywood's
Perfect Guest

Wouldn't you know that Van Johnson doesn't like fancy cooking?

We mean Van Johnson, who never forgets to compliment the cook!

Van Johnson's boyish smile gets very sad on the rare occasions when he has to eat alone because he simply hates solitary meals! Cheer up, girls! Notice we said "rare occasions" because he gets all kinds of invitations from friends with kitchens. It's a pleasure to slave over a hot stove for Van because he's sure to enjoy his food and never fails to tell the cook she is a pearl among women!

When Van had a house (he's living in a hotel now) the only thing he was ever known to prepare was coffee by the potful. But, if he ever learns to cook he'll doubtless specialize in pork chops and apple sauce, roast beef or steak and potatoes, pie and ice cream. Those are his favorite foods.

Other little Van-ities: If you should suddenly hear that Van is coming to your home, hide your cook book full of fancy recipes, omit those lingerie ruffles on the lamb chops and make him gather his own food from a buffet table. Long, sit-down dinner parties make him nervous. For Van's sake we're going all out for buffet meals this issue.

When the time comes that you find yourself scheduled to bring 12 or 15 people together for a meal at your home, make it a gay, informal buffet supper. Set your table as beautifully as possible with your nicest things, not forgetting candles, flowers or any such little decorations. The table can be set hours before. Place a stack of dinner plates at one end and napkins and silver at the other end, the last things to be picked up by the guest. The food itself, with serving silver handy, is placed in between at serving time.

Provide small tables if convenient, although a well-planned buffet meal can be eaten from a plate held on the lap. A knife, for instance, shouldn't be necessary. Two courses are plenty—main course and dessert. Plan on one hot dish—a casserole combination of various vegetables and diced meat or flaked fish. (Since oysters R in season we'll give you a recipe for scalloped oysters.) Green salad, hot rolls or muffins, relish assortment, dessert and a beverage complete the meal.
CRANBERRY MINCE PIE

1 cup water
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup citrus marmalade
2 cups fresh cranberries
1 9-oz. package dehydrated mince meat
1/2 cup broken walnut meats
Pastry for 9-inch pie shell

Boil water, sugar and marmalade together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until all the skins pop open. Stir in mince meat broken in pieces, and continue cooking over low heat for 5 minutes or until mince meat is softened and filling well blended. Let mixture cool before adding nut meats. Line 9-inch pie plate with pastry and pour in filling; sprinkle a few additional nut meats over top if desired. Bake in hot oven (400 F.) 30 minutes. When pie is cool, use pastry tube or cookie press to arrange Cream Cheese Hard Sauce, crisscross fashion, over top. To make hard sauce, cream together 1 3-ounce package cream cheese and softened at room temperature, 1 cup confectioners' sugar and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Chill before placing in pastry tube.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

4 cups fine soft bread crumbs
1/4 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper and paprika
1/2 cup melted butter
1 pint oysters, drained
1/2 cup grated American cheese, optional
1/2 cup oyster liquor
1/2 cup top milk

Combine bread crumbs, salt, pepper and paprika. Add melted butter, tossing lightly to mix well. Sprinkle 1/2 of crumbs over bottom of greased baking dish. Arrange half the oysters on crumbs. Sprinkle with half the grated cheese. Sprinkle second third of crumbs over oysters. Add remaining oysters. Mix oyster liquor and milk and pour over oysters. Top with remaining crumbs and grated cheese and sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake in hot oven (450 F.) 30 minutes. Serves 6.

ORANGE BLOSSOM CAKE

1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 1/2 cups shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, separated
Grated rind of 1 orange
1/2 cup orange juice

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add slightly beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add grated orange rind. Add flour, alternately with orange juice, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Beat egg whites until they will hold up in moist peaks. Stir quickly but completely into batter. Bake in greased 8x8x2-inch pan in moderate oven (350 F.) 40 minutes or until done. Spread with orange frosting.

All is Forgiven!

When the day arrives—and it will—that Fels-Naptha comes home from the wars, let's hope that the greeting in your household will be 'all is forgiven'!

This famous soap is still 'seeing service' far from home. A large part of the output of the Fels Plant is assigned to special duty in the four corners of the world.

Most women have been understanding and patient about this absence of an essential item in good housekeeping, even though it has made the family laundry an unaccustomed burden. They know that good soap is part of the superior equipment furnished to our fighters.

To all these good-natured, patriotic women we make this promise: when its present obligations are discharged, Fels-Naptha Soap will be back—unchanged—ready to resume its familiar job of making homes bright and washes sweet and white.

Fels-Naptha Soap
.BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
I SAW IT HAPPEN

During a golf match (for the bond drive) between Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, Bing accidentally hit his ball into the bushes. A little boy, about 8 years old, kicked it out so that Bing could hit the ball better, and so that he wouldn’t be penalized for being out of bounds. When Bing came to find his ball for the next round, a man beside him said, “This little boy kicked your ball in for you, Bing.” Bing looked down at the small boy, very pleased, and said, “You’re my pal, son; I’ll do anything for you!” And he gave the boy his autograph, shook hands with him, and later sent him his very popular recording of “Ave Maria.”

Mary Maier
Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Beverly Hills fire department is made up of a fine body of men. They let both boys sit behind the huge steering wheels of the hook and ladder section, the chemical wagon, and the chief’s red coupe. Each holding a boy, two cooperative firemen slid the poles, and both Bob and Michael were allowed to wear an outside hat during the tour.

When they were back in their own car, Bobby voiced the small boy’s ultimate compliment. “Gosh, Daddy, if you weren’t a picture man, I’d like to have you drive a fire engine.”

“I’d still rather have him be a pilot,” said Michael, sticking to his original story. “Was it hard to fly that big plane, Daddy? The one Van Johnson flew when he got his leg cut off, Daddy?”

“No... we’re going to the zoo,” said the representative of the older generation. After doing justice to the monkeys, the lions, the China phaenants and the peacocks, the male family Walker went to call on friends. Actually, Bob thought a few moments in the presence of adults while his sons played in the back yard with the children of his host, would be refreshing for everyone concerned. Not until he arose to go—after a pleasant forty minute chat—did he discover what was going on in the junior division. Both his sons, and the son and daughter of his host, were hopping around on one leg. The other was neatly trussed up behind. “Look at us,” yelled Bobby, “we’re playing Van Johnson.”

Playing Van Johnson is very strenuous business (actually or make-believe) so the boys announced, the instant they were back in the car, their readiness for dinner. Bob has a favorite restaurant in Beverly Hills where he likes to take his sons; the waiter understands a perplexed pop. The instant the boys are seated, they announce the dish of their choice: Ice cream and cake. “Yes, sir,” says the waiter with proper deference, “chocolate ice cream. And with it we are serving chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans and whole wheat bread.”

three of a kind...

This particular Sunday, Bob arranged the large napkins around a pair of protesting necks. “I’m big,” insisted Bobby. “I don’t have to have a bib like a baby. I want to be like you, Daddy.”

Monkey-sees, monkey-does Michael never misses a trick. “Me, too, Daddy,” “All right. All right. All three of us will wear our napkins around our necks,” said Bob. He knotted his own napkin just beneath his chin, thinking that with his slim red face above the linen he probably looked like a Christmas candle flaming above a snowy tablecloth. Both boys were docile; they allowed themselves to be bobbled.

Surreptitiously, as soon as Bobby and Michael were engrossed in groceries, Bob loosened his napkin and allowed it to slip to his lap. He began to enjoy his dinner. Beaming at his brood a few moments later, he noticed that each sprout had quietly lowered his own napkin to lap position.

This explains why Bobby was decorated with chicken gravy at the close of the meal, whereas Michael’s shirt reflected his admiration for chocolate ice cream.

After dinner the three satistated gentlemen drove to Bob’s house and settled, a cozy trio, in Bob’s big chair behind a book, “The Little Prince,” by Antoine de St. Exupéry. Much of the text is over the heads of the two boys. If one considers the actual words, but in a good story, a story by one of the timeless tellers of tales, there is a music, a rhythm that penetrates the spirit. Though the meaning of the words may escape the young mind, Bob is convinced that the melody enters in and remains. So, each Sunday, he reads some honest work of literature to the boys.

That the phraseology is not lost was proved one night when Bob returned his sons to Jennifer Jones. He kissed them good-night. He said eagerly, “Well... didn’t we have fun today?”

Michael heaved a profoundly ecstatic sigh. “Oh, Daddy, I am extremely happy,” thereby provoking an unsteady smile on his father’s devoted face.

The “Cocktail” Flavorites

The next time you ask for your favorite chewing gums—WARREN’S Fruit Cocktail and WARREN’S Mint Cocktail—they may look different.

But they’re the same old friends in new wrappers. WARREN’S chewing gums have become so popular we felt they deserved more beautiful packages. And here they are—newly dressed—but the same in size, quality and unique flavor. Fruit Cocktail is a combination of natural and artificial fruit flavors. Mint Cocktail is a blend of natural spearmint and peppermint. It’s a WARREN’S idea:

Popular chewing gum flavors, like boy and girl, are “Better Together!”

* In a recent consumer survey conducted by an independent research organization, WARREN’S Chewing Gum was voted better than 70 to 1 favorite.
CO-ED  
(Continued from page 26)

father works with his hands, the other whose father works with his head, you'll date the latter every time. You wouldn't be caught dead with this guy or that girl. Why? Because he or she is colored or Jewish or Catholic, or just plain "foreign." Oh, kids, shame on you. Dislikes founded on circumstances that are beyond anyone's control are about as stupid, as downright cruel, as anything we know.

In your zeal to correct your wrongs, avoid at all costs patronizing or deliberately cultivating these groups. Your approach will have to be beautifully casual. Some chit-chat during swimming class, a not-too-elaborate compliment after a spectacular class recitation. Gradually, you may find yourself liking the little Polish girl whose unpronounceable last name once made her poison to your select gang. You may find yourself dating the shy, attractive guy you blackballed not so long ago for having a dad who's a truck driver.

If you're a member of a minority group, accept these first awkward advances. Not gratefully or avidly, as some of you lonely ones might be tempted to, but easily and without embarrassment. And don't expect all the moves to be one-sided. Be friendly, and—if it kills you—unembittered. Have as few axes to grind as possible. Don't be stooges, but don't be deliberately argumentative. Also, look beyond your own little group to other minorities. Do your part in destroying other barriers.

Obviously, no one can possibly like everybody. There are dull people and rude people. People who are more intolerant than you. People whose sense of values are different from yours. Such as these won't be for you, but you will be rejecting them as individuals, not as members of a race or religion or nationality. Do you realize what an enormous difference there is between these two philosophies of friendship? One is the philosophy of Democracy; the other of Fascism.

Study hard: As an intelligent world citizen, it's your job to know as much about politics as you can absorb. Know which Congressmen are isolationists, which are internationalists. Learn about unions, so that the CIO and AFL are more than just alphabet soup to you. Get both sides of every question by reading newspapers and weeklies of opposing viewpoints. Perhaps your history or current events teacher could preside over a weekly forum in which problems of government, international policy, etc., were thrashed out. Read books about Japan, about China, about Russia—and again, get every angle. Feel a sense of responsibility for the world of tomorrow. Granted, you are young, most of you still have no voice in the government—but you will have. And it will be the best type government if you know whom and what you're voting for.

Forgive us for invading your coke-and-jive world this month with all this longhair talk. But all of this was screaming to be said, and we thought you guys could take it. Oh, we know you. You'll mutter "That's a lot of bilge" (you know that's the way you talk). And then you'll roll up your sleeves and work like mad for all the things we're plugging. Sure, we know you, and we kind of like you. We think the new world is in good hands.

But if you find that your heart isinterfering with your head, if you've got woes or aches, write me, won't you? I think maybe I can help. I have, lots of times. Just drop me a line: Jean Kinkade, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16, N. Y.

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. Doesn't dry out...

usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50%....25%...10%

MOST FASCINATING AND INTRIGUING...TUNE IN "DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY," WED. NIGHTS, 10 E.W.T., AMERICAN (BLUE) NETWORK
Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!
1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.

CO-ED (Continued from page 26)

of a slush fund—for clothes, fun, the enormous trivnia of an all-around college career. Don't be discouraged: There are ways and means for anyone as eager to go as you.

I'm not even plain looking, so the usual beauty advice isn't for me. Please, what chance for happiness has an honest-to-goodness ugly duckling?

B. C., Crawfordsville, Indiana.

No girl, no matter what kind of a face she has, need be an eyesore. Our teeth, our skin, our hair—all of these can be improved upon. Our figures can be virtually remodeled. Birthmarks can be hidden with a certain cream. Deformities can be camouflaged by the clothes we wear. We won't kid you into thinking that no matter what kind of a start you've got, you can be Lauren Bacall, but you can be attractive if you want to enough. Plastic surgery is no longer reserved for the fabulously rich. The war has trained thousands of doctors in this field, and their services will be within your reach before long. An orthodontist can straighten your teeth if that's your problem. Work out payment plans with the doctors. Offer to do office work in partial payment. Get a long term bank loan if necessary. But don't despair. Something can be done if you really work on it.

I have heard that men like ego inflating, yet every time I give "em "Gee, you're wonderful," they give me the fish-eye. How come?

L. K., Clay, Arkansas.

Do you lay it on with a long-handled spoon? Could it possibly sound erasfit, the way you say it? We—well, take it easy. And try actions as well as words. "Bud, be an angel and help me fix my bike..."—or lug all these bundles home, or wash the dog. Being asked to help is a pretty subtle form of flattery, and while he's doing same, let him know you think he's a dandy bike fixer or whatever. More flattery via actions: Let him take care of you a bit. "Bud, there's a scary dog on our block," "Bud, there's a fresh guy..." The variations on this are endless and he'll be girding on his armor in no time at all. He'll love it and you.

I am scared to death of boys and of the sleek, smooth, popular girls at school. I am liked by my own little crowd of un-spectacular females, but I think I could get on with the guys and the slick chicks if I weren't so scared. Can you help me?

K., H. B., St. Louis, Mo.

You can help yourself, H. B. You've got yourself an inferiority complex over something; now what is it? Your clothes? Your looks? Your line? Polish up that minus quantity and then launch your campaign. Ease yourself out of that group of seeming sad sacks and lone wolf it for a while. Speak to the kids you're so afraid of. They'll talk back! Remember that your shyness may be troublesome as a toothache, but it's just as invisible. No one needs to know about it but you. So put on a gay front. Go where the smoothies go. Do what they do. Alone at first. After a while, with the crowd. Wait 'n see!

A married man in our office occasionally asks me to dinner. Up to now I've declined, but I can't really see what harm there'd be.

K. S., Lansing, Michigan.

It just isn't good business, K. S. Why even give yourself a chance to be attracted to a man who's all sewn up? Not only that, someone might see you and tell his wife. It could be very messy. If you're wise, you'll keep right on saying no.

Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!
friend, but that’s got nothing to do with a.
As he explains: "Some men are born
with signatures, some achieve signatures,
and some have signatures thrust upon 'em.
line are thrust—"
When either has a broadcast to do, the
guest is nowhere. "Only it doesn't balance,"
says Keenan. "At Van's broadcasts, they
all over him. At my broadcasts, they
all over him—"
When they're through with Van, they
sit speculative eyes at Keenan. "Who's
Van Johnson's best friend—"
"Well, I might as well get him, too—"
Since "Without Love" and "The Clock,"
ey know who he is. But the bobby-
casters still call him Keenan-Wynn-Van-
ohnson's-best-friend. The boys will pull up
outside a restaurant, and the kids will start
rummaging all over the car—
"I saw you the front page, Mr. John-
son—Me too, Mr. Johnson. Will you sign
the front page?"
just a friend of yours . . ."
Van signs. Keenan picks up a magazine.
on the Johnson-Johnson chorus is
laid with murmurs of "Van Johnson's
first friend." Van grins, prepared to relish
that's coming. Keenan reads till a book
des between his eyes and the page—
"Please can I have your autograph, Mr.
Wynn?" He turns to the page after Van's.
Oh no, Mr. Wynn, you sign in the mid-
"In the middle hub? With the rest of
the walk-ous, huh?—Honey, I've got news
for you. I do wanna be in your book—"
Van kicks him in the shins, but the kid
can't get Van's help. She beams trust-
fully at Keenan. "I read all about your
friend, Mr. Wynn. Gee, I'm glad you're
better—"
Feeling like a louse, he leafs the book
at Johnson and Sinatra, Perry Como

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last Christmas I went to the Capitol Theater in New York. The stage show was called "Honey, I've Got News for You." I didn't think much of it until I heard the name of the stars. It was Mr. Holtz, who not only amused us with his clever comedy, but also introduced a couple of new starlets who were just beginning their movie careers. The first girl was a tiny, blonde, who wore a black velvet jumper with a white satin blouse. She was a bit nervous, so put her at her ease, Mr. Holtz started to tease her. He soon had her so convinced with laughter that she couldn't help herself. My friend thought she lacked the necessary polish and sophistication, but I was captivated by her charm and naturalness, which are rare qualities. Then she sang, "What Do You Think I Am, Just A Baby?" and won me over completely. I bet my friend that we could see her in lights . . . a few months later at that very same theater had on its marquee the name "June Allyson."

Lorraine Reich
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dearly-desired Kisses

Q. How do some girls attract kisses?
A. Their skin is like satin—so smooth.
Q. Just my luck—I have dry skin.
A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream is just made to help you.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Fills your skin's daily beauty-needs fully—like a "treatment." For all types of skin. Ward off threats of dry skin. How simple! Just use Jergens Face Cream—but regularly—

1. for Cleansing 2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation 4. as a Night Cream

Thrilling—how dry-skin lines smooth away. This is a skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.25 a jar (plus tax). Plenty of other girls thank Jergens Face Cream for inviting-smooth skin. Use this new cream, yourself. The only cream you need.

JERGENS
FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
F/BS. expressed FIBS, remember: special smoothly cotton ing FIRST, FIBS up Next you'll quasi-fied-have particles to comfort. an those can to. tampon It's for Rea. Of time, cars, Van told Wynn's. For I of the theater—told the names—of Andy Russell, till he gets to Walter Huston and Fredric March and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the middle. Then his eyes pop. He stick the page under Van's lose—

"To Carol," it says, "When you grow up tall and beautiful, come back and see me. John Barrymore."

Van's voice is hushed. "Golly, I never knew he signed things—"

"Young lady," says Keenan, "do you realize what you've got here?"

"What?—Oh—Mr. Barrymore. Gee, he was funny, wasn't he?—What a funny old guy—You can sign on the back of him if you want—"

Van's afraid to meet Keenan's eyes. On the back of Mr. Barrymore, Keenan writes: "To Carol. With reverence. From Van Johnson's best friend."

**greasepaint baby**...

For the prologue to this friendship, go back to 1940 in New York. Van was in "Too Many Girls," produced by George Abbott. Keenan was about to be starred in Abbott's "Whitehaired Boy." They reached the stage by totally different routes. Van was the one who'd pushed his way in from outside, the smalltown kid to whom greasepaint spelled glamor. As Ed Wynn's son, Keenan took greasepaint for granted. While Van wallowed in movies—the only contact he had with his dreamworld—Keenan grew up among people whose very names would have struck Van dumb. To Keenan, they were just people, and the theater was something his father worked in. His own passion was for racing-cars, boats and planes. Not till he'd reached his twenties did the stage-bug bite him.

By 1940, Van had grabbed himself a toehold on Broadway, and among the younger set Keenan Wynn was a legend. His gaiety, talent and friendliness, the way he told stories, the things he knew about the theater—

Van was going with Judy Abbott, then, first in a long line of Johnson heroines, and Judy was going to Boston with the show, "White-haired Boy." "I'll see you off," said Van. "I wanna meet this guy—"

About two minutes before train time, a small twister spun down the platform and dissolved into Evie, a couple of redcaps, and Keenan in a trench coat. "Hi, Keenan," called Judy, as Evie dealt with the redcaps. "I'd like you to meet Van John—"

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

About five years ago, a local boy was playing a vaudeville house in his home town, Paterson, N.J. Few people had heard of him at the time, including myself. I was a newsboy who every night went backstage to sell my papers to the stage hands and occasionally to the actors. This particular evening one of the actors asked for two papers. Instead of giving me the dime they cost, he accidentally gave me a penny. I expressed myself in the vernacular of the newsboy by asking, "What are you supposed to be, a comedian?"

Needless to say, Lou Costello is one of the country's finest along those lines.

Ross S. Wharton A/C, AC
Big Spring, Texas

---

**WASH HOISERY, LINGERIE IN A JIFFY**

**bouffont**

Fifteen to twenty economical washings for hosiery, lingerie, sweaters, all fine fabrics. Softens water, penetrates thoroughly, floats out soil, leaving garments fresh, clean, delicately scented. At department stores and beauty shops.

FREE—Complimentary pocket to do 12 pairs hose. Send postcard request to Dept. MS-11, The Williams Co., Kokomo, Ind.

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**Shampoo Without Water**

**THIS NEW DRY WAY TAKES ONLY 10 MINUTES**

*QUICK—No soap, no rinsing, no drying with Minipoo.*
*EFFICIENT—cleanses the hair of dirt, grime, oil and odor.*
*BEAUTIFYING—enhances wave, leaves hair soft, lovely.*
*SAFE—Minipoo is safe in all weather, ideal for sick room.*

30 Shampoos with itching applicator 10c

**MINIPOO DRY SHAMPOO POWDER**

**COSMETIC DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.**
I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was the third in-
aguration of Presi-
dent Roosevelt.

Two weeks before the
inauguration, the
street was lined
from the Capitol to
the White House
with throngs of
people, many of
whom were
members of the
press. The streets
were filled with
motorcars, and
the air was filled
with the sound of
drums and news-
papers. The whole
scene was a grand
spectacle.

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many of whom were
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the air was filled
with the sound of
drums and news-
papers. The whole
scene was a grand
spectacle.
"If this is dreaming, never wake me up! You’re home to my waiting heart... and the rapture of this hour will live forever in the beauty of my Keepsake, the most treasured of all diamond rings."

Traditional high quality and value are assured by the name "Keepsake" in the ring, the nationally established price on the tag, and the Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee. At your Keepsake Jeweler’s, from $100 to $3500.

I saw it happen—at a celebration being held in Laredo, Texas, in February of 1943.

Gene Autry was riding his famous horse in the parade, and the whole population of Laredo was waiting anxiously to see their favorite cowboy. Finally the parade came by. I failed to get a good snapshot of Gene Autry, so I ran with a gang of small children to the block where the parade broke up. An army jeep was waiting to take Gene back to the field while crowds of boys and girls "fenced him in." I pushed up close for a good front view snap when a girl of about twelve years pushed an autograph book in front of Mr. Autry and asked him to sign. She looked right into her eyes and grabbed her hand with both of his and said, "Honey, if I start that I’m sunk; let’s just shake hands." She blushed and smiled while he shook her hand.

And I knew that Gene Autry was still that little girl’s favorite movie star—for he had given her an even more personal autograph then she had asked for.

MRS. R. A. BRIGHAM
HARBINGER, TEXAS
If the Wynns plan to eat out, they'll say: "You coming?" Or Van'll call up. "We're running a picture at the studio tonight. Let's eat early."

Not long ago the four of them, including Neddy, spent two weeks at Arrowhead in a housekeeping cottage. Van got up in the morning and squeezed oranges. Keenan set the table. Evie cooked the eggs, but Keenan cleared—he's the weak sister on KP—Van washed. Evie dried. Before they left, Van cleaned the house as it never was cleaned before, with Keenan an admiring audience of one. He wouldn't even get up to fetch a dustpan. "I'd love to, Van, but an artist's work is his own—"

Every now and then Van decides to cut down on the calories, and that'll be the night they've got baba au rhum for dessert. Van eyes it longingly. "Guess I'll have an apple—"

"The star's on a diet," snorts Evie and gets him an apple. Keenan licks his chops over every separate crumb of the baba au rhum. Next day Van appears with a pair of alligator shoes for Evie—on his own coupon yet. That's his way of saying, "Excuse me for being a star—"

Because Keenan's wild for motorbikes, Van bought one too, and loathed every minute he was on it. Any garment either owns and the other takes a fancy to, he swipes. That's why they're always trying to reform each other's clothes habits. Van wears white shirts and black knitted ties. Keenan wears blue shirts and many-colored ties. Van wears cuffless pants—"A guy named sloppy Joe," sneers Keenan.

"At least I can call my pants my own—" Or Van starts it. "Why don't you wear white shirts and look neat?"

"Aha. His laundry's late again—By the way, I tried on your new coat and it hangs on me—"

"Well, remind me to have my shoulders sliced down—"

Eavesdrop on them, and they'll be doing one of two things—heckling each other or talking shop. Anything's good for a rib. For instance Van's wild on horses and dogs. He'll be driving along and jumplgo the brakes. "Ow! Lookit the horse!"

"So what? So it got four legs—"

Van smiles at the horse. "Golly, he's beautiful!"

When the vegetables come on at dinner that night, Keenan leaps to his feet. "Ow! Lookit the string bean!"

Van examines it and shakes his head. "No legs—"

Evie thinks they're both crazy.

Learning from the master...

Keenan went to China for three months to entertain the troops and brought back a lot of stuff that looked great in China, but not so good when he got it home. His wife and friend rode him for weeks. "Where can I bury this?" Evie would inquire.

"Back in Newark," said Van, "where it came from in the first place."

Then what does he do but tramp to Mexico and come back with even worse junk. "Serapis, huh?" gloated Keenan. "Whadda we do, drape the piano in 'em? Took us twenty-five years to get rid of the Spanish shawl!"

On the other hand, they'll spend hours in earnest pow-wows on the subject of acting. To both, it's an endlessly exciting theme. In Van's eyes—and he's right—and the only one—no young character actor today can beat Keenan for talent and versatility. His respect and admiration for Keenan's professional qualities have nothing to do with their friendship. Keenan's the author, and Van gratefully absorbs all he has to offer. Yet even Keenan can be wrong.

---

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The House of RITZ

127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 2, Ill., Dept. M-G

One night Van fairly exploded into the house. "Got a chance to play '30 Seconds over Tokyo'—"

You've gathered by now that they're honest with each other. Brutally honest, when it comes to their work. "Are you kidding?" asked Keenan.

"You don't think I can do it—"

"I think you'd stink. You're definitely not ready for something like that. It should be a guy like Bob Young—a sea

soned actor—"

a guy can be wrong . . .

Van was given no choice, so whether he'd have turned it down on Keenan's say-so is an academic question. After the preview, Keenan groaned, rocked his head in his hands. "Boy, did I call a wrong number!"

Naturally, Van was pleased, though he never says much and especially not about his work, any how. Only now, when Keen

an says, "You don't want to do that," Van murmurs absently, "Just a second, just a second, just a second—"

"Okay, I get it, you don't have to count up to thirty—"

The first picture they played in together was 'Between Two Women.' Keenan was against it. "Oh, come on," Van nagged. "I have to be in it." When they saw it together at the studio, Keenan shuddered convulsively. "I couldn't have unlearned that much about acting in a month—"

Still he insisted on seeing it again in a theater. "What for?" Van demanded, knowing his customer.

"Never mind what for. I gave that thing the ten best days of my life. Now I'm gonna get 'em back—"

Under Keenan's influence, Van's less shy than he used to be. Which is lucky for him. Because, with his first appearance on the screen, Keenan gave a shrill whistle, then piped loud and clear: "How, Van Johnson! Any Fancy meeting you held, and when his own flash gone on, he rose, clapped, announced, 'That's me, you know,' and bowed graciously right and left.

They were working in another picture together when Keenan and his motorbike crossed . . .

death takes a holiday . . .

By an almost eerie duplication of cir

cumstance, each of these two has looked death in the face twice—once for Jillete, once for his friend. They don't talk about it, their friendship isn't expressed in senti

I SAW IT HAPPEN

That young singer, Gloria Jean, ap

A Rr in Boston, Mass., at the R.K.O. theater last December. Since it was very near Christmas, Miss Jean told the audience she would sing Christmas hymns.

After finishing "Silent Night," "The First Noel," and "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," Gloria Jean announced that seeing a number of young children were pres

ent, she would sing a song especially for them.

The young star started to sing "Santa Claus is Coming To Town." She wasn't half way through with the song when a child of about ten turned to its mother and cried, "Mummy, does she still believe in Santa Claus?"

Louise Joyal

West Warwick, R. I.
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HINDS for Hands

Have Fun... Hear "Blind Date"... Friday Nights... American Broadcasting Network
control. His mind functioned clearly. Till Whitley and the ambulance came, his job was to move between wife and friend with reassurance and comfort. He kept a mental door pressed hard against his emotions, and he was only dimly aware of the pushing crowd.

Till an unbelievable thing happened. As he bent over Van, a woman came up. "The kind of busy littleghoul," he said later in a bitter one-line description, "who holds her children up at lynchings." She looked Van over, prodded him with her foot and said: "He’s dead—"

emotional release . . .

Keenan straightened. All his pent up anguish broke in a flood of blistering language over the lady, and we don’t mean lady. He spoke not loud, but with a leashed intensity, and every picturesque word hit its mark. Under his blazing eyes, the crowd drew back. He saw gas running out of the overturned tank, and a man leaning cosily against it, smoking—taking in the show from a ringside seat, as it were. Keenan walked steadily over and quietly smashed the cigar from his mouth.

But they weren’t all like that. Two wonderful women who lived in the corner house came out with blankets and pillows. One was a nurse. She made Evie more comfortable. She said not to move Van. They both stood by till the ambulance clanged up.

Whitley had phoned Dr. William Branch to meet them at the hospital. By the time they got there, Keenan thought Van was dead. A nurse came to him in the waiting room. Evie wasn’t badly hurt. Glass in her back and shock, but she could go home in a couple of days. Dr. Branch was operating on Van.

Eternities passed, and Dr. Branch finally came in. He shot Keenan a quick look, and took a little square box from his pocket. "See what somebody gave me—" It held a pair of cuff links. What the hell did Keenan care about his cuffs links? Why the hell didn’t he say something about Van—? Dr. Branch answered the unspoken question. "Thought I’d give you a minute to get a grip on yourself. You know you brought a dead man in here, don’t you?" Keenan eyed him dumbly. "There are six quarts of blood in the human body. If you lose more than two, you generally die.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Joan Crawford was working on location at Pismo Beach some time ago, I was to interview her.

I had a very pleasant interview and came to the conclusion that Joan was not only a very wonderful actress but a very grand and lovable woman of stage too. She laughed and talked with everyone and signed autographs by the thousands.

While going to the set one morning she noticed a little girl going to school carrying a violin with papers wrapped around it. She stopped and picked the girl up and asked her name, etc., and found out that the little girl couldn’t afford a case. As soon as she got back to Hollywood she sent her a beautiful hand-made violin case.

Jacqueline Bethune, Los Angeles, Calif.
You're friend lost three... but he's got more guts than the average. He may pull through. It'll be a week or so before we're sure—"

"Can I see him?" croaked Keenan.
"They're giving him a transfusion. Then you can go in. But don't stay more than a minute—"

Keenan approached the bandaged face on the pillow. "Well, kid, I'll see you tommorrow and bring you some stuff down—"
The uncovered eye looked up, but he couldn't read it. He didn't even know whether Van had heard.

On the way down next morning he remembered that Van was bugs on toilet water, so he stopped off at Saks and bought the biggest bottle he could find. For one minute the nurse had left her patient unguarded, and that was the minute of Keenan's arrival. "Walk in breeze," he'd been telling himself, "Act like nothing's happened."
"He dropped his load on the chair, banged his bottle on the table, filled the room with all kinds of hearty sounds—and met Van's eye. This time there was no mistaking its indignant message—

"Pipe down, willya? What's all the racket about? Doncha know I'm in bad shape, ya big baboon?"

Thank god, he'll live...

Keenan subsided, but with an effort. That look had rolled a weight off his heart. He wanted to turn double backflips and yell his lungs out. The doctor had said a week, but somehow he knew right then that Van would get well.

And of course he did, though it was a slow process. A month at the hospital, eight weeks at the Wynn's. In bed at first, then under a shade-tree in the garden, with Neddy stealing out to see how his "best friend" felt.

"Home," grinned Van, "is where, when you come, they can't kick you out—"

"Right," agreed Keenan, who for once had no comeback.

Last April a second son was born to the Wynn's. Evie was due home from the hospital. Keenan and Van had the day off from the studio. After breakfasting with a friend, they left to put a few finishing touches to the nursery. Keenan was on his motorcycle, Van followed in the car.

As Keenan bowled along Sunset, a woman made a U-turn without giving the signal. The bike hit the side of her car.

By the time Van got there, Connie Moore, whose house was close by, had phoned for an ambulance and taken over. He stood

---

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No belts to bind or pads to chafe—with Meds modern internal protection! "Next time", ask for Meds to assure the extra comfort of Meds' shorter length and the extra protection of Meds' "SAFETY-WELL"!

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
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- Meds' easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

"For comfortable monthly protection, I SUGGEST MEDS!"

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- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
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- Meds' easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

looking down at Keenan's shattered face, as one night Keenan had looked down at his. For a moment, his head reeled. For a moment Keenan was himself, and he was Keenan, kneeling down, white and strained, whispering, "Your face is fine. You don't have to worry about your face at all—"

But Van couldn't do even that much for his friend. Keenan was past hearing or caring.

Connie went to the house to wait for Evie. The ambulance carrying Keenan and Van to the hospital passed the one that was taking Evie home. At the hospital they said "He may live out the night. Better send for his father—"

All night you could have seen Van pacing the hall, but he wasn't really there. He was inside that quiet room with Keenan, leaning over the bed, pleading, urging, praying, every nerve to make him live. In the morning he called Evie. Connie had told her it was just a little lump. For five minutes he sat there, building an edifice of dove-tailed lies and when he got through, the sweat was rolling off him.

Then he phoned the studio. They'd simply have to call off the picture for a couple of days. He was going out. Not till Keenan's father arrived did he feel able to go back to work. When he saw Ed Wynn in Keenan's room, just sitting motionless and watching, watching, watching, never moving his eyes from his son, sort of helping him breathe, Van knew that the job had been taken over by an expert.
I SAW IT HAPPEN

Although I now have a fine batch of signatures, my collection of movie stars' autographs almost met with disaster before it started. Armed with a fountain pen and a brand new autograph album, I had just caught Bob Hope as he was boarding a westbound train for Hollywood. The train was already moving as I passed him the album and pen, and I ran alongside. I tripped over a bag on the train platform and by the time I had gotten to my feet the train had gained speed and Bob Hope, my autograph album, and my pen were gone. I had almost forgotten about the incident when a week later the mailman delivered a small package with a Hollywood postmark. Not only had Bob Hope sent back my fountain pen and my autograph album, but the autograph album which had been blank when I handed it to him was now filled with movie stars' autographs.

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TALES OF THE HOLLYWOODS

• One of my favorite characters is Gregory Ratoff, and he is also a favorite with the nation, for whenever "Information Please" wants to make certain of a few laughs, they invite Gregory to be a guest. Of the various Ratoff yarns, my choice goes to the story of his discussion with his writer, Lou Breslow, about Darryl Zanuck.

"I know there are people who aren't faithful to Darryl," said Ratoff, "but me, I know that I owe everything to Zanuck. If it wasn't for him, I would be a bum. He gave me the chance to become a director when no one would give me a job. I owe everything to Zanuck. The food I'm eating, the clothes I'm wearing, the chair I'm sitting in."

"It's very nice to hear such appreciation," said Breslow, "but I don't believe you would have been a bum. If Zanuck hadn't given you your opportunity to become a director, I think you would have become an agent."

Ratoff smiled. "That's correct. I would have been an agent. The best and biggest agent in town. I'd have my own business and I'd have made over a million dollars. What did I need Zanuck for?"
merely allowed to stand up there and twist her mouth into the appropriate shapes, while a record of her voice is played offstage. Sort of like keeping Gunder Haag standing at the starting line while somebody runs off a moving picture for the people in the grandstand. “Television workers put up with terrific heat,” Betty Jane said. “Much worse than the Hollywood Klieg lights. And the makeup has to be very dark.” She says, too, that Jo Stafford is her favorite singer. Jo seems to be the vocalist’s vocalist. She’s even Billie Holiday’s choice! Most of them think Jo sings with a lot of heart. Getting back to Betty Jane, her “Ho-Hum,” which heads this little piece, is due out shortly. It’s got a Russell Case background, and Miss Bonney at her best.

IF I HAD YOU—Judy Garland and the Merry Macs. (Decca)—Thought perhaps you’d like a few facts about the Merry Macs. They’re currently on the Hall of Fame show (Paul Whiteman, Georgia Gibbs). Only Judy and Ted McMichael remain of the original group. They’ve adopted Lynn Allen as a brother in place of young Joe McMichael who was killed in action last year. Virginia Rees, with them now, is the fifth feminine member so far. Every time a good one comes along, she either marries or gets a Hollywood contract! Virginia’s already had her taste of movies. She’s voice-doubled for Lana Turner and Lucille Ball. Every time they open their mouths, the sound tracks put Virginia in ’em, so to speak. To sing, of course. On this record, the Macs and Judy Garland are accompanied by Lynn Murray’s orchestra. It’s a good job.

TILL THE END OF TIME—Perry Como (Victor).—This is the tune based on the Chopin Polonaise. (The one Cornell Wilde composed in “A Song To Remember.”) The record should be big, because people are suddenly very Chopin-Wilde conscious. The orchestra backing up Perry Como is that of Russell Case. Always a big name with musicians, Russell has given that up to be a conductor. He has big plans, may turn out to be the Dave Rose of 1946. We had lunch together, just before he left for the Coast to do some arranging and conducting for Dinah Shore. “You can no longer assume that the radio public has the IQ of an eight-year-old child,” he said, talking of the trend in radio music. (Note to people who assume that the radio public has the IQ of an eight-year-old child: Cut it out!) “People like Dave Rose and Axel Stordahl (Frankie’s manager),” he went on, “are pioneering—stirring pub-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My father was driving the Savoy Plaza when he got a flat tire, and had to pull over to the curb in front of a taxi. The cab driver started yelling and shouting, at which point the hotel doorman opened the cab door and a lovely young girl stepped out. To cheer her, my father said, “Tough luck. Must be a jinx.” “What did you say?” the girl asked. “It’s a jinx,” repeated my father, “How did you know my name?” asked the amazing girl. She was none other than Jinx Falkenburg!

Bert Weiner
Bronx, New York

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lic interest in more intelligent radio fare." They've really got a good case lined up. And speaking of good Cases—Russell was discovered in Davenport, Iowa, by veteran sax man Frankie Trumbauer. Frankie brought him to New York, where he got a job with Benny Goodman's first band at Billy Rose's Music Hall. After that, he worked with Hal Kemp for a while. Since, he's done radio jobs with Kostelanetz, Whiteman, Rubinf−• everyboy. He's been the busiest man in the business, playing trumpet twenty-three hours a day. You can see his name on the labels of all recent records by Como, Betty Jean Bonney and others.

Hot...

TAPS MILLER—Count Basie—(Colum-
bia)—An instrumental jump tune named for a friend of Count Basie's—a tap dancer who just returned from entertaining troops in the CBI theater. Incidentally, the Count's "One O'Clock Jump" was featured at a jam session by an all-Negro USO unit which General Eisenhower picked to entertain Marshal Zhukov and other high Red Army officials. There's even been talk of having the State Department arrange for Basie to do a good−−will tour of the Soviet Union. He may be the first Count in Russia since the Revolution!

LONESOME LOVER BLUES—Billy Eckstine (National)—Up until recently, Billy Eckstine's been known strictly as a vocalist—a rare one. This record has him playing on valve trombone, though, as well as taking a vocal in his fine, sleepy voice. It's nice, too. I don't think any other bandleader plays valve trombone; it's a very difficult instrument. Billy himself got so nervous when the session began, he had to be strongly urged to go ahead. Platter also features Dexter Gordon on tenor sax.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I knew his face looked familiar the moment we started talking, but it wasn't until our conversation neared an end that I fully realized who he was.

The Fifth Avenue bus was crowded and an Army Private and I were sharing the same strap. It was only a few weeks after my release from the Army, and my discharge button caught the eye of the soldier standing beside me.

"What outfit were you with?" he asked, I replied, and we began chatting back and forth as two Army men will. I wondered why the people around us became so interested in our conversation, until a buzz travelled through the bus as word that a movie star was aboard passed on.

I became so engrossed in our conversation that I almost passed my stop, and as I quickly began edging my way through the crowded toward the door the soldier called out "Oh by the way, my name's Red Skelton, you absent-mindedly called back "Mine is Jerry Chertoff." As I stepped off the bus I stopped dead in my tracks with the sudden realization of whom I had been talking with, but when I turned around the bus was pulling out of sight, and I hadn't even an autograph to show for the encounter.

Jerome J. Chertoff
Long Beach, L. I.

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$5.50, plus tax, at beauty shops and cosmetic counters.
COQUETTE ("Chicken Croquette")—
Spirits of Rhythm (Black and White)—A
parody on an old Irving Berlin song, and
I have to admit I wrote it myself, and
accompanied the Spirits of Rhythm at the
piano. The Spirits feature Teddy Bunn,
vocal and guitar; Leo Watson, scat vocal;
Ulysses Livingstone, guitar; George Vanh,
drums; Red Callender, bass. Leo Watson is
probably the most colorful of the bunch.
Fortunately. More colorful than Leo, it
isn't safe to be. He's a completely mad guy,
with a wild and wonderful talent. He
coined the word zoot, and once he was
removed bodily from a night club when he
refused to stop in the middle of what he
considered to be a splendid drum solo
by himself. The fact that it had been going on
for more than an hour seemed unimportant,
when he had the beat going so good. You
shouldn't miss this Leo. There'll never be
another.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE—Tommy Dorsey
(Victor)—Re-issue of a record Tommy
made in 1938, featuring Howard Smith on
piano. Label is fascinating because so
many of the boys have since become band-
leaders themselves. Charlie Spivak, for
one. Trumpet Lee Castaldo (now known as
Lee Castle) and trombone Moe Zude-
koff (now known as Buddy Morrow) for
two more. If you go around asking what's
in a name, you're likely to find out.

YOU CAME ALONG FROM OUT OF
NOWHERE—Don Byas (Jamboree).
This is my personal favorite of all the
records on this tune. It features Don
Byas' all-star quintet, with Don himself
playing splendid tenor sax; Johnny Guarn-
ieri, piano; Donzil Best, drums; Eddie
Safrenski, bass; and Basie alumnus Sgt.
Buck Clayton, trumpet.

I SURRENDER, DEAR—Charlie Ven-
turo (Sunset)—Another tenor sax record
featuring Gene Krupa's swell Charlie Ven-
turo. Krupa told me that when the band
goes overseas in October, Charlie (who
can't go because he didn't pass the phy-
sical) may start a band of his own. Gene
also told me how happy he was to have
Anita O'Day back with the gang.

A SUITE IN FOUR COMFORTABLE
QUARTERS—Burley-Feather (Continental)—
Subtitle to this is: Bedroom, Living
Room, Kitchen and Bath. Part one is the
Bedroom Blues; part two, the Living Room
Romp. Dan Byrle and I wrote it, and
we play piano on it, with Tiny Grimes on
guitar; Morey Feld, drums; Jack Lesberg,
bass. Dan's a journalist, principally, and
a pianist on the side. He's theatrical and
shorts editor of the New York Amsterdam
News—a big Harlem weekly paper. He's
the world's foremost authority on jive talk.
He wrote Dan Byrle's Original
Handbook of Harlem Jive, and it's one of
the most readable books. If you
want to know where to get it, drop
me a line. In addition to all that, he spent
five years playing for rent parties in
Chicago, along with such characters as
Pinetop Smith and Albert Ammons.
"For all you could eat and drink plus all
you could get out of the kitty." He plays
good boogie-woogie piano. Tiny Grimes
was formerly with the Art Tatum trio;
Morey Feld is Benny Goodman's drummer.
By the way, my playing on this ought to
prove any similarity between me and Eddy
Duchin is purely fictitious. Despite A's
editorial note in the September issue.
After all, an editor's only a writer gone
berserk, and he didn't have to fill his column.

Albums . . .
SONGS OF LOVE—Frankie Connors
(Sonora)—Here's some sentimental stuff,
SWEATERS...SOFT...FLUFFY AS A KITTEN!

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Woolens — sweaters, blankets, baby things, deserve WOOLFOAM’S gentle care. Made for washing woolens only, it keeps them soft and fluffy — really clean! Colors remain bright; delicate fibres stay alive. Contains no soap, oil or fat.

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RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR
ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL—Bing Crosby and Andrews Sisters (Decca), Gene Krupa (Columbia)
DON’T FORGET TONIGHT TONIGHT—Frank Sinatra and The Rat Pack (Columbia)
FIFTEEN YEARS—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)
HOO-HUM—Betty Jane Bonney (Victor)
IF I HAD YOU—Judith Garland and The Merry Maes (Decca)
JUMP IT, MR. TRUMPET—Lee Castle (Muscocraft)
JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Woody Herman (Columbia)
LILY BELLE—Pied Pipers and Paul Weston Orch. (Capitol), Freddy Martin (Victor)
LOVE LETTERS—Dick Haymes (Decca)
TILL THE END OF TIME—Perry Como (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ
COUNT BASIE—Taps Miller (Columbia)
DON BYAS—From Out Of Nowhere (Jamboree)
KING COLE TRIO—I’m A Shy Guy (Capitol)
TOMMY DORSEY—That’s It (Victor)
TOMMY DORSEY—Boogie Woogie (Victor)
BILLY EckSTINE—Lonelomades (National)
WOODY HERMAN—Northwest Passage (Columbia)
OSCAR MOORE—Fugue in C Major (Atlas)
SPIRITS OF RHYTHM—Coquette (“Chicken Croquette”) (Black and White)
CHARLIE VENTURO—I Surrender, Dear (Sunset)

BEST ALBUMS
BOOGIE-WOOGIE—Freddy Slack (Capitol)
CAROUSEL—featuring members of original cast (Decca)
KOSTELANETZ CONDUCTS—an album of popular tunes (Columbia)
ROSENKALIER (Richard Strauss)—Eugene Goossens and Cincinnati Sympho-Victor
dinah Shore—Gershwin Show Hits (Victor)
Charlie Spivak—Porgy and Bess (Victor)
SONGS OF LOVE—Frankie Connors (Sonora)
STEVEN FOSTER FAVORITES—Sammy Kaye (Victor)
STRICLY G. I. SONGS—Sgt. Hy Zaref (Ach)
TRISTAN UND ISOLDE—Leon Thraubel—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)
"I hope the agent said that you're through at Warners," said Pat briskly, "because if you are, you'll be able to make a deal somewhere else where you'll give parts that you can get your teeth into."

They looked at each other and slowly drew together, clinging to one another. "It's all right," said Pat. "It's really all right."

"Only because I had the luck to marry you," said her husband. They were quiet for a few moments. Outside, the rain came down in the Niagara of an angry California winter; inside, the roof was beginning to leak in a dozen places. There was a wide pan under one of the central lighting fixtures into which the drops pinged steadily.

Finally, Cornel said, "Well, shall we go anyway?" They had planned to spend the holidays in Palm Springs, even though they were almost broke. For that reason, Pat had done no marketing, had bought no Christmas tree.

"Let's go," said Pat, wagging a determined head. "Let's go—regardless! Almost anything will be better than mildewing here for a week."
	here's always new york . . .

So they hopped into their weary car and trundled down the highway. The top of their car leaked, but not badly, and anything was better than remaining during the holidays in that house for which they had never cared. Its only advantage had been the cheap rent.

Pat asked suddenly, "How long will we be able to get by . . . of course, you'll get another contract at once. But just in case we have to hold out for a little better deal, or in case two studios dicker for your time . . . how much do we have?"

"About three weeks' worth," said Cornel grimly. He added, "Don't you worry. Somehow . . . well, we can always go back to New York . . ."

"We've been through worse," said Pat.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were riding through New Haven, Conn., one summer day and as we approached the Yale University buildings, which at that time were housing servicemen of the Army Air Corps, I noticed the men marching for refreshments on the New Haven Green. It looked very impressive and I wanted to get a closer view. We left the car and walked closer, glancing casually at the people who were beginning to assemble. In doing so, my eyes came to rest on the face of a serviceman who was standing nearby. He looked vaguely familiar. I lightly touched the sleeve of the soldier standing next to me and asked: "Say, isn't that a movie star over there?"

"No, of course not," the soldier answered, laughingly, "That big ham—sure, it's my pal, Broderick Crawford."

There I was gazing into the twinkling eyes of Tony Martin, who had been one of my favorites for years. He spoke to us a while longer and then left to meet Brod. Really, he was so nice!

Boni Barbara
Fresno, Calif.

OOh! DOMESTIC CRISIS!

Sue was furious at Tom for the way he'd been treating her. But she was really to blame! She should have known better, for she was no stranger to feminine hygiene. It was just that she had become negligent! Her doctor straightened her out. "It's foolish to risk your marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene—even once!" he said. Then he advised her to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.

AH! DOMESTIC BLISS!

Heavenly is the word for Sue and Tom's home life now! Wise Sue immediately took her doctor's advice. Always, she uses Lysol for douching... knows for herself how thoroughly this proved germ-killer cleanses, yet how gently! Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "What's more," says Sue, "it's easy to use— economical, too!"

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Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douches thoroughly with correct Lysol solution... always! Powerful cleanser— Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control... far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic— Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. Most women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lohn & Flink, 883 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol
always!
D’you remember the time you were fencing..."

During the early days of their marriage, in 1938, Cornel had found the leading man market glutted, so he had been booked into a night club with another expert swordsman. They put on a duel. They wore conventional fencing outfits, including masks. A singularly inspired night club owner said one night, “The customers would get much more of a kick out of your act if they thought somebody might get hurt. How about leaving off those masks?”

danger doubles the take...

Said Cornel's friendly antagonist, “That’s a swell way for a man to lose an eye, or to take a gash across his face that would mark him for life. And if an unlucky thrust should hit the carotid artery—that’s all, brother.”

The night club owner placidly chewed his cigar. “Well, that’s swell,” he said. “We’ll do it without masks and book it for thrills. Ought to double our take.”

Business is business, no?

Cornel didn’t tell Pat. He and his partner discussed their exhibition, agreed on the precautions they would take; they would make it look good, but each would protect the other. In case one slipped on the waxed floor, in case a shifting of lights threw an aim out of line, in case a drunk decided to trip up somebody... those were things on which no one could count. Every night Cornel and his partner put on a desperate show—more desperate than most of the cash customers realized. Afterward, their skin might lose, their文档错误无从查证。
floor. Because of the strong lights, Cornel didn't see her. He went through the frightening duel with his usual gusto, his usual determination to give a good show.

Somehow, Pat kept from fainting. The next morning she said, "No more of that. I'd rather starve with a handsome husband than live in sables with a lacerated one. You owe it to me to spare me that worry!"

So he quit.

"We thought we'd starve then, but we didn't," chirped Pat. "We won't now."

A usual pair like the Wildes—considering that they had been on rather a nice salary for six months—would normally have accumulated some financial padding in the form of a bank account. However, they had come West deeply in debt, and Cornel had refused to spend one penny in excess of minimum living expenses, or to save anything until those obligations were satisfied. Each week the greater portion of his pay check had gone East to liquidate the liabilities, to justify the immense confidence his friends had shown him.

So... they could eat for three weeks. And by that time, Pat insisted blithely, Cornel would have a fancy new contract. But all this optimistic talk did not stop the rain on the roof and Palm Springs. Down came the dew until there was weather running all over the landscape. "We'll have moss growing on our north side by the time we reach the hotel," Cornel predicted.

Once in Palm Springs, they called the friends with whom they were to spend Christmas Eve. Politely, they tried to beg out of the invitation, but the friends refused to listen. Pat and Cornel were ordered over at once, no argument.

So, putting on a holiday air they were far from feeling, they sloshed to the party. Here, a maid was serving Tom 'n Jerries. Neither Cornel nor Pat felt much like a drink, but they decided that they would be more Christmas-like behind a happy mug—even if it were only corkerry.

Cornel lifted his cup, bent on taking a big gulp. And there, floating merrily on the foam was a very large, senselessly dead FLY. Pat caught sight of the airborne casualty and barely stifled a cry.

fly in the ointment . . .

Cornel said, "Well, that caps the climax. That dead fly on the flowing bowl is as pretty a symbol as you could want to

---

**Sholksy's TALES OF THE HOLLYWOODS**

- There have been many tales told about Greta Garbo, but my special about Gee Gee was told to me by S. N. Behrman, who has written many Garbo pictures, and is a man who would not tell a falsehood.

On this particular occasion, Behrman was working at Metro on a scenario for Gee Gee. One afternoon, Behrman walked into the room marked "Men" on the first floor of the Administration Building at Metro and was, to put it mildly, shocked to see Garbo standing there, looking out of the window.

Quickly recovering, the only thing the surprised Behrman could say was, "What are you doing here?"

"I enjoy the view here," answered Gee Gee.

---

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describe this Christmas.

Later that night, Cornel gave Pat a bottle of perfume—his lone gift. "Darling," Pat said, her eyes luminous, "you shouldn't have... but it's wonderful. The night you sign your new contract, I'll... well, I'll bathe in it."

Pat gave Cornel a beige cashmere sweater; it is still a favorite item of his wardrobe.

too handsome for work...

Their money, as Cornel had predicted, stretched barely beyond three weeks. During that time, Cornel was interviewed by representatives of every studio but one. (That one was 20th Century-Fox which later put him under contract.) He heard some fantastic thumbs-nail sketches of himself. Said one talent scout, "You'll never do leads in Hollywood because your eyes are too dark. They'll photograph black. That's bad."

Despondently, Cornel took this gem home to Pat, who snorted with annoyance. "What about Boyer?" she demanded. "He's no blue-eyed, blond-haired cherub! His eyes are as dark, if not darker, than yours. And if you want to go into ancient history and mention the greatest idol the screen has ever known—how about Valentino? What color were his eyes? And how dark?"

Cornel felt better. "What a wife," he grinned.

A few days later he came home, exhausted and despondent, weary to the marrow. "Well, they say that I'm a screen heavy. They say that, because I did that heavy with Bogart in 'High Sierra' that I've been typed. This guy today said that a heavy just never hits the top so he didn't want to gamble with me."

Pat, putting together an odds and ends casserole, straightened to her full height and sneered, 'That man doesn't know what he's talking about. Let's look at the big box office names today: Gable—he started as a rat, heavyweight division. Bogart—he'll be specializing in sweetness and light. Cagney certainly himself by pushing a grapefruit in a young lady's face. See what I mean, honey? That fellow was giving you the wrong dope, the dope."

Cornel straightened his shoulders. His eyes brightened. To his wife he said, "You never let me down, Pat. You're always there with the fast answers when I need them most."

The haymaker of all complaints against himself caused Cornel to utter a Wilde

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Philadelphia we had our first Annual Music Festival, and among the stars there was an opera star, James Melton, screen and opera star. At about ten-thirty, when he was to sing four songs, he announced that the trolleys didn’t run often at that time of night, and that he would have to cut his songs down. As soon as the 70,000 people in the stadium heard that, especially the girls, they began to holler and stomp their feet. When Mr. Melton heard this, he said, "Well all right then, I won’t cut my songs down, but suppose I sing them just in about two minutes! Will that be O.K."

Jimmie Schwartz
laugh and to hurry home to Pat with the comment, "Today," he admitted, "I was told that I would never succeed in pictures, because I have too much personality."

Today, now that Cornel has starred in "A Song To Remember," "Thousand And One Nights," "Bandit of Sherwood Forest," and "Leave Her To Heaven," he still needs Pat with the same unchanging intensity.

When he is learning a script, she cues him. Every evening together they work on bits of business, interpretation, technique. When things get rough on the set, as they do in spite of the best intentions of stars, director and producer, Cornel pretends that Pat is sitting there in his canvas chair just out of camera range.

When he was working in "Leave Her To Heaven," he had some difficult emotional scenes to do: The first take wasn't quite right. Neither was the second, nor the third. Someone said to Cornel, "Having a little trouble, aren't you? You're all strung up." Cornel nodded. While a light setup was being changed he strolled around, going over his lines. When he came back, he breezed through the scene, getting a perfect take. Afterward, he told a friend, "This morning I forgot to imagine Pat over there, at first. I would actually have called and asked her to come over, if I hadn't known she was pretty busy. But as soon as I reminded myself that she's for me, that she would know the right approach to the scene ... well, it came to me."

**common ground**

In several Hollywood households, the question of the wife having a career has ignited some spectacular fireworks, but never between Cornel and Pat. As soon as Wendy, the 2½-year-old junior partner in the Wilde firm, began to recover from being a tiny baby, Cornel told Pat, "We have everything else in common, so I'd like to have us equally interested in pictures. Wendy is old enough now to be left with her nurse without causing either of us worry, so I think you should take up some of these offers of tests that you've had."

Friends of Cornel and Pat tell you that, during Cornel's period of bitterest struggle, Pat was offered a wonderful opportunity. "I'm not well enough," she demurred, which was partly true, "to consider a theatrical offer. Thank you very much." Afterward, discussing the situation in confidence with a friend, she said, "The important thing is for Cornel to get his break. When he's headed for the fame I know he'll have, then—if he doesn't mind—I might try pictures."

No love affair—married or single—is really super without well-established jokes. Cornel and Pat qualify. At least once a week, Cornel takes his wife out for dinner on a genuine date basis. Pat's taste varies through soup, salad, and entree. Then she is offered the dessert menu.

**creature of habit**

Studiously she avoids Cornel's gaze. "You stop grinning," she will say, without glancing at him. She reads the names of the desserts: Mousse chocolate, cherry jubilee, pêche flambeau, petits fours, Boston cream pie. To the waitress she says with decision, "Please tell me, is the mousse chocolate made with Danish chocolate?" Maybe it is, more than likely it isn't. "Do you have any pie?" she wants to know.

"Yes, there's apple, apricot, boysenberry, etc., etc."

"They all sound delicious. Well—or do you have any ice cream?"

At this point, Cornel begins to laugh. "Bringing my wife a chocolate sundae," he says. "And I'll have apple pie."

It makes no difference how often Pat has a chocolate sundae, she can always eat

---

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another. No matter what delectable desserts are offered, she toys with the thought of each, then orders you-know-what. She takes her ribbing with embarrasaged good grace.

The only trouble Cornel can find with his home life is that he doesn't get enough of it. For instance, he finished "Bandit of Sherwood Forest" at six one evening. He rushed home, showered, dressed, had dinner, kissed Wendy and Pat goodbye, and left at nine that evening for location with the Twentieth Century-Fox company charged with making "Leave Her To Heaven!"

Pat wrote every day during the two weeks Cornel was away. Much of the time he was too busy during the day and too tired at night to write, but one afternoon he was scheduled to do a typewriter scene. (In "Leave Her To Heaven" he enacts the role of an author of best sellers, a part that Cornel would like to play in real life.)

every moment counts . . .

Between every take, Cornel punched away, two finger style, at the typewriter. It was necessary for the cameraman to wait for certain sand formations, so the scene required endless waiting to be canned. After about three hours, Cornel observed blithely, "You guys aren't getting much done, but I've just finished a letter to my wife!"

About the only time Cornel has the fun of spending a few hours with his daughter is on Sunday. She is usually still asleep when he leaves in the morning, and she is always asleep when he returns at night. This fact has made the little lady a trifle dubious about Cornel's right to give orders. One Sunday afternoon she stared at over fifty or so volumes from Cornel's bookcases, made bridges and castles, and pats and shakes them, then—growing bored—causally abandoned them and made a bee-line for the door.

"You can't go outside until you've put the books away," said Cornel in his best paternal manner.

Wendy stared at him, her lower lip folding out, her eyes squinting into weeping troughs. "No," she said.

"Then you can't go out doors to play with Punch this afternoon," Punch is a black French poodle; if he could talk he would behave toward Wendy as the Jones Junior High School assembly would behave toward Sinatra.

"Play with Punch!" insisted Wendy, mov-

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3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many a troubled scalp with pimples, black-
heads, itching of skin and rashers exter-
nally caused that need the scientific hygiene action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap.
For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy
medication-treatment. At toiletry counters
everywhere 25¢ or from E. T. Brownie Drug
Company, 171 Water Street, New York 5,
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You will love
Paddy
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In millions! fixations and
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PADDY O'HAIR— the most
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FILL with water; spread special seed—scratch
the surface. PADDY grows thick out of
white hair, eyebrows, and eyebrows. You
may add this hair! Other则e, the dense will grow for
months; can be removed again and again. Head
is dark. One shake dispels the dense; it is
imitation hair; 3 inches tall. Sincerely buy PADDY and give it to
yourselfs then reoder and fill. New and wonderful. American Chem. Co., 1107 Church St.,
St. Louis, Mo. Discontinuance or
special Christmas gift NOW. Send $1 plus tax at many drug or department stores or send to
PADDY NOVELTY CO., 250 W. 36th Street,
Grand, Texas.
ing toward the door. Papa Wilde looked
stern; he shook his head.
Wendy looked stubborn; she shook her
head.

So Cornel decided on strategy. He stroked
to the side of his blonde, brown-eyed
daughter, knelt and took her into his arms.

"The reason I ask you to put the books
away is very simple: If they are left out,
Daddy may walk through the room,
shuffle and fall. Or Mommy might
trip and hurt himself. You don't want
to hurt Mommy or Daddy, do you dar-
ing?"

**daddy's good girl . . .

"Oh no," said Wendy, tragically. With
alacrity she returned every volume
to its place. "Daddy's good girl," said
her father approvingly as she went outside.
Cornel stood at the door, watching her.
She was taking a clinical interest in Punch.
She stared him in the eye until he moved
his head; she lifted first one, then the other
of his silky ears. Sinking her small hands
into his thick coat, she ruffled his tight
curls. At last, in a tone indicating that
she was paying Punch the highest of all
possible tributes, she said, "Daddy's good
dog."

Which brings us to Christmas, 1945. If
Christmas, 1940, was the all-time low spot
in the lives of the Wildes, Cornel and Pat,
this year will be one of the better cele-
brations, because they have bought a
brand-new home. It is modest, as mo-
tion picture homes go, consisting of living
room, den, dining room, kitchen with
breakfast nook, two master bedrooms with
a bath for each, and a nursery with bath,
as well as a music room and bath in the
rear. The deep, monotone rugs and the
handsome drapes went with the house,
but most of the furniture was bought by Cor-
nel and Pat.

They plan to have a few friends in
for Christmas Eve dinner and conviviality.
(If Tom 'n Jerries are served, wings inter-
lopers will be absent.) And, whether
the climate chooses to rain or shine, everything
will look rosy to Cornel and Pat. They're
Wilde about each other.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After several
months in a hospi-
tal overseas, where
wounds received in
Normandy on D-
Day, I was flown
back to the states.
On the way back,
I O'Brien and his
USO show boarded
our plane and re-
turned to the
states. Being with
such a great man
was a thrill, but while on the way,
Pat O'Brien remarked that the first
thing he wanted to do was to kiss
the old ground of the United
States. Pat was certainly a regular
man and has done so much to en-
tertain the troops overseas. We
crashed landed at LaGuardia Airport in
New York and stepped on the soil of
our great country. I was following Pat
O'Brien and to the surprise of every-
one around, Pat almost lay down on
the cement ramp and kissed the
ground. We all felt like doing the
same, but were too excited at seeing it
done by Pat O'Brien, a very famous
screen celebrity.

F/O Roger Markley
Stout Field,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Before
and
after

I didn't believe it—
until I tried!

New Friends and Interests
Make New World for her

Helen Shariter never wanted to
believe anything. She thought
she was meant to be stout and
uninteresting. A friend told her
how the Bonomo Culture In-
stitute Home Course helped her
and persuaded Helen to send
for it. These pictures show the
amazing improvement in 5 short
weeks.

SUCCESS THROUGH BEAUTY

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

You can, if you try! Thousands have made a
new life for themselves through the Modern
Beauty Methods of the Bonomo Home Course.
Mr. Bonomo, director, has had over 20 years' ex-
perience in New York helping stars of\n
tage and screen to access through Beauty.

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quickly . . . How to Make up
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Mr. Bonomo makes you this
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today—try it for ten days. If
you don't see a marked improve-
ment in yourself . . . if you
don't agree it's worth more
than courses costing 10 times as
much—then return it and your
money will be promptly refund-
ed. Remember, I only ask you
to try!"
For me... it’s going to be the silverplate that’s Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY
(STORY)
(Continued from page 37)

"Okay," Jimmy said suddenly. "We’ll ask her.
They left the fancy part of town behind. The streets narrowed and grew drabber. The houses huddled closer together, the faded brownstones and the tenements. But Jimmy Dobson walked gaily, whistling like a man on a holiday; and Albert Weaver trotted along beside him, a large, bukling, somehow comic figure. Once Jimmy stopped off and bought a bunch of posies from a little old woman on a street corner.
They shared a room in a ramshackle tenement house very far indeed from the splendor of the great Hotel Eden. But it was a pleasant enough room, as those things went—second floor, front. The furniture wasn’t really bad, there was only one crack in the mirror. Jimmy eyed himself in the mirror, still whistling. Suddenly they heard a swift series of knocks. Jimmy looked at Albert and grinned.
"She must have heard us come in—"
"You whistle awful loud," Albert said. "I’m going up," Jimmy said. "Me, too?"
"Nope."
"I can’t go, Aw, Jimmy—"
"You wait until I knock for you."
"Okay. If you say so, Jimmy—"
She was propped up on the sofa, as she almost always was during the day. She looked almost as if she were only resting. But she wasn’t. That was how she spent all her days and in the evening they carried her to the bed, until the next morning. For she was lame and it was a very long time since she had last walked alone.
But if you saw her there, on the sofa, you might never know. Her face was radiant and smiling, a trifle pale, a trifle fragile perhaps, but then she was indoors so much. And there was something—a glowing inner light in her eyes—that never let you think she was anything but young and beautiful.

I SAW IT HAPPEN
I was walking down the street one day when suddenly I saw a group of soldiers, staring in the other direction toward a stunning woman. As I was nearing the group of soldiers I couldn’t help but hear what they were saying.
I soon found out the woman was Marlene Dietrich and she was saying, "I’m Marlene Dietrich, the movie star."
One boy stood one foot closer. You could tell right off the bat none of them believed her. This young man who had taken a step towards her said, "Perdon me, lady. I’m General Eisenhower." And with that said the young man walked away from Marlene, who stood there alone with a grin from ear to ear.

Ann Blanchard
Jennings, La.
"Hi, Leslie," Jimmy said at the open door; he swung the posies out from behind his back: "Look! Grew 'em myself."

"Jimmy—"

"They're for your hair. We're going out tonight. Can a fellow get a date?"

"A fellow can try."

"Okay. First we'll take a spin through the town. Then—"

"It's a date," Leslie said. Jimmy laughed and then rapped on the floor. Albert was at the door almost before the last echo died.


"Coming up," Albert said.

Making a carry of their crossed hands, they lifted her while Albert chugged like the idling motor of a taxi. They pattered down the hall to the stairs. And then up. Up to the roof where the night sky twinkled over New York. There were some benches on the roof and they pulled one up to the edge and looked across the roofs to the bright lights that glittered over Broadway and Fifth Avenue and all the proud and exciting streets of Manhattan.

"Jimmy—" Albert said.

"Yeah?"

"Jimmy, will you read us the story? I got the book here."

"Aw, Albert," Jimmy said. "You've held it a dozen times."

"It's not for me," Albert said with some dignity. "It's for Leslie. Don't you want to hear the story, Leslie?"

"Sure," Leslie said. "Go ahead, Jimmy."

He took the book again. But it was always a little hard for him to start, for it was a book of fairy tales. But Albert was wild about the story. And Leslie loved the simple, gay tone of the fairy tale world where everyone was well and whole and happy.

"Once upon a time," Jimmy began, "there was a beautiful Princess—"

Princess Veronica, who was a very real Princess indeed, arrived at the Hotel Eden the next day. She swept through the lobby in a whirl of bows, followed by her retinue. They went up a private elevator to the largest and most ornate suite in the hotel in a procession of royal proportions: The manager, the personal lady's maids, a small covey of bellboys. Then, in full splendor—the Princess Veronica, Countess Zoe, the Count and Countess Tradiska, Baron Zoltan Faludi and finally the round and somewhat harried major-domo, Mr. Puft.

Ultimately, after all the bows and scrapes, the Princess stood alone in the privacy of her own suite. Or almost alone.

The Countess Zoe was lying on the chaise. Veronica moved toward the windows.

"It's a beautiful sight, Zoe," she said.

"Is it? Worth all this fantastic traveling? My dear, my stomach still feels like an armada of butterflies."

"Come look," Veronica said.

"Are you really looking at the city, Zoe?"

"So I was right. You still haven't forgotten him." She rose from the chaise. "Listen to me, Veronica. It can lead nowhere. Forget him. Marry the Baron—"

"Zoltan?"

"The Faludis are an old and powerful family in our country. It would do you no harm to have him at your side when you become—a Queen."

But the Princess Veronica wasn't listening. She was looking out over the pattern of New York below her, spread before her like an illustrated map. And she was thinking that there was nothing she would like more to do just than to slip out, alone and unnoticed, and walk those sunlit and magical streets...
It was easier than she thought. It was a matter of waiting for the proper time, wearing the proper clothes, taking the proper exit. The proper time was when they all finally left—even Zoe; and the proper dress was a neat black frock that made her look like a lady's maid, a little bit pretty and fetching one perhaps, but then that was no drawback in a lady's maid; and the proper exit, of course, was indubitably the Employees exit, in the back of the hotel.

It all went swimmingly. The porters wrestling luggage at the rear of the hotel whistled to her; and one in particular—a hulking, grinning fellow—even called "Hey, babe!" That was when the bellboy came to her rescue. He stepped up with a rather charmed smile and very courteously asked her if she was new maid at the place.

After that, somehow, she found herself, walking by his side as he strolled down the Avenue with a brace of dogs. It seemed that was part of his job. And since he was out walking anyway it was entirely the thing to do to go along with him. After all she was a "new maid" and didn't really know her way around New York.

That's how it happened that Jimmy Dobson, bellboy, escorted a Princess on her first walk in New York. They took a brisk turn down a few streets, came to Central Park, swung through a lane, and it might be noted that the Princess Veronica was treated to her first hot dog on this walk—and finally came back to the hotel.

"Well, baby, how did you like our town?" Jimmy asked.

"Very nice," she said.

"When's your day off?"

"Day off?"

"Sure. It's an old American custom."

"Oh—"

"Say, you certainly are green, aren't you?" Jimmy said. "Look, what are you doing tomorrow night about this time? How about coming out with me and a..."

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Shosky's

TALES OF THE HOLLYWOODS

- I know of no tale that explains why a picture celebrity outshines all other celebrities, better than this incident which Tom Jenk tells about walking along a street and following Professor Einstein. Not one person recognized the world's most renowned mathematician.

"Aren't you surprised that no one stops to gape at you?" Jenk asked when he caught up with Einstein.

"If Lana Turner walked up this same boulevard, a thousand people would turn to look."

"Lana Turner," remarked Professor Einstein sagely, "has a great deal more to show than I have."

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"Goin' out?" Jimmy said.
"Maybe."

Jimmy looked at the hat.
"Been seeing Hacky, was?
Albert answered with elaborate surprise: "Now whatever made you think of that?"
"You never wear that hat unless you're running around with a mob, Albert. You haven't worn it in a long time. Sure it isn't Hacky?"

"You meet a lot of guys around town," Albert said.

"Don't do anything foolish," Jimmy said.

"Albert, you hear me? Don't do anything until I can talk to you. I haven't got time now. I got to get down to the Ball." He was at the door then and just before he went out, he said again: "Keep away from Hacky."

When he was gone, Albert looked in the mirror again and shrugged slightly. Then he went out, too. There was someone coming down the stairs from the floor above. Albert waved to him and waited, hat in hand.

"Hi, Doc," he said.

"Hello, Albert," the Doctor said.

"How is she, Doc?" Albert asked quickly.

The Doctor shrugged.

"Doc," Albert said. "When is she going to be all right?"

"When?" the doctor said. "That's rather a hard question to answer. It really depends on the kind of medicine she gets."

"Just give me the name, Doc," Albert said. "We'll get it for her."

"I'm afraid it's not medicine you can buy," the Doctor said softly. "Leslie is lame because once a long time ago, when she was a child perhaps, her soul was hurt. It's the thing inside her. Somebody hurt her very badly then. And now she needs somebody to love her very much to make up for it. That's her cure, Albert. That's what she needs...

The Ball was a brilliant success. The guests eddied through the huge gift rooms. murmuring softly against the background of muted violins playing in the ballroom. The Princess was charming but she kept eyeing the doorway as if she were waiting for someone. Jimmy Dobson hovered always somewhere near her, eyeing the suave Baron Zoltan Faludi with some what jealous eyes. It was fortunate perhaps that Jimmy didn't overhear the conversation that the Princess had a little later in a small room off the main ballroom.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One day while wheelchasing about Bushnell General Hospital I rounded a corner and almost ran into Dinah Shore, who was visiting the wards. She asked my name and we started chatting. I told her that before entering the Army I had been a page boy at C.B.S. in Hollywood and had ushered some of her shows. Later when I returned to my ward I didn't mention my meeting with her to anyone. Soon Dinah arrived there. She spotted me, and stated, "Well, Larson, my old C.B.S. friend, what would you like to hear me sing?" The other patients looked at me with surprise and awe. I was practically a celebrity after that, and I owe it all to my "old friend," Dinah Shore.

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Name, Address, City, State.
He finally came—the "special American." Jimmy knew him: Paul MacMillan. Everybody knew Paul: He was a big newspaperman, had his own column and everything. He was a big shot, all right. Jimmy thought he came because the Princess was news. But there was something more than that.

They stood in the small room, looking across at each other: a Princess and an American newspaperman. He spoke first.

"You haven't changed very much," he said. "You're beautiful."

"Thank you, Paul."

"No. No thank you. I can say it now objectively. That's why I came."

"Can you really say it—objectively?"

"Why not?"

"Once you said you loved me..."

"And once you said you loved me," Paul said almost bitterly. "And the next day they almost threw me out of the country. Remember? You said you'd come to me. You never did..."

"Perhaps I couldn't..."

"No. A Princess never can. She does what's best for her country, doesn't she?"

She almost whispered: "Yes..."

"And you're still a Princess?"

"Yes."

"And someday—Queen."

"Someday Queen," Veronica said. They looked at each other again. Then almost roughly he was at her side and he kissed her. And almost as rapidly, he bowed and went off. The Princess looked at the empty door.

So the Princess decided to go home. It was a sudden decision, as sudden as the decision to come to Sweden and perhaps for much of the same reason. At least that is what the Countess Zoe suspected when Veronica told her the next day.

"Believe me, Veronica, it's better. Come home. Forget him. I know how you feel. But it cannot go on. He is an American. And a nobody..."

That was the moment Jimmy chose to come whistling up the hall. He heard the words. For a moment a wild though mixed mind. Then he shook it off. Why, that was impossible!

He heard Veronica's voice: "A Nobody? To you, perhaps. Zoe. Not to me."

Impossible? Maybe. But if not, whom were they talking about? Jimmy held his breath and listened.


"He has a great deal. Intelligence. Charm. He..."

In the hall Jimmy sucked in his breath. Intelligence, charm, humor? Sure, he was a modest guy and all that. But it added up to that. Could there be? Faludi—he wasn't American. Some of the big shots who kept calling on the Princess? Bah! they didn't have... charm.

"Those things," said Zoe, "may be pleasant accommodations. But hardly the necessary attributes of a King."

"What are the attributes of a King? Look at Uncle Freddie. When he isn't being an imbécile he rises to the status of a mormor—"

"Still he is the King!"

"Jimmy would make a better King!"

And in the hall Jimmy almost gasped. There it was. The final proof. What more did he need? It was obvious that Princess Veronica was madly in love with him. . . .

That's partly the story, he thought, and then the Princess he saw the Princess who didn't mind stepping out a bit. Of course he didn't come right out and ask for a date: You didn't do that kind of thing with a Princess.

Actually she asked him out. She wanted to go to little place called Jake's Joint.
Jimmy didn’t know that she wanted to go there because Paul MacMillian usually hung out there a lot. Jimmy thought—well, Jimmy thought a lot of things. But, anyhow, they went to Jake’s Joint that night.

That, too, is how the Princess was arrested...

Jake’s Joint was a rough and tumble short of place. In short, it was a dive. And that night, of all nights, it was filled with more than a fair quota of toughs. Jimmy was nervous as she preceded the Princess into the place. A Princess sure can get funny ideas. You’d think someone like that would want to go to a fancy place. He hardly looked around the place as they entered.

He never saw Albert at the corner table until later. Then it was because Albert was wearing the black slouch mobster’s hat. And he was wearing it for a reason. He was sitting at the corner table with Hack.

"Albert," Jimmy said.

"Jimmy," Hack said.

"Go on, Blow, punk," Hack said. "Albert’s with me."

"Shut up, Hack," Jimmy said. "I’m talking to Albert."

"Albert’s taking his orders from me now," Hack said.

"Are you?" Jimmy said to Albert.

"Get rid of him," Hack said.

"Get rid of Jimmy?" Albert said.

"Sock him one."

"Sock Jimmy?"

"Yeah!"

"Sock who?" Jimmy said.

And then it started. Before it was over there were three riot calls sent in to the police. Shots screamed outside in the street. Police horses blew. Inside it was fists, flying bottles and flailing arms. In the middle of it all Princess Veronica stood on a chair, waving a bottle, and yelling:

"Come on, Jimmy!"

The police finally got it all cleared up. They never got Jimmy or Albert. Hack, for that matter. They were too wise in the ways of ducking out. But they got

**BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN**

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don’t just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

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A woman was sitting on the speakers stand had his chair too close to the edge and it took a tumble to the floor during Mr. Price's delightful talk.

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He turned abruptly. For a moment she almost followed him. Then she turned back into the room where they were all still kneeling. She turned back to her subjects—and her duty.

"You may rise," she said in a dull voice.

"We leave tomorrow," Count Traskada said sharply. "With your gracious permission, Your Majesty."

"Tomorrow. It doesn’t matter."

She turned away from them. Jimmy looked after her uncertainly. He didn’t know how this Royalty business worked.

Maybe it was all right for a Princess to be in love with a bellboy. But a Queen? He stepped up to her.

"I guess I got to say goodbye, too," he said with deep feeling. "I’m sorry it turned out the way it did. I had other plans for tonight."

"Jimmy," Veronica said softly.

"I guess it’s goodbye."

"Must it be, Jimmy? You, too? Why not come with me? You could, you know, if you wanted to."

"Even if you’re the Queen?" Jimmy gasped.

"Why not?"

"I—"

"Don’t answer now. If the answer is yes, come tomorrow at noon. We will be leaving then."

He was still in a daze when he was out in the hall with Albert. He punched the button for the elevator. Albert was looking at him oddly.

"They make good money," Albert said.

"Who?"

"Kings," Albert said.

He had to say goodbye to Leslie. That was the hardest part. He found her on the couch and she smiled up at him when he came in; it was a gay smile, a gallant smile—and it almost touched Jimmy’s heart.

"Heya, King—" she said.

"Oh," he said, "you know."

"I think it’s wonderful, Jimmy. King James, isn’t it?"

"Leslie—"

"What are you so sad about?" she looked up at him swiftly. "You’re not worried about me, are you Jimmy? I’ll be all right. Why, I’ve got a job."

He started at her incredulously.

"Sure, I’ve got a job. Dancing."

She smiled impishly: "See, I’ve got surprises for you, too. I can walk again, Jimmy. I’m all well. Isn’t that wonderful?"

"Leslie," he said slowly. "Really? Honest—"

She pushed herself up from the couch. And then in another moment she was on her feet. For a few steps he almost believed her. Then he saw her totter and sway. He was across the room before she could fall. He held her in his arms, looking down at the brave and gallant face, still trying to smile.

"Leslie?" he said. "Leslie?"

She hid her face against his chest.

"Leslie," he said. "You’ve got to get well. For me. Do you hear me, Leslie? I couldn’t leave you. Not ever, Leslie. Not for a Princess or a Queen or anybody. I love you, Leslie—"

They hardly noticed that she was standing there alone.

Veronica good against the window that framed the long vista of New York as Jimmy told her what happened.

"You thought..." she started. "You thought that—I—"

"That’s how it is," Jimmy said. "A fellow makes a mistake sometimes. I think you’re awfully sweet. But I’m in love with Leslie. Goodbye, Queen."

When he was gone, Countess Zoe broke into peals of laughter. "He thought you were in love with him," she cried between laughs. "A bellboy—"
I SAW IT HAPPEN

During the summer of 1943 I was visiting in Los Angeles, and through the good offices of friends, was taken to luncheon at the Cafe on the Fox wholeheartedly. It happened that Betty Grable, then making "Pin Up Girl," had the table right next to us. She was beautifully dressed in the short, flared dress she wore in that picture,—a dress which displayed her lovely legs to advantage.

My young son, who was with us, and who had heard comments on the insurance allegedly carried by Miss Grable on her legs, looked across at the blond actress and said, "Gee, I can't see why those legs are worth a half million bucks!"

I spoke more loudly than he knew, and was my face red! I ducked, hoping beyond hope that Miss Grable hadn't heard the boy's remarks and the rather embarrassed laughter that followed. But I needn't have worried. When I dared to lift my eyes, she was laughing with the others, and not with any embarrassment, but merrily and wholeheartedly.

When she had finished her lunch and left the cafe, she smiled at my son and said, "Hi, Buddy!" with complete good nature. I thought, whether or not her legs are worth a half million, her own charming personality is beyond price.

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NEVER BEEN KISSED
(Continued from page 64)

... and the future. It was wonderful. Until they came to the stream. It was quite a wide one, and Farley surveyed it dubiously.

"Do you suppose we'd better turn around?" he inquired.

"Turn around! For a little brook like that!" Roddy said, and his horseman, advanced into the stream, with Farley following doubtfully. They got right bang in the middle, and then Roddy's horse sat down. Just like that. Not even a decent warning.

Farley surveyed him. "Ah, can I help you?" he asked in a superior voice. Roddy had a moment of wishing Farley's horse would sit down, too.

"Don't just stand there! ..."

"I got in this, and I'll get out of it," he said determinedly. But by the time he and his horses were back, Farley was almost as wet as he was. They laughed at each other and then galloped back to the stable. When they reached the place where they had parked their car, they were both candidates for double pneumonia. Farley fished the car keys out of his pocket. But something was wrong. Maybe it was the wetting they'd had. Anyway, they couldn't open the door.

"We can't just stand here!" Roddy pointed out. He looked around, and found a large rock.

"Hey!" Farley protested, but it was too late. Wham! The rock had gone through the window.

"Now I can reach in and unlock—"

Roddy didn't finish his sentence. He was interrupted.

"Oh, you can, can you!" A tough voice spoke. It belonged to a cop who had strolled up quietly and was eying them with cold suspicion. "Car thieves, huh?"

"Oh, no!" Roddy protested. "This car belongs to Mr. Granger here."

Sure. Sure. That's why you're throwing rocks through the window. Playful, aren't you? And," he added with further suspicion, "why are you all wet?"

They got it straightened out finally, of course. But Roddy is pretty sure the cop always suspected them of having just swum in from Alcatraz.

Even with Farley gone, Roddy finds plenty to do, especially on the Fox lot. There's a paper called Fox Fun, which comes out four times a year. Roddy is the editor. He makes up the layout, sees that it's mimeographed, checks on all the news and gossip that goes into it. Then he's interested in painting in oils. Likes to do marine scenes the best. He goes to the
One wish has been fulfilled. Won by 3½ years of deadly struggle. With God’s help, we have prevailed.

Now we have a chance to make another wish come true. For most of us, the outlook is a bright one. If we will simply use the brains, the will, the energy, the enterprise...the materials and resources...with which we won our war, we can’t fail to win the peace and to make this the richest, happiest land the world has known.

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**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

Monty Woolley has a home in our fair city and he and his secretary are frequent visitors of the Worden Grill. It so happened that one cold, snowy night after “The Beard” had arrived, a slightly tipsy woman took one look at Mr. Woolley’s chin and was heard to whisper, “Look, kid, it sure must be cold out.”

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**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

I walked into the theater on the other night and who should be standing in front of the line, but Bill, Donald, and his wife, Gwen. He stopped, turned, and said "Hi, Betty!" (you know he makes me think of the Ambassador Hotel.)"I saw him there, and I saw Betty there, and I saw Donald O'Conner there, and I saw his wife there. It was a wonderful night, and I'm glad I was there, and I'm glad I saw it happen."

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Sustain the finish of a Walt Disney nightmare. In fact, no one in the family knows just what kind they are, and they are referred to simply as "Disney birds." The MacDowall ménage get a bit complicated, sometimes, when the dog chases the cats and can "tip over the birds' cages," spilling bird seed and water all over the place. No casualties have occurred so far, however. Roddy cleans up the mess cheerfully, and waits for it to happen all over again.

"I don't suppose everyone would care for it, either."
PHOTOGRAPH

Just TWO big notices are needed, or a complete 10-day trial.

 expedition every morning - a beautiful, trinitarian day. The morning was perfect, with the sun shining brightly. I was walking along the beach, enjoying the fresh air and the sound of the waves. The day was going to be beautiful, with a mix of sun and clouds.

The way we live," he says thoughtfully. "But I like it. It's interesting." It is interesting to notice how the story of theMacDowall family. Their way of life is original, natural and gay. Someone asked Roddy once what he did evenings. He couldn't draw, because he'd drawn together over his blue eyes, his tagged face thoughtful. "Well, really, every evening is different," he said. That's the way he likes his whole life to be, and the chances are that's the way he'll have it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Shortly after the outbreak of war, the world premiere of "North West Mounted" was held in my home town of Regina, Saskatchewan. It was one of the biggest events our little city has ever witnessed. The preparations and decorations were lavish.

I was a very insignificant young convent girl at the time and the fact that my classmates and I were not to be allowed time off from our studies to see the beautiful Miss Madeleine Carroll, the star of the picture, and one of our screen idols, made us all very sad indeed.

The morning after her arrival, as I was leaving my classroom and progressing down the hall of our convent, I accidentally bumped the arm of what I thought was a guest or relative of one of the sisters. However, upon turning around to offer my apologies I was dumbfounded to discover that it was Miss Madeleine Carroll, walking toward the chapel. I was too astounded to speak, but turned abruptly and commenced to run down the corridor to my classroom to announce the thrilling news. 

Our teacher told us that Miss Carroll’s visit to the convent was not on her schedule but she had asked at a special function. She was a mass said for her sister who had just been killed in a bomb raid over London. She also reminded me that even the students who were not familiar with her but knew that she was in the building.

Of course now that we all knew we couldn’t rest until she visited and talked with us, so after mass and breakfast, sister asked her to come into the library and speak to the class. She wore a brown tailored suit and had a black band around her arm to signify the death of her sister. She was completely enthralled when Miss Carroll spoke to us in her lovely clear soft voice, with a faint and attractive English accent.

We will never forget how she spoke of her sister and how she impressed upon us how grateful we should be for living in such a peaceful corner of the world without the fear of bombs and the tragedy of seeing our loved ones blown to bits in their homes.

To Miss Carroll now, who has given up her movie career to devote her life to the welfare of others, we, in that small convent way off in Saskatchewan, are praying for you and yours.

Jane Murphy
Montreal, Quebec
Canada
EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN
By Gwethalyn Graham

STRANGE WOMAN
By Ben Ames Williams

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LOVELY LOIS COLLIER, Universal Star, shows how important it is to use flattering Maybelline eye make-up in bright daylight as well as in the softer lights of evening. Keep your eyes as lovely at all times, and in any light, with wonderfully beautifying Maybelline Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil. For the finest in eye make-up—insist on Maybelline!

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WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP
Always Buy Chesterfield

When you know your A B C's of real smoking pleasure ... you'll have the answer at your finger tips.

Chesterfield's Right Combination of the World's Best Tobaccos gives you a cigarette that's A—ALWAYS MILD, B—BETTER TASTING and C—COOLER SMOKING.

They Satisfy

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IN THIS ISSUE:

HEDDA HOPPER LOVES PETER LAWFORD
Dare you to "taste" that new color—Fatal Apple?

It gives you the look of Eve... which is the look American woman of great chic this season. When wais are cinched small and hip-lines frankly round will you go on wearing the same old powder? Or will you dare to wear this new Revlon fatal first color sensation? At your own risk.

One of eleven custom Revlon powders in a variety of shades for the perfect color finish.


But—the real difference in face powder is color by Revlon.

Creators of the world-famous nail enamel and...
"Rather cut dolls than rugs, Sis?"

**GIRL:** Think I'd rather go to some wonderful old dance and be popular and glamorous when I can sit here being just plain old me with my slacks on? Goodness!

**CUPID:** Plain? You're not so plain, Pattycake.

**GIRL:** Wait'll I smile, Little One. I'm Sad Sack.

**CUPID:** No gleam?

**GIRL:** No gleam, Little One. No sparkle. I brush my teeth. And brush 'em. But it's no glow. No gleam.

**CUPID:** And 'pink' on your tooth brush, I'll bet!

**GIRL:** We-ell . . . only lately . . . I—

**CUPID:** Stop stuttering, Sis. That 'pink' on your toothbrush is a warning! It means see your dentist—and fast!

**GIRL:** Dent—But I haven't got a toothache. I—

**CUPID:** Quiet, Powderpuff! Dentists aren't just for toothaches. Visit yours tomorrow. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** Sure. Sure, sure, sure. But what's that got to do with my smile?

**CUPID:** This, my mentally under-privileged friend: Ipana not only cleans teeth. With massage, Ipana helps your gums. Massaging a little extra on when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile that'll have you cutting more rugs and fewer paper dolls. Get started tomorrow, Baby!

For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE
That café society rendezvous known with affectionate familiarity as “The Stork” is probably the best known night club in the world. Even a bad picture about the Stork Club would draw crowds, and this is a good picture. Exuberant Betty Hutton, expert Barry Fitzgerald, and husky, handsome Don DeFore handle the high spots, Andy Russell sings and Robert Benchley plays a lawyer who will probably send the bar association into a decline.

There have been plenty of millionaires who wanted to play Santa Claus to pretty hatcheck girls. But the motives of millionaire J. B. Bates (Barry Fitzgerald) are of a pristine purity. He is wandering on the beach one day when his hat blows into the ocean and he goes after it. Judy Peabody (Betty Hutton) who sees him in the water, impulsively jumps to the conclusion that this poor old man is committing suicide. She hauls him out by the hair, and promises to get him a job at the Stork Club, where she works. Bates is amused and grateful for her kindness. He agrees to meet her at the Stork the next day. Meanwhile he sees his lawyer, and tells him to reward Judy by fixing up charge accounts for her at a hotel and several stores.

Bates keeps his appointment with Judy. He wears old clothes and looks very down on his luck. Indeed. Sympathetic Judy, who has just received word of her anonymous good fortune, insists on taking him out and buying him a new suit. Two new suits. While she’s about it, she buys herself a couple of mink coats and most of the dresses shown in a fashion parade. Bates has a fit. He hadn’t planned on helping the poor working girl to quite this extent, but he doesn’t want her to know where (Continued on page 8)
"EVEN NOW SHE STOOD BETWEEN US... THE TAUNT OF HER SMILE LIKE A BLACK CURSE ON OUR LOVE!"

In his arms, a girl of glorious love... In his mind, a girl of terrible fascination!

SCREEN'S MOST GRIPPING DRAMA

OF MURDER... AND DESIRE!

ALICE FAYE
DANA ANDREWS
LINDA DARNELL

FALLEN ANGEL

Charles BICKFORD - Anne REVERE - Bruce CABOT
John CARRADINE - Percy KILBRIDE

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
the money came from so he can't say anything.

Judy is soon luxuriously ensconced in a suite at the hotel, and insists on a room for Bates, too. Then better than her good friend, Danny (Don DeFore) arrives. He demands an explanation of the mint coats and the suite. Judy gives him about three different ones in five mins. All and he naturally suspects the worst. He settles on poor Sherman Billingsley (Bill Goodwin), owner of the Stork Club, as the villain. The rest is history, the money and she'd advise you to see it for yourself. There are several nice tunes, including a new one by Hoagy Carmichael.—Par.

P. S.

The Paramount Studios' New York office photographed the Stork Club inch by inch. To assist Director Earl Hedrick to assist him in designing the carbon copy set. The noted night spot was reproduced in minute detail from the front door to the pantry, with such widely known components as the bar, main dining room and the exclusive Cuba Room. Billingsley assisted in providing many of the physical accessories by sending New York duplicates from his own storerooms.

In addition to singing in his screen debut, Andy Russell does a drum solo. Andy got his musical start playing drums with dance bands and welcomed the chance to return to his first love. . . . Edith Head, Paramount stylist, had a fashion show the other day whisking up the most elaborate wardrobe Betty Hutton has ever worn in pictures. Betty has a total of 14 changes which run a style gamut from bathing suits to a decollete evening gown.

To wear the striking creations in the fashion show, ten shapely models were selected from a series of tryouts in which 200 candidates participated. All rated as perfect fashion models, and have now become Stork Club Orchids.

At the time he was cast to portray Billingsley, Bill Goodwin was in New York. For the remainder of his visit, he haunted the Club to absorb atmosphere and to learn the characteristics and mannerisms of the man he impersonates.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT

Here's "The Look" again, and this time she's looking at Charles Boyer. They're a sultry combination, and do right by this story. The scene is England in 1937, when the war being fought was in Spain, and the rest of the world was stubbornly ignoring it.

The Spanish Republican party is in desperate straits. Their only hope is to keep the Fascists from getting coal from England to fund their munition factories. The Republicans send a confidential agent off to England, hoping he can keep Lord Benditch from making a deal with the Fascists. The agent is not the Fascist—alert type one usually associates with international spies. He is a gentle, sad, ex-concert pianist named Denard (Charles Boyer). On the surface, his face very much that of a girl who exerts considerable fascination on his heart. Her name is Rose Cullen (Lauren Bacall) and she is, on the surface, selfish, ruthlessly so. She is also the daughter of Lord Benditch.

Denard and Rose both miss the boat train to London. The girl rents a car, and offers him a ride. It turns out to be more eventful than she bargained for. She is annoyed at Denard at first for "going melodramatic" with a lot of silly talk about spies and such. It isn't until

she sees him beaten up and robbed that she realizes he is simply telling the truth. The beating is done by the chauffeur of Liecta (Victor Francen), Fascist agent who is after the Chrysanthemum. It helps cause it. Rose feels sufficient responsibility in the matter to call up Denard in London the next day and offer to see him. His credentials have been stolen, and Lord Benditch refuses to deal with him. Two agents who were supposed to help him are known to be leaving. The only person beside Rose who shows any friendship toward him is a little Cockney servant, and she pays for that friendship with her life. Rose has to come in close with her. There is no way he can succeed now in his mission. But he won't give up, and his courage persuades Rose to cast off the crew and fight beside him for what is right.

Peter Lorre, George Coulouris, Katina Paxinou and John Warburton are in this tale of international intrigue.—War.

P. S.

Bacall just happened to overhear Boyer talking about chess, and couldn't resist the hint that Bacall was a terrific player too. Boyer immediately challenged Bacall to a game, and a tournament was begun which continued throughout the production. The tournament started in Bacall's dressing room, but after the first few sessions, Betty was barred from the games. Perched on the arm of Boyer's chair, her vigorous rooting more than once resulted in an overturned chess board. Jam session deluxe was staged by Director Herman Shumlin and the two stars. After shooting a musical sequence, Shumlin borrowed a violin from one of the musicians and began an excellent rendition of "Humoresque." Boyer, who admittedly hasn't touched a violin for 28 years, borrowed another violin and began to tune away. Bacall felt her presence needed at the piano and decided to accompany them. Upon completion of the Improptu concert, the trio looked around to find the set completely deserted. Each day between takes, Boyer gave his co-star French lessons. Even brought her books for her to study. . . . He also presented her with an old French cook book, brought from France by his mother, and then sat down and translated the more complicated recipes into English. Victor Francen and Boyer have been friends for 25 years. Ten years ago they appeared together in a Paris Production of "Hardness and Fights." Francen starred as a sultan, and Boyer had the role of a prince. . . . Boyer and Bacall talked for hours about children, new houses, and recipes. They'd greet each other mornings with a new recipe in hand and a cheery, "Look what I found! . . ."

TOO YOUNG TO KNOW

Ira (Robert Hutton) and Sally (Joan Leslie) are not quite old enough. They meet over a drugstore milk shake, and three weeks later they are married. It's one of those just-before-the-war romances, piquedizing in the sun, kissing in the moonlight. Wonderful and exciting, but not a sound basis for marriage. Ira knows that Sally has copper hair and tiny, sherry colored eyes, and wants to be an actress. Sally knows Ira is tall and broad-shouldered, with a swell smile and a stub born chin. But she doesn't realize to what lengths that chin will lead him. They're
Hold your seats for thrills that'll chill you...
Hold your sides for laughs that'll kill you...

"Hold That Blonde"

For love that'll fill you full of joy!

He's got a Kleptomania for beautiful blondes, and when his ears twitch his fingers itch — from then on nothing is safe in the merriest comedy you've ever seen!

Veronica's got what it takes, so Bracken took it till she turned the tables with some taking ways of her own!

Finish the job! Buy Victory Bonds at your movie theatre.

Finish the Job! Buy Victory Loan Bonds at Your Movie Theatre
... avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose yourself to other germs, you expose other people to yours! If you must be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.

eat the right foods! Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house—grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.

use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for 'overblown' noses! They're kind to tender skin—more sanitary, because you can so easily dispose of them! Saves laundry bills, too. (Use sparingly, don't waste Sitroux.)

just a couple of kids who expect marriage to be all moonlight and stardust, and find it isn't.

Ira gets a job at forty bucks a week, and Sally goes on trying to be an actress. Then trouble starts. Sally's theatrical friends who had been after her to take all her belongings and deposit over for a party in the evening. Ira progresses from cold politeness to downright rudeness. He disappears of all their smile, out of a called Patsy (Dolores Moran) in particular. He thinks she's a bad influence on Sally, and he's probably right. One night he kicks them all out of the house—after a spectacular quarrel with Sally—walks out himself. The marriage is over.

Four years later, Ira is a captain in the Air Force. In India he runs into Patsy who's on a USO tour. She tells him that Sally had a baby, but was too stubborn to let him know about it. She gave it out for adoption. The news throws Ira into a tailspin. His son, living with strangers! He wangles a leave and heads for the States. He finds that the heart he had thought was as cold and hard as an ice cube is still in working condition. You'll want to see what happens to that heart.

Bob Hutton has one of the nicest personalities on the screen, and this is his best part, to date.—War.

P. S.

Bob observed the third anniversary of his entrance in pictures on February 22. Says he nearly forgot the day also commemorated the birthday of Mr. George Washington. ... During production, Bob learned (the hard way) how difficult it is to play opposite a youngster. Four-year-old Randy Hairston, with whom he had to do a scene, thought it great sport to grab Bob's nose between his chubby fingers and try to wind it like a clock. ... Twice previously, Joan has appeared on the screen as a married woman, but this is the first time she portrays a mother. ... Food For Thought Only Dept..—Bob would have liked real hamburgers was used in the beach party scene, in pre-ratining days they would have been real. A total of 18 quarts of water went into making the bottles that figure prominently in the scene. ... One-and-a-half tons of sand were used to make up the ocean-fright filmed on the sound stage. ... Age comes before beauty in Rosamary DeCamp's work. A young, dark-haired woman in real life, she almost invariably spends her working days in makeup that doubles her years!

CORNERED

Dick Powell follows up the detective of "Murder, My Sweet," with a smashing portrayal of an R.C.M.P. of 1930s Canada in the murder. The murder is probably as nearly justifiable as murder ever is. The man Captain Gerard (Dick Powell) wants to kill is a French-Canadian pot dealer. It is the death of Gerard's young wife. The collaborationist, Jarnac (Luther Adler) is, by all official records, dead now, himself. But Gerard does not believe so. He is sure that Jarnac is hiding somewhere, waiting for another war.

His first step is to go to France and his wife. She has been seen in Switzerland. Gerard goes there, to learn that she has left for South America. He takes the next plane to Buenos Aires, and then the chase really begins. But it's an open question most of the time who's chasing whom. Gerard is met at the plane by an odd, vaguely sinister individual named Inca (Walter Slezak). There are various people in Buenos Aires who seem to know more about Gerard than

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF

The new Fred Astaire picture is a honey. Next time your troubles get you down go and forget them for a couple of hours with this delightful, never-never romance. Lucille Norman comes to look at in Technicolor. Fred is a suave comedian, as well as a personable hero. Frank Morgan plays a genial crook, and, (without meaning to), becomes a screwy friend. To everything, he is at his best as a crook. Mildred Natwick plays the screwiest maiden aunt on record.

The plot is probably not meant to be taken too seriously. It takes place in a mythical South American country, which seems to be practically owned by the Aga Khan. The Aga looks as fresh from a convent and scarcely fitted to cope with experienced confidence men like Yolanda (Lucille Norman) and Victor Trout (Frank Morgan). They have come to South America to escape complications resulting from the sale of a gold mine. To the debonair Yolanda looks like a new and better gold mine.

At the convent, Yolanda was told that her guardian angel would always help her in time of trouble. She's a literal-minded gal, so when Johnny saves her (Continued on page 14)
HE'S GOT THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES... AND "THE LOOK" IN HIS ARMS!
WHEN SHE KISSES HIM, YOU'LL KNOW WHY IT'S STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL!

"Confidential Agent"

WITH
KATINA PAXINOU • PETER LORRE • VICTOR FRANCEN • GEORGE COULOURIS

DIRECTED BY HERMAN SHUMLIN • SCREEN PLAY & PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRES!
Stop tearing your hair!

"NOW...I'm curling my hair the safer, pleasanter way with 'EASY-LOCK' Curler"

Now you can "curl up in comfort" with the wonderful new Easy-Lock curler. No snagging or cutting your hair...no tiresome fumbling. Just a twist of the wrist and then—snap—it looks almost automatically, one-handed!

Women who do their own hair find it safer and easier with Easy-Lock curlers—and they marvel at the luxurious curls they achieve.

SAFER: No projecting rivets to catch hair. The distinctive open end means no cutting, mashing or pulling of hair.

EASIER: Unique patented feature—snaps closed easily with one hand from any position. When opened, loop is firm, a convenient handle for winding.

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This month, I'm feeling good. Generous. I want to put you on the track of a lot of stuff you may have been missing. The Band Leaders Chart, for instance. Got one? If you haven't, and you're wondering about the size, shape, marital or draft board status of one of your favorite baton pumphers, don't neglect to send in.

Serious, while the chart doesn't deal with childhood diseases, or whose grandmother had six toes on her right foot, it does give you practically all the other vital statistics you're ever likely to need. Also, as usual, you'll find my list of the best records of the month (Feather sticking his neck out again) at the end of this article, for easy clipping and carrying when your music shopping.

As for the platter of the month, this time you get an extra-special bargain. The best popular tune and the best hot tune are both on one Columbia disc, *Put That Ring On My Finger* is the pop side; *Bijou*, the hot. It's a Wood Herman job. Which reminds me that we're devoting next month's whole column to a special feature on Woody. I'd like to hear from any of you who would be interested in joining or forming Woody fan clubs, or from any of you who are already members of Woody fan clubs. How's about it?

Now let's get down to business. Record business. Here goes:

**Best Popular**

HONG KONG BLUES—Tommy Dorsey (Victor). Hoagy Carmichael (ARA or Decca)—This is a reissue of a record made years ago by Tommy Dorsey, featuring Skeets Herfurt doing a pretty good imitation of the original Hoagy Carmichael disc. Hoagy's own renditions are still preferable though. The coupling on this Dorsey record is *You Came From Out a Vochere* (with the new band, and a vocal by Stuart Foster.) *Hong Kong Blues* makes me think back nine years, to the time I met Hoagy. I was on one of my first visits to New York; from England, and he and I went up to his place and played old Bix Beiderbecke and Red Nichols records and reminisced about the early hot jazz. Hoagy showed me then the typescript of an autobiography he'd written. He'd really written it, too, alone and unaided. It was an intimate and personal story of his musical background, and he wanted very badly to have it published. I went back to England and tried to interest various people, but so far as I know, to this day, nobody has accepted it. Now that Hoagy's found new fame in the movies I wonder if a publisher wouldn't like to take it on. It would have to be brought up to date, but Hoagy could still get nostalgic about Bix, and no one would mind.

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME—Harry (Continued on page 2)
Once we were like this... can we bring it back?

The question every woman asks of her love... the story most women keep locked in their hearts.

Universal presents

MERLE OBERON
CLAUDE RAINS
CHARLES KORVIN

This Love of Ours

with CARL ESMOND • SUE ENGLAND • JESS BARKER
RALPH MORGAN • FRITZ LEIBER • HARRY DAVENPORT

Directed by

WILLIAM DIETERLE
of "Love Letters" and "I'll Be Seeing You" fame

Screenplay by Bruce Manning, John Klorer and Leonard Lee • Based upon the play entitled "Come Prima Meglio De Prima" by Luigi Pirandello

Associate Producer, Edward Dodds • Produced by Howard Benedict

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE
(Continued from page 16) life she's convinced that he is her guardian angel in person. She takes him with her to the fabulous Aquaviva estate. While Yolanda was in the convent, her Aunt Amarilla ( Mildred Natwick) had been handling the family affairs. Even Amarilla's pretty habit of handing out mines and oil fields to any good looking young man who came along hasn't seriously depleted the Aquaviva fortune.

Victor is doubtful. He thinks that glazed look that has appeared in Johnny's eye resembles love, and everyone knows you can't mix love with business. Johnny, on his way to see Yolanda, denies this accusation indignantly. "On my word of honor," he says firmly, "I'm only going to steal." The stealing is almost too easy. But there are certain difficulties ahead. One is the unexpected revival of Johnny's conscience, and the other is a strange little man named Candle.—M.G—M.

P. S.

And what color are your dreams? When it was first announced that "Yolanda" would feature a dream sequence, fans wrote to the studio suggesting that the dream be shot in black and white. They stoutly contended that people don't dream in Technicolor. When the letters were published, another batch of mail poured into M-G-M from people who maintained that they had dreamed in every color in the spectrum. The second flood of letters outnumbered the first so the color dream stayed in . . . Dancing actually puts pounds on Lucile Bremer's trim figure. During the "Carnival" number, rehearsals—50 hours in all—she gained five pounds. The dancing so increased her appetite she drank an average of four milk shakes daily. Fred practiced the same number of hours, but lost four precious pounds . . . The faces in the Carnival scene may not be familiar, but the clothes will. You'll recognize the gay, pink hoop-skirted frock Fred wore in "Pride and Prejudice," the white brocade and lace Norma Shearer donned for her wedding as Marie Antoinette, Ronald Colman's rich clothes from "Romance," the tri-corne and three-quarter coat Gabie sported in "Mutton on the Bounty" . . . Fred, who reviewed 30,000 feet of film to eliminate any possibility of repeating any idea from a previous dance, came up with something completely different. He'll dance on the head of a pin. How, is a trade secret all his own. . . .

DRAGONWYCK

There's a definite Jane Austen flavor to this romantic tragedy of the 1880's. Vincent Price, Gene Tierney and Glenn Langan form a Victorian triangle, though the setting is New York state. The picture is enthralling. Dragonwyck—towered mansion perched lofty on the grassy bank of the blue Hudson! Dragonwyck—where the hand clothes will. You'll recognize the gay, pink hoop-skirted frock Fred wore in "Pride and Prejudice," the white brocade and lace Norma Shearer donned for her wedding as Marie Antoinette, Ronald Colman's rich clothes from "Romance," the tri-corne and three-quarter coat Gabie sported in "Mutton on the Bounty" . . . Fred, who reviewed 30,000 feet of film to eliminate any possibility of repeating any idea from a previous dance, came up with something completely different. He'll dance on the head of a pin. How, is a trade secret all his own. . . .

'ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIIES INSTANTLY

—on application—and a cream must quickly to float away beauty-blurring facial debris gently, effectively . . .

It's so modern . . . effective . . . thrilling . . . the Floating Facial! The specialized cleansing your precious skin deserves, especially in removing stubborn cake make-up. A pure, crystal clear cream that literally floats away stale make-up remnants ordinary creams may not even touch.

See for yourself if Albolene doesn't make your skin look twice as clear . . . if make-up effects aren't infinitely softer, more flattering because your skin is really clean, feeling abnormally youthful.

Albolene is all-cleansing—free from the water content of most "beauty" creams. Besides, Albolene lubricates as it cleanses, a precious quality for dry, flaky skins.

Thrift to a Floating Facial today! It costs so little. Although Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream, it costs only a fraction the price of "treatment" brands.

Trial size 10¢, big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

Let's Finish the Job!

On your best face forward Remove your old make-up . . . one side with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene side. How clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudges from make-up debris, left on dirt . . .
Their daughter, Katrine, is an odd, shy child, afraid of her father and neglected by her mother. She takes to Miranda, and they spend most of their time together. The visitor learns some strange things about Dragonwyck. The legend, for instance, that when a Van Ryn dies, a woman is heard playing the harpsichord and laughing wild, lunatic laughter. She also learns that Nicholas can be cruel as well as fascinating. Yet she is dazzled by him, and by Dragonwyck. She has little time for the country doctor, Jeff Turner (Glenn Langan) who has fallen in love with her. Then one night Johanna dies. Later, Nicholas invites to Miranda's room and tells her that Fate has meant them for each other—that they will be married as soon as decency allows. They are married, indeed, even a little sooner than that. But Dragonwyck holds no happiness for its new mistress, while Nicholas lives.—Twent.

P.S.  
Gene loved her role. The only drawbacks (figuratively and literally) were the corsets she had to wear beneath the period costumes. Unable to stand their squeezing pressure, she had the corsets unlaced between takes, and finally removed them. But not before proving that the whalebones aided the same inch lacing squeezed in. Victory for Gene—she finished the picture without the feminine frousesides. . . . For scenes in which Gene was to be shown with a new-born baby, Director Mankiewicz suggested that the star use her own daughter. As an afterthought, he asked the baby's age. Daria was turned down as 14 months too old. Via a raw oyster diet, Vincent Price dropped 33 of his normal 205 pounds before the production began. "One pound less," he observed, "and I'll look like a poor man's John Carradine." Gene roused cast and crew with an offstage performance over the set telephone. After hanging up, she announced, starry-eyed, that Daria had walked for the first time, and had also torn up some of her mama's first editions. . . . "What are you raising, a female Atlas?" Price asked innocently. . . . With his "Dragonwyck" salary, Glenn Langan was able to pay off $7,000 in debts accumulated during his lean spells; also sent a $50 thank-you check to New York's Polyclinic Hospital which fed him for a week when he fainted from malnutrition on Broadway. . . . Langan was once a doorman at the same N. Y. theater where Vincent Price was starred in "Victoria Regina."

**HOLD THAT BLONDE**

Any Eddie Bracken picture is strictly for laughs and this one is no exception. It concerns a rich young man named Ogden Spencer Trulow III (Eddie Bracken) who is a kleptomaniac. Ogden steals everything from municipal bonds to baby's rattles. He always returns them exactly, and while he never gets caught stealing, he frequently gets caught returning. When the picture opens he is in the act of putting back $50,000 in a large New York bank. In this case honesty doesn't seem the best policy, for he touches off a burglary alarm and before he can say Ogden Spencer Trulow III, he is whisked off to the police station. Of course he is released later, since his own grandfather founded the bank.

This latest experience depresses him, and he consults a psychiatrist in the hope of curing his kleptomania. The doctor thinks an unhappy love affair is the cause, and advises him to find a new romance and everything will be fine. Ogden cheers up considerably at this, and returns the doctor's watch which he has absentmindedly purloined. He
This season the accent's on the rear view of your hair-do ... so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.

That means DeLong Bob Pins, of course. They're made of a special quality steel, the kind that doesn't lose its taut springiness ... they really do have the

**Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out**

You'll never be satisfied with wishy-washy bob pins, once you've used DeLong's dependable products.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

**BOB PINS**  **HAIR PINS**  **SAFETY PINS**  **SNAP FASTENERS**  **STRAIGHT PINS**  **HOOKS & EYES**  **HOOK & EYE TAPE**  **SANITARY BELTS**
cides to stick around a while and help straighten out Francis' muddled affairs. The reason they are muddled is Uncle Wills, who is definitely not a nice man. Eddie would like to do something about Uncle. Arnold and his gunmen turn up, still looking for dough. Then the real Francis Pemberton comes home, and nobody has the least idea who is who. What with one thing and another, it's a wonder the boys don't land in jail instead of on a mink farm:—Col.

Eight years ago, Marguerite Chapman wrote a fan letter to Fred MacMurray in which she spoke of her own dramatic ambitions. A photo of Fred came in the return mail with the inscription—"I hope you'll go far in your career." She could hardly wait to bring it to the set to show her co-star. ... Maggie's so happy that she'll be able to wear shoes throughout the film. Most men she's played opposite are her own height or shorter, and she's been required to doff her footwear so that she might appear smaller. Fred's 6 ft. 4 and towers above her. ... Harry Davenport has a novel way of getting a free meal. The secret of his success is the airpistol and target in his dressing room. His daily shooting matches with Fred and Akin, with a free lunch as a prize, resulted in easy victories for Harry. His opponents paid dearly before learning that "Dead-Eye Davenport" is an expert pistol shot. ... Unusual pact between director and cast was made by Leslie Fenton and the trouper in the film. Under the agreement, whenever Fenton, a former actor, had a suggestion to make to the members of his cast, he would avoid stating, "I used to be an actor, myself, you know." In event of a slip, he had to buy lunch for the entire company. ... 

THIS LOVE OF OURS

It all begins in Paris, where Karin (Merle Oberon) is a dancer. One day she sprains her ankle, and is pleasantly surprised to find that the doctor who arrives doesn't have a beard like most French doctors. He is a handsome interne named Touzac (Charles Korvin), and by the time the ankle is healed, they are in love. Karin gives up her career to become the sedate wife of a physician, and eventually young Susanne arrives to complete the household. Their home is a pleasant place, and if Dr. Touzac had had a more trusting character, there would have been no trouble. But one day the doctor overhears a conversation which leads him to believe his wife is unfaithful. There is a scene, and without giving her a chance to explain, he orders her out of the house. Touzac brings little Susanne to America, hoping to forget the past. He tells her that her mother is dead, and as the child grows older she develops a passionate, almost morbid worship of her mother's memory. When Susanne is twelve, Touzac goes to a medical meeting in Chicago, and there he meets Karin again. She is now assisting a clever caricaturist, Targel (Claude Rains), in his night club act. When she sees her husband, the pain-filled memory of the past overwhelms her. She shoots herself. But the bullet misses her heart, and Touzac operates to remove it. As soon as she is on the way to recovery, he begs her to come home to California with him. Susanne, he tells her, needs her mother. The catch is that Touzac doesn't dare tell the child this is her mother. He explains that Karin is an old friend whom he met again and married in Chicago. Susanne, furious at this slight to her mother's memory, will have nothing to do with Karin. It's quite a problem, and is solved at last, not by

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which SAFELY

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless, vanishing cream.
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5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 99¢ size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

MEN AND WOMEN USE

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THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU’D LIKE — NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR FANS

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

• MUSIC MAKERS — 1945-46 — by Harry James (5c)

Terrific new chart, all about band leaders, song writers, soloists, their lives, records, movies, radio shows! Here’s where you become an authority! Send 5c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

FOR ROMANCE

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS — by Jean Kinkead.

How to be date bait, plus how to act once you are. The straight stuff on smoking, drinking, getting stood up. Hold-your-man tactics that really work! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

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

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

CG-ED PERSONAL ADVICE — Want to know how to get him to ask you for a date? Or when it’s cagey to be “hard-to-get?” Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She’ll personally write you a letter, answering all those vital problems of the heart. See page 26 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

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

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS — This is specially for girls from 12 to 18. How to be really glamorous. New makeup, hairdo’s, ideas for your particular type. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL — For over 18’s — a beauty routine, skin and nail care, makeup styled to your needs. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

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

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT — 12-page chart, giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow, scientific diets. Exercises for reducing, plus scoring chart. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

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

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

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

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

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

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c)

Fill in your birthdate: Year.
Month . Date . Time .
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Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.
No self-addressed envelope required.

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

Don’t forget your zone number on your self-addressed envelopes!
We had never seen Hollywood stars in person, but last night we did ... they were right with us in the theatre. We felt their presence; they sat beside us; their voices were everywhere. One whispered, and I brushed the tingling sensation from my ear.

It was almost magic ... a curtain had been lifted from the screen. We were certain some remarkable change had taken place in the theatre. Then we learned the thrill we experienced was not magic at all, but true sound coming from a new loudspeaker called THE VOICE OF THE THEATRE.

We'll go out of our way, if we must, to hear every picture just the way we heard that show last night.

Go out of your way, if you must, to the theatre displaying this mark on its boxoffice window. It is a promise of new listening pleasure.
The picture is based on the successful play by Italy's great dramatist, the late Luigi Pirandello. It was first produced in Rome in 1922, and afterward in most of the capitals of Europe. . . . Merle Oberon is the only Hollywood star other than Garbo to enact a Pirandello heroine, Remember G.G. in "As You Desire Me?" ... It's Claude Rains' first Hollywood production in more than a year. He has been in England playing Caesar to Vivien Leigh's Cleopatra in the film version of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Sue England, who enacted the 12 year old daughter, was a winner over 700 prospects for the ticklish role. She was discovered in Tulsa, Oklahoma, by a U. talent scout when she entered a drugstore managed by her mother. . . . Rains spent several weeks studying the motions of a caricaturist to simulate them, for his portrayal of the ironic Tarrel. His model was prominent sketch artist Wallace R. Stark. . . . Although in California when making a pic, Rains knuckled down to the last bushel of alfalfa how his 575 acre Pennsylvania farm is doing. . . . Jess Barker fell victim to a temperament monkey during a party scene. Annoyed at having to do the scene several times, the simian bit Barker's finger. . . . The hat with the bashed-in crown worn by Merle Oberon in one sequence is a copy of the one she wore as the mannish Madame Sand in "A Song to Remember." The crumpled top with an added coat makes it feminine as a taffeta. . . . Travis Benton designed all of Merle's extensive wardrobe, with the exception of the tawdry de-glamorized pout she wears in the Chicago night club sequence. . . . Continental-born Korvin, who renounced the custom of hand kissing five years ago, has grown so rusty in the art that Director William Dieterle had to work with him several hours to achieve the polish necessary for the hand osculating scene with Miss Oberon.

MEXICANA

Pepe Villareal (Tito Guizar) is the Mexican Frank Sinatra. Like our Frankie, he is pursued by crowds of queuling adorers wherever he goes. He can't walk down the street without becoming the focal point of a mob scene. The girls all want to marry him, and Pepe decides it would be a good idea to have a wife to ward off the more ardent admirers. Just a business arrangement, of course! His manager, Esteban (Leo Carillo) approves, but has a better idea. "Why really get married? Marriage is easy to get into, but hard to get out of. We'll tell the papers you are secretly the husband of Alison Calvert (Constance Moore), the U. S. musical comedy star. She is to sing with you at the great Pan-American festival, and it will be good publicity for you both."

The way Esteban tells it, it sounds fine. Pepe figures one girl is as good as another for keeping away the rest of them. He is pleasantly surprised when he meets Alison. She is quite a dish. He is even more pleased when he hears her sing. Alison, however, isn't pleased about anything. Her manager has talked her into this, and she has no use for any Mexican glamour boy. She proceeds to make Pepe very sorry that he ever had the idea.

In this design, she has the wholehearted, if unconcealed, support of a pretty dancer named Lupita (Estellita Rodriguez). Lupita has long considered herself Pepe's fiancée, although she doesn't seem to have had much basis for this belief. Anyway, she resents a North American hussy moving in on her territory, and when Lupita resents anything she starts throwing all
the heavy objects in sight. Between the two of them, Pepe hasn't a chance. Even when Alison falls in love with him, it takes several reels to straight things out. "Mexicana" is gay, and slightly scatter-brained.—Rep.

P. S.
Connie Moore went Spanish in a big way. She and husband Johnny Maschio are diligently studying the language and intend to teach it to their little daughter, Gina. Upon completion of the film, Connie and her family headed for a Mexican vacation. Leo Carrillo abandoned pics and his beloved California ranch to play the lead in the revival of the stage hit, "Bed Man." He scored a personal triumph in the original play. Even Mexico has its bobby soxers. In the pic, Tito appears as their idol. During the fiesta scene, he sings and plays behind a barrier of barbed wire. But Sinatra never thought of that. Leo was overheard by a couple of chorus girls spending the sum of 15 thousand dollars via telephone. But they soon learned that is was strictly state business. He was just doing some work in his capacity of California State Park commissioner. Jean Stevens owes her success to a pink and black striped cocktail gown. Tripping the light fantastic with Sonny Tufts at a recent Hollywood party, her gown caught the attention of Producer Al Santell. When he began casting for the film, he remembered the dress, called the host and asked who had worn it. Jean's still amazed about it all.

PLEASE BEHAVE

How would YOU introduce Greer Garson to Turhan Bey? You'll always be at ease socially if you get "Please Behave," a MODERN SCREEN super chart. See Super Coupon, page 18.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

James (Columbia), Charlie Spivak (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Look, before I start in on this, I'd like to state in nice black type that I've been a Harry James fan for many years. You can tell from what I've written in the past that I have no personal prejudice against Harry, but—I think he's been leaning too heavily on the schmaltz side in his recent releases. Harry shouldn't forget that numbers like One O'Clock Jump and Two O'Clock Jump have been among his biggest hits. Harry used to be recognized as a great jazz trumpet player, so I just don't like to see him spending his talent on a sickly, sentimental style. Since this is my own opinion, however, I leave the verdict up to you. What do you think? Am I right? Am I wrong? Let me know.

JUST A BLUE SERGE SUIT—Vaughn Monroe (Vic)—Irving Berlin's first post-war song, as the title implies. If you're partial to a bow tie's checks, the idea may seem a trifle conservative, but the song's cute. Vaughn Monroe and the Norton Sisters take the vocal.

PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER—Woody Herman (Columbia)—Here's the record of the month, with a certificate of achievement by Woody. The other side, Bijou, is an instrumental number by Ralph Burns, the twenty-two-year-old arranger with the Herman band. He's marvelous, used to be Woody's pianist, but he got so busy Woody decided to let him arrange full-time. STARS IN YOUR EYES—Frank Sinatra and Xavier Cugat (Columbia)—The other side of this is My Shawl, and both tunes are slow boleros. Frankie and

JANET BLAIR AND MARC PLATT IN COLUMBIA'S HIT, "TARS AND SPARS"

Coaxing, caressing-soft...
Janet Blair's darling hands

YOU: How lovely to have soft hands like yours, Miss Blair

JANET BLAIR: It's easy—with the right care.

YOU: What care do you use?

JANET BLAIR: Oh, I use Jergens Lotion.

The Hollywood Stars, 7 to I, use Jergens Lotion

For good reasons! For lovely protection against rough hands.

Jergens Lotion provides a softness-safeguard for your skin. No girl's hands are "hopeless". Two ingredients in Jergens are so suitable for helping unpleasant, coarse skin toward "sweeter-than-dreams" smoothness—they're just what many a doctor prescribes. Never sticky. None of that oiliness. 10c to $1.00 (plus tax). Use this hand care of the Stars—this famous Jergens Lotion.

FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE JERGENS LOTION
HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW
USE WESTMORE'S
O
VERGLO

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL
NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

OVERGLO has a lanolin and oil base . . . Does not give an artificial masked appearance.
Overglo effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes . . . Goes on evenly — does not streak. Easy fingertip application — no sponge or cotton needed . . . Gives you a flawless looking complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering . . .
Overglo comes in seven flattering skin-tinted shades . . . One bottle lasts for months. $1.50 plus tax.

NEW . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER . . . ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION

A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder . . . made in only one practically colorless shade which is suitable for every Foundation-Tinted Complexion. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with natural youthful beauty. A powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation.

$1 plus tax.
got a really remarkable young group.

LOVER—Joe Marsala (Musicraft)—The Joe Marsala Sextet has done a slick swing version of the old Rodgers and Hart tune from *Love Me Tonight*. Originally a waltz, it's in four-four time, and coupled with Joe's beautiful theme song, *Don't Let It End*. Both sides feature Adele Girard on the harp. Adele not long ago turned down a very lucrative offer to join the Benny Goodman sextet, because Joe Marsala was ill in the hospital, and she wanted to stay with him. You see, she's Mrs. Joe Marsala.

MAD ABOUT YOU—Ike Quebec (Blue Note)—This record has no vocal, nor Billy Daniels either, but it's a fine twelve-inch Blue Note special which features tenor sax man Ike Quebec, and several of his colleagues from the Calloway band, among others.

MOOD TO BE STEWED—Slam Stewart Quintet (Continental)—Don't take this title seriously; it has absolutely nothing to do with the love life of the apricot. I put it on kiddingly for a Slam Stewart session I got together. I wrote this tune, and the one on the other side, called *Slammin' the Gate*, and I apologize to those who despise the lowly pun. Wanta punish me? To get back, these numbers have Red Norvo on vibes, Johnny Guarnieri on piano, and Monee Pelf. Benny Goodman's drummer. Plus a talented newcomer I've put on records for the first time, this session. He's guitarist Bill De Arango.

RELAX JACK—Vivien Garry (Guild)—Remember this little combination Diana Lynn got such a kick out of in our September issue? Well, Relax Jack is in the best Garry style, with the other side an instrumental called *Altitude*, on which Arvin Garrison, Vivien's husband, does terrific electrical guitar work. I heard the trio when they were playing in comparative obscurity at Kelly's Stable, and I recommended them to Guild Records. Now they're hailed as the best since King Cole.

SALT PEANUTS—Dizzy Gillespie (Guild)—Salt Peanuts is coupled with Hot House, and then there's a record called Shaw 'Nuff that's coupled with Lover Man—and they're all by Dizzy Gillespie's quintet. (Lover Man has a vocal by Sara Vaughan.) The music on these four sides is the most frantic, super-modernistic brand of hot jazz. Musicians are so crazy about Dizzy that a jazz critic who recently came to New York from the Coast summed up his impression of the music in the East in six words: "Even the drummers sound like Dizzy," he said. On Salt Peanuts, he sings a vocal which consists of repeating the title twelve times. That's all the singing he's ever done. Salt Peanuts—twelve times.

TIMES A-WASTIN'—Duke Ellington (Victor)—Originally written by Duke's son, Mercer, and recorded by Johnny Hodges with some other of Duke's men for Bluebird, it was known as Things Ain't What They Used To Be, and it was a big hit. Duke even used it as a closing theme. Now Don George, who wrote lyrics for *I'm Beginning to See the Light* and *Everything But You*, has taken the tune and written words for it under a new title. Funny part is that this particular recording doesn't use the lyric anyway, so Duke might just as well have called it Things Ain't What They Used To Be, which everybody knows it as. Mercer Ellington just became a father for the second time, making Duke a grandpa for ditto. The baby was a six-pound girl. Mercer's first, a boy, was named for Duke—Edward Kennedy Ellington.

PIANO SOLO—Art Tatum (Asch)—Here are six sides to prove that Tatum is still by far the world's greatest jazz... by CHERAMY

Frolic is a perfume to set your heart a-dancing. A blithe, fresh fragrance that murmurs "You'll remember me!" and keeps on appealing, subtly, for hours.

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; deodorant size, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. Talcum Powder, 50c.
(Plus tax)
pianist. Latch on to *Sweet and Lovely* or *Danny Boy*, if you've got the vaguest doubt.

**TENOR SAX**—Coleman Hawkins (Asch)
—An album featuring The Hawk, number one tenor sax man, in six new tunes, with Howard McGee on trumpet, and Sir Charles Thompson (as he calls himself) on piano. He used to be plain Charlie Thompson, with Lionel Hampton, but I guess he decided to add himself to the royalty of swing. Unfortunately, what with King Cole, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Earl Hines, there was nothing left but a baronetcy, so Charlie had to take that.

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**RECORDS OF THE MONTH**

*Selected by Leonard Feather*

**BEST POPULAR**

- **HONG KONG BLUES**—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Hoagy Carmichael (ARA or Decca)
- **IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME**—Harry James (Columbia), Charlie Spivak (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol)
- **JUST A BLUE SERGE SUIT**—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)
- **PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER**—Woody Herman (Columbia)
- **STARS IN YOUR EYES**—Frank Sinatra and Xavier Cugat (Columbia)
- **THAT'S FOR ME**—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Kay Kyser (Columbia), Dick Haymes (Decca), Jerry Wald (Majestic)
- **THE BLOND SAILOR**—Andrews Sisters (Decca)
- **WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?**—Sammy Kaye (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- **WHAT MORE CAN A WOMAN DO?**—Sara Vaughan (Continental)
- **WHOSE DREAM ARE YOU?**—Bing Crosby and Les Paul Trio (Decca)

**BEST HOT JAZZ**

- **GEOFFREY AULD**—Honey (Guild)
- **BARNEY BIGARD**—Rose Room (Keynote)
- **DUKE ELLINGTON**—*Time's A-Wastin'* (Victor)
- **VIVIAN GRARY**—Relax Jack (Guild)
- **DIZZY GILLESPIE**—Salt Peanuts (Guild)
- **JOE MARSALA**—Lover (Muscraft)
- **RED NORVO**—Congo Blues (Comet)
- **IKE QUEELE**—Mad About You (Blue Note)
- **SLAM STEWART**—Mood To Be Stewed (Continental)
- **COOTIE WILLIAMS**—House of Joy (Capitol)

**BEST ALBUMS**

- **EDDY DUCHIN REMINISCES**—Piano with Rhythm (Columbia)
- **COLEMAN HAWKINS**—Tenor Sax (Asch)
- **JASCHA HEIFETZ**—Violin Solos (Decca)
- **MARJORIE LAWRENCE**—Sings For The Boys (Columbia)
- **LILY PONS PROGRAM** (Columbia)
- **ART TATUM**—Piano Solos (Asch)
- **"TESCH"** (Frank Teschmacher) — Old Time Hot Jazz (Brunswick)
- **MUSIC FROM CARMEN**—Stokowski — New York Symphony (Victor)
- **FORGY AND ESS**—L. A. Philharmonic (Decca)
- **THE SOLID SOUTH**—History of Jazz, Part 1 (Capitol)

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**...Put your right hand here... then you be the judge!**

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

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

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

You see, Luxor Hand Cream gives real help to skin roughened by work or weather. For Luxor contains Carbamide—(an ingredient long used by surgeons in the treatment of wounds)—and thus helps to heal tiny cracks you can't even see with the naked eye — relieves these cracks that make skin look red, feel rough! That's why the effect is so beautiful and so lasting.

Just one jar of Luxor Hand Cream will show you how easy it is to have softer hands, smoother hands — no matter what you do!

---

**Luxor HAND CREAM**

Not Sticky-Not Greasy

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24
Of course your friends don't come to your house just to eat! But have you ever had to use brute force to get them to accept some tasty trifle? We thought not. This coming Holiday season will be the happiest ever for most of us—there'll be the jolliest kind of reunions and get-togethers. You'll want these recipes for easily made and delightful "munchables."

**COOKIE QUINTS**

1½ cups (15 oz. can) sweetened condensed milk
½ cup peanut butter
Any one of the following—

1. 2 cups raisins
2. 2 cups corn flakes
3. 2 cups bran flakes
4. 1 cup chopped nut meats
5. 2 cups chopped dates

Mix sweetened condensed milk, peanut butter, and any one of the ingredients listed above. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F) 15 minutes or until light brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30 cookies.

**CHOCOLATE NUT CRUNCH**

1 pkg. (7 oz.) sweet chocolate bits
1½ cups crisp rice cereal
½ cup chopped nut meats*
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate bits over hot water and stir until smooth. Remove from heat, add rice crisps, nut meats and vanilla, blending until cereal is well coated. Pack in greased pan and chill. Cut in squares when firm.

*Shredded coconut, raisins or chopped candied cherries or pineapple may be used in place of nut meats.

By Nancy Wood

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**Not yet, but —**

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence . . .

**Soon!**

Yes—we can promise it now. Fels-Naptha Soap will be on sale, in generous quantities, soon!

It will be the same good golden bar, the same husky golden chips that American housekeepers have relied on to lighten washday labor and to justify their pride in whiter washes.

For the patience and for the loyalty so often expressed—and demonstrated by our good friends—the makers of Fels-Naptha Soap are deeply grateful.

**Fels-Naptha Soap**

*Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*

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**CHRISTMAS COOKIE JAR**

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**Fels-Naptha Soap**

*Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*
CO-ED LETTERBOX

The boy I go steady with seems to be losing interest. He leaves me at parties and treats me like a sister in front of other people. Should I bowl him out? H. McC., Tiverton, R. I.

Above all things don't bore him out. Two things are possible. He may be weary of the one-woman setup and not quite know how to break it to you. Or, he may think you and he have achieved that nice, casual relationship in which each is so sure of the other that minor flirtations are no cause for alarm, and constant public protestations of love are just a little disgusting. You might offer him his freedom, so: "Bill, it’s not fair for one gal to corner all that charm. Why don’t we break this up and date some other kids?" If he protests, well, dandy. If he doesn’t, that’s all right, too. At least you’ll know what goes, which is what’s worrying you, isn’t it?

How long must you know a boy before it’s all right to kiss him good night? D. B., Franklin, N. J.

It’s not so much a question of how long you’ve known a boy as how well you like him. There’ll be a boy now and then whom you’ll want to kiss goodnight after one date, and somehow it will be right. There’ll be some you like, but whom your intuition tells you to keep guessing a while. There’ll be others whom you’ll like well enough but whom you could date till Doomsday without wanting to kiss. The old idea of "It’s all right to kiss him on the third date" is awfully silly when you think about it. Be discriminating and sincere, and that’s all you really need to know about to kiss or not to kiss.

Is there any cure for getting stuck at dances? J. Y., Paducah, Ky.

The best one we know consists of a twofold campaign. 1) Be sure that you look as smooth as you possibly can. Your prettiest dress. (Continued on page 97)

Here’s stuff on not only WHAT to write but WHY to write. Like “Thanks for the date,” “Get better soon,” “C’mon over to my house.”

We’ve talked a lot in various “Co-Eds” about how you look and how you act, but we haven’t said very much about you-on-paper. This month we’ll make it all up to you. We’ll talk about friendly letters, love letters, thank-you letters, invitations—the whole business, as it relates to men. So settle down and listen—’cause do you know that a well-turned phrase is at least half as effective as a well-turned ankle?

Friendly Letters: These are the casual, merry little notes that smart girls dash off with little or no provocation, and that are worth their weight in date bids. When a lad you know, who’s away at school or at work, does something spectacular, drop him a note of congratulations. Good, good, good; that’s the gist of it. Who? Him, of course. Start it breezily: "Dear Brainchild," "Hi, Superman." And end it likewise. "See you," "Bye, now." If you’re away on a visit, be it ever so brief, you’ve a swell excuse for dropping a card to a lad you like. "This is a wonderful place. I think you’d like it." (Subtle flattery, that.) "This is fun, but I missed seeing you play last night." If one of the kids you know is ill, whip him off a word of cheer. "We miss you ... we’ve been worried about you ... when you get back the gang will have to celebrate." That’s the stuff. Be on the lookout for occasions that warrant these brief, thoughtful notes. There are dozens of them and—as we said—the guys love ’em.

Love Letters: The first important point here is this: It’s up to a boy to initiate a schmatzy (Continued on page 96)
The five-letter word that started Broadway howling!
The story of a returned boy-hero whose family still thinks he's a baby!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

SNAFU

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION
Stageplay and Screenplay by
LOUIS SOLOMON and HAROLD BUCHMAN

with

ROBERT BENCHLEY - VERA VAGUE
CONRAD JANIS - NANETTE PARKS
JANIS WILSON - JIMMY LLOYD - ENID MARKEY

Produced and Directed by JACK MOSS
For romance, win a softer, smoother complexion.

You can—with your very first cake of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay’s daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had fresher, clearer, softer skin. Even younger-looking skin!

**MRS. MORTENSON’S STORY**

Rocking chair romance. Engaged, the happy light in Helen’s eyes is matched by the glow of her complexion—clear, smooth, radiant. “My skin responds to Camay care,” says Helen. “Really, my very first cake of Camay brought the livelier sparkle that a girl wants in her complexion.”

Singin’ in the snow, and planning a “honey-moon holiday” every winter. “Bob and I want to stay young,” confides Helen. “I like to hear his compliments—and to keep them coming, my complexion stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.” For your lovelier Camay complexion, follow the instructions on the Camay wrapper.

Be saving—with everything! Make your Camay last—it’s made from precious materials.
To our Readers...

- A certain little wife of mine thinks my romance with you readers has gone far enough. She may be right. But I'm going to permit myself one last mad fling. I'm going to kiss every one of you on both cheeks and inform you that you are the most cooperative readers a guy ever had! - Thanks to you, angels, MODERN SCREEN'S questionnaire (page 62) has provided us with the basis for a popularity poll that even Louis B. Mayer consults every morning before he counts his money! Henry Malmgreen, who loves figures (the old wolf), estimates that over half a million of your questionnaires have been tallied so far. Guys like Alan and Van appeared on your poll long before anyone else gave them any recognition. MODERN SCREEN readers are the finest talent scouts in the world! - Hedda Hopper, who has a seventh sense about movies (her sixth sense is reserved for hats), blew her top when I told her about the half million questionnaires. "Aren't you going to do something?" she asked. - And so, on page 36, Hedda has a fine story called "Watch Peter Lawford!" It's number one in a series she dreamed up. Each month, she will pick up a new name off that poll of yours. Some youngster she thinks will be the Frankie Boy or the June Allyson of next year. - Of all things, she talked the Gruen people into honoring each month's winner with a beautiful watch! And such watches. I do hope Mr. Gruen knows what he's doin'. - Pete Lawford is beside himself with joy. Of course, he doesn't mind being honored by Hedda and the poll. But it's the watch that kills him. Keeps taking it off his wrist and showing it to everybody. Which reminds me. I'm going out to Hollywood in a few days now. - And when Pete goes into his thank-you routine, I'm going to tell him who really gave him the watch. Not Hedda, not me, not Mr. Gruen. But you who voted for him on the MODERN SCREEN poll. You—the sweetest readers a guy ever had!

Executive Editor.
When they asked me to write a Thanksgiving piece, I thought, "That's not for me. That's for some guy who knows how to write." But I changed my mind. I figured if you were sitting across the room from me, I'd have no trouble telling you what I'm thankful for this year. So why not say the same thing in print?

Four years ago lots of us took our country for granted. "Oh sure," we said, "I'm an American and proud of it." That was all right as far as it went. But how far did it go?

I know a little more about what it means to be an American now. I'm thankful we weren't bombed or starved or thrown into gas chambers for mass executions: I'm thankful to be a citizen of a country that hates war but can rise grim and tough to its challenge.

I'm not smug about being an American. It could have been my kid and not someone else's lying dead under the rubble of a London house or shot through the head in a Russian village. And so, in a way, every kid is my kid. I know that now. It's a lesson I've learned by heart. It's a lesson none of us will forget. But that's not enough. To keep faith with the dead, we've got to see that our children learn the same lesson!

Above all, I thank God that the war is over and that this year our thoughts go back to turkey as usual and the warm, personal things of life—such as—well, for me, anyhow, Sue and Alana. I hope Sue doesn't see this because she always socks me when I make her blush. For Thanksgiving, I'll say it anyway. I'm thankful to Sue for being the sweetest wife in the world. And I'm thankful to Alana for calling me "Daddy" and for turning our house into a home!

Finally, if I'm going to bring my blessings up to date, I've got to bring you swell fans into this piece. People sometimes (too often) ask, "What's this guy Ladd got?" The answer to that is friends. Lots of 'em. To all of you, my love.
Thanksgiving with Sue

Like all good actors, Alan yearns to cut his own film! Steve Dunhill grins appreciatively as Lt. Holden and Tom Drake kibitz.

The frost was on the punkin', the cider in the jug, and the fun was at the Ladd's.
"No, you can't wrap it up and bring it home for Peter," laughs Brenda Marshall Holden. Papa Bill wanted drum stick for their toothy two-year-old son.

After dinner, alas, come the dishes. "A toast!" proposes Tom (cagey-like-a-fox) Drake to Alan, "to the Army—and the wonderful, wonderful way they taught you K.P." Alan, the perfect host, says nothing. But if looks could speak...

Peace, it's wonderful! Makes Thanksgiving mean so much... all the fellas coming home, and the food so plentiful. So Alan Ladd bent his blond head to Sue's dark curls and confided he could almost celebrate twice this year. "And why not?" asked H'wood Editor Sylvia Wallace. "Then we could photograph one ahead of time. And talkin' turkey, that's the kind of stuffing our readers go for!"

So quick like, Sue got busy on the phone. "Like to come to a premiere of a turkey?" she quizzed the Tom Drakes. "Would we?" they howled. "It's food, isn't it?" And the other guests accepted with similar reluctance. "Jeeper's!" muttered Sue, "they must think the oysters in the dressing all have pearls in 'em!"

So it was quite a party—even if the male guests pulled K.P. later, and the conservative old turkey had only two drumsticks!
Wouldja like ta wish on a star? Mrs. Chris Drake preferred turkey wishbone, tried her luck against Mrs. Brenda Holden. Score was tied; wives grinned like Cheshire cats, wouldn't tell wishes!

"Two against one isn't fair!" protested Bob Hutton. "Oh well," he squawked the Don Tylde, "you may be louder, but I'm better!" Song fest ended with light hearts—and sore throats.
A Alana sat primly on Brenda's lap; daddy had warned her about the Air Corps! Later on, 2½-year-old Alana, fascinated by shiny lieut.'s bars, toddled to Bill Holden, sighed, "Oooh, soljer!"

V Alon bet former schoolmarm Isabel Grey she couldn't stand an apple on round end. Fay Holden (left) chuckled as teacher cut slice off, did trick then told Al: "You pulled that on me in school!"
If you’ve read “To Our Readers,” on page 29, you’ll know that this is the beginning of an exciting new series by Hedda Hopper. Every month now, Hedda will choose a young actor or actress destined for stardom. She will base her selections partly on MODERN SCREEN’S poll and partly on her own experienced judgment. To make the award more than just a pat on the back, the Gruen Watch Company is cooperating with her and each month’s winner will be awarded a beautifully engraved watch. Hope you like our idea. And we’re sure you’ll be wild about the winners.—The Editors

I’ll have to admit it—Peter Lawford sneaked right up on me and gave me the surprise party of my life.

I was tripping down Peacock Lane one night a few months ago at a Hollywood premiere; “Thrill of a Romance,” to be exact. That’s a Van Johnson special, as everyone knows, and that’s exactly whom I came to see, just like a few hundred other people, including a bleacher full of ardent Van-atics on my right.


I bustled along, grinning gaily at the sights and sounds which never fail to thrill an old Hollywood war horse like me. Crowds, lights, glitter, glamor, excitement. Hollywood heroes strutting before their public like royalty. Famous faces, fervent fans. Fickle as a feather in the breeze, of course. But fickle maybe tomorrow—not tonight.


I’d taken only a couple of steps before another shout spun me around like a top. From my left came an answering roar—

“L-A-W-F-O-R-D—PETER LAW-FORD!”

I stared. (Continued on page 85)
takes time out from work on "Two Sisters From Boston" for some hard Victory Gardening, plus a pause that refreshes.

Gail Russell's the gal, Cira's the place—and Mr. L's the beau about town. Pete was Pat Kirkland's first H'wood cafe. Susan Blanchard agreed to triple-date at first sight.
Maggie's the domestic type, loves to sew, cook and dust, would love to be a tomboy but hasn't the nerve, so croquet's her wildest sport.

Sweet Maggie o' Brennan

She's sure growing up, our baby, but not too fast. Not fast enough to outgrow our hearts.
A follower of the "every-woman-a-wife" trend, Maggie keeps Aunt Marissa petrified by her offers to propose to Marissa's fellows (on Auntie's behalf). For herself, Mag croons "he loves me, loves me not" with only Greg Peck in mind.

An 8-year-old Princess made Maggie a member of her Indian tribe, but family can't pronounce its name! M.'s just learned how to climb trees—now the next step's learning how to get down!

"Lass," gift of Kate Smith, is mentioned daily in M.'s diary—usually in pidgin Spanish! Maggie can sing in Spanish, off key mebbe, but it makes her happy... Next pic's "Bad Bascomb."
It was just the way it should be—pink roses and satin, tall white candles and a great joy when Shirley said “I do.”

Junior mrs.

The swelling chords swept from the organ as it throbbed into Lohengrin’s Wedding March, and music filled the church. Deep pink roses, gathered in bunches at each pew post, the pale pink roses trailing from the high altar, and the banks of ferns, trembled from the triumphant sound.

A great indrawn sigh of the congregation, as from a single exalted breast, caused the banks of tall white candles to flicker with excitement. Anyone who has heard a summer wind rustling through pines has heard the murmur that swept through the church. Translated into words it whispered, “Oh, Shirley! Isn’t she sweet!”

“Here Comes The Bride;” shouted the organ. John Agar, waiting beside Jack Temple—his best man—at the altar, quickly bit his lower lip; his eyes were bright with pride in the vision advancing down the aisle.

Shirley was an utterly beautiful bride. Her white satin gown was made with fitted bodice and a sweetheart neckline embroidered with scrolls of
Mrs. Temple was the first to greet her brand new son-in-law. Then guests started streaming by the reception line for 2 hours of well wishing.

Their forms filed at the Glendale License Bureau, John and Shirley discussed plans for their dignified wedding ceremony. Shirley's one fear was that the occasion would turn into a "circus," John's that he'd muffle his lines.

seed pearls; her swaying Infanta skirt fell over side panniers. The train, ten yards of tulle, cascaded from a coronet of cabled satin loops, and her bridal bouquet was white orchids.

On the arm of her father, Shirley approached the nave and there John stepped forward to claim her. She had been entirely poised until that moment, but as she moved forward beside the man who was about to become her husband, she caught her breath and darted a quick, shy glance upward.

The Reverend Willie Martin stepped forward and smiled from Shirley to John. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God . . ." he began slowly. And the double-ring Episcopal marriage service rolled out in the cadence of its phrases: "John, wilt thou (Continued on page 102)
Almost five hours before the ceremonies began, mobs of fans crowded the sidewalks before the Wilshire Methodist Church, perching on lamp posts, parked cars and boxes. They were quiet until the couple appeared; then extra police were needed.

As man and wife, Shirley and John left the church, only to be forced back inside for a 15-minute wait while a path to their car was cleared for them through the frenzied crowds.

The reception was held in a pink rose and fern arbor at Shirley's parents' Brentwood home where very few of the 600 guests ate their portions of triple-decker wedding cake—not when they could be saved as lucky pieces!
In the Morgan Manor

HOME IS WHERE DENNIS' HEART IS, WHERE LILLIAN CAN MAKE A TIRED MAN REST AND THE KIDS SCREECH "NUTS!" TO ANY "GLAMOR BOY" ROUTINE. • BY CYNTHIA MILLER

Three generations of Morgan Men: Dennis, Jim and granddad Frank E. Morgan is just Dennis' screen name, so kids attend school as Morners.
Jimmie Morner, son of Mr. Dennis Morgan, is now three years old, and a heartbreaker. His eyes are huge and blue, his eyelashes are strictly Garbo and coal black, and his G.I. haircut is taffy blonde. If the love he entertains for his father could be accumulated in a visual pile, it would make Mt. Everest look like an ant heap—which is to say that Jimmie is nuts about his dad.

Now Jimmie is a gentleman who toys with his groceries. He has been known to clap an eggcup, only half emptied, on his head, and an oatmeal mustache is routine stuff. Despite the watchful eye of the cook, the maid, and his mother, Jimmie sometimes wears his food well. But he behaves astonishingly well when Dennis is around.

Not long ago, Jimmie was hesitating through his luncheon, toying with his vegetables, and turtling through his creamed chicken. Suddenly, on the distant air, there awoke a baritone song. Jimmie’s eyes widened. Like a small furnace devouring dried pine boughs, Jimmie consumed his luncheon with a roar. Then he (Continued on page 98)
Lon's got a crusade—Tolerance, tolerance and more tolerance. There's no place for prejudice anywhere, at home or abroad.

High in the sky Lon flew—and learned why flyers say.

"It's sort of like going to church . . ."

Pic. McCallister Reporting

By Fredda Dudley
The war, or the occupational tag ends of it, rather, is not confined to the European Theater or the South Pacific. Everybody knows about them. But there is a huge area, little known and even less publicized, that is covered by American power, which means by the day-to-day courage, the bored, lonely, home-eager devotion to duty of American men: the Alaskan Theater.

You know one of the men stationed in the north: Pfc. Lon McCallister, No. 39725503, Air Transport Command.

It is the ATC and its flying boxcars that supply our far-flung bases; it is the alighting C-47's and C-54's that bring, to those isolated posts, a brief contact with home.

Lon was called to briefing one morning recently, and told that a (Continued on page 70)
STORY: On either side the desert stretched to the curl of immense horizons and the town lay under the blaze of the desert sun like an idle piece of driftwood forgotten on an enormous beach. Sandrock was raw, young, untamed in a West that was still frontier, still pushing to the final coast and the Pacific.

The single street ran threadlike through the town and the main item of architecture was the Alhambra: Social center, theater—and saloon. Everything was new in Sandrock, but the newest thing there was a building, just across from the Alhambra. So new, in fact, that there was no sign on it yet. Just now a man was hammering in the final nails to the proud, freshly (Continued on page 92)

PRODUCTION: Director Vincente Minnelli, the groom-to-be, was barred from the set when the girls of the company staged a surprise shower for Judy. The girls filled Judy’s dressing room with gay decorations and cakes and candies, and then trooped in with dozens of packages. Judy delightedly opened the boxes. The first contained a beautiful hankie. So did the second. And the third. And the fourth. Judy blushed with embarrassment for the guests, thinking they had accidentally duplicated the gifts. Then the light dawned. It was supposed to be a handkerchief shower!...

Byron Harvey, Jr., Vice-President of the Fred Harvey system, went through the M-G-M mill in preparing (Continued on page 91)

Ned proposed—and Susan accepted—by mail. So she traveled 2,000 miles—to discover another man had written his letters!
2. After the brawl was over, Susan is left holding the bag, a plaster decoration. War is hell when the ladies at Alhambra tangle with Harvey House girls in a femme free-for-all.

3. Susan's still peeved at Ned Trent (John Hodiak) 'cause he proposed by mail (using another man's name) had her traipse west from Ohio... and is a gambler and a crook—she thinks.

4. No holds barred when Ned finds Judge Purvis (Pres Foter) setting fire to Harvey House. Ned then locates Susan, who's about to leave wild west, persuades her to be his ever-lovin'.

by Mari MacGullers
This Army Air Forces sergeant wouldn't take "NO" for an answer. He told the M-G-M P.B.X. operator that he wanted to see Major Clark Gable pronto, and in person. Unfortunately, he tied into a tired studio hellogal who'd had her ear half buzzed off with that exact request a few hundred times most every day since old Tall, Dark and Handsome checked back in from the wars.

"Can't we deliver the message, sir?" she asked.

"No, Ma'am," said the sergeant, firmly. "You can't. And please don't call me 'Sir.' I'm just a sergeant."

"Yes, sir," sighed the operator. "I'll give you the front office."

The front office was extremely polite. But Mister Gable was very busy on the set of "Adventure." Couldn't they handle the matter?

"Uh-uh," repeated the sarge. "I got to see Major Gable in person. It's business."

"Oh," said the big-shot's secretary. "I'll switch you to the legal department. One moment, puh-lease."

The sarge progressed up and down through wardrobe, casting, special effects, prop department and carpenter shop. He held his ground through (Continued on page 118)
When Dick was in hospital for checkup, J. (who's become a whodunit fan) visited twice daily, cheered him with comics, toys, crayons—and peeled grape.
Her head swims and her heart turns somersaults when you call Junie "Mrs. Powell"

by Abigail Putnam

One night a guy went to see a Broadway show called "Best Foot Forward." A girl came out and sang. She sang so hard that the veins in her throat stuck out.

"Why doesn't somebody stop her?" thought the guy. "Two years of that, and her voice'll be a wreck—"

Later he went backstage to see Rosemary Lane, who introduced him to the little singer. "She's the smallest girl I ever saw," he thought. "With the biggest neck veins—"

She thought: "He looks the same as he does in pictures—"

They said goodbye and went their separate ways—which were destined to meet and join. On August 19th last, little June Allyson and big Dick Powell stood together before a flower-banked mantel, promising to love, honor and cherish as long as they both should live . . .

They were married two days after Dick finished "Cornered" and while June was still making "Two Sisters From Boston." M-G-M did something slightly phenomenal—gave her a week off smack in the middle of the picture. They're living in a furnished apartment till their house (Continued on page 79)
For a time Dana's world held just one bleak, incredible fact. Janet—his wife of three years—was gone. Wherever he turned, it bludgeoned his dazed mind and stunned him again. Without Janet's mother, he doesn't know what would have happened to him.

In the midst of her own grief, there was still something Aggie could do for her lost daughter. She took Dana and two-year-old David into her home. They became her children. The furniture Janet and Dana had bought, piece by slow piece, was sent to storage. All but the music machine. "Take that over to my house," Aggie told the movers. One of these days Dana would need it again.

Always his booster, now she took over Janet's role—encouraging, prodding him gently to get back to his singing and dramatics. "You've got to start building your life up again, Dana—"

Between Aggie and Twomey, he did get started again. One day his backer came over to the filling station where he worked. Besides being a good businessman, Twomey was a person of kindliness and tact.

"You're worn out," he said. "You're spending too much energy here at the station. I want to put you on salary. Your job'll be to go on with your voice lessons and spend the rest of the day figuring how to get into pictures—"

For the first time since Janet's death,
even with taxes and agent's fee deducted, Dana can still buy plenty of watermelons with $1,500,000 contract he's signed for seven years with 20th-Fox and Sam Goldwyn. "Fallen Angel" his latest pic.

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a lucky dog to belong to Dana, whose favorite food is roast beef (rare, please!), which spells b-o-n-e. Amateur photog Dana tries sneaking up on his kids to catch 'em unawares, but rarely does!

Dana's eyes showed a spark.

Twomey pushed his advantage. "How long do you think it should take?"

Giving all his time to it? Six months at the outside. Probably less . . .

The six months passed, and all he had to show for them was his dented optimism. Twomey took him to John Colombo, Russ's brother, for an opinion. "You can get better singers for two bits a dozen," he said. "Why not concentrate on acting?"

The Pasadena Playhouse has a nationwide reputation. Dozens of its graduates ornament our stages and screens. Every Sunday night they hold open readings. Anyone can try out and 150 do. On a certain Sunday night Dana was one of the 150. He read a brief scene from "Antony and Cleopatra," and was one of the chosen called back for a second reading.

This was his first recognition by the world as an actor. His heart soared. "Golly, I'm getting a part. I must be good—"

He did indeed get a part—carrying a spear. But it wasn't too much of an anticlimax. Because here was what the amateur from Van Nuys had hungered for—greasepaint and the thrill of first nights and people who not only loved their business but knew it—in brief, the authentic smell of the theater. He filled his lungs with it, and felt he was breathing at last.

They were running a Shakespeare Festival. In "Cymbeline," they gave him a speaking part that all but finished him. Fiddling nervously with his moustache before curtain time, he pulled the thing loose, and ran downstairs for some spirit gum. The place was pitch black. Instead of being on the stage when the curtain rose, he was trying to scramble out of an elevator shaft.

His lines were crucial to the action. They started a fight between two other characters. By the time he'd battled his way back to the wings, the scene was in full sail, with the other two trying to ad lib (Continued on page 58)
Frances has honey-spun hair, delft-blue eyes—and a "mighty-like-a-rose" complexion.

Prominent Doctor's Daughter to wed Navy Captain's Son

The engagement of Frances Hutchins to Ensign Allister Carroll Anderson has been announced by Dr. and Mrs. Amos F. Hutchins Stoakley House, Md.

HERRING is an Annapolis "miniature"

Beautiful Stoakley House, where Frances lives, is one of the aristocratic old homes near Annapolis—so it's very natural that she is marrying into the Navy.

She's another engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look that just seems to belong to romance.

"I like Pond's Cold Cream better than any I've ever used," Frances says. "It feels simply luscious—and it certainly gives my skin perfectly grand help."

Here's the way she uses Pond's Cold Cream: She smooths snowy-soft Pond's all over her face and throat and pats "with good brisk little pats" to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening—creaming her face with little circles of her Pond's covered fingers. "This twice-over cleansing leaves my skin so soft and smooth," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Frances' way—every night, every morning, and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident so many more women prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxurious jar today!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Lady Edward Montagu, Mrs. A. J. Drexel, Jr., Viscountess Milton, Miss Anne Morgan.
Shakespeare. Nothing like it had ever been heard on land or sea—

“Methinks I do recall a story of something thou didst in Italy. Do tell about it—”

“Oh no, thou tell it—”

Dana listened in frozen horror. There went his career.

Presently he was facing an outraged director. “Where the hell were you?”

Up to that point, he'd been feeling like a worm. But direct attack stiffened him. He had, after all, committed something less than mayhem. “Does it make much difference? I wasn't where I was supposed to be. Nothing excuses that, but if you'll give me another chance—”

For a moment (Continued on page 108)

At six months, Stephen sat up in crib for first time. Proud mama yelped for Dana, who was outside, to hustle in and witness great event—but baby fell out on his head at papa's wild approach!

A typical dating father, Dana cornered Jimmy Cardwell [on location for "A Walk In the Sun"] to brag about son Stephen, who was born needing a hair cut, and eleven-year-old David, who catches two fish to Dana's one on camping trips.

Real name's Carver Dana Andrews. Extremely clothes-conscious, he loves smooth but conservative outfits like pin-stripe he's wearing at CBS mike.
For very personal presents, the kind that says your heart's really in the giving, my mom makes these Karo goodies. Then she wraps 'em up with holiday papers and ribbon. You will make anybody happy with a gift like this—even folks who already have two of everything. You are giving something of yourself; something money can't buy.

THE KARO KID

KARO FRUIT MERINGUE COOKIES

2 egg whites
1/2 cup Karo
1/2 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup raisins
1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries, well drained
1/4 cup chopped nut meats
2 cups ready-to-eat cereal
1/2 cup milk
Beat egg whites until stiff. Add Karo (Red or Blue Label) 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition. Fold in raisins; then fold in vanilla, fruit, nut meats, and cereal. Drop from a tablespoon onto greased baking sheet; bake in moderately slow oven (325° F.) 25-30 minutes. Makes 40-50 small cookies.

KARO GLAZE FOR FRUIT CAKE

Heat 1/2 cup Karo to boiling point and brush or spread immediately on a baked fruit cake. To vary the glaze, add 2 tablespoons brandy or orange juice to 1/2 cup Karo; heat to boiling, and continue cooking slowly for 2 to 3 minutes. We suggest Blue Label KARO for dark and Red Label KARO for light fruit cakes. Will glaze one large cake or 15 to 18 small cakes.

DECORATION for FRUIT CAKE: Cut candied cherries in half. Slice citron into thin strips. Before glaze, arrange almonds as petals, and place a half cherry in center. Use citron for stems and leaves.

KARO NUT AND CEREAL BITS

1 cup Karo
1/2 cup water
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
3/4 cup chopped nuts
1/4 cup shredded wheat or rice
Combine Karo (Blue or Red Label), water, and salt in saucepan, bring to boiling, cook over moderately low heat until syrup forms soft ball (230° F.) when small amount is dropped into cold water. Add butter, continue cooking until hard brittle ball forms (295° F.). When small amount is dropped in cold water, stir frequently. Add vanilla, nuts, cereal. Spread thinly on greased baking sheet. Break into pieces when cool.

KARO AMBER MARMALADE

Peel 1 large orange, 1 large lemon, 1 large grapefruit. Slice peel paper thin. Cut pulp in small pieces. Measure pulp and peel separately. Measure twice as much water at total; add to peel only. Cook uncovered, 15 minutes. Drain. Add same amount of water; cook 20 minutes; add pulp, cook 10 minutes more. Continue as follows: Combine in deep, broad pan: 3c. cooked mixture, 1c. Red Label KARO, 2t. sugar. Cook rapidly, stir often until mixture "sheets" (when small amount is poured from spoon, two drops will come together and break from side); cook 2 minutes more. Stir, pour into hot, sterilized glasses, seal. Cook rest of fruit same way. Makes ten 8-oz. glasses.

Here's a nice way to gift-package the four Karo goodies. Then wrap in holiday paper and tie with a bright ribbon.

Paper by Narragansett...
Talk about
movie scripts! He saved
her from
drowning...so what could
Ella Raines
do but marry the guy?

It all happened very quickly. Yards of
swift, strong ice flying under her skates
and then suddenly, a gaping mass of swirl-
ing grey water looming up at her. “Oh
Lord,” she thought, “oh Lord, I’m going
too fast, I can’t stop, I can’t stop!” when
magically, there was a hand grabbing her
arm and swinging her over to solid land,
and she was crouching on the old log,
hugging herself close and sobbing.
“How was I to know the ice wasn’t
solid at Mulvaney’s?”
“You’d think that after anybody’d lived
at Snoqualmie Falls for all of their four-
teen years, they’d know by now that the
north side doesn’t freeze till after Christ-
mas!” Ken’s voice (Continued on page 61)
was gruff and deep with his vast three-years-older superioritv.

"Were you scared I was gonna drown, Kenny?"

"That's a dumb question!"

And all of a sudden, fiercer than cold pain or dentist pain, it raced through her.

"Why, we're in love! Why—I'm going to marry the boy!"

the kids grew up . . .

Ten years have passed since the "affair of the skating pond rescue" and the girl with the green eyes has grown up into Ella Raines, Hollywood citizen and star. And Kenny? He's now Kenneth Trout, (formerly known as Major Kenneth Trout, U.S. Army Air Corps), holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal, a Presidential Citation, and the very firm conviction that his wife's terrific but that really "it was so hard to be dignified with the men serving under you when they had pin-up art of your wife plastered all over the barracks!"

Because, you see, Ella Raines' one-track mind finally made its destination—she really married the boy!

And to no one's complete surprise. Snoqualmie Falls, Washington (pop. 752; location: 29 miles southeast of Seattle), always figured that some day Kenny Trout, who had a fine purple hatred of clinging vine girls, and pert Ella Raines would "get together." Because it was common knowledge that when Ella's dad got used to the idea of his first-born belling a girl, he decided to ease his disappointment by giving her as many of the "manly" virtues as possible. So by the time little Ella was five, she was a swimming champ, and in another five years was joining her father in "roughing" trips to the Cascades where they hunted and fished, skied and climbed mountains, loaded and had long talks by flickering firesides or over sizzling barbecues. To this day Ella prefers the simple life, reading her beloved Shakespeare or George Bernard Shaw, composing sad, wild music on the baby grand piano she bought herself with her first movie paycheck, walking high in the Hollywood Hills where there's no one to talk "shop" at her or babble of studio gossip.

"I used to go in for flurry and bustle," she recalls, "until I was about eight. Then Things Happened." It was right around Christmas and there was that certain feeling in the air, that feeling that transforms all little girls into demons and all adults into avenging deities—with hair-brushes. First there was Miss Daniels' piano recital where Ella, glowing in black patent leather and pink organzé, acknowledged the applause and head noddings of various parents, announced, "And now I will play. 'The Happy Farmer,'" spread out her fat little skirts over the piano stool—and promptly gave out with some very fine boogie woogie! That would have been forgiven eventually, even coming as it did two days after she stuck bubble gum on the seat of the 3rd grade teacher who'd flunked her in arithmetic, but when on Christmas Eve, she interrupted the hymn singing because she spied Santa sneaking in through the vestibule—

ELLA RAINES. Universal's lovely star, in "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry," WOODBURY WINDSOR ROSE gives fresh-rose color to her pink-tone medium skin. Fluff it on yours—for vivid glow!

The ravishing Ella Raines picks Woodbury Film-Finish Powder to carry her smooth, screen glamour into private life, too. That's your cue for a flawless Hollywood "finish."

5-way blending gives loveliest-ever color . . . smoothest-ever texture. New Film-Finish clings longer, hides blemishes best- ever. Never clogs or turns pasty. 8 star shades.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Now, with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your own glamour shade of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost. No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.

NEW Film-Finish Powder

"Loveliest-ever shades...finest-ever texture," ...says exquisite Ella Raines

JUNE, FRANKIE AND VAN! Santa Claus is coming to town . . . and he's bringing the Xmas issue to your newsstand on December 11 . . . with your big three—all three—Allyson, Sinatra and Johnson on the cover!
with Daddy’s pants’ legs hanging out over his red flannel suit, well...

She was still in high school when she made up her mind; about 16, about becoming an actress. Mr. and Mrs. Raines couldn’t see it her way. She was too young to know her own mind, the glamour was blinding her, if she went out with other boys—So ever obliging, Ella bought a car, a ’29 coupe with blue lights and a lethal exhaust, boned up on her studies and went to all the local dances where she invoked the undying hatred of all the girls and the oyst-er-eyed adoration of all the boys. “I suppose I was her ball of the day,” she reasons, “because in those days fellows were always looking for laughs.” But it wouldn’t work.

Kenny still had the inside track on her heart, theater on her head. And by now she was a woman, wonderfully beautiful in her strong-boned, vital way. Lush-mouthe,d hair almost black, almost straight, her cheekbones high and slanty, her nose pert and unbelievable with its till, its zany curve. She enrolled at the University of Washington partly because it was near home, mostly because it had such a fine drama degree. The folk still hadn’t understood or condened when they finally consented one evening to come see her act “in a real show, “Spring Dance,”” but when they saw her come out, they got it from then on. She had been one of the biggest hits of the run.

She was her original fairy godfather, Talent Scout Smith, who approached her with the verdict.

“Before I say anything, uh—definitely—may I say on behalf of the studio and uh—myself, just a tip, Ella, uh—possibilities...”

But I also feel that the camera, regardless of the tremendous advances made during the past twenty years, is nevertheless a still imperfect instrument...”

That’s interesting, very interesting, Mr. Smith. But about my, uh—possibilities...”

“so we, that is the studio and myself, would like to suggest that...”

Her heart wasn’t in it but that night Ella was telephoning home.

STUDIO SUGGESTS I’D BE GENIUS WITH NOSE REMODELED, STUDIO SUGGESTS I’D BE HORRIBLE, I’D BE CONVICTED OF THEFT, THEREFORE DOES PECULIAR THINGS TO ME. I SHALL UNDERGO PLASTIC SURGERY! LOVE ELLA.

The reply came almost immediately:

DON’T BE RIDICULOUS. WAIT UNTIL CAMERA UNDERGOES PLASTIC SURGERY! LOVE DAD.

The folks were waiting to meet her at the station when she returned home, Mom and Dad and a beaming Mom and Dad. Well, not a bit dancing, but a bit weaving; Kenny, off to one side a bit, standing tall and awkward in the evening shadows. She kissed them all, grateful because they were there and home felt good again and Raines’ legs had been anything but awkward. He took her to a movie that evening, after Mom had shoed them away from the dishes in the kitchen and sent Ella dancing. They were riding home when:

“Didja have fun, Ella out there?” he asked, his voice wobbling.

“I w-waited for you, Ken. Dates, night clubs, orchids every night and—Oh, Kenny,” she wailed, “I’m such a failure!”

“All right, Ella, cry it out. Sh-sh, everything’s all right—we feel you’ve been义务—don’t marry me and we’ll—”

“But I don’t want to marry you and—I don’t want to marry you and—oh no, Kenny, that isn’t what I mean. I mean...”

“I know,” darling. You mean you like ten-minute eggs and I like three-minute eggs and you’re scared we won’t get along. It’s a compromise, you know we’ll just have to make sacrifices.” He sighed, squaring his shoulders decisively. “We’ll just have to make sacrifices.”

“Oh you dope, you beautiful, elegant dope—of course, okay!”

Ella’s not Pollyanna, but also, she’s no doormat. She’s a woman who’d cry her eye back into shape, she went back to school, all the more determined to become an actress. She concentrated, got to know other girls instead of depending on her smile, her walk, her trick of clinging her hair back and smouldering through a role. By now Dad was just as enthusiastic about her story as he had been, and then you’ll marry me and we’ll—”

“Thank you, oh thank you, Mr. Smith. Why, I’m so happy.”

“No, but we also feel that the camera, regardless of the tremendous advances made during the past twenty years, is nevertheless a still imperfect instrument...”

That’s interesting, very interesting, Mr. Smith. But about my, uh—possibilities...”

“So we, that is the studio and myself, would like to suggest that...”

Her heart wasn’t in it but that night Ella was telephoning home.

We just love to know what you think of MODERN SCREEN! And ‘cause we do and also just because we love you, we’re offering to send you 500 FREE Dell mags to 500 of you who will fill out the Questionnaire below and send it to us no later than November 20th! The first 500 letters to come in do not necessarily get the mags, so don’t rush! Answer your Questionnaire thoughtfully, send it in after you’ve read each story. Maybe you’ll be one of the lucky 500!

FREE OFFER!

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

Fm. Thankful For
(Thanksgiving with Sue and Alan Ladd) □□□□□
Watch Peter Lawford! □□□□□
Scoop! Maggie Cheatom! □□□□□
Junior Mrs. Shirley Temple wedding) □□□□□
In The Morgan Manor
(Dennis Morgan) □□□□□
Pfc. McCallister Reporting □□□□□
Louella Parsons’ Good News! □□□□□

Which of the above did you like LEAST?
What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

My name is... City... Zone... State...
I am... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
To this day, nobody knows how it happened. Ella's home sand-gritty and dripping with sun tan oil, dying to get under a shower but also anxious to get the tan started. Impatiently, she lighted a match for the oven and hurried her head down to make sure the flame had caught. A split second, and then torrents of pain. And through it all, nothing except the smell of flesh burning and the crackle of burnt hair. And her voice thin and hollow and instinent in the stillness.

quick come-back...

The doctors said she'd die. Or be disfigured. Six months later she was back on the campus, eight months later the bandages came off and the campus was sure she'd be all right. Because Ella was calling herself "Curly" and she had no hair or brows or lashes. Because Ella was still determined to be an actress.

She was in her dorm room the night before graduation when the telegram came:

THINK I AM BEING SHIPPED OVERSEAS. CAN YOU FLY? CAN YOU MARRY ME TOMORROW?

LOVE KEN

She flew. She married him tomorrow. So she wouldn't get her diploma, so what? You only live once—so love while you can,' is Ella's motto. Maybe it was the war—but after being with him for ten years she felt her mind was made up. They had only two days in which to prepare— but the wedding was done up brown with 150 formal announcements sent out and orchids and rice and people crying and a three-line notice in the local Palm Beach paper.

But with Ken shipped overseas, Ella was restless, uneasy. Until Dad decided to reveal his plan: He was sending her off to New York—all expenses paid—with his blessings on a stage career.

Ella wiped a tear from her eye, pocketed her nest egg, and made for New York—where she promptly entrench herself at the ultra-swan Plaza Hotel. "Front," she decided, "is what makes the actress—go places. And I'll pull up a front if I have to starve doing it!"

But Ella had no sooner decided on one course of action when Fate got puckish and started playing tricks again. Because instead of sticking it out at the Plaza with a box of crackers for the next year, Ella landed a bit part in that hit of "Oklahoma!" within three weeks of her arrival East—and immediately took to her bed with a severe attack of tonsillitis.

But the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. A friend of hers who'd learned of her illness at the same time he'd heard that Hollywood agent Charles K. Feldman was in town scouting for new talent, dispatched Mr. Feldman (properly impressed) up to the Plaza. Whereupon Mr. Feldman (still more impressed) met Miss Raines, borrowed two of her photographs and showed them to Charles Boyer and Howard Hawks who were then forming their million dollar B-H production corporative in Hollywood. The aforementioned gentlemen took one look, the kind of look that comes out like a whistle, and sent a telegram. Would she like to sign a contract? She would. (Fanfare, bugles blowing.) So on February second, 1943, Ella arrived in Hollywood, February third she had a screen test. February fourth she started work on "Corvette K-225," the picture Hawks was currently producing at Universal.

A few months later, Universal couldn't take it. They plied, threatened, cajoled, until the B-H corporation saw the light and sold them Ella's contract outright. All this (she'd already played in M-G-M's "Cry Havoc" and the leads in Paramount's "Hall The Conquering Hero" and "Phantom Lady" with Franchot Tone)—and "Corvette" hadn't even been released yet!

And now with "Till In The Saddle," "The Suspect" and "Enter Arsenic Lopin" playing the neighborhood movies, Ella's just finished "Uncle Harry," the show which Eva Le Gallienne made so memorable on Broadway and which those who've seen the movie version vow marks Ella's final leap to stardom.

But not even stardom can change the girl. Before Ken was out of the Army she lived with him in a tiny bungalow down in Miami, along with the other Army wives, living in suits and slacks, breaking up over Hope's radio shows and anything with Bergen, showing off her Major's decorations till he was red with embarrassment. trying to look penitent when he scolded her for feeding their cocker spaniel, Major Nugget, at the table. Nugget died a few weeks ago, which nearly broke her heart.

Now that Ken is out of the Army, they live in their own, more comfortable home, in Beverly Hills. Divorce rumors spread through Hollywood after his return, but you can be certain she won't do anything in a hurry. Neither of them will give up without trying everything, but if it does happen, you can't blame Hollywood; it would have happened if they were just Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Trout of Snoqualmie Falls.

No, stardom can't change the girl with the warm, wide smile and loopy stride. The girl upon whom the GIs bestowed one of their most unique titles, "The Lady With The Lamps." Otherwise known as the girl with the gilt.
She'll look cute as a button in this newest of Harry Berger's darling Tommiecoats. Polka dots trim this cap-sleeved lovely. It's only $3.50.

Perfect type casting...a "Sweater Girl" trio of bath oil, cologne and bubble bath for you-know-what! The cover pretends it's a Juke Box. $1.00.

Racking your brain for a charming trifle of a gift? These gaily decorated little jars of jellies will help avert breakfast melancholia! $1.10.

Glitter on her neck and wrist, straight from Christmas tree. Necklace and bracelet, made of gold beads on velvet cordings. Set by Coro. $7.00.
"Holly Berry Cologne" by Prince Matchabelli is the very essence of Christmas! Looks it, too, in a green and white, be-ribboned box. $2.00

Very distinguised, the Christmas tree which bears your gift of traditional fruit cake (about $2.00) or fruit fingers in rum sauce at about $1 per jar.

Delicious stick candy in an intriguing sugar-cane cart will charm either child or adult! This same candy comes in other novel packages. Cart, $1.59

Here's the beautiful, the truly precious gift, for your favorite girl. Give these magnificent Marvella pearls, a single strand for $18.00.

This intriguing little basket holds 2 bottles herb-flavored vinegar, 1 drum herbs, 1 shaker herb-flavored salt and 3 tubes of herbs. $3.00

Any host or hostess would adore these for her relish tray: gherkins, 73c; Jerusalem artichokes, 73c; fruit chutney, 70c; watermelon rind, 51c

High school and college gals are mad for this shaggy mitten. Its palm is leather, the back, lamb fur in lush shades. Buy it for only $5.00

Peggy Sage's Polo Bag is doubly gifted. First, it holds bright polish for her fingertips, then it slips over her wrist, a gay accessory. $1.50

Oriolf's Altar of Petals beautifies in hand-painted, porcelain-white jars which can later double as decorator's pieces. $4.25 the set.
Give new beauty to your fingernails with Dura-Gloss—
the nail polish of perfection. Dura-Gloss is like liquid jewelry. Its beauty and brilliance come from Chrystallyne, a special ingredient in the Dura-Gloss formula. It dries fast. Its smoothness will delight you. 10¢ plus tax.

**Something new**
Dura-Gloss Nail Polish Dryer dries polish faster. Try it. 10¢ plus tax.

---

For your youngest friends, this sturdy horse, covered with washable, vegetable-dyed cotton. Buy him, cay look and all, for only $2.00

Advance planning goes into this luscious leather set, consisting of a round cosmetic case, wallet and cigarette case. The set, with initials, $7.50

Giving tea as delicately fragrant as these fine blends is a flattering gesture. There's a half dozen varieties at about 59¢ per 2½ ounces

Most versatile item in a young girl's wardrobe is a twin sweater set, sweaters in contrasting colors. The pullover, $4.00, the cardigan, $7
No more color problems! The four different and delightful reds in Rubinstein's "Lipstick Wardrobe" give a girl beauty variety. $2.50 the set.

Whoo, Donner! Stop, Blitzen! Full stop while we deliver this cookie jar and its crunchy contents! Cookie jar, $2. and up; cookies, 3 lbs. for $1.00.

Now here's a compact for a girl to whip proudly out of her purse! A jaunty floral design tops this smooth plastic "Compact by Adna." $2.00.

Season's greetings to a gourmet: Edam cheese in sauterne, Roquefort-type cheese in brandy and ever-popular cheddar in port. About 49c each.

*RISQUE Smoldering Amber Musk
*POETIC DREAM Tropic-Floral Fantasy
*HEARTBEAT Vibrant Floral Blend

THESE FINE AMERICAN PERFUMES - THREE-FIFTY THE OUNCE, plus tax

LEIGH A DIVISION OF SHULTON, INC., NEW YORK AND TORONTO
Memos from Santa

What a luxurious perfume! "Tigress" by Faberge in a tiger-topped bottle. Elegant on your furs, light enough to wear all day. $3.50 to $15

A very appetizing way to say, "Merry Christmas"! Highly flavored sea-food and meat pastes for hors d'oeuvres. Price range: 26c-45c each.

Yardley's plump jar of bath salts holds such quantities of fragrant crystals that mildly will cherish them long after Christmas. $3.50

Newest scarf idea by Kimball, French wax printing, giving the texture of precious oil paints. Luscious colors and lots of gift for only $5.00

Santa visited Hollywood and helped Max Factor whip up this enchanting gift package. Let it brighten your "best of" Christmas. $4.55

Small handbags are news, and here's a honey by Parisian. It's softest pigskin, in high shades and black, faille and satin lined. About $10.00

"Follow Me" says the lifting, delightful scent of this eau de toilette, so Varva who makes it, wisely called it "Follow Me!" Giant bottle, $4.50

For that sleek as a bandbox look, Chen Yu has a gay leatherette bandbox filled with everything for lovely nails and hands. Also a lipstick. $10

"A fisket, a tasket, a Christmas basket!" Coty, contributes this gay L'Origan whimsy to make Noël-tide gifting the merrier. Price: $2.50
A breath at Old Sweden! That's what this is. Complete with dancing maids, Linnea presents powder, cologne, and perfume, boxed at $5.00.

Design for giving: Red and white domestic wine for cooking (about $1 per bottle) and a copy of "The Wine Cook Book" by the Browns. $2.50.

Christmas is just the time for "Friendship's Complete with dancing maids, Linnea presents for cooking (about $1 per bottle) and a copy of "The Wine Cook Book" by the Browns. $2.50.

Wonderful "mistletoe bait" is contained in this Dear-Kiss gift package. Beautiful, isn't it? Check this on your Christmas list at $5.75.

The Mighty Midget Wallet has swept the country and it's easy to see why. It's got everything, plus a four-leaf clover on key chain. Only $2.25.

There's no doubt about it... Richard Hudnut has an elegant way of doing things. As witness, this scrumptious "Du Barry" gift set, $4.25.

Some costume jewels look priceless, they're so simple, so right. Jordan's calla lily pin and earring set, the pin $8.00, the earrings $2.00.

This one's important! Greet the absent darling with something to eat and smoke: Stuffed dried fruit, fruit cake, peanuts, candy, cigarettes.

To brighten any girl's Noel morn—this Daggett & Ramsdell enchanting five-piece "Mountain Heather" set of beauty fixings, $5.50 the set.
group was to go on tour: to Edmonton, Grande Prairie, Dawson Creek, Watson Lake, Whitehorse, Big Delta, Tanacross, Northway, Juneau, Fairbanks, Galena, Anchorage, Nome. Fabulous names—names from your geography, names from your American and Canadian history.

Lon and the men assigned to the same duty climbed into a C-54 in Edmonton. It was a crisp late summer morning sharp with wind. After the big ship hauled itself onto the highway of the sky, it found the road in need of repair.

Luckily, no matter what happens in an aircraft of any size, ranging from a Piper Cub to a B-29, Lon feels fine. But one fast glance around assured him that his air pattern partners weren't all so lucky. He scurried around; he passed out airick pills and burp cups.

He got the guys interested in "The Game"—charades. Somebody did "Off We Go, Into the Wild Blue Yonder," which was fairly easy to penetrate. Someone did "The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith," which caused some trouble. Lon drew Cornelia Otis Skinner's "Dithers And Jitters." Considering the fact that the plane was leaping from air current to air current in the manner of a St. Vitused goat prowling the Alps, this wasn't too tough an assignment to jilt out. They landed at Watson Lake, and checked the NCO Club which revealed a frightening deficit: No food. A resourceful group of men, whose identities shall remain unrevealed, rolled their eyes in the direction of the Officer's Club. Said somebody, "Well, why not? If we don't get caught."

Any resemblance of this fact to theft, either grand or petty, is purely incidental. The food was "liberated." Or "borrowed." And very fine food, too.

The next stop was Fort Nelson in British Columbia. As Lon hopped out of the plane and strolled across the field, he was greeted by a shout of sheer delight. "For the love of Mike—McCallister!"

The two men shook hands violently, and pouted one another's shoulders. Lon's overjoyed friend was Peter Jamie-

Lon and Pete went into their brother act; they sang, they did—from memory—scenes from the plays of Clifford Odets and Eugene O'Neill. They coached a group of men based at Nelson, and put on an hour's informal radio program—it was solid stuff and a lot of fun.

But finally, Lon had to leave. "Sure hate to see you go," Pete said. "Sure hate to go," said Lon, but it was purely a social comment. He looked around. He thought, "God, what an assignment! Sweating this one out really takes guts."

The plane carried them farther north, to Tanacross. There, they staged—for lack of facilities to do anything else—an impromptu pool match. Lon was teamed with one of the fellows stationed at the base. "Gee, you're playing in rotten luck," Lon grinned. "This is only the third or fourth time I've ever had a billiard cue in my mitts. I'll probably flub my shots and ruin your chances of being half of a championship team.

Well, Lon still doesn't know how it happened, but he and his partner finished a series of matches as the champs. Lon wrote this 8-ball news to a friend, who promptly wrote back, "Until I see him with my own eyes, the rumor of your pool championship simply means to me that you've finally perfected your Australian crawl."

It was at Whitehorse that Lon saw his first Alaskan Theater WAC. He was listening to the music provided by a service band playing for a dance, when a trim, petite creature approached Lon briskly to say, "Please dance with me."

Lon hesitated. He thought, "Look, my pretty pet, I didn't think they allowed half-pints like you to join the WAC."

But all he said was, "Er—I don't dance very well. That is, I don't dance at all."

"You'll be okay," insisted the WAC. "You probably know music, and anyone who knows music can dance."

They got along fine. For the first time in his life, Lon really enjoyed dancing.

The following morning Lon met a friend, a pilot, who was scheduled to make a routine flight to Juneau. As Lon was off duty, he agreed to make the trip with his friend, and Lon even got to take the controls during part of the flight. It was a wonderful morning, glistening with sun and the crystalline clarity of upper air. Below, passing on a limitless belt—lay mountains, the azure trickle of rivers, and mountains forever covered with snow.

Said Lon's pilot friend abruptly, "It does a man far more good to fly over country like Alaska, than it does to go to church."

Lon acquiesced with a broad nod and summed this up in a thought: It may sound strange, but if one wants to come...
Remarkable new ink prevents most pen troubles!

CONTAINS PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

ENDS GUMMING AND CLOGGING

No gumming or clogging with Quink! Here's an ink that gives quick starting, even flow. Solv-x, a new protective ingredient, dissolves deposits left by high-acid inks. It actually cleans your pen as it writes. Yet Quink, with solv-x, costs no more than ordinary inks!

KEEPS PENS OUT OF THE REPAIR SHOP!

Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles. They rot the rubber and corrode the metal parts of fountainpens. But Parker scientists now have the answer—a new pen-protecting ink, Quink with solv-x! Use brilliant, free-flowing Quink to keep your pen in writing shape.

PROTECTS VITAL PLANT RECORDS

A great industrial plant has found only Quink with solv-x can be safely used in its 30 expensive graph-recording machines. In many other big concerns—hotels, hospitals and offices with exacting ink requirements—Quink is first choice. For Quink is the only ink containing solv-x!

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK STOPS MOST PEN TROUBLES BEFORE THEY START

Every drop of Quink contains solv-x... protects pens 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.

Flush and refill your pen with Parker Quink today... the one ink containing pen-protecting solv-x! 4 permanent, 5 washable colors. Regular size 25¢. School size 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS... HOLD THOSE YOU BUY!

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X
Temple bells draw 15,000; Betty Hutton whispers "I do;"

Lauren Bacall's got a new 'look;'

Jeanne Crain dates a Captain;

Joan Leslie's turned blonde.

Whoever said, "Nobody ever sees the groom at a wedding" didn't mean tall, so good looking Sgt. John Agar, Jr. at the Shirley Temple nuptials.

I don't know when Hollywood has met a boy who went so straight to everyone's heart. Elsewhere in the magazine this month you will read all the details of the wedding. But I'm just sentimental enough to want to have my say, too.

This is a fairy tale romance come to life. It has actually happened that a "Little Princess" met and loved a real life Prince Charming. So I am full of orange blossoms! I don't care.

I hate to use the word sweet about a man—but John Agar has that quality in its rarest form. He is twenty-four years old and the son of a very wealthy Chicago family. But he was no playboy before he went into the service for his Uncle Sam. He is as unspoiled and as charming a boy as Shirley is a girl.

I think Hollywood confused him a bit. John "ain't" on to our ways. (Continued on page 76)

"My Heart Belongs To Daddy," sings M. Martin to C. Grant at "Night And Day" rehearsal. Fans won't see Cary when he drives new car; it's fenced in with store-proof glass!
Bob Hutton, divorced from Natalie Thompson, celebrated Victory Ball with Cleatus Caldwell. Superstitious, Bob cherishes penny he found in H'wood, says Friday's his lucky day.

"What a racket!" quips Anne Baxter as she autographs for Bill Self. Anne ferried to Statue of Liberty when in N.Y., thrilled to see its lights go on again.
feeling and working toward. My army experience has done more for me than I can, at present, compute."

On August 14, at 2:04 P.M. (Alaskan time is two hours ahead of Pacific War Time), Lon was humming "If I Loved You." He was humming with difficulty, because he was standing before a small shaving mirror, his face white with lather, with only a towel around his middle.

He had just set down his shaving brush and taken up his razor, when somebody outside began to yell. Grinning, Lon went into the second chorus. Someone else began to yell. Then a third man. Then somebody fired a rifle into the air. Lon went to the door where a jubilant character made a pass at Lon’s towel, yelling, "The Japs have tossed in the towel. The war’s over. Yippee!"

Lon stood quite still. He thought of his family in Hollywood, of his friends in service, and breathed deep with gratitude. Then he remembered some of his generation for whom the news had come too late.

Swiftly, he washed his face, put away his unused shaving kit, dressed and went to the tiny post chapel. He was entirely alone; no one else had arrived yet, although the chapel eventually became crowded. From a nearby building there came a loud, insistent banging, there was distant hullabaloo, nearby steps.

And then, incredibly, Judy Garland’s recorded voice drifted into the church from some jubilant radio. She was singing "The Birthday of a King.”

Lon left Anchorage the Sunday after V-J Day, and flew direct to Edmonton where he is permanently based. On his plane were twelve Negro boys who were being returned to The States after a two-year tour of duty on Attu.

All of them recognized Lon, and made friends. One boy in particular talked to Lon during the entire flight; he had some chocolate—which Lon hadn’t seen in months—so they divided that. Lon had some gum—so they divided that. Then Lon dragged out pictures of his family, and Mac, and Jeanie. The Negro proudly displayed pictures of his wife and son, so the trip, though rough, was pleasant.

The first thing Lon did when he checked in, was to ask about mail. There was a fat letter from Jeanne Crain. Lon was a very happy guy.

YOU’RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

Havin’ fun, folks? Didja have a good time at that last prom? When you whirled around in your best date dress, did you think of the girls and boys—like you—who have to stay indoors 'cause they haven’t any warm clothes to brave the winter winds? JUNIOR RED CROSS wants you to join up and help salvage old clothes for your brothers and sisters in war-stricken countries. High school home economics classes will patch up your cast-off duds and send ‘em where they’ll do the most good. Join JUNIOR RED CROSS by applying to your local Red Cross Chapter and find out where to bring your old clothes, and what to do with ‘em afterwards. Juniors also collect books for distribution to wounded service men, fill food boxes, learn first aid, home nursing, nutrition, and help in a hundred ways where too-busy adults can’t fill the bill.
FOR A THRILLING DATE WITH BEAUTY

Give Yourself a Lovely

ENCHANTRESS

COLD WAVE PERMANENT

THE TIME: Only 2 to 3 Hours
THE PLACE: In Your Own Home at YOUR Convenience
THE GIRL . . . With the Pretty Curl Is YOU . . . at your loveliest

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

Pure, mild ingredients enable Enchantress to provide waves and curls suited to safeguard the youthful softness of your little girl’s hair.

Enchantress Home Wave Kit Includes Everything You Need from Start to Finish

All $1.98 for Includes All Tax

Enchantress is Sold on a “You Must Be Thrilled With Results” Money Back Guarantee

* Enchantress Deluxe Cold Wave Permanent Solution
* Enchantress Deluxe Cold Wave Neutralizer Solution
* 60 Enchantress Deluxe Curlers
* End Tissues
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* Applicators
* Enchantress Creme Shampoo
* Beauty Cap

Your ENCHANTRESS Home Wave Kit is in a class by itself! It’s a truly professional-type home-kit. . . the only one which includes every cleansing and beautifying aid important to perfection in hair grooming . . . from shampoo to wave set in addition to Cold Wave Permanent ingredients identical to those used by better beauty shops and beauticians for expensive Cold Waves.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NATIONAL NOVELTIES—Dept. E8
608 So. Dearborn St.—Chicago 5, III.

Please rush my Enchantress Cold Wave Permanent Home Kit. If I am not delighted and thrilled with results my money will be refunded. I understand price already includes tax which you pay.

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $1.98 for payment in full. Send My Enchantress Kit Postpaid
☐ I enclose $1.98 for payment in full. Send My Enchantress Kit C.O.D. I will pay postage $1.98 plus postage

Name:

Address:

City: State:

Print Your Name:

Print Your Address:
White organdy over taffeta, orange blossoms and lace veil, and a groom like Pat Nerney... no wonder Mona Freeman's breathless. And Paramount's lifted her option for another year!

Errol Flynn (with wife Nora) gave such a convincing performance in "Objective, Burma" that he received a letter from West Pointer congratulating him. Writer was son of General Patton.

For instance, it was just a few days before the wedding and someone remarked to him, "Young man—do you realize that you are marrying an American INSTITUTION?"

JOHN LOOKED AT SHIRLEY WITH ADORING EYES AND SAID, "YES, I KNOW. AND BELIEVE ME, I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING TO REFLECT DISCREDIT ON IT—I MEAN," HE GASPED, THOROUGHLY FLUSTERED, "ON HER!"

Shirley's sense of humor continued to bubble over even during the long two-hour wait at the church, previous to the ceremony, during which time the bridal party rehearsed and rehearsed while the mob of onlookers milled and shouted outside.

Howard Greer, who designed her beautiful wedding gown, said, "My God—there must be at least 5,000 fans out there!"

"Hrmhhmm," replied the bride with that pout-and-dimpling-smile, "there were 10,000 at Jeanette MacDonald's wedding, Guess my box office is falling off!" (Continued on page 115)
How come so many Ivory Babies
end up Pin-up Gals?

ASK JEAN ROMAINE,
FAMOUS MODEL,
SHE WAS THIS IVORY BABY IN 1927

Jean's radiant face has appeared on many magazine covers. Jean sings and dances, too. But what makes her "tops" as a model is her lovely fresh, clear complexion. (She calls it that Ivory Look!)

"Mother got me off to a good start," she says. "I was bathed with Ivory Soap as a baby, and I use it for my beauty soap today."

A Hollywood Career ... or Marriage?

Jean's beauty has already interested movie talent scouts. But she admits a certain flyer in the Army Air Forces is interested, too.

So it's anyone's guess which she's thinking of when she says: "I have lots of reasons to baby my complexion—I'm never careless about that. Don't you be careless, either, if you want to be somebody's pin-up girl!

"Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap ... that's my beauty secret."

Try it ... then watch your complexion become softer, smoother, lovelier.
It's that Ivory Look!

99 9/10% Pure
More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

DON'T WASTE IVORY! It contains scarce materials.
New Color Cake

Tints Hair Luxuriously

Leaves your hair its softest, most lustrous, easiest to manage

Dull, drab-colored hair will never help you kindle that special gleam of interest in his eyes. That's why smart girls everywhere are changing to this remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo Cake, that washes out dirty, loosened dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that glows with life and lustre as it shampooed!

Gleaming Hair Without an Extra Rinse!

Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each refreshing shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer and easier to manage. No dyed look . . . always bright, smoothly natural-looking!

Shampooing Spreads Tint Evenly!

Each tiny, separate strand of hair seems to leap to radiant life with just an added hint of natural-looking color! Will not hurt permanents . . . and never leaves the dull soap film on your hair to steal its natural lustre and beauty. Today, now . . . get richer lathering Tintz that gives fresh, glowing color to your hair so easily, safely! Seven lovely shades. Only 50c or 2 for $1.00 plus tax.

Tintz Color Shampoo

You now can get Tintz at most Drag and Cosmetic Counters—or mail convenient coupon today!

New Creme Shampoo Instantly Makes OLD Hair Look YOUNG Again

Youthful, natural appearing hair can now be yours in New 22 minute home trial. Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring instantly re-colors gray, graying, burnt, off-color hair to any of six beautiful shades—leaves hair lustrous, soft, easy to manage. No dyed look. Caution: Use only as directed on label. Satisfaction guaranteed. $1.00 plus tax at drug or department stores or use convenient coupon.

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 3-G, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Also Dept. 3-G, 22 College St., Toronto, Canada

Send TINTZ COLOR Shampoo Cake in shade checked below:

I  cake $0.60 (incl. tax) I 2 cakes $1.20 (incl. tax)

Send TINTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring for $1.20 (incl. tax) in shade checked below.

On arrival, I will deposit amount ordered plus postage with postman, or guarantee if I'm not entirely satisfied I may return empty carton in 7 days and you will refund my money.

(If money with order TINTZ pays postage)

Check shade:

Blonde
Auburn
Henna
Light Brown
Medium Brown
Dark Brown
Black

Name ____________________________ (Print Please)
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ Zone ____________ State ____________
JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER
(Continued from page 32)

you go up and bring her a red rose—"

He brought her a box of roses. She was sitting up and a lot of the kids were there, so he played bridge with Bess and you can take your pick about who flirted with whom. Like a good girl, she got better and ought to be invited to the marriage couple, then he took her out to dinner again. Then he took her down to his beloved boat, the "Santaana."

"Till the day I hit one—"

The only trouble with June on a boat was an overactive sense of confidence. She kept wanting to take the wheel. When Richard said, "You do thus and so," she'd get very dignified—"Please, I can run this thing—"

So he'd turned the wheel over to her while he dropped the sails, trying to keep one eye on each. June caught sight of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren on the "Sloggy," and headed toward them. Next thing Dick heard was a wild "Hey! What do I do now?"

A little blue boat had slipped between them and so Dick hit it said Dick. There was nothing else to say.

Obediently, she hit it.

June likes to top that story by telling how Richard, in order to stop all his clothes on when he tied the boat up."

"And both times he didn't get mad. My husband's a man who never loses his temper—"

Losing your temper, says Dick, is wasted energy. June flares up once in a while—for about three seconds. It starts with a warning tap of the foot, and Dick has a surefire way of knowing when he eyes the foot with exaggerated interest. "Got plenty of shoe stamps, Doll?"

no thought of marriage . . .

At first it was just that they liked being together, laughed at the same jokes, enjoyed the same people, always had plenty to talk about, felt comfortable with each other. But they weren't thinking of marriage. To June, with her hands full of career, marriage was something misty in the middle distance. As for Dick, he wasn't even legally free. And though June thought he had been engaged to somebody else, he probably needed most at the time was a quiet interval for readjustment.

Most of the time they'd just go out to dinner. June was jumping from picture to picture, and when she got up at 3:30, you've got to be in bed at 9. She'd drive Dick frantic with her passion for Chinese food. He tolerates it, but prefers Italian. So they compromised and went to two meals at "The Tropics," one at "Chianti."

He'd take her to all her previews, and got a terrific bang out of watching the mounties. She was so wet of June's kids. They're trotting beside him, next minute she'd be an island entirely surrounded by fans. There was one little fat girl who always dropped cigarettes into her pocket. "Where does a child of fourteen get cigarettes?" he'd demanded severely. "Swipes 'em from her family, doubtless."

"Aha! A receiver of stolen goods. Just hand 'em over to me and I'll take the rap—"

"My hero—" sighed June.

Time went by, and what had started as comradeship struck deeper roots. Dick says he proposed several times. "Finally I took her by surprise—" he said. Dick's fat little legs. June just liked to hear his proposal, so I made him say it a couple of times—"

"And her answer was, 'Well, if you insisted—'"

"If you want the truth, I was terrified that he'd never ask me again. I couldn't wait till Bess got home to be a witness—" he said. Dick had only one time when he fell all over himself, and that was when he was going to make a speech. Dick was a great talker. It had turned out to his advantage. Dick said he was so nervous when he talked, but he had never planned to fall in love, but since it had happened, neither were they going to skulk around in corners. Then the press came for a statement, they kept their mouths shut, but he said they'd say was that they had nothing to say.

One person June told was Bunny Green, Johnny's wife. The girls had known each other in New York. The two kids were close friends on the M-G-M lot. In fact, Bunny acted as June's model for "Music for Millions." June was supposed to be pregnant, and Bunny was. She studied Bunny's every movement, made her walk up and down, sit, stand, and think of the baby, "so I can see the kind of expression you get on your face."

Now Bunny said: "Would you like to be married at our house? Johnny and I were married at a friend's house. June, and it's so much friendlier than going to a Justice of the Peace.

coange of pace . . .

June thought that would be wonderful, but they were busy and it slipped to the back of her mind for a while. There was her own work keeping her pretty busy—and the pride and ex- cellence of life. Dick had won a single-handed fight against type casting and zooming through now to acting honors in "Murder, My Sweet." That picture made lots of people happy. Richard was under- standably pleased. But June was still milling round the house like a dervish, yelling her head off.

Then she made the acquaintance of Richard's family. Joan's always been generous about the children. Dick would take them out to dinner and down on the boat for a long sail. Before meet-
STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Title: MODERN SCREEN. Published weekly at Danville, N. Y., for October 1, 1945.


Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who is the owner of said paper, and acknowledged that he has caused the following to be printed, published and issued by the said firm at the above named place on the 1st day of October, 1945, as the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, requires. I certify that the names and addresses of the individual owners, managers, editors, publisher, and business经理 are as follows:

Publisher, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

I, the undersigned, being the manager, editor, or owner of the above named paper, hereby certify that the following is the true and correct circulation of the said paper for the date shown in the above citation, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, and the rules and regulations promulgated by the Act of May 29, 1920, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form.

The name and address of the publisher, editor, or owner of said paper is Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

The names and addresses of the stockholders, if any, are Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. DeLacroute, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Albert DeLacroute, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; and Margaret DeLacroute, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

The said paper is published weekly.

The owner is Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders in outstanding bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so state) none.

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The number of copies printed and the number of copies distributed at retail are (state one of the numbers, as the case may be) 2,500.

The number of copies mailed or delivered free or at a nominal price is 0.

The average number of copies mailed or delivered free or at a nominal price during the 12 months is 0.

The amount of subscriptions received during the twelve months is $9,000.

The aggregate amount received for the sale of said paper during the twelve months is $18,000.

The average number of copies sold at retail during the twelve months is 2,500.

That the statements made by me above are true and correct, I subscribe my name.

Helen Meyer, Manager.

I certify that the statements made by me above are true and correct, I subscribe my name.

Helen Meyer, Manager.

The above statements are all made in good faith, and the undersigned manager, editor, or owner, if any, of the aforesaid paper, does hereby declare that the statements are true in every particular.

Helen Meyer, Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1945.

(Seal) HELEN MEYER, Manager.

(My Commission expires March 30, 1960.)
Now you're doubly sure it's "Scotch" Tape!

1. You'll recognize it anywhere this new Scotch plaid dispenser says plain as day—"It's Scotch Tape!"

2. Yes, and you'll want plenty of these Scotch plaid dispensers... fer kitchen, workshop, office and school. Yell find 'em handy and handsome everywhere.

3. This canny little dispenser snips off just as much "Scotch" Tape as you need... and leaves a bit stickin' out fer next time.

4. You'll need no spyglass to find quality. Just get the tape in th'Bonny Plaid Dispenser with the name "Scotch" on the side.

5. You'll see the cheery Scotch plaid dispenser at some retail stores already—25¢ complete. Look for it... and the brand name "Scotch" to make doubly sure you're getting the transparent tape that sticks tighter and goes farther.

"Scotch" is the trademark for the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes
Made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minn.
ALSO MAKERS OF "3M" BRAND ABRASIVES, ADHESIVES AND A VARIETY OF OTHER PRODUCTS FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY

© 1951 by Co.
“Her Hand, in whose Comparison all Whites are Ink” — William Shakespeare

Obviously, Will, your heroine never had to clean a stove

Can you clean a stove, do dishes, scrub a floor by day and still rate compliments on your hands that night? You can if you'll use Pachquins. No rough, red hands for you. You can keep them looking white, lovely.

Check with doctors and nurses... about the damage repeated scrubbing can do the skin’s texture and tint. Their hands are in hot, soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. Pachquins was originally for them. Pachquins is super-rich in what doctors call “humectant”—a vital ingredient in helping to keep hands soft, smooth.

come and the photographers had. Somehow the news had leaked out and they'd arrived in force. She'd herded them all into the patio, promising they could take pictures when the cake was cut. She still had herself and little Babbie to dress.

twinkleface...

“Get along, Twinkleface”—(that's her own perfect nickname for June). “The flowers'll be here any minute, and I won't have you see them before they're fixed—”

Upstairs, June paced. “I know Richard'll be late. He's always late. He says, 'I'll come at seven,' and doesn't get there till eight, and says, 'Sweetheart, I just don't know how it happened—'”

Jane opened the door a crack, and Dick's big voice rumbled up from below. June's face was transformed. “Crazy thing, what's he doing here? He's not supposed to come for half an hour. Oh, Janie, run down and see how he looks—”

“He looks fine,” Jane reported back.

“What's he doing?”

“Leaning on the piano for support—”

June was all ready. Gray shoes, and nylons. She'd kept the nylons in the frigdiraire since Christmas and had to wash them to get them warm. Her gray suit had been made by Adrian. Richard was wearing gray, too. She'd asked him to, because that's what he'd been wearing the first time she saw him. Gold bag and gloves lay on the dresser for later.

No hat. She's never worn a hat in her life and can't make herself wear one. Ethel Nefus from the studio had come over to do her hair.

Something old—the St. Christopher Bunny'd worn at her wedding. Something borrowed—the bracelet she'd given Jane. Something blue—the bow on her undies. In her hand, a white prayerbook from Bess with Richard's gold and green orchids between the pages. And a dime in her shoe for luck...

Downstairs, everyone was ready, too. Dick and his best man, Morgan Maree, and Mrs. Maree, Mr. Mayer, Johnny Bunny in a beige suit with orchids from Dick, Babbie in a little white pinafore. Edward Dmytryk, the director, and his wife, Bess and Arleen and Ethel had come down—and Myrtle, another friend from the studio—leaving June with her maid of honor.

But Judge Edward Brand was late, and the bride was going to pieces. Every two minutes she'd run to the window. “Maybe something's happened. Why doesn't he phone?”

“Take it easy, Junie. You know he had a couple of other weddings first. You can figure those things to the minute—”

“Tell me again what I do when I get down there—”

“you take Mr. Mayer's arm—”

“Oh Janie, don't talk to me, I can't stand it—”

A car rolled up the drive. “He's here, he's here,” squealed Jane, and turned to see June's face going chalk white.

help wanted...

You've known for a long time that you're going to be married. You've been counting not only the days, but the hours and minutes. Then suddenly it's here, and panic takes over. Your head spins and your knees turn to jelly and your heart cries wildly, "What'm I doing?"

The door stood open. Up came the soft, slow notes of the wedding march, played by Johnny Green. Jane turned to throw June an encouraging look and, at sight of the other's face, her own heart sank. Would she ever be able to make it? "Just follow me," she said softly.

But June couldn't get any farther than the landing. Below her the curving stairway yawned like a dragon's maw. Down
there Mr. Mayer waited. "Please come up," she whispered desperately through the bars. "I can't get down alone—"

As they turned from the hall into the living room, her throat tightened. The fireplace was an altar, all white gladolli, lighted by tall white candles in twin candelabra on either side of the mantel. So beautiful, the tears stung her lids.

"Oh, don't let me cry!"

And then there was only Richard smiling at her, and herself moving toward him—"like a little frightened antelope," he said later, "eyes four times bigger than her face and grabbing my hand before the judge ever told her to—"

It was Judge Brand who brought her out of the coma. He made a mistake. Up to that point she hadn't heard a word. But then he asked, "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"Huh?" said June, and then she laughed out loud. So did everyone else. The judge corrected. From an automaton, Junie was restored to cheerful life. "Yes, indeed I do," she chirped to the corrected question. And when the judge said, "Repeat after me," and she wasn't sure which of the two he meant, she inquired with perfect savoir-faire, "Who, me?"

Richard's eyes crinkled in a grin. You could tell he thought he'd copped the prize of the world. He slipped the narrow band on her finger—the band inscribed with her name and his and the date and "I love you."

**Wedding Cake and Candlelight . . .**

The dining room was candlelit, too. In the center of the table rose this beautiful four-tiered cake—a surprise from the Greens—with a little bride and groom on top, a picture of Dick's boat iced on one tier and, just above it, "Sailor Takes A Wife." Before they'd recovered from that, little Babbie stepped up,

"I'd like to serenade you," she piped gravely. Standing there in her white pinafore, never once taking her eyes from them, she sang "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" and "Many A New Day," while June clutched Dick's hand and didn't even try to keep the tears from coming . . .

The rest is a kind of kaleidoscope—laughter and toasts and pictures being taken and rice being thrown and Jane running upstairs for a bagful she'd forgotten, and June standing obligingly in the hall to have it emptied over her head.

And the wedding supper at LaRue's, with June cutting the cake—"my first wifely duty—" And going home with Richard and laughing over the cowbell some kind friend had tied to the door—

The apartment has two doors, with an entry between. The advantage of that was that Richard had two thresholds to lift her over.

He'd suggested the Great Lakes for a honeymoon. "You know where I'd like to go? On the boat—" He started to beam, but suspicion hit him. "Not just to please me?"

"Oh no, darling. We'll only have a week, and what could be better than the boat? No phones to bother us, we can anchor in the middle of the bay, and maybe there'll be a great big yellow moon—"

There was a great big yellow moon. Richard served June breakfast in bed, and did all the cooking except for one night when they invited the cruising Bogarts over. Lauren brought a cake for dessert, and June showed what she could do with ham steaks and French fries. And Dick let his beard grow, which he enjoys very much. So does June, even though it sticks her.

But they didn't have a week. Word came that Pops, who'd been ill so long,
DESTINATION ALTAR

Perhaps tonight...he'll hold your hand—soft, smooth to his touch—and whisper the words you dreamed about. Yes, such hands are yours with Hinds—perhaps tonight's the night!

Softer Hands in 30 seconds
IN A NATION-WIDE TEST NEW LANOLIN-ENRICHED HINDS GAVE A FEELING OF SMOOTHNESS TO ROUGH HANDS IN 95% OF CASES

FROM coast to coast, housewives, career women, andobby soxers praised the new Hinds. Miss Lois J. King, 138 Center Street, West Haven, Connecticut, said: "I was ashamed of my housework hands...they felt like a grater. But quick as a wink the new Hinds worked a transformation! In 30 seconds they felt smooth and soft. Amazing!" Mrs. William Overbeck, 385 Washington Avenue, Oakmont, Pa., had this to say about lanolin-enriched Hinds: "Rich, creamy Hinds certainly shows results fast—and never feels sticky. I use it for the children's chapped skin too."

Make this sensational 30-second test yourself—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Please accept with our compliments a generous trial bottle of the new lanolin-enriched Hinds along with your purchase of the regular 50¢ size. Make the test on your own hands. If you aren't 100% satisfied, return the large bottle and get YOUR MONEY BACK! That's how sure we are that you'll say the new Hinds is the grandest lotion you've ever used!

Hinds for Hands

was dying. They arrived just in time. Pop went New Dick and smiled at him. But half an hour later he was gone.

They hope their house will be ready by the end of October. Dick's promised June a special place to dig in, about 6 x 6. So she can say "Husband, will you please come and spade up my 6 x 6?"

There'll be lots of dogs and especially a cocker spaniel, in memory of June's beloved Winsocki who went out looking for her one day and was never seen again. Bess'll run things and kind of teach June how to run them. She's never been too domestic, but with her own house, it'll be a different story. There's room to build on a nursery when the time comes. Gloria De Haven, with a baby due in December, thinks June should have one right away, so she can wear all of Gloria's clothes. But June thinks she'll wait a while.

Meantime she discovers new talents in Richard daily. "He can even fix the vacuum cleaner—"

"My wife does a good job, too. Says, 'Husband, what're you going to do now?' while I haul another box to the garage—"

"Well, I follow you. I walk just as much as you do. I say, 'You're doing fine, honey. I admire you'—"

"As an admirer, you're sensational. Can you sew on a button, too?"

She can and does. It's her first button. Richard examines it. "A mighty fine job, my pretty little buzzard—"

"Dear, what sweet names you call me!"

Though she's small and looks fragile, June's always been self-reliant. She's had to be. For most of her life, she's looked after herself. One of the loveliest things about marriage is being looked after. Like a kitten on the hearth, she basked in her husband's tenderness.

Richard won't let her drive alone at night. When she had dates with girl friends, he'd always call for her. She drives a closed-top car now, because Richard thinks it's safer. He's trying to fatten her up, and she's down to three cups of coffee a day. He makes her drink milk, which she loathes. She used to wear lots of black. That was a hangover from the days when she had no money, and discovered you could buy a little black number for ten dollars, that looked much nicer than a light one at the same price. Now she wears peasant clothes because Richard likes color.

Richard once said: "I never remember birthdays and anniversaries, and you mustn't get mad at me—"

"Oh, honey," she mourned, "you must try to remember. It's so sweet and nice—"

"He's never forgotten one."

We've quit making prophecies about Hollywood marriages, but we'll say this much: no two people were ever more deeply in love. June's mature beyond her age. She spent five years in an iron brace. A difficult childhood taught her the meaning of pain and loneliness. Dick's had his share of tough breaks. So far as it lies within their power, each is passionately resolved that the other shall never be hurt again.

pretty baby...

June has one quirk. She thinks she's not pretty. That's no come-on but a real conviction, and it doesn't bother her at all. At least it never used to. Now she sometimes gets a little wistful about it. "I'd like to be pretty for you, Richard."

"That's one of the few things he won't kid about. He takes her face between his hands. You're awful pretty to me, Wife. And inside, you're beautiful—"

Every night June prays that nothing will happen to Richard. "Or to me, because that would make him sad. Please, God, give us a long long life together—"

We say amen.
NEWEST IN GIFTS... the "Embracelet" that says,

"I love you!"

Instead of tying a string around her finger so she'll remember you, tie an "Embracelet" around her wrist—a stunning, stylish URISCRRAFT bracelet that carries your name in ten Karat gold letters on a ten Karat gold chain! Or thrill her by selecting an "Embracelet" with her name on it. Either way, you're sure it spells LOVE! And either way, be sure it's a URISCRRAFT "Embracelet"—hand-finished by New York artisans—priced to give Cupid a helping hand—and so new it's actually making fashion news!

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URIS SALE CORP., 222 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N.Y.
I knew they were right. Besides, right after that, Master Peter Lawford's voice broke up into those weird adolescent sharps and flats that killed any possible career deader than a duck.

Pete's handsome. That won't make him a star—but it won't hurt, either. The only man it ever really hurt (and he whipped it in the end) was Bob Taylor. But Pete isn't as pretty-handsome as that. You could never call him "Pretty Pete" and make it stick like they did that phrase which haunted Taylor—"Beautiful Bob."

His face is long—like Jimmy Stewart's. The thing that smacks you first is the merry look that wrinkles his long lashed eyes when he spreads that ivory flash across his tan with a smile. The next thing you notice are the heavy, beetle-brow eyebrows that give Pete an intense, questing, impatient look—the look of ambition you've got to have to pay the price Hollywood demands in work and courage for success. But topside is the payoff on Pete. There his chestnut hair sweeps out over his intense face in a rebellious, mocking, untamed whirl that seems to say, "Hey, wait a minute! You're no man of the world, yet. This is the flag of youth."

yankee date-boi...

That's why Pete stacks up in the looks department to me. A contradiction of poised manliness and prankish worth. Busting with promise, reflecting background and breeding and that whatever-it-is English gentlemen have that is catnip to the kittens in the good old U.S.A.

Luckily, Peter Lawford couldn't be better prepared for his break if he'd been born with a signpost to Hollywood tattooed on his chest. In fact, no English actor ever stepped into Hollywood stardom with the background Pete has. He's the real deal. If you know anything about Pete, you know he's the only son of Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, who live with him in Hollywood today. Sir Sidney was General Lawford and he won his title from the king by distinguishing himself on the battlefields of the first World War. Pete grew up in an atmosphere of wealth and top British society. He absorbed all that grand manner like a dry sponge, and when his typically Empire-minded parents hauled him along on their travels all over the world (Pete made the complete British circuit twice in his kiddie days) they hauled private tutors along, too. Pete never went to a school, public or private, in his life. But he was a cosmopolite from the minute he could crawl. He speaks French with the right accent and a mile a minute. He's expert at all games, tennis, swimming, and the like. And had that backs Pete a natural grace and bearing, manners, presence, and a poise that he couldn't lose by now if he took lessons.

One night last week, I walked into a studio preview at the Village Theater in Westwood, out from Hollywood, and spied a sample of this. Oddly enough, the Village is the very theater where Pete ushered in his impecunious days when the war stopped all his family's money from flowing across the sea and left them flatter than they'd been, which was on the other side of the fence, definitely. In fact, as he came in to catch the M-G-M show, they had the ropes up and the cops out. Two policemen were working up the aisle, one on each side of Pete, when I arrived. Then I saw this spunky little girl sneak under the ropes and fly at Pete, clutching his lapels amidst howls.

The police intercepted her first try and shoved her back in the crowd. But out she came again, undaunted, and this time when he stopped her, she kicked one cop in the shin. I had to laugh. Since the old Christie comedy days, police officers, perversely, have been funny to me, unless they tables are turned. And this fearless moppet wasn't going to be denied. The other cop grabbed her and—she bathed him in the stomach!

By this time the crowd was having a wonderful time, and the Mistresses John Law were pretty sore. The third time the little girl came out, arms flying, and unnaped his handcuffs and said, "Come on, Sister, you're going with us!" He meant it too. That's when Pete stepped in and handled the situation perfectly, "May I talk to her, Officer?" he asked politely. They had to grumble consent.

First off, Pete scribbled the desperately desired autograph to soothe her. Then he took the little girl into the lobby with him and gave her a fatherly lecture. "You mustn't hit policemen, ever," admonished Pete, "because you'll get into trouble. Now," he promised, "if you'll promise to be good we'll sit together and see the show."

Naturally, that girl was in Seventh Heaven and when the cops cooled down they were the most thankful Pete had let their tempers run away. What would the newspapers have said about pinchin' a twelve-year old movie fan? Pete's a gentleman, and he handles himself as a gentleman should. I know about a certain director who had Pete in a certain picture. Being nobody much himself, this unpleasant guy delighted to pick on Pete in front of the whole company. Pete didn't mind. When he made his mistakes, he said, "I'm sorry," and tried to do better next time. But there was no pleasing this tyrant. Finally, in one scene where the director loused up with his own blunders, he tried to make Pete the whipping boy. But he went too far.

"You blankety-blank so-and-so," he bawled, "you ruined that scene!" Pete turned pale. "No," he said quietly (Pete has the lowest, softest voice in the world most of the time, and it sinks even lower when he's serious). "I didn't. You did." And that, he knew, was the truth. So did everyone else on the set. But that stung our unpopular friend into a fury. He slammed all the low-down cuss words he could in Pete's direction, and if Pete had wanted to, he could have slammed them right back. But it would have been far more satisfactory, knocked this little Napoleon for a row of pins. But he

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Recently, Helmut Dantine made a personal appearance in Philadelphia. Being an ardent fan, I took my friends and ran to the stage door in a little dark alley, which we knew Mr. Dan- tine would have to pass through on his way back from lunch.

He had waited there a while, when a 12-year-old girl Pete hanging up to us "Has he come? Has he come?" We assured her he hadn't.

When he did come, she ran up to him and told him how her good looks, she seemed stunned.

"Gosh, you're cute," she said admiringly.

That quick-thinking Mr. Dantine answered, with a slight grin and a touch of Viennese accent, "You're cute, too."

Carole Johnson
Have as strong stands. They've left painful memories, and our Hollywood skins aren't so thick as you'd think. But this guy Lawford simply can't miss when you analyze him on any handicap angle. The boy's as British as roast beef—right—but still, he's so Americanized that he can make it seem like hamburgers.

So take your choice.

**british bostonian . . .**

Pete's playing a Yankee in the picture he's making now, "Two Sisters From Boston." Now, like I said, I'm one of those (not the sister—the Yankee), so the day I watched him at work I bent a critical ear. Oh, I caught a limey lilt to a few phrases, all right; some A's that were too broad for Boston. But it got my okay and it will yours, too. I asked Pete how he managed it. "Really, Miss Hopper," he smiled. "It would be harder for me to do a British accent than an American! After all, I've been all over the U.S.A. I've been here most of the time since I was fourteen—that's eight years."

Now, most teen agers have a strong herd instinct. What the gang does is absolutely required. Anybody knows that. If you want to Americanize anybody quick—get 'em in the early teens and toss 'em in with a bunch of Bobby Soxers and Jalopy Joes. They'll learn—but fast! That's practically what happened to Pete. World War II stranded him over here and his liberal education began. I shudder to think what would happen to Lawford if Fate plopped him back down for keeps with a bunch of Etonians and Harrovians in Jolly Old England again. By Jove, Sir, the things Pete would do just wouldn't be done—really! Jumbo malts, mile high cokes, drive-ins, burgers and fries, jackrabbit jalopies, scooters, five jumps, swing swamps, jitterbugs, and rat races—Odds Bodkins and Forsooth! All Pete's best pals in Hollywood—as they've been wherever his U.S. rambles have taken him—are strictly local yokels. Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn, Van Johnson, Bob Walker—among the names you know—and a lot that you don't. It's the same way with his girl friends. Pete's taken them all for a whirl one time or another—Judy Garland, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Gail Russell, Marilyn Maxwell—you've read about them. But you don't read about the plain Janes Pete has always connected with on the campuses of U.S.C. and U.C.L.A. He's been in solid along sorority row for years.

There's no tight little, right little Island set of Peter's age either, to bend him back on the British beam. The only bit of England he encounters daily is the old folks at home. Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, however, as I pointed out, are not the provincial country squares that are forever England. They've been out and around all their lives, and they're broad-minded. So far I've been dumbing the $64 question on Peter Lawford, because when you get down to cases on careers and start taking talent apart it's likely to wax dull and dreary. But let's tackle it:

Can Pete Lawford act in the star league? We've got a little postwar reversion of our own to do in Hollywood—and soon. I'm no Calamity Jane, but it stands to reason that sooner or later the honeymoon is going to be over for a lot of these brand new stars who have just shot up. Ever think how we've had a new male rave almost every month in Hollywood for the
The gleam in my hair

How I envied the girls with bright, sparkling hair, for I discovered that my own hair could have the same gleaning loveliness when I used Nestle Colorinse.

I've already given you some reasons why I think Pete Lawford's here to stay. But let's get back to picking up the old trooper off the boards myself and I think there's only one way to learn how to act. That's to act. Experience—the smartie who said there's no substitute for it won't just smacking his lips. And here again Little Lord Lawford tied into luck built for a horse shoe. When he was only seven, Pete got a taste of what it was all about. You've read about the visit to Elstree, the British Hollywood, and Monty Banks matching the boy Pete off the sidewalks for "Old Bill." That led to six other British kid star pictures and that tag they used to hang on him, "The Jackie Coogan of England." Nothing so unusual about that—there's been a Jackie Coogan of every country, I dare say. The amazing thing is that it ever happened to an Old School TIE boy like Peter. But it did—and it made him an early veteran.

Then there was the Hollywood hiatus with "Lord Jeff." So Pete's budding manhood did crack his voice and send him back to the showers—so what? He added another service stripe. Back East he tackled radio in New York. And I wonder if you know that Pete Lawford has made himself fourteen pictures since he returned to Hollywood. And that each part has been bigger and more important than the one before. That's slow seasoning, but the kind that sticks.

What's Pete been doing about it now? That's the first thing I checked on when I wrote "Watch Peter Lawford" in my little red book. Lillian Baring, M-G-M's drama coach, told Pete her personal "haft." He'd let her rest a minute. Every new script he draws he brings to Lillian and they dissect it like a surgeon before he's satisfied. The exhibition best O.G. operation at M-G-M are threatening to strike soon if Peter Lawford doesn't stop begging them to run off old pictures at all hours of the day. He studied older stars and what they had and his favorite job is Bob Montgomery in "Night Must Fall"—remember? That's for me in about ten years," dreams Pete. He's that wrapped up in his work and serious about it. His pet envy in town is Keenan Wynn, because Keenan knows 90 plays by heart from his stock days at Skowhegan and summer points in the borscht belt. When Keenan organized a Hollywood stock company of young players to do USO shows here and in Army camps, Keenan was the first to join. Not only because he felt guilty about being a 4-F and wanted to do his bit, but because he grabbed rightman's theme for a private slogan—"just pictures aren't enough." Which is so-o-o-o right.

But even when Pete was still green on his deeper dramatics, he came through like a champion when the chips were down. That was in "White Cliffs of Dover" where Clarence Brown astounded everybody at M-G-M with a 14-year-old untried Pete for a five-minute soldier death scene with Irene Dunne which could have wrecked a very fine picture if it flopped. But Clarence is a canny picker. "You can do it," he predicted, "if you work." So Pete worked—and under pres-
sure. His first Hollywood contract was running out and his option came up the week after he shot his bolt. No one had to tell him he'd be dropped like a hot rock if he didn't come through. But after it was over, Clarence told Pete, "You can be a star if you want to." And that's what I mean—Pete wants to—very much.

If Pete makes himself $10,000 a week, I don't think it will turn a hair of his level head. He's got an advantage that way over most young stars who come up from humble beginnings.

Pete's been used to money ever since he bit into his sterling silver baby spoon. He grew up with English "Nannies" and French tutors who followed him around wherever he went. The Lawfords had a flat in London and a country place in Berkshire, besides a villa at Monte Carlo. When they traveled they stopped at the best hotels. Pete was scheduled to enter Wellington and wind up like most wealthy British boys of family—in the army, his dad's old regiment, the 41st Royal Fusiliers. But persons propped in the lap of luxury like that often turn out to be the best sports when hard times come knockin' at the door, (as they sure did in Pete's case), I've noticed, and they've certainly got gilt-edged insurance against running wild with a sudden checking account.

no spendthrift...

Of course, Pete's not exactly getting rich—not yet. But already he's shown a caution about his dimes and dollars that would do credit to a Scotchman or even Charlie Chaplin. He's hired a Scrooge of a business manager who does him out $25 a week—and whenever he gets a fat raise at the studio, this guy gets big-hearted and slips Pete another five. The rest goes into a savings account and bonds. You can trace Pete's studio prosperity right along with his snappy buggies. First M-G-M contract, he bought a motor scooter; the first raise, he upped that to a motorcycle. Third lift, Pete Splurged on a Ford convertible—and the fourth one, which ought to come any day—well, he sighs he'd like a Cadillac—but knows he'll never buy it. He'd feel guilty.

Last winter, Frankie Sinatra, who's one of Pete's good friends, had to make a personal appearance trip to New York. He asked Pete to do the town with him. "I'd love to, Frank," Pete sighed, "but I can't possibly afford it."

"Don't be silly," said Frank. "I invited you. The trip's on me." He said they'd stay at the Biltmore and all. Pete said "Thanks," declined Pete, "but I still can't afford it." Pete has been on trips; he knows what they cost. He also knows you've always have to keep up your own end of a thing like that or it's no fun.

If you call clothes an extravagance, then Peter Lawford's guilty. He dresses with Hollywood's best dressed men right now, although he's only 22. Has his suits and shirts tailored, buys imported shoes—when he can get 'em—and always looks like a London fashion plate wherever he goes. But to me that's a good sign. Give me an actor every day in the week who's vain about his appearance. It's a part of the glamour business and a flair for duds is a wonderful weakness. I only wish some of our Sloppy Joes in Hollywood had more style that way. Sun or no sun, I'm a little tired of seeing stars disillusions their publics going around like scarecrows because it's comfy.

There aren't very many Hollywood pitfalls of success that can trap Pete Lawford, if he's the boy I think he is. Alcohol won't—he's a typical British drinker with a whisky before dinner and maybe a brandy afterward. But he's never been "tight" in his life. Women? I'll say! Pete...
has given every glamorous girl in Hollywood a flutter at one time or another. But unless my crystal ball is out of order, he'll never get his career tangled up in skirts—well, say like Errol Flynn.

But being an Errol Flynn takes a special talent—either you have it or you haven't, and Pete hasn't. He hasn't had much of a chance yet. After all, he's lived with his mom and dad ever since he hit town—which probably has kept him out of some mischief. In fact, if you asked me to dig out the dent in Peter Lawford's armor on his quest for great stardom I'd fall back on the old but true standby: He could stand some emotional experiences.

Yes, indeed, so far real love hasn't come into his life. In fact, Pete's been content to catch his crushes in between loves—theirs, not his.

Physically, Pete can afford to take his time reaching the top. He's got a lean, strong body that he's built up with swimming in Tahiti and sports all over the world, and he treats it well. That bad arm won't bother him unless he tries to play Tarzan. He's lucky, too: he has the sort of face that won't change much with the years and so far it hasn't even needed a dab of makeup. I was worried for a while whether Pete had a sense of humor, an ingredient I've always given a Triple A priority to in this crazy, unpredictable town. But even on that score I'm inclined to think Pete's not too British.

I was congratulating him the other day on his step up to stardom in "A Star from Heaven." That's the great animal picture M-G-M's to make from the true and marvelous story of the Marine Corps' famous flying horse, "Foxhole."

"Thank you very much, Miss Hopper," replied Pete, courteously as ever. "I think at last I feel I'm making progress. I played the leading man for a dog in 'Son of Lassie.' I think a horse is a step in the right direction, don't you?"

But Pete Lawford's own private joke is tied with the career which is never out of his mind for a minute, make no mistake—He went to a store one night where a certain big producer was stargazing around, very much in his cups. After making the rounds, he came to Pete.

"Who're you?" he demanded.

Pete smiled. "I'm Peter Lawford."

The man rolled it over in his foggy brain. "Peter Lawford?" he mumbled. It didn't register. "Well," he wheezed, "Peter Lawford, we have yet to hear from you!"

Whenever Pete starts to get too pleased with himself, he cracks, "Peter Lawford—we have yet to hear from you!"

And so we have, say I—that is, in a big way. But I predict that we will—and soon. And Heaven help Pete if he lets me down!

NOTE FROM HEDDA HOPPER

Dear Readers,

I think you know what fun I've been having writing for MODERN SCREEN these past months, and it hits me hard that something I've written upset some of you. The article in question was entitled "Hedda Hopper's Secret Memoirs." For I enjoyed writing it because I felt the anecdotes were so off the beaten track and so real you couldn't help sharing my pleasure. However, I made one terrible slip. This particular anecdote dealt with the filming of "Intolerance." I told the story exactly as it had happened, never dreaming that every word I wrote had a sacrilegious sound. Nothing could have been further from my intent. I am heartbroken, and to those whose religious feelings were wounded, go my profoundest apologies.
to become an actor. He appears in one of the film's dining room sequences. Young Harvey, grandson of the founder, wanted to work in the pie for sentimental reasons.

"Harvey Girls" features the hottest fire scene ever to sizzle the celluloid. The set was blocked off and barred to all visitors. The instant a take was completed, firemen rushed in with wet blankets, fire spray tanks and chemicals to extinguish the flames... It was after such a fiery episode that Preston Foster and John Hodlak retired to the sidelines for a chat. Foster reached in his pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it. A fireman was on hand immediately. "Sorry, sir," he said, "but smoking is not permitted here." Also worth watching is the roughest feminine brawl ever screened. Angela Lansbury, as queen of the dance hall beauties, mixes with one of the demure Harvey waitresses, and the rest of the girls pile in. One phase of the struggle won't be seen on the screen. As Angela and the waitress tangled, the waitress grabbed Angela by the hair. A sharp scream followed. But it didn't come from Angela. It was the actress who stood horrified, gasping at the mass of false curls dangling from her hand... Marjorie Main was the first to report back to the set the next day. She grabbed a frying pan, took her position on the stage and prepared to go into battle. "Now let's see," she muttered, "just what are we fighting about?"... Chill Wills stuck his head out the dressing room door to discover the cause of his short-lived popularity. The former occupant's name was still on the door—"Van Johnson."... No one laughs when John Hodlak sits down to a card game. For a "Maisy" film, he received instructions from a card expert in the art of dealing stacked poker hands, and as a gambling house proprietor in his latest pic he learned to roll dice for a straight succession of 7s.

During an entire morning of rehearsals, Virginia O'Brien complained that the nightgown she wore didn't fit. She pulled and jerked and rearranged, without satisfactory results. Finally the wardrobe department was called and arrived on the set with scissors, needle and thread, etc. But it all proved unnecessary. Virginia, they discovered, was wearing the gown back to front!... For the real thing in the fight scene, John Hodlak spent evenings under the tutelage of a professional boxer. Foster found out about it, so he, too, hired a coach. But the script writers are on John's side. He HAS to win, for the sake of the story and Judy!

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

I was in New York City and walking down Fifth Ave., when I bumped accidentally into an elderly man. My books fell on the sidewalk. He picked them up and apologized. "My," he said, "you look like Elizabeth Taylor." I laughed and said, "Well you look like Monty Woolley." "My dear girl," said he, "I am Monty Woolley." Miss Gail Kramer, Meriden, Conn.

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THE HARVEY GIRLS
(Story)

(Continued from page 49)

painted board that was to hang over the main entrance.

Harvey House.

Judge Purvis eyed the sign distastefully from the saddle of his horse. He reined in, called to the hammering man.

"Mighty fine sign," he said.

"I think so," Jed Adams agreed.

"Hope it stays up there," the Judge said.

"Ned Trent see it yet?"

"Trent runs the Alhambra," Adams said shortly. "I run the Harvey House."

"Your girls come in yet?" the Judge asked.

"The Harvey Girls are coming in on the next train."

"You sure set a lot of store by a bevy of hash singing waitresses—"

"They're the backbone of the Harvey Houses," Adams retorted. "We serve food—and only food—and we serve it clean, fast and with a smile."

"You got something there, Jed," the Judge said gravely. "They're gonna need their smiles—"

Five miles out of Sandrock, the Harvey Girls began to gather their things together on the train.

Susan Bradley watched them. One of them swept by her and said: "Sandrock, just around the bend!"

"That's where I'm headed," Susan said.

The girl turned to her excitedly: "Do you know Sandrock? Do you live there?"

"No," Susan said.

"Going to work there? That's what we're going to do. We're Harvey Girls. We're going to open the new Harvey House in Sandrock."

"No," Susan said. "Not exactly."

"Then why on earth?"

"I'm going to get married," Susan stated calmly.

Of course it sounded very fine, saying it that way, and Susan told herself that's exactly what it was—very fine. Ohio was nice enough in its way, but it was such an old-fashioned place, so settled and smug. It was something like the West. What did the letter say: "... there is a dream here in this great land that not everybody sees. Mountains and sunlight and the cleanest wind in the world. It was the letter, really, that finally decided her. You could be happy with a man who wrote a letter like that, you could marry him without a second thought...

Even if you never saw him.

That was the only little thing that could possibly be wrong with the whole idea. And it's worth the gamble. Susan said to herself; he'll be big and browned by the sun, with sandy blonde hair and Steely blue eyes. H. H. Hartsey...

So she met H. H. Hartsey at the station. "Mister Hartsey?" she said. Are you sure you're Mister Hartsey?"

"Guess I am," he said.

They walked to the end of the platform.

"Disappointed?" he said.

"Mister Hartsey—" Susan began.

"Guess you got a right to be," he said.

"Fact is, I figured you ol' tough guy you are. And heftier. And not so pretty. Guess we're both disappointed..."

"Are you really?" Susan said quickly. "I wouldn't want you to marry anyone you were disappointed in."

"Mam," said H. H. Hartsey, "it's not you I'm disappointed in. Fact is, you're too good for me. If I married you, every son of a gun in this neck of the woods would take a sudden and powerful dislike to me. They'd know I never could have..."
"Mr. Hartsey," Susan said, "now I know how you could write those wonderful letters. You've got a beautiful soul—"
"Fact is," said H. H. Hartsey. "I never did write those letters. Fuller did it for me. Guess he thought it was kind of a joke—"
"A joke!" Susan exploded. "I've come two thousand miles for a joke. Who did write those letters, Mr. Hartsey?"
"Now, Miss—"
"Who wrote them?"
"Feller named Ned Trent," said H. H. Hartsey.

Ned Trent was drawing to an inside straight when Susan Bradley entered the Alhambra. He was peacefully figuring his chances of bluffing the company when the storm broke.

"Mister Trent?" said a female voice just behind him. "So you're Mister Trent! I don't know what a skunk would look like out here—but you look worse. You're a scoundrel, Mister Trent, and what's more you're just about the lowest thing I ever heard, saw or read about!"

She was on her way out when he caught up with her.

"Whoa," he said.

"Get out of my way!"

"What's it all about, Miss?"

"The trouble with our schools," Susan said bitterly, "is that they'll teach anybody how to write."

"Write? What's that—? Wait a minute. Wait a minute!" he said. "The letters. You're Hartsey's—"

"In person."

"I never thought—" he began. Then he scooped in his pocket, came up with a fistful of greenbacks. "Here," he said. "Go back. I'm terribly sorry. But nothing's happened except you've had a trip."

"That's what you think, Mister Trent," Susan Bradley said. "No one's going back. I'll stay here and make you swallow every last chuckle you ever had over those letters you wrote. I'll make this the saddest joke you ever tried to tell!"

And five minutes later, across the street, in the neat, red painted building, there was one more Harvey Girl.

That was how Susan Bradley came to Sandrock and became a Harvey Girl. That was also how she met Ned Trent.

He came into the Harvey House one evening in his quiet way, his eyes slowly sweeping around the room until he found the table he wanted. He pulled up a chair gravely and waited for Susan to approach him. She didn't notice who it was at first and she swept the menu before him, smiling in the Harvey manner.

"Your order?"

"Steak."

"And how do you want it—?" Then she saw the small smile on his face and her head came up in a quick sweep: "Mr. Trent! Miss Trent! Miss Trent! Come to Harvey House!"

It wasn't until she was back in the kitchen that she knew why he had come. Sonora Cassidy, cook extraordinary, was holding her head, moaning: "Steak... steak. There's no meat in the house at all. Gone... disappeared. It was here when I last looked and now... gone!"

"Wait a minute," Susan said. "You mean we had steaks and they're gone now?"

"Kidnapped!" Sonora said.

Susan looked thoughtful: "I think I know where they are..."

She was across the street almost before she knew where she was going. And before she herself knew what she was doing, she discovered two curious iron objects, one in each hand. She looked down at them curiously. Guns. Six shooters. Then she pushed open the doors into the Alhambra.

"Stick 'em up!" said Susan Bradley, late...
A cowboy looked at her curiously; there was a gleam of amusement in his eye. He turned gravely to the crowd.

"The lady says stick 'em up," he announced.

"Now, look," Susan said, "I don't want any trouble. I'm from the Harvey House and we have a lot of hungry people in there. Some snakes have gone and lifted our meat. And I'm snake hunting now."

She pushed through to the back room. Sure enough, the meat was there. She poked her head through the door.

"I'll need some men to help me carry it," she said gruffly.

The cowboy turned to the crowd: "Guess she's got the upper hand, men," he said.

So Susan Bradley, brandishing two long wicked guns, guarded three cowboys as they carried the meat back to the Harvey House for her.

"All right, men," Susan said coolly.

"You can go now."

As they went out, the big-shouldered cowboy turned to her.

"Next time you go huntin', Miss," he said gently, "load your guns ..."

The next day Susan Bradley was striding across the dirt road that separated the Alhambra from Harvey House. She pushed open the doors of the saloon.

It was dim inside, and empty. She didn't see the girl standing against the piano on the bare stage of the Alhambra: Em, who from one point of view was the chief attraction in Sandrock.

"Looking for somebody?" Em said.

Susan whirled: "Who ... ? Oh, I didn't see you. Yes, I'm looking for someone. Ned Trent." There was a glint of anger in Em's eyes.

"Why don't you leave Ned alone?"

"Leave him alone?"

"Don't fool with him. Ned doesn't go for you personally. It's just some fool idea he's got in his head. I keep telling him to let Purvis do whatever he wants to get you Harvey jussies out of town—"

"Purvis?" Susan said. "Is Purvis the one who's been doing it? Not Trent?"

"Ned?" Em laughed shortly. "He's fighting Purvis too, tooth and nail. But don't be getting any big ideas from that. That's just Ned Trent—"

But by that time Susan was gone.

There was no place just out of town where she went where she didn't need a little space to think in. It was high on a plateau that stretched to the rims of the hills beyond. That was something about the valley, almost familiar. It was as if she had seen it before. She liked it there.

"Looking for something?" a voice said.

She almost jumped. He was stretched on a ledge just below her. His eyes were smiling a little. She smiled back and then clambered down beside him.

"So you know this place," she said.

He nodded.

"I wondered why it was familiar to me," Susan murmured. "This is the valley in the letters, isn't it?"

"They were just a joke—the letters," he said. "Let's leave it at that."

The man who wrote those letters, Susan said softly, 'wasn't joking. Maybe
he thought he was, but he wasn't.

He didn't say anything, but his eyes held her, very serious now. They were suddenly very close. It didn't seem as if he had moved, but in one movement as quick as the streak of light or the skip of a heart-beat, he was holding her, his eyes probing deep. And then he kissed her.

"You learn that in Ohio?" Ned Trent said.

It didn't mean anything, Susan told herself later. It just happened and that was all. There was always stories about Ned Trent and some girl. Wasn't Em, at the Alhambra, one of... his girls? As far as she was concerned Ned Trent was just another man.

She really believed that. So it made no difference in the fight between the Alhambra and the Harvey House. She fought the Alhambra even though it meant fighting Ned Trent. It was Susan's idea to have the dance. And it was really the dance that made the first big crack against the monopoly of the Alhambra. Even Ned Trent had to admit that—

Funny that they found themselves on the same high mesa overlooking the valley, the night of the dance. Only this time she saw him before he saw her.

"Lost something, Mr. Trent?" she said.

He didn't answer for a moment. Then he shrugged: "Yes, as a matter of fact. I lost the first fight in my life. I'm moving the Alhambra..."

"Moving?"

"The works. To Flagstaff. The Harvey Girls win, Miss Bradley."

"Good," Susan said. "You should have packed and gone long ago."

"Maybe you're right," Ned Trent said softly. "I should have gone the minute I laid eyes on you."

"It would have been better for me," he said slowly, "if I'd never met you, never seen you at all. I wouldn't have any memories then... or any dreams. And I'm a guy who doesn't like bittersweet memories, or hopeless dreams."

She never knew what would have happened then. For it ended there. It ended with a sudden explosive puff of something red and flaming below them. It was a moment before they realized it was Sandrock. And then Susan suddenly knew it was the Harvey House.

Susan worked desperately on the bucket line, tried to get the valuables out of the Harvey House before it tumbled. It seemed she moved in a steady nightmare of action. And Ned Trent was forgotten.

"Ned?" someone said. "He's beating the daylight's out of Purvis for settin' the fire."

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé curves away from Sandrock north to Flagstaff. Susan Bradley sat in the coach car feeling the heat broil down through the roof of the car.

"What are you doing on the train?"

someone said.

She turned.

Em stood in all her finery, turned out as if for a ball. Em, looking like a Christmas gift, in this dreary, wasted country.

"I'm going to Flagstaff," Susan said.

"You don't say."

The chin lifted; her eyes flashed. "I'm going to Flagstaff to get Ned Trent," Susan continued. "And no one can stop me. Or stop me from trying, anyway."

"You don't say," Em said again.

"I'll do whatever he says. I'll be whatever he wants. I love him," she said simply.

"Sure enough," Em said. "I think you do."

Susan said challengingly: "And he loves me, too. What do you know about that?"

Em said thoughtfully: "I think maybe he does. At least that's what he said when he told me he was staying in Sandrock...

That's why a curious rattler raised his
head when the Flagstaff train jolted to a stop on the open desert. There seemed to be no good reason for stopping and yet the emergency brakes were screaming and the whole train slid to a slow halt.

A horse and carriage swept past, pulled up beside the train.

Susan tumbled out, started to run to where Ned Trent was pulling the carriage to a stop. She ran breathlessly, her eyes finding his, calling welcome. And then she stumbled against a desert root and rolled across the small space to the foot of the carriage. And in a moment Ned had her in his arms, lifting her gently.

From the train window, Em watched. She turned and shrugged.

"It's the new style," she said. "The bride wore sand."

CAST OF CHARACTERS
Judy Garland ............ Susan Bradley
John Hodiak .............. Ned Trent
Ray Bolger .............. Chris Meale
Angela Lansbury ........... Em
Preston Foster ............ Judge Purvis
Kenny Baker .............. Terry O'Halloran

(Continued from page 26)

correspondence, so never take it upon yourself to sling the first mash note. Also, even when the correspondence is under way, take it easy. Steer clear of the too

too purple stuff. The best love letters are

warm but not sizzling, sweet but not icy;

newsy, intimate, nostalgic. Unlike us
gals, who are inclined to swing from one "Ding!" to the next when reading a letter from our love, boys look for en-
couragement, flattery, humor and gossip

in your notes.

Invitations: The way you ask a guy to your club dance or roller skating party

sort of sets the mood for the date itself.

A frightened, faltering invitation on the phone can get things off to a grim start,

whereas a few well-chosen words on paper can do wonders. All you need is a

penny postcard and a little imagination. "Be a good skate and come rollerskating

with us. The time: Saturday at eight. The place: Jane's house. The girl: (That's you). We've got Goodman, Dor-

sey and Shaw. All we need is (his name) to make our party lush. Can come? Then
pick me up at eight o'clock on Saturday night." Sorta corny, but nice and infor-

mal. And that's what little boys go for.

Thank You Letters: These are the ones that so often go unwritten. "Thank you

for a wonderful evening. Thank you for

that nice, you know, for saving my face the other night." There are

so many things we should say thank you for, and we let the moment pass without
doing anything about it. Obviously, you

won't sit down and write the boy next door a

letter every time you have a date with

him. But if the boy is from out of town, why sure! And then—then—then an

evening with a local boy that is utterly out of this world, why not?

Just notes: Have you tried the dama-
mite of a short note surreptitiously passed

in class? Forbidden but fun. When a

lady gives a brilliant recitation, you pass him

a note that says, "Nice going!" with your initials under it. Or maybe you'll write

to another chap that says, "Mow 'em
down in the game tonight." Make them

feel that you're one understanding, appre-
ciative female in a million.

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of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—

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City Zone State

96

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☐ Maize (give 2 choices)

Size 11, 13, 15, 17, 19 (circle size)

Send Blouse

☐ White ☐ Maize ☐ Green ☐ Pink

Size 32, 34, 36, 38 (circle size)

Address

City State
CO-ED LETTERBOX
(Continued from page 26)

Are you in the know?

The lathered lady is—
- Brushing up on beauty
- Bonishing 5 o'clock shadow
- A little shaver

Borrow Dad's shaving brush, soap your face, and start brushing up on beauty. It's stimulating . . . and the thorough cleansing helps, if you've a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your daintiness. You see, now Kotex contains a deodorant, to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can't shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex pad, not merely dusted on! How carefree you'll feel with this new Kotex "extra"—and not one extra penny to pay!

Is this nifty giftie—
- A compact
- A bracelet
- Both

Here's a fetching new twist for the wrist—a bracelet-compact (complete with mirror). Dreamed up to give you a free hand, at sports or whenever a purse seems cumbersome. For free action on calendar days, remember to choose the napkin designed to give you chafeless comfort: Kotex. There's lasting softness in Kotex—unlike pads that bunch and rope. Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. You'll have nary a care with Kotex.

It's a bright trick to go Christmas dating with—
- Mistletoe on your mind
- Baubles in your hair
- Your heart on your sleeve

Catch a beau with mistletoe? Or by letting him think you're a smitten kitten? Try a smarter way. Be original. Look charming. It's a bright trick to wear a wee cluster of Christmas tree ornaments in your hair. You can be charming on all occasions (even "those") when you're confident. Kotex keeps you so. With Kotex no revealing outlines can ruffle the smoothness of your frock, your poise. That's because Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show. And the special safety center of Kotex gives plus protection—helps spare you embarrassing accidents.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer I had the pleasure of touring M-G-M. After visiting many sets, we were surprised to learn from our guide that we were going to see Frank Sinatra make a scene for "Anchors Aweigh."

This special scene takes place in a hotel kitchen. A girl is putting an apron on Frank. The script called for him to say, "You remind me of my old lady." When he heard this, he said he would say "my mom" and nothing else, because, as he said, "I respect my mother." The script was changed.

Phyllis Coyle
Los Angeles, Calif.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins
Many photographers will use a few available cameras. Don’t be crooked in this; he chirped.

As everyone knows, Dennis Morgan has a number of characteristic facial expressions that have endeared him to his fans (and do they show to good advantage in Warners’ “One More Tomorrow!”). One of these is a crooked grin, accompanied by the slight squinting of his right eye. Mrs. Morgan had grown so accustomed to it through years of marriage, that she was scarcely conscious of the mannerism, but one evening Jimmie observed in his best emcee voice, “I can make a crooked grin just like Daddy’s.” And he proceeded to give an unmistakable imitation. The rest of the family went into hysteries, so that act is now included on Jimmie’s menu of company tricks.

He also walks like his father, carefully imitating the Morgan lounging gait, and—having heard Dennis sing the Riff song repeatedly in the shower—cuts loose in his version of the same rollicking tune.

Don’t think that he doesn’t appreciate the value of this antic; he knows exactly what he is doing—and he is in a position to have his face washed. Then he swaggers forth and starts mugging.

The day following a recent photographic sitting was a busy one for Jimmie. Dennis watched the young man wandering through the garden, stopping, turning, talking. As Jimmie’s sturdy back remained turned to his father, Dennis couldn’t fathom the mystery: What was Mr. Imagination doing?

Dennis sneaked up behind his youngest offspring. From somewhere, Jimmie had “liberated” a rusty old padlock, one of the type with a wide, looped handle. Through this he was peering, then saying to some invisible subject, “Hold that. Click. Okay. Stand there.”

But, during one late summer afternoon, Stan started toward his rabbit hutch, and Kris went out to collect a few peacock feathers. Jimmie, a free soul for a trice, hopped into the nearest pond, which happened to be over his head.

Stan, glancing back over his shoulder, saw the wilder thing and began to yell with whatever breath he wasn’t using for running. The gardener’s legs were longer, so he reached the pond first and fished out a beameded Jimmie.

Lillian, perturbed over the danger of typhoid, snatched the young gentleman into the house and scrubbed his protesting person thoroughly, including mouth, teeth, and tongue.

When Dennis heard about the unscheduled dip, he shook his head. “That settles it,” he said. “My dad and I will start tomorrow to fill every pond on this place. We can’t wait until labor is available. Something must be done.”

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...keeps cuticle trim without cutting

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IN THE MORGAN MANOR

(Continued from page 44)
As for Jimmie's automotive inclinations: The instant guests arrive, Jimmie cases them for keys. He then says guilelessly, "What are those keys for?"

If the guests admit owning an automobile, Jimmie demands, "Is your car red?"

To date he has failed to locate the owner of a red car. His eagerness to find one stems from the fact that Dennis, during one of his hospital tours, caught sight of a bright red cast-iron sedan about two inches high, with a four-inch wheelbase. He brought this prize home to Jimmie, who promptly went on a one-boy hunt for a full-sized equivalent of his model. No one is quite sure what mental process is involved, but Lillian thinks that it has something to do with the little car needing the big car as a daddy.

Dennis is eager that no one get the impression that he is rearing, in the person of his No. 2 son, a modified angel. Jimmie, like any other imaginative child, is smitten occasionally with a dispassionate impulse. To wit: A visiting boy friend, aged six, was standing at the edge of the Morgan swimming pool—fully clothed—one afternoon.

crime and punishment . . .

According to a reliable witness (Jimmie, himself), this visitor had neither said nor done anything offensive. It just seemed like a good idea to push him in—and with great speed. Luckily, the boy knew how to swim, and there were a dozen aquatics adults nearby. For that stunt, Mrs. Jimmie found out how thin is the seat of a small boy's summer play suit.

Whereas Jimmie's attitude toward his dad is one of sunny adoration, Kris loves his father possessively. When Dennis took the family to Lake Arrowhead for a vacation, for the first two or three days, he managed to stay incognito. Then he was recognized. Thereafter, no peace nor privacy was to be had. Kris was eager to take a boat ride around the lake, and Kris was yearning to prowl among the curious kids with her dad, but it was a hopeless desire. Once outside his cabin, Dennis was besieged by people who wanted autographs.

At first, Kris was amused. It was lots of fun to be the center of an admiring throng, and she expanded in the sense of her adoration for Dennis being shared. Then the seconds stretched into minutes and the minutes into hours—during which she had to stand around and wait.

To her mother she said bitterly, "All the rest of the kids can go places with theirs, but we can't. Daddy is our Daddy. Why can't he just stay with us? Why can't people let him alone?"

One afternoon, when Kris hadn't been feeling well, Mrs. Morgan persuaded Jimmie to lie down for a nap. "I'll lie on the bed with you until you go to sleep," Lillian promised.

As they lay there, they watched the tracing of sunlits leaves on the ceiling, and Kris commented on how pretty the light was as it seeped through the room, through the makeshift drapes that Lillian had installed.

Mrs. Morgan murmured agreement with Kris. "Yes, those drapes do cast a lovely light even if they are temporary."

The following afternoon, Dennis undertook to persuade his daughter to nap. She agreed, on condition that he lie beside her until she had fallen asleep. It seemed like a sound idea to Dennis, and as they were relaxing, Dennis observed idly, "Those drapes aren't bad at all—they make a delicate sun pattern."

Said Kris promptly, "They really aren't bad, considering that they're only temporary."

Dennis let it pass, but after Kris had gone to sleep, he hastened to Lillian for

Small-Town Girl Captivates New York

Remakes her figure, wins national achievement award and praises of beauty experts.

Such thrilling days and nights in the magic city might well have turned the head of any 24-year-old girl. But not Lodema Peninger. She came up from her home town of Salisbury, North Carolina, and took New York in her stride... posing before the color camera of a famous photographer, telling her own success story on a radio broadcast. It was all the result of a small-town girl's decision to regain her slender figure, make the most of herself. Following the DuBarry Success Course at home, she lost 26 pounds, became expert in skin care, hair styling and make-up, emerged a petite blonde beauty. For her improvement in face, figure and fascination, she won the coveted award— an exciting week in New York, where beauty experts hailed her achievement.

The Story Behind the Story

Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her how slim she used to be. That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slimmer again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the convenient coupon to find out what this Course can do for you?
an explanation. He was relieved to learn that the draped were merely momentarily—not moody.

When Dennis is away on hospital tours, which he was a good deal this summer and fall, he sends Stan and Kris individual postcards from each city he visits. He selects these cards with care; Stan’s always pictures some spot such as the local hunting, fishing, or swimming, since Stan and his dad are great outdoorsmen. (Stan’s comment on his dad’s athletic ability is brief: “Gosh, he’s super!”)

Kris’ cards always depict horses. She doesn’t ride yet, but she gives promise of being a rider to equal Elizabeth Taylor.

feet’s too big...

Dennis’ homecoming is always a time of high excitement. After this most recent trip, he landed in a slider-studded Indian belt that he had picked up in New Mexico; Jimmie accepted, with an appropriate whoop, a Comanche war-bonnet; and Kris ecstatically tore open her package to lift out a pair of beaded white moccasins.

Somewhat later in the evening Dennis noted, with misgivings, that Kris wasn’t wearing the moccasins that she had originally tried on with such delight. “Changed your mind?” her dad asked.

“Don’t you like those Indian boots?” asked Jimmie.

“I love them,” exploded Kris. “They’re wonderful. They’re the prettiest slippers I’ve ever had!...”

“Well, then, wear them!”

Kris’ forehead creased. Resting her hand on her father’s arm she said, “They’re just a little too small for me, Daddy.”

Dennis faced the fact that his daughter was growing up, and tossed up a wry smile at the thought. “After this, before I go shopping, I’m going to get a list of sizes,” he promised. “Apparently I’m going to be shopping for two ladies, hereafter, instead of a lady and a little girl.”

Kris’ instant attempt to stand as tall as possible assured Dennis that he had said the tactful thing. She has the moccasins tucked away; she resisted strongly the suggestion that her Indian trophies be passed on to Jimmie.

back to civvies...

Last year, Stan—now eleven years old—attended a military academy. This year, however, he had a talk with Dennis to the effect that he would rather accompany Kris to the elementary school only a mile from trip, he handed Stan a slider-studded Indian belt that he had picked up in New Mexico; Jimmie accepted, with an appropriate whoop, a Comanche war-bonnet; and Kris ecstatically tore open her package to lift out a pair of beaded white moccasins.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Jane Withers was appearing in person at a Cleveland thea-

ter several months ago. During her act, she asked for a soldier to come up and dance with her. Three got there at once. Jane started to speak, when a suddenly a girl screamed. Soon others were screaming and applauding. The audience went wild! But why not? One of the soldiers was Lon McCallister!

Marilyn Rickert Dayton, Ohio
He plays piano by ear, but Dennis is trying to discourage him; since the boy doesn’t need notes to toss off a fairly accurate rendition of a piece of music, he is inclined to consider study a waste of time. Incidentally, he sometimes accompanies Dennis; they do “Battle Hymn of the Republic” and “Desert Song” with great gusto.

On the first day at his new school, Stan had a minor tizzy about his sister. When she and Lillian picked him up (his session continues an hour after Kris’), he fixed his sister with a fond eye. “Did you have any lunch?” he demanded.

“Sure. I had macaroni, milk, and chocolate ice cream. What did you have?”

Stan sighed deeply. “I had the same thing, but I sure didn’t enjoy it. I kept thinking that Dad had given me all the luncheon money, and that you didn’t have a cent. I kept worrying that you were going hungry, but I didn’t know what room you were in, and I couldn’t find you in the lunch room. I certainly am relieved that you were okay.”

That sounds like fable. For an eleven-year-old brother to be deeply and solicitorously fond of his seven-year-old sister is one for the book, but in the case of the Morgans, it’s true.

young smoothie . . .

Kris, although the younger member of the firm, is maternal toward Stan. Since he was unfamiliar with the bus stop nearest home—during his first few weeks at his new school—Kris remained patiently for an hour, until Stan’s classes were dismissed, and rode home with him. “I’d worry, otherwise,” she told her mother, “he’d fear he’d get off at the wrong stop and have a long walk up the road. He might even be run over, you know.”

Perhaps one explanation of the family cordiality is the fact that the children are generally concerned in matters of fact by both parents. One afternoon Stan was in the playhouse, scanning old pictures of his mother and dad when they were appearing together in college dramas.

Naturally, the clothing was old-fashioned, and Lillian’s hair was cut in the shingle-back bob of the period. Grimacing, Stan observed, “Every time I see those pictures, I don’t understand why Dad didn’t faint when he saw Mother looking like that!”

His mother stifled a smile and said, “What do you mean by that, Stan? That you like me better as I am now?”

Stan got it. Grabbing his cue, and glancing affectionately at his mother, he said, “Oh, I think you’re lots prettier with your hair the way you wear it now.”

“Even when I’m wearing pigtails!”

“Yep. Even in pigtaits,” said the blossoming Beau Brummel.

Soon, the Morgans will probably be installing a huge Christmas tree in the guest house on the grounds of their home, and each member of the family is adding the trimmings of his choice.

The children will open their toys around this tree on Christmas morning, and most of the holiday festivities will take place in this quaint, comfortable cottage.

But on Christmas, 1946, the merry Morgans hope to celebrate in the magnificent living room in the main house. By that time they think they will have located a suitable rug for the room, will have made a deal with a decorator who will have enough material, help, and equipment to build the massive furniture necessary, and will have moved in the concert grand piano that Dennis covets for his home. At present, however, the living room is utterly empty.

As you can see, 1946 is going to be a very happy and busy year for the Hollywood family Morgan.
FAVORITE
PET
WITH THE STARLET SET!

"Canaries are Winning Hearts in Hollywood!"

JUNIOR MRS.
(Continued from page 42)

have this woman to thy lawfully wedded wife . . ."

"I will," said John Agar firmly, and Shirley's eyes lifted for an instant to his face, to the lips that had framed those words.

"Shirley, wilt thou have this man to thy lawfully wedded husband . . ."

Shirley's voice was clear, her tone steady and sweet as she said, "I will." Afterward, as she repeated the long vow in response to the clergymen's prompting, she spoke each word with a sincerity to match the timeless poetry of the ceremony.

"I now pronounce you man and wife," intoned the minister. Slowly, Shirley turned from the altar, lifted her head to smile into her husband's eyes, and slid one satin-clad arm upward to rest on his shoulder. Their kiss was long and rapturous, a dedication of deepest love.

something old, something new . . .

As they started the recessional march, Shirley rested her weight on the wrong foot. Her sergeant-groom, having spent a good many hours in a column, cast a corner-of-the-eye look at his new wife and Shirley—her face composed, but her eyes dancing with merriment—quickly changed step.

It was a charming and symbolic gesture, the bride adjusting herself to the pace of a new life.

Shirley had been eager to observe all the fanciful customs of bridal tradition. She wore something old and utterly priceless: A handkerchief ring, hand-wrought from gold by some romantic colonial craftsman. It consisted of a little finger circlet from which was suspended a chain four inches long; at the end of the chain was a clasp which gripped the antique lace handkerchief that had been given to Shirley by Mrs. Court Majors, who had also loaned her this unique bit of jewelry.

She wore something new: Her wardrobe from head to toe.

She wore something borrowed: A tiny antique gold cross pinned inside her blouse. This had been loaned to Shirley by a boy she had known all her life.

She wore something blue: A garter given her by one of her bridesmaids. It was suggested that Shirley wear a penny in her slipper—"a copper for luck"—but remembering the long procession to the altar, the long recessional, and the length of time she would have to stand in the receiving line, she demurred, "I don't want to be thinking of a pain in my shoe," she said.

There were too many other things to think about: The time, last spring, for instance, when her parents had announced her engagement. At that time she had known John Agar for nearly two years. She and her parents knew the code by which he lived and the ideals for which he stood. He was a fine young man.

Both John and Shirley promised at that time that they wouldn't ask Shirley's parents for permission to marry for at least two years, and nearly three. John's future in the army, with the war raging at that time in Europe and the Pacific, was precarious.

Shirley, as well, had many things that she wanted to do before assuming the responsibilities and obligations of marriage. She said to her mother, "We have plenty of time. I want to enjoy the fun of being an engaged girl for a long time before getting married."

During this time John was stationed at Riverside, a city some sixty miles from

Ruth Jerry...

pretty, young Hollywood newcomer now appearing in the Republic Production, "THE CHEATERS," says:

"A Canary's happiness is so catching ... you'll whistle and sing right along with him!"

Yes, canaries are so full of fun and song, so easy to care for, that they make grand companions ... wonderful pets!

Own a canary—"The only pet that sings!" Or, give a songster to one you love ... a truly delightful gift.

And remember, to keep your canary at his peak of happiness, feed America's favorite bird diet—FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit—the canary food containing 11 proven aids to canaries' health and song!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U.S.
Los Angeles. He telephoned Shirley every day at an appointed hour. As there is only one telephone in the vast Temple house (warranty restrictions), Shirley used to stand guard for fifteen or twenty minutes before her call was due, fending off all would-be users. This instituted a family joke. Whenever a queue formed near the telephone, as it did on occasion, a non-telephoning Temple would inquire pleasantly, “All expecting John?”

In July, Shirley’s entire life changed. She made a two-week hospital tour. During her senior year at Westlake, between doing homework, making a picture, and having dates, Shirley managed to take the essential rudiments of a Nurse’s Aid course, and to be indoctrinated for hospital visiting.

She went into this work with the viewpoint of almost any girl. Shirley has exceptional intuition and insight—that’s true; she has a poise and assurance beyond her years. But still, she was a seventeen-year-old girl in many respects.

She emerged from the hospital tour, a woman.

Those who were with her on the tour marveled at first at her calm tact, her warm and easy camaraderie. Then they began to take her for granted, as the boys had from the first. She was everybody’s kid sister, the swellest in the world—no nonsense, no airs, no giggling uncertainty. Just a honey.

When Shirley returned to Los Angeles, she was unusually quiet for several days. Jack came in from Riverside the following weekend, so he and Shirley were invited to the home of one of their dearest friends, Katherine Ferguson, who was to be—in future months—one of Shirley’s bridesmaids. For two hours that night, Shirley talked about her experiences in the hospitals. She had become deeply interested in the psycho-neurosis cases and said repeatedly, “I’ve got to do a great deal more work in hospitals. I’m going on with my education this fall, and I’ll have to make a picture . . . but I’ve simply got to do more hospital work.”

fateful decision . . .

Shortly afterward, Jack learned that he was to be transferred to Geiger Field in Washington. Until that time he had been a P.T. instructor, but with his transfer he was going into aviation engineering. “Which means,” he told Shirley, “that I’m booked for overseas.”

One August Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Agar, Jack and Shirley went to the Hollywood Bowl Concert. Mrs. Temple had noticed that, instead of kidding and clowning as usual, Shirley and Jack were quiet and thoughtful. There was something preoccupied about their behavior, a tense and decisive air.

Mrs. Temple whispered to Mrs. Agar, “Have you noticed our youngsters? You know what we’re to be faced with, don’t you? They’re going to want to get married.”

Mrs. Agar smiled at Mrs. Temple. “The decision is yours, of course,” she said. These two women had become friends, respecting and admiring one another sincerely.

However, after the concert, other topics came up for discussion, so Mrs. Temple dismissed her prediction from her mind.

Sunday afternoon she was entertaining a rather large party at a barbecue dinner. Since she is a perfectionist, she was trying to be everywhere at once, to see that everyone was comfortable, the table perfect, the supplies in good order, the cook happy, and all details in harmony. As she whisked through the center hallway on some urgent errand, she discovered Shirley and Jack standing in a shadowed corner, talking earnestly.

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Free! Send now for “Growing Up and Liking It”—a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation. Write Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 344-E, Milltown, N. J.
Their controlled eagerness told her what was to be. As she hurried up the stairway, she heard Shirley say breathlessly, "Ask her now!"

Over her shoulder, the mother looked down at her daughter and Jack. The two faces were turned pleadingly upward; Shirley's eyes were limp with an inarticulate entreaty; Jack's wide blue eyes were dark with supplication. Mrs. Temple looked from one pair of ardent eyes to the other; she said, "Not now... some other time." But her heart lost its purpose. She couldn't refuse them. "Come upstairs to my room," she said, leading the way.

Jack went directly to the point. He said that he loved Shirley with all the devotion in the world, that he had never anything like her, and there never would be. "I'm not a conceited guy," he added. "If I go away without being married to Shirley, she'll be the only body else, and I might lose her. Being engaged is one thing. Being married is something else. It's pretty hard for a girl to stay at home when she doesn't have anything—a vow, sort of—to keep her there. You know that the wolves are really going to be howling the instant I leave town!"

And Shirley said, "I know I promised not to ask to be married, but everything has changed. I'm not the same person I was when you announced my engagement. I've grown up. And, Mother, I can't bear the idea of Jack lying in a hospital somewhere, and my not being able to be with him because I wasn't his wife."

Mrs. Temple sighed. "We'll have to discuss it with your father," she said gently. Then she went into some of the problems of marriage. "Would you expect Shirley to follow you to army camps in case things change and you should remain in this country?"

Jack was quick to answer. "I don't believe in that sort of thing. No, I'd want Shirley to stay right here," he said.

"When I've talked it over with Mr. Temple, we'll have another discussion," the mother said. But there was something in her tone that told Shirley, who is her mother's alter ego, that her mother was in sympathy.

To George Temple, his wife said afterward, "With this horrible war going on, with everything so uncertain, do we have the right to make this decision for Shirley? Isn't she ready to make her own emotional decisions?"

They talked far into the dawn. "We'll be criticized by people who feel that Shirley should continue her education, and that no seventeen-year-old girl should marry," he said.

no war hysteria ...

But, they agreed, Shirley's case was totally different from that of the average seventeen-year-old girl. She was old for her years; she had always lived a public life. She and Jack had known one another for two years, and the Temple's knew the Agars well, so this was no whirlwind courtship, no hysterical hurry-up marriage. Jack would always be able to take care of her financially. Furthermore, Shirley was in a position in which the security of marriage and the dignity of wifehood were important. And she was desperately in love.

During the days that followed the decision that a marriage would take place in September, Shirley said, "I won't mind staying at home, Mommy. You said the other night that I couldn't have dates if I was married. Well, I don't want to go out with anyone but Jack. A date is no fun unless it's with an interesting person, and I'm not interested in any other..."
If only this young wife had known the truth earlier

Ignorance of Intimate Physical Facts never brought happiness to any woman!

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**ADDRESS**
out both places and half a dozen other establishments. Of course, if you’re curious. . . .

They went away arm in arm, toward the refreshment table.

It required nearly two hours for the receiving line to pass Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Agar, Shirley, Jack, and the eight bridesmaids. Then—at midnight—Shirley cut the three-tier wedding cake. Instead of the conventional bride and groom under the wedding bell, to garnish the top layer of the Martha Smith cake, a spun sugar basket filled with white flowers was the summit motif.

trick that backfired . . .

It was while the cake was being cut in the glare of a hundred bursting flash bulbs that one of the photographers tumbled backward into the eighteen inches of water in the fish pond. He saved his camera, but his glasses vanished amid the lilies. Bride and groom laughed until they couldn’t be photographed but by then the photographers were howling, too. Jack Temple—the practical man—rushed into the house for a flashlight, but it already required a navy diver’s helmet to retrieve the fortunately unbroken glasses.

Some of the groom’s wayward friends had plotted a little traditional bother for him, when he and Shirley were to make their exit. They studied the situation: Parked in the driveway was a handsome polished Cadillac, and beside it, innocently enough, a battered and dusty station wagon. “Let’s decorate the Cadillac,” they plotted gleefully.

So when Shirley and Jack came downstairs (Shirley breathtaking in a dove-grey suit with a blue plastron of velvet, and a blue velvet beret with a grey veil), and hopped into the Cadillac, a triumphant yell went up from the busy but triumphant ushers.

But Jack and Shirley slid through the Cadillac, and into the station wagon, scorched down the drive, through the electric gate and onto Sunset Boulevard before anyone else could get the gates open a second time to give chase to the canny couple.

The newlyweds drove to the Los Angeles Town House, where the bridal suite had been reserved for them. The next day they drove to Santa Barbara, then proceeded up the coast on tankfuls of beautiful, unrationed gas.

After the beauty of the ceremony is over, and the wedding guests have departed, after the gifts have all been opened, catalogued, and acknowledged; after the wedding gown has been folded in tissue and tucked away for a daughter in years to be; after the honeymoon is finished, and marriage really begins—then, a man and a woman face each other and the future.

two together . . .

What that future holds for John and Shirley Agar is promising. If one knows what John had to say on the subject on the afternoon of his wedding day. He and Jack Temple had spent the day to get through the Temple Talk had undertaken to talk to his future brother-in-law about the problems faced by members of a celebrity family. He also talked about Shirley, her personality, her attitudes, her faults, and her nobilities. He said, “So you see, John, there are going to be some hills to climb.”

Answered Agar, looking at the other man squarely in the eye, “And when we come to those hills, Jack, Shirley and I will climb them together, hand in hand. . . . running.”

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fate hung in the balance, then dipped. "Okay—"

So began a period of perpetual motion. Mornings he worked for Twomey, to ease a little the burden of his debt. Then to Pasadena for a rehearsal, back to Los Angeles for a singing lesson, back to Pasadena for the performance, back to Van Nuys at two in the morning.

learning the hard way . . .

Twomey was content. "Only I can't take this Shake Shake. When you do a regular play, I'll be round."

He hadn't long to wait. Dana got one of the leads in Sidney Howard's dramatization of that shattering story of Humphrey Cobb's, "Path of Glory." In fact, of the three principal parts, his was the standout—Langlais, the sensitive, ironic young Frenchman.

Through his singing teacher, he'd met Rudolf Amend, an actor who'd fled from Hitler's Europe. Amend was grateful for some service Dana had done him. "If you ever get a difficult part to play, I might be able to help you."

Dana went to him now. "I know I can't play this the way it should be played. Does your offer still hold?"

Amend worked with him as if both their lives were at stake—hour after hour, hammering his pupil into the mold of the Frenchman. On opening night, Dana could feel the waves of excitement spreading from him to the audience and back.

The play moved to its final scene. The sergeant assigned to lead Langlois to his death, eyes his bemelled coat. "Anything you'd like to bring your wife?"

"No. His own eyes drop to the medals. Slowly he removes them and hands it to the sergeant. "You can have these. I don't feel very brave just now.—"

The curtain fell, and the audience went wild for Twomey. "You're a character man," he told Dana. "My best advice is get yourself an agent and play bits."

a character . . .

At RKO the guy shook his head. "Now that I've seen you close up, it's no go. I wouldn't even give you a test, they'd think you was crazy. You was good the other night, but you're a character actor."

In spite of the studio disappointments, he felt pretty cocky. His first real performance and no lookers happened! "I find it difficult to restrain my praise—"

Gilmore Brown, managing director at Pasadena, has a cure for cockiness. "You were good, Dana. Now let's try something completely different."

They gave him the part of a polished young man. Having no polish, he flopped like a dead fish, which brought his head down to normal or slightly under.

For two-and-a-half years at the Playhouse, he beat his brains out, playing big parts and small, young men and old.
ing technique, training away his crudities, waiting for nibbles that never came. Through it all, Twomey stood solidly behind him. "Just keep on working, don't worry about extras. You're going to make it."

He'd call Irving Cumin. "Well, what about it?"

"I'm working on it..."

He was, too. The call finally came, only at the wrong time. Never one for half measures, Twomey'd suggested that Dana have his teeth straightened. Arrangements had been made when Cumin phoned. He'd talked the casting director into a test. What to do now? Ask them to wait, and the thing might fall through. Take a chance, and his teeth might lose him a contract.

In desperation, Dana came clean. "I'm about to have my teeth straightened. I'll take six or eight months. I'd rather wait if you'll give me your word to make the test then..."

"If I'm here," the casting director promised, "you'll get the test..."

"Will you put that in writing?"

"I don't have to. Irving's a witness. You'll get your test."

When the braces came off, he went back. "We're not making tests now," the casting director said. "If there's any change..."

You may have gathered by now that Dana's a patient man. But here's where patience snapped, and cold rage took over. Yet he spoke evenly. "You gave me your word of honor. What good is it?"

"Now, look, let's be reasonable..."

"The hell with you," said Dana, and strode out.

someday she'll come along..."

Meantime, Mary Todd had entered the picture. ...

It was Aggie who first broached the subject of re-marriage. "You know, Dana, some day there'll be another girl..."

"Are you worried about it?" he asked gently.

"On the contrary. I'd be worried if I thought you'd never marry again. But will you do me a favor? When she shows up, will you let me meet her?"

"It's a promise, Aggie.

They were rehearsing "First Lady" and blonde Mary Todd played the inguine opposite Dana. She was a swell actress, with a lively mind and the kind of dry humor that you don't expect from a blonde. But Dana found himself nursing a grievance against her. Last spring she'd been deceptively slim. Over the summer she'd put on thirty pounds.

All his life Dana'd abhorred fat girls.

After rehearsals, the crowd would assemble for a soda, or at the Waldorf for coffee and sandwiches. By imperceptible degrees, the others ceased to exist for Dana. Mary blotted them out.

Back in the safety of his room, he'd talk to himself. "Andrews, this can't be happening to you. You're crazy to fall in love with a fat girl..."

Between Mary and the play, he got his nerves keyed up so tight, they jangled. But the fall of the curtain on opening night brought them one train. They all went out to celebrate. Emerging from the telephone booth, Dana bumped into Mary. Their eyes met.

"I've been wanting to do this for four weeks," he announced—and kissed her so she knew she'd been kissed, murmured "That's all, thank you," and marched back to the tavern. But when Mary rejoined them, neither said boo to the other till Dana asked if he could see her home. It's a long way from Pasadena to Santa Monica. Dana was busy driving. Mary seemed to be lost in thought. Conversation languished.

When they pulled up at her house, he turned to have a talk with her. What're you going to do about it?"
SCALP ODOR can’t be "covered up"

"What would you like me to do?"

So he told her, and they sat holding hands and talking till daylight.

Aggie met her when Dana took them both out to a show. Afterwards, he dropped Aggie at the house before driving Mary home. But she waited up for him—

"That’s the one," she said. It was a statement, not a question. "Oh Dana, I’m glad. She’s wonderful—"

"Isn’t she though!"

new way to reduce . . .

The most important thing Mary and Dana talked about in the car that first night was love. The second was marriage. Naturally, they couldn’t marry while Dana was living on the money of another man. Indeed, the path of true love became such an obstacle race that, before it was run, Mary’d melted to a slender 108 pounds.

The career—to abuse a word—seemed to be headed for plenty of nothing. For the first time Dana had started to feel licked. She’d worked with at Pasadena—Bob Preston, the late Laird Cregar, Vic Mature—and had whining right by him into nice plum contracts. How long can you keep your head against stone? He had Mary to think of now as well as Twomey, Mary said. "Wait a while. Maybe the break’s around the corner—"

That summer, while Pasadena was closed, he worked at Neely Dickson’s Theater. An agent named Lou Goldie left word for him to call. But Dana was a small operator. Except with a big agent, Dana felt he hadn’t the ghost of a chance. Twomey was trying to interest Everett Crosby in the role. He’d turned them down—he didn’t need any clients—

That’s when Dana gave up. Mary was against it, but, in the final analysis, it was Dana who had to be the decision. He went to Twomey. "I can’t go on like this, my conscience won’t let me."

Twomey’s fingers drummed the table.

"What about this Lou Goldie?"

"Oh, he called again, but you know what I mean?"

"Let’s go see him anyway."

Mr. Goldie was known to Dana. He’d seen him at Neely Dickson’s and at Pasadena.

"You may not know it," he said, "but you’re the man to hit this town since Spencer Tracy in ‘The Last Mile.’ I’ve already talked to a big producer about you—"

agent at work . . .

"What can we lose?" shrugged his friend.

Golder shoved the contracts over. Dana signed.

"Okay," said the agent. "Now come with me—"

Dana’s underestimated Mr. Golder. Not only had he talked to Dana, he’d made an appointment. What’s more, Gregg Toland—Golder’s ace cameraman— and Reeves Espy, vice-president of the company, knew all about Dana. Lou had hauled them out to Pasadena to watch Dana perform in “O Evening Star.”

Mr. G. may scrape his English, but his head works straight. He ordered a test for Dana with Sigrid Gurie. Dana was so unnerved that at luncheon he neglected to remove a temporary porcelain cap. When they started shooting again, the cameraman said: "There’s a little space between two of your teeth. I didn’t notice this morning—"

Dana turned green. "Holy mackerel, I swallowed my tooth with my oyster stew!"

In the projection room next morning he sat slumped between Mary and Mr. Golder. The film started, and Dana’s heart subsided. "They’re running somebody else’s test first. Then he heard his own shot and shot out of his seat—"

"My God, do I look like that?"

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WILL CALL 830. 5 PM.
"Why, don't you like yourself?" asked Goldwyn.
Dana muttered and was still. Then came Mary's turn. For the finale of every test, you're perched on a stool and turned around so, the camera catches you from every angle. Over the screen, the revolving effect is curious. Mary howled—
"Now what's the matter?" Goldwyn asked patiently.
"He looks so funny!" she choked.
"The guy doesn't like himself. To the girl he looks funny! Maybe we shouldn't sign you at all. But I think we will—"
So the contract was signed. Mary and Dana could be married. They thought. This was the period in Hollywood history when marriage was supposed to dim your romantic appeal.
Dana took his case to Beeves Espy, who said: "I wouldn't suggest it to Mr. Goldwyn right now. You've waited this long, why not wait a little longer?"
Mary wept, more in fury than sorrow.
"Who do they think they are, running our lives for us?"
"Look, honey, let's just get married..."
"Not! Not when you're broken in after all these years!" Sh'lomo, the Sheik, said. "I can use the time to advantage. Pining and losing another couple of pounds—"

bachelor blues...

Weeks turned to months. Months of marking time. Drawing paychecks and making tests. No marriage, no pictures.

Till the day came when Dana had had enough. He phoned Mr. Goldwyn for an appointment. Mr. Goldwyn would see him at 10:30 tomorrow.

Mr. Goldwyn was detained by matters of importance. Dana waited and paced. 11:11:30. And suddenly—clang, clang! The firebell! People showing and yelling and running out to the lot—the leaping flames, the din of faint engines close, from all parts of the town—alluring nose, soot-smudged faces, torrents of water—and terror subsiding to pleasurable excitement as the blaze came under control.

Across a circle of faces, Goldwyn caught Dana's eye. The racket was still something out of bedlam. "What did you want to see me about?" he ylabel.

"Don't cup your hands to your mouth. "Not now. I want to hear the lion in his den—"

"Beard me here," Goldwyn shouted. "OKAY! I used to grow it once."

For a moment the Goldwyn aploomb was staggered. He wants to get married! Right in the middle of the fire! But the fire was out, and the boss was feeling good. "Go ahead, get married."

Mary's family had lived in Santa Monica for thirty years. So that all the old friends might be included, they decided on a formal church wedding. The invitations were engraved when Dana was summoned to the studio and handed his first script, "The Westerner." He was also instructed to his hair and bow tie.

Plans was hastily changed. They were married at Mary's home among a few intimates who understood why he looked a little like a beaver. Six-year-old David was responsible for a nice touch. He arrived clutching a paper bag.

"When Mary comes downstairs," he told Mr. Goldwyn, "you throw this."

"Oh, no," she assured him, thinking it was rice. "You throw it after the wedding."

He allowed himself to be persuaded. As the minister said, "I pronounce you man and wife," David dropped from the floor, a self-elected flower boy, plucking orange blossoms from his bag and casting them before him. Having reached the minister, he extended a courteous hand. "I'd like to thank you for what you've done for Mary and Daddy."

Three days later Dana was on location.
First thing the director said to him was: "We've got too many beards around here. Better shave yours off."

They rented a house right around the corner from Aggie's. This was the tough part. David's world had been bounded by Aggie. She was concerned only for David. Mary and Dana were concerned for her as well, and determined to make the changeover as painless as possible. At first David ran back and forth between both places, but stayed at his grandmother's. Then he started spending a night or two at the other place. Little by little the visits grew longer till he was absorbed into the new household. Nor was there any sense of separation from Aggie. Though she lives under another roof, she remains a cherished member of the family.

Meanwhile Dana was sweeter out his career. Because his own pictures were few and far between, Goldwyn sold half of the Andrews contract to 20th-Fox. For the next few years, Dana was wrapped round a pendulum, swinging dizzyly between hope and despair. Every picture he played was going to be it. Then he'd wake up with another dream would bite the dust. It started with "Sailor's Lady". "When this comes out, you'll be in", said Allan Dwan. So it came out, and he sat on his ear for two months. Then "Lucky Cisco Kid," "You're on your way," they told him, and he took it big—till they gathered him out to Ed Small. Small said, "I'll send you back to them a star." But the star he sent back failed to dazzle Twentieth. It twinkled unseen till the spring brought "Tobacco Road." Not much of a part, but his first A picture. "You look very good," said John Ford. "The studio'll be interested in you after this." So what did he get for that? "Belle Starr." And complaints from Irving Cumin. "You're a good actor. They should give you a lead."

And they actually did. In "Swamp Water." Only Mr. Zanuck didn't care for the picture.

Meantime, Goldwyn was preparing "Ball of Fire," running tests for the director, Howard Hawks. One of the tests was Dana's—the one Mary'd laughed at. "There's the boy I want," said Hawks. "He's a nice boy," said Goldwyn, "but he can't play gangsters!"

Hawks, however, got his way. And Dana did "Ball of Fire." It came out at the same time as "Swamp Water." Hedda Hopper scoffed on her most spectacular hats to him. "A terrific actor!"

"That does it," gloated Dana. "Now I'm in." So what did he get? A stinker called "Berlin Correspondent."

\*\*\*

"Oxbow Incident"—a fine picture—died at the box office. But the total effect was beginning to pile up, and Mr. Zanuck took notice. Dana was cast with Ty Power in "Crazy Dive." The picture was a smash and so was the sensation. There was even talk that he'd overshadowed Ty. Fan mail started pouring in. "When are you going to get the girl?" screamed the kids.

Instead of the girl, he got a part in "North Star" that any tyro could have walked through. Capped by "Up in Arms" as stooge Kaye, one of Kaye's greatest comic in decades who'd have washed out not one, but ten straight men. Dana almost took a suspension on that one, and the only reason he didn't was because of his thickest Miles. Milly was plugging him for "The Purple Heart." Dana decided it would pay to be a good boy.

Well, you saw him in "Purple Heart," so you figure out why they stuck him into "Wing and a Prayer," as third to Ameche and Billy Eythe. That turned the trick. Dana'd been good long enough. He rolled
his sleeves for battle.

The prize was "Laura." No one could play the reporter any better than he could and, so help him, Hamrah, he was going to get it if it meant tangling with every-
one up to Zanuck. But the man Dana harassed with daily attentions was Otto Preminger, producer-director of "Laura."

no hero at home . . .

Otto finally gave him a hint of where the trouble lay. "Zanuck thinks you're a fine actor. But you've never played a romantic part."

Translated, that meant they questioned his sex appeal. Well, you can't go-round assuring people you have it. But what about the fan letters, swelling in volume and clamor repeating over and over, "For heaven's sake, why don't they give you the girl?"

What finally broke them down, only the front office can say. But we heard of two things that may have contributed:

Along with the principals, Dana and Carmen Miranda made personal appearances in Philadelphia with "Wilson."

"Purple Heart" had just been released. Nobody—least of all—realized how hard he'd hit in "Purple Heart." Miranda, Knox and Fitzgerald got warm receptions. But when Dana walked out, the roof came off . . .

There was also the Saturday afternoon when he ran into Mrs. Zanuck. "I'd like to ask you a plain question," she said. "I've always thought you were a swell actor, but certainly not the romantic type. When I see you face to face, somehow I change my mind. What makes that difference?"

First he said thank you. Then he tried to explain. "When you press the tried-and-true pal who's turned down by the girl, that's how you have to play it. If you let any quality show that might attract her, you're a dishonorable actor."

Mrs. Zanuck thought carefully. "That never occurred to me."

On Monday he got the part.

After all the years of waiting, "Laura" was it. The road had been far longer and rockier than he'd ever dreamed, but he finally made it. As one indication of the peak to which his stock had soared, the big-shot Feldman-Blum agency moved in with an offer to buy him from Lou Golder.

"Look," Dana said. "I love this agent I have. I know he can't do for me what you can do. But you'll have to satisfy him."

"I won't budge unless it's okay with Lou."

It was okay with Lou. They paid him fifty thousand.

It was okay with Feldman-Blum. They engineered a compact that made Goldwyn wince. But he signed. So did 20th-Fox.

All of which made it plenty okay with Dana.

that's my boy . . .

Along the way there's been sadness and happiness. Dad never saw his son on the screen. He died while Dana was making "Lucky Cisco Kid," and before either of the earlier pictures had been released to the public. But not before the hometown boy was being well publicized in the local prints.

"Never mind pretending, Dad," the kids would tease him. "We saw you turn over to the movie column for a squint at Dana's picture."

"I did no such thing," Dad would retort calmly, with Dana's picture staring him in the face.

Twomey lived to make a generous re-turn on his investment and to see his faith in Dana vindicated. Dana was on location when he died. Three weeks earlier Mary had phoned. "Know what day this is? The day that pays off the debt."

They wish Twomey could have had a look at its longer polishing action!

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Smoke Smudge quickly erased . . .
Dana's new deal. He'd had a bang out of it.

They bought their house in the valley from a man whose children were grown and scattered. "I don't need it any more," he said. "It's the kind of house for a family to grow up in."

The very minute you walk in, you know what he meant. It's the kind of house that gives you a sense of peace. Wide, cool rooms, furnished for comfort without ostentation. Polished wood and soft chintzes that don't jump out at you. High windows that bring the green lawns and shade trees indoors.

There are three children now to play with Michael, the cocker spaniel, under the terraces and by the fire.

The only trouble they ever have with three-year-old Kathy is when they reprimand David. The two form a mutual affection society for Benevolent Protective Order of Andrews. Kathy's temper has been broken by a shaking finger at her parents. "You mustn't talk to David like that. David's a stork," Whish, of course, breaks them up and plays hob with discipline.

stork race ...

The only trouble they ever had with Stephen was when he was born. He arrived a week early. Waited till Dana's car was in the shop for the night. He took Mary's car to see movie Russian films with Milestone. There was nothing to worry about. The baby wasn't due. But Dana kept phoning Mary every hour.

Till Mary said: "Don't believe to call any more. I feel perfectly fine and I think I'll go to bed."

"All right, honey. I'll drop Milly and then come right home myself."

But at Milly's house, a frantic head was stuck out at the window. "Is Mr. Andrews with you? He's to call his home immediately."

Dana dashed to the phone and back to the car. It was raining. He skidded and escaped a collision by the skin of his fender. Mary wanted on a couch downstairs, feeling anything but fine. He got her into the car and down to the hospital—just 14 minutes by George! Stephen squauled his way into the world.

Dana still breaks into a cold sweat at the memory. "God really had his arms around us that time."

That's his own expression. "God has his arms around us." She used it as frequently in the old troubled days as now when she lives in comfort with Mary and Dana. Baby Stephen's first special charge. Despite her protests, Dana insists on giving her a check each month. "I'll put it in the bank," she tells Mary. "Maybe Dana won't always be making what he does now."

Their only trouble with Mother is when they have chicken. Unless they watch, she still takes the neck and back. "Force of habit," she apologizes. "From the time when there was only one chicken and so many hungry mouths."

all's well with the world ... Kathy looks worried. "Were they very hungry, Granny?"

"Oh, just when they sat down. They never got up hungry."

"With just one chicken?" demands the practical David.

"Well, there were lots of other things. Bread and greens and potatoes. We did very nicely!"

"I know," Kathy pipes. "God had his arms around you. Feels good, doesn't it, Granny?"

Over the heads of their family Mary and Dana smile at each other. It feels good, all right—whether you put it Granny's way, or some other ...
GOOD NEWS
(Continued from page 76)

P. S. Latest official count of the crowd at Shirley's wedding was 15,000 strong—wild and woolly!

With all the September brides—you'd have thought it was June bustin' out all over again—instead of Fall.

Next to Shirley's beautiful, dignified church wedding—Betty Hutton's marriage to Ted Briskin attracted the most attention. I wasn't there because it took place thousands of miles away in Chicago. But a personal spy reports on some inside happenings:

The girl who shouted her way to fame said "I do" so softly that she had to be asked to repeat it again.

Ted, who is twenty-seven, rich and good looking, had the yellow orchids with purple centers, which Betty wore in her hair and on streamer's from her prayer book, blown in from New York.

And she was married—not in a brand new suit—but in a soft golden beige number that Ted liked best of all from her wardrobe.

Somehow I think it means something that Betty, who used to sing for nickels and dimes in beer parlors when she was a kid, who says she is a born "exhibitionist," went softly all through her wedding.

Most brides are so nervous they don't half remember the wedding service. But when Lindsay Durant, her matron of honor, asked the new Mrs. Briskin if she had heard what she had sworn to, Betty replied, "I heard every word of it—and my heart memorized what it heard."

Speaking of brides—the town was certainly puzzled when Diana Lynn showed up at the Mocambo one night with Pat Nearnly—and the next day her close friend, Mona Freeman, announced her engagement to Pat.

They were married the following week, but all was well—Diana attended the wedding.

Still another bride was Kay Williams, the girl reported engaged to Clark Gable this time last year. She eloped with millionaire Adolph Spreckels to Arizona in such a hurry that the happy couple had to reverse the telephone charges when they called Kay's mother to tell her the news!

The bridegroom, who has but millions, was caught short on small change!

Cary Grant worked for three days in a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store. The scene was for "Night and Day" in which he plays composer Cole Porter.

Wonder if Cary was thinking of that certain "Million Dollar Baby?"

Word of Advice Department (and how I love to hand it out) To—

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Some time ago while working as a receptionist for a dance producer on Broadway, he came out of the rehearsal hall and as usual I asked, "How did the rehearsal go?" He had just responded, "Prove it," to a kid in there that makes all those other guys look pretty sick. He stands out like a sore thumb. I guess on any given day we'll be giving the women in the audience something to look at! That boy was Van Johnson, and didn't ever get the impression that he is a star in the pan. He worked every inch of the way up and rightly deserves the break he's getting. My sincerest wishes for his continued success.

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JOE LUCKY

(Continued from page 5)

When Mary's birthday was approached, she was very happy about it and seemed to have forgotten about any little girl's stuff. When Van was invited to party on one side ever since.

When Mary's birthday was par- ticularly done for—I was so happy when she had been in a bit of steady work. But he has been in a little bit of steady work ever since.

To the happy little girl, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident last year, so seriously she has been par- ticularly done for—I was so happy when she had been in a little bit of steady work.

To the happy little girl, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident last year, so seriously she has been par- ticularly done for—I was so happy when she had been in a little bit of steady work.

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But things would have been simpler for everyone concerned—including Clark—if there had been more shy guys around like Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery and Commander John Ford. That pair of old Gable pals, like Clark, had been where the going was toughest in this war and they still had their Navy uniforms on when Clark started "Adventure." One of the first shooting days they strolled nonchalantly to the camera unannounced, and parked themselves in a couple of chairs just outside the spotlighted set. Clark was a little shaky, because after all he'd been out of that particular line of work for some time, and until a couple of days before he had never even met the luscious Greer. He was trying to catch on to the old tricks again, when these two kibitzers sat down silently and stared—and stared.

Out of the corner of his eye Gable caught their steady, unswerving eyes on him with occasional raised eyebrows, nods and silent "take 'em" reactions. It got him jumpy. He waved hello but the boys just stared all the harder. They never said a word. Clark had plenty on in his hands at that point and he couldn't break away in the scene. But when he finally mustered a line under the pressure, he looked away and walked over with his arms akimbo. Bob Montgomery and Jack Ford were making notes in a notebook.

"Hey," demanded Clark, "what are you sailors doing here?"

They looked up innocently. "Oh, nothing much, Mister Gable," said Bob. "But you see, we've been away from Hollywood a long time now and we're sort of rusty. Just thought we'd drop in and get some hot tips from the Great Lover."

Clark knew them and tried to wrestle them off the set but it was two to one and he really didn't want to toss them off anyway. Underneath he was pleased as Punch and the nerves were all gone. What he'd been needing was a good, old-fashioned Hollywood rib.

Three years of war hadn't changed Clark Gable enough to put in your face. Physically he's still a dead ringer for the pre-war Gable that was. The only noticeable difference is that the glossy black temples have whitened enough for the camera to pick up and, with understandable Hollywood license, the make-up department was putting the heat on Clark to touch them up with black before he went into action on the set. He had submitted with good natured protests, because—let's face it—after all he's 44 and he's starting out again—wham-bang—with those hot, young, rough lovin' roles. But at heart he hates even that concession to the years and to show how much he's aged—"the tears around a nose—he's been using Kleenex and before he'd poke his face outside the stage door he rubbed all the blacking off to the last smudge—even if he was going across the lot to get an afternoon coffee.

He was exactly as touchy as that fifteen years ago, when he first took a dubious crack at the movies. Only more so. In these days he was violent. A pal of his early days, "Shug" Keeler (who's still a pal) told me his yarn about Clark, which I've got to pass on, because it's true Gable. "Shug" was a young juicer around M-G-M in those days and he's now head electrician on Clark's picture, "Adventure." Anyway, it fell to Shug's lot to work on the Hollywood Assembly test Clark ever made. He'll never forget the day Clark stormed into the test stage, frowning like a gorilla with the gout.

"By blankety - blank - blank - blank - blank!" roared the tall, dark young guy, making the atmosphere beautifully blue. "I wouldn't stay in this dash-dash-dash business if they gave me a million dollars a day! By dash-dash-dash! I'm going back to..."
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the stage . . . and right now!"

"Hey, take it easy, son," soothed Shug.

"You ain't going to make any $500 a week on the stage. Don't you know a break when you see one?"

"Yeah," growled Clark, sweating blood.

"But look here what they've done!" And he yanked an angry hand up to his head, while around him flicked away a con-

traction of tape and collodion to free his God-given flappers. "They've pinned

back my ears!

They had, too, but not for long. Young nobody or not. Clark soon ended that monkey business with his famous features and kept his contract, too. He's never been sensitive one bit about his ear appliance, although just as wide today as it ever was. In fact, the lones picture in his dressing room is a big caricature over the sofa. It shows Gable with a pair of head wings built for a B-29. It's one of his proudest possessions.

"getting the juice . . ."

It was Shug Keefer, by the way, who, away back when, handed Clark his favor-

ite expression, "Are you getting the juice?" which he still tosses around today.

Not every the specialized language of the many Al Jolson. Clark away from his best greeting, taken from the lingo of a Hollywood set electrician.

"Getting the juice," means, roughly, get-

ting the breaks, all right. A few weeks ago, when Joan Blondell had a birthday smack in the middle of "Adven-
ture," the whole cast and crew really threw a party for her. They bought her a big, life-size cartoon of the whole riotous affair with Clark squinting a huge lemon right at lovely Blondie, and the gold charm bracelet, her gift, was a tiny lemon engraved, "Hope you keep getting the juice.

Clark's at his happiest when the informality reigns, and he can have fun with the guys and gals he knows—and that's another way he hasn't changed a speck.

Vic Fleming, who came up with "Ad-
vventure," solved the what to start Gable off with again" headache at M-G-M, is one of Clark's very old personal

friends and mentors in Hollywood. A man's man, like Clark, Vic made five of the best Gable smash, including "Test Pilot" and "Gone With The Wind." It was mainly Clark's desire to get back in harness with his old friend that switched him in the last minute from "Lucky Baldwin" to Fleming's production. It was much more than chance, too, that gave M-G-M's production powers the happy idea of giving him the set with his exact old crew, prop, grips, cameraman and all. No wonder Clark bent his big, blue eyes around the set on his first day at work and craked. "This looks like where I came in!"

same old technique . . .

In fact, about the only strange note in Clark's cameraman was—If you can call her a strange note—Greer Gar-

son. When Clark signed up with Uncle Sun, Greer was just another actress among M-G-M's hundreds. The point is, the lot she has become in his absence, Clark knew about her, of course, but he'd never even met her, much less made love to her on the set, and that's what made the wrinkles among the studio brass hats, who wondered if a rusty star, back from battle, could win Greer's respect in the acting department. Two months have saved their complexion, because Greer wasn't acting when she gasped after their first session—"Whew! What a whirlwind to work with!"

It was Greer Grace, thinking him too in-

directly handed Clark his most embarrass-

ing moment since he came back to Holy-

wood. His face still turns salmon pink

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when she teases him about it—although Heaven knows it wasn't Clark's fault.

It happened like this: Lieutenant Richard Ney, who, of course, is Greer's fiancé, got a florist's delivery of 'I Love You,'Union', happened to be on duty with the Navy out in the South Pacific when Clark and Greer teamed up in 'Adventure.'

Greer was in the right place and feeling the event was auspicious for all concerned, he wrote to Clark, care of a friend, enclosing twenty-five bucks and asked him to get some roses for her dressing room. Well, somehow the message got lost in the shuffle around the studio and lay in a studio executive's desk for weeks. Finally, the betterer came home on leave—and the first thing he asked his wife was, "Did you get my flowers?"

"Why no," said Greer, tilting her copper brows, "when he returned to duty, one day the exec who'd muffed the message, ran across it and saw Clark on the lot. By the way," he said, "here's your message."

Clark ripped it open and when he read what he read, saw the date, and realized what had gone on, he bellowed like a stuck steer.

"Why didn't he tell Dick Ney thinks, 'yeah—that jerk, Gable, kept the twenty-five bucks for himself!'"

The only thing to do then was for Clark to rush upstairs to his favorite florist and shoot the works. Greer got orchids and roses and gardenias, too, several times the $25 worth, and a note, "Better late than never from your Lieutenant and your embarrassed leading man..."

Greer Garson isn't the only party in Hollywood who has tagged Clark Gable for the greatest actor that he really is. And Clark's acting enthusiasm has tickled the hearts of his bosses, who wonder just what frame of postwar mind he'd work to tackle his old familiar job again. The way he tore into his comeback job left no doubts whatever in anyone's mind that Clark now means what he says when he says, "I'll stick around as long as they have me!"

He told his pal, Vic Fleming, when he started "Adventure," "Vic, I don't know how good or how lousy I'll be in this—but I'm ready to give it a try." Clark kept his word. He worked for sixty-five days straight without a holiday and at least five nights out of seven he was home with the chickens. Clark is next door to the executive's desk. He never held up a scene and he scored a perfect attendance record on every nine o'clock call.

Clark's first public appearance, socially, since he came back took place not in Hollywood but New York. It was a big Cafe Society cocktail clambake up on Park Avenue. Everyone was then a double dozen other, even younger. Adonis were the center of the flattery females. Naturally the Flynn had them falling on one another at every flick of the man's eye. He never held up a scene and he scored a perfect attendance record on every nine o'clock call.

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Virginia Grey is a Hollywood actress she has known for several years. And while Anita (The Face) Colby, may be a bit younger, she's certainly no nobody socker. Clark'sdifficultest bartendown to this trio at present, but if you can believe people who ought to know, he doesn't boil dangerously to any one of them.

Virginia Grey is living in the San Fernando Valley, not far from Clark's ranch, and slips into the pal-gal classification perfectly. They've put on blue jeans and checked shirts a bunch of times this summer in the Valley, and together with other Valley gentlemen rancheros like the Don Amchess and the Robert Youngs.

As to Anita Colby, she's a dynamic bright and curvaceous little gal whose beauty is, to coin a phrase, out of this world. She has a solid sense of humor and dresses divinely.

Clark picked up the minute he saw Colby and the story of how they met shows that Gable hasn't lost his eye for the opposite sex.

Clark took in a party at David Selznick's. There he met Anita Colby and Pat Smart, a society girl at whose house Anita was living. He went with a couple of his closest friends, Howard Hawks and his chauffeur, stylish wife, "Slim." Nobody noticed anything unusual about the evening, except that Clark was plenty willing to stay later than usual. But the next morning, he called up "Slim," as he often does, just to chat about this and that.

"Lawdy," he told Slim, "that was a real beef party last night, wasn't it?"

"Um-hum," agreed Mrs. Hawks, "what's on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing," coughed Clark. By the way, who was that beautiful girl?"

"As if you didn't know," said Slim.

"What girl?"

"As if you didn't know," laughed Clark.

"No kidding, who is she?"

"Slim took her up. She also said, "And stop worrying. You're dining with her next Sunday."

"Are you crazy?"

"Look in the right coat pocket of your gray suit," suggested Mrs. Hawks calmly, "and you'll find out all about it."

Clark investigated the gray suit. In the pocket there was a note from Pat Smart asking him to dinner. Clark went to dinner next Sunday and Anita was there. Some time later they stepped out to Mocamo but Clark and Anita were a long way through it before he had to go outside to get a breath of fresh air. He stalked up and down the sidewalk with a gent friend, airing his views. "I ask you," complained Clark, "there is some place in the world of people crowding out on a floor, bumping behinds and trying to suffocate?"

Basically, of course, Clark is a man's outdoor man. His dream now, as it was when he and Carole were hunting all over the West for a cattle ranch, is to head for the open spaces when, as he grins, "out west and folksy." He has a sizeable chunk of gorgeous Rogue River property up in Oregon that he sits and dreams about and seldom visits. But he hadn't been back to Hollywood for a long time, and before he knew what he was doing, he was visiting his great collection of guns and fishing tackle greased and headed for the bushes.

Before he started "Adventure," Clark tore off to Mexico with writing William Faulkner, Howard Hawks and "Slim." And the first weekend vacation that came along after his 63-day shooting stretch, Clark spent down fishing in Santa Monica with Brian Donlevy and Director Walter Lang.

His daily life sticks to that natural outdoor pattern too, too down the Enrico place that Clark and Carole planned together and to which Clark came home alone. He likes to fiddle around with it and he

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I spend most of his time there.

Clark has thought often of selling his place. Once, naturally, when Carole died; later, when he joined the Air Forces, and more recently when coming back home he found it too far out for his B-book. Each time he looked around Beverly, Bel-Air, Brentwood for a possible new nest, but nothing ever clicked, so he's still on his twenty acres, with a maid, cook, a hired man and the girl who really runs his life, Jean Goreau, his secretary, who used to work for Carole, then Clark and Carole, and now Clark.

Memories of Clark's happiest wedded days hang heavy about the ranch, for there is still much of Carole there. That's perhaps a mixed blessing, warmly reminiscent, but also saddening to a man whose life must go forward, not back. But his emotions have levelled off by now with the realization that that sort of thing is wrong from all angles. The children of Clark's big M-G-M boss, Nick Schenck, now ride the Tennesse Walker back East and the other day, Clark packed up and moved Carole's things out of her room and completely refurnished it as a guest room.

When he came back from overseas, Clark found his acres badly in need of face lifting. So it's true enough that for the year he has been home he's been kept busy attending to this and that. But, truthfully, Clark's interest in soil till is not what it's cracked up to be. He really likes the atmosphere more than the actual labor—and Farmer Gable is not always the most practical hick in the world.

He bought a team of plow horses, for instance, just because he thought they looked more picturesque pulling a plow than his tractor (which does the job twice as easily at half cost). He went bargaining for a mule a few weeks ago and took along a farmer neighbor who knows his Missouri hay-burners. The dealer had three mules to show. Clark picked out the worst one in the lot. But even when his neighbor pointed out the defects and suggested a better choice, Clark grinned and shook his head, "No," he said, "I want this one. I like the expression on his face." Three times in three days that mule wandered into the pond, got stuck and Clark had to tug him out with a rope on the tractor. But that's okay with Clark. He prefers laughs on the place to profits—always did.

Clark likes the same kind of fun he always did with the same kind of friends. Big nights with Clark are the dinner-to-dawn poker sessions at his place or Bill Powell's, drawing to inside straight and losing his shirt usually. Bill, Clark, Bill's wife, Diana Lewis, director Walter Lang and his wife, "Fieldsie," usually make up the gambooleering quorum. In fact, almost all of his friends are the old ones, including Slim Hawks, whom he calls "Mother," for some reason. She calls him "King."

"What do you mean," Clark came back the first time, "King Kong?" But the name stuck and today all his friends call him that—"King" Gable. It's a joke, of course, but behind the nickname lies a hint of sincere regard.

Maybe Clark's closest friends is Al Menasco, of Menasco Motors. They've been pals for years, held together in large part by Clark's never-wavering, deep love of anything that roars and runs. He's been motor-happy ever since he can remember, and even the roar of a bombing wave never gave him his fill. First purchase he made when he came back was a motor-cycle. Howard Hawks and Vic Fleming bought them, too, and from then on it was a case of who could get his hands on a new scooter with a new gadget to make it speedier. The morning the govern-ment released what's left of the new 1942
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THE STRANGE WOMAN
by Ben Ames Williams

To the world Jenny Hagar was a woman of virtue, full of good works. But ask the men in her life—her father, her husbands, her lovers, her sons. Ask Big Tim Hagar, who feared his strange daughter. Ask that guy before anyone else. Ask John Evered, who married her; the one man Jenny could not break. Read about this "Maico Cleopatra" in a novel that will hold you spellbound.

LUSTY WIND
by Inglis Fletcher

Rich, flamboyant adventure-romance that takes you back to the days of swashbuckling pirates, hot-blooded cavaliers, glamorous courtesans. You may recognize Bonney, the celebrated woman pirate whose special book was matched only by her devilish cruelty; Gabrielle Fountain, who understood her father's displeasure to find romance in the wrong kind of Steed Binnouet, "gentleman pirate" and other colorful characters in this thrilling action drama.

HUNGRY HILL
by Daphne du Maurier

Into the affairs of the smug, self-righteousBoostsKers the young man, gay, green-eyed Fanny Rose Flower, bringing a wild, irresponsible charm that inflamed Copper John's son and cast a tragic shadow over the fortunes of this family for generations. Not alone does he have all the romantic elements which won for the author such a tremendous following in "Rebecca" and "Frenchman's Creek"; it is also a novel in the great tradition, rich in fascinating characters, unusual atmosphere and situations.

EARTH & HIGH HEAVEN
by Gwethlyn Graham

Would you gamble your marriage against a future threatened by bigotry, intolerance, misunderstanding? In "Earth and High Heaven," Erica and Marc have to find the answers. You may be whipped away, or moved to sympathy, but you won't be able to put this book down until you've discovered what the most sensitive lovers decide to sacrifice, for your faith or beliefs, you will thrill to this courageous and compassionate story. "Deeply the widest possible audience,"—New York Times. "A moving and dramatic novel."—Philadelphia Record.

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Butterfly bow topknot... for a dramatic entrance. Sleek contrast to the quaint puff sleeves. Francine achieves this intriguing style by forming her Drene-lovely hair into big twin upright puffs. Center front hair forms knot of bow and is held with small combs. Francine's sleek shiny hair reveals the wonderful combination of lustre and smoothness found in no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

The "taffy twist"... delectable-looking, newer and smarter than braids! Here Francine's trick is to start the twist at right of crown. Small pearl-studded combs, placed upright, finish off sides. No shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action could make Francine's hair look so lovely!

Cluster of romantic curls, at nape of her neck, accents the lovely lines of Francine's low-backed evening dress. Her soft, lustrous hair is a shining example of what Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action can do for you. No other shampoo can leave your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.