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

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

A girl's best bet for making a dent in the heart of that handsome male is glamorous hair... lovely, shining hair that sparkles and gleams with highlights!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its natural lustre.

Instead, use SPECIAL DRENÉ! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing.

Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember... Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

---

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

---

A HONEY OF A HAIR-DO for the girl with long, thick hair. The shining-smooth coronet roll is never than braid—and the chignon, rolled low on the neck, is very flattering. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene, which deserves the credit for the extra lustre and the alluring smoothness.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Procter & Gamble
Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

Y ou're working on the home front—backing our heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

Do you need beauty to win hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know how to smile!

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"! If your tooth brush "shows pink,” see your dentist. He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help make gums firmer. Let Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier, more attractive smile!

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are war jobs now. What can you do? More than you think!

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U.S. Employment Service.
Stories

The Men I Love
She could show an Alka-Seltzer how to fizz, but Betty Hutton's not all jump and jive. She gives plans soup-sometimes—over those big, Joshy guys in khaki...

Big Boy
He tells you he's a mug. But you never saw a mug with a more fabulous, gold-plated background than Sonny Tufts.

The Christmas Alan Will Never Forget
It was too much for a little boy! The big, lovable dog dying. The shiny new BB gun and the bike. There was too much anguish in it...too much sudden, stabbing joy.

"Higher and Higher"
Money has charm...but it doesn't hold a candle to love. Michele Morgan and Frankie Sinatra know that from the beginning. But Jack Haley's a little slow to learn...

Girl and a Girl
They got so terribly much to do, these Youngs—with Gig in the Navy and bright-eyed, beamish Sheila Li a war plant...

Modern Screen Goes Farming with George Montgomery
Our photographer grabbed his hat and flash bulb, scooted to Montana to catch the guy on furlough. These are the pictures he slapped on our desk three days later...

Something for the Girls
He's no droop in a drape, this Donald O'Connor. The guy has a mind of his own and a heart the size of a 50c Valentine.

1944—What Will It Bring?
Grant Lewil, editor of "Horoscope," doesn't pull his punches...gives you his nineteen-forty-four cast, straight as it affects both you and the stars...

The Beautiful People
You can pop in at Gene and Betsy Kelly's for baked beans and popcorn any night at 11 or kickball Sundays at 3

Tyrone Power
So much is crowded into the second half of this wonderful life story. Ty's first, dizzying success; then Annabella and marriage; and now the toughest, finest job of his life.

Color Portraits

Features

Beauty

Fashion

Departments

Win $1750.

Cover: Betty Hutton in Par.'s "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

Albert P. Delacorte, Executive Editor
Henry P. Malmmgreen, Editor
Sylvia Wallace, Hollywood Editor
Bill Weinberger, Art Editor
Jack Wilkes, Photographer


LOVE STORY OF AN ARMY CAMP

DIRECT FROM ITS WORLD PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT AT BROADWAY'S FAMED ASTOR THEATRE!

MGM's GRAND MUSICAL HIT

THOUSANDS CHEER

30 STARS! 3 GREAT BANDS!

KATHRYN GRAYSON ★ KELLY ★ ROONEY ★ GARLAND ★ BALL ★ SKELTON

ELEANOR POWELL ★ SOTHERN ★ ASTOR ★ HORNE ★ MORGAN ★ BOLES

MARGARET O'BRIEN ★ O'BRIEN ★ KYSER ★ CROSBY ★ HUNT ★ ITURBI

Also: Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, Benny Carter, John Conte, Sara Haden, Don Loper, Maxine Barret, Jen Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY, Produced by JOSEPH PASTERNAK. Original Screen Play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. Based on their story "Private Miss Jones"
Here's some merry musical nonsense, with Dorothy Lamour playing an ex-burlesque queen. Dottie carries her costume for this one around in her handbag—and it's not a very big handbag, either! Dick Powell plays the handsome hero, Victor Moore has his best part of the year, and Milt Britton and his band produce some nice tunes.

If you have money, you don't need to spend it. That's an old principle, neatly illustrated by the late John D. Rockefeller's habit of passing out dimes as tips. If anyone else tipped a waiter a dime he'd get a Mickey Finn in his demi-tasse, but John D. was a multimillionaire, so it was O.K. If you have a few thousand dollar bills tucked away in your dirndl, you won't need a mink coat or a diamond bracelet. Just flash one of the bills, and everyone will start asking you to dinner.

This valuable lesson should be taught to us all at an early age. Dick Powell, as Steve Baird, doesn't learn it until he meets "Doctor" Mortimer Slocum (Victor Moore). (Continued on page 10)
Here's the girl in every service-man's dreams... set to music, set to dancing, set to loving... in a musical you'll never forget!

Betty Grable in

PIN UP GIRL

in Technicolor!

John Harvey - Martha Raye - Joe E. Brown
Eugene Pallette - Skating Vanities
Charlie Spivak
And His Orchestra

Directed by Harry Richstone - Produced by William Le Baron
Seven Play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan and Earl Baldwin

Songs they'll be singing from Broadway to Guadalcanal:
"You're My Little Pin Up Girl"
"Time Alone Will Tell"
"This Is It"
"Once Too Often"
"Yankee Doodle Hayride"
"The Story of the Very Merry Widow"
"Don't Carry Tales Out of School"
"Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds"
by Mack Gordon
and James Monaco

Another BIG one in 20 CENTURY-FOX'S mighty parade of hits!

Orson Welles - Joan Fontaine in Jane Eyre
Edward G. Robinson - Lynn Bari in Tampico
Merle Oberon - George Sanders - Laird Cregar in The Lodger

Three great Darryl F. Zanuck productions: The Purple Heart - Wilson - Wendell Willkie's One World
Wherever you go folks are asking: "Have you seen Mary Lee?" She's the most refreshing thing that's come to the screen in a month of Sundays!... How she sings! What a personality! And here she is in a perfectly grand picture—gay, romantic and melody-filled!
THE \textsc{Sinatra} Show!

It's the season's tops!
in love! in laughs!
in songs! in stars!

Wait'll you see and hear Frankie
wow 'em as he woos 'em with song!
It's an entertainment treat that'll
make your heart skip a beat!

Michele Morgan
Jack Haley
Frank Sinatra

in

\textbf{Higher and Higher}

with

Leon Errol - Marcy McGuire
Paul and Grace Hartman
Barbara Hale - Dooley Wilson

Produced and Directed by Tim Whelan
Screen Play by Jay Dratler and Ralph Spence
Additional Dialogue by William Bawers and Howard Harris

Hear Frankie
Sing His Own Hit Parade! "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night," "The Music Stopped," "You Belong in a Love Song," "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening."
Steve is so broke he's thinking of turning himself in to the salvage drive. He has a silver mine but no silver. He's sold a part in the mine to a young old boy named Castle, and now he'd like to buy it back so he could go into the Army with a clear conscience. He'd like to even before he meets Castle's daughter, Ann (Dorothy Lamour), who is "resting" between engagements.

That's when Steve encounters Mortimer Slocum. The "Doctor," an amiable gentleman in a faded Prince Albert, kindly provides him with several thousand-dollar bills. "Don't spend them," he says. "Just show them to people." So Steve, somewhat mystified, shows them to his old college classmates who have been pretty much taken aback. They do the double take of all time and jump to the conclusion that the silver mine has started paying off. They shower him with checks for shares in the company, and Steve believes he can start the mine producing.

Ann arrives on the scene just then, and, looking over the checks and thousand-dollar bills, thinks Steve has been holding out on her father. He has the devil's own time explaining, but finally he gets her out in the moonlight and sings her a couple of songs, which fixes everything. In fact, the world has taken on a distinctly rosy glow, when Steve finds out that the bills he's been showing around so airily are only a reasonable facsimile of the stuff the government puts out. In a word, the "Doctor" is a counterfeiter.

It's quite a blow, particularly since the local sheriff, a dim-witted character called "Foggy" (Gil Lamb), has spotted Slocum. He has matched up his picture with the one on the "Wanted" posters, and the chase is on. But in order to arrest Slocum, Foggy must catch him in possession of the counterfeit money. And right now Steve hasn't Slocum, has it. The band is quicker than the eye, and from here on practically nobody knows where the money is at any given time.

Meanwhile, Tess (Cass Daley), the lady owner of the dude ranch where they are stayed, is pursuing Dr. Slocum with intentions that are all too honorable. He isn't interested—he's too busy playing Cupid, trying to find a way to help Steve get Ann, plus some real money. There is to be a "chuck wagon" race, as a climax to a local celebration, and Tess is scheduled to drive a wagon. When Slocum sees a sample of her driving, he's sure she'll win. He bets twenty thousand dollars (counterfeit) against her rival's twenty grand (government issue), and the race begins. Slocum has taken the precaution of sawing through the axle of the wagon which he thinks belongs to the rival, but he finds out too late that it's the one Tess is to drive. The result is a burlesque race to end all races.

Pavlovic seems to have a nice gay touch with his escapists comedies, and this one is especially recommended.—Par.

P. S.

This is the first time Milt Britton's zany band has been filmed, although they've been doing their stuff in vaudeville and night clubs for 12 years. For their movie debut they perform their hilarious rendition of the "Poet and Peasant Overture," which concludes with Gil Lamb crashing through a grand piano.

Breakaway duplicates of a stageful of musical instruments, chairs and music stands were made for this scene. In one number, 25 violins and two full-sized grand piano props are smashed to smithereens.

Near tragedy when one of Gil's opponents got hold of a solid chair by mistake and whopped him over the head with it. One of the largest scenic panoramas ever made was painted for an outdoor production number in "Riding High." It's an Arizona desert scene of sand, cacti and rock formations with the blue range of the Santa Ritas rising in the distance. Scene was painted in two sections, and the total length was 310 feet. It stands 30 feet high. Took artist, P. T. Blackburn, and his assistants, only seven days to complete it. Only location trip was made to Tucson, Arizona. Only camera men and stunt men made the trip, however, and all the shooting necessary was done in a few days.

MADAME CURIE

Every once in a while a picture comes along which reminds us of the extraordinary advances in Hollywood, and has made in the last 25 years. Back in the days of Key-stone comedies, none would have believed that people would go to see a picture about the scientific discovery of radium. But people will go, and they'll find it as exciting as any serial.

"Madame Curie" as a story has tremendous dramatic tension. And you'll be carried away by the triumphant performances of Greer Garson as Marie Curie, and Walter Pidgeon as Pierre, her husband. Their long years of labor together have poignant overtones which will bring a lump to your throat. Eve Curie, their daughter, wrote the biography on which the picture is based, so every scene in it rings true.

Back in 1892, we find a young Parisian scientist named Pierre Curie, who is at the moment a very disturbed young man. He has promised to let a student share his laboratory, and now he has found to his consternation that the student is a girl. "Woman is the natural enemy of science," he tells his assistant, David (Robert Walker), forebodingly. "No true scientist should have anything to do with women."

But of course Marie Sklodowska is not an ordinary woman. She is first and foremost a scientist. Pierre soon changes his mind—and his heart. In less than a year he and Marie are married. Marie is working for her doctor's degree, and the subject of her work is the strange radiation given off by pitch-blende. None knows its cause, and Marie is determined to find it. After few experiments, she and Pierre realize that she has stumbled on an entirely new element. They decide to call it radium, and they devote the next five years of their lives to trying to isolate it.

At the end of that time all they have to show for their heroism, almost unbelievable labor, is a faint, luminous stain on a saucer in the dark. They have found radium, but their task has only begun.

Few of us are given the courage, persistence and devotion of Marie and Pierre Curie. But seeing this magnificent story on the screen is an inspiration to us all.

Pierre's father and mother, as played by Henry Travers and Dame May Whitty, contribute much to the picture.—M. G. M.
YOUR HEART WILL SING

The Desert Song

WARNER BROS. LYRICAL MIRACLE!

STARRING

DENNIS
IRENE
MORGAN
MANNING

with
BRUCE CABOT
LYNNE OVERMAN
GENE LOCKHART

Directed by ROBERT FLOREY
Produced by ROBERT BUCKNER
Based Upon a Play by Lawrence Schiller
Choreography: Dan Hartman, Gene Hamburger, Sam Bernstein, and Frank Mandel

A WARNER BROS. FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT A WAR BOND—YOUR MOVIE THEATRE IS HAPPY TO HELP YOU!
(Continued from page 10) Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon went over the script together, added several simple, everyday things to give their characters warmth, exchanged ideas about what the Gorille must have been like... James Hilton, author of "Random Harvest" and other best sellers, was narrator for some of the sequences in the film. Has a very distinctive, unusual voice. Bob Walter gets an acting plum as second male lead, approached his first scenes slightly tongue-tied. Was completely thawed out in no time by that special Garson charm... Walter Pidgeon's shoes got an "extra" job. When the man had to have another pair to get a speaking part as a waiter, Walter loaned him a pair of his 13 triple C's.

**CROSS OF LORRAINE**

This is type casting at its best. M-G-M has given Jean Pierre Aumont the part of a sergeant in the French Army. Jean Pierre was a sergeant in the French Army, so he is very good at it indeed. In fact, he's even better than he was in "Assignment in Brittany," and you remember how he won your heart in that. He plays a soldier named Paul. Paul is a brave man, but he is too reasonable to be a good fighter—he sees both sides of everything. When Marshal Petain decrees an armistice, Paul persuades his companions to lay down their arms. The Germans have promised to send them back to rebuild their homes—surely that is better than to be dead heroes! Victor Kelly doesn't agree with him. Victor (Gene Kelly) doesn't trust German promises. They find how right he is when they are tricked into going into a concentration camp instead of back to France. After the war, Paul comes to hate the Germans with a feeling that is as deep and perhaps more bitter than Victor's. He has got his comrades into this—some way he will get them out. He and his friends are subjected to the constant brutality and sadism of the German sergeant, Breger (Peter Lorre). Not just physical cruelty, although there is plenty of that, but small mental tortures that are even worse. The Germans are made bearable only by the deep courage of a Catholic priest, Father Sebastian (Sir Cedric Hardwick), and by the devotion and skill of Dr. Francois L (Manya, Simple). The plans which Paul finally evolves for their escape is so dangerous that it seems impossible it will work at all. But sometimes Nazi viciousness can be turned against itself. Paul is a clever man. They do escape from the camp, but they are not free of Nazi power which holds their beloved France in a strangling net. Paul and Victor defend that power in a scene which will make you stand up and cheer. This may be a propaganda picture, but you'll admit it's effective. The whole cast is magnificent, and includes, besides those already mentioned, Sarah Coulter, Joseph Calleia and Hume Cronyn—M-G-M.

**P. S.**

This was Jean Pierre's last film before leaving for Africa to join the Fighting French Army. Spent his last day at the studio bidding goodbye to pals, shaking hands all around, promising to send postcards... Author Robert Ainsor was the second member of the "Cros of Lorraine" company to enlist in the same Army. Ainsor formerly was a lieutenant in the French Army, was captured during the German invasion and imprisoned in 1940. Screenplay of the picture was based on his experiences as a prisoner of war... Hume Cronyn was signed to a long term contract after M-G-M executives saw rushes of the first few days' work. Cronyn debuted in films as the timid armchair criminologist in "Shadow of a Doubt"... Richard Whorf held an exhibition of his paintings at a local art gallery, sold most of them right off the wall... During production Jean Pierre and Maria Montez were married... Charles Boyer was best man, Jeanine Crispin, matron of honor... Gene Kelly is also at head of a chain of dancing schools, started before he entered pictures and was better known for his hoofing than his acting... Kelly spent time between scenes teaching songs to Aumont, who will join him for his compatriots in the French Army.

**THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER**

It's odd the way any picture in which Charles Laughton appears turns out to be strictly a Charles Laughton picture. The rest of the cast is apparently just there for background, like the scenery. There's no question about Laughton being a great actor, and when his role is sufficiently interesting, nobody minds his being in every scene. Fortunately, this is the case in "The Man From Down Under." "Jocko" Wilson is a fascinating character—you can't get too much of him. It all begins at the end of World War I, with "Jocko" sailing from France back to his native Australia. He is gloriously drunk and has completely forgotten that he had a date to marry one Aggie Dawkins (Binnie Barnes) before he sailed. But he isn't so drunk that he forgot to smuggle a

**MODERN SCREEN QUIZ**

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 65 and 77 they must be matched to sets of clues, and on page 92 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question is worth only 3 points. So—perhaps you'll score as high as possible. You have to use your head. At any rate, no thinking of quiz-ical brights, and no cheating. 60's normal this time, 70's good, 88 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at page 92 for the answers, either.

**QUIZ CLUES**

Set 1

1. Crane's dame
2. Rooting for Ronnie
3. Ray is gay!
4. In Livy's footsteps
5. Equestrian
6. G-stringer
7. Ex-elevator girl
8. Shuttle between B'way and H'wood
9. C'mon master
10. Janie's jumpin'
11. Concert-hall heart-throb
12. Yodeling cowgirl
13. Benny's Mammy
14. Among first stars to wear khaki
15. Divorce plans jolted H'wood
16. Gadding with Gabin
17. Discovered, Ginny
18. Powers girls
19. Star of "silents" (has accent)
20. Astaire's youngest dancing partner

(Next set of clues on page 65)
couple of little Belgian orphans aboard ship. They are a boy and girl he found in a street fight, and they already adore “Jocko” with utter devotion.

Time marches on, in Australia as elsewhere, and the boy orphan grows into “Nipper” Wilson (Richard Carlson), contender for the Empire Boxing Championship, with “Jocko” as his manager. The girl, Mary (Donna Reed), whom “Nipper” believes to be his sister, has been away at an exclusive finishing school, but she comes home to see “Nipper” try for the championship. It’s a tough fight, and when “Nipper” finally wins, he has injured his shoulder so that the doctors say he will never be able to box again.

“Jocko,” who wagered every cent he could lay hands on, and some he couldn’t, on “Nipper,” has won enough to buy a hotel in the country. It’s a fine hotel—it has everything but guests. When one finally does appear, complete with maid, chauffeur and limousine, she turns out to be Aggie Dawlin’s. Aggie is bent on revenge for the way “Jocko” left her waiting at the church. She wins the hotel away from him in a crap game, and about that same time “Nipper” walks out on the family. “Jocko” can take the first blow, but the second breaks his heart. He doesn’t know that “Nipper” had to leave because he felt a most unbrotherly affection for Mary.

It takes World War II to iron out all these problems. The climax is wonderful—and undiluted Laughton.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Richard Carlson trained for his fight scenes with former middleweight champ Freddie Steele . . . Bunny Barnes once cured herself of smoking too many cigarettes by changing to a tiny trick pipe. Now smokes only two cigarettes a day, has given up the pipe altogether . . . Carlson went through the embarrassing procedure of attending farewell parties when he was scheduled to leave for Navy duty, then showing up for work again to face all his friends who had given him bon voyage presents. Last minute, Navy changed his orders, postponed his call.

GUNG HO

Remember the pictures in Life magazine a while ago of Colonel Carlson and his Marine raiders? Universal has made a picture based on their expedition, and it’s a thriller-diller. The title, “Gung Ho,” is Chinese for “work together,” and that’s the way the raiders do it.

Just the regular training a guy goes through to get to be a Marine is tough enough. But the training given the lads who are to be sent on a special commando-type mission—well, even Supermen would (Continued on page 16)
"Uniform" Hospitality

Let's all resolve to invite boys in service to share our holiday feasts.

So near and dear to every serviceman's heart is the subject of food that there are those who claim—and we think rightly—that where our boys in uniform are concerned, there is no more effective morale builder than a good, home-cooked meal!

This opinion is shared by Irene Manning, Warners' lovely new singing star. And Irene certainly ought to know. First off because she is a war time bride herself and has first-hand information on how her own serviceman feels about a dinner that features homemade specialties and that is served on a snowy tablecloth with glistening silverware and all the trimmings! Secondly, Irene recently asked three boys from different branches of our armed services to share a big turkey dinner with her. "And you should have heard them rave and seen them eat," she told us with a reminiscent chuckle.

Fortunately a camera man was on hand to catch their pleased expressions so that you can actually see for yourself how delighted they were with the fine fare that Irene provided for their enjoyment. Of course we'd be the first to admit—having met Irene—that the charm and beauty of the hostess contributed greatly to the success of the occasion. But the home atmosphere and the home cooking also played star roles in this particular picture.

If you want to garner your share of appreciative smiles and heartfelt thanks, too, then make it one of your 1944 Good Resolutions to ask some of the lonely, homesick boys from nearby camps to your house for dinner, often—especially on holidays!

"But what about the necessary food points?" you may well ask. Well, Miss Manning has some suggestions to offer along those lines. First, she advises building your menu around poultry. Not necessarily turkey, either; because roast duck, goose, chicken or capon will also receive a hearty welcome from guests and family alike. That is, if Irene sagely remarked, if you also provide a liberal amount of rich brown gravy and plenty of tasty bread stuffing.

Irene further advises omitting the first course entirely in favor of a simple salad served right along with the main course. Team up now-plentiful white potatoes with turnips for the necessary vegetable accompaniment; or serve sweet potatoes with some other inexpensive fresh vegetables and your point score will be gratifyingly low!

End the meal with a Steamed Fig Pudding which gets its fine flavor from this flavorful, non-rationed fruit and its unusual color from a most surprising source—as you'll discover when you study the recipe. Such a meal would be a festive one indeed—worthy of your best efforts and of your uniformed guests.

By the way if you ever have any questions you'd like to ask about recipes or rationing, be sure to drop us a postal or letter, and it will take but a short time for the Modern Screen envelope to reach you with our reply. For we realize that food is more important now than ever before, and we want to help you in every way we can to make the best possible use of today's often limited food supplies.

SAVORY STUFFING

For a 10-15-pound turkey plan on using two 1-pound loaves of enriched white bread. For a smaller bird make the necessary adjustments in all ingredients.
To make a dry stuffing—the kind that men really like best—you must have dry bread. This does not mean remembering to buy it a week ahead, however. Instead, simply spread out the slices of fresh bread on large baking sheets and place in a warm oven to dry out. Then remove crusts and crumble the slices between your fingers. Or, if you prefer cubes, stack about 3 crustless slices together and cut into ¾” strips, then cut crosswise into ½” cubes.

In a large skillet melt 1 cup shortening. We suggest using half vegetable shortening or other bland-flavored fat and half poultry fat which can be purchased without point penalties if you have none “saved up.” Sauté 2 small minced onions and 1 cup chopped celery in the melted fat until soft but not brown. Add the prepared crumbs or cubes; also 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 1-2 teaspoons sage, marjoram or poultry seasoning. Toss all together, lightly. (A little of the liquid in which giblets and neck have cooked may be used to moisten the dressing. However the amount used—if any—should be small, as a soggy dressing is not desirable.) Pile the dressing into cavity in bird lightly—leaving room to expand during roasting. Sew up opening or lace together tightly with string wound around skewers placed across the vent. Use some of the stuffing to stuff the loose skin at the neck. And now you’re ready to truss and roast the bird in the usual manner.

### STEAMED FIG PUDDING

2 cups sifted enriched flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1½ teaspoons baking soda  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
¾ teaspoon nutmeg  
1½ cups chopped figs  
4 tablespoons shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg, beaten  
1 can condensed tomato soup

Sift flour with baking powder, soda and spices. Wash figs, dry, chop fine, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of flour mixture. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, then the flour alternately with the soup. Stir until smooth. Fold in figs. Turn into a greased mold, filling it two-thirds full. Place on rack in steamer or deep kettle. Over boiling water. (Water should not touch the pudding mold since it’s the steam that does the cooking. More boiling water may be added, as needed, after the first hour of steaming.) Steam 2 hours. Serve with the following sauce. Serves 8.

#### PUDDING SAUCE: Mix ¾ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add an egg which has been beaten with 1 tablespoon cold water. Beat with a fork until smooth. Slowly add ½ cup corn syrup blended with ½ cup boiling water. Cook in top of double boiler about 5 minutes—or until smooth and slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Flavor with ¼ teaspoon vanilla or a couple of tablespoons of rum, brandy or sherry. Serve hot.

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**No wonder there’s a Kleenex shortage—everyone wants Kleenex because it saves as it serves!**

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**Annie isn’t Absent Any More!**

— since her plant pals use KLEENEX to help keep colds from spreading. They use a tissue once—then destroy germs and all!

(from a letter by J. M. S., York, Pa.)

**MIGHTY IMPORTANT!— for authorities say ¾ of all war-work time lost from illness is due to the common cold!**

**WHEN WILL SHE LEARN KLEENEX KEEPS LIPSTICK STAINS OFF TOWELS—SAVES LAUNDRY, SOAP, MANPOWER!**

(from a letter by R. G. A., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.)

**No Brush-Off!**

I tuck KLEENEX around the neck of dark dresses to prevent those powder *rims*! KLEENEX catches the powder that won’t brush off—Keeps down cleaning bills!

(from a letter by A. L., Springfield, III.)

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**Many will recognize in “Steamed Fig Pudding” a worthy first cousin of the long famous “Tomato Soup Cake” now destined for a popular revival because it calls for only 2 tablespoons of shortening! If you would like to have a recipe for this unusual cake, razx, just send your request—a postal card will do—to:**

THE MODERN HOSTESS  
MODERN SCREEN  
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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**Only KLEENEX® has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that saves time, saves trouble, saves tissues!**


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**WE COULD MAKE MORE KLEENEX IF**

we made the tissues thinner or skimmed on size. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain KLEENEX QUALITY in every particular!
Lip Expression

Your Priceless Gift

There is no charm quite so captivating as the fascinating warmth of lovely lips. Stadium Girl Lip Make-up adds a certain enchanting allure to your priceless gift. LIP EXPRESSION. You will love the soft, smooth texture of this new make-up. Your lips appear so soft, so beautiful, so captivating!

6 Exotic Shades

For the perfect complement to your exquisite lip make-up, there is Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up. The charming warm colors of this new rouge adds a gay subtle blush to your cheeks.


includes Fed. Tax and mailing.

(Continued from page 13) probably fold up about the third week. The group, that's training under Colonel Thorwald (Randolph Scott), they're so tough it scares you to watch them. They are still plenty human though — like the two half-brothers, Kurt Richter (Noah Beery, Jr.) and Larry O'Ryan (David Bruce) who are in love with the same girl. Kurt and Larry have fought all their lives, and now they are battling for Kathleen Grace McDonald.

The day comes when they both have to tell her good-by. The Raiders move out on the first leg of their long journey. At Honolulu they board a submarine, and once in its cramped, narrow quarters, are told the object of their mission. They are to raid Makan Island, a fortified Jap position which threatens the Hawaiian Islands. After a long, nerve-racking voyage in the crowded sub, they finally sight the black, palm-fringed outline of Makan Island. The moment for which they've been training all these weary months is at hand. Efficiently, silently, the Raiders make their landing. They are greeted by Jap snipers at every hand. You'll want to see that battle, not hear about it from me. When you do see it, you'll find yourself saying, "So they do it." Because those scenes give you the real inside on guerrilla warfare.

A string of young actors has been assembled for this job, Sam Levene and Alan Curtis rate special mention.—Univ.

P. S.

Thirty U. S. Marine Raiders, including four survivors of Lieut. Col. Evans F. Carlson's original raiders of Jap-held Makan Island slightly over a year ago, checked in at Universal City, from Camp Pendleton to play their parts for this picture. Two complete companies of cameramen, extras and technicians were used, one at the San Diego Marine Base and one at Camp Pendleton, California. Location at Camp Pendleton was an exact replica of the beach at Makan Island. Studio crew and officials lived at a Guyule Camp and communed to Pendleton every day, a trip of 130 miles.

PIN UP GIRL

To our armed forces, "pin up girl" is just a synonym for Betty Grable. Pictures of la Grable in a bathing suit have become practically standard GI equipment, and Twentieth Century Fox has now dreamed up a movie to prove it—in Technicolor. It has pretty girls, pretty tunes and a pretty funny plot.

Betty plays a girl named Larry Jones. Larry's theory is that "the man who lacks glamour dresses up a bit here and there. You couldn't really call it lying—or could you? Larry is the toast of the local USO, and all the boys take along pictures of her, wherever they're going. In fact, by the time she leaves home to take a typist job in Washington, she is engaged to— in the numbers—three hundred stalwart members of the U. S. Army. To mention a Marine named George.

Larry and her girl friend, Kay (Dorothea Kent), stop in New York on their way to Washington. There they palm themselves off at the Haughty Club. Chantreyse by saying they are pals of the great Tommy Harvey (John Harvey), young war hero just back from Guadalcanal. As friends of Dooley they have plenty of stories to spread and perfume. "We're sitting pretty now," Larry thinks. "Yeah," says Kay, "on a leg of dynamite.

Larry's imagination starts working overtime again and gets them out of the frying pan—right into the fire. She tells Tommy he's a glamorous singer, and when he later follows her to Washington, he doesn't recognize her with glasses on, pouting a typewriter. Although the legs do look familiar! Betty is working the day shift as a mousey typist, and the swing shift as a night club singer, and both ways, she's in love with Tommy 100 per cent. Complicated, but fun! Martha Raye is wonderful as an entertainer who loves all the soldiers and sailors. You'll find Joe E. Brown and Eugene Pallette in the comedy department, too. Listen for an embryonic Hit Parade tune called "Time Alone Will Tell."—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Betty Grable prefaced production of this one by her marriage to Harry James, one day before the picture was released. Joe E. Brown (Noah Beery, Jr.) and Larry O'Ryan (David Bruce) were in love with the same girl. They were on the same ship when they were replied to in the mail. They had met on their overseas entertainment tours. The Sonja Henie of the roller skates is 20-year-old Gloria Norid, who leads Tommy Harvey (John Harvey) and his big-time servicemen Martha Raye and Joe E. Brown. They are on their overseas entertainments tours. Betty Grable pretends she is "In a Little Pink Up Girl," "Time Alone Will Tell," "Red Robins, Bob White and Blue Birds."
"What's happened to our Marriage?"

1. **I met Stan** when I went to work in a war plant. We fell in love, were married...and at first had a beautiful life. Then suddenly...a barrier between us! I, who counted so on our precious hours together, was crazy with grief.

2. **Then one night**, we went out with Kay and George, our closest friends. Later, Kay and I were alone and she asked why I looked so tragic. Anxious for sympathy, I told her my troubles. "Sue, darling," she said when I finished, "It's so simple. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love if she's neglectful about...well, about...feminine hygiene..."

3. **"See here, Sue,"** she suggested. "Why don't you try Lysol disinfectant? My doctor recommends it for feminine hygiene...says many modern wives use it." Then she told me how this famous germicide cleanses thoroughly...deodorizes, too. "And besides," she added, "Lysol's so easy to use. Just follow directions—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."

4. **Now, Stan and I are more happily in love than ever before!** Kay was absolutely right about Lysol. It is easy and economical to use—and it works wonderfully! For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet MS-144. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

**BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**

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**Northern Pursuit**

Errol Flynn in an old tweed suit can create a tidal wave of fainting femininity. Errol in the uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police will have you swooning in the aisles. The role he plays in "Northern Pursuit" fits him like the uniform. Steve Wagner is dashing and handsome and brave as 16 lions. He is also not too bright—or anyway that's what Colonel Von Keller (Helmut Dantine) thinks. Von Keller is a German flier who has been landed in Canada, with several companions, from a submarine. They have a sinister and important task to perform, but there are obstacles in the way. One of the obstacles is Steve Wagner.

When Steve first encounters Von Keller, the flier is wandering through the wilds of Northern Canada, lost and snowblind. His companions have been killed by an avalanche, but he is plowing on with Teutonic determination, trying to reach his rendezvous with a secret agent from the States. Steve and another "Mountie" Jim (John Ridgely), find Von Keller. But Steve who is of German descent, sends Jim in alone to headquarters and stays in a cabin with the sick flier.

Orders are immediately sent out to get both Steve and Von Keller. Steve, apparently furious at the treatment he receives from Headquarters, resigns from the force. Von Keller is put in a concentration camp, but escapes, and Steve is again brought in for questioning. This time he knocks down his superior officer and says "To hell with Canada!" In fact he's thrown into jail.

Is it just an act? Is he baiting a trap for Von Keller? The one who wonders most about this is Steve's fiancée, Laura (Julie Bishop). Steve is bailed out of jail by a mysterious stranger and promptly disappears. Somewhere he and Von Keller and the agent from the States are together—somewhere in the vast bleak wilderness north of Bear Lake. Steve is facing Nazi cunning with Canadian courage, but the odds are heavy against him.

You'll find this an exciting picture. Helmut Dantine is almost unbearably convincing as the German flier. And, as I keep saying, there's Errol—War.

P. S.

Between scenes Errol managed to finish his book, "One Man in His Time," which is his third novel. Second, not published, is "Charlie Boutie Comes to America." Helmut set a precedent by writing one of his scenes. Job was turned over to him because of his knowledge of Nazi psychology. Russell Hicks, a bit player in the picture, will be more familiar to many servicemen than Flynn. Hicks is the principal player in "The Articles of War," which every soldier in training is required to see every three months.

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P. S.
Modern Screen’s Contest Series No. 10 - “Higher and Higher”

WIN $1,750!

1ST PRIZE ................... I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE ................... $200 IN WAR BONDS *

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE ............... $1.00 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

Well, kids, here it is—a brand new 1944 contest series! Anyone of you, regardless of how big a prize you won in last year’s series, is eligible to walk off with this lush I. J. Fox fur coat or the wad of War Bonds. All bars are down for “Higher and Higher”!

HERE’S HOW: Work the crossword puzzle on page 8. It’s based on Frank Sinatra’s new picture “Higher and Higher.” But first, you’d better whip over to our story of the movie on page 32 before you start working the puzzle. Makes it much easier!

After you’ve worked the crossword puzzle, take a look at your Swoon King in the picture. You’ll notice we’ve filled in his last name in number 57 across, SINATRA. We’d like you to make up a crossword puzzle definition for Frankie. Maybe you’ll stick to the accepted title, “Sultan of Swoon,” or maybe you’ll get kind of weak in the knees after seeing him in “Higher and Higher” and give with something like “Dizzying Dreamer” or “Out of This World”—anything goes, and good luck.

RULES

1. Solve the crossword puzzle on page 8.

2. Write your own definition for Frank Sinatra.

3. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mrs., Miss or Mrs. (Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband’s.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.

4. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.

6. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than February 10, 1944.

7. Neatness will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.

8. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this new series.

9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

10. This contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

TURN TO PAGE 8 FOR THE “HIGHER AND HIGHER” CROSSWORD PUZZLE

WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN’S CONTEST NO. 8 “HERS TO HOLD”

1ST PRIZE ............... Miss Lee Pavalow, Bronx, N. Y.

2ND PRIZE ............... Mrs. Joyce Henning, Calamus, Ia.

3RD PRIZE ............... Mrs. Ruth Chastain, Decatur, Ill.

4TH PRIZE ............... Mrs. Mildred Earnest, Chanute, Kan.

5TH PRIZE ............... Miss Opal Mincher, Wilmington, N. C.
ANN SHERIDAN, star of "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, chooses "George Washington's Choice", a Bates registered heirloomed bedspread. Comes only as shown, in all white...woven of luxurious American cotton, reversible and completely pre-shrunk.

ANN SHERIDAN, star of "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, selects a superb reproduction of the bedspread which George Washington chose for his bride. Only Bates with its near human looms could catch the elegance and spirit of the priceless original. So painstakingly woven are these spreads that only a few can be offered and every bedspread will be registered by number in the name of the purchaser. Bates proudly presents this heirloomed spread for you, your grandchildren and your great-grandchildren to treasure, and to use. Comes in all white only...woven of luxurious American cotton, reversible and completely pre-shrunk. In sizes 82x110 and 96x110.

Bates
BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

ANN SHERIDAN, star of "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, chooses "George Washington's Choice", a Bates registered heirloomed bedspread. Comes only as shown, in all white...woven of luxurious American cotton, reversible and completely pre-shrunk.
find your winning shades of

CHEN YU
long-lasting nail lacquer
made in U.S.A.

CHEN Yu is true and long lasting lacquer...lustrous and beautiful beyond belief...each shade an original...the most "clothes-right" colors you've ever seen, and with a high handed scorn for chipping that has made them famous. Choose from the CHEN Yu color card at your favorite store. Or if you wish, send the coupon from this announcement direct to us for two trial bottles...two different shades. By selecting two shades at once, you may win new beauty for your hands...new loveliness for two or more of your outfits. Each trial bottle contains many, many manicures—months of new beauty.

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Associated Distributors, 30 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 10, Ill., Dept. SM-2
Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN Yu Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

CHINA DOLL
BLAC MOSS
WEeping WILLOW
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FLOWERING PLUM
COOLIE

OPH.OPPY
BROWN CORAL
TEMPLE FIRE
DRAGON'S BLOOD
BURMA RED
CANTON RED
MING YELLOW

GREEN DRAGON
MANDARIN RED
HEAVENLY MAUVE
ROYAL PLUM
BLUE DRAGON
BLACK LUSTER

Name ____________________________
Address _________________________
City ____________________________ State ______

Seng coupon here and mail to
Associated Distributors, Dept. SM-2
30 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 10, Ill.
Merry Christmas
to our readers . . .

Come to think of it, this will be our first Christmas together, won't it? Last year, this page didn't exist, and we didn't really know you . . . Especially because Christmas is coming up, we're glad we can chat. At Christmas we need friends. It's like having lots of logs piled on the fire when there's frost on the windows—and thinking, "to heck with the frost!" . . . This Christmas, of course, nothing can keep all the frost out. At countless family tables, there are empty chairs, empty plates, empty hearts. Church bells ring this year. But stifling their message of peace on earth is the thunder of guns, the muffled agonies of a tortured world . . . But, like we said, friends help. We have grown awfully close to the readers of MODERN SCREEN. Every month, some fifty thousand of you write to us. We laugh with you. And sometimes you tell us your troubles. Through our questionnaire, you help us edit the magazine. From your letters we get warm glimpses of you—and the shy, fine admiration you show for fine people like Laddie, Ronnie Reagan or Frank Sinatra . . . So do you know what we'd love just because it's Christmas? A Christmas card from you. Just send us one, and see what happens!

"The Modern Screen Gang"
She never does anything in a small or inconspicuous way; she is lusty, gregarious, whole-hearted. "When I sing," she told Dorothy Lamour one day, "I don't stop by putting my neck in it. I put my feet, ankles, knees, torso, teeth and topknot into every note. Gosh—do I knock myself out!"

When she sings "Murder, He Says," she exercises more muscles than Bernarr Macfadden has ever examined in the body beautiful. When she sings "I'm Doin' It For Defense," she brings admiring chiropractors from miles around, inarticulate with admiration for such mobile joint mounting. When she sings "The Fuddy-Duddy Watchmaker," the Amalgamated Union of Mexican Jumping Beans gets up a picket line bearing the placard "Unfair!"

After she had finished her stint in Madison Square Garden recently before an audience of 22,000 customers (breathing hard out of sympathy), Betty Hutton stepped to the microphone and gave the bond buyers their final joyous jolt by announcing her engagement to radio-writer Charles Martin. Mr. Martin was in the audience at the time, but he is a wise man and knows when a fiancé should be seen—flanked by the rest of the audience—and not heard—beside such a master of sound as Betty.

The wedding, Betty told reporters, won't take place until January. Hollywood wisenheimers, delighted with Betty's effervescence and her eagerness for change, will (Continued on page 25)
I LOVE!

Betty’s joshed and jitterbugged with them,
sung till her throat’s gone froggy. She loves the
whole Army. And the feeling’s terribly mutual.
After first night at Casa Mariona, owner Billy Rose said, "All I ask is, don't tear down the house." Betty eats like a prize fighter, practically never tires, sleeps in dibs and dabs (in gigantic bed), is easy bolt for round of penny poker.

Betty was heller in grade school. Played sand lot baseball, "shinny," tin-can hockey in neighborhood alleys. Even earned scar (on left cheek). At 14, stormed B'dway with peanut-sized bond, flopped miserably. (With Don Ameche at Command Performance.)
THE MEN I LOVE—continued

give you 20 to one that the marriage never occurs. Maybe they're wrong. Maybe not. Meanwhile, everybody loves Betty. What tabasco is to steak, what Roquefort dressing is to salad, what Manville is to Reno—that's what Betty is to Hollywood. And to camp shows. And to personal appearance trips. And to bond tours.

Although this was possibly her most spectacular appearance to date, there have been other trips and other climaxes. That swing to Army camps through the South, for instance. After leaving the continental train, Betty, her publicity man and Doris Harris, her hairdresser, took a local. It was hot. It was dusty. There was no food on the train. And Betty was supposed to be a glamour girl.

She wore a simple dress that indicated several of the reasons she photographs so well, but which was also utilitarian because it could be washed. She wore no stockings. She wore spectator pumps. So the famed-Hollywood glam reputation had to find an exemplar in her hairdo, of course. Each morning, Doris combed the fragile, fine, glinting Hutton hair. She swirled it and upswept it; she added a cluster of flowers and—because Betty's own hair kept shedding curl as a roof sheds rain—a dreamy set of artificial bangs. "Those bangs," someone in the group allowed, "make (Continued on page 88)
"I'm a lunk! A cigarette-in-the-side-of-the-mouth guy," says Sonny Tufts. But don't let that fool you. The effect is strictly Boyer.

By Jeanne Karr

BIG BOY

Paulette Goddard saw his screen tests run off and said, "He's for me." She calls him Flash Gordon. Also the Amiable Ambler. He's six-foot-four, blonde, loose-limbed, slipjointed, and moves at an easy lope across the Paramount lot with his grin, his Hi! and his lifted forefinger. He calls a bird a buhd—the only giveaway that he comes from Boston.

Whether his eyes are blue or gray has been a question for years. There's no question about the humor behind them. He takes his sudden startling emergence on the Hollywood scene with the same kind of balance and sanity that you felt in "Kansas" on Corregidor. Only time he got excited was on hearing that his younger brother, Lieutenant David Tufts of the U. S. Navy, had been decorated at Nova Scotia for saving a munitions ship from destruction by fire.

Himself, he's 4-F by virtue of a cracked pelvis, an enlarged heart, two knees that slip out, when he's not looking, a crushed right hand, a bursa of the shoulder and some minor flaws that we won't go into. They skiid wild in Winchester when he was a boy, and Sonny skiid wildest. It got to be something of an event when he came home uncracked.

At the draft board, his chart was so full of red marks you could hardly read the thing.

"What the hell do you do for a living?" asked the man at the desk.

"I'm under contract to Paramount."

"Yeah? What are you? A stunt man?"

He was christened Bowen Charleton Tufts III, to be known thereafter as Sonny. The nickname's juvenile flavor doesn't worry him. To him, it's just the name he's always been called by. Even Charles Seymour, the President of Yale, called him Sonny. The president is a distinguished looking gentleman with silver-gray hair and a clipped moustache. Against a background of bearded Monty Woolleys in hooded gowns, he was handing out the diplomas on graduation day. The ceremonies were going out over the air. The names rolled impressively. T. Uppington Uppington: Van Rensselaer Cabot-Lodge Jones. Suddenly the president looked up into a familiar (Continued on page 91)
At Yale, drum-boogie Tufts threw 5 dance bands together.

As assistant editor of Yale record, Sonny says he used to drape himself over typewriter and read Benchley and similar stuff all day, then bot out what were practically carbon copies.

"I'm no actor," says Sonny. "I just go to the studio at 9 and come home at 6. In between I say lines." The Tufts range from 6 ft. 2½ to 6 ft. 8. Swear it's due to milk. Sonny's 6 ft. 4.

At one point in career, gridiron hero was M.C.-ing in beer joint.

As assistant editor of Yale record, Sonny says he used to drape himself over typewriter and read Benchley and similar stuff all day, then bot out what were practically carbon copies.

"I'm no actor," says Sonny. "I just go to the studio at 9 and come home at 6. In between I say lines." The Tufts range from 6 ft. 2½ to 6 ft. 8. Swear it's due to milk. Sonny's 6 ft. 4.

Just one week after Sonny was introduced to studio execs, he was on the set—acting. Did most of his business out ofamer range till Goddard and others straightened him out.
The Christmas Alan Will Never Forget

It was a Christmas of stabbing pain
back when Laddie was nine and Sam, his shaggy mongrel, died.
But in it, too, there was a kind of wondrous joy.

He was only nine, but privation had made him old before his years. He remembers that Christmas for many reasons. But mostly as the Christmas when he grew up.

Not that he put it in so many words to himself. It wasn't till years later that he recognized it as a kind of turning point. His first encounter with the shock and grief of death. His first realization that you couldn't do anything about it. His first glimpse of the knowledge that material values don't count beside those of the spirit. If that's not growing up, what is?

At the time, it just seemed that a lot of things all happened around Christmas that year. They hadn't been in California long. His stepfather had just bought the little lot in Alhambra and put up a garage. The house was supposed to come later, but it never did. Alan thinks they knew even then that it never would, because his stepdad had partitioned the garage into front room, kitchen and tiny bedroom.

Alan had the bedroom. They got water from the filling station across the road. They bathed in a galvanized iron tub. Their heat, such as it was, came from a little old oil burner. But Alan felt fine. He liked the man his mother had married. It was no longer just the two of them against the world. Mom had been right. But then, she always was. "Everything'll work out." That was her slogan. It might be potato soup now, but next week it was going to be

"It was Sam, all right. The boy knelt down in the road beside his dog and saw the dog was dead. Though he was small for 9 and Sam had been a big dog, Alan managed to gather him up and carry him home."
He stuck Chris inside his pajama top and started back. There was a funny look on his stepdad's face. Not mad, just funny. Below Alan's pajama top, Chris's tail waved gently.

something wonderful. So surely and calmly did she believe in the future that Alan accepted faith as a matter of course. Tough luck was only temporary. Everything would work out.

Now, after years of struggling alone, Mom had someone to help her. After months of camping out, they had a roof over their heads. Alan was helping, too. Every day after school he'd whistle to Sam, his collie-police dog, and they'd trot off together to sell papers at the El Sereno junction. It was the best spot, because a two-car track came in from Alhambra, and a three-car track from Pasadena, and people got off and changed cars and went in to Los Angeles.

Mom was always afraid of his getting hurt, but shucks! he could take care of himself. It was Sam he used to worry about. No more, though. Not since he'd trained Sam to go lie down in front of the drugstore till he got through. He was a smart one, that Sam. He'd
never budge, but his eyes would keep following Alan till he saw him pull the last paper out from under his arm. Then he'd start barking like crazy and run out to the curb and wait. No matter how excited he got, he wouldn't step so much as a paw over the curb till Alan came and got him.

Walking home, they'd stop to look in at the Christmas windows. Alan wished he could have a paper route. With a route, you earned more than standing on a corner. But you couldn't have a route unless you had a bike, and bikes were for rich kids. You could dream, though. You could dream you had a bike and a route and could walk right into this store and buy a Christmas present for Mom.

Mom said presents didn't matter. What mattered was how you felt inside on Christmas and every other day. Mom said, if you couldn't afford to give, then wanting to give was just as good. But Alan noticed that she always managed to give him something. Even last year, which was the worst, she bought him some books and hid 'em in the closet, and he found 'em ahead of time and read 'em. Never let on, though. Acted just as surprised on Christmas morning.

He squashed his nose against the window glass. "What would you buy for Mom, Sam, if you had money?"

It was two weeks before Christmas. He was playing ball with some fellows in the school yard. Just as the bell rang for the afternoon session, a boy came running in from the street. "Alan! Hey, Alan! Your dog got hit by a car on the road."

Alan laughed in his face. "You must be crazy. I just saw him when I was home for lunch."

"Yeah? Well, I just saw him about two seconds ago, and he's layin' there, and he don't look good to me—"

Alan's feet were taking him down the street. They felt like lead. Why didn't they move faster? Everything felt funny —his head was light, his chest so heavy he could hardly breathe. What was he worried about, anyway? That kid must've seen some other dog that looked like Sam. Sam (Continued on page 71)
One moment Michele Morgan's in a bog, the next, she's whirlring higher and higher. It's love, all right.
but strangely enough, its name is not Sinatra.

**STORY** Mr. Cyrus Drake was waking in his usual manner to a fine spring day in New York. Byngham, the butler, shook his shoulder gently. Mr. Cyrus Drake opened one eye, found that it didn't focus properly, closed it rapidly and threshed promptly to the other side of the bed. Byngham shook again. This time, in response, Mr. Drake himself shook in imitation of a startled dervish.

"Go away," Mr. Drake said.
"It's seven o'clock," said Byngham. "In the evening."
"When I want the time," Mr. Drake said, "I'll buy a sundial."
"You did (Continued on page 81)"

2. But later that evening, when he announces plight to staff of servants, Mike gets a whirlwind idea.
3. She goes, but, as Pamela Drake, sits haughtily in patrons' box. Mike, eyeing Sir Wilton [Victor Borge] with Katherine Keating [Barbara Hale], No. 1 deb, literally throws Millie at him.
4. Mike plans strategy. Millie lures Wilton, though she's really starry-eyed over Mike. Unsuspecting, Mike finds her in park asking Sinatra's advice, drags her back so Wilton can propose.
Kitchen maid Millie (Michele Morgan) is to be palmed off on N. Y. as Coke's daughter, snag wealthy husband.

4. For nights, Millie's waved to Sinatra thru window. He finally marches in with flowers, invites her to butlers' ball.

8. Months later, returning to Drake's new night club, he finds Sinatra married to Katherine and Millie waiting for him.

PRODUCTION Don't need to remind you of the wallop Frank Sinatra packed singing Jimmy McHugh's "Let's Get Lost." Had us all in a Sinatrance (still does!). But you'll really oh and ah when you hear him do the five McHugh-Adamson numbers in "Higher and Higher." All tailored just for Frank, too. Wait till you hear him give with "The Music Stopped" and "You Belong in a Love Song" for something right out of this world. Besides these lush numbers, there are five more new songs with some 15 starlets chiming in, including Marcy McGuire whom you've heard guesting (Continued on page 81)
They're wonderfully typical, these two, with Gig Young in Navy blues, Sheila in a war plant, and the whole darn crew piling into the kitchen for Sunday dinner.

The day, nine months ago, when Gig Young ceased to be an actor and became Byron Barr, seaman, was one he will long remember. He had been told to travel light; he assembled only the bare necessities for the trip. Razor, shaving soap, comb, brush, toothpaste and brush, half a dozen handkerchiefs and Sheila's picture were carefully wrapped and arranged in a cardboard shoe box. Perhaps, for a moment, he looked at the meager belongings that a man can carry from one physical life to another: the bodily comforts and the single symbol of love.

Then he reported to the railway station and was assigned to a Pullman equipped with tier bunks. Friendships began to develop. Gig met a boy who had been halfway through his medical training when he (Continued on page 85)
Gig kinda misses his civilian tags, especially his prized red ties and contrasting coats and trousers.

Crowning glories: Ability to wiggle ears, one at a time; to sign his name with a pencil held between toes.
George shuttled around 3 days getting home to Conrod, Montana, from camp. Met brother in Fresno and came part way with him. 3 days traveling back left 6 with family.

Big guy finally dropped bag in front hall at 1 P.M. At 2 he was at work on combine. Timed furlough far harvesting. Grows peas, flax, oats on 60Q acre farm run by brother.

Farming with George Montgomery

We sent our photographer hot-footing out to Montana to catch the big guy on furlough. We found him knee-deep in clover—and hayseed.

George scooted over to new 10,000 acre ranch first chance he got. Burst with pride at 3,000 acres of white pine, grazing land for 750 head of cattle. Brothers bought it for him last April.

Furlough at end of 6 months come, luckily, so George could skip home for the season he’s never yet missed ... even while he was in Hollywood. It’s Corporal Lotz now, on duty somewhere outside the country.

Routine was upset when George hitched to Great Falls to sell $10,000 worth of bonds at dry goods emporium. The whole clan turned up for farewell dinner and Mom’s chicken a la Russe.
Something for the Girls

The coke crowd thinks he's snaky. The bridge set thinks he's Henry Aldrich in a reet pleat. And a sweet-faced girl named Gwen thinks Don O'Connor's Clark Gable—without the ears.

Till last January, Mom was the only woman in the life of Universal's "Top Man," Donald O'Connor.

Now there's Gwen Carter—17 in October and a senior at L. A. high school. Don was 18 last August. She wears a gold bracelet he gave her. There's a key, then "DON," then a heart, then "GWEN." On his 18th birthday, she gave him a silver identification bracelet. It says "DON" outside, and inside, "I LOVE YOU. GWEN."

His two women met in Mom's kitchen. Don had a date with Gwen and two other kids. He was late getting ready, so he guessed he'd go pick 'em up and bring 'em back, and they could listen to records or something while he finished dressing. Mom was washing the dinner dishes as they trooped in. She knew the others. So the little one—soft brown eyes in a heart-shaped face, floating chestnut hair—

"You must be Gwen," smiled Mom, "and Don's got good taste."

Gwen's answering smile was a little shy. But when the others headed for the living room, she hung back. "That looks like an awful lot of dishes. Could I dry them for you?"

"Lord love you, child, they don't mean a thing to me. Now if you really want to be good to me, go in and play the piano nice and loud. I always did like a lively tune with my dishes."

The O'Connors, close-knit to begin with, have drawn closer through the years. Of seven children, only Don and Jack are left to Mom. Three died in infancy. A small daughter was killed in a street accident. Then there was Bill, (Continued on page 40)
Couple months ago, Don arrived at Gloria Jean's house to take her to movies, forgot wallet, blushingly accepted loan from Gloria's pop. Most valued possession: gun that belonged to John Barrymore, whom he hero-worshipped, given him by Dion. After scanning date possibilities at studio, Don found gal who looked young enough, asked her out, found she'd been married couple of years. (With Annie Rooney, niece Patsy and Gwen.)

First time Don saw himself on screen, he quipped, "Who's that stupid looking punk?"—then slunk out. The "punk's" next pic for Univ. "This Is the Life."
Don’s pattern of perfection. In their vaudeville act, Bill would pick Don up by the scruff of his neck, whirl him like a pinwheel and land him on his feet, to mad applause. To express the height of his ambition, Don used to say: “Maybe some day I’ll be as good as Bill—”

Two years ago Bill went to Peoria for the Christmas holidays, contracted scarlet fever and died after four days’ illness. It was months before his brother’s face lost its stricken look.

Having worked literally from infancy, Don grew up with a sense of responsibility. After Bill’s death, it deepened—especially in respect to Mom. Sometimes Patsy, Jack’s 14-year-old daughter, also under contract to Universal, wishes he’d confine it to Mom. His normal greeting to Patsy is: “What’s the matter with your hair? What’s the idea painting your nails that color?”

“Make him leave me alone, grandma,” she wails. “The minute I show up, he starts picking on me.”

Gwen describes him as the kind of boy who decides he’s going to do a thing and does it. He decided to buy a house for Mom and bought it—with the money he’d saved while he was at Paramount. Mom’s been traveling ’round all her life, working pretty hard—it’s just about time she had her own house, he figured. Himself, he didn’t particularly want a house. Made him feel funny. Settled down, kind of. But he got over that pretty quick. It’s nice not to worry where the dough for your next hotel bill’s coming from.

Mom has fun buying furniture and working ’round the house all day. Help? hers is the age-old cry. “I’d rather do it myself than go chasing behind someone else to do it.”

“Sure it’s not too much for you, Mom?”

“Know what would happen if we got a maid? I wouldn’t know what to do with myself, and I’d start getting cranky.”

Don watches it, though. If he thought she were overdoing things, he’d put his foot down. He’s got quite a lot of say over things—more than his brothers had when they were his age. And he thinks it’s all right being boss, if you don’t take advantage.

The screen prepares you for a jumping jivester. He’s anything but. The exuberance is there, but under leash. Even when he’s laughing his head off inside, his face doesn’t show it. Slapstick’s the only thing that makes him laugh out loud. “Me, I’m all mouth,” says Mom, “but the boys are quiet.”

His steady blue eyes make you feel he’s a guy you can tie to. His emotions are warm, if casually expressed. He says hello to everyone on the lot, whether he knows them or not, and it makes him mad if they don’t say hello back. His ambition is to learn all their names, so he can say “Hello, Fred” instead of just hello. That way you feel closer, says Don.

He never leaves Mom without kissing her. It may be a quick kiss, but that’s fine with her. They both hate to be fussed over. Being busy and young, he’ll sometimes forget her birthday. The last time it happened, a jeweler called on Mom a few days after the event—

“Your son sent me over. He said you’re in the market for a watch. Here are five watches. Which do you like best?”

She made her choice, and he handed her a card. “Don said this goes with it.” The card read, “I’m a drip, but I love you, Mom.”

One day last December he was watching the auditions for “Blackouts” at El Capitan. His eyes wandered and came to rest on five-foot-two-and-a-half, brown eyes in a heart-shaped face, floating chestnut hair—

“Whose that girl?” asked Don, trying to be casual.

Something for the Girls continued
“Gwen Carter,” said the girl he knew in the show.
“Her father’s the orchestra leader.”
“Introduce me, will you?” She introduced them.
Presently Gwen left. “Do you know her phone number?” Don asked his friend.
She eyed him coldly. “What if I do?”
That stopped him till New Year’s Eve. At the party
he went to, a girl mentioned Gwen’s name. “Do you
know Gwen Carter?—Look, I’d love to have her num-
ber—”
“Well, I’d have to ask her first.”
Okay, you ask her. And in case she doesn’t want to
give it out, maybe she wouldn’t mind calling me just
this once. Sure, I know it’s not etiquette, but I have
to get hold of her some way.”
Call him! Gwen should say not. Who ever heard of
a girl calling a boy? “You can give him my number,
though. I don’t mind.”
She says their first date was at Grauman’s Chinese.
He says it was Chinatown. They argue about it all
the time—
“We went to Casa d’Amour for dinner,” says Gwen,
“then to Grauman’s Chinese, and next night to Chia-
town. He thinks we went to Chinatown first, but we
didn’t really.”
“We went to Chinatown and got a flat tire,” says
Don. “She thinks we went to Grauman’s Chinese, and
you know how women are—have to have their own
way.”
Wherever they went, it was together—and neither
has dated anyone else since. They bowl or play mini-
ture golf. They go to Venice and do the rides. Gwen
 balks at the roller-coaster, which Donald dotes on.
Once he went 18 times in a row.
When the boys can get week-end passes from training
camps, they go to Larry Krieger’s—Don’s best friend—
and jitterbug. The crowd includes Ann Rooney—
Gwen’s best friend—Gene Reynolds, Larry Nunn. The
Lindy and Slicker are their favorite dances. They don’t
go to night clubs, and they don’t smoke or drink. Don
took a sip of Dubonnet on his 18th birthday and didn’t
like it. As for smoking, he won’t even kid about it. “I
hate it,” he says soberly. “Especially for girls. It
takes some of the sweetness away.”
When he works next day, he’s supposed to be in
by 10:30. His intentions are good but, you see, it’s
like this—
First, they stop at a drive-in. No evening feels right
unless you stop at a drive-in for turkey sandwiches and
nails. Then he takes Gwen home. Gwen says, “You
can only sit down for a minute, because you’ve got to
be in by 10, so—” Then they start discussing things,
Dennis Morgan and Eddie Cantor harsed around on Screen Guild show, rode Dinah Shore about pedigreed calf she gave Geo. Montgomery for birthday.

Chums say Harry and Betty have finally settled on Bert Lahr's estate in Coldwater Canyon, paid $85,000 for it. (Here at preview of Ice Follies.)

Reports have Cooper handing over $1,000 a week to Naval Aid. He and wife Rocky both nuts about dancing, hardly sat out number during Army benefit.

Groucho, who dubs every glamour gal "Lamour," did hip-wiggling tango with her that laid guys in the aisles at March Field. Did show and broadcast for fliers there.
CANDIDLY YOURS

We trail the stars from March Field to the Stork Club... at benefits, broadcasts and on beautiful binges. Here's what cooks on the scene and behind it.

In N.Y., Lano and Steve Crane binged at El Morocco. Rode hansom in Central Park. On train, in shops and C.B.S. playhouse, over-zealous autograph hunters hounded Lano while Steve acted as interference.

Rogans flung party for Frank Sinatra, invited Ann Sheridan whose cook requested 1. Frank's autograph; 2. song dedicated to her kids; 3. his comb. Annie stayed home.

O and F. Longford no sooner hit home than they offered stuff for guys abroad via "Command Performance." Here, Bing helps lizzy things up.
Hetty Grab!ing with Harry.

Sonja Henie heading for breakdown.

Johnny Payne's life in danger.

Alice Fayre's marriage threatened.

Van Johnson and Judy to wed.

Greer Garson giving up career for Dick.

Capt. Ronnie Rea
Editor's Note: We asked Grant Lewi to give us a picture of 1944 that would thrill every reader. Here it is. 1944 for the stars. And, in case you care, 1944 for you.

He has limited his personal predictions to your love life, your family life, your work—and travel. By "love," Mr. Lewi means you and your Joe, if you're single—you and Hubby, if you're married. The business about work applies equally to school, home or job. By travel, he refers to any activity that brings you into contact with new places, new people, new ideas.

We offer you Mr. Lewi's predictions with a word of warning. Don't laugh them off. They have a fantastic knack of coming true!

If you were born in Aries (March 21-April 20)


Family: Changes in home life around the end of June. Be progressive, alert to opportunity; avoid strife and rebellion; be independent but friendly. Make a new start after July 5. Don't quarrel with your elders, those who share your life with you.

Employment: Major opportunity breaks for you after the end of July. Look for happiness and progress through routine. Protect health from excess.

Travel: New starts at end of June and after may take you into a new environment, perhaps through marriage, work. Very active travel influences after Nov. 25. Broaden and expand, but avoid breaks due to temperament, strife, mere discontent. Short journeys likely anytime this year.

Aries-born Sonja Henie faces disappointments, perhaps hardships. There seem to be disruptive influences in her home life, which can affect her health through nerves, worry, responsibilities piling up on her. That house she's just bought may prove a headache—she's going to find that she needs the man in the family, may rebel against the war that keeps Dan away. Sonja's year seems centered in her personal life rather than in her career. Starting at the end of March, she must watch health carefully; vitality isn't what she'd like it to be, and if she doesn't heed the warnings of fatigue and other symptoms, she can run (Continued on page 76)
The Beautiful People

By Kaaren Pieck

Gene Kelly's world revolves around Betsy and Kerry. Betsy's world revolves around Kerry and Gene. Kerry's just over a year old. Her world revolves round her stomach, with her parents somewhere close to the hub but still outside it. She welcomes them with cries of simple pleasure. She welcomes food with a moan of pure ecstasy and falls on it like a wolf in babe's clothing.

That's by her father's account. Gene's a split personality where his child is concerned. Part of him stands outside himself and says, "So she's our kid, so what, there have been others." That part tries to be objective, but who does it think it's kidding? The other part just lets go and wallows in adoration.

He thinks he's lucky. Out of all the guys in the world there were to marry, the only girl in the world married him. They met at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Show. Gene was dance director, Betsy Blair came looking for a job. If the movies were shooting it, they'd show a flash of dark eyes and blue, meeting and holding. It was almost as swift and sure as that. She was still only 17 when they married. Gene had been tapped for Hollywood, and by that time there was no question but that, where he went, he was taking his lamb along.

Their honeymoon's all mixed up with tumbleweed. They drove out West—this was well before Pearl Harbor—and Betsy had never been out West before.

"When we hit Texas," Gene told her, "you'll see tumbleweed." He described the prankish grace and gayety of tumbleweed. He got her all hot and bothered about tumbleweed. They crossed Texas, their eyes panting for tumbleweed, and there was no tumbleweed. They reached the state's western edge. Beshrewing the day he'd ever mentioned the stuff, but grimly resolved not to let Texas get away with it, Gene turned the car round and doubled back. No tumbleweed. Betsy (Continued on page 74)
Sunday night picnics on the kitchen table. Receptions for baby at 3 A.M. A kiss in the middle of a tea party. Life with the Gene Kellys reads like a fairy tale!

When baby was born, Gene burst into tears at the good word. They'd planned to call her Bridget, settled for Kerry.

Scar on Gene's face dotes from bike fall 25 years ago when he was five. In pre-college days he wanted to be a priest, studied journalism, law, medicine, before he hit on hoofting. Paid tuition mixing cement by day, sado-erking by night!
By Kirtley Baskette

TYRONE POWER

Ty was 18 when he got to H’wood, eager, confident. But one year changed that. Here’s the 2nd, tougher part of Ty’s moving life story.

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who promised to teach him all he knew of acting.

Tyrone, Jr., 17, played Shakespearean roles with his father in New York and Chicago, then came with him to Hollywood where Tyrone, Sr., had a part in "The Miracle Man." Young Ty met movie celebrities, was welcomed everywhere with his famous father. The outlook couldn’t have been rosier.

Then one night, between Christmas and New Year’s, he awoke in the Hollywood Athletic Club to hear his father gasping for breath. Tyrone Power, Sr., died in his son’s arms.

Stunned and desolate, his rosy future now black, Tyrone Power III realized he was no longer a kid, the son of a famous father. He was Tyrone Power, on his own. And he was just 18. It was up to him, alone, to make—or break his future.

His first days alone in Hollywood were to young Tyrone Power an unbelievable, empty dream. A wise man once said that no young man actually believes in death. Ty at 18 had never met it before. Once when his dog, "Nig," had got old and rickety, they took him away. But all his family, even Grandmother Reaume, were hale and hearty. He remembered nothing about his own babyhood struggles to live. What he had been through could not have actually happened, he felt. When his father’s rites were over, he tramped the streets of Hollywood trying to figure things out.

There wasn’t any answer.

But he knew one thing: The (Continued on page 64)
Ty's answer to Marine Corps questionnaire asking civilian ambitions: "uncertain." Hank Fonda enlisted in Navy some day Ty joined M.C., spent 1st day's leave together in lushest H'wood hotel, wallowing in luxury.

Buddies said Ty took training at Quonctico hard. No grumbling, but he lost pounds, was always dog-tired. Annabella nixed all activity so he could sleep when he got home. Last week at O.C.S. got 3 hrs. a night.

Ty of boot camp. Ran James and Crosby close second when he recorded "Ballad of Leathernock Corps" for U.S. Treasury. Disc sold 525,000 when released, still selling wildly.
Ellie Powell-Glenn Ford wed ... Gene Tierney.

Cobina Wright mamas . . . Alan Ladd returning
to civvies . . . Vic Mature back in the running!

GOOD NEWS

Shortly after Glenn Ford had joined the Marine Corps, Eleanor Powell asked him—during one of those hurried weekend trips to Los Angeles—"Why don't you buy one of those Marine dress blue outfits? I think they're awfully good looking."

Glenn, listening raptly to a Shostakovich recording, shook his head. "Not for me," he said. "Someone around town might think I'd grown too big for my olive drabs."

Somewhat later he was advanced to the rank of corporal, and Ellie greeted the announcement with a blissful sigh. "And think how nice your gold stripes would look on those Marine dress blues," she added, flirting at Glenn from a corner of her eye.

Glenn shook his head. "I will not be coaxed," he said. "No dress blues."

When he became a sergeant, Glenn and Ellie began to make wedding plans. Glenn wanted Ellie to wear white satin; he wanted a double ring ceremony, which would be performed in Eleanor's house in the exact room in which they had spent so many hours getting acquainted, then falling in love, and finally planning for the future. "Just a small wedding, with only our families present," he said, sticking to the Ford tradition of no swank.

Ellie was in complete accord with the plans—with one small addition. "Now, for the wedding," she suggested, as if for the first time, "I think you should wear dress blues."

From the L.A. Times: "Mr. Ford, with (Continued on page 54)"
GOOD NEWS continued

Columbia studio before entering the Marine Corps, wore the traditional dress blue uniform of the Marine Corps. He is a sergeant, stationed at Camp Pendleton."

Ellie wore a white slipper satin dress, made with short, puffed sleeves and a throat-hugging cowl neck. Over each ear was a small bouquet of orange blossoms which held her tulle veil in place, and she carried a bouquet of white orchids.

Mrs. Blanche Powell gave Eleanor in marriage, and Eleanor's motion of honor was Mrs. Joel Delson, the sweet-voiced secretary who has long handled the Powell affairs with tact and efficiency.

If you remember your romantic dope from previous issues of MODERN SCREEN, you will realize that this marriage was actually the work of that clief-chinned cupid, Mr. Pat O'Brien, who knew both Glenn and Ellie long before they knew each other. He considered this to be a mistake. He told Glenn, "You aren't the average guy, so you'd never be contented with the average girl. You should meet and fall for someone special—like Eleanor Powell, for instance."

The next time the O'Briens were giving a party, they invited both Eleanor and Glenn who—with that cognizance of two naturally wary people—decided that this was a set-up, and that in a diplomatic way they would have nothing of it. Which proves how wrong a girl and a boy can be when trying to outwit an Irishman.

As soon as the war is over, you will be seeing Glenn again in the vigorous roles he likes so well, but probably there will be no more glorious dancing Powell pictures because Eleanor plans to make marriage her career.

Class of 1963

He was a second lieutenant of cavalry, slim, tall and very, very worried as he assisted his wife to board a plane. On the flight to Washington, D.C., where his mother-in-law was eagerly awaiting the couple, the lieutenant repeatedly glanced from his wife to the expanse of countryside sliding beneath the wings of the plane. He was keeping a close watch for the busiest bird in America.

However, the plane outpaced the stork this time. Lieutenant and Mrs. Oleg Cassini reached Washington in ample time for Miss Antoinette Cassini (to be called Toni) to put in proper and unhurried appearance, weighing a mere four pounds. Despite her small size, Miss Toni was lusty. Gene was doing so well that doctors said she would be quite robust enough to (Continued on page 59)

Night Betty Hutton and Arthur Treacher clown ed at Canteen, guys rolled off seats! She flew by bomber to Ariz. for pic, did camp show en route.

Until Dolores Moran's 21, she's sworn off night clubs, substitutes studying and canteening. Was electrified at Garfield's card tricks, conjured up for his new role!

At Long Beach bond rally, baseball game between Harry James's band and Freddie Martin's men brought in over three million dollars! Betty's last pair of cobwebby nylons brought forty thousand from eager bidder.
Marvelous is the matched kit from Richard Hudnut for all glamour-loving young ladies on your list. Lipstick, rouge and powder for $1.65.

To enhance each glittering belle come Christmas: Rose Geranium or Jasmin Bouquet eau de cologne from Dorothy Gray. Each $1.50.

What's in it for you? Well, there's Cutex polish, remover, file, nail white, orange-wood, oil and remover for the cuticle, all at $2.50.

Looking for a little Gift Set with multiple appeal? Blue Waltz gives you face powder, cologne, perfume and freshener in box of petal pink, 25c.

Chen-Yu makes any gal's Noel a happier one! Gleaming, gay polish, a bottle of remover and a mite size bottle of Lacquerol. For $1.00.

For the colonel's lady or Judy O'Grady. Two kinds of blended base, Miner's liquid make-up, and the Patti-Pac cake. Price, 25c and up.

Shades of Scarlett O'Hara! Give some lucky girl this zesty "Old South Cotton Blossom" cologne. It's mighty sweet and costs but $1.25.

Baby formula! Buy one 50c bottle of Mennen Antiseptic b'oil, two 25c packages of Mennen baby powder, a wrap Noel-lit
A super gift that sells for a pittance. Only 25c for this neat box that holds Hampden’s magic face powder, lipstick and their foundation base.

Everyone is going a-foot these days... which is why Dr. Scholl’s “foot case” kit is so welcome. Three musts for happy feet. The cost, $1.00.

This tidy case for a bright-eyed beauty. It contains Maybelline’s cream mascara and a handy brush. It’s wonderful for all femmes. 75c.

Jergen’s Lotion is a gift to please everyone on your list! It’s so kind to skin and hands... and men love the stuff for after-shaving. $1.00.

Shopping

oose Gifts of Beauty

Here’s a Tangee face powder, lipstick and rouge trio that adds up to a three-point flight into flattery for the Sophisti-cated Lady. $2.00.

Wanted — one Stocking Stuffer! Here’s the perfect filler-inner. It’s Pond’s lotion to soothe the hands that launch a thousand tasks. 50c.

Sara, Sue or Sandra will adore Revlon’s nail enamel and lipstick boxed like a miniature floral offering. All this glamour costs $1.25.

We wager she’d rather receive Nonchalant Parfum by Varva than he called the best cook in the county. Comes in a bow-box. $1.00-$10.00.

A merry Christmas idea, and what’s more, a very patriotic one. Wrap your presents, then decorate with war stamps. Cost, 10c and up.
GOOD NEWS continued

report to 20th Century-Fox for her next picture around February 1, 1944.

Cobina Wright Jr. Beaudette's young son was born at 10:10 A.M. one morning. Shortly after luncheon that same day, the telephone of a friend rang and a cheerful voice announced, "This is Cobina. Have you heard about my baby? It arrived this morning!" And that wasn't the only call placed by the enthusiastic young mother. You might quote to the next hiddy who says our generation is soft, and starts to give you that rugged grandmother routine.

Little Red Riding Points, or Goldilocks and the Three Steaks:

While Dennis Morgan was in Oregon on a bond tour, he snatched a few hours from government business to go buck hunting. "Ah, venison for the Morgans," he sang triumphantly, rubbing his hands together. He had the deer meat properly segmented, packed in dry ice and shipped to Los Angeles where it was placed in cold storage against the winter's dearth of red coupons.

Now Dennis and his elder son, Stanley, have frequently gone hunting together with a BB gun. They have knocked tins cans off fence posts and peppered an occasional oak tree in the valley shallows, so Dennis felt certain that Stanley would be interested. He described his feelings glowingly, and Stanley listened carefully, finally observed in a sorrowful voice. "I know you did it for us kids, but after you had seen 'Bambi,' Daddy, it must have been awfully hard on you to shoot that poor deer."

Mr. Morgan has said nothing about his hunting trip since that moment. He thinks he should write to Mr. Disney and sign the pledge.

On Thursday, when the maid is out, Joan Fontaine has been rushing home from the "Frenchman's Creek" set to prepare dinner for herself and Brian Aherne. Ordinarily the maid leaves some succulent dish in the ice box ready to be heated.

What was Joan's delight recently to find two prepared salads in the cooler, fresh rolls ready to be slipped into the oven, and a thick cut of steak back in one corner of the refrigerator. In front of it was a covered dish which the delighted Mrs. Aherne, having spotted the steak, simply ignored even as you and I would.

She broiled the red points, then set up the feast. Brian found the dinner delicious, the steak done to a turn.

The following morning the maid rushed from the kitchen just as Joan was departing for the studio. "You didn't eat the stew I had cooked and left in that covered dish," she said, swallowing rather carelessly, "so you must have eaten the horse meat I bought for the dog."

Beef Grief:

When Homer was a little boy calf, he had guileless brown eyes, soft ears and uncertain legs, but he liked to wrestle with Jimmie Craig. Whenever Jimmie had a day off, from "Kismet" or some such Metro picture, he spent it on his farm doing odd jobs and wrestling with Homer for exercise.

Homer's shoulders enlarged and his weight increased; still he liked to wrestle gently with his owner. Then came the day when Homer heard, from a gossip columnist no doubt, those stories about bulls. He took the rumors seriously and catapulted Mr. James Craig against a concrete retaining wall, luckily some 15 feet distant.

X-rays revealed three broken ribs. So Metro took advantage of Jimmie's sedentary state by assigning him to the nearest studio (Continued on page 78)
Yep! The famous Cover Girls stepped right out of the picture to give you their camera angles on clothes. First off—while they can be strictly siren in slither-and-slink get-ups, they feel more like themselves in happy-go-lucky togs. Like lumberjackets or slacks, for instance. They claim good posture’s even more important than your gym teacher says . . . that it’s a sign of brightness to be able to dress well on small change . . . that a fur coat’s second only to War Bonds as an investment, especially if you use your head and get a fur that’s dependable. They also think wacky lapel gadgets are super-solid. All sounds sorta like you, doesn’t it? Say—’d’ya suppose you’ll ever be a Cover Girl?

Hi, Jinx Falkenburg! Is it you or your Shire-tex slacks giving that snake-hips effect? One thing’s certain—this new peg-top cut sure helps keep a gal’s shirt-tails anchored, doesn’t it?

Peggy Lloyd
Mademoiselle Cover Girl

Betty Jane Hess
Cosmopolitan Cover Girl

Jean Colleran
American Magazine Cover Girl

Leslie Brooks
Columbia Pictures Star

It’s Shire-Tex Slacks
that “Cover Girls” choose

“Jinx” Falkenburg
Columbia Pictures Star

... for active days or leisure hours

Join the 1944 Fashion Parade in Shire-Tex Slacks— the preferred wardrobe of not only “Cover Girls,” but of sophisticated women everywhere. Enjoy the youthful slenderizing lines by Shire-Tex mantailing . . . the snug fitting “peg top” (that helps keep shirt tails in) . . . and the roomy man-type pockets and comfortable pleats. You’ll look your best, feel your best, in Shire-Tex Slacks. * See these outstanding fabrics at all fine stores—Gabardines, Military Twills, Tropicals, Cashmeres, Flannels, Rayons, Herringbones, Glen Plaids, Stripes.

Davenshire, Inc., Davenport, Iowa

Colorful
Spring Shades

Military Tan
Buoyant Blue
Chocolate Brown
Colonial Green
Navy
Algerian Sand
Formal Black

Shire-Tex
Slacks for Women
"Cover Girl" star, Rita Hayworth, matches her glamour with a tuxedo coat of Featherlite Persian Lamb, wisely picked for its deep lasting blackness and marvelous drapability.

Mink? Guess again! It's mink-blended muskrat that Cover Girl Peggy Lloyd's wearing. Because it was blended by Hollander, our Peggy knows it will keep its loveliness forever.

"It isn't necessary to wear expensive clothes to be a Cover Girl," says Harry Conover, head of the Conover Agency. Model Helen Mueller gets the low-down on budgeteering as stylist Bonnie Foster Kelley and Art Director John G. Boetel of the W. T. Grant Company view the new clothes gallery of Grant's Cover Girl fashions.

Cover Girls Dusty Anderson and Karen Gaylord go for the new "shirtwaist" look in spic-and-span crepe Joyce Lane blouses. Could they be for you? Could be, if you have two or three dollars and you know your way to Grant's.

"Cover Girl" Fashions for You continued

Famous Bradley Cardigan of imparted wool yarn
In the new nubby knit! Just one of the many Bradleys you'll find at Grants! Bright colors. 4.98

See dozens of other budget priced fashions as worn by glamorous Cover Girls in your nearest Grant store! Yes, Grants has really smart fashions at prices you can easily afford!

W. T. GRANT COMPANY
493 stores in 39 states
"You'd look just as Pretty, Mommie
... in a Hollander Coat like this!"

Persian Lamb's loveliness will add to yours! You'll wear it every day, everywhere—proud of its deep black luster, its tight curl, its supple peltry that drapes as easily as fabric.

Since 1889 the Hollander mark on furs has been a symbol of enduring beauty. You will find it, too, on your present fur garment when you have it cleansed and rejuvenated by Hollanderizing.
best memorial he could offer a father like his was to go on with the show.

There were messages from Cincinnati. They wanted him to come back home. Later, when he had got over this shock, maybe then—

Ty walked into the Hollywood Plaza Hotel lobby and sat down at a desk. "Dear Mother," he wrote, "I love all of you more than ever. But I've decided to stay here and carry out my plans. I think that's what Father would have wanted. Know you'll understand." Mrs. Power understood. She and Ann came out soon to Hollywood to tell him so.

There were other letters, from New York and London and cities all over the world. And a great stack of wires and telephone messages from Hollywood.

**past studio gates . . .**

These heartened Tyrone. They made him feel his Dad was still with him, still introducing him to the people he must know in his new profession. He pulled himself together and shook off the despair of loneliness. He moved out of the Athletic Club into a one-room Hollywood apartment. He got his clothes pressed and his hair cut, and then one day he hopped a bus to a studio.

He asked for the big studio man who was his father's friend and who had written such a warm letter. Secretaries smiled and opened doors promptly at Tyrone Power's name. Ty was ushered into the big office like a prince. The producer greeted him warmly, had him sit down.

"So you're Tyrone Power, Jr!" he smiled. "Well, I knew your father when he was the greatest Brutus that ever played. Julius Caesar! Yes sir—I'll never forget one night in London—"

He reminisced for an hour and a half. He traced Tyrone Power's career over three continents. He was charming and finally he said, "Well, you'll have to come in and see me again sometime—any time."

Before he knew it, Ty was outside the studio. He still hadn't said what he had come to say: What about a job?

That was the way it went. That was typical. Studio doors opened like magic to Tyrone Power's name. He spent hours with people telling him about his father.

At last it dawned on Ty that he was really a curiosity. He was Tyrone Power's son. He wasn't a personage himself.

He stopped seeing his father's friends. He just walked around cold and hunted a break. Then he heard what was really the matter with him. "Too young. "No experience. "Nothing for your type."

And so the months passed. Tyrone had a little money to live on. There was a small inheritance, pitifully small, from his father. He couldn't get it for a while, but his father's attorney volunteered to advance him $10 a week against it. That's what he tried to live on—and that was all. Tyrone moved all around. In that first year he lived in 15 different places, rooms, apartments, dinky hotels, guest houses, shacks—all around town. One day his landlady came in, apologetic but determined. She said she had to have him, rent or else.

"All right," said Ty. "I'll break. I guess I'll have to move."

And he started lugging out his trunk.

"No rent," she said, "no trunk."

Ty shrugged. He gathered up his loose belongings and moved out. Four years later he called by to redeem that trunk. The landlady remembered him and, by

then, she knew who he was. She was very polite. "Your trunk hasn't been touched," she assured him earnestly. "Everything is just as you left it." Ty thanked her and winked to the friend who had come with him. When they got the trunk outside, Ty opened its side were a stack of old telephone books.

In the summer following his father's death, Patia Power drove out to Hollywood with the idea of classing up Schuster-Martin. She found Ty living over a garage on Orchid Street, right up from Hollywood Boulevard. She was shocked at the state of his wardrobe and general undressed condition. But she was happy to see the same eager sparkle in his black eyes. Enthusiastically he told her he was "working." The job turned out to be a speculative rehearsal for a local Hollywood show, "Lo and Behold." That later went on to New York to make a hit as "New Faces." Ty didn't go with the show.

The home town kids who journeyed out with his mother that summer—seven of them in an old Pierce Arrow limousine—the "Traveling School of the Theater" Patia called it—did Ty a lot of good. He had made friends in Hollywood, but they were mainly the casual hard-bitten permanent-extra type of kids whose only real ambitions were to hang around Hollywood and have fun.

**broken hopes . . .**

Patia Power took a house in Hollywood that summer for her crew, and while they were in town Ty ate regularly. When it came time to leave, she suggested that Ty drive back to Cincinnati for a visit. She thought it would do him good, and she knew he could find some other home cooking. But about that time what seemed to be the break he'd been waiting for came along. At Universal a picture was getting ready that would use lots of juveniles. "Tom Brown of Culver," starring Tom Brown. Ty knew Tom and had been tipped off. And Tom put in a plug. While his mother was in the town, the studio casting office called, actually called him. He got the part; $500 salary. They mentioned a contract. This was it! Ty was always an optimist. The Traveling School of the Theater traveled on to home in Cincinnati. Everyone was happy, especially Tyrone, waving them off. He'd show them now! Ty almost wore out the script of "Tom Brown of Culver." He had a respectable little part at first. But in the end it was cut down to nothing much. When the picture came out Tyrone Power showed up in a brief bit, and nobody noticed him. He asked Universal about the contract. The answer was: "What contract?"

For the first time since he had tried to crack Hollywood, Ty was discouraged. Up until then he had grinned at all the kicks in the teeth and laughed off the tough times. He was young—could take it. He worke hard, and living like a tramp, but cheerfully—because he thought some fine day the break would arrive.

Ty quit going out with his friends. He didn't want to lose the part. But he stopped haunting the casting directors. He felt betrayed.

Of all the friends of his father's—Hollywood, one in particular had measured up. Arthur Caesar, top Broadway playwright and Hollywood scenarist, took more than a curious interest in Tyrone Power's son. Caesar realized the spec
Arthur Caesar's home was always open to Ty. Whenever he needed a square meal or good advice, he went to Arthur's.

To keep his independence, Ty contributed his part. He refused to take a job with anyone, but since Arthur couldn't drive a car, Ty became his chauffeur. For a while he lived over Caesar's garage, driving the writer around and eating with the family. It was natural, therefore, that when, discouraged, mixed up, he should go to Arthur for advice. Caesar gave it. "You can hang around here and scratch for a break," he said, "and you may get it. Lots of kids have. But what if you do? Will you be able to handle it? Listen: There's only one solid way to make the grade in Hollywood—that's to rate it. That means acting experience. You haven't got it. Go get it. If you're asking me, I'd take the first train to New York."

Ty didn't tell him that he'd already been down to price tickets East. That's the kind of a kid he was—all Ty had been in Hollywood a little over a year the day he climbed into a day coach at the dingy old Los Angeles station. Ann, visiting in San Diego, came up to see him off. It wasn't an auspicious departure. Ty had just enough in his pants to eat on. He didn't have quite enough to get to New York, so he'd bought a ticket to Chicago. Chicago was where he had first trod a professional stage with his father. Ty knew some people there. He thought he might get a job and stake enough to start him off in New York.

**star of the side show . . .**

When the train pulled out, Ann cried. Her brother looked so frail and lonely waving out the smeary window of the day coach. She knew how he hated to quit anything, to admit defeat; she knew his pride. But if Ty felt bad about leaving Hollywood, defeated, he never let it show. He kept a brave smile beaming until the coach vanished down the track.

In Chicago he found something going on that changed his plans. The World's Fair Century of Progress Exposition was going full blast. On the Midway there were plenty of jobs for entertainers. When Ty mentioned he was from Hollywood, he didn't have any trouble. He signed up for shifts all over the Midway. For a while he had an ironic job—at the Hollywood Pavilion—a place that purported to show

**QUIZ CLUES**

(Continued from page 12)

Set 2

1. Breathtaking blonde
2. Maureen's mama
3. Smoothy
4. No Jenny Jitterbug
5. Zola
6. Brooklyn babe
7. Paramount peach
8. c - - - - - h
9. Sad-eyed young'un
10. Wild Injun grows up
11. Yummy in a uniform
12. Chatterbox
13. Coffee colored
14. Drawling; shaky-voiced
15. Smart girl
16. Daughter crashing pictures
17. Bespectaled professor
18. The Captain's lady
19. Drifted to E'way
20. Whom Sgt. York came home to

(Next set of clues on page 77)

**The "Darling Hands" of Jean Parker—**

Any girl can have smooth, soft hands Jean Parker's way.

"My hand care is specialized and practically professional. But so simple," says Jean.

"Your skin will benefit from 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion that are so effective against roughness, that many doctors prescribe them.

"You'll love it, too," says Jean. "Jergens Lotion never feels sticky." . . . 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle for this famous lotion, the favorite hand care of the Stars.

**JERGENS LOTION**

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

[Image of Jergens Lotion bottle]

The Personal Hand Care of the Stars—they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1
exactly how pictures were made in Hollywood. Ty acted a movie star in the make-believe set. He got $30 a week. Sometimes he got his check, sometimes not.

He found a place to live in Chicago, on North Avenue, and in a bunk-together deal with other youngsters working the fair. He needed to save some money. Chicago was a great radio center. So he haunted the stations in off hours and kept in touch with theatrical circs, too. It paid off. Ty got some jobs. He appeared on a couple of programs with a fellow named Don Ameche, who was to get his Hollywood break the same time as Ty.

shadow of things to come...

He had better luck in the theater. Eugene Leontovich, Gregory Ratoff’s brother, starred that summer in “Romance” in Chicago, Ty grabbed a small supporting part in “Romance”—his first real crack at any sort of steady play. It lasted eight weeks. He lost his stake.

A friend seeing the peaked youth pile off the crowded bus in New York, his suit looking like an old pair of pajamas and three days of black beard on his pale cheek, the friend gave a glance that in less than two years the same young man would be mobbed in the same different city, as the most sensational young star out of Hollywood!

Broadway was a lot like Hollywood as far as jobs went. Everyone knew the name, Tyrone Power. None was interested in giving that name a job. Like a million kids before him and a million more since, Ty haunted the agencies and producers’ offices, smiling at the icy-eyed secretaries—and getting nowhere. His bankroll shrivelled. Plenty of times it was a tops-off job. He had to spend the last nickel at the automat or on a bus.

Later, on his first trip to Manhattan as a Hollywood celebrity, Ty stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria. Naturally, he was besieged by photographers and famous people. Invitations to dinner and swallow soirees swamped him. Social leaders and cafe society-queens like Elsa Maxwell, that high-toned society hostess, and the high-toned women, to make their parties buzz. One night, after a steady round of this, the biggest affair of all came up. Ty was in his dinner jacket, all set to go, sitting in his room with a pal from Hollywood. The pal said, “Ty, I’ll bet everyone in New York knows who you are by now—think of that!”

“Nuts,” replied Ty. “I can take you to a place where nobody will give me a tumble.” They made a bet of a buck. Then Ty left the hotel, giving his society hostess the slip.

They took a cab down to an address way below Forty-second Street, ducked down a side street and led the way to a basement restaurant. The air was heavy with smoke, garlic and stale wine. A fat Italian slid up.

“Why you stay away?” the waiter grunted. “You no like da food?” Ty said he’d been busy, but he liked the food and it didn’t bother him right now, in that wine.

The waiter looked him up and down appraisingly, then, suspicion in his voice, he asked, “You a-workin’ now? You sure?”

Ty said he was sure. So the waiter took a bit of the cucumber, and Ty won his dollar. Nobody in the place gave him a second glance.

Katharine Cornell, the Incomparable, discovered Tyrone Power. Darryl Zanuck made this name a household word and his face romantic to millions. But it was Cornell who first had any real faith in the kid. She knew, the one who hadn’t entirely original with her. When Tyrone and his father first played Shakespeare together in Chicago, Helen Mencken, a good friend of Cornell’s, mentioned in a letter: “Tyrone Power is here with a tall, handsome son, Tyrone, Jr. The boy is green but watch out for him. He has talent, and he’s definite material.” Cornell remembered that. When her husband-producer, Guthrie McClintic, mentioned that Tyrone Power’s son had been in the office and said he was in New York to crash Broadway, Miss Cornell had an idea.

spook stuff...

So had Tyrone. His idea was that if he was going to be a Broadway star himself, he’d better be seeing some of the top shows. At that point it didn’t look like he was due to be the main attraction very soon. But that posed a problem.

WE’LL MATCH YOU
$10 for 10%

We get a kick out of minding other people’s business. For example, we’d like to know just how you’re managing to sock over 10% of your weekly pitance into War Bonds. In fact, we’re so darn eager to know that we’re offering $10 in War Savings bonds for the prize-winning letter each month.

This month’s prize winner:

Perhaps this isn’t the kind of a letter you look for, but if it’s sacrifice you’re hunting, consider this:

Have you ever crawled on your belly through a stinking jungle and listened to the whine of machine-gun bullets just as you were rolled through vermin-filled swamp clear up to your hips wondering where your number was coming up? Walked a lonely sentry post in the dead of night, when a twig in a nervous nerve tingling, never knowing what might come out of the blackness at you? No, but you probably know someone doing this very thing. Look at their lists and War Bonds buying, too. A guy thinks a lot of things when he gets into things like that. Mostly about home and those he loves. Some of that gets back and goes down the drain, others aren’t so lucky. We try to make the whole mess out a bad dream, but no go, it’s very real. We’re anxious as hell to get it done, so give us the regular business of soldiering we like to feel that we’re buying in on the future and give some of our dough back to our Uncle Sam even though we can’t give us the stuff we need, when we need it. Don’t anyone kid you, he’s doing a swell job of it, to 10 percent. It’s that and a lot more.

Pat Baldwin
Army Air Force
Bushnell General Hospital

How can you see Broadway shows at $4.50 or worse, when you are needing two-bits regularly for no reason at the automat and no source of income? There was one show Tyrone particularly wanted to see—Katharine Cornell in “Flowers of the Forest” which was just opening. He remembered that manager, Stanley Gilkey, had known his dad. He thought he would just sort of drop around and chew the fat, and he might get across a hint that he could use a couple on the side.

He dropped in in Gilkey’s office. “Mr. Tyrone Power? Oh, yes,” brightened the secretary. “Mr. Gilkey’s expecting you.” Ty raised a black eyebrow in surprise but he walked right in. The manager said, “You got our call, then—that’s fine. Here are the tickets.” Ty’s head buzzed. What went on.

“Sixth floor,” said the manager. “Drop in tomorrow. Mr. McNulty is expecting you.” That was even gooser! But Ty wasn’t spoiling this by asking questions. He grabbed the seats, got on the telephone and arranged for the week to be filled with play in style. Next morning Guthrie Mc- Clintic hired him as understudy to Burgess Meredith’s lead opposite Katharine Cornell in “Flowers of the Forest.”

straw hat circuit...

When summer came, Ty joined the straw hat circuit at Katharine Cornell’s advice, as the manager said. He hired a car and drove up to West Falmouth, Mass., with a contract to play “Roméo and Juliet” with Corn- nell in the fall. He worked like a Trojan all summer to be ready. He played slow, long, and copious, wheeling and dealing. He shifted scenery and painted sets.

“Roméo and Juliet” tried out in Balti- more. Patia Power came up from Cincin- nati and saw it. And she saw his previous, “Romeo’s Dream.” The part wasn’t sensational, but one critic said this, “Small though his part is, Tyrone Power gives it a feeling you don’t forget.” After the performance one night, Patia Power told him “Tyrone, you’re very well.” The was high praise from her. Ty grinned, was scared stiff. Patia Power was more critical. She pointed out to him where he was okay and where he was weak. She said he had to work hard.

From then on he developed a mania to work, and so he lived modestly in an apart- ment with a couple of friends, spending all his spare time trying to prove his stuff. Katharine Cornell rewarded him with the part of De Pontlenny in her production, “St. Joan.” Ty received a telephone call in the backstage one day. The cooker had heard him laughing into the mouthpiece.

“Somebody,” he roared, “wants to know, I’ve ever considered acting for the movies. That was a joke. He’s telling me he’s got a nod in Hollywood! The talent scout was persistent. But Ty wasn’t having any. He told him flatly that he was going to stay on stage and not let anyone fluster him even for the ordinary problem to Katha- ine Cornell. Although she had always spurned movies, Cornell advised him, make a screen test anyway. He did.

In fact, Ty’s test was so gosh-awful, th by all the rules of show business he should never have rated a train ticket West. But he didn’t. One of the stories people tell around Fox today is about the day Darryl Zanuck, Twentieth’s head man, at his production staff watched Tyron Power’s test. Ty, badly photographed, was thin and white, the waddling, lumpy type of he’s been for years. He was badly directed. Everyone squirmed with embarrassment in the middle Zanuck picked up the telephone. “Stop it, he said. “Stop it!”

“Are you wondering what you’ll do when you’re dead,” the agony, he said. “Who is it—N.G.?”

Zanuck puffed his chest. “That’s right,” he said, “N.G.” And the test. Wire New York, told his secretary, “to make decent test of that kid.”

So Ty made another, and when there was no prize-winner, she showed some of the pictures to Zanuck. He was later to refer to the screen. Tyrone Power was

Lucky this trip. For several reasons. One was that Zanuck was hard on his players. He fired the old Fox not long before. He inherited two stars

(Continued on page 68)
Are You in the Know?

The name of this song is . . .

- You'll Never Know
- Day in—Day Out
- Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a joke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're sure of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that really protects you . . . sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

If he calls you "groovy"...

- Would you burst into tears
- Feel complimented
- Never speak to him again

"Groovy" is teen-talk for "smooth"—and that's another way of saying a girl is poised, self-confidence. How to get groovy? It's something you have to work full-time. It's being part of your crowd speaking their lingo—keeping your feet—even when your calendar tempts you to retreat. Of course, comfort's a wonderful ally. And most smooth girls know that Kotex is more comfortable.

Did this girl score . . .

- A hit
- An ace
- A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if you're a good sport, you'll bowl regularly, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You'll get greater comfort, and you can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a strike!)

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

*Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary pads. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure protection.

Would you wear this number for

- School
- Dating
- Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for whom! But how you wear your clothes is vital. For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the dating number (above). No outlines need spoil your style.

STOP GUESSING!

- Check here if you're teen age and want free the newly edited booklet "As One Girl To Another". You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.
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and only two—Will Rogers and Shirley Temple. Will had just been killed tragically in an airplane crash in Alaska. Shirley was growing up and slipping from her dimpled, box-office charm.

Ty hopped a train for Hollywood, expenses paid with a Pullman berth and everything this time. He was still 20 years old. He didn't tell his decision to anyone—his mother or Ann or any of his pals, except Katharine Cornell, until he had his ticket West.

He came to Hollywood and rented an apartment at the swanky Sunset Towers. It took about all his small check but Ty told himself, "If I make the grade this time, I'm going to jump, not creep!"

**grand entrance . . .**

He started his first picture of the new contract on May 5th, his birthday. It was "Girls Dormitory," designed to introduce the French charmer, Simone Simon, to America Tyrone Power, Jr. (they tagged that "junior" back on his name at the studio for prestige), played about two minutes on the screen in "Girls Dormitory." He played the lonely schoolgirl's cousin who pretended to be her suitor. He sat on a park bench and pretended to make love to Simone. His part was incidental, and you could hardly find his name on the cast and credits.

But there was another little omen. As Tyrone made his entrance in the picture, the scene showed him bursting through a door at the girls' school, smiling full-face right into the camera. His first lines were: "Well—here I am!"

It was as if the words were meant for Hollywood. Here Tyrone Power was. No one at the studio had any idea what would come of that tiny scene. Fox big shots barely noticed it—so intent were they on the reception of Simone Simon. Simone didn't click as expected. But for some reason, a lot of letters swept into the studio, "Who was the boy who played the cousin?" "Where did he come from?" "We want to see him again." Darryl Zanuck had a sensitive ear. He thought he sensed something stirring. He called Ty into his office, handed him a script, "Take this home and read it," he said. "Never mind a test. The part's yours."

Ty will probably never forget the first days on the set of "Sing, Baby, Sing." He played a fast-talking newspaper reporter, and he thought he was doing all right. But he noticed the director had him do scenes over again and again. He noticed the rest of the actors acted just a little funny toward him. He had the feeling something was going on, and he didn't exactly get it. What Tyrone didn't know was that the director didn't want him in the part. He thought Ty was too green and too unknown. He'd obeyed boss Zanuck's instruction, but grudgingly. And whatever Ty did was not right.

So Tyrone got the boot. It hurt him—bad.

But he drew a consolation prize in "Ladies in Love." There were three stars in that—Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon again. All had leading men. Ty's part was the smallest lead for the smallest part. The picture was only fair, but once again letters swamped 20th Century-Fox about Tyrone Power. And Darryl Zanuck still had to have new blood. His directors told him this Power kid was just so-so, too stiff and stagey for the camera, too perfect in his talk for one thing. Damned near as correct as an Englishman. That gave Zanuck an idea.

One day Tyrone found a note in the dinky little dressing room he occupied, in the rows reserved for bit players and extras. It was along about option time and he ruefully crumpled it up in his fist and tossed it into the wastepaper. "See me—Darryl Zanuck" meant, he imagined, strike number three in Hollywood. He was snakebitten for luck at this studio. Directors were hostile. Stars were standoffish. What the hell?

But he reported. Zanuck handed him the screen plot of a super-special the studio was banking on to lead the year's program, "Lloyds of London."

"Take this home," suggested Zanuck, "and read it. Maybe you'll do it."

Ty's spells zoomed. He said nothing to his friends, not even his mother, but, secretive as always, locked himself in his room that night. He read the script from cover to cover, and when he read, his heart began to sink right into the rug. He knew Freddie Bartholomew was already cast as young Jonathan Blake in the picture, and Freddie was at the height of his sensa-
tion. So that na if you discover no other possible part for himself than Jonathan Blake. As he read he asked himself anxiously, "Where the heck do I come in?"

He took that script back to Zanuck, eyed him keenly. "Thank you, you can do it?"

Ty shrugged. "What is there to it?" At that Zanuck exploded. "What is there? Are you crazy? Just the whole picture—that's all. Listen, son—this one's a star-maker."

Suddenly it dawned on Ty that Freddie Bartholomew's part was the small one—Jonathan Blake as a boy. What Zanuck had in mind for him was the star job—Jonathan Blake grown up.

This time it was no give-away part. Ty had to earn it. He came up for a test, and tests were always his joy. A little stock actress was assigned to emote with him. But when Ty got on the stage, shaky and scared to death, he almost fell over. There was a star he'd hardly dared approach before—himself and his stage!

"I thought I might help," she smiled. "Can I run through this with you?" Could she? Alice had always felt bad about Ty's getting booted out of "Sing, Baby, Sing."

She has a heart built for life and, canny-wise show business, she sensed this was the time to use it. Ty realized he did have friends after all. He calmed down. The test was a honey.

**love on ice . . .**

"Lloyds of London" made Tyrone Power the hottest star in Hollywood. The picture made tons of money, and the picture was all Ty's.

Ty had arrived, and he knew it. Something new and important had come into his life at last.

But then this turn in his life arrived, something else had struck him with a sweet, piercing pain. For the first time, in his life, Ty found himself at a standstill. He acted as though he were frozen, as though he were a statue.

"My name is Sonja Henie, I'm skating down at the Poler Palace. Won't you come and see my show?" Here are two tickets.

Ty used the tickets. He sat, spellbound, at Sonja Henie's on skates. At the performance, he went backstage to congratulate her. "I hope I'll see you around the studio," Ty said. "I'm sure you will, Sonja laughed. They had a date the next night.

When Sonja finished "One in a Million" that made her Number Five in Hollywood top box-office ten, she went on a nation-wide tour. Meanwhile, at the same time, Tyrone Power, finishing "Lloyds of London," to his first vacation. It was odd, column

(Continued on page 66)
noted, that at almost every city where Sonja played, Ty showed up—Detroit, New York.

He was East on his vacation, after chasing Sonja around the country, when he got a telegram from the studio. "Report back at once," it said, "New picture going right into production." It was signed by the studio casting director. Quickly they had whipped up a picture to co-star Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie. "Thin Ice" was to be rushed out while the headlines were hot.

Their was a gay, young healthy romance. Both were in their early twenties, and neither had had a serious love before. It may have been a coincidence that from the minute he fell in love with Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power couldn't miss. Perhaps the emotion—an experience of love affair—was what he needed to mold him into a confident actor with a deeper, wider range. Anyway, all Ty's pictures were hits from then on, in rapid succession: "Love is News," "Cafe Metropole," "Thin Ice" (they finally made it), "In Old Chicago," "Second Honeymoon," "Marie Antoinette." Tyrone Power became the biggest romantic young star in Hollywood. And with his own rising star that of Sonja Henie kept pace. Nothing at all loomed in the path of their marriage—except that both Ty and Sonja were pretty young, and neither Patia Power nor Sonja's mother was too keen to see their brilliant children halted by matrimony—yet it might have happened this story book wedding, if Sonja Henie hadn't taken a trip back to Norway. Ty saw her off on the train. She meant to be gone only a couple of months. She stayed six. That was too long.

no story book ending...

Tyrone Power was young, handsome, at the peak of his career and for the first time getting an intoxicating taste of glamorous Hollywood life. He was meeting celebrated people everywhere, and they were introducing him into the pleasant social life of the glittering screen colony. And he liked it. Ty never "went Hollywood" in all the time he was there. He always drove a modest car. He never threw his money around, became a clothes horse, night club harry or a playtime Charley boy.

The only extravagance in record that Tyrone ever indulged in, in fact, while he was a great star, were foreign trips, an airplane, and once he leased an island off the Mexican Coast with great plans to make it a romantic paradise retreat. A vivid, romantic imagination, never one of Ty's deficiencies, inspired that. But he seldom went overboard—and never for girls. Although they besieged him (who wouldn't?) Ty simply could never be a Casanova. He was far too sincere for that.

But Sonja, his one girl, was away for a long, long time, and those months of Tyrone's life were too full and exciting to sit and pine. One night he went to a Hollywood premiere and sat enchanted at a petite, auburn-haired actress making an amazing comeback. Ty watched the picture with all the adoration of a fervent fan. He remembered those days when he was ushering in the Cincinnati movie house, how he would stand back of the curtained rail in the rear and dream about this girl.

Janet Gaynor was romantically free then, and "A Star Is Born" had invested her with a new glamour. Ty fell hard.

Sonja Henie learned about that in the newspapers.

It was more of a social, party and cafe romance than the Sonja Henie love. Janet moved in an established big-name Hollywood set. They went to smart dinner parties and danced at the latest, brightest places.

---

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**Foot Hurt?**

With Annabella, Tyrone has found a personal happiness he never approached in the restless, striving days of his eager youth. With her he traveled to Europe, returned to the stage for summer stock. With her he bought his home, last, the lovely white mansion on a canyon that his brain Moore had built but never lived in. With Annabella, Ty remodelled and furnished a new life and dreamed of. With her, too, Ty went on acting, never lagging in the standards he had set for himself as a star. "Johnny Apollo," "Brigham Young," "The Man Who Trusted Nobody," "A Yank in the R.A.F." "Son of Fury," "This Above All," "The Black Swan"—great pictures all.

And in this ripened phase of his life Tyrone, too, developed as a person. He had leisure to read and quiet evenings to talk and develop his philosophy of what it's all about. He has had the seasoning responsibility and fame that adopted the fatherhood to broaden his character. Even his slim body has matured into a powerful physique that makes his frail boyhood days unbelievable. He has become a strong, self-sufficient and responsible man.

Because Tyrone Power is short but outstandingly romantic, Annabella is no accident. Months before he was enrolled he plunged into a rigorous regime of exercise to harden his body for the beating he knew he must take. For years he had seriously studied flying, buying a plane, winning his pilot's license and taking off steadily in defiance of his own studio's ban. That's why he tried desperately to get out of his contract and that he broke and then, considered too old for that, he applied for the glider group, until it was discontinued. Now at last, after winning his bars the last way in the Marine Corps, he's flying in the air, in training at the Naval Air Station at Corpus Christi, Texas.

He was born in Hollywood on leave a few weeks ago—all straight and tan with his dark hair cropped close and a keen enthusiastic look in his eyes. He spent his ten-day leave at home with Annabella and his family. Only once did Anne leave the hotel. That was for a Naval Aid performance at the Playtime Theatre. The day after he left for Corpus Christi, Annabella left on a bond boosting tour.

The brilliant career that lies behind him today is only memory, and the future, bright again though it can be, is something he isn't worrying about yet.

The other day at Quantico, Lieutenant Power saw a young Marine in his teens slumping around the grounds with a sloppily carriage. He called him to attention and dressed him down. "At your age," he said severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I can hold myself straight and look at me—pushing 30!"

Pushing 30. Ty thought that over afterwards, and his own words amazed him. It was exactly as young and strong and as cocky and confident as he was at 17 when he set out alone from Cincinnati lugging his dinky imitation leather valise, headed on the quixotic quest. Brodwyn called to him the fame and fortune which he sought. Now he was 29, pushing 30! It didn't seem possible.

Yet so much had happened.

---

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

We'd been sitting through Jimmy Dorsey's stage shows from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. Finally, Mr. Dorsey looked down at us (we were sitting in the front row) and said, "I know you're hungry because you've been here all day, so I've had a little lunch fixed for you." And out he came, a tray of milk and sandwiches for each of us. Nice gesture at Dorsey isn't he.

Nancy Arford, Indianapolis, Indiana
couldn't be hit by a car. Not Sam, who'd never step so much as a paw over the curb unless Alan took him.

It was Sam all right. The boy knelt down in the road beside his dog and saw that the dog was dead. Though he was small for nine and Sam had been a big dog, Alan managed to gather him up and carry him the short distance home. Mom wasn't in. She'd gone out to market when Alan left for school. He carried his burden round behind the house and laid it down. He wasn't going to cry. He was too big to cry. Dad hadn't cried when his father died—anyway, not where he could see her.

He'd been too young then to understand the implications of death, you'd never see his father again. He understood now. A swift vision formed—of himself at the junction, pulling the last paper from under his arm—and no answering yelp of joy, no dash to the curb, no eager eyes upturned, no feet trotting beside him. A tide of agony washed over him, flung him down with an arm across Sam's body—where he lay and let the sobs rack him.

Presently he found a spade and buried the dog under the window of his little bedroom, so he'd always be near. Then he walked off alone toward El Sereno.

... When Mom found out about Sam, she said, "I'm sorry, son," and that was all she said. It was all Alan wanted her to say.

Mother and son were alike. When they felt most deeply, they talked least.

But it couldn't have been more than two or three days later that the kitten appeared. Alan found her curled up one afternoon on the old Army cot that was his bed. Mom said she'd just walked in. When he sat down, she jumped right into his lap and started purring. Pretty darn cute.

From the first, she attached herself to Alan, and her devotion and furry helplessness warmed his heart. He pretended Sam had sent her as a Christmas gift, so he named her Christmas and called her Chris for short. A slight family difference arose on the subject of her sleeping habits. Chris thought she belonged at the foot of Alan's bed. So did Alan. His stepdad said it wasn't healthy to sleep with an animal in the room. Cats should be put out at night.

So between them, Chris and Alan developed a system. He'd put her out, she'd run round to the back window, he'd climb through and bring her in. Next morning he'd toss her out again, and everyone was happy.

On Christmas Eve he went to bed early. Something mysterious and pleasant was in the air—he could tell by the way he'd been kidded at supper-time, by the way his eyes shone. He'd brought Chris in, and they lay together in the dark corner farthest from the doorway that had no door. Quietly, breathlessly, Alan waited.

"I'm going to nail up some planks," his stepfather called, "so you can't see Santa. He might get sore if you caught him."

Alan grinned to himself. He'd known for a number of years who Santa was. "Okay," he said.

"Meow," said Chris.

"Alan, I thought I told you to put that cat out."

"Yes sir." He picked Chris up and went slowly toward the front door. Of course he could bring her back later by the window, but it just didn't seem right to put her out at all on Christmas Eve. She might get her feelings hurt. They didn't put the animals out of the manger when the Child was born.

He opened the door, stuck Chris inside his pajama top, closed the door and started back. There was a funny expression on his stepfather's face—not mad or anything, just funny. Alan looked down. Hanging below his pajama top, Chris's tail waved gently to and fro.

James Beavers must have decided that, for tonight anyway, he'd risk hypothetical germs against a kid's longings. "Some cats have no tails," he said gravely, "and some tails have no cats. Now get in with you, so I can nail up these boards."

Chris slept sweetly all night. Alan didn't. At intervals, he'd stick his head out to look at the sky, which was full of stars. The family had agreed that, when (Continued on page 73)
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ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE:
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(Continued from page 71)
the last star blinked out, he could call it morning. As a rule, Alan loved the stars. They made him feel peaceful. That night, though, they just acted stubborn. He said, "Please stars, go out." He said, "If I was a star, I'd go out for you." He said, "All right, you ole meanies, see if I care." Next time he woke up, the sky was gray, but one star still twinkled. He kept his eyes riveted on it, till at last it faded. Then he jumped up and pounded at the planks.
He's had his fair share of thrills in recent years, but they haven't overshadowed the thrill of that Christmas morning when he stepped through the gap to be dazzled by a Christmas tree, under which lay a B.B. gun and—!!! He looked again and rubbed his eyes and looked a third time. Yes, it was still there. A bike!
You've got to understand that to Alan the thought of owning a bike was something as far-off, as unattainable and glorious as, say, a phone call from Garbo would be to a fan mag writer. Neither could happen except in a dream, and Alan's dream had come true. He doesn't know how long he stood looking before he moved. Then he circled it. Then at last, afraid it would vanish under his touch, he put his hand out. Solid. Real. A bike. His own. His eyes went first to Mom's face, then to his stepdad's. He couldn't say a word. His feelings were too mixed up. He was crying inside.

Later he went out, B.B. gun in one hand, the other wheeling his bike. He pedaled up and down in front of the house for a while, then rode her up the hill. She took like a bird. If you've read his life story, you know what happened next. The rich kids lived on the hill.

They attended the same school as the poor kids down below, and some were swell and others were stuck-up brats. One, a bully as well as a brat—whom Alan had disdained from the first—rode a shiny new bike of his own and jinged into noisy guffaws at sight of Alan's.
"Secondhand Ladd with a secondhand bike. Why,eha give it to the junkman?"
It was easy to fire Alan's temper. This time he controlled it. "Wanna bet my bike's better'n yours?" he asked steadily.
"You're nuts."
"Okay, I'll race you."
They raced down to Alpha Street, and Alan won. Without even waiting to gloat, he steered his way home.
"Mom, have I got a secondhand bike?"
"Yes," she said quietly. "We couldn't afford a new one."
"It's better'n a new one," he blazed. "I just beat a kid on the hill, and his was new."
Through his loyalty and defiance, the hurt was plain. "Sit down a minute, son. I want to tell you something.
"You know what Christmas means. You know it's not presents. We give gifts to children because the wise men brought gifts to the Child at Bethlehem. He died so many years ago that sometimes people forget that the gift doesn't matter. Only what goes with it.
"So in a way, I think maybe you're right. Maybe your secondhand bike is better. But not because you beat the other boy. You see, if we had a lot of money, we could just have gone to the store and bought the best bike in the place, and that would have been the end of it. Well, we couldn't do that. So we had to start a long time ago, saving a little here and a little there and getting a thrill out of it, thinking how happy you'd be. And the biggest thrill of all was seeing your face this mornin'."
"Can you understand, Alan, or are you too little? It's not the bike. It's being glad to give up things because you love someone else very dearly. It's being happy because you're making someone else happy. That's what Christmas means. That's what went with your bike. That's what makes it better than a new one might be."
"Sure, Mom," said Alan. "I understand. It's like when I was little, and I asked you there was a Santa Claus, and you said he was God. That's the same thing, isn't it?"
She gave him a swift hug. "Exactly the same."
They weren't given to demonstration, but for once Alan didn't disentangle himself. Against her shoulder, he found words for the question that had ached in his heart for two long weeks.
"Mom—you said the angels took Daddy. D'you think—they took Sam, too—even if he was just a dog?"
"I know they did, Alan."
"D'you think—he's happy?"
"I know that, too."
Then he broke away. "I'm happy, too, Mom," he crowed. "I'm gonna get me a paper route."

It was the nicest Christmas any boy could have had.
Last Christmas was the nicest any man could have. Alan wishes Mom and Sue could have known each other. Sue gives Christmas the same feeling his mother did. Last year was special. The baby was due in March. Alan would be entering the service in January. Sue didn't know yet and he couldn't spoil things. He'd tell her when the holidays were over...
The Beautiful People

(Continued from page 47)

Finally persuaded him that she could live without it.
A month or so after landing in California, they drove down to San Diego. "You'll see gardens," said Gene.
"This," Mrs. Kelly said, "I'd like to see." They drove and they drove. No gardens. "Nothing," mourned Betsy, "but a bunch of old milkweed rolling along." Gene let out a yip. "Milkweed! It's tumbleweed, Betsy, good old tumbleweed, followed us all the way from Texas."
Having been introduced to Betsy watched with respect. Then "Where d'you s'pose the gardens'll catch up with us?"
The experience paid dividends. They had a mob at the house one night, playing their favorite game, indications. It was Gene's turn to act out the word. The minute he came rolling into the room like a hoop, Betsy shrieked. "Tumbleweed!"
Their friends were awed. "You people are hypnotists." Betsy, Kelly, they lived in a little house in one of the Hollywood canyons. They're incorrigibly social. They hate to go to sleep. Almost any night would find their gang at the table, eating hot dogs and beans and potato salad. Betsy loves picnics, Gene hates them. "They're young," he says.
"We're young," Betsy points out. It was something of a wrench to leave the little house. But Kelly was coming, and they needed more room. They were scared at first by the size of the world, but they moved in, especially Gene, who'd spent his New York years in hotel rooms and small apartments.
They finally rented what still seemed to them a mansion. But though the rooms were spacious, they were simply furnished. And one of the bedrooms could be easily converted into a sunny nursery for the baby. And their friends, the Dick Whorls, lived on the same street. And in time they'd get used to a kitchen where you had to walk from the stove to the refrigerator, instead of just reaching.

Baby Talk...
On Broadway, Betsy was one of those overnight sensations in Saroyan's "The Beautiful People." Her baby's the reason he doesn't go back to work. She won't have paper flying and laughter and hugs and maybe a tear or two. Practical gifts this year—nothing flossy and juvenile. Negligees and a bedrest and comforter for Sue, the expectant mother. Sports jacket and suede shoes for Alan—who was just as tickled as if he didn't know they'd have to be put in mothballs till the war was over. . . . People dropping in all day. Fifteen for turkey and plum pudding at five, with Alan carving. It's a job he hates. But Sue likes the bird brought in whole, brown and noble-looking. So he grunts and carves.

Much later that evening. The guests had left. Sue and Alan sat watching the fire burn down. He spoke of his mother. "I spoke with the quiet conviction of faith. "She does know,"
to haul her downstairs at 3 A.M. to meet the people. "Trains her to cope with life," the Kellys maintain.

The one thing that's missing is the end of a meal. Take the spoon away, and she sputters all over her bib. Pop eggs her on. "Attaboy, Kelly, stand up and fight." They're both families in wartime, the Kellys now have a maid. But now they don't. Betsy takes the maidless intervals in stride.

"So what, lots of people never have any help." She looks like something moonlit out of a fairy tale, but there's nothing frail about her capacity for work.

for the love of pike...

She loves to cook—learned partly by watching her mother, partly out of a book. From Gene she learned to cook fish. She'd always loathed it, but the first time they went out to dinner, he took her to a fish place and—well, you know how it is on your first date—she choked it down. Betsy serves them and looks hopeful, but that's as far as she'll go. Things don't matter enough, says Betsy, to make a fuss about.

Dishes, for instance. She hates them. Gene hates them worse. So she washes them. Once in a while conscience pricks, and he offers to help.

He's the Sunday chef. "The way I slave Sunday mornings!" They eat heartily round noon—melon and potato cakes made from leftover spuds, and scrambled eggs—no one, brags Kelly, can tie them for scrambled eggs, they're richer, denser, and honey from the comb and sausage or bacon, for which they save their ration points.

Betsy goes to the butcher in pigtails and what Gene calls a "Claudia" look. "Takes a mean advantage of the guy's protective instinct and brings home the bacon—"

By 3 the neighborhood kids have gathered in the backyard for a game of kickball. Gene's nuts about it, and it works both ways. They call on him for aid, advice and plain conversation. One lad, a doctor's son, lugged his printing press over to be admired.

"Got a business scheme I'd like to talk over with you. Thought I'd print my dad's cards and leave 'em around at doors. Drum up a little trade."

"Did you tell your father?"

"No, I want to surprise him."

Gene persuaded him that the surprise might be on the other foot, and switched him to selling War Bonds.

If they haven't already asked people in for the evening, they'll start phoning around eight. "Where are we doing right?"

Their cronies include the Dick Whorfs, Keenan Wynns, Hume Cronyns, Nancy Walker, Judy Garland, Van Johnson. There's always someone around to sing and play. And since Betsy's got a loss for either ideas or language, they can call the evening away with great confidence.

Gene's friends note, however, that he's never so deep in talk that he doesn't know just where Betsy is. He'll wander over, drop a kiss on her hand or hair and go right on with the argument.

You'd be hard put to it to find a taste they didn't share. They both hate golf and love baseball. They like the same books, the same games, the same newspapers. They studied Spanish together, and now they're trying to get up a class to study Russian.

nothing important, darling...

Ask them what made the first year the hardest, and they'll eye you blankly. Gene recovers first. "I don't know, anyone else, there'd be a million things. Not with Betsy. She's so serene. Nothing bothers her—"

"What's there to bother me?"

"Well, I read too late."

"All right, you read too late."

"Once I read till 7:30. You thought that was silly—"

"It is silly, but not when you do it. How about me? I mislay things—"

Once she left her ration books in the glove compartment of Van Johnson's car. They were having dinner that night with Van and Nancy Walker to celebrate Van's birthday. He tried to slip Betsy the books under the table, but Gene caught them. Chin in hand, he regarded his wife. "What did I ever marry you for?"

Next day he went off to Columbus where he's on loan for "Cover Girl"—inadvertently taking her car keys along with his own. At noon she was on the phone. "Nothing important, darling. Just, what did I ever marry you for?"

There is also the hat question. Gene has a flair for women's clothes and yearns to see Betsy in ravishing hats. Any hat on her head makes her feel like a snared pigeon. Ever hopeful, he buys them, and she doesn't wear them. Last winter they were going to New York to see her folks. His Christmas gift was to be a fur coat for the trip. As a fillip to this lovely surprise, he designed a little fur hat to go with it, and took his creation to various shops—where they gave him that here's-a-sucker look and told him what was wrong with the hat. In the end, he found an ap-

preciative soul who respected his genius and made the thing the way he wanted it. Betsy wore it to the station and as far as Pasadena, and that was the last time he saw it on her head.

"I did wear it," she protests. "Once last year, and once this."

A few weeks ago he thought he'd found the solution. A beret. She'd love a beret. They were casual and cute. But it had to be right. Not too floppy, like most of them. He scourcd the town and finally found it at Bullock's—the ideal shape, the ideal shade of brown for her coloring.

"It's beautiful, Gene," she said. "Only—"

"Only what?"

"Well—I don't know when I'll wear it."

At that point he gave up.

He's got a temper but he never gets mad at Betsy. Bad manners rile him. Take the modern c'assic example—the guy who sees you make for a parking spot and cuts in ahead of you. Then he really explodes—jumps out, arms flailing, Irish vocabulary unleashed. What makes Betsy mad are people talking in the movies behind her. Gene gives this the hahas. "Mad like a butterfly. She turns round, gives with the appealing smile and says, 'Please.'"

At Gene's first preview, Betsy got so excited she cried. "Thousands Cheer," his latest, was recently released. It belongs to Kathryn Grayson and to Gene. In it, he picks up where he left off in "My Gal and Me" and goes on—a long way—from there. We don't know whether Betsy cried at this one or not, but thousands cheered.
into very serious trouble.

If you were born in Taurus
(April 21-May 20)

Love: Glamour near home till August, especially powerful May 5-29. Great popularity sought July 26 for about a year: love and social life swell, with a high point Aug. 11-Sept. 3.

Family: Opportunity centered in home, family life till July 26, especially around June. You may change your locale here, get off to a new start in an altered environment.

Employment: Steady work likely; whatever is done consistently benefits you. Unselfishness pays high dividends. Progress via routine leads to recognition, success.

Travel: Short trips in April, May; longer ones, or more permanent removals, in June, late October, November. But don't be jumpy; nearby things demand attention especially after June.

Report says that Marine students under Lt. Tyrone Power, more in two weeks from him than they learn in months from anyone else. Ty's horoscope shows success in the armed forces. This year increases his popularity, and his luck. Change around the end of April starts the ball rolling for him in a new direction. Something about love or children takes stage center in his life. Anyone heard any reports that Annabella is expecting? Could be, this year.

Even though Alice Faye Harris is looking forward to a blessed event, it looks like trouble for her and Phil. Starts in late March, early April, goes speed in late June and becomes decisive soon after. It's possible that this will take some form other than a split—divorce isn't the only trouble a married couple can have—but if they survive together this bear- ings down of the planets, nothing will ever break them up. But will they?

If you were born in Gemini
(May 22-June 21)

Love: Glamour catches hold for a long stay. Romance and good times are a permanent part of your life. Marriage chances increase after July. Have fun, look for lasting ties.

Family: New home conditions in latter half of the year make for happiness. Could mean a home of your own.

Employment: You'll work hard for what you get, but can win by persistence. New start in routine matters in October-November should be grasped confidently.

Travel: The most permanent thing about your life seems to be change. Be ready for anything. Trips, new starts, new locales especially likely in June-July.

Johnny (Gemini) Payne leads the male 20th Century fan mail poll, doesn't seem to get less popular in '44. Fact is, he can zoom into service may turn up with a medal. He has courage, the capacity to take chances and get away with it. Danger at the end of May, end of July, through September, bears watching.

Paulette Goddard's secret heart may make her Mrs. Secret Heart this year. She's under very magnetic influences, can charm 'em plenty. She's also got lots of luck developing now, which can bring her financial stability for a long time.

Temperament can trip her at the end of June; before the luck comes, there's a chance for her to stymie it, lose heavily by indiscreet, badly-timed flare-up.

Errol Flynn's troubles won't be over till after March, and actually, till after the end of June, he has to watch his step.

Then it's smoother sailing with less of the limelight on unpleasant things. He can get back in the chips this year by conservative means, but has to look out for financial matters. His impulses run away with him. He's going to have a tough time settling down, but apparently makes the effort in the last six months of the year. The house in Mexico will cost him plenty, may prove a headache. Errol isn't stable enough yet to make a go of it, will cut and run from the settled estate probably in late November or December. Looks like globe-trotting, the cover-up of a serious heartache.

If you were born in Cancer
(June 22-July 23)

Love: Take it seriously! You can attract older men, establish something sound and lovely. April-May find you magnetic; October-November can clinch things.

Family: Put down roots of your own, avoid being rushed in the past. Avoid dissension at end of August; a putting family relations on a new basis.

Employment: Decision right after Jan. 20 gives you a grip on routine. Everything changing around your home. Stick-to-it-iveness makes a better job. Changes of work, or attitude toward it, from Oct. 23 on, should be achieved discreetly.

Travel: Look for it after mid-July, especially through the end of August. A brief trip is likely, to unexpected results.

Olive de Havilland's got to make up her mind about something important. Love hold's stage center—she may think she's hurting the end of March and catch it in her shell. She's awfully sensitive, anyway, and now her capacity for feeling misunderstood is tremendous. She'll decide this year on financial matters whether to go on with pictures or not. She's got the making of a recluse, despite her romantic history. Marriage? That's hard to say. She's a very complex little person, doesn't know what she wants or how to get it.

If you were born in Leo
(July 24-August 23)

Love: You can get what you want this year, especially May 23-July 12. A friend may turn into a sweetheart swiftly, with lasting results.

Family: Relatives, neighbors, those close by are important; but home-life isn't the most important thing to you now. You make and achieve happiness by being unselfish with those who share your daily life.

Employment: Big chances for gain after July, through things done quietly, without boasting. Knight of your role seems behind-the-scenes, results are worth it.

Travel: Frequent short trips likely, long ones not. Change, October-November, may bring removal to a nearby place, for keeps or at least for a long time.

Bob Taylor's health needs watching, January-June, and especially at the end of March. Danger from accidents and to the heart. He's a natural leader, has plenty of daring, can lack judgment when courage or ego is challenged.

Bob's sense of duty and personal worth are terrific. Combination that makes him a strong fighter, a brave leader, a daring and effective pilot. He can win equally...
If you were born in Virgo (July 24-August 23)

Love: gets more important this year; you acquire lasting friends after June; magnetic (July-August), can find real love Aug. 11-Sept. 3. Be ready for happiness!

Family: Leadership is expected of you in your circle.

If you seem overburdened, look on responsibility as opportunity. Establish your duties, stick to them, avoid rebellion, breaks, temper especially after Nov. 22.

Employment: Swell opportunities to progress, achieve recognition, success. Luck smiles especially after July. Take the lead, influence people and stabilize bank account. Chances to do all are numerous, the influences benefiting you stable and enduring.

Travel: Restlessness (July 13-Aug. 29) should be used up in a vacation trip. A short journey (Oct.-Nov.) can lead to unexpected change.

Virgo-born have zoomed in '43; five Virgo's were top-fifty stars in '43, only one in '42. Leading them all was Alan Ladd, getting more fan mail than Valentino in his prime. Alan has long-lasting glamour influences at work for him, can hold his fame and popularity. But he's facing danger till March, when the most critical aspect in his chart is repeated where it influences him directly. That's crucial. Accidents menace him; he's got to watch his judgment, which can be faulty at critical times.

Ingrid Bergman and George Montgomery were born the same year, month, and day, according to the best information we can get. Both have lots of luck this year, especially in the last four months.

George, reported on duty in the Pacific northwest, is deployed and apparently held back until mid-June. Then it looks like travel and far places.

Donald O'Connor's jitterbug career is probably over. Very likely it's the armed forces for him—top-20 stars in '43, and the end of his movie career. Might there have been, or does he have, an alleged high school fiancé suddenly toward the end of July. Don's got the makings of a great fighter, should get in the thick this year.

Van Johnson's accident last April 1 could be the subject of an article all by itself. If he escaped the terrific planetary influences operating then, he can live forever, even though it did make him 4-F. Van's looking for his ideal woman, and it's not an easy search. He wants perfection. Look hard around the end of July, Van—maybe you won't have to be lonesome any more. If it isn't Judy Garland, look for an older girl. Van has the makings of a great dramatic actor, will start bigger roles soon.

If you were born in Libra (September 24-October 23)

Love: Libra is glamour and love, and now it's emphasized by very favorable influences. Keep ideals high to get what you want and hold it, June-July, and Sept.-Oct, find you irresistible.

Family: You incline to be self-centered, must be ready to take on responsibility after the end of June. Look out for resentments, bad judgment June 20-July 3. Elders may look to you for a lot: Be happy to do your share and maybe even more—it's your way to happiness, even if obligations seem to cramp you.


Travel: Expect anything; far places hold widening opportunity. Jan. 20-Mar. 28 can take you anywhere. Be progressive, don't get into a rut—the essence of your development is found in change leading to increased standing and prestige, perhaps far from where you start.

Greer Garson should be lovelier than ever, go on to new highs of popularity—she's likely to become the first lady of the screen and hold the place for a long time. The latter half of the year is difficult for her, may require her to drop everything for something dear to her in personal life. She values her love for Richard Ney above all else, will go to him without hesitation if he needs her, and he may.

If you were born in Scorpio (October 24-November 22)

Love: A friend may become a sweetheart (Sept. 25-Nov. 25)—you can meet someone through relatives who'll be important if you're taking your emotions seriously.

Family: Change in family status will widen your scope, bring you new opportunity and advantages, though you may feel more "on your own" than before the end of July. Don't keep expecting too much from elders.

Employment: You gain through cooperative effort, visitances coming Jan. 20-Mar. 27. Those whose opinions count favor you May, June, July. Seek added prestige, popularity, responsibility. Good things come your way if you keep conscience clear, self-respect high.

Travel: Need to stand on your own two feet takes you to far places where there's opportunity after the end of June. Your world enlarges—grand opportunities to "Go places and do things" confidently.

Roy Rogers is going great guns, seeing new parts of the world and riding the crest of a wave of popularity, especially after the middle of the year. A woman is important in his life and helps his luck in immeasurably this year. Good year for Roy to buy property for long-term holding; a new start at the end of the year gives him a push in the right direction.

If I have Hedy Lamarr's correct birth data, 1944-5 are crucial years in her life, bringing big change and a new viewpoint. Her temperament can break out in strange places, and with her naturally bad marriage indexes, she may be gracing Reno...
CHRISTMAS SOCK
OF 1943!

BUY WAR BONDS FOR CHRISTMAS ★ THE PRESENT WITH A FUTURE ★ ON SALE DAY AND NIGHT AT MOTION PICTURE THEATRES

or some similar center of the 5th Freedom. Money runs through her fingers; she has to look out for debt, sponging friends and hare-brained financial schemes that appeal to her get-rich-quick impulses.

If you were born in Sagittarius (November 23-December 21)

Love: Feet-on-the-ground till June prevent costly breaks, keep you calm for glamour to come later. Idealistic tie can claim you May 23-July 12, can lead to swift, glamorous marriage and a new life for you. But look before you leap—don't marry just to get away from something you don't think you like!

Family: You're likely to be resenting all kinds of restraint till the end of June. Elders seem harsh—but take it and like it! Your opportunity to "be yourself" comes later; don't hurry it rebelliously.

Employment: Opportunity zooms after June; take on new responsibilities, aim for a new high of prestige, earning power. Favor of important folks is yours May 23-Aug. 29 if you don't let ego and temperament put you in a false light.

Travel: Distant places beckon May 23-July 12; take trips, perhaps establish yourself permanently elsewhere. Avoid jumpiness, fickleness of purpose—wherever you go, some purpose bigger than just plain adventure; thus make adventure mean something lasting.

Mrs. Harry James is slated to be just Betty Grable again before the end of 1944, according to the way I read the planets' influence in her chart and Harry's. Plenty of glamour surrounded both of them when they were married last July, but by mid-1944 the sober realities of life have cracked down, and it looks splittish, even though a little James is on the way. Too bad. Neither chart is too good for marriage, and there's more pressure on them than they're likely to take together.

Frank Sinatra's a Sagittarian who's skyrocketed in '43. He won't hold the peak he does now, for the glamorizing influence passes. Hope he's saved his money—but it wasn't till August that "Frank Sinatra owned Frank Sinatra 100%." Till then, his partners, bosses, promoters and managers took most of what he made, typical of the influence that spotlighted partners in the lives of Sagittarians. Frank's a lot more stable than his sanctified sex-appeal career, will be better off in every way when the smoke clears, and he isn't quite so magnetic. He may not make so much money, but he'll prosper financially, be better able to enjoy life.

If you were born in Capricorn (December 22-January 20)

Love: Best social periods are Jan. 29-Feb. 21, and Oct. 14-Dec. 11. This isn't a glamour-year for you, but there's a chance for a good, permanent tie after the end of June, if you're grown-up enough to value what's offered them.

Family: Peculiar conditions with elders, who'll either expect a lot of you or swing to the other extreme and tend to spoil you. Be a mature, responsible member of the family group; an adult can benefit you tremendously.

Employment: Regular daily chores develop past the drudgery-point, lead to recognition, advancement. Better your self in connection with work, Jan.-Mar. 28, assume more responsibility along cooperative lines.

Travel: Swift developments in June-July can take you far, cause a kind of break with the past. Be courageous, grasping new opportunities at a distance, without quarreling with those you may be
leaving behind. July 13-Aug. 29 good for trips, removals.
Judy Garland takes on responsibility—we bet it's a husband. She takes her men, and herself, seriously. Reports her dates with Van Johnson are for dancing, only we put in the raised eyebrow department. Their temperaments are alike; both are lonely at heart, show very similar backgrounds and psychological conditioning. Sure, they can hurt each other—probably will. But there must be deep understanding and sympathy between them, and there's a better than even chance that, having got acquainted, they'll click. Basically, both are afraid of being hurt, but may discover in each other precisely the safe refuge they seek.

If you were born in Aquarius

(January 21-February 19)

Love: Good stable influences heighten your popularity and magnetism throughout this year; restrictions drop off after the end of June. You're slated to get something new and different. Engagement, marriage before end of July makes you even happier than you'd dreamed. You're especially favored Feb. 13-19, and May 20-June 22.

Family: Your individuality doesn't think much along family lines this year; sweethearts, relatives at a distance, are more important than those close by. Make sure you don't hurt those you love most by neglect.

Employment: Routine won't appeal to you till after the end of June; then you'll find that your continued happiness depends on your discipline. Look for practical ways to lead your own life in the last five months of the year, by taking on regular duties soberly.

Travel: comes easy to you; you seem to take it for granted, can spend lots of time moving from place to place. Opportunity lies afar, even though it entails a lot of hard, consistent work. Go places and broaden your outlook.

That baby of Lana Turner's came just in time to worry everyone. Born in Leo, sign opposite her mother's, she came just a week before an eclipse, and it wasn't till the day after that eclipse that little Cheryl was pronounced out of danger. Lana's got a swell year ahead;

In the barracks, buried by a boogie-woogie beat, foggy joes sat up and opened an appreciative ear. "What a war," said one. "Getting bugled out of bed by Harry James!"

Men look for a new look; the terrific trumpeter has heard all of the Army bugle calls, and these are being used on all posts where recordings recapture the khaki life. However, when this bugle call was recorded, some of them were rejected and had to be done over again. Harry, who may some day soon be awakened by his own music, thought that the rejects might have been caused by his mild mannered second session passages. Investigation indicated that even the colonel was a brother under the tin—he liked the variations as well as any ex-gator in the Army. The difficulty was entirely in the technicalities of the recording.

So, on the set of "Two Sisters and a Sailor," the Pied Piper of Pin-Up Girls recorded several of the bugle calls before an appreciative audience of officers from nearly Army posts.

Music has charms to Sousa savage beast.

If you were born in Pisces

(February 20-March 20)

Love: You'll have to take yourself seriously this year, to benefit by the social love influences. Jitterbugging won't bring out the best in you; but there's a chance for the Real Thing, especially after July 6. Be alert to chances for engagement, marriage.

Family: Changes at home start popping right after January; you or your family may move. Whatever has been looking like a restraint seems to be removed; elders are easier to deal with. Strike out on your own—you might even be starting a home of your own!

Employment: Excellent chances Jan. 20-July 6, especially May 22-July 12, bring progress, gain. Assume responsibility in your job, to benefit by expanding chances later.

Travel: Change can mean travel, and since change in home-life, fundamentals, is likely, you can look for travel, a new locale for your home and family. A long trip Oct. 14-Nov. 25 is excellent.

Betty Hutton has marriage high-lighted this year, though it may be more than an off-again, on-again proposition. Her career takes a new turn; she seems to get more mature and serious-minded, can surprise July, August by doing roles of depth and importance. She's got a touch of genius, has Betty, and great self-assurance. Watch health, last part of the year, Betty... and look out for gossip in November and December.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 59)

projection room where he spent day after day reviewing old Clark Gable pictures. The studio wants Jimmie to learn to emulate the Gable voice.

Brass Buttons:

By the time you read this, Alan Ladd will be wearing tweeds instead of khaki and preparing to make your hearts glod with more characterizations as dept as those in "This Gun for Hire" and "The Glass Key." The serious recurrence of old swimming injuries bedded him, first, in a hospital near his Army base. Later he was moved to a second hospital and broadened your outlook.

Sue, frantic, of course, left Hollywood immediately to remain with him. At present it is not known whether surgery will have to be undertaken or not. The only certain thing is that he has been given honorable discharge from the Army.

"You can't, no you can't, no you really, really can't. oh, you can't get them up in the morning..." Reveille, kids, with hot sticks in the sizzling Harry James manner.

Men who have hair that's bright and shining,
Dancing highlights catch their eye,
If your hair is dull and mousy
Sweet romance may pass you by,

Let Colorine come to the rescue,
Use it after each shampoo,
Colorine adds richer color,
Lustrous sheen and highlights, too.

Try Colorine and you'll discover
Glamorous hair makes glances linger,
You'll thank us for this "guide to glamour"
As he slips his ring upon your finger

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR A NESTLE OPalescent Crewe Wave.

In 160 & 250 sizes, Al beauty counters everywhere.
GOOD NEWS (Continued)

You know Christmas: It arrived October 15 this year. Or at least the holly, red ribbons, packages, greeting cards and rocked brains did. Paulette Goddard solved her overseas gift problem by logic: Q: What would make a man, overseas, happy at Christmas time? A: A real Christmas, with comradeship and laughter.

Q: How does one send comradeship and laughter in a package weighing not more than five pounds?
A: By sending something that will enhance the man's popularity.

So Paulette sent Burgess Meredith a huge box of vitamin pills to keep him healthy, and four pair of nylons (her last) with six lipsticks (different shades) to make him popular.

There is a chap on Hollywood Boulevard who will tell you that Captain Clark Gable is one of the finest actors on earth. This chap has long earned his living by making briar pipes. Along came the war with the result that his shipment of briars from England was stopped.

But recently he received a parcel from Captain Gable, who had been a peace-time customer; the parcel contained enough briars for many, many pipes, so the chap is flourishing in business again.

Dinah Shore is now addressing all those "Corporal George Montgomery Lets" letters to an A.P.O. number, probably one trimmed with fur. George had one idea and one alone when he was inducted: "Get overseas as soon as possible." He kidded the chap邑r rather to some post where his knowledge of languages would be useful. He excels at Russian especially.

He was blond and dashing. He wore the slate blue uniform and the g Austrian cap of the Fighting French. From his expression it was obvious that he was concerned with his own thoughts, hence utterly oblivious to the interested glances of strollers along New York's Fifth Avenue. Suddenly a sub- jitterbug stepped up and said, "Excuse me, Missie, but may I have your autograph?"

That started it. In a few moments Jean Pierre Aumont was a astonished vortex of a circle of laudatory fans. It was his last day in New York. The day before he had kept a promise to Universal, by putting Maria Montez Aumont on a Hollywood-bound train.

When Maria arrived in Hollywood, however, she had a roaring case of influenza, caused partly by change of climate, partly by her previous heavy picture schedule and partly by her wretchedness over Jean Pierre's departure for a combat area.

The Domestic Scene:
His head was bent. He walked slowly about. His dark eyes scanned the expanse of the sound stage with great concentration.

"Any luck today?" someone asked.
Our hero pursed his lips. "One this morning," he admitted, but added with a sigh, "none this afternoon."

"Any contributions?" the friend queried further.

He, Charles Boyer turned back the lapel of his coat to reveal four safety pins. "The script girl gave me two yesterday," he said.

Explanations: When the Boys bought the laying for their youngster (due in December), they remembered to buy everything, but nothing, except safety pins.

So prospective-papa Boyer has been collecting pins from every possible source. Trying to buy them in Los Angeles is like trying to buy an excursion ticket to Biarritz.

Ingrid Bergman's five-year-old daughter, Pia, was a recent visitor to the set of "Gas light" where she incited the crew to riotous laughter. Someone asked Miss Pia if she wanted to be an actress when she grew up.

"No," she said definitely. "I want to be a director like Mr. George Cukor, because a director is the only person who can tell my mother what to do and she will mind."

Somewhat later she was seated comfortably on a ladder, watching the filming of a very difficult scene. In the midst of the take, Miss Pia—who had watched her mother in a certain pose studying her script the night before—piped shrilly, to the utter destruction of the sound track, "You're not doing it right, Mother. You're supposed to be lying on your tummy on the bed when you speak those lines."

Director Pia was hustled off to the confines of her mother's dressing room.

Bette Davis, thinner, quieter, but obviously enjoying her work, has told everyone in the studio she delighted she is that Claude Rains was given the role of Mr. Skeffington. Paul Henreid was originally set, but refused to do it because he felt that he wasn't right for the part. Finally the part came back to Rains, who was on the Warnor lot under contract, a fact that Bette had pointed out repeatedly.

Gowned in one of the trilly dresses of the period, Bette was chatting with a set visitor between takes. Something about a magazine article entered the conversation, and Bette said naturally, "Tarney was such a lot of fun when I was working on that. He and the writer and I spent a lot of time together."

"You were supposed to be lying in bed at night."

"Her tone was entirely natural. Once again, as she has before, Bette appears to have accepted a major event of her life with a courage which has extracted the bitterness from me and left all bitterness to those of smaller heart and narrower vision.

This department, striving as it does to bring happiness to all, has a super-duper announcement to make. It has to do with "Shoulders" Johnson, otherwise known as Van, a sterling character who is to giveles what Frank Sinatra is to a microphone: a swoon-maker.

Recently a group were having luncheon in the Metro commissary, and someone kidded Van about his total loss. Van, grinning, admitted that he had been aching an aggregation of love letters. But, he added, it was all part of a system. He really wanted to meet the right girl, fall genuinely in love and get married. That's the only real happiness," he asserted sincerely. "That's the way to live."

Quickies:
The good neighbor policy is about to get an elevator ride when esta rubia, Veronica Lake, goes to Mexico City as guest of the Mexican Government. She will be accompanied by her close friend, Rita Beery, but she will leave her chubby young daughter in Hollywood with her nurse.

The Bob Crosby's are painting their baby hungry for a third occupant, due in the spring. Miss Cheryl Christina Crane, nicknamed "Cherry," is losing her babyhood black hair and becoming a blonde like Mommy Lana.

Ann Sothern went down to Texas to be near her husband, Bob Sterling. After an eloped six days, she had spent exactly three hours with him, so Ann sent for her sister to come keep her company.

They do say that wee Bonnie Baker will marry Lt. Hollywood Momie of the First Motion Picture Unit when his decree becomes final.

Another bit of wisenheimer conversation says that George Raft has never quite reconciliated himself to the loss of Betty Garbo.
around on all the big hook-ups. They’re not kidding about this being a real filmusical. Jack Haley plays the same part in the movie that he did in the Rodgers and Hart Broadway production of “Higher and Higher” back around 1941. This is definitely a pre-war affair. No tears or worries, just wise-cracking by Haley at his best and swoon stuff by Sinatra. ... It’s Michele Morgan’s first comedy in this country, and Frank’s first crack at acting. He did appear in a picture recently singing with T. Dorsey’s band, but gosh, in this, he walks, talks and sings, too, all for the same admission price.

We’ve got a Cinderella in Barbara Hale. She started out as a model in Chicago and has only been in pictures a quick six months, doing bit parts. In “Higher and Higher” she not only got the second feminine lead, but gets to kiss Sinatra, marry him, ’n everything! ... Tim Whalen, the director, is getting himself a reputation as a perfect filmor—kind this time. The man’s positively psychic as far as picking out talent goes. He’s the lad who discovered that Victor Mature was nothing short of a dead man, and a whole year ago, he decided upon this deal with Sinatra. If that isn’t foresight ‘r somethin’.

“HIGHER AND HIGHER” PRODUCTION
(Continued from page 33)

buy one, sir,” Byngham said. “It’s seven o’clock by the sundial.”

“Mike!” Mr. Drake yelled. “Get this man out of here.”

Mike O’Brien sat silently on the other enormous bed in Mr. Drake’s bedroom and rubbed his eyes. He looked at Byngham and nodded.

“O. K. Byngle,” he said. “He’s up now. I’ll take over.”

Byngham nodded imperturbably. He crossed to the door and lifted Cyrus Drake’s jacket from the floor. He dusted it carefully. Reaching through the pockets he extracted matchbooks, that showed that Mr. Drake had visited, in succession, the previous night, the Club Gala, Happy House, The Tombstone, The Pelican Club, the Bit O’ Paree and Lefty Houston’s Third Avenue Bar and Grill. He also extracted a letter. The letter was still sealed.

“The letter, sir,” Byngham said. “I’ve been telling you about it every night for a month. It is still unopened.”

“Well, mail it,” Drake said. “What am I paying you for?”

“It was mailed,” Byngham said. “It was mailed to you.

“Terrible service,” Drake said. “I’ll have to talk to the O. P. A.”

Mike said: “Leave it there. I’ll take care of it now.”

When Byngham left, Mike got up a little groggily and picked up the letter.

“Want me to read it?” Mike said.

Cyrus Drake sat up in bed once more, shook himself thoroughly and said: “Business before pleasure. Read it.”

The letter contained two paragraphs. The first one, in words of three syllables or more, made a point about bankruptcy.

“It means,” Mike said pleasantly, “that

which

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or

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(please print)

81
you're broke. In a word, 'washed up.'

"Oh," said Cyrus Drake; he slid back to the pillow again. "Wake me up in a half hour."

At eight-o'clock promptly, Cyrus Drake rose, dressed carefully and walked down the gilt and gold staircases of his New York mansion, crossed a small hall and entered the baronial dining room lit for dinner. The dining room, that is, was lit. He inspected the long, beautiful table for a moment and then decisively walked to the swinging doors that led to the spacious kitchen.

**family retainers . . .**

"You are all invited," he said to the servants, "to dine with me tonight."

That is exactly how it happened that Mickey and Marty, Valet and first maid, Hilda, the upstair's maid, Byngham, the butler, Mrs. Whiffen, the cook, Millie, the slavey, Oscar, the chauffeur, Mike O'Brien, valet extraordinary, and Sandy, the social secretary, happened to dine with Cyrus Drake one spring evening.

At the dinner table, Cyrus made a short speech and to the point: "Friends," he said, "I'm broke. The bank says so. They added up all the numbers, and it came out minus."

Marty said: "All the dough that's been in the family all these years!"

"What are we going to do now?" Hilda asked.

"Yes," Drake said, picking at the food, "what are we going to do now?"

Mike O'Brien said: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I got an idea."

Byngham said: "We can use one."

"The Drake name is still money in the bank. Top drawer. Best in New York."

Now if he had a daughter—

"I have one," Drake said.

"You have one?"

"She's with my wife."

"Where's your wife?"

"There are some questions," Drake said, "that I leave alone. Last heard from, she was in Switzerland."

"What's her name?"

"Pamela."

"Now if Pamela Drake were in town."

Mike said excitedly, "she'd be able to hook herself a guy and a million bucks in no time at all. She'd be terrific."

"But," Byngham groaned, "we don't know where Pamela Drake is."

**ersatz daughter . . .**

"So what?" Mike said. "That's fine. Neither does anyone else. Now just suppose—" his eye traveled over the table; from Mickey to Sandy, from Hilda to Mrs. Whiffen and then finally to Millie, the slavey, looking up at him excitedly. "Now just suppose," he said, "that Millie became Pamela Drake!

The plan was so simple, it was fantastic. Mike O'Brien took over the job of making Millie into Pamela Drake, debutante, heiress of the Drake millions. Millie was beautiful. Under the drap of the servant girl's costume was pure gold. Transformed, Millie was a willow, poised and beautiful; dressed in the best Fifth Avenue could offer; she was breathtaking, coiffed, manicured, shining, she was a pure joy to the eyes.

Mike O'Brien stood back and looked at her: "Wonderful," he said. "Now re-remember. Who are you?"

"Millie."

"No," said Pamela Drake.

"Yes, Mike."

"Put a little more enthusiasm into it. Don't you want to be Pamela Drake?"

"I don't know, Mike," she said slowly.

"Why not?" Mike groaned.

"Sandy said, "Millie, that's in love."

"What? Mike?" Mike said. "I never saw any guys around."

"Well," Sandy said, "maybe it's the guy next door. It's a possibility."

"What guy?" Mike said.

"She waves to him every night through the window."

"Yes, he's nice," Millie said.

"Who is he?" Mike said.

Just then the door bell rang. It was a young man, a little thin, with large, pleasing eyes. There was something very appealing about him. He was carrying a bouquet of flowers. The servants gathered around him curiously. But when he saw Millie, he walked toward her boyishly and extended his hand.

"You haven't waved the past few days," he said. "I thought you were ill."

"Is this the guy?" Mike said.

"Yes, Millie said. "That's him."

"Who are you?" Mike said.

The fellow grinned at him modestly:

"I'm Frank Sinatra."

"Mickey, the upstairs maid, fainted."

"Sinatra," Sandy said formally.

"Thank you for the flowers," Millie said.

"Not at all, Miss—Miss—"

"Millie."

Mike O'Brien yelled: "Pamela Drake. She's Pamela Drake. Millie's just a nickname."

"Oh," Frank said, puzzled. "Funny, I thought she just worked here. I was go-to ask her to wear the flowers to the Butlers' Ball. My chambermaid in-vited me to sing there."

"Oh, I'd love to go to the Butlers' Ball."

Mike said deeply: "Of course, you're going. You're one of the patrons. Don't you remember they invited you to sponsor this year—"

"Millie said: "What?"

Mike said huskily: "So long, Frank. Glad you dropped in. See you at the Ball."

He opened the door and almost pushed the pleasant young man out.

The Butlers' Ball glittered sedately in one of the fanciest ballrooms of one of New York's biggest, handsoms hotel. In the boxes that lined the balcony two groups eyed each other rather hostilely. In one of the pearly boxes, Millie sat splendidly, flanked by Cyrus Drake on one side and by Mike O'Brien on the other. In the second of the two boxes, Katharine Keating, whose place as Numa One, Dr. Drake, had seemed secure until Pamela Drake had arrived, sat haughtily, flanked also: on one side, her mother; on her left a rather languard gentleman who went by the name of Sir Wilton Fitzroy Wilton, K. B., O. B. E. Mike O'Brien leaned over and whispered in Millie's ear: "See that thin slice of corn by Keating's side? Take a good look at him. That's your husband."

"But I don't even know him."

"A detail," Mike said. "That's the boy we're after."

**bumps-o-lisy . . .**

On the stage now, Frank Sinatra was singing, his voice almost caressing, soft, whispering of romance and moonlight. The orchestra played a spell of magic around the melody. Katharine Keating and Sir Wilton rose to dance. Mike was on his feet. "Come on," he said, "That's our cue."

Here's Sir Wilton."

They circled the half darkened floor, and in Mike's arms, Millie looked up at his face. "I like to dance with you."

"Do you get that feeling?"

"You're walking on air. You're away from this world floating higher and higher."

"That's just Sinatra's voice," Millie said. "But maybe it's—"

Mike said tensely: "Now!"

He twirled her out and, caught by surprise, Millie almost stumbled. She tried to recover. One leg went out awkwardly;
a shoe flew off. She spun once more and crashed into a man's arms. Sir Wilton looked at her in amazement.


And that was how Pamela Drake happened to meet Sir Wilton.

After that, events moved swiftly. It was odd how simple gardening was. Sir Wilton was almost jelly each time he saw Millie. And he did see her again, several times. He saw her at the Debutantes Dansant when Millie was voted Number One Debut of the Year. Everything went wonderfully. It was only a matter of time before he proposed.

And Mike O'Brien saw to it that Sir Wilton got his chance to propose. He arranged a party at the Drake mansion.

**half a love...**

"This is the big night, kid," he said to Millie. "This is when we collect on all the bets. This is the payoff!"

"You think he'll propose tonight?"

"If he doesn't, you can put me in a corner and call me dopey," Mike said.

When he left, Millie stood despondently by the window. Someone came into the room and sat down at the piano. It was Frank Sinatra. Frantically, she motioned to him to come out of the darkness, to save her. He looked at her, puzzled. Then he understood, nodded yes. Millie slipped out the back door, hurriedly. She thought no one saw her, but Mike was standing in the shadow of the stairs, saw her get out.

"Frank," Millie said to Frank Sinatra, "you've got to help me."

"Sure," Frank said. "Were you ever in love?"


"I am," Millie said.

"That's fine," Frank said.

"The man I love wants me to get married."

Frank said, "Good fellow."

"He wants me to get married to someone else."

"What?" Frank said. "Say that again."

They had come down the street and into the park. Under the soft lights a night wind whistled between the trees. Frank's soft voice told her all of this. In the darkness, Mike O'Brien came stomping.

"Listen, you imitation bird," he said heatedly. "What are you doing out here?"

"I asked her," Millie said. "Well, ask me to go back. Sir Wilton's burning up waiting for you." "Mike," Millie said softly, pleadingly, "do you want me to marry him?"

"Sure," Mike said harshly. "And that's all I want. Let's get away from this spurious sparrow. Come on."

"Thanks, Frank," Millie said.

And that night, on schedule, Sir Wilton proposed to Millie. Millie accepted.

The day of the wedding was a little sultry. Clouds lined the sky over the skyscrapers of New York. But in the Drake mansion all was excitement. In the upstairs bolthole where Milly was getting ready for the ceremony. Downstairs, Sir Wilton paced up and down languidly looking at his watch. Mike looked everything over for a last look. And then raced upstairs to check on Milly. When he got to the boudoir, he found Mickey and Sandy but no Millie.

"Where is she?"

"Up in the attic," Sandy said.

"What is she doing there?"

"You know the old rhyme. Something old, something new—She's trying to dig it up."

"No time for that," Mike said. He went up to the attic. The great room was rusty and dark. Through a high window, the sunlight came spattering the old wooden floor with gold. Old chests...
romance, cold! the tavern.

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No,” Mike said, “I’m pulling out now. Just tell Millie to be happy. With Frank...

He walked out quickly before any of them had a chance to stop him. He walked out and left it all flat. He wanted to get away. Maybe he’d forget Millie, forget the girl with the large, lovely eyes and the charming smile. She wasn’t for him. She was for another guy. Just pull up stakes, then; get away—

So it wasn’t until two months later that the girls came through to him that Frank Sinatra had married Katharine Keating. And when he heard it, he came raving back to New York, back to the Inn on the site of the old Drake mansion. He hadn’t been a helping person. It was a great, the biggest night club success in New York for a decade. It had an air, different, amusing. But he didn’t stop to look at it. He was searching for a face, a smile. He walked swiftly through the room, through to the kitchen. He looked around. Over by the sink a fan was ticking diligently at the dishes. Mike O’Brien grinned for the first time in two months.

“Millie!” he called.

And when she turned, she didn’t need to know anything more. Everything was known in her eyes. He felt as if he were walking on air, floating higher and higher. That was love, wasn’t it? Through the singing doors of the kitchen he could hear the orchestra playing. And over it came the soft voice of Frank Sinatra singing of love and romance, moonlight and the touch of lips in the dark. But he didn’t need Sinatra to tell him about love now. He didn’t need an apology...

All he needed was Millie.

CAST

Millie, . . . Michele Morgan
Mike, . . . Jack Haley
Frank Sinatra, . . . Frank Sinatra
Drake, . . . Leon Errol
Mickey, . . . Marcy McGuire
Kate, . . . Barbara Hale
Hilda, . . . Grace Hartman
Byngham, . . . Paul Hartman
Sandy, . . . Mary Wickes
Marty, . . . Mel Torme
Oscar, . . . Dooley Wilson
Mrs. Keating, . . . Elizabeth Risdon
Mrs. Whiffin, . . . Ivy Scott
Mr. Green, . . . Rex Evans
Fitzroy Willton, . . . Victor Borge
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Make it do • Or do without

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HOW MY BAD SKIN CHANGED OVERNIGHT

Only a woman who has suffered with bad skin can know what it came over me when I awoke to see my face in fresh, clear, and smooth again. It seemed like a marriage made in heaven. I have pimples, blackheads, big pores, oily skin, eruptions and ugly spots (external and internal). I didn't fool around with greasy, shiny make-ups. Let NATURE help you. Use my private secret skin formula. See its amazing effects start overnight. I call it NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Try it for seven nights. If doesn't beat anything you ever tried send back and get your money. This may seem too good to be true, but the test will tell you MONEY-BACK guarantees protects you. SEND NO MONEY, unless you wish. When postman delivers, pay only $1.00 plus charges. (Orders with cash prepaid.) Special double size sends. See if you don't kiss the day you found NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Write today—NOW! Miss ALMA, 301 Park Avenue, Suite 29, New York, N.Y.

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GUB AND A GIRL

(Continued from page 35)

decided that he wanted to fight now, instead of waiting. So he dropped his suit and finished his course. He met another chap who had reached the star salesman's position in one of the nation's most successful business organizations. Another man had been associated with him in business and had been planning to be married—but we decided to wait. Things may be pretty uncertain for me.

Gig kept still. He asked questions of others and listened attentively about himself he said nothing. Finally he wandered out to the platform for a smoke and was joined by a tall, rangy character who said quietly, "Say, riding in this three-tiered bunk car is a come-down after traveling in a Flying Fortress, isn't it, Captain?"

"Gig took it easy. "How do you mean?" he temporized.

kidding the captain...

"I saw 'Air Force six times,'" the booth, "Swell picture. You did a fine job. And I liked your getting promoted—right in the thick of things—from lieutenant to captain."

Gig grinned. "Yeah. It was a long picture, he said. Do me a big favor, will you please? Just don't say anything about this to the other guys, okay?"

The boot surveyed Gig appreciatively. "Sure—if that's the way you want it."

"Toward morning he awakened with a frightful jar. He was in thought. Cautiously he raised the blind a few inches to take a squint at his new base. . . . He noted the dry-bed, the span of concrete bridges. He blinked. This was all oddly familiar... ."

A gay group of workers were just pulling out at 3 A.M. . . . that meant at least 14 hours of travel and at least 5 more hours of blissful sleep.

Gig turned over and buried his face in the pillow with a grunt of contentment.

The following night he had his first experience with Navy regimentation. He fell in line behind a serpentine of boots, took a dinner tray and proffered it along the food-assembly queue. That was the way to carry your tray, Mister," the boy's mumbled, "You've been around."

But this was only a minor mishap, to be followed—said the chief—by practically all the boots—by bigger and better corrections, of course.

One afternoon, on the drill field, the drill official suggested that Gig take over the column and give the orders. Gig, with the extreme courtesy of the corpsman, protested to an officer, that he didn't feel exactly able to put the boots through their paces yet.

"You'll get along swell," the officer said with about 40 times the confidence Gig felt. "I've got some business to attend to. Be back after awhile."

So, Gig assembling his vocabulary of orders, called the men: "Dress!" The men extended their arms and turned their heads to complete the maneuver. There they stood, finger tip to next man's shoulder, a very pretty scene. And there stood Gig, slowly turning to stone. He couldn't remember what to say to get them out of this position.

Days, weeks, centuries, and eons passed. One knew that he took a step forward he would fall flat over his long grey beard. At the moment when he was praying to be disintegrated by Buck Rogers or swooped out of the world by Superman, a buddy came to his rescue. In a stage whisper, he fed Gig his next line. A samaritan, brother, a pure, unadulterated samaritan in the flesh.

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A movie was being shown at the base one night, but Gig asked permission to skip it as he had seen the feature previously. He wanted to do his laundry in solitude during the time when the other boots were attending the movie, he explained, so his request was granted by his immediate superior.

He was rushing down the corridor, one arm full of clothes, and a bottle of Clorox under the other, when a petty officer suddenly emerged from the chief's quarters. "Where are you going, mister?"

Gig explained, "But you're supposed to be seeing a movie with the other men," the petty officer said coldly. "Who gave you permission to be absent?"

Naturally, Gig didn't want to get the subordinate officer into trouble if permission shouldn't have been granted, so he stumbled over a few words, mumbled a few syllables and started to extend one arm in a gesture of pure amnesia to the officer's name.

The gesture was too wide; the bottle of Clorox splashed a dozen small rivers of chemical, promptly crashed onto the "deck." Without a word, Gig and the officer darted to the far end of the corridor to get an armload of swabs to clean up the mess.

Vigorously they worked side by side. Some of the Clorox had even seeped under the chief's office door. Luckily he wasn't there at the time. When the deck was dried, Gig was allowed to go on about his washing without further explanation. Oh, yes, he borrowed the Clorox belonging to another boot.

navy blues...

After Gig had completed his three months in boot camp, he knew he would be allowed an occasional weekend pass, so he sent for Sheila who joyously moved north. She finally found an apartment large enough to accommodate herself, the phonograph-recorder she couldn't force herself to store, and the few other things she and Gig really needed to set up wartime housekeeping. Then she settled down to being a Navy wife. She learned in the first two weeks that the greatest problem was loneliness.

If Gig didn't get home for two weeks, that meant day after day of cleaning an already spotless apartment; of cooking for one, of being remote from friends and familiar surroundings; of having too much time to think about her family, who are prisoners in the Philippines. She talked the situation over with another Navy wife with whom she had made friends.

"Why don't you get a job?" the friend asked.

"I'm not much of a commercial asset," confessed Sheila forlornly. "I've never worked, so I don't know a thing about an office."

"You could learn, couldn't you?" encouraged the friend. "It's no trick to learning filing or switchboard operation."

When her first friend made an appointment for Sheila with the office manager of a defense plant, she filled out the application forms with a trembling hand and high hopes. The manager said, after scrutinizing Sheila, "I think we can use you. You strike me as being the sort of young woman who will get on well."

Sheila proved, in short order, that she was an exceptional wife in more ways than simply learning business routine in a rush. She has only one raion book, of course, because Gig isn't allowed extra
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point for his liberty periods. Producing three to five well-balanced meals for two, three, four or five persons every weekend requires ingenuity. The additional members of the Young family—in case you’re curious—were acquired by Gig at the base. He couldn’t resist bringing home an occasional boot who was lonely.

There was the case of the Sleep Walker. He was placed in an upper bunk, from which he fell with spine-jarring regularity. He took a good deal of kidding, some of it from Seaman Young. However, Gig awakened groggily one night, under the impression that he was at home and started to get up. That first step was a bad one.

The next day he suggested that the sleep walker be a Young house guest over the next week-end. “You can sleep on the couch and spare yourself some bruises,” said the prospective host who had learned the hazards of an upper bunk.

With this descent of hungry service men upon her kitchen in mind, Sheila bought up a supply of macaroni and spaghetti. By adding fresh tomatoes, much homemade pasta was served as her red coupons will afford, fresh or canned mushrooms and plenty of seasoning, she keeps a kettle of simmering stuff ready for a salty appetite.

Perhaps the greatest change to take place in the lives of Sheila and Gig is their return to comparatively anonymity. They had just reached the stage in Hollywood, where they were generally wherever they went. If “Old Acquaintance,” the picture in which Gig does such a stratospheric job opposite Bette Davis, had been released before Gig left, he would really have been on the gravy train.

One night he was hitchhiking from the base to town and was picked up by an obviously well-to-do citizen of considerable culture and background. This citizen launched himself into a description of his daughter. She had just appeared in a high school drama. “She’s got the stuff. She’s an actress, all right,” said her fond father. “Why, she’s remarkable! Do you know that she memorized 50 pages of script and NEVER FORGOT A LINE.”

The father talked on. His daughter was going to a dramatic school next—then she would probably be trained in some little theater. “Provided she doesn’t get married,” said the father. “That girl will have her name in lights some day.

They drove on in silence for a few yards, then the man asked Gig, “What were you in civilian life?”

“An actor,” said Gig.

The man regarded his passenger through perspired glasses. “That so? How did you get started?”

“When I was in high school I was in all the plays,” Gig explained cautiously.

strictly the ticket . . .

The man cleared his throat after having given Gig another brief glance. “Well,” he said comfortably, “not everyone gets to be tops in that profession. It requires an extra something. Now, that girl of mine—she’ll have her name in lights some day.”

After Gig had thanked the gentleman for the ride, he stood on the corner and watched the sedan roll down the street. “Your name in lights,” he said thoughtfully, grinning to remember the words he had been given for “Air Force.” He adjusted his white cap早已 straightened his shoulders. He looked down at his navy blue arm. “Brother,” he said, “it’s going to be a great day when I get that red chevron and that crown on my sleeve. Yes, sir, a great day. Pharmacist’s mate, third class. For Byron Barr, at this time of life, it’s strictly the ticket.”

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THE MEN I LOVE
(Continued from page 25)

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THE MEN I LOVE
(Continued from page 25)

you an official star, like Astaire or Boyer."

The troupe stopped at Washington and spey taxi to a restaurant. No, they couldn't be served—too many persons waiting ahead of them. They rushed to the restaurant and found a fourth. Their train was scuffing its heels and snorting with impatience to get away, so the troupe rushed back to the station. Without food. Or water. On them chugged through the hot, dusty afternoon.

At length they reached their station and were taken to a small hotel. It was too late to have dinner. There was but one restaurant in town, and that was closed for the night. It had been 18 hours since any one of the travelers had eaten a bite. Betty struggled upstairs, famished and exhausted, and looked at herself in the mirror. All the curl had slunk from her artificial hairdo; her eyes hung on her nose like a Shetland Pony's mane draps over his forehead.

soldier's lament...

It was too, too much. Uttering a wail, Betty collapsed on the bed and had hysterics. So Doris was enlivened by the thought of the corner grocery. . . . in a few minutes she returned with a can of milk and a box of shredded wheat crackers. Betty ate four and was well on her way for 12 hours.

The next morning the girls and their escort were collected by the hospitality committee from a nearby camp and jolted over the swelling asphalt. They slept out, crisp and tootsy as spring lettuce in their spic cotton dresses. Their powder, rouge and lipstick was applied in a way to make G. I. haircuts curl. Oh, yes, and the experience...their fingernails were enkled and set in place as neat as the fringe on a bright new awning.

The jeep careened, casting up dust. The sun beat down, bringing forth the tip of her cloud. The wind blew, trying out encircling movements. By the time the girls arrived at camp, the bangs strongly resembled the twiggy flotsam tossed up by the Mississippi after a flood. "The heck with it," said Betty. "Glamour is a sin and a delusion. From now on it's going to be just the kid herself."

The kid herself did all right. She lost her voice for a day because of the abandon with which she entertained the boys. Then, at night when she should have been getting sleep, her hotel room sounded like the inside of a cave during a flood slide because of the wet and interrupted Knockington. Everyone who could walk in tri-cornered pants or with two canes wanted an autograph.

She and Doris, after three such nocturnal experiences, had perfected a plan. Doris always occupied the room assigned by the hotel clerk to Betty, and vice versa. Doris would open the door and hold a slim forefinger up to the mouth, so it is another part of the hotel—sleep. You'd better be quiet or you'll awaken her, even on the next floor. Besides, the rest of the guests are complaining, and you know that what is put out of here, there really isn't any other place to stay."

The nobleness of human nature always won; the callers went away quietly, and Betty—in sleep—reassembled her disport.

Girls on camp shows soon learn that, in addition to possessing the stamina of a commando, it is useful to employ the tact of a diplomat.

After a performance there were always a dozen elegantly eligible young officers eager to date the star. Doris, small, rounded, dimpled but aggressive, would look up, up into the bronzed faces and announce fiercely, "You can't take Betty out unless you take me out, too. That's official. I love to keep an eye on Betty; she's always getting herself into predicaments unless I'm there to protect her."

Results were phenomenal. Brass buttons with honorable intentions laughed and took both girls out to the town; wolves silently slunk away.

Surprises on a trip of this kind are always many. A boy from Brooklyn barged up to Betty one day and demanded, "Will you accept me?" Betty obliged, using his pen which was said to contain indelible ink. The task completed, the overjoyed soldier contemplated his arm with solid satisfaction. "I ain't never going to wash it again," he vowed.

Someone was always saying to Betty, "I was in Philadelphia, when you sang there with Lopez, How are things up in the old town?"

The Cleveland, or Memphis, or Denver or Des Moines. Nearly always Betty could tell them something about the town—the name of the hotel at which she had stayed or the name of a restaurant, or... But the entire episode happened so fast that Betty was unable to forestall it in the first place, and the impact was so profound that it took her a few minutes to begin to struggle, in the opposed, over massed rage of her tongue like bees ready to swarm from an outraged hive, all Betty's ire was dispelled when the boy asked pardon. "You're the first girl I've kissed for nearly a year."

And I love you enough to take me home on my next furlough, so I can kiss my real girl," he confessed. "Gosh, you're swell."

Not all the experiences on such a trip are joyous. Betty made it a practice to visit the hospital at each camp; a good many entertainers call on the enlisted men, then rush away for lack of time. Betty remained determined in this way: she visited the officers, too.

As she strolled along one corridor, she spied a man in an oxygen tent, so asked to enter. The nurse considered for a moment. "His condition is critical," she admitted. "The doctor doesn't think there is much hope for him. You see, he's lost interest in everything; he makes no effort to get well. He just lies there...without even moving his head if he can avoid it."

conundrums major...

That, Betty had to see. No one can explain those things—least of all peripatetic hep cat, jitterbug Betty—but it may be that some instinctive thing made her want to share her own boundless energy with the wounded.

She tiptoed in, beaming. "Hi, soldier," she said.

"He's a captain," whispered the nurse. "They should put him on Panama where he'll guess it... Bet an arm to Betty, saluting. "Where are you from—just give me a hint and see if I can guess the town."

For a moment his eyes wandered away but...just to reassure and dispassionate. Then two
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On the sidewalk two children were taking turns riding a tricycle, while a third child was pulling his kitten in a little red wagon. A pretty woman emerged on the porch when a car drove up and called, "Darling, we're out of bread. Do you mind picking up a loaf at the grocery?"

"The young man emerged from the car. "Okay, say, honey, come along with me for the ride."

"This brother," said Betty in a small voice, "is happiness. When I think sometimes how darned unhappy I be; when I've had, and the struggle I'm going to have to keep on making, I get very, very tired. I mean really do. These people have everything. I think I'd love each other. The kids grow up in happy homes. Everybody belongs to a woman's club, and the country club. They have solidarity and permanence. Happiness, kid!"

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

(Continued from page 41)

his script, his bottle of pop and his buttered matzoh. It was while they were playing the borsch circuit that he acquired his passion for buttered matzoh. Every morning Mom cleans the other end of the bed. He used to sit taking his clothes off at the door and finish up in his room, leaving a trail behind. "Saves bother," he'd explain. "Next morning I can put 'em back on the same way." Since they bought the new stove, he hangs things up. First, he's got more clothes—described as Mom as all drapes and droops—and he's reached an age where they mean more to him. Second, he's a couple of nice rooms, like his bedroom and playroom, the least he can do is keep things off the floor.

The playroom, glass-enclosed, is his pride and joy. It's done up in rattan now, but Jack gave him a white polar bear rug for his birthday, and rattan doesn't go with polar bear. So after the war he plans to fix it up with brick glass and blue mirrors and modern stuff—that's his idea of gorgeous. Big, beautiful blue mirrors and brick glass and white fur rugs, zowie! They can always stick the man in the backyard, Jack's way with Mom. She trusts him that much, to let him do what he wants with his own room.

He hates waking up fast. He wants to float for a while. While floating, he imagines his favorite way. Sometimes Mom has to wake him up fast, so she turns the light on or starts talking to him. He hates having the light turned on, he hates being talked to. He grows "Tell me when I wake up." Still asleep, he shuffles to the piano and plays his two solos—boogie-woogie and classical. The classical is "Clair de Lune," the boogie—"woogie's name. Still asleep, he eats eggs and cornflakes every day in the week. Mom eats with him, but there's little conversation. He's still asleep. He trails the body outdoors, gets into the car, and the minutes. The minute he hits the car, he's wide awake.

Cars are to Don what babies are to their mothers. On the one hand, they thrill him to the depths. On the other, he can make them eat from Momma. Give him a car to build or pull apart, and the world is his. The gift of gifts, on his birthday, came from Mom—a Jaguar 38, right-hand drive and all. She meant to surprise him, but he got so excited himself that she spilled the beans ahead of time. When the car was delivered, Don circled it for a full five minutes. Then he touched a finger to it. Then he grabbed Mom and hugged her. "Now I believe it," he said.

He hadn't been driving it more than a month when someone backed into him in a parking lot. Wide, really fendered. He didn't say a word—just drove out, went half a block, turned round and went running back.

"Where you going?" asked Gwen.

"Back to Tom."

"What's the sense of that? Why didn't you do it right away if you had to?"

"First I thought, what's the use? Now I've got myself steamed up."

When he gets that look on his face, you might as well keep quiet. Gwen kept quiet.

The guy was still there. Don jumped out and pointed to his fender. "See that?"

"Yes," said the guy. "It's awful."

"I'll say it's awful. That's a new car. If my fender's getting dented, I'd like the pleasure of denting it myself."

"I'm terribly sorry," said the guy. "I'll be glad to pay for it."

"Oh," said Don, climbed in and drove off.

"Feeling better?" asked Gwen.

"No. He was so nice I couldn't start a brawl. But I'm still more mad because I couldn't start a brawl."

He hates arguments, but feels the need of a friend sometimes. Takes it out in boxing at the Y and yearns just once to muss it up in the ring. "Out of town somewhere," he pleads with the powers-that-be. "I render a different name. The ideal leaves them cold, so he compensates by going to the matches Friday nights. Gwen doesn't like them, but goes along and hides her face at the worst parts. Don doesn't act excited. All he keeps saying is, "Left jab, left jab, left jab."

But then he's just naturally deadpan. He can slay the rest of the crowd without moving a muscle. "You're coming to the studio," he tells Mom, "wear something young. That hat yesterday looked like you're somebody's grandma."

"I am."

"And what's the idea, did you run out of lip rouge?"

"Oh, get along with you, son. That won't help the wrinkles."

"What wrinkles?" he asks.

"Bless you," she answers.

The dress he likes Gwen best in is the one she wore on their first date—yellow crepe with pleats at the waist. The suit she likes best in is a brown-and-white stripe. He used it in "The Third Glory," his coming picture. There's a scene where he was supposed to catch and tear it in.
an electric fan. He kept saying "no."

"But why, Don? The studio'll make it good."

"It's not that. Only—well, this is my girl's favorite suit, and I won't tear it. Not for anything."

He's generally late for dates. With the program lined up for him by Unifem, he's got so many darn things to do that when he gets home, he's torn two ways.

Wants to hurry so he'll be on time, and doesn't want to hurry so he can relax.

Anyway, you can't dress in a hurry. He found a hair on his chin a few months ago and shaved it off. Now he's got enough hairs so he has to shave every day—he thinks. Also he's fussy about the hair on his head—and about his teeth, which he brushes 90 times a day. And he's got to get all the drapes and droops right.

When he finally presents himself at Gwen's door, there's likely to be a box under his arm. No flowers. Some fuzzy animal. They both love fuzzy animals. Gwen's bed is piled high with specimens brought by Don. You can't be too sure at a boy who brings you an animal.

BIG BOY

(Continued from page 27)

face. "Sonny Tufts," he said before he could catch himself and blushed purple.

Made a quick recovery, revolting when haggling over the diploma as though loath to hand it over, he eyed the young giant sardonically. "I'd never have believed it," quoth President Seymour.

It took a good five minutes for the howls to die down, and no one howled any louder than Bowen Charleston III. Except for anthropology, his major, he'd gone clipping college kids fast as 61. Too busy rowing, playing football and organizing bands.

Among his curiosities, he preserves the letter his mother wrote him when he announced that he was going to Yale. The first Tufts settled in Winchester 300 years ago, and the family hasn't moved three square miles since. So Harvard's been a tradition with them. Sonny plumped for Yale, because that's where his crowd at Exeter was going. "Yale," wrote his mother in stately measures, "may be far for some people, but not us."

Mother's a Beacon Street stalwart, and Sonny gets a bang out of her ways—especially since he broke loose at the age of 14. (They amused him less when his junior sister took Saturday afternoon and had to go riding instead, because nice boys went riding.) A year ago he was doing night-club work. When people inquired, Mother'd go vague on them. "Oh, we don't know where Sonny is just now—down in New York somewhere, doing something or other—"

Tell me, how was the season at Newport last summer?"

"So Proudly We Hail" brought her round. The home town turned out in style for the local boy. Sirens and police escort. Cameras and reporters and yelling crowds. Two lines of usherettes to get Kansas out of the theater in one piece. Mother was impressed. The cameramen wanted pictures of her meeting with Sonny, and she played up like one to the business born.

Dad was a different proposition. All that mattered to Dad was guts. A banker himself, he did tentatively suggest that his elder son might consider college in his footsteps. When Sonny pointed out that he couldn't even keep his checkbook straight so how could he be a banker, Dad conceded the point.

pizzicato on the catgit ... .

Music was Sonny's line. He got a mandolin the Christmas he was eight, and his uncle taught him to play "Down by the Stream" and "I First Met Rebecia." From there he was in sax, guitar, piano and on up to string instruments.

When he started organizing bands, he settled for the drums, which were easiest and made the most money. His first singing models were Eddie Cantor, Bes Lillie and the Duncan Sisters.

He sang with the Trinity choir. Mother thought that was lovely. She thought it proper when he learned all the songs from "Topsy and Eva." Dad roared, got him to the piano when people were at the house. The showdown came the summer he was 14.

Tito Bruin was a Harvard boy who liked Sonny's work on the drums. He had a band set for a Mediterranean cruise. "How'd you like to make the trip with us, kid?" Sonny would have made a trip to the moon with his Irish tenor, a swell pianist, a guy who said phooey to society stuff. Besides, he was flattered.

tramp in white linen ... .

That started the pattern, which continued through Free and Yale. At college he organized his own band for the cruises. Winters they'd play at girls' schools, at proms and house parties. Summers they'd sail the southern seas, get off at Naples, play Rome, Florence, Venice and catch the boat back at Trieste. Once he missed the boat and shrank from wiring home for money. Money meant nothing to Dad, but initiative meant a lot.

In one white suit he took himself to Barcelona and hired out as skoker on a tramp. Only thing—he forgot to ask where the boat went from there. It went around Spain, by sea, to Seville, down to Casablanca and the Gold Coast. He likes to remember that he hit Casablanca before FDR or Humphrey Bogart.

The next turn came because Tito Schipa was on board the summer of his junior year and because Sonny got a little high one night. If he hadn't been high, he wouldn't have found the nerve to approach Senor Schipa after the ship's concert. "I'd like to do opera," he said.

"There's just one way to do it. Study."

GROPPING FOR GLAMOUR?

Well, here's where the lights come on. On the Super Coupon on page 72, we've got three spanking new beauty charts. Our "Glamour for the Teens" is bursting with beauty secrets for you sub-debs. For the Over-18's you'll find our "How to Be Beautiful" just the sort of beauty and make-up instruction you've wanted. "How to Have Lovely Hair," our third new beauty chart, is packed with lush new hair-dos and treatments to give you 1944 glamour. Don't miss 'em!
GUARD YOUR NAILS WITH SEAL-COTE

Busy hands deserve protection for beauty's sake. Man and woman alike are finding SEAL-COTE an amazing beauty aid. SEAL-COTE protects the nails and the polish — adds lustre! Make your manicures last longer—"SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day.

SEAL-COTE 25¢ at Cosmetic Counters

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TEN DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer—With any order for small Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge complete package including a ring set with eight simulated diamonds, envelope, presentation box, and gift card. Total only 19 cents. In most cases this handsome and expensive package would be worth several dollars. With the free gift you will see why thousands of men and women are becoming satisfied customers.

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Washington, D. C.

Address

Age

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 12)

1. Lana Turner
2. Jane Wyman
3. Raquel Welch
4. Joan Fontaine
5. Paul Muni
6. Barbara Stanwyck
7. Dorothy Lamour
8. Fredric March
9. Roddy McDowall
10. Jane Withers
11. Judy Canova
12. Chester
13. James Stewart
14. Deanna Durbin
15. Marlene Dietrich
16. Kay Kyser
17. Carole Landis
18. Paul Lukas
19. Joan Leslie

This is my friend, Sonny Tufts. He'd like to be in movies.

"Would get the answer," said Joe.

Sonny blushed and headed for the door, where Egli nalled him with an appraising sweep from head to toes. "No harm in giving your friend a test," he observed. For Sonny's test Sonny did the cowboy medley. For a dramatic test, they gave him something vaguely familiar and stood his hair on end—"we have only ten days—let's make them bubble like vintages challenging.

"I'm strictly a lunk," he groaned, "—a cigarette-in-the-mouth guy. I can't talk like that—"

"Talk," they said. So he gagged it.

mock romes . . .

Two executives watched the test run off. One scratched his ear. "Either the guy's sensational or he stinks. I can't figure which.

"Let's figure why they gave him Charles Boyer dialogue from "Love Affair,"" and "Would get the answer."

The answer came out right. They signed him. Mark Sandrich gave him the star-building part of Kansas in "So Proudly We Hail." He watched the preview. For his first appearance was greeted by silence. When he lumbered on for the second time, they took the roof off—RKO snatched him for "Government Girl." Sandrich grabbed him back to play opposite Goddard in "When I Come Back." He and Barbara are in San Francisco now, where most of the picture's being shot.

You wouldn't think it to look at her, but Barbara is athletic. With her height, her dark beauty, her smooth Spanish hair, she suggests the exotic. Instead, she's incurably sweet and feminine—the Melanie type, her husband calls her. He has yet to meet the person she dislikes or criticizes.

Only one thing bothers Sonny, Movie stars are supposed to be immaculate. He'd sooner have a tooth or his appendix out than his nails manicured. He went through "Government Girl" in one pair of shoes and never had 'em shines. His hands always masses. When it gets too bad, Barbara takes a comb to it.

In New York he blew his topper and invested a suit of pajamas. They lie unmoistened in his drawer, while he goes to bed in a broken-down T-shirt.

"Fine thing," says his wife. "What did you wear them for?"

"To wear when I play my next Boyer part," grins Kansas.
MONEY SAVING KIT

There is a simple, easy way to permanent-wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARL-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARL-KURL on this wonderful $0.00 offer. But the next step is up to you.

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CHARL-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as $5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARL-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARL-KURL is safe. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

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A Beauty Revelation

What gives a woman's face magnetic charm? Something more than a nice skin and dramatic red lips. Arresting faces... memorable faces sparkle with life and expression! Here lovely eyes are the star performers, which means that pale-tipped lashes and skimpy eyebrows are definitely passé. The most expressive eyes are accented with subtlety and taste—a blessing made possible by soft Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Lashes look naturally long and lavish, darkened with Maybelline Mascara. Brows are gracefully tapered with the pointed, smooth-marking eyebrow pencil. There's luminous magic in a deft touch of exquisite eye shadow. If you have never tried world-famous Maybelline eye make-up, the difference will enchant you.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS
The life and loves of LANA TURNER
"I call the Camay Mild-Soap Diet a miracle-worker," says Mrs. John Parkinson of New York City, lovely Camay bride. "My skin's so much softer, smoother."

**Mild Camay cleanses skin without irritation!**

- You can have softer, smoother skin—with just one cake of Camay—your very first cake. Simply go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

  Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. They know this mild cleansing helps your skin to new beauty. Camay is so mild it cleanses the skin—without irritation—leaves it softer, smoother.

  So make this change to proper MILD cleansing! Day-by-day, with just one cake of Camay, your skin will look more velvety-smooth!

**GO ON THE**

**CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

Take only one minute, night and morning!

Cream mild Camay over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, splash cold. That's all—but skin's softer, smoother, clearer!

**TREASURE YOUR CAMAY, THESE WAR DAYS**

—for soap is made of vital war materials. Use just enough Camay to work up a good lather. And keep your soap dish dry—so the cake will last longer! Remember, wet dishes waste soap.
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...
all eyes admire
a radiant smile!

Give your smile appealing charm with the help of Ipana and Massage!

Set your hopes high, Plain Girl! What if you aren't tops in beauty? The most popular girls aren't always the prettiest. Look at your own little clique—at the girls who hold men's eyes and steal their hearts with a smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a shy and self-effacing smile—but a radiant smile that reaches out and draws the whole world to you in admiration. Remember, though, for such a smile you need sparkling teeth—sound teeth that depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!
If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of natural exercise by modern, soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

A Winner—fun and romance follow the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!
We're talking about "Madame Curie", one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endeared us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famed Radio City Music Hall.

Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read "Radium" City Music Hall.

As a matter of fact Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause oh's and ah's, pull in the awards, and all that sort of thing.


As a matter of course, Greer Garson is "Madame Curie". Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the "Random Harvest" duo, "Madame Curie" can be described in a word—of one syllable—great.

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

They are: Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O'Brien.

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O'Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film "The Lost Angel" which you must not miss.

But first comes "Madame Curie" with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, "Madame Curie" is a real event in the theatre.

It is an event that you
Mr. and Mrs. Miniver.... together again!

GREER GARSON
WALTER PIDGEON
give their best performance in their best picture
MADAME CURIE

Directed by MERVYN Le ROY Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Presented by M.G.M.

The Song of Bernadette

Here is the story of a miracle. It is a story so tender, so moving and so real that you will believe in that miracle without another thought. Faith is the strongest single force in the world, and we need lots of it today. “The Song of Bernadette” will help give it to us.

The miracle occurs in the little town of Lourdes, in the French Pyrenees. It happens not to a rich or powerful or even intellectual member of the community, but to a simple little peasant girl named Bernadette Soubirous. Bernadette’s family is incredibly poor. She herself is not bright in school, and her first 14 years have passed without anything to mark her as different from the other girls she knows.

This particular day seems to her like any other. She is scolded by her teacher, Sister Vauzous (Gladys Cooper), for not knowing (Continued on page 8)
Here is greatness . . .
wonder . . . majesty
. . . a motion picture no
human words can
describe . . . but which
every human heart can
feel . . . and share.
ROY ACUFF

and

BEAUFORT

the rural riots of radio's "Grand Ole Opry"

Isabel RANDOLPH

the uppy "Mrs. Uppington" of the "Fibber McGee and Molly" show

Harry "PAPPY" CHESHIRE

the popular network hit, "Bernardette"

O, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

Fun and excitement set to music

starring

RADIO'S POPULAR ENTERTAINERS

ROY ACUFF & HIS SMOKY MOUNTAIN BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RADIO ROUGHS

ISABEL RANDOLPH AS "MRS. UPPINGTON"

HARRY "PAPPY" CHESHIRE

THE TENNESSEE RAMBLERS WITH

FRANK ALBERTSON • LORNA GRAY • IRENE RYAN

(Continued from page 6)

the answer to a question about the Holy Trinity. But Bernardette often doesn't know the answers. After school in the afternoon she and her sister, Marie (Evelyn Walters), and a friend, Jeanne (Mary Anderson), go off together to gather firewood. Jeanne and Marie cross a little brook near the village, leaving Bernardette behind. And there, in that amazingly humble setting, the girl sees a vision. A lady appears, standing in a little grotto on the hillside. She is a beautiful lady, bowed in countenance, and bathed in divine radiance, with rays at her bare feet. She speaks to Bernardette graciously, but when the other girls return, she disappears.

You can imagine what would happen if you told your friends and family a story like that. It happens to Bernardette. Her schoolmates laugh at her, and her father reprimands her crossly for making up fairy tales. But next day Bernardette goes back to the grotto and sees the Lady again. This time the mystical radiance is so strong that the girl faints, but not before she has promised the Lady that she will come to the grotto every day. Rumors spread fast in a small town. Soon everyone knows that the little Soubirous girl is seeing visions. They accept Bernardette as a child of Heaven or dismiss her as an accomplished liar, according to their temperaments. But enough of them believe her so that the thing becomes a sensation, and the story reaches the newspapers. Bernardette becomes the object of a secret, hush-hush investigation. Every possible attempt is made to get her to confess the whole affair is a fabrication. One of her most bitter inquisitors is Dutour (Vincent Price), the cynical Imperial Prosecutor. Another is Peyramale (Charles Bickford) who represents the local church and fears that Bernardette's story will cast doubt on her whole religion. It is, curiously enough, a man of science who believes her wholeheartedly. Dr. Dozous (Lee Cobb) is convinced that Bernardette is too simple and naive a child to make up such a story, and he knows that her fants are physically genuine.

The girl's honest, straightforward answers to the investigators' questions baffle every attempt to discredit her. And now Peyramale is on the case by a miracle the Lady performs at Bernardette's request. From the barren ground a spring of healing water suddenly begins to flow. It brings sight to old Bouriette's blind eye. It brings life back to the dying baby of Croisine Bouhouhorts. Faith and healing go always hand in hand, and miracles are the result.

The authorities completely dismayed and bewildered by these events, order the grotto boarded up. Bernardette says a sad farewell to her Lady, who promises her happiness in the next world but not in this.

And, truly, Bernardette finds little happiness here on earth. Those who are touched by Heaven may not live as the rest of us do, and at last Bernardette realizes that only as a nun will she find peace.

This is an extraordinary picture. Not only for its theme, but in the delicacy and artistry with which it has been handled. Jennifer Jones is Bernardette, and the rest of the cast is equally effective. "The Song of Bernardette" is, in all probability, the picture of the year.—20th-Fox.

P.S.

"The Song of Bernardette" was in preparation eleven months, in actual work before the cameras three months...Famed Czech novelist Franz Werfel had for small town of Lourdes. Vowed if he ever reached America safely, he wouldn't do another thing until he wrote the story of Bernardette which he had come to know from reading two tiny pamphlets discovered in his hide-out...A New York literary agent sent the material of the book to Producer William Perlberg, who was skeptical at first, but felt convinced it would make one of the most inspiring pictures in the history of the industry if done correctly. Every big-name writer in town wanted a chance to script the film, but Perlberg turned the story over to George Seaton, who heretofore had written only comedies. To those who criticized, Perlberg said, "I know in heaven. I know he can do a fine, craftsmanlike job. He isn't an egotist, won't try to alter the story"...Seaton went to the desert for eight weeks, came back with a wonderful script. Director Henry King filmed it as is...Director King was on duty with the Civilian Air Patrol when the script was sent to him. He had to read the piecemeal between flights and accepted the assignment because he thinks the film will be the high spot of his career...Seven girls were tested for the part of Bernardette using the Uppington scene. King stood behind the camera, waved a long stick and asked the girls to imagine they were seeing the vision. All of them did very well, but only one seemed actually to see the vision. She had never worked in pictures before, but the studio cured her camera fright by having her work with every

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 85 and the third on page 105. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 60 is average, this month. For the answers, turn to page 112, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Button Nose's boss
2. Arlington Brought
3. Mrs. Olivier
4. Has anybody here seen ——?
5. Little Caesar
6. Poo Poo De Noy
7. Overworked "Nazi"
8. Rodeo Romeo
9. Brian Aherne's sister-in-law
10. Viennese baron
11. How Big Cervantes
12. Invaded Africa with Hope
13. Rose willed
14. Tall, dark and ghoulish
15. Cinema address: 10 Baker St.
16. Slap—happy stooges
17. Silly over Sue
18. Dusky delight
19. Accent (French) on Love
20. Within agent's proboscis

(Next set of clues on page 85)
The Marquesa understood and loathed her—because she, too, was a woman!

He ruled a kingdom and she ruled him!

He taught her everything and she hated him for it!

She risked a kingdom for this one kiss!

Once—and only once—in a lifetime

"PERICHOLE"...singer in the streets, power behind the throne, all woman, all wonderful...

From Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel...this immortal screen thrill. Don't miss it!

Benedict Bogeaus Presents

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Starring

Lynn Bari • Francis Lederer • Akim Tamiroff

with Nazimova • Louis Calhern • Blanche Yurka • Donald Woods

Directed by ROWLAND Y. LEE • Screenplay by HOWARD ESTABROOK

From THORNTON WILDER'S Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel

A ROWLAND Y. LEE Production • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
Are You in the Know?

Are these Lindy Hoppers doing—

☐ A Boogie
☐ A Shorty George
☐ A Tip.

"Know how" is what makes the difference between a smooth rug-cutter and a dud! So lady, be hop to this "shine" step. It's a Tip—and here's another: Know how to stay in the fun regardless of what time of the month it is! It's simple, for Kotex sanitary napkins are more comfortable—and that special safety center keeps you protected—poise-perfect. So save your "jitters" for a jive session.

This Hair-do's for you—if

☐ Your face is long
☐ Heart-shaped
☐ Round

Down with pompadours—up with sweeping manes! Newest locks have a flat-topped look. They're shorter, sleek, often center-parted. Vary the hair style to suit your face-type, but if your face is long, take the short hair-do shown here—flat crowned, and fluffed a bit at the sides. The "flat" look is a grooming commandment when "certain" outlines threaten a sleek costume. That's when you thank Kotex for those flat pressed ends. Because they're not stubby, no one will guess your secret.

How would you introduce them?

☐ "Capt. Smith, this is Lieut. Brown"
☐ "Miss Brown, may I present Capt. Smith"
☐ "Lieut. Brown, Capt. Smith"

Learn your military P's and Q's! When introducing army officers, mention the one with the higher rank first—even if the other is a woman. "Captain Smith, this is Lieutenant Brown" is correct (and don't address the War as "Miss!""). Knowing your army etiquette is a social must, these wartime days. On difficult days, too, you can preserve your "social security." Just depend on the comfort Kotex gives, for Kotex stays soft while wearing. You'll learn—comfort, confidence and Kotex go together!

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

For Tiring Days, try KURBS tablets...if you suffer from cramps. It's a Kotex product, expressly compounded for relief of periodic discomfort. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want free the newly-edited booklet "As One Girl To Another." You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days...the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want free the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Full of facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting. It tells how to stay on the job, even on "problem" days.

Send name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-2, Chicago 54, Ill.

(Continued from page 8) supporting player in their three months before production began.

WHAT A WOMAN!

Rosalind Russell specializes in playing career women. The smooth, feminine kind who make a million with one hand while they're breaking hearts with the other. In "What A Woman!" Rosalind is an agent, or, as Hollywood says, a "flesh-peddler." An agent, according to a line in the picture, is someone who takes a short cut to fame by developing other people's talents instead of his own, and collecting ten per cent. In the case of this particular agent, the ten per cents have mounted up till "Carol Ainsley, Inc." is a fantastic business.

None of which impresses Henry Pepper (Brian Aherne), a magazine writer who has been assigned to do a profile on Miss Ainsley. Finally, he tells Hubert, "and for office hours." He experiences a slight change of heart when he gets a birds' eye view of Carol, and settles down happily to getting material for a nice long profile.

Carol is too involved in business worries to pay much attention to Henry at first. She has just sold the best seller "Whirlwind" to the movies for a fabulous sum, and is now engaged in a search for a man to play the hero. He must be unassuming, and must be a man who will stop the women dead in their tracks.

She finally discovers him in the person of Michael Cobb (Willard Parker) who wrote "The Whirlwind," under the pen name of Anthony Street. He is, unbelievably, a college professor, and is ashamed of having written a popular novel, so he has kept his identity secret. Carol takes one look at him and says, "This is it! But her interest is entirely professional. Michael says, "This is it!" too, but his interest are strictly romantic.

Henry sticks around, egging them both on and having fun in his own quiet way. Then all of a sudden he discovers he's in love with Carol himself, and the situation ceases to seem so funny. From there on, there's hell to pay.

Rosalind turns in a breezy portrayal of the agent, and Brian is his usual suave self. Willard Parker is as gorgeous a hunk of man as you've laid eyes on since Mature deserted Hollywood.—Col.

P.S.

Director Irving Cummings calls his actors and actresses to work on love scenes until, "May your battle stations, kids!" ... Roz Russell, besides her picture career, does a full time job of charity work, war entertainment and motion picture industry problem solving. Is chairman of a special sub-committee for Information for the Victory Committee, Vice-President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, director of the Hollywood Guild (which cares for needy families), hostess and a sponsor at the Masquerer's Club's parties for servicemen, a director of the newly opened Sister Kenny Institute in Minneapolis. Willard Parker's real name is Worster Van Eps, took his professional name from his godfather, the noted Dr. Willard Parker. Brian Aherne wowed the Hollywood crowds with autographs on photos which is a ten-cent war stamp. Is now trying to get the Screen Actors Guild to ask all players to adopt the practice.

CRY HAVOC

The story of nurses at Bataan has been told before. It will, in all probability, be old again—and again. Heroism is a tale that always bears repeating, and there is
This group of girls, unlike those in "So Proudly We Hail," are not regular nurses. They are just volunteers who have had no real experience, except a first aid class or two. They are pressed into service by the two nurses in charge—Captain Marsh (Fay Bainter) and Lieutenant Smith (Margaret Sullivan)—because there is literally no one else available.

The girls come from varied backgrounds—everything from Philadelphia Main Line society to Brooklyn burlesque. Their reactions to dirt, hunger and death are just as varied. Smitty, looking them over on their arrival, is in despair. What good will they be? A bunch of kids in pretty clothes, with no more idea than a fly of what a bomb can do to a human being. But the girls learn fast under fire—learn that caring for wounded soldiers is so vital a job that nothing else matters. Not bombs, nor disease nor anything.

Smitty, who is secretly facing death from malignant malaria, is not an easy person to work for. She has a particular feud with Pat (Ann Sothern), whom she considers impertinent and a bad influence. Pat, on the other hand, is sure that Smitty dislikes her because she gets some attention from Lieutenant Holt. Holt is the hero of the picture, but he never appears on the screen except in one "long shot." His presence, however, provides much of the action.

The bombing scenes are effective, but reminiscent of "So Proudly We Hail." It is the emotional scenes in the women's shelter which provide the raison d'être for "Cry Havoc," and they are perhaps a little on the talkative side. More action would have lent an effective contrast. But this is still a moving, sympathetic story of a group of brave girls.

Margaret Sullivan plays Smitty with clear cut, dramatic tension. Joan Blondell provides what few light moments there are. "Cry Havoc," directed by Delmer Daves and written by Steve Fisher, is a smash hit at the box office. It has grossed over $1,000,000 in its first month of release.

'TEN-SHUN!'

$10 for 10%'

There may be a wonderfully dramatic story in that packet of bonds lying in your dresser drawer. A story of small sacrifices and big ones. We want you to tell us about it. We want to know just how you're managing to scrape together over 10% of your weekly salary or income for War Stamps and Bonds. And why? What, specifically, keeps nudging you on? Tell us, and if your letter is selected as the prize-winning one of the month, we'll send you $10 in war stamps. Address your letters to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

This month's prize-winning letter:

For 14 months I traveled with my husband and lived in the town nearest his camp. Three months ago, we decided it was unwise and expensive, especially on a sergeant's salary. We agreed that I should go home and live with my family. Since then I've been buying a bond a month. Before, I was lucky if I could manage a 25c stamp. Since my husband now lives in the barracks, our expenses are reduced still further, and I hardly feel the pinch of the $17.50 each month from my husband's $206 pay. By February, our heir apparent, who's due then, will have at least six to eight bonds to his credit.

Evelyn Schneider
Brooklyn, N. Y.
A few eye-catching scenes from the most exciting musical of 1944!

Rita Hayworth

Gala (Blanche Yurka) in search information. She tells him of the twin brothers, Manuel and Esteban. Francis Lederer plays both. Orphans, they were each given the same education, but Manuel, a dazzling devil-may-care lad, ran off to sea. Esteban, who was a more studious type, became a public letter writer. For the people of Lima, the brothers were devoted to each other, but they were soon separated by more than Manuel’s love of the sea. A girl is involved—a gay, beautiful singer named Micaela (Yurka). Manuel falls madly in love with her. Micaela has started her career by singing in the streets of Lima, but with the help of Uncle Pio (Akim Tamiroff), a wily, cynical old peasant, she is launched in a theatrical presentation of considerable magnificence. In the course of her career she meets the Viceroy (Louis Calhern), who is entranced with her immediately. He decides to move her right over to the palace. This displeases the powerful Marquessa (Nazimova) who has hitherto exerted her influence over him. She begins to plot against him, and the Marquessa is a very expert plotter indeed. But she is also a lonely woman who has recently adopted a young girl from a convent, as a companion. The girl, Pepita (June Lorring) disconcerts the worldly Marquessa with her utter goodness and innocence. She even makes the Marquessa wonder, eventually, if intrigue is worth while. In the meantime Manuel returns from the sea. And he must choose between him and the Viceroy. These people, their lives and the eventual tragic death of five of them are woven.

BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

Why do people die? Oh, of course everyone dies sometime, but why do some die suddenly, violently, by accident? That’s what a young priest, Brother Juniper (Donald Woods), tries to find out in the Bridge of San Luis Rey.” He has just seen five people flung to death from a broken bridge high in the Peruvian Pyrenees. Why were those five people fated to die this way? What was there in their lives to create this destiny?

P. S.

All 13 gals went without makeup, gritted their teeth and smiled when their sister actresses insisted on coming calling on their set-dressed for people of prints, and newly Max Factor-ed... On some of the less tense scenes... On the set, a messenger brought Ann Sothern a new copy of chocolatey Grapevine’s novel, “Keg Randall,” and her pals discovered the girl on the book jacket cover looked just like Annie! Ann checked with Charley and discovered it was just coincidence. Said Mr. G., “lots of folks have asked me if that’s you. As far as I know, she isn’t. The only explanation I can make is that the illustrator is a Sothern fan.” Ann's best day was the one she got to marry Lt. Robert Sterling of the AAF.

FREE OFFER!

Here's your chance to get a gorgeous magazine for free! All you have to do is fill out the following questionnaire. Then, if your coupon is among the first 500 to come in, we'll mail you a copy of SCREEN ROMANCES. It's full of the latest movie fictionalizations. You'll love it. Be sure to send us your questionnaire before the 20th of January.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

Lana Turner Life Story, Part I

“The Miracle of Morgan’s Creek”

MODERN SCREEN Goes on a Date (Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven)

A Guy Named Joe (Cotten)

Judy Cried Her Heart Out (Garland)

Journey for Jean Pierre (Aumont)

Ferdinand, the “Wolf” (Jim Brown)

The Reagan Boys

Laddie Comes Home (Alan Ladd)

It Comes Up Love (Donald O’Connor)

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 the order of preference.

My name is...

My address...

I am __________ years old.

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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P.S.

This is the first picture Mr. Benedict Bogeaus has ever produced. He chose "San Luis Rey" for his first story at the suggestion of friend Arthur Landau, veteran Hollywood story agent, who in turn chose it because it's one of the most popular books in the public library, year in and year out, and because it had fine production possibilities with opportunities for good actors to do some really important emoting ... Lynn Bari was borrowed from 20th Century-Fox for the role of La Perrichole, gets to wear a silver lame gown with a net of silver sequins weighing as much as she does—110 pounds. Nazimova, at 64, has twice as much energy as women half her age. Says she hasn't any recipe for youth, really, but "so many women let themselves get old by sitting down and looking at their middles. I never do that. It gives you a double chin. I always look up!" She suffers from a fear of heights, yet refused to have a double for the bridge-crashing scenes.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY

Ordinarily you could put the entire plot of a movie "musical" into your right eye with no appreciative discomfort therefrom. But "Knickerbocker Holiday" has a story which provides plenty of interest, as well as giving Nelson Eddy his best acting opportunity in years. Whether he takes advantage of that opportunity is something else again. If you're an Eddy fan, you'll probably think he does.

Charles Coburn also has a nice fat part and makes the most of it. The setting is the town of New Amsterdam (New York to you) around 1650, shortly after Manhattan was purchased from the Indians for exactly $23 and a string of beads. (Chorus—give him back!) The new governor, Peter Stuyvesant (Charles Coburn) is to arrive any minute, and the town is agog. Particularly the grait-stuffed town council, which has been getting way with murder.

One man, Brom Broeck (Nelson Eddy), is hoping the governor will institute some much needed reforms. Brom has been writing editorials for the local newspaper on that subject for a long time, but who reads editorials? Apparently the Town Council does, because a couple of girls run in this morning to tell Brom he's about to be arrested for sedition. One of the girls is Tina (Constance Dowling), daughter of the chief councilman and a very pretty dish indeed. Brom is in love with her, but he hasn't gotten any farther with that than with his campaign for reform. He stops now to kiss her, and the gendarmes arrive before he's through and cart him off to jail.

Governor Stuyvesant's boat docks, and the governor lands, complete with a startling, silver-studded wooden leg. He promptly complicates matters by falling in love with Tina. At his age, too! And reform both take quite a kicking around before everything straightens out to form a Knickerbocker Holiday!

Nelson Eddy has some particularly charming songs to sing, and Charles Coburn is as usual, a gruff old gentleman with a heart of gold. Constance Dowling wears ten petticoats and manages to look seductive in spite of them.—U. A.
NELSON EDDY, star, rates another credit as composer in this one. Wrote "Oh Wee" and "Holiday." Most of the original music written by Kurt Weill for the Maxwell Anderson stage play has been retained, and Charles Coburn gets to sing the haunting "September Song." Constance Dowling will be a new face to movie fans. Half Russian, half Irish, she's a volatile bundle of beauty with a natural flair for things dramatic. Came to Hollywood via stage work in New York...Charles Coburn could work only ten minutes at a time with his leg bent double. 39 fittings were necessary to set the peg leg he wears in the film...The photographers had a tough time figuring out a way to keep their cameras from shaking during Carmen Amaya's dance numbers. The heel-pounding typical of her Flamenco style of leaps and thumps caused vibrations. They finally whirled up a crane-like contraption, rigged so the part farthest from the camera would absorb all the noise bounce.

LOST ANGEL

I'll bet this picture will surprise you. It's what they refer to in racing circles as a "sleeper." The story of an infant prodigy brought up by college professors till the age of six doesn't sound like anything to cause dancing in the streets, does it? But when you put little Margaret O'Brien in the role of the prodigy, and team her up with a tough newspaperman played by James Craig, you've got something. Marsha Hunt, Philip Merivale, Donald Meek and Keenan Wynn lend additional gusto to the proceedings.

A group of scientists adopt a baby girl as an experiment. For the first six years of her life they teach her all the things that will develop her brain and body to the utmost. She studies Chinese poetry instead of reading Mother Goose, does Yogi exercises instead of skipping rope. They've even named her Alpha after the first letter of the Greek alphabet. On her sixth birthday some visiting professors from Harvard arrive to test her I. Q. The scientific world awaits the result with bated breath.

But about that time a newspaperman named Mike (James Craig) also arrives. Not from a choice—had rather be investigating the case of a gangster named Packy (Keenan Wynn) who, Mike thinks, has been framed on a murder rap. Or else he'd like to be out with his charming girl friend, Kitty (Marsha Hunt), a night club singer. But his editor has sent him to interview Alpha, and his not to reason why. Something about the kid's strange loneliness bothers Mike, and he wants to bring her up like that, not having any fun or believing in fairy tales. Goody-Bloom. Or anything. So Mike sets out to remedy the situation. What he doesn't expect is that Alpha will fall so hard for Mike's talk about magic and leprechauns that she'll run away from the Institute and come looking for him. But she does—and at the same time Packy breaks jail and shows up at Mike's apartment. It's a laughter packed situation, and the scene of Alpha teaching the gangster Yogi will enchant you completely.

This is a long shot that came home a winner.—M.Q.-M.

P. S.

Margaret O'Brien didn't know what she was saying when she solemnly rattled off "Sine me gracias agere propior gratulattones vestras." The Latin acceptance

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given a copy of "An Introduction to Philosophy." She learned it from hearing her mother read it to her, then did the whole speech perfectly the first take— even though a baby tooth fell out and had to be replaced before the scene could be shot again... Jimmy Craig has 2500 Cornish Cross chickens on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. His big problem used to be market day, when he and his hired man had to rush around choosing and catching the unlucky ones. Finally Jimmy built a flat section of chicken house wall of lath and wire netting. It slides the length of each chicken run on two taut wires. As it moves along, it heads all the feathered fellows to one end of the run—and the wire pens them. Jim can then pick out the selected stock and crate them with little or no effort!

**TENDER COMRADE**

Suppose you were one of the kids who got married back in 1939. The war seemed awfully far away then. Oh, sure, there were people who said we'd get into it eventually. But you figured there were always a few sourpusses like that around. So—you got married, and the honeymoon was sheer heaven, and you started keeping house. Maybe you had a few arguments with your husband about your wanting to take a job and his thinking woman's place is in the home. Or about whether it was a good idea to have children now or wait till later when you had more money in the bank. But the arguments were made up with kisses, and life was almost too wonderful to bear.

That's the way it was with "Jo" Jones (Ginger Rogers) and her husband, Chris (Robert Ryan). That's the way they got married, and those are the things they argued about. And then came Pearl Harbor...

So now Chris is Sergeant Jones of the U. S. Army, says a last farewell to Jo before he goes overseas. And Jo kisses him good-by and goes back to her job on the assembly line of the war plant. Three other women work alongside Jo. They are Helen (Patricia Collinge), who is older than the others and has a son as well as a husband overseas; Barbara (Ruth Hussey), whose husband is a sailor with a girl in every port; and Doris (Kim Hunter), who seems like such a child that the rest can't believe it when she announces that she has just married a soldier named Tony. The four war wives rent a house and even have the super good fortune to acquire a housekeeper named Manya (Madly Christians). But life for a group of women together is apt to be complicated when they are as different as these four. Especially since Jo finds she's going to have a baby.

The way they work out their problems will make you weep as well as laugh. It will bring the war as close to you as next door. Watch especially for little Kim Hunter, as Dora—she has quite a future. But it's Jo's picture, and you'll find yourself arguing and kissing and praying right along with Jo Jones. Because that's the way Ginger Rogers acts. Ginger's a war wife herself—she knows—RKO.

**P. S.**

"Tender Comrade" was so true to life for many of the cast, the film is bound to have a special warmth about it... Three days after the picture finished, Bob Ryan reported for induction in the Army. Says he told his wife the very same things he had to say in the script to Ginger Rogers. Ginger's husband, Marine John Calvin Briggs, left for an unknown overseas destination the week before.
spend those last precious few days with him at La Jolla ... Maudy Christians was brought out from New York to play the housekeeper role. Originally the part was assigned to Katina Paxinou, but when Madame Poznou's illness took a turn for the worse, presaging a long recovery, RKO was forced to substitute Miss Christians ... Ginger and Bette have more love scenes in this film than she's had by any of her leading men since "Kitty Foyle." The writer is the same man who adapted "Foyle," incidentally—Dalton Trumbo, an A 1 movie writer and scripter who turns in his work in actual shooting-script form with camera directions, notes to the actors, etc., already incorporated. Works at home, because he thinks most studio writers' offices are "like rabbit hutchies, with the wind blowing in under the door."

THIS IS THE LIFE

If I had to hitch my wagon to a particular star these days, I'd pick young Donald O'Connor. The lad is going places fast. In this latest picture he has toned down a bit, and some of the rough edges have been smoothed, with pleasing results. He still has that natural charm that makes friends with you right away.

Susanna Foster plays the object of his affections. She has a beautiful voice and she's an attractive girl, but somebody ought to tell her not to wear her hair up. It looks awful! As Angela, she plays an 18-year-old, in love with a moon-struck fashion with a man twice her age. The man is Hilary Jarrett (Patric Knowles), a surgeon and a major in the United States Army. He is convalescing from tropical fever at the little country hotel run by Angela's Aunt Betsy (Dorothy Peterson). When Hilary sees that Angela is talking herself into thinking she's in love with him, he leaves for his home in New York. Before he goes, he confides in his worried boy friend, Jimmy (Donald O'Connor), that he's interested in her only as a friend—particularly in her vocal career.

However, Angela, follows him to New York, gets him in a weak moment and wangles an engagement ring out of him. By the time Jimmy manages to get to New York, too, she is flashing a diamond the size of a golf ball and talking airily about "when Hilary and I are married." Jimmy feels completely sunk till he accidentally encounters Hilary's wife. blonde ex-wife, Barriet (Louise Allbrin- ton), and realizes that she and Hilary are still in love. He executes a complicated series of maneuvers to get them back together again, most of which blow up in his face. One does not win a love war, even- tually, and everybody lands in the right set of arms.

Peggy Ryan, as a dancer with Rube Erlie's orchestra, is an exuberant bruiser; wife of Betty Husband. She and Donald, built on a couple of hot routines that will have the cats in the aisles. Better dig it, kids.—Univ.

P. S.

Tenth consecutive co-starring picture for Peggy Ryan and Don O'Connor ... SUSANNA FOSTER fans will love this one. She sings four famous and familiar numbers: "Open Thy Heart," "L'Amour Toujours L'Amour," "With a Song in My Heart," "Chirp It In." During production Miss Foster was visited by members of the national music society, Sigma Alpha Iota, who presented her with an honorary membership card. Don hadn't yet turned 18 when this picture was being filmed and had to attend studio school three hours a day. He hated it. Would rather poke around the wardrobe department and help the crew move props during his spare time ... Last picture for Patric Knowles for RKO. He's now a civilian flight instructor at an Air Corps Cadet training school in Oxnard, California ... "Smoky," two-year-old terrier, trained by the famous dog trainer, Henry East, literally steals the show. He appears in about 283 shooting sequences ... Smoky was almost suspended during scenes on set of interior of a Brownstone mansion in New York. Marble floor had to be painted with painted linoleum and Smoky's claws were making such a racket the dialogue in the scenes wasn't clear. Henry East saved his doggy career by putting small pieces of rubber tubing over the toenails.

HEAVENLY BODY

This is what used to be known as "drawing room comedy." Meaning that it's witty, urbane and very, very civilized. It's a gay story of a husband who neglects his wife for a comet. Hedy Lamarr and William Powell, who made such a fine attractive couple in "Crossroads" are married again in "Heavenly Body." And, by the way, any resemblance between the title and Hedy is strictly coincidental. The title refers to the comet.

Glenn Whiteley (William Powell) has discovered this comet sailing steadily across the heavens, and he now spends all his nights watching it through a telescope from his observatory on Mount Palomar. This leaves Hedy (Hedy Lamarr) at home with a good book. One evening, however, she selects as reading matter a horoscope which she's had from the local astrologer each for her. It states that on the twenty-third of this month her "true love" will enter her life. Hedy has always supposed that Bill was her true love, but now she begins to wonder. So she sets out for the man who will have no interest whatever in comets. She finally tells Bill about the horoscope and moves him into the guest room till she can look over the twenty-third no handsome stranger shows up, and Hedy breathes a sigh of relief as the clock strikes 12. She (Continued on page 22)

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN HAVEN'T SHOES

It's nice, slipping into your snug, quilted housecoat and watching the mail connect from your window. Feeling warm and secure and safe. Nice till you open a paper and read, "During this terrible winter we (Greeks) have had to bury our loved ones without clothes. Almost everyone is in rags, and for the sake of the children we had to save the bitter cold."

The committee sent the Greek War Relief last year. This year it's worse. And the awful, achy part of it is that you've probably stacks of good, warm clothes in your own closet. Just walk through your house today, won't you, and send whatever blankets, shoes and clothing possible to the Greek War Relief Association, 73 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. . . . to your local chapter. If you don't know its address, just drop a card to headquarters in New York, and they'll tell you. But do it now. It's so frightfully urgent.
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SHE CHASED HIM CLEAR ACROSS HIS MAP...

They’re Head over Heels in Laughs!

WHAT SITUATIONS!...
WHAT LAUGHS!...
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What a Picture!

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"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

PICTURE PUZZLE

See page 26 for contest details

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And she flashes her bulbs at Whataman Mac Murray...

And the things that develop in her darkroom

And under the bed of the East River—make this the first hilarious roar of 1944

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"And a Big P.S.—Have you seen 'Riding High'? And watch for 'Lady In The Dark' and 'The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek'!"

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GINGER ROGERS

More loved, more lovable, more lovely than ever, in

"Tender Comrade"

with

ROBERT RYAN · RUTH HUSSEY

Patricia COLLINQE·Mady CHRISTIANS·Kim HUNTER·Jane DARWELL·Richard MARTIN

Produced by David Hempstead • Directed by Edward Dmytryk

Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo.
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6 Exotic Shades

For the perfect complement to your exquisite lip make-up there is Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up. The charming warm colors of this new rouge adds a gay suble blush to your cheeks.

4 Exotic Shades


MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 16)

didn't really want to leave Bill, anyway. Just then the Air Raid Warden rings the bell and points out that she's left a light burning. He also reminds that her clock is 20 minutes fast. That does it! It's still the twenty-third, and the Warden is a tail, handsome stranger named Lloyd Hunter (James Craig). This, Vicky decides, is destiny of the 18-curvat variety. It's no use struggling against fate.

But Bill is prepared to struggle plenty. His attempts to convince Vicky that it's all just a broken-down fortune teller's pipe dream leads to some of the funniest lines and situations of the season. The cast includes Spring Byington, Fay Bainter and Robert Sully. I think you'll like "Heavenly Body."—M-G-M.

P. S.

New discovery Robert Sully used to be a practical engineer, got into pictures after friends insisted that he take one of the offers being made to him weekly by studio execs... He's 6 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 210 pounds, sent the Gale sweeping from the theater at the sneak preview of the picture. Scar tissue left over from earlier mishaps keep him out of the Army, though he's tried to enlist in every branch of the service... Celebrated visitor during production was Hilary A. St. George Saunders, combined operations reporter on the staff of Britain's Lord Louis Mountbatten. He said he was there because he wanted to watch his favorite actor—Bill Powell—at work... Hedy Lamarr keeps up a continuous campaign to urge friends to write daily to their friends in service. "It's so little to do—do it today and don't put it off," she tells everyone... Hedy revives a famous Garbo fashion deal—the pill-box hat. It's the same, but Hedy wears hers squarely on the back of her head instead of dipped at one eye... Snowball, the huge white cockatoo, went crazy and flew around like a mad thing when he

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I got into the Beverly Hills Hotel awfully late one night, feeling high. As I stood there talking to the bell-hop, the phone rang and he asked me to answer it. "Desk, send up some cigarettes, please." "Who's this speaking?" I asked. "Simone Simon," answered the voice. "Yes, and I'm Mickey Mouse," I said.

Anyhow, I grabbed the cigarettes, brought them up and found Miss Simone Simon at the door. "Since when do they have soldiers for bellhops?" she wanted to know. "Listen, lady," I told her, "the labor shortage is so acute they're drafting men out of the Army." Instead of being angry, she laughed and asked, "Where do you live?" "Across the hall," I said. "Splendid, won't you have breakfast with me at 10 tomorrow morning?" "I'd love to," I said, bowing out of the room in a thick haze.

Sgt. Julian Feigus,
15th Fighter Control Sqdn.
I SAW IT HAPPEN

Opening a War Bond show in Duluth, Ralph Bellamy's first words were, "Folks, we're here to sell you some War Bonds, and we're gonna do it if we have to stand on our heads." The evening's entertainment progressed beautifully until almost the end, when one of the ushers brought Mr. Bellamy a slip of paper on which was written, "I'll buy a $100 bond if Mr. Bellamy will stand on his head." For a moment he stood staring at the audience with an air of disbelief, then flung off his coat. "Okay, you asked for it," he said ... and darned if he didn't stand on his head.

Alice Pinchak,
Duluth, Mnn.

was released from his cage for one scene. Finally had to be tied in place for one quick shot, but his keeper assured bird-lovers on the set it didn't hurt him a bit ... Technical adviser on the film was Dr. Robert S. Richardson, on the staff of Mt. Wilson Observatory. Dr. Richardson was pleased to see that the astronomers in the picture were not portrayed in the usual aged, bearded fashion.

DESTINATION TOKYO

Cary Grant looks exactly the way captains should look, even when they're in a submarine under the Pacific instead of strolling up Fifth Avenue with a girl on each arm. He manages to look handsome, dashing and efficient at the same time. He has to be efficient to be captain of the U.S.S. Copperfin, which is the submarine in this picture. The Copperfin has a very special mission to perform. Its destination is not the Aleutians or the Solomons or any one of the other places its crew guesses. This time the destination is Tokyo.

But nobody aboard knows that when they sail from San Francisco Harbor. They head northwest the day before Christmas, 1942, with "Wolf" (John Garfield) and "Cookie" (Alan Hale) joking and ribbing "The Kid" (Bob Hutton). For some time they cruise under water during the day (how would you like to eat your Christmas dinner at the bottom of the ocean?) and only come up to re-charge their batteries at night. After all, an American plane coming over would bomb first and ask questions afterward. And, as Cookie says, you'd be just as dead if it was an American bomb that exploded.

They finally reach a rendezvous in the Aleutians where they take aboard a weather expert (John Ridgely). The weather, on a mission like this, isn't just something to use for conversational purposes. Before the sub can get back under water after Ridgely comes aboard, it is spotted by a Japanese plane. The battle which ensues will have you biting your nails like mad, and if you think that's exciting, wait till the boys get to Tokyo Bay! That's when things really start happening.

There have been so many of these submarine pictures that "Destination Tokyo" won't win any Oscars for originality. It's lively entertainment though, and it is helped considerably by John Garfield and Alan Hale. By now Alan must feel more at home in a sub than he does on land. Others in the cast are Dane Clark, Tom Tully, William Prince, Warren Douglas and John Forsythe.—War.
**P. S.**

No visitors were allowed on the set during production... Cary Grant, John Garfield, Dane Clark and the rest of the cast were under the strictest surveillance at all times, because certain parts of the picture were a military secret until Navy authorities gave their okay to release the film... One of the technical directors was 'Commander Dudley Walton Morton, who received a Distinguished Service Cross from their General MacArthur, the Navy Cross with two stars and a Presidential Citation for capturing a submarine that put 20 Jap ships under the sea, blew up a Jap sub and destroyed an unannounced number of enemy fighting craft... During production, it was discovered this wasn't the first Grant had been in a submarine. When he was a young man and running messages between the lines, he went out on patrol with a British sub during the thick of the fighting. At that time, though, he didn't have to remember all the technical names tossed at him in the script. Spanning hours in the Green Room muttering them over and over to himself, so they came naturally when the cameras started rolling.

The sub set was on rollers, and the movement was violent. Seasickness was an everyday occurrence, with one or another of the cast tottering off every once in a while to rest... For one scene on the deck of the sub, Cary had to be practically serious while a prop man perched on a 20-foot stepladder squirted water in his face with a hose. Grant comments, 'That guy on the ladder worries me. He just sits there dead-pan and squirts me in the face. It's tough to keep from laughing.' A like experience was Bob Hutton's. Extremely ticklish, it was all he could do to remain perfectly still while Bill Peet 'operated' on him for appendicitis... the film has many authentic sea scenes, and the entire production was made under Naval supervision.

**Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars**

**ALEXIS SMITH in "Adventures of Mark Twain," a Warner Bros. Production**

**NO TIME FOR LOVE**

Maybe it's the manpower shortage, but the Hollywood heroines are certainly pursuing the heroes lately. Jean Arthur chased John Wayne all over the West's great open spaces in "A Lady Takes A Chance." Olivia de Havilland practically held a shotgun on Robert Cummings to get him to marry her in "Princess O'Rourke." And now in "No Time For Love," Claudette Colbert pursues Fred MacMurray the length and breadth of Manhattan and under the East River besides. It's boy meets girl in the comedy manner, and it would cheer up a case of acute melancholia. Go see it, quick.

Claudette in Katherine Grant, photographer for a magazine called "Mirror," thinks marrying for love went out with the smelling salts era. That is, she thinks so till she gets an assignment to photograph some "sandhogs" at work digging a tunnel under the East River. The sandhogs are not pleased to see the beautiful Miss Grant. "Dames in a tunnel is a jinx," is the way they put it. Katherine promptly proves they're right by causing one of them named Ryan (Fred MacMurray) to fall off a ladder. Then she has to scoop him out of the way of some machinery to keep him from being killed. When he comes to, instead of being impressed and grateful, he tells her it was all her fault in the first place. And adds that she's not his type and might as well stop making eyes at him. The outraged Miss Grant retaliates by announcing furiously that she has a chair at home in her bedroom which has more personality than Mr. Ryan. In turn, Ryan shows up that night to look over the chair.

Katherine is lost from then on. She moons around all day under, Hoppy (Ilka Chase) who has LOVE spelled out on her forehead in neon lights. Katherine denies being in love but hires Ryan as her assistant on the theory that the more she sees of him the less she'll like him. "It won't work!" Hoppy says. It doesn't.

Richard Haydn is wonderful as a vague but effective Cupid. June Havoc plays one of Ryan's girl friends whom Katherine designates as a bloninded case of arrested development. Claudette and Fred are both at their best. It's a funny show.—Par.

**P. S.**

Wooden, 130-foot tunnel rephotography was one of most complicated in screen history, not only because of its ingenious that technical adviser Charles Wall, inspecting engineer of all tunnel projects in N. Y., threw out 20-year-old method of structural support and ordered a variation of this plan for Brooklyn-Battery tunnel... Only experienced sandhog in cast was Rod Cameron, who'd worked underground for five years in New York state and Calif., before filming of tunnel cave-in. Colbert and MacMurray wallowed around in mud for 10 days. After last scene Director Leisen gave head-on into the camera platform, just to prove he sympathized with all they'd endured. Gave each actor a glassl of mud for remembrance—with a hundred-dollar bill attached!... Claudette was stoic until last day when she broke down and sputtered, "I'll never have a mud facial pack for the rest of my life!"... Richard Haydn, playing puckish composer-pianist with you for food, had to eat constantly during production. By end of picture, he had consumed a tray of canapes, three chicken legs, half a dozen apples, six plates of corned beef and cabbage, plus booted potatoes and 19 bananas.

**HOUSE OF WESTMORE MAKE-UP**

One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's Lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

**A (THRILLER) DILLER—A DOLLAR!**

You tell wonderful stories. Honestly you do. Stories about bumping into stars in elevators or over lunch counters... meeting Hollywood glamour gals in overalls and with their hair down. If you want to keep these stories as these anecdotes, as many as you possibly can. And for every one we print, we'll send you $1. Address your envelope: Modern Films, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. If you’d like your story returned to you, better send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

This month’s prize-winner:

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Mobs of people crowded the steps of the treasury department in Washington. Dozens of Hollywood actors and actresses were there, too, for the big bond rally, but the favorites were Abbott and Costello. When a red-headed girl walked up to their booth to buy a bond, Costello turned to Abbott and said, "You know, I've never kissed a girl with a red head." "Well," Abbott asked, "what are you waiting for?" "Nothing." Costello answered, and coolly proceeded to kiss her.

Lillian Hacheman, Washington, D. C.
CAN VITAMINS RESTORE NATURAL COLOR TO YOUR GRAY OR STREAKED HAIR?

Here's how you can test the amazing Panates 2-Way Double Action Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin Treatment and Get Satisfactory Results or Get Your Money Back for the Asking.

You've read and heard about the latest miracle of vitamin science—the anti-gray hair vitamins. Now test the original double action anti-gray hair vitamin formula, PANATES, on a trial offer so fair it calls for immediate acceptance.

NOTHING TO FEAR

REMEMBER, PANATES ISN'T A HAIR DYE. You can test PANATES whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins act from underneath. Soon you may notice you need less and less hair coloring. But let me tell you what this amazing discovery is, how it works, and why so many thousands of women and men who once accepted the double vitamin PANATES treatment, this same trial offer, now continue with PANATES because of the changes in hair color they see taking place.

Tests reported by a national magazine on small groups of gray-haired women and men, ranging in ages from 21 to 80, while too recent for conclusive evidence, shown startling results. The greatest interest, however, came from the fairly large daily doses of certain vitamins, and in from 1 to 6 months 45% of them showed first signs of results.

Previously tests with animals showed that when these animals did not get these vitamins in their daily food, their hair turned gray or brown, when they were fed adequate amounts of these vitamins, their hair became natural in color again.

The tests on people showed that age had no bearing on the results. The quickest action was obtained by a man in his fifties. Before starting, his hair started to turn from gray to a natural black in only one month. To these results. It took 6 months for her to get any signs of results.

PANATES give not only the anti-gray hair vitamin, but wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. PANATES actually is a beautiful food elements, vitamins. PANATES action is simply by supplying to the system an essential vitamin or hair which may be lacking in your daily diet. PANATES in the end, these Vitamins are taken by countless thousands the nation over.

PANATES SAFE! No Mess, No Fuss.

PANATES is absolutely harmless. It is a natural way to seek natural hair color. It is concentrated food elements, vitamins. PANATES action is simply supplying to the system an essential vitamin or hair which may be lacking in your daily diet. PANATES in the end, these Vitamins are taken by countless thousands the nation over.

SEND NO MONEY... Test At Our Risk.

Send coupon for either the $1.79 (20-day) or $4.79 (90-day) Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee results must please you or money back. Send remittance with your order and we pay postage. Or, you are invited to check the coupon for a free booklet which tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you send for, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what PANATES Anti-Gray Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double action treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon, today.

MAIL THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY COUPON TODAY

PANATES COMPANY
310 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois

MAIL SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY COUPON TODAY

Send Panates 2-Way Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins plus the Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E) as checked in square opposite. I will pay postman, plus postage, on arrival of your money back guarantee. (If you send money with your order, PANATES pays all postage charges.)

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ADDRESS
CITY STATE

H O W T O T E S T A T O U R R I S K

READ OUR GUARANTEE PLEASE

Now you can test amazing PANATES yourself on our unconditional guarantee. If you are not satisfied with results from the first treatment, you send for your money back on return of the empty package. Don't wait. This is your chance to try PANATES, the Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin treatment that also gives you Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E). Mail this special trial coupon today.

FREE BOOKLET

"Vitamins and Gray Hair"

FREE BOOKLET contains the amazing story of Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin research and discoveries has been compiled in a very interesting and valuable booklet. If your hair is gray, graying, streaked, or off-color and lifeless looking, send for this wonderful booklet. It is yours, free. Mail coupon today.

A Few of the Scores of Letters from Panates Users

PANATES and other treatments, saves you any other treatment, saves you your time, Wheat Germ Oil, Wheat Germ Oil plus, Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands and thousands of people today are taking PANATES. The following are a few of them.

PROOF THE PANATES STORY

Mrs. E., of Michigan, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly. My Hair is beginning to turn gray. . . This began about three weeks after I started taking PANATES. . . . My complexion is much smoother. . . ."

Mrs. J., of California, says: "PANATES are wonderful. My Hair is much greyer. . . . My hair is now a very nice color, with gray streaks and full of life. . . . I am very much pleased. . . ."
Modern Screen's Contest Series No. 12

"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"

$1,750 Picture Puzzle!

1ST PRIZE ................... I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE ................... $200 IN WAR BONDS*

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE .................. $1.00 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.
** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

Here's something new in the way of a picture puzzle contest. The jingle we've got this month is based on Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken's new picture, "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"—and the stanza fits the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Try it and see!

HERE'S HOW: Since the picture puzzle is based on "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," you'd better read the story of the movie on page 48 before filling in your coupon. Then hop to it. Each picture represents a word or part of a word. Fill the words in on your coupon. You can tell if you're on the right track by singing the whole works to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." If the words fit, you've got a good chance of winning.

RULES

1. Solve the picture puzzle.

2. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs. give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.

3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.

4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.

5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than March 10, 1944.

6. Neatness will count but do not send in elaborate entries. They will receive no preference.

7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this series.

8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN'S
CONTEST NO. 9: "LET'S FACE IT"

1ST PRIZE .......... Miss Talitho Smith, Albertville, Ala.

2ND PRIZE .......... Miss Virginia Baker, Pocahontas, Fla.

3RD PRIZE .......... Lt. Paul Lee Johnson, USNR, Odessa, Mo.

4TH PRIZE .......... Miss Gene Miller, Rochester, N. Y.

5TH PRIZE .......... Mrs. Annie Preston, New Brunswick, N. J.

So beautiful, so snug, this I. J. Fox Persian lamb coat styled with tuxedo front, wide turn-back cuffs: 1st prize for this contest.

TURN TO PAGE 18 FOR "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" PICTURE PUZZLE
A break—that's what it was... when you asked me to stay with baby Susie while you visited her Daddy out on the Coast. I was staying home darn near every night, anyway. Lonesome as heck. But how was I to know what a break it would be!

That blessed doctor of yours! I took Susie to him for her check-up as you told me. (She's fine!) As we left I wailed, "I'd tackle almost any beauty routine, Doctor, to have a skin like that baby's!" "Regular, gentle cleansings with mild, pure Ivory is the ticket for you! It has no coloring, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. It couldn't be milder or purer. Might make a world of difference to your complexion."

Quick as a bunny I changed to gentle Ivory care. Boy did it work! Not long ago, Kay brought over a couple of Marine Lieutenants. I got the good-looking one—and I do mean got! He raves about my slick, smoother complexion. Wants to announce our engagement when you get back! Hurry!

99 44/100 % pure... It floats

Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

1. Don't leave soap in the water when you're through lathering yourself. Put the bar in a soap-dish when not in use.
2. Be sure your soap-dish is dry before you put your bar back. Keep a cloth handy to keep your soap-dish dry.
3. Use up soap scraps in wire shaker or tied in cloth.
Mr. Dave Minor is the man with the largest music class in the world... the man who guarantees if you can hum, whistle, sing a tune, and if you are willing to spend a few minutes a day for three weeks at the piano, he can teach you to play the piano by ear, entirely without music notes of any kind. It sounds too good to be true, but it is true. You can prove it for yourself, just by mailing the coupon.

Here is an outstanding offer to everyone who would like to play the piano. Mr. Minor has just completed a new "play by ear" piano course that is the easiest and quickest method you ever saw. It's so good and so practical that in three weeks, you're not actually playing the piano, your money back. Isn't that fair? So, don't wait. Mail the coupon now and get in on a special offer so wonderful it's amazing!

MAIL COUPON... Test at Our Risk

Even if you never played the piano or don't know one note from another, Dave Minor's new improved "play by ear" piano course must teach you or you are not out a red cent! It contains all the pictures, all the easy-to-follow instructions. It's as simple as ABC. 25 lessons in all, less than 60¢ a lesson! For over 25 years, Dave Minor has been teaching folks to play the piano. He has thousands of satisfied students, but never before has he been able to offer you such a complete and simplified method to play piano by ear. You start playing chords at once, and soon you'll be playing all kinds of songs... with Dave Minor's big free song book for your own pleasure and for entertainment of your family and friends. Mail the coupon, pay $1.49, plus C.O.D. postage on arrival, guarantee you may return course in three weeks, if not satisfied, full refund.

Mr. Dave Minor, Studio A-114.
230 East Ohio, Chicago 11, Ill.

Send your brand new complete "Play by Ear" Course of 25 lessons Free 72-Page Piano Song Book. I'll pay $1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on your positive guarantee I may return course in 3 weeks for refund. (Send $1.49 with order and Dave Minor pays postage.)

Name: __________________________________________

Address: ________________________________________
TO OUR READERS...

Do you remember the story about the tiny little salt mill that
would start grinding out salt on command—and wouldn't stop until you said
the magic word? And if you didn't know the word, it was really murder—
even if you liked salt! ... I used to think that story was solid, even though I just
took a little salt on my celery. But now I've met Beverly Linet, and I have a
real story to tell! ... Beverly is right out of a fairy tale herself. She
has been president of several far clubs and is utterly, utterly devoted to movies. If
anything ever happened to Hollywood, I suspect she would go up in a soundless,
invisible spiral of smoke. ... For, for better than salt, Beverly grinds out information
about movies and stars! She is so awfully well informed that I sometimes think
it must hurt to be so smart. With a good stiff question, you can start her grinding out
wisdom. And I have never yet seen anyone able to stop her! ... In all fairy tales,
the characters always live happily ever afterwards. To ensure Beverly's fate,
we have revived our old Information Desk. Send all your questions about the stars
and movies to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison
Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And don't tell me you don't believe in fairy tales.
I didn't either—not until I met Beverly!

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
The pretty little girl engrossed in the paper doll cut-out was Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner. She had just come in from school. Mother was out—working at the beauty parlor. Luncheon dishes were piled on the sink ready to be washed and dried. The dishes were Julia Jean’s job. But between dirty dishes and paper dolls—such a choice for a little girl to make.

She thought, bother the dishes. Mother won’t be in for a long while yet. Before she knew it, a key was clicking the door. Whew! And the dishes not done! Julia Jean took flight. Paper doll, scissors, guilty conscience and all, she made for the bedroom and dived under the bed.

Mother called. She kept quiet. She could tell by the voice, by the hurrying footsteps, by the way doors were being opened and shut, that Mother was scared. She longed to call out that she was all right but, having started this game of hide-and-seek, she was stuck with it. The outer door opened and closed. Mother’d gone to ask the man in the lobby whether Julia Jean had come home from school. And the man would say yes. Well—it wouldn’t be long now—

Back came ‘Mother, headed straight for the bedroom, peered under the bed and yanked her darling out. Having first made sure that she was sound in wind and limb, Mother then proceeded to give her what was coming to her, after which she left the room. She always did that—the sudden realization checked Julia Jean’s tears—every time she spanked her, she’d go right out of the room. Why? Curiosity got the better of her. She opened the door a crack. There sat mother, head down on her arms, bawling her eyes out. Julia Jean couldn’t bear it. Next minute she was down on her knees, burrowing her head in her mother’s lap, crying as no spanking had ever made her cry. Mother picked her up, cradled and hushed her like a baby, talked to her softly, kissed the swollen eyes, bathed the tear-stained face with water. Then she turned her round. — (Continued on following page)
“Now, young lady,” she said with a catch in her voice, “go wash those dishes.”

Her mother was the center of Julia Jean’s universe. Mothers generally are, when their children are young. But this was different. Her mother had to be where Julia Jean could look at her. If she left the room, Julia Jean would kick and scream and raise general Cain.

It wasn’t protection she craved. She was neither a fearful child nor a shy one. She met people with poise and dropped them little curtsies. But the way she needed Mother was the way she needed light and air.

Before long, she had to adjust herself to the fact that they weren’t Siamese twins. But Mother remained the focal point of her being. The bond between them was so warm and strong that, whatever went wrong, Mother’s presence could make it come right. For instance, she hated performing at school functions. She felt as if she were drowning—till she found Mother’s face in the audience. Their eyes would meet, and Mother would smile, and her smile was like a hand pulling Julia Jean out of the water. After that it was easy. She’d just say her piece or whatever it was straight to Mother. Even when she’d got to be a big girl in her teens.

The worst time of her life was when Mother left her in Stockton and went to work in San Francisco, and they only saw each other week-ends. If anyone had told her a thing like that could happen, she wouldn’t have believed it. Or if she had, she’d have wanted to lie down and die.

Before that, everything was lovely. Of course she couldn’t remember much about Wallace—the little Idaho mining town where she’d been born. There was the house—she remembered that—gray and two-storied, with steps leading up to the porch. She used to pretend she was a queen, and the top step was her throne and nobody else was allowed to sit there unless she liked them very much, in which case she’d graciously invite them to share the throne.

She remembered the abandoned chocolate pop factory, where she’d learned the meaning of terror. With the door open, it was a friendly place, and she’d loved to climb up and down the spiral staircase because it made her think of enchanted (Continued on page 34)
Signed contract with her long-time favorite name, Lana. Immediately branded "swater girl," she was given several tiny roles, emerged one of most promising actresses of 1937!

Discovered sipping a soda at drugstore counter by a talent scout, Lana was immediately whisking into the movies without ounce of training. First role was with Lina Perry (above) in "They Won't Forget." Modeling experience gave her courage to face cameras.
houses in fairy tales, and she was always hoping a cute little elf in a pointed cap might poke his head round the corner and play with her. But one day the door blew shut, and she couldn’t get it open, and she was alone with the dark coming at her from all sides, and her voice was screaming and her fists pounding wildly against wood, but she knew they’d never hear her—never, never, never—and she’d be alone in the dark until she died.

It couldn’t have been more than a few minutes before they came—a few minutes of such tearing anguish for the child behind the door that, to this day, she sickens at the smell of chocolate pop.

She remembered, too, the “mystery of the vanishing rings.”

Mildred Turner had been little more than a child herself—not quite 17—when the baby was born. She loved dressing her up. It was like dressing a doll, only more fun. Whatever you put on her, she just seemed to look cuter. Such a dainty, fussy little thing, too, as she started growing older. If she dirtied her hand, you couldn’t get away with just washing it. She had to have a bath. And fresh clothes from the skin out. “Now Jujean’s all clean,” she’d crow. Julia Jean Mildred Frances—that’s how she was baptized—and they called her Julia Jean. When teachers dropped the Jean, she’d correct them gravely. “My mother doesn’t like Julia all by herself.”

Late every afternoon Mother’d bathe and dress her and send her to the corner to meet Daddy, due home from his work with a mining company. Once mother fastened a sparkly pin to her dress. “That’s an amethyst,” she said. “Your birthstone and mine. You can wear it today just to make Daddy laugh.”

Amethyst meant nothing to Jujean, but she loved the way it glittered and kept pestering mother to let her wear it again. Nothing doing. So one day she slipped back into the house and tiptoed to the bedroom. The amethyst was gone, but two rings—sparkly and plain—lay on the dresser. Also a curly feather. She stuck the rings on her thumb, the feather in her hair and walked out like a lady to meet her daddy.

You could call it the mystery of the vanishing rings. Jujean returned, complete with Daddy and feather, and mother laughed at the plume cocked rakishly in her hair. “Rings, too,” she said, sticking her thumb up. But there were no rings. Daddy ran out and raked the street from door to corner. The rings had disappeared. And Jujean got spanked.

“She doesn’t rate it,” said Daddy. “You gave her the pin in the first place.”

“She’s got to learn not to touch things that don’t be-
long to her. Her hands are always into everything.”

After the first shock, Jujean took it philosophically. Mother loved her very much. This was a fact more firmly established than that night follows day. So if Mother spanked her, she must have been very bad—and that was that.

Julia Jean had been six when they left Wallace for San Francisco. “They call it the city of the Golden Gate,” Daddy told her. For weeks she dreamed about the Golden Gate—sparkly and beautiful and towering to the sky, with spikes sticking up, and a pearl at the end of each spike, like the pearls in mother’s necklace. But when they got there—

“Where’s the Golden Gate, Daddy?”

“There it is, honey. They call it that because it’s wide and deep and has room for lots of ships to come in.”

“But it’s only water!” She burst into tears and refused to be comforted. Life had handed Julia Jean her first lemon.

Daddy found work in San Francisco. But the Turners thought it too big and confusing a place for a child used to the freedom of a small town. So Mother and Julia Jean went to Stockton where her godmother lived and, as children will, Julia Jean accepted the new pattern of her days—with (Continued on page 37)
Lana Turner continued

She and Artie met on set of "Dancing Co-Ed," married several months later. After four and a half months with temperamental Artie in his Beverly Hills home, Lana sued for divorce.

There followed a roster of suitors. One-time head man was Vic Mature, with whom she did a brother-and-sister act, wearing twin play clothes, swim suits, piling up publicity notices.
Daddy coming for week-ends, with Mother at the beauty shop and herself at the convent school.

She hadn't liked the idea of school at all. But by now she'd found out that certain things happened, no matter how much you kicked and screamed, so she'd pretty well given up that routine. And after a while, she decided it wasn't so bad. Mother took her to school in the morning and met her for lunch. And the blue uniforms with their little white collars were so pretty. And she grew to love the nuns. In fact, before she got through, she loved everything about the convent except homework.

They'd been living in Stockton for two years when suddenly all the bad things came at once. Julia Jean caught scarlet fever and had to be taken to the hospital for contagious diseases. She'd never been away from her mother at night. Being away from your mother at night was awful. The hospital was fenced with iron palings. Every day mother'd come out to stand by the fence and wave, and her mouth would shape the words, "I love you." But Julia Jean wanted her close. Every day she'd leave a dish of orange sherbet at the office. (Continued on page 77)
At recent Lorraine Day shindig, Reagans copped prize for insane pillow dance: giant, inky spider. Invitation warned of snagged nylons, shredded hems. (Spectacled one is Hollywood agent.)

"Kid days" to Dutch (Ronnie) Reagan and Moon recall fascinating darning-room scene: Pap at one end of table hunched over evening paper. Dutch, Moon and Mom at other end with funnies, stifling giggles. On table: Poppertful of corn, basket of apples, salted crackers.

At Eureka, Moon's constant beef was, "I crum my head off for a B. That featherbrained lug (Rennie) never turns to pg. 2 and gets a C+." Profs would kid, "Why waste our time keeping him here 5 yrs."
The Reagan Boys

By Kirtley Baskette

Ronnie and Moon swipe each other's suits, steal each other's thunder, go into an Irish tangle at the drop of a word. And yet...

Back in the 1930's, Midwest football fans used to tune in on a regular radio puzzler every Saturday afternoon. One second they'd hear a snappy sports announcer sign off the Notre Dame-Minnesota game in South Bend, Indiana—and the next second the same excited voice would crackle: "Now, folks, here we are at Ames, Iowa, for the Iowa State-Nebraska game—and what a battle royal this will be! The Cornhuskers are trotting on the field . . . they're lining up . . . the referee tosses the coin . . . there goes the whistle! . . ." What stumped the radio fans was how this sports announcer guy, Dutch Reagan, could skip across a couple of states in a couple of seconds!

They didn't know Dutch Reagan had a brother, Moon, who was so close to this bud that he talked exactly like him.

That was back when Dutch and Moon Reagan craved to be a couple of Ted Husings. Since then, Dutch has made his more refined name, Ronald, famous as a movie star, and now as Captain Ronald Reagan of the U. S. Army. And Moon, whose Mom calls him Neil, has done all right, too, as a Hollywood radio executive. But the Reagan brothers, Moon and Dutch, are still as close as two peas in a pod—and at the same time as different as day and night.

Moon still talks exactly like Ronnie, and he has those same laugh-wrinkled Reagan eyes that you can spot a mile off. They wear each other's suits and steal each other's underwear, because they weigh exactly the same and measure alike, even down to shoe sizes. Moon and Dutch live a couple of blocks apart on the same street, roam in and out of each other's houses and raid one another's Victory Gardens. They get together on all holidays and every Saturday night. They huddle with each other on every business move and kibitz on family affairs. But Moon is a (Continued on page 70)
Journey for Jean Pierre

One day in a café in Morocco, his friends will wonder why he wastes his short leaves standing alone at a bar instead of dancing.

It was a crisp September night in New York. A taxi slithered to a halt in front of the Sherry Netherlands hotel, and a tall blond young man got out. He dashed into the hotel and strode toward the elevators.

"Just a minute, Mr. Aumont," said the desk clerk. "There's a letter for you."

"A letter?" Jean Pierre looked puzzled. "You have the night mail deliveries in America then?"

"This didn't come by mail," the clerk explained.

Jean Pierre took it and started again toward the elevator. But as he recognized the handwriting on the envelope, he came to an abrupt halt. That was Maria's writing! He had left his bride alone in their suite two hours before. Something must have happened! An accident—the hospital! Visions of Maria, pale and near death on a hospital bed floated madly through his mind. His heart pounded uncomfortably in his chest. Quickly he tore the letter open...

"Jean Pierre, my darling," it said. "This is the first evening since our marriage that (Continued on page 93)
When an astrologer once told Maria her cast name in a certain film was unlucky, she raised heaven and earth to change it! Lonesome, she's burying herself in work on "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves."

Out of "Cross of Lorraine" uniform into Fighting French gear. Studied English for two years, learned American ditties from buddies in cast.

Dreams of a post-war life together include a co-starring play on the Paris stage. Already Maria's boning up on her French grammar and diction, for a solid hour each night before she turns out her light.
Van plotted evening's program. Was late getting out of work, hustled straight home to start dressing.

Van often finds himself competing with Hope or Benny for radio-fan Gloria's attention. Goes for her unconscious stock phrase "how perfectly wonderful!"

Dries off after shower by racing around house half-garbed. Calls all his gals "Stupid," prefers 'em in black, sweaters, with long hairdos. Nixes doodads.

Always gets jittery dressing for date. Permanently scarred by one never-explained stand-up. Takes full hour, spends long moments in scented bubble bath.
Along with Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven—from Saturday night primping to their front porch goodnight!

Dresses in half hour, funnies included. Adores Little Abner, can't understand why he scorns Doisy Mae. Reading list also includes best sellers, movie maqs.

Collects cashmere sweaters, keeps most of his togs at Keenan Wynn's where he practically lives. At first hole, socks go to charity; he can't mend.

Gloria sets her hair nightly, has weekly shampoo. A one-time nail-biter, she stopped when studio stormed. Now prides herself on manicures, does own pedicuring.

Strictly feminine, she bobs flat heels except with slacks, always wears gloves. Saves wolf jacket from Pop for special dates, such as one with Van tonight.

continued on following page
First thing he asked for when he came to offer auto smash-up was gum. Pol Evie Wynn smiles new supplies out of drugstore clerks, turns take over to Von!

Inexhaustible on phone, once chatted 1 hr. 20 mins. Mom imposes no blue laws, but daughter wisely stays in while working in "Two Sisters and a Sailor."

Since both are always hungry, first stop was dinner. Conversation centered about work, chops, chicken, steak. Chums claim they once lingered 15 mins. over subject of spaghetti!

Later dropped in on Keenan Wynn's where Von gave baby Naddy-Poo a record album. Often sits in on Ned's music hour, warbles along with "Mother Goose" records.
Up from 160 to 200 since accident, Van can't understand why he gains on one meal a day. Overseeks Henry VIII-ish portions, incessant nibbles and Pepsi!

Gloria kept him waiting 15 mins. Hep to women's ways, Van never raised a brow, philosophically hauled out a book. Promises to bring writing kit next time!

Host Keenan was entertaining at Canteen, didn't get home till guests were leaving. Mid-evening, kids sat around fireplace and told ghost stories in dark room. Later Van gave rumba lesson.

Constantly jest each other, have such a picnic they hate to say good-by. Van's specialty: a devastating imitation of Gloria's hip-swaying walk and continual running fingers thru hair.
Jim backed car to Verna's window, chucked things in back seat, carted them to his apt. on eve of marriage. Slept in car. Next A.M. friends found him on porch begging coffee 'n razor.

Jim Brown is a contradictory guy. He made his first hit as the love-'em-and-leave-'em Tex of "Air Force," and played it as if he'd been playing Tex all his life. The only similarity is coincidental. He is from Texas.

Till he met the one he wanted to marry, girls scared him. He was too bashful to kiss them. Every time he found himself dressing for a date, he'd wonder what the heck he'd made it for. He got good and sick of the funny little smile in a girl's eyes as he bade her a kissless goodnight. He got good and sick of being told, "You're the sweetest guy, Lefty."

"And the damnedest fool," he'd mutter, striding off into the night.

What did he want to bother with girls for anyway? More fun taking a show in with a fellow. (Continued on page 110)
"WOLF"
"The Miracle of Morgan’s Creek"

They’re knee-deep in dilemmas. And suddenly a miracle whirls Bracken and lovely, crazy Betty up into the clouds.

**STORY** When the miracle happened over at Morgan’s Creek, the editor of the local paper called the Governor while half a thousand people kept shuffling through the dim, quiet street outside his window and more kept pouring in every hour, every half hour, every minute. It was the biggest thing that ever happened in Morgan’s Creek.

"Morgan’s Creek," the Governor yelled over the phone, "are you sure that’s in my state?"

"Of course, it’s in your state," the editor said. "I voted for you, didn’t I?"

"Let’s skip politics," the Governor said. "This is absolutely sensational."

"Colossal," the editor said.

"Terrific!"

"Unparalleled!"

"All right," the Governor said, "give me the whole story now. I want it right from the beginning."

"Well," said the editor, "there’s this girl in our town, Trudy Kockenlocker—" (Continued on page 81)

**PRODUCTION** One of the few location sites used in these days of gas rationing was "Morgan’s Creek," a movie town set up on the Paramount Ranch 35 miles from Hollywood. Director-Writer Preston Sturges went scouting for proper backgrounds before the picture started, discovered a cowboy main street at right angles to a residential section left over from "Tom Sawyer." With a few buildings moved over from another part of the ranch, he had a completely furnished town, and the new materials cost him less than $2,000 for the entire production!

Next problem was transporting all the workers to and from the spot. "Busses" was the only possible answer, so a system was set up. First bus left from Paramount’s front door at 6:30 loaded with the technical crew, camera helpers, prop men, painters and carpenters. They were to go first and get the day’s set ready for work. At 7:00 every morning, the staff bus pulled away from the studio filled with Mr. Sturges, the head camera man, script (Continued on page 116)
3. Trudy, foggy about the night before, jounces up to theater lobby at 8 A.M. next morning, finds Norval asleep in corner. Officer Kockenlocker is ready to pound him to pulp when he drives Trudy home.

4. Suddenly things come clear. Trudy waits out she's married. Little later she finds she's mother-to-be. Since it's impossible to find husband, she and Sis (Diana Lynn) plan to get Norval to propose.

5. Norval does propose, but Trudy, touched by the guy's sweetness and his sincerity, moans between sobs, "I just can't do this to you," and out comes the story. Pop storms out to see what's wrong.


7. After they're nabbed for speeding, Pop learns truth, claims Norval as his prisoner, plans another escape. Together they lift $900 from bank where Norval worked, stuff $900 in War Bonds in vault.

8. The mounting dilemma is cleared up by near-miracle. As Morgan Creek settles down again to normal humdrum, another miracle is wrought—and Trudy and Norval are caught up in whirl of happiness.
Even though Judy rode in a jeep in all the 16 cities visited on tour, she never got her fill! Would like nothing better than owning one herself. Above, with Betty Hutton, Greer Garson, Mickey Rooney and Lucille Ball.

Crowds flooded Los Angeles station to see troupe off. By tour's end they had been gaped at by over 7 million fans—even on extra-curricular sightseeing tours! War Finance Com. head come to say goodbye to Judy, Kyser, Ball.

Gang joshed all the way across the country, with Harpo Marx and Mickey Rooney the ring-leaders. One day Harpo surprised Judy and Doris Merrick at their dinner by appearing in waiter's garb, serving ice-cold cooffee.

**Judy Cried**

It was fun and grinding work. It was headaches and thrills and comradeship and laughter and a few tears. It was nerve-racking and heart-lifting. It was the Hollywood Bond Cavalcade, and Judy wouldn't have missed it for the world. Its meaning was summed up in the words of a soldier. When they played San Francisco, two rows down front were reserved for a group of young servicemen back from North Africa, all decorated for conspicuous bravery in action beyond the line of duty. Jimmy Cagney departed from the regular program to pay them tribute. Each performer saluted them as he came out. After the show, the boys went backstage.

"I'd like to thank you for myself and my buddies," one of them said to Judy. "It's a great job you're doing."

"That's hard to take, coming from someone like you. You've really done a job."

"This is just as important, and don't you forget
Her Heart Out!
By Jeanne Karr

All those wonderful guys with the young, eager faces, bound for heaven knows where—no wonder Garland’s songs were tear-splashed!

it. I hope people are buying ’em fast, because brother, how we need that stuff!"

Judy wished the whole country could have heard the simple fervor of those words. BUY BONDS! cry the billboards. BUY BONDS! cry the radio voices. But this was different. He’d been there. He was going back. He knew. Brother, how we need that stuff! It made you feel that buying bonds was like putting more shells in his gun, so he could shoot instead of being shot—like sending an airplane to cover him, so he could come back and live, not stay there and die. It was like an urgent, personal SOS, and you could either answer it or turn your back. Brother, was she glad she’d come on this trip!

The Hollywood Victory Committee had hesitated about including her. She’d returned from a five weeks’ camp tour just before the Cavalcade started out. Was she too tired to go along? they asked. To Judy that (Continued on page 102)
A Guy Named Joe

Joe Cotten's got large and gusty appetites... likes people in droves, clothes in stacks, books piled to the ceiling and gags by the earload.

On the set of "Gaslight" the other day, someone asked Joseph Cotten what he thought about Ingrid Bergman. "She's a girl who doesn't look or act like anyone else in Hollywood," promptly replied Joe. "And she's not a bit worried about it!"

Joe Cotten might well have been talking about himself. Like Ingrid, he's one of the greatest naturals to hit Hollywood in years.

I doubt if any star in Hollywood is getting as big a bang out of being a movie star as Joseph Cotten. He's busier than a brace of bird dogs, starting one picture before another is finished, running his Sunday radio show, hopping here and there for OWI broadcasts, OPA broadcasts, service benefits, bond rallies and what have you. He just wound up Orson (Continued on page 88)

In N. Y. years ago, when Joe was green as spinach, great Belasco signed him for life but died week later. (At Players with Mrs. Jack Lighter.)

Says Ist person to call him movie actor was pal Welles. Joe agreed, but after glimpse of Ist screen test felt "like Sunday morning with a hangover." Like Bergman, he's never been typed. Plays everything from hero to villain.
It all began when the Ford-Ford got a flat in Chinatown. After that, it was a heady whirl of stuffed pandas, Kwazy Wabbitt and puddle-jumpers for Don and Gwen!

Any stage on which Donald O'Connor now works is strictly a love set. He doesn't exactly glow, but one gets that general impression. When the luncheon hour approaches, his eyes have a way of measuring—not the fastest distance to the commissary, as used to be the case—but the most likely prospect loitering in the vicinity. The prospect should have an open, honest face and an extra gas coupon.

First, Don locates the director and finds out what his afternoon schedule is. Usually he is booked tighter than a model's bathing suit. Then he approaches the character with the open, honest face and says, "Going into town this afternoon about two-thirty, huh?"

If the prospect says, "Could be," Don counters quickly, "If I gave you a gas ticket, would you mind going down to Los Angeles High School and getting my girl? She's coming out to the set this afternoon... if I can arrange transportation."

The deal closed, Don charges toward the commissary looking like the first fruits of the dimout repeal. Gwennie will be there all afternoon, oh happy, happy stuff.

Would you like to know, confidentially, how to fall in love in the O'Connor manner? Well, first of all you should know a good many people, as Mr. O'Connor does. You should have met them in practically every town in the United States. And you should remember them, no matter where or how you happened to meet them—as Hepcat O'Connor does.

To begin at the beginning: the O'Connor act once worked on the same bill with The Duffins, Matthew and Joyce, dancing (Continued on page 97)
Alan Ladd carried in his billfold a photostatic copy of the papers which state that Corporal Alan W. Ladd has been honorably discharged from the Army of the United States. Of all the documents Alan has signed, that is probably the only one to which he was totally, absolutely, heartachingly unwilling to append his signature.

Mustered out at the same time Laddie was, were three buddies from his outfit. One from the Aleutians and two from Guadalcanal. At Alan’s invitation the trio went home with the Ladds that first non-Army night the men had known for many, many months. They were rather quiet, after the manner of those who have a great deal on their minds.

After dinner they sat around and had a session ... just as they had grown accustomed to doing in the Army. The focal point in the Ladd household was the fireplace, whereas it had formerly been the iron bed of some hospitable PFC.

Instead of a crap game in the corner to furnish background barracks music, the radio played softly.

“Tomorrow morning,” said one of the men without particular enthusiasm, “I’m going to sleep until noon. No reveille, boy! Isn’t that something?” Then he glanced at Sue Ladd. “That is,” he added, “if I won’t be in your way in the den.”

(Because the Ladd house is small and compact, the three guests had been allotted to the three lounges. They tossed coins for location. One drew the lounge before the living room fireplace; one drew the sitting room lounge, and the third won the lounge in the den ... practically a private palace to the soldier who had spent a year in barracks with numerous and sundry other characters in khaki.)

The second guest spoke up: “When I get into civilian clothes, ya know what I’m going to do? I’m going to look up the biggest, brawniest M.P. I can find, and I’m going to follow him for five city blocks, whistling.”

“As for me,” said the third guest, “I’m going to buy myself a tweed sport jacket that will make Bing Crosby’s wildest wardrobe item look more colorless than rain on a slate roof. Sox—Argyle plaid! Ties—nothing with a design smaller than a G.I. soup kettle!” He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and squinted (Continued on page 114)

Laddie’s puttin’ that pistol down for doctor’s role in “And Now Tomorrow.” Studio gave him three mos. to recover, but Sue’s home cooking is bringing him around quickly.
As this month's GOOD NEWS goes to press, Hollywood is still talking about the following things:
The marriage of Susan Peters to Richard Quine.
The birth of a son, Peter, to Lt. and Mrs. William Holden (Brenda Marshall).
The return to Hollywood of Captain Clark Gable, and the fact that he was being sent to Virginia Bruce, thereby running competition to the Coast Guard in the person of Cesar Romero.
A rumor also gained ground in the land of romance that CUPID IS STUPID, to wit:
Hollywood's Little Poker Face, Deanna Durbin, announced that she and Lt. Vaughn Paul had separated and that she would eventually seek a divorce. When Deanna was planning her wedding, she refused to discuss the details with any but her intimate friends and members of her family, explaining that marriage was a sacred rite and not a topic to be tossed lightly from tongue to tongue. That she views divorce with the same fastidiousness is indicated by her current silence. She has made no public comment aside from her original terse announcement of her intentions.
By the time you read this, it is to be hoped that Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones will have reconciled. After all, they have two adorable small sons, and their careers have developed simultaneously after a good many years of cheerfully shared struggle. As a team they have more common interests than either could ever hope to perfect with a new marital partner. The thing that caused the trouble in the first place was a combination of malicious gossip and a headstrong man's refusal to realize how easily an innocent action could be misunderstood.
Both Bob and Jennifer are currently working in "Since You Went Away," the Claudette Colbert starring picture. Most of their scenes tell the story of ripening love between a boy and a girl. You might keep your fingers crossed in the hope that the cinematic romance rekindles the love between two of the nicest and most talented human beings in Hollywood.
Lieutenant C. J. Holt (formerly known to his friends as "Tim") is again maritally free lance. (Continued on page 62)

After being squired to Macambo and other plush spots by Errol several weeks running, studios dangled screen test before Nora Eddington's nose. Errol, whose latest interest is art collecting, is being named in some breath with Doris Duke Cramwell.
ADORABLY PRETTY.

Hilda Holder is another charming Pond's engaged girl. the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Holder of one of North Carolina's first families...

"Dick enlisted two months before Pearl Harbor—I wanted to be doing something necessary, too," Hilda says, "so I found my job helping to build planes.

"I get up at 4:00 A.M., and don't get back home until 4:00 P.M. It seemed outlandish at first, but now I like it. I do have to watch out for my complexion, though. "I give my face a good Pond's creaming after work every day so I'm certain-sure there's no greasy dirt clogging up my pores. Lots of the girls keep a big jar of Pond's at the plant. I guess they love it the way I do."

Hilda beauty cleans her face with Pond's like this: She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. She "rinses" with more Pond's, swirling her white-coated fingers around in little spirals. Tissues off again. Her face feels "perfectly lovely" she says, "so extra clean, so nice to touch."

Yes—it's no accident engaged girls like Hilda, exquisite society leaders like Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, and Britain's Lady Grenfell delight in this soft-smooth cream. Ask for a big, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it every night, every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

SHE'S ENGAGED!

SHE'S LOVELY!

HILDA'S RING—
the diamond is set in a hand-wrought design on a slim gold band

HILDA'S EXQUISITE COMPLEXION has that appealing baby-clear look every girl wants. "Pond's Cold Cream is the only beauty care I use," she says. "I keep a big jar in my locker at the plant—and a big jar at home."

ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! It's more patriotic to buy large sizes, saves glass and manpower. (You may see different color "war caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is the same lovely quality!)

TODAY—MANY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE
Anne Baxter, just turned 20, had date to meet Richard Derr in Mexico City Xmas Day but denied engagement to him before that and started doing rounds with Bill Eytho, bearded for role in "Eve of St. Mark."

Betty Hutton, last day on Tucson location, last $1200 diamond in bath. When hotel guest complained of gurgling drain, management found ring, phoned Betty who hadn’t missed it. (Hero with Arturo de Cordova.)

Alice was as breathless and jittery through Phil Harris’ opening at new Slopsy Maxie’s as if it were his first try-out. Reviews next A.M. raved. Alice is shopping again in toddlers’ depts. Young’un due April.

**GOOD NEWS**

Continued

Some time ago he and Mrs. Holt reconciled, went to Victorville to live (at which point Lt. Holt was stationed), then decided that their second guess was still wrong.

Tim is now stationed at El Centro, California, in the capacity of an instructor of aerial bombardment.

**Trip Quips:**

Doris Harris, Betty Hutton’s pretty hairdresser, was crossing a Paramount street when she was hailed by Bob Hope. “When I was in Sicily,” Bob explained, “I was buttonholed by a handsome, red-headed sailor named Freddie. He asked me if I knew you and I said sure. So he told me to tell you hello.”

This minor incident, repeated in kind a thousand times out of his seemingly bottomless memory, indicates one excellent reason why Bob Hope can’t make his battlefield journey—is probably the most popular man on earth today.

* * *

It happened while RKO Milland was in New York, staying in a Tower apartment of a very famous hotel. One morning he was having late coffee and early conversation with a friend. He was attired solely in the trousers of his pajamas. His hair hadn’t been combed, he wasn’t shaved, and he was sitting in a relaxed attitude on the final inch of his spin.

When someone knocked, he assumed that a member of his family or a friend who had a suite on the same floor was joining him for coffee. “Come in,” he called.

In trooped about 15 wide-eyed fans, complete with autograph book and worshipful expressions, only to find the most astounded celebrity ever to blush scarlet and offer an apology. Your reporter would like to tell you how the fans managed to gain entrance to the carefully guarded suite of Mr. Milland, but that would be suicidal. I have to go on living in Hollywood.

* * *

If you saw "Behind the Rising Sun," you became acquainted all over again with Margo, one of the most fabulous and exciting personalities in or out of Hollywood.

Recently she was sent by RKO on a combination personal appearance and bond-selling trip. At one theater she was booked to deliver a stirring bond-rally speech just after the riotous musical act of a South American orchestra. This band was composed of very small men, all about five feet high.

They wore enormous, multi-colored hats, gaucho suits with serapes, and they played quaint instruments varying from a knee-high marimba to native stringed instruments.

Margo towered above them like a redwood in a mushroom garden.

She watched rehearsals, then said to the manager, “You can’t ask me to follow them on the program. After all that color and harmony, I would be a frightful flop.”

“You’ll have to explain it to the band,” the manager said with a shrug. “They speak only Spanish.”

Margo is very deft with her usteds, so she explained that it was best for her to make a little talk just before the musical act. They wanted to know when they should make their entrance. “When everyone claps”—and she showed them the hand signal for applause—then you come out and play.”

She had forgotten that, during her speech, there were several telling phrases dealing with the war effort and Americanism, which would appeal to her listeners. The first time the audience broke into applause, Margo heard the patter of little feet and the scurrying of little instruments.

In horrified Spanish she tried to tell them, “Not yet; not yet.” It was no use. When the clapping occurred, they had been told to play. And play they did.

* * *

A tall captain, wearing the insignia of the Adjutant General’s Department, rushed out to meet the plane on which the Jack Benny troupe had just arrived in Persia. He was Captain Gordon Jones, a contract player for RKO before he went into the Army.

While he was exchanging rapid-fire conversation with Jack Benny, Captain Jones was handed a letter that had just arrived by air from Hollywood. It had been written by Jerry Asher of Warner Brothers, a close (Continued on page 64)
Serve your Country in the “war job with a future”...

Free Training . . . with pay . . . in the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

You're a lucky girl if you can qualify; lucky in so many ways . . . .

★ There's the chance to make your future happy and secure . . . to receive a free education as a professional nurse.

★ Then there's the money side . . . your tuition and fees all free . . . your room and board paid for . . . a regular allowance of $15 to at least $30 a month.

★ And all the time you know you're playing an important part in the war. Even while you're in training, you will be helping to release other nurses for essential service. 65,000 new student nurses are urgently needed this year.

★ Your uniforms are free, too. Not only your school uniform; but the stunning new uniforms of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps (for optional outdoor wear).

A WAR JOB WITH A FUTURE . . .

After graduation, you can become an Army or Navy Nurse, a nurse in Public Health or Government service here or abroad. You may specialize in child health or x-ray or in many other fields.

And don't think you're closing the door on romance. There will be time for dates of an evening, and occasional weekends off duty. In many schools, you can marry and continue in training.

JOIN THE U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS

A great emergency creates a great opportunity
ACT TODAY! Mail the coupon for FREE booklet

giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.
Please send free booklet and list of accredited schools.

Can you qualify? Are you between 17 and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet . . . and list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school. *Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.
Richard Oulne wangled 5-day leave for honeymoon, then frisked back to San Francisco station. When they applied for license, Dick dug deep in pocket, found one buck, had to borrow other dollar from Susan Peters.

Gordon opened the letter, glanced at it, laughed and handed the letter to Jack.

It said, in part, "There isn't much chance—
I don't suppose—of your running into Jack Benny, although I understand that he may entertain in the Middle East. If you should run into him, tell him that I'm writing this letter just before going over to pick up Mary Livingston. We are invited to a party at the Ray Millards tonight."

* * *

In her forthcoming Paramount picture "Lady in The Dark" Ginger Rogers and the entire cast wear blue make-up for one of the dream sequences. Miss Rogers has threatened to don that color and wear it indefinitely on account of her marine. Jack Briggs, has gone overseas.

Notable Quotables:

Someone asked Bob Hope when he was scheduled to start work on his new picture, "The Road to Utopia."

"Not until the 14th," he said.

The rather surprised answer came back,
"But I talked to Bing and he said he was starting on the 1st."

Bob nodded sagely. "I always give Bing two weeks' start on the scenes," he explained.

"Then I fade him in the stretch."

The Young Idea:

Miss Pia, daughter of Ingrid Bergman, was a set visitor one day when a camera crane shot was being made. She was allowed to ride with the cameraman on the thrilling trip from first floor shot, to second story shot and back again.

After she told her mother that she knew what she wanted for Christmas: a camera crane that she could ride all day. "But darling,"

Suitor Oscar Brooks hot-footed up from Mexico to counter Steve Hannagan's advances, but Ann Sheridan was cool. Annie's gown, covered with 35,000 stones for "Shine on Harvest Moon" cost $3000.
laughed her mother, "they cost FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Several days later, Pia's nurse took her downtown to confer with a certain department store Santa Claus. When he asked Pia what she wanted to find beside her Christmas tree, she fixed him with a positive eye. "I want a camera crane," she announced with resolution, "even if it is going to cost you five thousand dollars." • • •

Jim Brown and his wife have, in the past, frequently congratulated themselves upon their great good luck in keeping a nurse for their child. This Olympian being was everything desirable: gentle, soft-voiced, firm when necessary, and devoted. As she was 67, she didn't ask for unexpected days off—she was happy with her Sunday and Thursday. And she seemed so permanent ... a priceless attribute in these days of wholesale conversion to Lockheed.

The other morning she gave notice. She explained, with pink cheeks, that she was resigning to become a bride.

The pretty, cultured woman said to the salesgirl in the lady's department of a large department store, "Please send two of each of the items I have ordered to my home address."

The salesgirl blinked, but wrote up the order.

Her customer was Mrs. Will Price, cinematically known as Maureen O'Hara, and she is making plans for a spring addition to the family. Because twins are a regular occurrence in both the Price and O'Hara families, she is shopping on the double.

Man's Castle:

For months, Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts lived in a camp cottage. Finally, however, they found a large and comfortable house in one of the canyons about halfway between the studio and the valley—a defense plant area.

Knowing, at first-hand, of the housing shortage, the Tufts decided to make patriotic use of their two spare bedrooms with connecting bath, by taking two roomers.

There was only one difficulty: One of the paying guests was a supervisor at Lockheed so it was essential for him to have a telephone. Mr. Tufts explained his dilemma: He was working a non-essential industry, so the telephone company couldn't supply him with an Ameche.

The supervisor fixed that, so now Mr. Tufts uses his roomer's telephone when it is imperative for him to get in touch with the studio.

* * *

When Dana Andrews moved out to the valley, he was given a cow, name of Sophie, by the real estate agent who consummated the Andrews deal. Dana was gratified by such kindness, but a little depressed at thought of the work entailed by ownership of the animal. Discreet inquiry around the neighborhood, with a view to sharing or giving away the bovine, informed Mr. Andrews that Sophie had belonged in turn to everyone in the tract. He happened to be the final purchaser of property there, so it looked as if he were stuck. Six o'clock milking night and morning! The groaning arose to high heaven over the trouble caused by milk, cream and eventually butter. But that was months ago. They do say that a glow of well-being now exudes from the Andrews home, and that envious neighbors keep chiding themselves with the acid fact that they, too, once owned Sophie.

Jack Carson and Kay St. Germain finally bought and moved into their new home, taking along the furniture from their old house. Because the new house is much larger than the old, the Carsons began to search for furniture to fill in the lonesome corners—without much luck. Everyone in Los Angeles was furniture-hunting, too.

At one auction, Jack spied a Lazy Susan of obviously good lines. (Continued on page 108)
Jinx applies face lotion on cotton pad.

She outlines lips with a brush.

Cold Weather

Here’s what you’ve been waiting for . . .

Hollywood’s pet tricks for winter beauty!

Zing . . . and the New Year came in with a crash! After the celebration, while you’re combing the confetti out of your hair, give a thought to this fact: Good grooming rules apply year in, year out, sunshine or snow flakes. Only the attack is a little different with each season. Thing to do is plan your beauty campaign as MacArthur plans his expeditions. Lay down the rules, plot your course and move forward. If chapped skin problems assail you, do a little maneuvering with creams and lotions. If a red nose annoys you, camouflage with wintertime make-up. Don't let enemy bugaboos, “frost and wintry blasts,” reduce your personal charm. Follow these blueprints for good grooming that Jinx Falkenburg models so fetchingly.

plan a—The Bath

No need to convince you that a bath a day is a P.G. essential (personal grooming to you). And before you put your liddle toe in, sprinkle some sweet smelling bath salts into the water. Don’t forget to bring your scrub brush and favorite toilet soap with you. Lather up some extra special soap fluff and give yourself a workout from tip to toe. When you’re clean as clean, step out

A sponge helps to smooth on make-up. Jinx adores a silky, soft face powder.

Brr! Jinx enjoys a cold water rinse. La Falkenburg’s newest is “Nine Girls.”
and give yourself a brisk drying with the towel... invigorating, huh?
Want to smell pretty and sweet? Then toilet water. The aroma will last the
clock around, keep you dainty and fresh. Smooth a skin lotion over your freshly
bathed self. And for a glamour finish to your bath routine, try a dusting of
body powder or talcum.

plan b—Be Fastidious

A word to the wise is sufficient, so haul out your deodorant or anti-perspi-
rant. Use daily, if necessary. There are cream, liquid or powder forms; the
choice is up to you. Point is, don't wait to use a deodorant until underarm
perspiration spoils your best wool dress. We go along with the ads and assure
you that anti-perspirants are also grand insurance against losing your friends
and your job.

'Course you'll want your pretty pins to look sleek and neat, so defuzz your
legs at least once a week. There are depilatories and handy abrasive gadgets
that will do a smooth job for you. Take care, too, that your ten toes are in con-
dition, because open-toed sandals have a way of showing you up. A weekly
pedicure should do the trick.

Next, my pretty damsels, give a
thought to your dainty paws. See that
they're smooth and in condition. Whate-
ever your job, kitchen, factory or office,
your hands are bound to take a beating
in winter weather. Follow every wash-
ing with an application of hand lotion.
It's a nifty thought to carry a small boul-
tle of the stuff in your purse. Or keep
some in your locker or office drawer for
use during the day. Your hands will
thank you no end!

plan c—Skin Care

Be on the alert for little gremlins
that make a peaches 'n' cream com-
pexion look (Continued on page 76)
SPARKLE and glow, my chickadees, if you'd be the belle of 1944. Though your features be plain and your moniker "Jane," you can still dazzle the lads on furlough if you make the most of what you have. That involves a few beauty fixin' tricks that can easily be slipped into your daily itinerary. For, my friends, as you sow, so shall you reap. As you tend to good grooming, so shall charm be your reward. With these words of beauty wisdom, comes a personal grooming questionnaire. We know the answers, but do you? Fill in the missing words and check on your batting average in the glamour field. If you rate 100% (the answers are on page 102), that's a home run, and you're good. If you have 15 runs and 5 errors, you're still pretty good. Any score below that, however, means the "bench" for you, sis. Come on, let's go!

1. Singing in the ... is allowed in the best society if you do it at least once a day.

2. For that heavenly-all-over feeling, sprinkle your favorite sweet smelling ... into a tub of warm water and jump in.

3. With a pure, rich ... work up some de luxe suds. Use a long-handled brush to get at the hard-to-reach places on your pink-and-white self.

4. After drying yourself thoroughly with a large bath towel, douse yourself with ... or toilet water for an oh-so-elegant effect. You can have an angelic feeling of walking on clouds, by patting yourself generously with bath powder or talcum.

5. Use a cream, liquid or powder ... daily, if you don't want to be a wallflower. And who does?

6. A smooth, quick way to defuzz your pins is to use one of the handy abrasive gadgets or a ... .

7. If Jack Frost plays havoc with your skin, making you look like somebody's stepchild, slather on lots of rich, luscious ... before retiring.

8. A weekly sudsing with your pet ... lends luster, sheen and sparkle to your topknot.

9. Crosby is to crooning what a daily hundred strokes with a ... is to your halo.

10. Smooth hands are lovely to hold (an idea, anyway) so haul out your ... and use after every hand washing.

11. A beauty tip for your fingertips! If your ... chips, renew it or take it off completely.

12. Blouses and skirts that part at the waist are very ... fetching. 

(Continued on page 102)
How many shoes make a Victory?

How far would you expect our soldiers to advance—on the bitter, rocky hills of Italy, for instance—with the soles out of their shoes? How much would you expect from an army in rags?

Forgetting for a moment the tanks, planes, bullets and bayonets we must send to our men, think of just this one item: SHOES. The millions of pairs of shoes our men must have over and over again. In taking Attu we read that jackets, gloves, boots, sleeping bags—"brand new Tuesday, were worn out and discarded by Saturday." That's what war does. Those are just some of the minor things that victories cost.

They're fighting now—in winter. If there were something you could do to make sure that that boy you know would get all the shoes, warm coats, the equipment he needs to safeguard his life—wouldn't you do it?

Somehow, because it's not direct, it's hard to realize, perhaps, that buying a War Bond right here in your home town, is going to do so much.

But think of the people in the next block, the next town, the next state—all buying a War Bond, too. Think of the money from those Bonds flowing into the Army, the Navy, the Air Corps, the Marines—of the power that money will give our boys . . . YOUR BOY!

Your bit may seem a little bit. But it's the mighty drop in the bucket that's keeping our armies advancing—well-shod, well-fed, well cared-for. Buy that War Bond now! When victory is ours . . . when you get that letter saying "I'm on my way home!" you'll realize how much that War Bond did.

And—it's your investment in the future—earning interest. For you. And your boy.

Keep on Buying War Bonds

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by Maybelline

World's largest-selling eye beauty aids

Facts about War Bonds

1. War Bonds cost $18.75 for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's safest investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name or 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds cannot go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be cashed in, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to accrue interest after one year.
Republican and Dutch is a Democrat, and Nell's a Catholic, and Ronnie's a Protestant, and Ronnie is still ambitious and serious minded, while Nell is happy-go-lucky. So they still tangle, as they always have, in some perfectly lovely scrapes over practically anything.

One Christmas in Hollywood a while back before Moon and Dutch's dad, Jack Reagan, died, he resurrected an old toy boat that Ronnie had treasured as a kid. He got it over to the studio prop department and had it all fixed up and painted. Christmas Day he handed it to Ronnie. Moon was there, of course, so he played with Ronnie in the swimming pool to sail the boat. Ronnie was thrilled as pie with the toy, so wickedly Moon said, "You know, Dutch, that boat's really mine. I got it for Christmas when we were kids. Hand it over."

"Why, you—!" sputtered Ronnie. "You know darn well it always was my favorite boat. Beat it!" So Moon grabbed the boat, and they juggled it like a couple of school kids, scuffling around the pool until finally Ronnie pushed Moon in, clothes and all!

It's been that way with the Reagan boys since they can remember, according to Moon, whom I cornered in Hollywood the other day. Moon Reagan is one of those swell pink-faced Irish guys who loves to tell a funny story, especially if it's on himself. It's a shame he isn't a movie star, because he'd keep you in stitches. Moon said he gained his first respect for his Brother Ronnie when he socked him on the head with a baseball bat at age three. First thing he knew he was on the South Side home to the nearest train tracks, the New York Central line, down around Blue Island. They hopped a beer truck on the way home, and Moon fell off and tore his leg. After that they were forbidden to leave the house.

When Mrs. Reagan came home, the boys were by excited neighbors and a squad of cops. The place was reeking gas and about to explode. They broke the door down, and she rushed in terrified, expecting to find Moon and Baby Dutch stretched out cold by gas fumes. What she saw was a telltale chair and a stack of books by the door and a open transom. The kids had blown the gas light and the hall to cover their escape and set out to see the city. The cops and neighbors finally located them, blocks away, down around Sixty-third and Cottage Grove. A tipsy gendarme had them in tow to the point of leading them into a saloon. Mrs. Reagan sniffed them up right outside the swinging door— the whippin' that followed is another black moment for Baby Dutch. Ronnie Reagan and Moon call Dixon, Illinois, their home town. Their dad had

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Our Old Information Desk has been revived and enlarged. We now can answer all your questions about the stars and H'wood. If you simply must know what Jane Wyman christened her dog, or just how many movies Jean Pierre Aumont has been in, drop the word "Hollywood" and you'll be glad to give you all the dope she can on your favorites. Only please don't ask for information already given on our Super Star Information Chart. This 32-page book lists the star's studio, birthplace, data, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, and what he's nuts about, number of children, wife or current flame, his last four pictures, what he workers to be and the most recent big event in his life. All this on 500 stars for only 10c. Better have a look at it, and if you still have any questions, write to MISS BEVERLY LINET, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
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"I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly. I rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat to dry."

Clever women everywhere find in Loretta Young's Lux Toilet Soap facials a simple, easy care that really works. In recent tests three out of four complexions actually improved! See if this daily complexion care that lovely screen stars recommend doesn't make your skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

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It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L•A•S•T•S... It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
a prosperous store there, and that’s where they grew up and went to high school. Everybody in Dixon knew the Reagan brothers. They were the kind of kids who got around. They lived in a big house on a bluff overlooking the North Side High School athletic field, and long before they hit high school themselves, the coach had tagged both Moon and Dutch for the football teams. When they were ready for high school, Moon and Dutch split up for the first time in their lives.

Rock River runs through Dixon, dividing the town sharply in two. North of the river was “North Side,” the fancy part of town. “South Side” was across the tracks—across the river. Moon and Dutch lived on the North Side, but Moon’s amiable roughneck leanings made him tag North Side H. S. as a sissy school, where the fellows actually wore coats and ties. He wanted no part of such foppiness stuff, so he went to South Side, in cords and old leather jackets. There was a wild gang at South Side. The school was deliberately flooded with the fire hose a couple of times, the windows smashed, melted lead poured in keyholes, the teachers chased out of their classes, and the library scattered around almost daily. Finally the school board installed a tough guy wrecker to break up Moon’s gang, and he eventually graduated in advance of Dutch, who had picked North Side H. S. because of a girl.

The girl was a certain preacher’s daughter, and Ronnie Reagan had a heavy case on her all through high school and even into college. She was brown haired with freckles, a home-type beauty, and she crossed him up in the end and married an Englishman. But it was wonderful while it lasted.

Love trouble didn’t keep Dutch Reagan from becoming one of Dixon’s athletic heroes—though. Both he and Moon burned ‘em up at football. Dutch played tackle, and Moon played end. The two high schools, North and South, pooled their football material, and the Reagan brothers made the co-op team easily. Ronnie also starred at track and swimming, while Moon starred at basketball.

The brig . . .

Ironically enough, although Moon was the town Hell-Raiser and the Bad Influence, it was Dutch who first landed in jail. That was one Fourth-of-July night. Fireworks had been banned by the local Gestapo in Dixon, but Ronnie had a bunch, and when Moon egged him on, he walked clear to the edge of town and popped them off a bridge. He thought it was safe that far out but the Law rolled up, and they hauled him down to the pokey. Paw Reagan refused to pay the fine—$5 and costs—so Dutch had to sleep all night in the cooler.

Slip-ups like that on Ronnie’s part, however, were rare. Moon admits Dutch Reagan took himself seriously under the tender influence of a preacher’s daughter’s love. Ronnie always had been a little on the religious side. Both Moon and Dutch went to Protestant Sunday school as kids. Jack Reagan was a Catholic and Nellie a Protestant. When the boys grew up, they were given their choice and split up religiously. But as kids, Ronnie and Moon both attended the Protestant Sunday school every Sabbath, all slicked out in stovepipe pants and the cutest bangs and Buster Brown collars. Then they’d go on to church.

drum-boogie . . .

There were one or two co-operative activities outside of athletics that Moon and the Dutch Reagan saw eye to eye about in those school days. One was music and the other pocket money. Both Dutch and Moon belonged to the town band that paraded here and there on gala events. Moon booped out a doubtful bass on a B-flat tuba, and Ronnie got to be a pretty fancy cornet major before they turned that activity over to girls with pretty legs.

Dutch was always thirsty, even as a kid, about making a dollar and saving it. Moon remembers. Dutch was a swell swimmer, so summers he always got the lifeguard job at the public swimming pool in Dixon, and he augmented this steady income by buying himself some canoes and renting them for 50c an hour at a resort up Black River.

One fall, Dutch’s rent-out canoes stayed up the river later than usual, and it turned cold suddenly. In fact, it snowed, and Dutch knew unless he got the canoes back down that night, they’d probably freeze in the river, and he’d lose all his capital. So he routed Moon out of bed, and they set out after them. It was a dangerous six-mile downstream paddle in the dark, and Moon capsized with a heavy mackinaw and boots on, and pretty nearly drowned. After that he wondered if Dutch loved him as much as he did his canoes. Of course, he knew better.

hero-stuff . . .

Oddly enough, Dutch got to college before Moon did although Moon was two years ahead of him in high school. Moon laid out a while after he finally was eased out of South Side High (to the great relief of both the school board and his father, who was wearing out the carpet in the principal’s office trying to get him back in school). Moon went to work in his dad’s store. He took it easy, playing semi-pro baseball. He’s not so sure Dutch would have gone on to college either, except that the preacher (his girl’s father) of the church donated a loan which ran Eureka College. She went on there, and as love was still in bloom, he did, too.

After the first semester he came back and told Moon he had to come up, too. He said he had managed to get everything together there in a crash to make the football team and lead the life of Riley. It didn’t turn out as easy as that. Both Moon and Dutch hated and waited tables at sorority houses and their own fraternity house. Then Kap Epsilon, to earn their keep. And Ronnie doubled up later as a janitor at the gym. But they had plenty of time out for fun. Both the coaches—they were blue to his true love, but Moon certainly wasn’t—and, of course, athletics.

Ronnie already had regular tackle on the Varsity at Eureka. He sewed up by the time Moon graduated. Moon played subs like that at first while the coach looked him over. That burnt him up some, but Dutch even more. He kept telling the coach what a whiz his brother Moon was.

(Continued from page 70)
You'll never see their faces —

But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess.

"So soft!" "So comfortable!"
"So utterly safe!" say 8 out of 10 letters!

You'll never know who they are, or where they live.

Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why...

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told why they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!

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"It's downy softness guarantees all-day comfort!" says Miss M. A. Thanks to its softspun filler, Modess is softer—so different from layer-type pads. Is it any wonder that thousands more women are switching to Modess all the time?

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try a new Complexion

Give yourself the glamour that makes hearts beat faster, with TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP. You'll know why this flattering new make-up is a Hollywood favorite. It veils beauty-mark blisters ... gives smooth complexion loveliness without the slightest made-up appearance ... or any skin-drying effect whatever. See how different your face looks—how radiantly alive with a soft, youthful glow!

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TAYTON's TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP
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One day, when the team went to Carthage College for the Big Game, Ronnie went as usual as right tackle before the tackle while Moon warmed the bench practically all of the game. As he recalls it, the bench could stand some warming, too, as it turned bitter cold, and the ground was frozen like cement. Well, the Carthage boys had Eureka on the grease to the tune of 6-0 with only three minutes to play, and the coach began to get desperate. Moon saw him looking up and down the bench, and by that time he didn't care at all about playing football, being almost frozen stiff. But the coach jerked Ronnie and sent in Moon at end, and with about a minute to play, the Eureka quarterback called a dippy-doo double crossing pass play. Moon wasn't supposed to get the ball at all, but it bounded out of somebody's frozen fingers, hit in his, and he ran for a touchdown. Then an class kid 7-6. Even out on the field Moon could hear Dutch yelling, "That's my brother. That's my BROTHER!" And today when Moon wants to kid Ronnie, he cracks, "That's my brother!"

The Reagan boys stayed aces around Eureka College from then on until they graduated. There were a few problems Moon can remember, and most of what Moon remembers about his college days is on the screwball side. For instance, he had a turn of teaching freshman economics and sociology, and even though he was a year behind Dutch, he wound up with Dutch as his pupil in a freshman class! Ronnie had dipped back into a freshman course to pick up some easy credits or something. Anyway, Moon remembers that it was very embarrassing for him, especially since Dutch absolutely refused to open a book ahead of his line.

Dutch wasn't much of a student. Moon, although he was on the lookout for mischief, had a deep interest in books and studies. Today, Ronnie worries he may find himself in the same position on the extrovert side. But Ronnie's complete obsession with sports of all kinds kept him away from any collegiate vices. He took his track and football training seriously. He was a typical do-or-die college hero, making touchdowns and winning races for his lady fair.

Dutch never took a drink until his last year in college, and he never smoked a cigarette. But he did make the right back of the shed when Moon would get him sick with some stolen weeds. When Dutch finally took a taste of alcohol for the first time, the results were spectacular.

more than mellow ...

A couple of fraternity brothers at the TKE house had lugged home a jug of wine right before the Christmas holidays, and one below-zero night they sat it out by the fireplace and started an argument. Moon came in about then and decided, since it was Christmas, he might as well take a taste. But, unwise to the kick in any beverage other than the custom-made ale, he guzzled half the jug right down. In a few minutes his eyes bugged out of his head, he let out a whoop, yanked open the door and tore down the road, cursing and anything. Being a good 440-man, Dutch Reagan really amblted through the freezing night, with Moon and his terrified fraternity brothers way back in the truck play. They never spoke to him. But after he ran a mile and a half at top speed, they found Dutch sitting in a snowbank with a glazed look in his eyes, unable to speak. So they carted him back to the house, slung him right into bed, and luckily he didn't get pneumonia.

It was also in his last year at Eureka College that Dutch Reagan showed signs of turning into a radio announcer. He'd sit in on the overnight show at the TKE house every spare minute and muck the announcer. For fun, he'd stage fake broadcasts of imaginary games. He sounded pretty good, too. Dutch Reagan was sporty anyway, and Moon thinks what probably made him so nutty about turning broadcaster was that he could perch free on sidelines of big college games.

Moon thoroughly approved of the idea himself. He remembers, despite the fact that Dutch was a year ahead of Moon at college, he was still looking to his older bud for advice. The opposition to Dutch's big idea didn't come from Moon. It came from Jack Reagan, Ronnie's dad, who had already landed him a job as manager of the sporting goods department in the local Montgomery-Ward store. It was a nice break for a young kid in out of college, and Dutch's athletic knowledge would fit in handy. But he couldn't see it, not after the exciting visions that whizzed around in his brain about broadcasting big football games. So he hitch-hiked back to Dixon and told his Dad so. Jack Reagan was pretty sore. He said that's what all this silly football business did to kids. They didn't want to work.

So Dutch boarded a train low after hitch-hiking back to Eureka. Moon bucked him up. He told Dutch the thing to do was get a job and show his old man the place for that was Chicago where all the big radio offices were. He didn't get one, not a smell of a job, but he heard of a one-time spot, the Iowa-Minnesota game, that was open out of Davenport, Iowa. He travelled over there, and they didn't hire him out and told him "maybe" to go home and wait for a call. Ronnie went back to Dixon and sat around while his dad, plenty sore, stewed and called him crazy to even think of the idea. So Dutch stayed in a store job for a pretty good chance at a radio broadcast.

But finally the call did come to Davenport arrived—and also a Midwest blizzard. Trains stopped running. Dutch couldn't even think of going out in the storm. He was in the doghouse all around—with everyone but Brother Moon.

Luckily, the blizzard melted in a couple of days, and Ronnie got his chance at the game. So he got the station WOC in Davenport. He made good and stayed on the staff. It was the first time Moon and Dutch Reagan had ever been permanently separated. Moon didn't like that and tried to make Dutch do, so after he graduated and helped his dad a while in the store, he took a trip up to see Ronnie, who was then in Des Moines. Moon had no idea of the thing radio man had planned. Dutch and his brothers missed much other than either let on, and Ronnie had a pretty good job now in Des Moines with a big station. He told Moon about an oil company who wanted to broadcast a Smith College sports review after the football games, but he was so busy he couldn't handle it.

"Why don't you do it, Moon?" Dutch suggested.

"Are you nuts?" chuckled Moon. Dutch said he wasn't. So, completely cold, but with all the Reagan nerve in the world Moon tried out and got the job. He made $17 a week, not enough even to afford a room, but he moved in with Dutch, and
the Reagan boys were back together again. Pretty soon they got to teaming up on football broadcasts and dishing out the thrills so much like one another that listeners couldn't tell the difference.

Dutch and Moon didn't split up again until Hollywood grabbed Ronald. That was when Dutch traveled West to Catalina Island with the Chicago Cubs for spring training. Moon stayed in Iowa, and he'll never forget a letter he got from Dutch telling all the wonders of Southern California, from bathing beauties to glass-bottom boats, orange groves and Spanish castles. Dutch didn't mention Hollywood until 'way down at the bottom. "How would you like a movie star for a brother—hey? I got introduced to a Hollywood big shot the other day, and he says he'll give me a screen test. Want my autograph?"

Dutch Gable . . .

Moon sent a postcard back. He said, "Keep the autograph, Mister Gable. See you in Iowa."

That's where he did see Dutch—again, too. Ronnie came back on the job. He'd made a test at Warner Brothers and met a few big shots around the lot after an actress he'd met at Catalina, Joy Hodges, took him to the studio. But he never took any of it seriously. He was twice as excited about a new sponsored sports broadcast on a national hookup that was due to start that fall.

So when Moon got a telephone call one day from Des Moines and heard Dutch say, "Listen—can you beat this? Guess what happened. I got a movie contract in the mail today!" he almost fell over. Then Moon almost blew up when Dutch went on, "What do you think I ought to do about it—send it back?"

"Hold everything!" yelped Moon. "I'll be right up."

He drove over to Des Moines a mile a minute that morning and laid down the law to Brother Dutch, who wasn't sure he wanted to risk losing the sports program for a wild crack at Hollywood. "You sign that contract," said Moon, "or I'll poke you one. It's the chance of a lifetime. If you don't take it, you're even dumber than I thought you were." It almost ended up in a scrap, but finally Dutch signed and—well—almost everybody knows the rest. He got a lead right off in "Love Is on the Air" and much to his own surprise, Dutch Reagan found himself an actor and pretty soon a star.

But the glamour of Hollywood hasn't made a speck of difference with the Reagan boys. Not yet. The present Ronald Reagan began slipping up to right now. Moon stayed in Iowa and spent one vacation in California with Dutch, but he spent all his time on the beach at Santa Monica and never even looked at a studio. Next time he saw Ronnie was in Chicago at a Chicago theater. Ronnie was on a personal appearance tour, and along with him was a cute blond actress from his own studio. Dutch introduced Moon to Jane Wyman. Later, he called Moon into his dressing room.

"We're going to get married," said Dutch. "What do you think about that?"

"And for the first time in my life," Moon laughed, "I never had any advice to offer Dutch." Moon had married a Des Moines girl, and he knew already that marriage is a private affair.

Three years after Dutch Reagan came to Hollywood, his father and mother came out to California to live, and it wasn't long until Moon, too, found a radio connection in the booming broadcasting studios of Hollywood. Now he's program director for the Warner Broadcasting Corporation. A couple of years ago Jack Reagan died, but Mrs. Reagan has a place near her boys, and Moon and Dutch live away from the spotlight.
**COLD WEATHER GLAMOUR**

(Continued from page 67)

Dull and dism a rice pudding. These skin saboteurs take the form of chapped skin, parched lips and sometimes a red nose. You can shun their presence by treating your skin to a bath of cream.

If you're a normal skinned femme (aren't you the lucky one!), practice the soap and water routine at least once a day. Work up some super duper lather, scrub your face and neck energetically. You should treat your face to some soothing cream. Use firm, upward strokes and remove the cream with cleansing tissues. To tone your skin, saturate a tissue with astrigent or tonic and pat on.

If it's dry skin you bemoan, use lots of rich emollient cream. Use a soap made on an extra oily base. The better to soften your skin, my dear. Cream make-up bases are excellent, too.

You oily-skinned femmes should make a New Year's resolution to scrub your face with soapy suds at least twice a day. Get into the habit of dabbing on an astrigent. Another way to keep your complexion a-blooming is to carry handy cleansing pads in your knapsack for use during the day. Then take a note of the liquid and cake forms of foundation base. Ideal for oily skin!

**plan d—Your Coif**

Just when you least expect him, your furloughing beau comes into town, and there you are with stringy, bewildered looking hair. If this nightmare hasn't happened to you so far, make sure it never does. Keep your locks spanning clean with frequent shampoos. There's a specially wonderful one with hair-conditioner added that will bring a dash of sparkle and gleam to your old mop. Make with the brush at least one hundred strokes every night. If your halo is in need of one, start the new year with a new permanent. Try one of the home kit permanents that give glossy, bright curls in record time. Two more good reasons? These home permanents are safe and economical.

Tuck bows in your top knot for an added bit of glamour. You can secure 'em with the tiny tuck combs that have split teeth and that come in varied shades.

**plan e—Care for Clothes**

If a pin is sticking you, serves you right. Clothes should have buttons, not safety pins, to ensure their staying on. If you're guilty, then settle down tonight with a sewing box. While you're about it, take inventory of your drawers. In order? Are you sure the same neatly arranged? A last minute dinner date shouldn't find you exhausted from searching for a clean slip to wear.

**Success Plan**

“Oh, what a beautiful morning!” hum you as gaily you step out into the brisk, fresh air. And, of course, the morning's beautiful the same as you are . . . with a good grooming campaign to back you up.

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**“SOAPING” DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!**

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it. . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
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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.

---

**right on the same street. So the Reagans are together all the time now.**

Moon hasn’t any kids, but he’s the favorite “Uncle Moon” to Ronnie’s and Jane’s darling, Maureen Elizabeth. He calls her “Whitey” because of her cotton curls, and Jane calls Moon “The Bad Influence” because he spoils Maureen.

**fighting irish . . .**

When Moon and Dutch aren’t changing the political set-up of the world or something at Ronnie’s house, they’re usually working in each other’s yards. A while back Moon and Dutch decided Ronnie’s swimming pool needed a beach. So they hewed out a 17 x 18 foot plot, a couple of feet deep, and put one in. The excavation pit turned out to be almost solid rock, and the 12 tons of sand got dumped by mistake on the driveway, yards away, so Moon’s back was about broke from shovels and wheelbarrows. When he heard Ronnie tell some friends of his that he—Ronnie—had done the job all by himself, Moon felt tempted to beam him again with a hatchet!

But the Reagan boys are saving their Sunday punches these days for a bigger target—the war. Ronald, of course, is already a captain. Ronnie—a swell horseman—had a reserve cavalry commission he earned when back at Des Moines, and joined up right away. Moon went with him to Fort MacArthur and March Field cals, because for a while it looked like the Army wouldn’t accept Ronnie. His eyes aren’t up to snuff. But he got a limited service job out of it and is now personnel officer of the big training-film center at Roach studios.

Moon was a National Guardsman himself, back in Iowa, and he’s been trying to get in a uniform ever since the war began. But a missing ear drum blocks him there. So when he sees Dutch in his Army uniform he gets a little green with envy.

But Ronnie’s success as a Hollywood star hasn’t given Moon one pang of jealousy. He plays around in a few pictures himself every now and then, in addition to his radio job. But he wouldn’t be a star if you gave him the town and all the gold in it. Moon’s ambition is to live on the desert in a cabin and take life easy.

The other night Moon and his wife and Ronnie and Jane went on a rare Saturday night excursion to the bright lights. They arrived at a war crowded restaurant where lines of hungry people waited. A mob of them swamped Ronnie for his autograph, and when the crush was all over the food was gone, and the restaurant folded up.

“Thats my brother!” Moon cracked. Dutch flared. “Listen, if I wasn’t wearing a uniform, I’d sock you one!”

“You and who else?” said Moon. And the girls had to stop it there. The Reagan boys will probably never change—which

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**DON'T LET THE SQUANDER BUG EAT YOUR MONEY★ BUY★ WAR BONDS**
Lying in her bed by the window, she saw two horses grazing in a nearby field—and the plan leaped fullblown to life. All day she lay there, suddenly so serene that the nurses eyed her suspiciously. She smiled back—a cherub. All day she watched the horses and decided she’d take the chestnut, because he was smaller and such a lovely color.

It might have worked, too, if one of the kids hadn’t buzzed. She’d waited till she was sure they were all asleep, but this tattletale wasn’t. No sooner had she kicked the screen out and jumped to the ground, than the hue and cry started. But before they caught her, she’d given them a run for their money. “I want to go to my mother,” she screamed. “I want to get on that little red horse and go to my mother.”

black clouds . . .

She was put back to bed, the window locked, and a nurse set to watch her. “Go to sleep,” said the nurse. “You’ll feel much better in the morning.”

Big mournful eyes gazed up at her. “Who told on me?” demanded Julia Jean darkly. “I have to know, because she’s my enemy for life.”

Came the lovely day when they bathed her in some kind of horrible solution and took her to the office, and she went tearing between tears and laughter into Mother’s arms. Mother’d brought her a whole new outfit—white dotted Swiss dress, white shoes, a blue bow for her hair. “But you’ve got to eat this first.” It was orange sherbet!

Later, it seemed as if those three weeks in the hospital had been a kind of preparation for worse to come. One afternoon her godmother called for her at school. “Your Mother had to go up to Frisco honey, On—on business. You’re coming home with me.”

“Frisco? Without saying good-by?”

“She couldn’t help it, Julia Jean. There just wasn’t time.”

Next day godmother said: “We’re going to San Francisco.”

“But why doesn’t Mother come here? Is she sick?”

“No, she’s all right. She just wants you up there with her.”

A slow suspicion formed in Julia Jean’s mind and strengthened to certainty. Mother was going to have a baby, that was it. There was always something mysterious about having a baby, and the mothers always went away first. Her eyes lit up. What fun to have a little baby to play with! She turned to her godmother. No, better not ask. It was true; she knew it.

There was no sign of a baby at the hotel where they met Mother. Julia Jean swallowed her disappointment. Maybe she wasn’t ready yet, maybe he’d come tomorrow. She didn’t like to ask Mother who looked kind of white and tired.

“You’ll have to tell her,” said Mildred Turner abruptly. “I can’t—and left.”

Frightened, Julia Jean started after her, but godmother drew her back. “Honey, I’ve got something hard to tell you. Your daddy’s gone.”

“Gone?”

“There was an accident, and he was hurt—and died.”

Died. There was a girl at school whose father died. She’d always been so sorry for that girl. It seemed such a lonely thing not to have a father. Now she was like that girl. Her daddy was gone. She’d never see him again. It was from shock, from a sense of something stable gone out
of her life that Julia Jean cried that day. "I've got to stay here," she had explained. "Now that Daddy's gone, I've got to make more money for both of us. You can make more money in Frisco than in Stockton, but I'll be away all day, and there just wouldn't be anyone to look after you. You'll have to go back with godmother."

The thin little arms tightened convulsively, the wet face pressed closer, and how Mildred Turner found the strength to stick to her plan, she still doesn't know. "I'll come down every week-end, I'll bring you up here the first minute I can make you a home—oh, darling, don't cry so."

Two long years. Two pretty bad years but—so generally happens—not so bad in actuality as in prospect. There was the convent, which she still loved. There were the bright week-ends to look forward to. There was her natural buoyancy to help her over the roughest spots. And there was the endless hoping and planning.

It came suddenly. In San Francisco Mrs. Turner met Lucile Meadows, who suggested that they open a shop of their own. "What's more, I've got another idea. You've been hankering to bring that youngster of yours up here. Why don't we take a big apartment and share it?" Your Julia Jean's what? Eleven? Well, my Hazel's 13, and George is 14, and they'll be pals for each other, and you won't have to worry about leaving the kid alone."

Mrs. Turner stared at her. "You're an answer to prayer," she said.

As for Julia Jean, her life began at 11. The Meadows were a gay, warm-hearted family who took her in and made her their own. George and Hazel called her their little sister. Business prospered at the beauty shop, and a little Spanish woman came to do the cooking. The kids helped with the housework, but not enough to hurt. The door was always open to their friends, and their favorite room was the big kitchen—full of laughter and beautiful smells—where they'd stage kitchen parties.

Soon Julia Jean was going to Presentation High, where the kids shortened her name to Judy. "Suits you better. Besides, the other's too long." By any name, you still couldn't get her to do her homework.

Yet her grades were good in everything but math. Math threw her.

the devil and the dime store...

None of the crowd was allowed to use make-up, so they all did. Saturdays would find them in the Dime Store, mackering their subs for ordering them a dollar a week—on lipstick and horrible shades of powder, on junk jewelry and stockings at 35c. Since they couldn't use the make-up either at home or school, you'd have thought it was hard work the effort—if you didn't know kids. Every morning they'd get up 15 minutes early. Waiting for the bus, they'd daub this stuff on their faces. Unloading a block away from the school building—at a spot known as Make-up Corner—they'd haul out mirrors and tissue and vigorously remove every trace of the powder and lipstick they'd been applying with equal vigor ten minutes ago.

Silly? Not at all. You just wouldn't feel dressed if you met in the bus without make-up.

Saturday nights they all went to the show. Having spent the afternoon at the Dime Store, Judy was insolvent by night. So George or Hazel supplied the necessary quarter, plus a nickel for a candy bar. Thus armed, ten or a dozen of them would head down front and give themselves up to rapture. Gable was their god. Shearer was their dream of what every girl ought to look like. They tried to copy her hair-do. When she came out with the slick bob and the whirl over the forehead, Judy cut her own hair to get the desired effect. It wasn't so hot. One look sent Mother into hysterics.
That was why she finally broke down during the Jean Harlow craze. "I want to be a platinum blonde," yammered Judy. Docile enough for the most part, there were times when a glint appeared in Judy's eye that meant business. Mother recognized that glint now and shuddered from the vision of what a home-made job might do to her child's beautiful mop.

"I don't like it," she said, "and I never will. But if you've made up your mind, come on over to the shop after school."

From Judy's viewpoint, it was a dazzling success. The job was done on a Friday. Friday night was basketball night. The boys called for the girls, they all met at a certain corner and took the streetcar.

Judy felt a little shy, going to the door when the bell rang.

"Judy in?" asked the boy.

Her eyes widened, and a thrill ran through her. He didn't know her. He'd seen her that afternoon at school, and he didn't know her. Goodness, what fun!

"No," she answered demurely, "but she'll be right back. Want to wait?"

He eyed her curiously. "Who're you?"

"I'm her cousin."

"I never saw you before."

"No, I—I just got here. From Idaho."

"Judy," called her mother. "Don't stand there with the door open. Bring your friend in."

"Judy!" His jaw dropped. "Say, what've you done to yourself?

There were boys, of course. Not that she was allowed to go out with them, except when the crowd went together. But to be in the swim, you had to get a crush on someone every so often. Judy's crushes lasted about a week. One lasted a month. He was truly devoted—walked her home from school, carried her books and treated her to holes of the doughnut. You bought the holes instead of the doughnuts because they were only a penny apiece—tiny little balls, fried very crisp and simply delicious—when you were just 14 and munched them on a sunlit street with a laughing boy who carried your books.

Judy also had what she called a "silent love." Silent was right. He was a friend of George's who, when he noticed her at all, referred to her as "the babe in arms."

Her admiration grew in proportion to his aloofness. Without losing any sleep, she wove her dreams around him.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" asked a newcomer at school.

"Oh yes!" breathed Judy. "He's an older man. Eighteen."

"Eighteen? And he goes with you?"

Judy didn't care for the skeptical note.

"Does with me? Why, he's at my beck and call."

The height of her ambition was to be taken for older than her years. She'd even fib about her age when she thought she could get away with it. But her sins caught up with her. She had to have her appendix out, and at the hospital they put her in the children's ward.

"Don't tell the gang," she begged her mother. "Cross your heart you won't let them know when I am."

They found out though. In they trooped one afternoon, and there lay Judy—looking very sophisticated indeed in the silk nightie.

Mother had brought to console her, a flower in her hair—sandwiched between a tot of seven and, believe it or not, a baby of three months!

Her pals let her have it. "Introduce us to your little friends, precious."

"How old did you say you were? Sixteen? Or six?"

"What are you looking so grim about, honey? Are you teething?"

She never fibbed about her age again—not in so many words—just tried to act...
“LOOK, ALICE. MY PEN’S DONE ANOTHER TAILSPIN. AND I’M IN THE MIDDLE OF A NOTE TO THE NAVY’S BEST-LOOKING J.G.!”

“BETTY, YOU’RE IMPOSSIBLE! I TOLD YOU TO USE PARKER QUINK. THE SOLV-X IN IT PROTECTS PENS!”

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older. She had to, on account of the rat-races. That’s what they called the school dances, thrown on Friday nights when there wasn’t a basketball game. You couldn’t go except with a legitimate date and, by Mother’s ruling, dates were out. But she could always count on George and Hazel. "Oh, let her come, we’ll look after her." George would slip her in, then go back to pick up his real date. She didn’t have to worry about partners.

**Lovely word...**

Five years of healthy, carefree girlhood—of laughter and comradeship and the thrilling sense of life just ahead which belongs only to youth. Not that Judy gave much thought to the future—she was too all-absorbing. Of course when the kids got together and talked about what they were going to do, she had ideas, too.

"I’m going to be a biologist."

"Biologist! Judy Turner! Why, you can’t even stand the sight of a bug, and a teeny little moth drives you wild."

"So what? Biology’s such a lovely word."

Later, she thought interior decorating would be nice. Or dress designing. School dramatics bored her. But once she got hooked. Or almost. For Joan of Arc yet.

"Hooray! I got out of it," she announced at home that night.

"How?"

"Well, there was just one way—to be bad enough so they’d kick me out."

They moved down to Los Angeles because Mrs. Turner caught one cold too many. She wrote to a friend in Hollywood, who wrote back: “My apartment’s big enough for three. You can move right in."

Mrs. Meadows bought out her interest in the shop, gave the two her blessing and a farewell blowout.

They drove down with two friends. The weather was drizzly. Just beyond Las Robles, the driver braked abruptly on a newly-paved stretch of road. They skidded, and the car turned over.

The other three managed to scramble out. Judy was dazed and had to be pulled out. Her side hurt, but otherwise she seemed all right. First shock and anxiety over, they waited for a car to come. Nervously, the older women smoked.

Judy felt her time had come. It was her smash-up as much as anyone’s. If it was true what they said, that cigarettes soothed you, she needed one—besides, she was 16.

"Mother, may I have a cigarette?"

Mother looked at her—such a look that it was on the tip of her tongue to say, “Never mind”—but something made her bite the words back. Miserably she took the cigarette, watched Mother strike a match, then blow it out.

"If you’ve got to smoke, go ahead. But I’m not going to light it for you."

Judy felt like a lamb turned out of the fold. She took one puff—a girl could do no less—sputtered and choked and threw the darn thing away.

At the hospital, they taped up her two broken ribs and treated Mrs. Turner for a slight concussion.

And that’s how Lana Turner came to Hollywood—in a car with its side caved in. Not an impressive entry. But then Hollywood didn’t impress her either.

Where was the shining avenue of dreams, spangled with Gables and Harlows and Shearers? This was nothing but a little old village street, overgrown, noisy, lined with ordinary shops, bustling with ordinary people like herself. She was six again, looking for the Golden Gate.

"Nuts," said little Judy Turner and dropped her head on Mom’s shoulder.

**Editor’s Note:** Part II of Lana Turner’s life story will appear in the March issue of Modern Screen.
"Who?" the Governor yelled.

"Kockenlocker, Kockenlocker, K-O-C-K-E—Kockenlocker—"

"Wait a minute," the Governor said. "I want to get this absolutely straight now. Hold on a minute while I get my secretary to take down every word you say."

Looking through the window, waiting for the Governor, the editor watched the growing mob in the street outside. He couldn't help thinking of Trudy and everything that had happened to her since that first day of the Farewell Dance. Blonde, pretty, lively, beautiful Trudy... And Norval Jones, second assistant teller at the bank.

The night of the farewell dance she was going to the movies with Norval. Or at least that's what she told her father. Pa wouldn't hear of her going to the dance. He knew soldiers, didn't he? He'd been in the last war. Farewell dance! Sure, it began down in the church basement, and then maybe out to the country club, and then maybe down to a boogie-woogie joint. Keep away from soldiers, Pa always said.

"I'm only going to the movies with Norval," Trudy said.

"Fine," Pa said. "Stick to Norval."

So she started down the street with Norval, and when they got around the corner to the car, she took his arm, and Norval smiled at her and she smiled back at him.

"Gee, Trudy," he said, "I can't think of anything I'd rather do, except maybe be in the Army, than go to a movie with you. Even a triple feature."

"That's awfully sweet of you, Norval," Trudy said.

"It's the truth," Norval said. "The only thing I wish is that I could be in uniform and still take you to the movies. But you know—the spots."

"The spots," Trudy said sadly.

"I'm perfectly fine until I get right up there before the doctor. Then all of a sudden my heart begins to beat fast, and they tell me not to get excited. And I'm not excited. I'm cool as ice. And then the next minute—"

"The spots," Trudy said.

"—and they tell me to go home again and take it easy. I can't think of anything I'd rather do than be in the Army. Unless it's being with you, Trudy..."

"It must be hard being in the Army," Trudy said.

"Sure it's hard."

"I don't mean physically. I mean when you have to go away. And there's nobody to say goodbye to you."

"Oh, the Sergeant says goodbye," Norval said.

"But it should be different," Trudy said.

"There should be fun and dancing. And maybe a girl to wave to—"

"That's why they have the farewell dance," Norval said.


"Trudy—" Norval said.

"Norval, you wouldn't want me to let those poor guys go off alone without even saying goodbye to them. It could be so easy. Now you go right on to the pictures—"

"Three features," Norval said. "You want me to sit through three features all alone?"

"—and then I could pick you up at the end of the show. And Papa would never know the difference. And I could say goodbye to the soldiers. And—"

(Continued on page 84)
The ninth in our series on THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES

NORWAY

IF THERE IS ANYONE who still wonders why this war is being fought, let him look to Norway. If there is anyone who has any delusions that this war could have been averted, let him look to Norway. And if there is anyone who doubts of the democratic will to win, again I say, let him look to Norway.

"He will find in Norway, at once conquered and unconquerable, the answer to his questioning."

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Some seven years ago, a blonde and dimpled little Norwegian girl—then totally unknown in America, although already famous on the Continent as an extraordinarily skillful figure skater—arrived over here to glide and spin and smile her way into the hearts of a vast army of movie fans. This was, of course, Sonja Henie. So, for our series on The Foods of Our Allies—remembering the country of her origin and her popularity with our readers—we naturally decided to ask Miss Henie to represent her native Norway.

Norway—"Land of the Midnight Sun," of peaceful fjords and mighty glaciers—once described by such lovely words as "serene" and "tranquil," Norway—Land of the Vikings—whose ships and sailors still roam the seven seas! Carrying, now, the tools of war to the battlefields of the world for the benefit of our mutual cause. Waiting for the glorious day when they can return to their home ports laden with the supplies of peace; when, once again, the liberty-loving Norwegians can resume the way of life they loved. It is for this future occasion and in this expectation that the indomitable Norwegians fight on!

In happier times now past, the people of this little kingdom "at the roof of the world" enjoyed, according to Sonja Henie, one of the highest standards of living; which included excellent and abundant food. It was shortly before the holidays when we interviewed Sonja about Norwegian cooking, so she naturally spoke of Christmas celebrations she remembered as a child. Of the festivities that lasted for a full week. Of the corn and the suet that were hung on the fir trees for the birds to eat . . . "a sight so beautiful, so
peaceful, that it greatly enhanced the Yuletide spirit," is the way Sonja put it.

She also described the many types of rich cookies that were "musts" at that time of the year and were welcome treats at all other seasons, as well. (Of these cookies more, later on.) Miss Henie spoke of Fish Pudding as her favorite Norwegian dish and said that whenever she and her mother were in New York, they would immediately place an order for one of these specialties with Sophie Madsen, who makes and sells them. However, despite her enthusiasm for Norwegian Fish Pudding, Miss Henie was reluctant to give us the recipe. "To make this dish," she explained, "takes so much time that I doubt if Americans would think it worth the effort. Why, in the country districts of Norway," she went on, "they pound the fish for four hours in a wooden bowl! Of course, it is possible to get good results by putting the fish through a food grinder six or seven times—using the finest blade—but even so it is a lot of bother."

So, instead, Miss Henie suggested that we concentrate on other, easier-to-follow recipes. For example:

There's Brunøye Fugler, or Boneless Birds—a meat dish that "goes easy" on both points and pennies. Risegrønsgrøt—a nutritious, inexpensive pudding that is especially delectable when accompanied by the Rod Saus given below. And, to serve with coffee, there's Kringle—one of the rich coffee cakes for which all Scandinavians are famous. And Puffigmans Bakkels—a deep-fat-fried specialty. Also, a rich cookie once known as Berlinerkranser, but now called Oslokranser—for good and sufficient reasons, as I'm sure you'll agree after a short study of the two names.

ROD SAUS
[Red Sauce for Desserts]
Wash and pick over 2 cups cranberries.* Cook with 1 cup water until all skins pop open. Strain through fine sieve. (In order to have a clear sauce, be sure not to force any of pulp through strainer.) Return juice to saucepan, add ¾ cup sugar combined with 1½ tablespoons cornstarch. Cook and stir until clear and slightly thickened. Let move from heat immediately. If desired, sprinkle with mace. Serve hot or cold.

*In Norway, Rod Saus is made with the juice of any seasonal red (red) fruits. For this country and season, cranberries are ideal.

We have had the above mentioned recipes printed up in the form of a little folder which you will certainly want to send for if you're interested in foreign foods, in general, and in the dishes from Norway that Sonja favors, in particular. So just use this coupon or simply drop us a postal.

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"No," Norval said. "Three features, Trudy. All alone!"

"Norval ..." Trudy said. "For me?"

"I don't know why I do it," Norval said.

"I don't know why I do it. Three features ... the spots ... all alone. I don't know why I do it!"

**Having wonderful time ...**

Trudy had a lovely time. They began in the church basement drinking lemonade without sugar, and she danced with a soldier six feet tall and she danced with one five feet one. There was one with curly black hair. One was bald. Then they all piled into a car, and they drove out to the country club, and it was all glitter and a band playing soft music and someone said: "Champagne for everybody!" So they danced and drank champagne, and a soldier said: "I got an idea. Let's all get married." They laughed, and after a while they weren't at the country club any more. They were in a boogie-woogie joint, and Trudy was beating it out with the big soldier with the broad shoulders and the curly black hair or maybe it was the short, bald one. It was so hard to keep things straight. There was a funny glittering thing on the low ceiling, and the soldier she was dancing with twirled her off to the right and bounced her high, and sure enough she cracked her head on the big glittering thing in the middle of the ceiling and landed all sprawled out on the floor while the whole crowd laughed and she kept saying: "What's the joke, what's the joke?"

**Headaches and hangovers ...**

It was eight o'clock in the morning before she turned up driving Norval's car erratically down the Main street of Morgan's Creek toward the movie house. Norval was waiting.

It was eight-fifteen before Norval finally got her home while she kept singing and insisting that she never drank anything stronger than lemonade. At Trudy's house, he picked her up and carried her, staggering a little under the weight, up the front porch steps.

Papa was waiting.

It was eight-seventeen and a half before Norval finally ducked under Papa's outraged left hand jab and made a clean break for his car. It was eight-eighteen and a quarter when Papa reached for singing Trudy, missed his grip and sprawled flat on his back in the living room, while Trudy raced up to her room.

Emmy was waiting.

Emmy was Trudy's kid sister. She wasn't blonde, and she was a little gawky, but she made up for it because her head was stuffed with that good grey stuff sometimes called brains or common sense.

"How could you do it?" Emmy said.

"Stay out to eight o'clock in the morning. You knew Pa would be hopping mad."

"Oh, we had a wonderful time—" Trudy said.

"Sure, and you said good-by to the whole U.S. Army. Plus the Navy and the Marine Corps—"

"And we danced. And we had fun. And a fellow kept saying let's all get married. Wasn't that silly? Wasn't some fellow you never saw before and maybe never see again—"

"Someone certainly had some dozy ideas," Emmy said.

"Sure. You can't get married that way. Just some fellow. Using a curtain ring for a marriage band and—"

"Trudy!" Emmy said.

"What's the matter?" Trudy said.

"Trudy, what's that on your finger?"

They looked down at it. There it was on the fourth finger. A curtain ring, and if you turned it little, it looked almost exactly
like a bona fide marriage band.

"Trudy!" Emmy said. "You didn't! You didn't fall for that guff. You didn't get married!"

And then suddenly, very sharply, Trudy was cold sober.

"Married?" she said. "Emmy, I don't know. Maybe I did. I remember we were all dancing and then ... and then ... I can't remember anything more. There was something glittering up on the ceiling, and someone kept saying let's all get married ... And I don't remember ..."

"If you did get married," Emmy said, "you'd know the guy's name at least. Who was the guy you were out with?"

"I don't know ... there were so many. There was a fellow with curly black hair. And another one. There was a fellow whose name had an 'atki' in it. Like Ratzwatski. Or something ..."

"That's a help," Emmy said, then she snapped her fingers. "We can find out in a minute. If you got married, you'd sign your name. It'll be in the register. We can find out if you got married and whom you got married to."

Emmy started for the door purposefully.

Trudy said: "Wait a minute. I remember something else. I remember someone saying: 'Don't give your right name' ..."

Emmy almost fainted: "You mean you didn't give your right name. And you don't know the name of the fellow you married—"

"I guess that's how it must have been," Trudy said slowly.

"Trudy!" Emmy wailed. "Trudy!"

As it turned out there was no doubt at all that Trudy had been married.

Because the doctor said she was going to have a baby.

Emmy was tight-lipped when she heard the news. "That does it," she said. "You know you were married. And I know it. But who else is going to believe it? Are you sure you can't remember the name of the soldier?"

"Oh, I don't know," Trudy said. "Ratzwatski. Or something."

"Oh murder!" Emmy said. "You know what they're going to be saying. You know what Papa's going to say. You know what he'll do to Norval—"

"Norval!" Trudy said. "What has Norval got to do with it?"

"Well, he was the guy you were out with until eight o'clock that morning."

"But—"

"But nothing," Emmy said. "Just wait till Papa finds out about this thing."

---

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“We can't let that happen to Norval. Papa'll shoot him.”

“Wait a minute,” Emmy said. “Norval. There's the answer. Norval. You were out with him that night. He's crazy about you. You've got to have a husband. He's made for it. He's a schmooch. And that's what we need now. He's perfect.”

poor fish...

“Emmy,” Trudy said. “You don’t know what you're saying.”

“Don't I?” Emmy said. “Listen, baby, you’re going to marry Norval.”

It was easy. It was so easy that it hurt. Norval came over for dinner, and the way he sat at the table always looking at Trudy, you could see it in his eyes and in his face and even in the way he fumbled with his fork. He was so much in love with Trudy, he didn’t even know what he was eating.

Papa kept talking about marriage and daughters and what a pain in the neck both of them were. Papa kept saying that the only reason he was a cop was because he could yell at women drivers. Papa kept saying marriage was for dopes and 100 per cent of the human race was dopes.

Out on the porch later, just the two of them, Trudy said: “I hope you don’t think Papa was talking too much about marriage tonight.”

“I don’t mind,” Norval said. “I like to hear people talk about marriage. Only it isn’t always the right people—”

“Even the... right people... think about marriage sometimes,” Trudy said.

“Do they? They never tell me.”

“Maybe it’s because you don’t ask,” Trudy said.

It was dark on the porch, and only the glimmer of light from the moon lit the old, polished planking. There was the smell of Spring in the air, of fresh grass and roses, and there was a soft wind blowing off the face of Morgan’s Creek.

“Trudy,” Norval said. “What do you mean, they don’t ask...”

“Well, they don’t ask...” Trudy said.

“Trudy,” Norval said, “do you mean... do you mean...”

“Don’t get excited. Remember your blood pressure.”

“Why shouldn’t I get excited?” Norval said. “Do you mean, Trudy, do you mean...”

“What?” Trudy said. “Say it Norval.”

“You'd marry me, Trudy?”

And then suddenly he was on his knees, and he was talking in a flood of words, holding her hand, looking up at her.

“Trudy,” he said, “I always thought about it. I dreamt about it. When we were kids in school... see, you were still wearing pigtails... I fell in love with you then. And I've never been out of it. In high school. And afterwards, I always hoped. I never thought really that you could love a guy like me. I know I'm not handsome. I'm not even anything. I just know I'm so crazy about you there's nothing in the world I'd want more than marrying you.”

“Norval,” Trudy said. “I never knew...”

“Trudy, would you. You were talking now almost like you were in love with me...”

“I can't do it to you,” Trudy said. “I can't. I can't. You're so sweet, Norval. You're so good.”

“What are you talking about, Trudy?” Norval said. “What can't you do to me? What's it all about? Trudy? The spots... what's it all about?”

“Maybe you wouldn't want to marry me,” Trudy said.

“What are you talking about, Trudy?” Norval shouted. “Trudy you're crazy.”

“No, I'm not,” Trudy said.

“You must be crazy thinking I wouldn't want to marry you,” Norval said excitedly.

“If you're not crazy, what are you?”

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"I'm married," Trudy said.
"The spots ..." Norval yelled, "the spots ... did you say you were married?"
"Yes. Only I don't know his name. And there isn't any record. So don't let you marry me. It would be bigamy. Or something."

It was two days before Norval thought of anything. Then that evening, he drove up, and he beckoned mysteriously to Trudy.

**norval comes through ...**

"Ratziwatski is going to marry you."
"Did you find him?" Trudy said.
"I didn't find him," Norval said. "I'm Ratziwatski. Look, Trudy, what you need is a certificate, that's all. A marriage certificate that says Trudy Kockenlocker married Ratziwatski. So why can't we go down to a Justice of the Peace, and I'll say I'm Ratziwatski and we'll get the certificate? And that way everything will be fine. It's foolproof. It solves everything. It's almost legal."

"Norval," Trudy said, "I can't let you. Besides Ratziwatski was a soldier, and he had a uniform."
"Of course you can let me," Norval said.
"You got to. That's all I want to do. I just want to help you. And I even have the uniform. Now you just leave everything to me."

Maybe the uniform Norval got was a little big. And maybe it was really a uniform from World War I. It didn't look too good, but maybe Norval wouldn't look too good in a uniform anyway. Besides, the Justice of the Peace didn't seem to notice, and he went through the whole ceremony. It was all done, all finished.

The Justice of the Peace said: "Sign here, please."

And Norval took the register and signed in his best Palmer handwriting. He signed: NORVAL JONES.

"Just a minute," the Justice of the Peace said narrowly. "Just a minute, there, big boy. What goes on here?"

He pulled out a huge pistol and brandished it under Norval's nose.

"Norval," Trudy wailed, "Norval—"
"I thought his name was Ignatz Ratzywatty. Abducting the girl, eh? Min," he shouted to his wife. "Call up the Sheriff. Get in touch with the Military Police. Ring the F.B.I. We got something here!"

Norval ended up in jail. Back at the house, Trudy was weeping.
"I love him," she said. "He was so good. And now—"

"Love!" Emmy said. "Be practical!"
"I don't care," Trudy said. "I love him. And I married him. It's all in the certificate."
"That's it," Emmy said excitedly. "Sure it's in the certificate. That fixes that, anyway. You got the certificate to prove you're married, at least."

Officer Kockenlocker knocked on the door and then came into the bedroom. He looked at the two girls morosely.
"Daughters," he said bitterly.
"Cut it out," Emmy said. "She feels bad enough anyway."
"She feels bad," Officer Kockenlocker said. "How do you think she'd feel married to a guy wanted by every policeman in the country. I took care of that anyway."

"What do you mean you took care of that?" Emmy said.
"Your old man isn't such a dope," Officer Kockenlocker said. "I got the J. P. to tear up the certificate. No one will ever know she married the jerk."

"You what?" Emmy said. "Oh, no, Papa. You couldn't be that dumb."
"Listen, you underdone stringbean—"
"Shall we tell him?" Emmy said.
"I'm married," Trudy said. "I'm going to have a baby."

Officer Kockenlocker swayed. Then he

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Welles' Hollywood tent show for soldiers that played seven nights a week for six weeks. He's the most scrambled after leading man in Hollywood with prodigious practical living up at David Selznick's chanting, "We want Cotten!"

In spite of all this hullabaloo, Joe Cotten is taking plenty of time out for laughs and living and giving Hollywood hooey the back of his hand. He's staying Joe Cotten all the time—which is to say a gay, straightforward guy with an indestructible sense of humor and the queen, unhollywood knack of squeezing a good time out of every minute.

The other day Joe got a fan letter from a snooty Boston lady. It was on elegant, crested and engraved note paper.

"Dear Mr. Cotten," it read. "Kindly forward an autographed portrait of yourself—for the servants, of course.

Joe roared when he read that one. He thought it was wonderful. He mailed the picture as requested. He also sent along a letter he spent a whole evening composing and a book he spent most of one afternoon digging up in Hollywood. The letter stated in flowery phrases how he adores her and her men. The lady's request. The enclosed book, he pointed out, was an elementary reader and spelling guide, and he said he was his earnest wish that after diligent study the lady's servants would be able to read and ask for their own photographs!

Following up a funny gag like that gives Joe Cotten a bigger kick than getting a hat. The odd part is, you'd never in a million years suspect he's blessed with an oversized funnybone and as full of beans as a Navy mess kit until you meet him in person. In "Citizen Kane" Joe played his first Hollywood scene as an old man mumbling through his slivery mustache in a wheel chair. And ever since he's been somebody's father or uncle or something equally sedate and mature. You have to know Joe
slicing a "tomato"...

A few lucky people had that chance not long ago when Joe let loose and clowning through the magic show that he and Orson Welles tossed in a tent for Hollywood service men. Joe had the time of his life riding a stuffed lion, helping saw Hollywood tootsies in half and getting slapstick belly laughs from the crowd.

I'll have to tell a story on Joe Cotten about that show. The afternoon Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth got married, Joe, being Orson's chum, was best man. After the nuptials in Santa Monica, the wedding party came to Joe's house in nearby Pacific Palisades for a spot of refreshments. They had only a couple of hours before the show went on at eight o'clock, and they devoted most of that celebrating with champagne. When they showed up at curtain time everyone, including Joe, was happily confused.

The spot in Orson's magic program arrived where Joe had to fire a pistol into a trunk where a lovely Hollywood star has just been locked, all tied up in a sack. He was supposed to cry, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will shoot this pistol into the trunk!" Instead, Joe's tongue, wobbly from bubble-water, shouted, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now shoot the bag in the trunk!" Then he went ba-loom! And out popped the lovely star—Marlene Dietrich.

"Who called me a bag?" she inquired coolly. Joe and the audience roared.

no chuckle-charley...

I don't mean to make Joe out as Joe the Joker. He isn't any gag artist or Chuckle-Charley. But he gets such a kick out of everything, and he's so open and honest about it that everything's a ton of fun for everybody concerned—when the situation has the makings of being strained. Joe is canny enough about his career, but he's so easy-going and jovial about it that he doesn't make enemies.

For instance, when "Three Is the Army" was casting, boss Jack Warner wanted Joe Cotten for the hooper part that George Murphy later did. Joe knew it wasn't for him from the start, but at Warner's insistence he took a crack at tap dancing—and it didn't work. He had to explain why he thought he shouldn't attempt the part, so he went into Warner's office one day to explain. "I can't do it," said Joe. "Why?" Warner asked, briskly, peevishly.

Joe didn't explain. He never said a word. Instead, he broke into his tap dance. He hopped all round the room in his clumsy off-to-Buffalos and jigs. The furniture bounced around Joe's offbeat steps almost wrecked the place. He kept it up until Warner wiped his eyes and cried, "Stop it! Okay—you win! You don't get the part."

When you meet Joe Cotten, the first thing you notice are the laugh wrinkles around his eyes and the way every movement he makes is charged with life and bouncy and vitality. You'd never in a million years guess he has seen 38 summers. His six-foot-two frame is as trim as a boy's, with no more waistline than a yellowjacket. With the terrific tan he has collected since he came to Hollywood, he stacks up like a bronze Greek statue under his mop of yellow clinging curls. You'd expect to find Joe on a college campus booting a football.

Joe and Lenore Kipps, a bright and extremely attractive blonde, have been married 12 years, and the ups and downs of an actor's career have never made a speck of difference in their happiness. For years in New York, while Joe

---

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From, a socially prominent family and an editor of a big fashion magazine, was the one who rated Joe was "Lenore Kipp's husband—an actor fellow, y'know." Now in Hollywood Lenore is Joe Cotten's wife—"non-professional." In neither case has either had a tremor of jealousy. In fact, they've become so close that Joe actually has confidence enough to shop for Lenore's clothes—and greater courage hath no man than that.

Joe and Lenore met years ago in Miami, Florida. Joe was peddling newspaper advertising then, among other things, and having a lot of hobby fun promoting and acting in a little theater in Miami of nights. The theater got to be fairly fashionable with the winter colonists, and Lenore Kipp, vacationing in Miami, started taking it in. Then, as now, she was a brilliant musician, and one night Joe had to play a piano on the stage, and he couldn't even pound out chopsticks. Someone prevailed on Lenore to rip off the music back stage while Joe faked it before the footlights. They met after the performance, and that started things.

5th cousin to a sea slug...

At that point, Lenore Kipp's opinion of actors was that they rated some seven notches below a sea slug in the scale of animal life. But when she met Joe, she discovered actors can be real persons—no if they happen to be Joe Cotten.

In fact, Lenore tumbled so hard for Joe's charm that she found herself telling him he was too good to fool around in Miami with amateur theatricals, that he ought to tackle Broadway. And Joe fell so hard for pretty Lenore that he listened and hopped a train to New York. They were married about a year later on practically no prospects. For their wedding supper they went to a Chinese chop suey joint! They lived for years in a tiny Greenwich Village apartment.

Home today for the Cottens is a comfortable Monterey type house on an ocean-lined lane in Pacific Palisades beachways from Hollywood, overlooking the ocean.

It has a swell tennis court and a tidy swimming pool (both are Joe's favorite sports). Both the inside and outside of the house show the distinctive imprint of the Cottens, although they've been there less than two years. I've never seen a more comfortably furnished house or one done in better taste. Both Joe and Lenore know nice things when they see them; scattered around are some wonderful old antique pieces Joe has collected in his home state of Virginia, and a few things he has put together himself, including the biggest bookcase you ever saw.

Call me Joe...

Judy's horse, Blackberry (a present from O. Welles), a cat, a canary, and an amiable red Irish setter, Jack, fill out the Cotten household. Jack was a gift from Joe's friend, producer Jack Moss, so Joe called him Jack. The funny part is, he won't answer to anything else but "Joe." Joe suspects that Jack trained him that way before handing him over.

Joe Cotten gets a tremendous kick out of his home. Among his pals, he's notorious about it. Recently he went for an evening at a friend's house who lived there much more than an hour when he suggested brightly, "How about going over to my place for a drink?" The friend blew up. "That," he said, "is a pretty long way to go for a drink. For gosh sakes, Joe, can't you have any fun away from your own house?"

"Well," confessed Joe with a grin,
The meat-and-potato did pair seriously), He's He America's Both He Orson fancy staying days, and even bank love and dawn he Washington, wants with the tailored afternoon and go York all account some idea restaurants, hopping. He's never with in MEDICAL about his hands, chamois gloves! He's with Brooklyn in "The Philadelphia Story," and Katie, notoriously, is brittle-tempered and not exactly the pale type to her colleagues, especially when she's keyed up and on the beam in a part. But Joe is crazy about her and she him still (her picture is in his den), and he thinks the two years he spent with "The Philadelphia Story" and La Hepburn were a couple of the pleasantest in his stage life.

Of all his friends, and by now he knows most of Hollywood, Orson Welles is the closest to Joe Cotten and the guy who revolves in tune with him more than any one else. Orson and Joe met in New York some years ago at a radio studio. Joe had finally made a name of sorts for himself on the stage and was picking up additional jobs acting on the air. He landed on one with Orson, the boy genius, and on the air another other ham made a very funny fluff right when the plot was thickening seriously.

Orson exploded with laughter right over the air, and Joe joined in. When the show was over, they were bootlegged together out of the studio and became firm friends! Most people today don't know that Joe Cotten wrote a lot of the famous Welles Mercury Theater air shows. Not the famous Men from Mars" one (Joe was out of town then, and it burnt him up to find he'd missed all the fun). For that matter, Joe Cotten authored the script of a movie he made in Hollywood, "Journey into Fear," which was not so hot. "Journey into Fear" made Joe out on the screen as a sort of a jerk. This was later brought to his attention.

"What can you expect?" grinned Joe. "I wrote it." Both Joe and Orson would rather take pokes at themselves for their failures than let anybody else do the poking. Joe loves today to tell about the dozens of Hollywood screen tests he used to take in New York, and how lousy they all were. Once he thought he had made it. He had practically signed on the dotted line with a big studio when suddenly the deal stopped cold, and an ominous silence developed. Joe called up the director. "Yes," the Hollywood guy admitted, "we thought you were okay at first. But that egg-shaped head of yours kills it!"

houdini with a chinese accent . . .

There's nothing Joe Cotten and Orson Welles would rather do than both sprawl in their six foot-plus frames out in the easy chairs at Joe's and start cooking up something daring and different. The recent servicemen's magic show is a perfect example. That started months ago when Joe and Orson, over a few snacks, started working out bigger and better magic illusions than the pro magicians could think up. Pretty soon they got all steamed up about turning Thurston and Houdini. So they went up to the California State Fair at Sacramento last year and tried out their acts, dolling themselves up in Mandarin coats and doing all the presto-change with a Chinese accent. The funny part was, they never knew how it worked because they operated in some sort of a stadium, and they were so far away from the audience nobody knew what they were doing! Undaunted, the pair of Merlins

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FEBRUARY 11!

Circle it on your calendar. It's the day you'll find the March issue of MODERN SCREEN on your newsstand. Better get your copy the day the magazine is out; otherwise, with paper shortages and such, you may have to do without it entirely.
we have been separated. I cannot bear it—I must write you this letter to tell you how much I miss you."

Well, that's the way his wife feels about Jean Pierre Aumont, and when you see him, you understand why. The Hollywoods are full of bland young men with handsome tans and brilliant blue eyes. Some of them can even act. "But nobody," says Maria fondly, "is like Jean Pierre."

He and Maria Montez were married in July, and you know how it is with Hollywood marriages. There are so many adjustments to make, each other's career to consider and arguments about this or that. But not with Jean and Maria. They like the same things and the same people, and besides, nobody could start an argument with Jean Pierre. He'd just grin. Jean is French, but his grin is as American as a candy bar. Faced with it, you have to grin, too, and the argument dissolves before it starts.

"Our marriage," Jean says, "is as perfect as anything could be without being dull." They do disagree on just enough things to keep from being bored. The matter of clothes, for instance. That starts a discussion once in a while.

"I pick out my own clothes," Maria announced firmly after their marriage.

"Yes, my sweet. But after you pick them, I will be the censor. I will look over the final result, and if it is not exactly right, I will say, 'Take off this' or 'Put on that.'"

"And I will do it," Maria promised. She does, too. "He has the very good taste, that one," she confides to friends.

This system has the additional advantage of working both ways. Maria didn't use to approve of Jean Pierre's ties.

"Oh, darling, your ties they are not right," she would sigh. So now Jean wears plain unpatterned ties, and Maria nods with complete approval.

rose-colored blinders...

Just before they were married, the question of perfume arose in a rather funny way. Jean had a date with Maria. He had already sent her flowers to wear, but on the way to meet her, he thought "She is so lovely, I must bring her a little present so she will kiss me and say 'Thank you, darling!'" He stopped and bought her an enormous, and very expensive, bottle of cologne. He didn't notice that her eyebrows had gone up to here when she looked at the label on the bottle. Three days after they were married, Maria brought out the bottle and ceremoniously returned it to him, giggling like mad. It was men's cologne, especially recommended for after-shaving. Jean Pierre, all done up in a rose-colored cloud, had been too much in love to notice what he was buying.

They disagree wholeheartedly, but good humoredly, about hats, rouge and jewelry.

"I do not like women to wear hats," Jean declares. "Their hair is so beautiful—why not display it?"

Maria likes to use rouge. Jean Pierre says no. Maria likes the kind of jewelry you can see coming. Jean Pierre's taste runs to smaller pieces of exquisite workmanship. He has designed many of them himself and done a superb job. That emerald and gold cactus pin, for instance—it would make Mr. Tiffany go green with envy. Emerald green.

"You like it?" Jean Pierre inquired.

"Of course," Maria cooed. "It is like you."

Even in a closed box, baby wouldn't be safe from harmful germs. These germs are everywhere, often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More antiseptic! Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, germs thrive; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

New differences in baby powders!

Baby wiggles even when he eats, shown by speed camera. And each wiggle rubs baby's skin. That's why it's important to use the smoothest baby powder—Mennen. Round photos above show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier.

Want the best for your baby?

3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's Mennen.
delighted. "It is simple but effective, yes?"

$60,000 glitter ...

She had a set of matched emeralds which was the pride of her life and which she had bought before she knew Jean. The first time she wore them, he raised a disapproving eyebrow.

"I like them," Jean asserted defiantly. "Darling, they are too much. They are in bad taste. Especially in war time."

"Nothing," said Maria positively, "which cost sixty-thousand dollars can be in bad taste. But it is true this is war time, I will put them away."

There is a note of authority in Jean Pierre's voice which convinces people that he knows what he's talking about. It is especially evident in connection with his profession. During his last stay in New York, he was asked to do a play on a radio program. Of course a lengthy discussion followed as to what play he should do.

"It must have the emotion as well as the drama," Jean said decisively. "And it must be something which moves fast. It must go like this—flip, flip, flip!" He illustrated with quick movements of his hands.

They finally settled on "Hold Back the Dawn," with Jean Pierre playing the Charles Boyer part.

Jean had been in New York for a couple of weeks then, with several fans pursuing him in ever-increasing numbers. So a special detail of police was assigned to cover his radio appearance. Jean Pierre and his press representative set out quite cautiously for the broadcast. They got within a block of the studio, and Jean, peering out of the taxi, said, "There has been an accident, I think. Or a fire."

"The accident's gonna be to you, chum, when you get off this cab," the driver said. "There are autograph hounds, and when they get through grabbing 'souvenirs,' you'll be lucky if you've still got your pants!"

Now Jean Pierre is a very un-conceited guy for a movie star, and he didn't believe a word of this. So they drove on through the crowd and pulled up in front of the studio and got out. Did you ever go over Nile Irish cops tried to rush Jean through the crowd to the door, but Jean was like pressing against a rubber wall. It would give a little and then bounce right back. It was pandemonium. When they finally got Aumont into the studio, he was almost in shreds. But all he could say was, "They like me! They really like me!"

Before he and Maria left Hollywood for New York, his friends gave him a terrific farewell party. Among the guests included all Jean and Maria's close friends—Marlene Dietrich, Jean Gabin, the Charles Boyers, the Gene Kellys, Richard Whorf and many more of Hollywood's most platinum-plated stars. To make it gay they all put on vaudeville acts, and some were good and some were bad, but they all were funny. Finally it came Jean Pierre's turn.

"There is one thing I've always wanted to do," he announced solemnly. "That is to sing. But no one would ever let me. Tonight is my farewell party, and I am going to sing a thing I did, and everybody loved it. Especially Jean Pierre!"

The next day he and Maria left for New York. One of the first things they did when they got there was to go to a sentimental reunion at "21"—the scene of their historic meeting where he asked her for a match and their romance began. Gravely they reserved the table Maria had occupied on that occasion. There were flowers, champagne and a general air of honeymoon. They sat down at the
If you want a more youthfully radiant CLEARER ‘TOP SKIN’

Here’s Easy Way To Deslake Ugly Dried Up Aging Skin Cells To Reveal Glowing Fresh Under-Skin!

A “deslaking” process must constantly take place in your skin if your under-skin beauty is to be revealed in all its youthfully radiant, clear freshness.

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Just spread Hopper’s White Clay Pack over your face and throat. It gives you the same massage-like effects of an expensive facial. Wash off when dry (takes only 8 minutes).

Then observe how that tired, weary look vanishes. How much firmer, smoother your skin feels. The mild rube-facient or “blushing” action of Hopper’s Clay Pack is what gives the appearance of your skin a finer texture—a youthful bloom—a bewitching radiance that is positively devastating.

Blackheads are easily loosened. Enlarged pore openings temporarily reduced.

Used weekly—Hopper’s White Clay Pack helps you maintain a heavenly smooth, clear, radiant “Top Skin” beauty throughout the years. At all cosmetic counters.

GIVE YOUR FACE AND THROAT THIS ‘BEAUTY-LIFT’

Edna Wallace Hopper’s Homogenized Facial Cream is a super-lubricating cream which works wonders for face and throat. Always gently press an extra amount of cream over any lines or wrinkles and leave on at least 8 minutes. Use every night. Also makes an excellent powder base.

Edna Wallace Hopper’s White Clay Pack

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pagne. They looked at each other like Sinatra fans gazing at The Voice.

“Tou you, my sweet,” Jean Pierre murmured in that voice that catches at your heart. He raised his glass.

“To you, darling,” Maria echoed, her eyes shining like dark candles.

no time for love...

That is when people started coming up to say hello. Dozens of them. Maybe hundreds. In about two minutes that super-romantic rendezvous changed into something about as private as a War Bond rally. It was fun, but you couldn’t call it a tête-à-tête.

Fortunately things like that amuse Jean Pierre. Besides, he wanted to show Maria off. “My friends all approved of her,” he said proudly. “It could have been so difficult, that, if they did not. But they think she is wonderful.”

Maria’s friends think Jean is wonderful, too. Wonderful, but mysterious. Because he isn’t a man you get to know quickly. You come in the room and there he is, charming, handsome, with that intense, vibrant aliveness that is like a flame. After you have met him a few times, you are completely devoted to him, and yet you don’t really know the man at all.

There is a core of strength and reserve back of all the charm, and it is that core which makes him different. It gives him tremendous character, and it explains why, with everything he wants here in America, he has gone off to fight for France.

Someone at a Hollywood party asked him once why he was going. “Now, when you’re just married and your career is off to such a flying start.”

“I do not talk about it well,” Jean said gravely. “I can not even explain. I only know what I have to do.”

Yes, he has to do it, because that is the way he is made. There are things in the world you must fight for. Truth and freedom and one’s country. If that country is in the hands of the enemy, it is all the more necessary. So Jean put on the uniform of the Free French. He studied like mad those last weeks and took examinations which qualified him to serve as a lieutenant, instead of the sergeant he had been before the fall of France. He was prouder of that lieutenantcy than of any laurels his acting career had ever achieved for him. And off he went to join not a huge brilliantly organized army with all the money and power of the United States behind it, but a tiny dogged band of fighters who represent a France that will never die.

interrupted fairy tale...

Did Maria want to let him go? Look, if you were married to Jean Pierre Aumont, you wouldn’t want to let him go away from you for three days, let alone three years, or however long it’s going to take us to put Germany in her place. Of course Maria didn’t want to. But she did it with a smile, as war brides are doing all over the country.

“The uniform is most becoming,” she assured him. “If you had designed it yourself, it could not be better. I am very proud of you, my darling.”

The imminent parting made those last days very precious. Jean and Maria were together constantly.

“It has been like a fairy tale,” Jean Pierre said. “It will be like that again when I come back.”

But because the “coming back” was so uncertain and so distant, they talked a lot about the past. They went over every moment, from their first meeting.

“I had a premonition—better I met you,” Maria told him, with a far-away look. “The stars declared that my life, my
FOR YOUR CHILD'S SAKE—

Remember These Vital Facts About Laxatives!

Some Laxatives are Too Strong—

Forcing a child to take such
bad-tasting laxative is such need-
less, old-fashioned punishment! A
medicine that's too strong will often
leave a child feeling worse than before!

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A laxative that's too mild to give
proper relief is just as unsatisfact-
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thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!

But—EX-LAX

is the Happy Medium!

Treat the Children to the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But
Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and
effectively at the same time. And remem-
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chocolate! It's America's favorite laxa-
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children. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting preparations. Take
Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX

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Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this
evening—use as directed before going to bed—look
for big improvement in the morning. In a few days
surface blemishes, mudliness, freckles, even pimples
of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter,
smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guaran-
tee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores, or send
50c, plus Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock, Inc.,
Dept. MM4, Paris, Tenn., for regular 30c jar, postpaid.
IT COMES UP LOVE
(Continued from page 55)

sophisticates. (Matthew Duffin, incidentally, is currently a lieutenant in the U. S. Army.)

Don and the Duffins used to try out fancy dance steps together; Don thought they were groovy and told them so, a habit that endears him to theatrical people who are accustomed to friendly disparagement from their co-headliners.

When The Blackouts of 1941, '42, '43, '44 (the show will probably go on forever) was first placed in rehearsal in Hollywood, the Duffins were promptly included in the cast. Don went to the El Capitan Theater to watch tryouts, and Joyce Duffin introduced him to a girl who was also trying out.

The girl appeared to have a beatuful chum with large brown eyes and woolen hair. "Who is that?" Mr. O'Connor, who had thought her a trifle too unsophisticated, whispered furiously.

She was the daughter of the orchestra leader, and she smiled at Don when they were introduced—a manner that reminded him of stories about spring breaking over the Yukon River. Her name was Gwen Carter, and she was not theatrical, but still a student at L. A. High. She was 17. And just about the time Dazzled Donald was getting up enough courage to ask for a date, Gwen and her girl friend left.

People were talking...about how young Mrs. Smith had changed! In fact, how the Smith marriage had changed!

Those two had been the town's gayest, most devoted young couple. But now you seldom saw them together—and she went about with smiling lips but tragic eyes.

The truth was that lovely young Mrs. Smith was losing her husband's love...the tragic part was she didn't know why!

Doctors know that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know how many half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffectual or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (See free book offer below.)

THE TRAGIC TRUTH

This is not a story for smug complacent wives! It is for you who cherish happiness...and seek to keep it!

**PREFACE**

You should, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life. Second, the most serious deodorization problem any woman has...one which you may not suspect. And what to use is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

**USED IN THE DOUCHE (as well as for a simple every-day routine of external protection)**

Zonite, by antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes, not by just masking, but by actually destroying odors. Leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.
her telephone number. A crisis, indeed.
He looked through a Los Angeles telephone directory. There were six full columns of Carters. He wondered vaguely how a creature so unique could have so many relatives.
Came now New Year's night, 1943. Attending the same party at which Donald was having his usual wonderful time, was a girl who chanced to mention—in casual conversation—the magical name "Gwen Carter."
"You mean you know her?" queried Donald, hearing the angels sing.
"Wanna make something of it?" kidded the girl.
"Say, I'd really like to have her telephone number."
The girl was true to her club, The Amalgamated Order of Womankind. "I'll have to ask Gwen if it's all right with her before I can give you the number," she demurred.
Donald hit on an instant solution. "If she doesn't want to give out her telephone number, ask her if she'll telephone me. I want to ask her to have dinner with me some time soon."
Gwen, when confronted by this bit of news, refused to telephone an utter stranger. But she had seen "Mr. Big" and thought it might be nice to know the guy about whom a good many of her friends were raving. She told her girl friend that it would be all right to give Donald the Carter dial combination.

puddle-jumper de luxe . . .

So Donald called one evening. He talked casually about his mother, with whom he lives, and about his niece, Patty. He explained that he had had a car, but that it was strictly non-Doheny Drive. It was a couple of '37 Fords, strung together with bailing wire, binding twine and glue. Would she mind riding in the O'Connor coffee grinder out to Casa d'Amour for an Italian dinner?
It sounded super to Gwen.

After dinner they went to Grauman's Chinese to a movie. Nowadays they can't exactly remember what the picture was, but their general impression is that it was a ten-star effort of genius. It was one of the best pictures ever made, they recall opalescently, despite the fact that their attention was directed more frequently to left and right than it was to the screen.
When the picture was over, Donald had to rush Gwen home at a rate of speed short of the ULTIMATE wartime limit by only so much as the length of a crocodile's conscience. Gwen's family is very particular about the hours to be kept by a girl still in high school.
"How about tomorrow night? Dinner and maybe a dance or two?" Donald suggested as he rushed Gwen to the door.
"Seven o'clock," agreed Gwen.
They went to Chinatown. They parked the O'Connor-Ford Special on North Broadway between a Cadillac and a Lincoln.

Chinatown is fun. The streets are filled with shopping tourists beating their way through the fragrance of a dozen different types of Oriental incense. A Chinese fortune-teller bangs on a mallet, gong and bells, and calls out fragments of the future. The mechanical melodies of a jule box cry out their rhythm in controversy with half a dozen second-story orchets.

Gwen and Donald ate French fried shrimps, egg foo yung, almond duck, chicken chin mein and fried rice. They wrote, "Having wonderful time, wish you were here," on several of the colored post cards provided by the restaurant and mailed them to certain local acquaintances. In a carnival mood they returned to the car. Abruptly

Such loveliness
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Dr. West's Miracle Tuft
The only brush with 3XTON brand bristling

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With Hair that is Goriously Golden!

- Men's eyes follow admiringly...women's eyes enviously...hair we have that lustrous "spun-gold" look. But if your hair is streaked, straw-colored or over-bleached, it turns away compliments and spells your whole appearance. 

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Painstakingly developed by experts in hair care, the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is easier than ever to apply and is complete in itself for use at home. And remember, with Marchand's, you yourself can control the exact degree of lightness you desire.

Use Marchand's to make blonde hair blonder or to give dark or red hair more lightness, more brightness. You can get a bottle at any drug counter. Try it today!

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It's costly to have stockings ruined by runs. Treat hosiery and underthings with RUN-PROOF. Resists runs, rips, snags, breaks in Rayon, Nylon, Lisle and Cotton. Save your quality. Hosiery fits more snug. Only ONE treatment lasts life of hose. 25c package; 20p each to Department, Drug and 10c stores—or send us 20c in coin.

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If you do not get the prompt relief you seek, consult your physician.

Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you cough as if you were gasping for your life, Pazo will help. It relieves the suffering of those who don't feel the diseased air is slowly wearing your life away. You don't fall to stand at one to the Pazo. It relieves the deep, long-suffering cough of cold asthma. It is a remarkable method, no matter where you live or whether you have gasping fits or difficulty in breathing. So, send now for a free sample, and try it today for this free trial. If you have suffered for years and want to be relieved, Pazo is worth a try.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover the real cause of their trouble—kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help everyone pass about 3 pints a day.

When there is a kidney trouble, it permits poisonous substances to remain in your blood, may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of sex powers and energy, giving up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eye, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and help to improve the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.
Campus Make-up

Created for young skins and those that would look young!
It 'sponges-on like velvet. It's powder and base in one.
Veils tiny lines and freckles. Yet campus isn't drying!
Imports a rich, even tone that Stays lovely all day or evening.
For that smooth, vital look of Youth use . . . Campus Make-up

Gwen thinks that she'd a little rather have a home and children.
They talked about other things, too. A new home, for instance. Don was afraid that his Ford-Ford wasn't quite the buggie in which to take out a girl like Gwen. "You're more the golden coach with six white horses type," he allowed.
The car doesn't matter—just as long as we're together," she said softly.

dream wagon . . .

It was the right answer, but Don had his own idea. He had seen a super duper, world-beater of an English car in a dealer's window. A Jaguar '38, to be specific. It had a dark blue paint job and scarlet leather pannier seats. Right hand drive, squatty fuselage . . . everything.

He had talked about it to his mother so much that she finally said, "Don, you have a birthday next week. Let's buy that whatachamacallit car for you."

His whoop was still dying on the afternoon air when he turned into the dealer's driveway. How much? Satisfactory. Dotted line? Yeah, man. You may have some trouble getting used to the right hand drive.

"Not me, mister. I've been driving this car in my sleep."

And away he went, a bright blue streak with crimson upholstery. He was aimed at the Carter house.

Gwen was awed. She walked around, examining and touching the wealth of chromium with a delicate finger. After a bit she asked tentatively, "What are you going to do with the Ford-Ford? Sell it?"

Don shook his head. "I don't think I'll ever part with it. Sometimes you and I will take a trip in it. Golly, it's too filled with sentiment and memories to sell."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it," Gwen admitted with a happy sigh. "That's what I had hoped you'd say."

Time rolled on. Don finished "Top man," "This Is The Life" and "The Third Glory."

Finally, another of those rare free periods catapulted Mr. O'Connor into Maurice's (far-famed custom jeweler) where he had seen a heart-shaped topaz ring.

"For my girl's birthday," he confided.

"Don't you think you should bring the young lady in and let us size the ring?" Maurice suggested.

"Nope, I want to surprise her exactly on her birthday."

Two entire weeks before Gwen's birthday, and he already had possession of her heart. It was too much.

He stopped at a drive-in, killing time with a turkey sandwich and a malt. She wouldn't be out of school until 2:30, but at 2:10 he was parked outside L. A. High.

And he was holding the car door open for her when Gwen descended the stairs. "Hi, beautiful," he said casually.

"What are you grinning about? You're up to something. Can't fool me."

So he had a secret. So it was his affair. He wasn't going to tell her one single thing until The Day. He wasn't going to give her a hint. None. Now how she liked heart-shaped rings. Absolutely not.

He still doesn't know how it happened that he flipped the box into Gwen's outstretched palms after shouting, "Here—catch!" Just one of those flukes.

But a guy can't be expected to keep a secret forever, especially when he's kept it for three full hours.

Gwen did receive one surprise for her birthday, however. Her mother had arranged to have an autographed picture of Don framed for Gwen's room. The inscription, in Don's small, careful script, was a long one having to do with the times they'd had together, the laughs, the dances, the snacks at drive-ins, the double dates with Peg Ryan and her fiancé, and ended, "I'll be seeing you on the set."

Definitely a love set.
Hollywood President. joyously they'd hotel through show, A

Famous today To the enthusiastic

Today Dimes Roosevelt

MARCH

WANTED OUR

THE

INFANTILE

and

California.

offered.

and

of

She got through the ropes and yanked her right off the car, bare feet and all. A soldier hoisted her back. They were parading in Washington the day Italy surrendered. The committee car called the news to the car behind, and each car tossed it to the next, till they were all shouting, "Italy surrenders!" and the people on the side lines were shouting it joyously back.

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they'd yell to Judy. The first audience yelled for "Me and My Gal." Mickey didn't know it, so Judy tried to cue him, taking one line and feeding him the next. It was good for a laugh that night, but hardly what you'd call a professional performance. So in an empty dining room the next day they dreamed up a dance to the tune of "How About You?" and the boys faked the music. It was promptly incorporated into the show, for there wasn't an audience that didn't insist on a joint number from the two.

Then the whole company lined up on the stage, and the house lights went on. You'd know there were lots of people out there but, with the spotlight in your face, you couldn't see them. Now suddenly you did—row on row, stretching back and forth, further than your eyes could reach—your fellow-Americans, all there because they believed in what you believed in, all there in a common cause. They rose quietly as the bugles blew, and three service men carried the colors down the aisle. And then, as you all sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" together, came that surge of love and pride in your country, warming your heart, swelling your throat. It was like a bond forged, like a wordless pledge exchanged, welding many into one—it was the evening's high moment, and Judy always felt a pang of regret when it ended, a wish that they could all hang on forever to the feeling it gave them.

no rain checks . . .

In New Orleans they had to forego that triumphant finale. New Orleans was two feet under water, and the rain still coming down strong. They played in raincoats in the open Sugar Bowl, but for safety's sake, the Bowl had to be emptied as quickly as possible. So while Judy and Mickey and Kay did the final number, the others were sneaked into the bus. "We can't do this to them," Betty, Hutton wailed. "It's like leaving your best friends on Corregidor!

Back on the train, their midnight dinner would be followed by a social interlude in the lounge. Astaire and Kay Kyser played gin rummy clear across the continent. Over the roar of the wheels, Kathryn Grayson and Judy and Dick Powell sang "Rigoletto," and couldn't talk at all the following morning. Betty Hutton enlarged Kathryn's repertoire by teaching her "Murder! He says." She took pride in her pupil's aptness. "Be sure you tell Louis B. Mayer you know a nice new song."

Once a week they'd hit a town where the girls could have their blouses laundered. Every night they did their own stockings and lingerie, and every night the doctors would go through, calling: "Sleeping pills? Anyone want sleeping pills?" At best, it was hard to sleep on the train and, at worst, impossible. Judy became convinced that the engineer deliberately waited until the middle of the night to do his fanciest jarring. There's one night her pals won't let her forget.

Jolted and banged and tossed like a cockleshell at sea, she finally got mad and stormed out in search of the porter. "What does this train think it's doing anyway? And whatever it's doing, tell it to stop."

From behind Mickey's curtains came a sardonic hala! "You tell it, Garland. Or sing it a lullaby. The porter's got nothing to do with how the train runs."

Poor Judy apologized profusely next morning, and the porter consoled her. "Don't you mind, Miss Garland. In your place, I've acted likewise."

cheers for the mick . . .

But there were pleasanter memories: The surprise for Mickey's birthday, when they all filed into the diner and deposited on his table beautifully wrapped gifts from the Five-and-Dime—then sang "Happy Birthday" as the waiter appeared with a big candle-lit cake. Judy vows she's never seen the Mick so close to tears. They lived to regret at least one of their gifts, however. Mickey drove them insane, dropping his fake spider down under their noses.

There was also Harpo and his honking horn. He took particular delight in sneaking up on Greer Garson with it. But in
that lady he met his match. She grabbed it one day and baited him over the head, with a mighty slap! They'll teach you that I can't let slapping stick, too. Or did you think, like so many, that I'm a walking cathedral?"

The boys at Randolph Field didn't think so. Every Wednesday Kay Kyser had to do his regular broadcast, so the Cavalcade show was put on from 7 to 9. On that particular Wednesday Kay was airing his show for the 5000 cadets at the field, and the others were present among his guests. It was very hot, and they were very tired.

"No entertaining, remember," the committee had said. "Just tell them hello.

But when the boys yelled for Astaire to dance, of course he danced. And when they yelled for Greer to say something, she stood up beside Kay and said:

"Well, boys, you've caught me with my skirts down. I can't sing or dance for you but—"

...eh! We'll keep 'em buying. With which she gave Kay a big kiss, and the boys went wild.

Nor would you have recognized Mrs. Miniver in the Garden who sang a blues trio with Judy and Lucille on the train one night. It was called the Rooney-Pigeon-Skelton blues, and the girls had whipped it up themselves in a couple of hours, from an idea that Judy's. Gravely they faced their audience, and here's what came out:

All: We're three little maids from Hollywood...

We want to do things we never should have.

They never let us have our fling.

We always do the same old thing.

Judy: I'm Mickey Rooney's girl friend.

Greer: I'm Walter Pidgeon's wife.

Lucille: I'm Red Skelton's sidekick.

All: And we're stuck with them for life.

Judy: I sing to Mr. Gable, but he's never really there.

I'm longing to enchant him with sophisticated flair.

But every time I turn around—

Andy Hardy's in my hair.

All: There's no escape—you're stuck with me.

Greer: I'd love to go courting with some charming Mr. Deeds,

And slink around in modern gowns with several well-placed blaps.

But all I get is busties—flannel nighties—widders!"

All: There's no escape—you're stuck with that for life.

Lucille: I'm with him play dramatic roles with diction terse and clipped.

To chew the scenery into shreds with stardom and somber script.

But I'm always with Red

Skelton being flapped and tripped and stripped!

All: There's no escape—you're stuck with that for life.

All: What about versatility,

When we can't show our ability

do the sort of thing we would enjoy.

Greer: I'm stuck with domesticity.

Lucille: And with burlesquility.

Judy: And I'm so goshdarned busy being coy.

Greer: I'm Garson!

Judy: I'm Garland!

Lucille: I'm Ball!

All: Three girls who are tired of it all.

We can't get away from those three leading men,

We finish up a picture, then we're with them again.

Greer: In aprons!

Lucille: In spangles!

Judy: In socks!

All: Three leopards who can't change their
We'll never get to have our fling And do the things we choose. We've got those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.

Judy: At least we're eatin'— Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.

Lucille: Is that so bad? Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.

Greer: Maybe we're lucky? Those Rooney-Pidgeon-Skelton blues.

“Spock” had been “spots” originally. “But it doesn't rhyme,” Judy protested. “Make it spocks,” advised Greer, “and call it poetic license.”

With appropriate gestures it brought the house down, and the committee was all for sticking it into the show. Couldn't be done, though. No time to arrange music. They're talking now of building an M-G-M revue around it.

Henred came in for a lot of kidding. Judy, Jimmy and Betty constituted themselves his razzers-in-chief, called him Paul Henatra, ran up in a body, shooting their arms out and going, “Ooohh!” Gave him whole packs of cigarettes to light at a time. He retaliated by addressing them as the Andrew Sisters and dosing their colds. One or the other was always down with a cold. It wasn't enough for Paul to provide the medicine. He had to stand by till they took it. And if there's anything more unglamoros than a girl in the act of applying a nose spray, these three didn't know what it was.

“You're just trying to get back at us.”

“I just don't want you to be sick. Now blow.”

Judy did have one glamorous evening, though, in Chicago. It was the one time she wore a formal—because they were playing to 153,000 people at Soldier's Field.

Finding that the train wouldn't pull out till 1, they all went to the Blackstone together for dinner. The orchestra played what is probably Judy's favorite song in the world—“Vienna, City of My Dreams.” She started humming it.

“How do you know that song?” asked Paul.

“I have the Tauber record. I always keep sticking my ear down, trying to catch the German words.”

So he taught them to her. By that time the orchestra had swung into a medley of Viennese waltzes. “Now that you can sing a Viennese song, maybe you'd like to dance a Viennese dance—

“I don't know how. Just hang on.”

star-spangled night...

She decided it was more fun than straight dancing—the lovely lil' of the melody, the unexpected turns and reverses, the floating feeling. They must have been good, too. Everyone cleared the floor to watch and applaud, and in her boul-fant silver-blue lace, Judy felt oh! so old-world and continental.

But it was from unromantic Pittsburgh that she brought back the memory which will live with her longest. They'd just sat down to dinner on the train after the show, when Mickey appeared, his face grave and a little strained.

“Look, folks,” he said. “I know you're tired and I know your food'll get cold, but there's a trainload of sailors leaving for an embarkation point, and they'd love to see you guys. Would you come?”

The windows of the other train were choked with young faces. As the members of the troupe stepped down, Mickey introduced them. “Here's Kathryn Grayson—here's Jimmy Cagney—” Each time, a welcoming shout went up. Harpo came out last. He'd stopped for his wig—

They walked alongside the cars, talking, shaking hands, signing caps. Astaire did some of his classiest stepping, and Betty Hutton sang “Murder!” with no accompaniment but the charlottes of her audience. In the midst of all this, the troop train gave a sudden jerk. It was leaving—

The group on the platform fell silent. Into the hush Dick Powell's tenor broke; “Anchors aweigh, aweigh—” As by one impulse, the others linked arms and joined him, and the gobs picked it up. For a moment they faced each other—home front and fighting front, singing together—then the train pulled out. White caps waved good-by. Over the racket of wheels and engine the old Navy song floated back—faunter and fainter and died away.

For once the diner was quiet that night. No singing, no jokes. For once they broke up right after the meal. What the others did, Judy doesn't know. For herself, she climbed into bed, buried her nose in the pillow and cried her heart out.

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GOLDEN NEWS
(Continued from page 65)

so bid it on. He thought from the instant accompaniment that his cause was lost. Not to be put off by competition, Mistor Carson went into the bidding with teeth, tongue and tenacity. For a moment he thought he had triumphed, a small voice from the extreme opposite side of the room overhead him. It was enough to cost a man his last penny. Jack gave up and glowered in the general direction of his apparently millionaire competitor. The lovely lady who tripped up to the auction block to claim her prize was Mrs. Jack Carson.

Chiller-Diller:
He had been with the Navy during the Pan-American landings; his boat, considerably smaller than a cruiser, had been named—because of his trim and beautiful performance—"Paukello." So, when Soanm O'Brian appeared at Paramount and asked to meet Miss Goddard, everyone thought it was a good idea.

He spent some time on the set where Paukello was working in a picture ironically titled "I Love a Soldier." As the sailor was leaving, he presented Miss Goddard with a silver ring set with turquoise and gold. "I hope it is to your taste," he enthused.

"This is simply lovely, I'll wear it constantly and that's a promise. Did you happen to get it in the Indian House in Albuquerque?"

The sailor promptly gave AuBie the ring, which was exactly what he expected. It looked like the finger of a Japanese pilot whom we shot down over Guad. The pilot, by the way, was a girl.

Paukello stared at the ring. "But how on earth did she get hold of an obviously American Indian ring?" she wanted to know.

The soanm shrugged. "We saw plenty of mysterious things out there," was the only comment he had to offer.

Mush Brush:
So you think you have tribbles! Yet it's safer to wager that you've never gone to the door one evening, dressed in your best and frou-frou in your hair, only to be faced by an escort wearing, among other things, a five o'clock shadow thicker than the Australian bush.

It happened to Aubie cutter, and the forbearing boy friend was Bill Eythe, camouflaged for his role in "The Eve of St. Mark."" I'll think we're going out to dinner with you looking like a junk G. B. Shaw, won't you?" "Sitting down."

Taking scissors in hand, Aubie whipped out a nice Van Dyke for Mr. Eythe. We refrain from telling you what the 20th Century Modern up department said the next morning when it had to place in Bill's beard so that he would match the previous day's shooting.

Poled:
Very soon now the name William Eythe is going to be a household word in the United States. He would also like to have it written on a hotel register in Mexico City. The fulfillment of this ambition is fraught with pitfalls having to do with our first statement about the pop world—never for your information, rhymes with bleak. For the moment he finished his work in "Song of the South," he bought an airline ticket to Mexico City, packed his bags and innocently answered the telephone while the taxi was waiting to take him to the airport. An error.

The studio was calling: He mustn't leave town as he had been cast in and must start immediately "The Eve of St. Mark.

He finished "Eve" (our apologies to Adam), bought another Good Neighbor ticket and had one foot on the train before he was again summoned to the telephone. To
wit: He mustn't leave town because he had just been cast and must instantly go to work in "Woodrow Wilson."

We'll keep you posted when he finishes this picture. Seems the script department has another goodie lined up, whereas Mr. Eythe is seeking to buy an efficient brand of dis-appearing powder.

Reverential:

This is a simple story about one of the ways in which motion pictures are made. It is about a walled garden in which carefully tended flowers grow in great mounds of color, a garden to which swallows return each spring. It is a story about a smile, kindly priest who is nearly 73 years old.

The second company, or location group, which is making "Tomorrow's Harvest" for Paramount, had arranged to film a series of scenes in the lovely gardens of Mission San Juan Capistrano. For several years the priests who live at the mission had felt the need for a new chapel. By renting their garden to the studio for a given number of days, they found that they were going to be financially able to build the long-prayed-for chapel.

The picture company arrived one morning, complete with cameras, lights, dollsies, microphones and the rest of the diverse paraphernalia of picture making. Having set up, preparatory to shooting, they were unable to unroll even so much as a foot of film because of the heavy overcast. The workmen simply sat in the shelter of the mission arches and waited.

In the afternoon, the priest—puzzled—approached Frank Borzage, the director, and asked why no use was being made of this obviously expensive preparation. When he was told that no footage could be shot until the rain was driven out, he shook his head. "I didn't understand," he said in a rich, tseeped voice, "I shall go have a talk with my boss."

The next morning the sun came out, radiant and clear. The work went forward rapidly.

When the priest emerged late in the afternoon, Director Borzage asked reverently, "Do you mind telling me, Father, what you said to the Boss?"

"Not in the least," beamed the priest. "I explained that you were providing our new chapel so you must be fine people. And I asked Him kindly to speed your work as He had so speedily answered our prayers for the chapel."

Quickies:

Did you know that Frank Sinatra is having his teeth prettied? It will cost the studio several thousand dollars, but they feel it will be well worth it. This news should encourage the many high school actors and actresses who write to Hollywood authorities, asking what can be done to gain a dazzling star-trodemark smile. Any? See your dentist.

Although Betty Hutton, while on a camp tour in Tucson, received three dozen gorgeous red roses from Charles Bannerman, she insists that she is entirely disengaged.

Dinah Shore, now Mrs. George Montgomery, carries a small hairbrush in her bag, in place of the usual comb, and repairs any damage to her coiffure by a bit of brisk brushing.

When shooting was finished on "Two Sister's a Sailor" at Metro, Jimmy Durante gave the entire cast and crew a party at Earl Carroll's. Just Jimmy's way of saying that he had enjoyed working with the gang and that he hoped he'd be back soon. And the gang responded by presenting Jimmy with a handsome wrist watch. Previous Durante day-makers have all been Ingersoll turnips.

Rita Hayworth, despite the ban on social telegrams, received the following wire from Orson Welles to inform her that he had arrived in New York, but missed her: "Shipment arrived on time but woefully incomplete."

Tops:

On that particular November afternoon Lou Costello was jubilant. The day before he had visited at Universal Studios to institute plans for his next picture with Bud Abbott. Now he was going to his first broadcast since his recovery from rheumatic fever.

He romped with Lou, Jr.—to be a year old in three days. He told Mrs. Costello, "Just for the fun of it, will you keep Butch up tonight until the broadcast is over? Watch him to see if he recognizes my voice, will you?"

The word came in, fortunately, to the broadcasting station. Lou, Jr., had somehow escaped from his playpen and toddled to the swimming pool where he was found by his accomplished mother. Physicians spent more than an hour in a vain attempt to save him.

Two hours later Lou went back to the radio station, against his doctor's advice. He would still broadcast into the mysterious sound bands, and perhaps somewhere, a small newcomer to a strange land would be reassured by his father's voice.

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Ring Size

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Address

City State
FERDINAND THE "WOLF"  
(Continued from page 47)

you could always talk tennis over a mailed afterward.

With Verna, Jim whirled into reverse. Proposed the day they met. Married her three and a half weeks later—

He saw her before he met her. Working in "Forest Rangers" at Paramount, where he'd just signed a contract, he spied a girl in the commissary one day and lost his appetite.

He was lunching with Eddie Bracken.

"Don't look now, Eddie—but that girl in the white turban two tables away—know who she is?"

Eddie squinted. "Never saw her before."

Jim, kept gazing, so bedazzled that when she looked up and caught him, he just gazed some more. She smiled—

a puzzled, tentative little smile—that turned away, leaving him and his mawkish grin hung in mid-air.

cooked goose . . .

Abandoning food and Eddie, he took up his stand at the cashier's desk. She'd have to pass right by him. She did pass right by him, practically tripped on his foot. His mouth opened, and his vocal cords froze. You couldn't talk to a vision—not to this lovely, cool vision who certainly knew he wasn't standing there for his health, and who sailed straight past him—straight out of his life.

"Speak to her?" asked Eddie.

"No, I'm too sweet a guy."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Lord knows," snapped Jim.

A week later he went to dinner with Cereatha and Jack Beutel. They were moving the following day, and he'd offered to help.

"Verna's coming, too," Cereatha said.

"Who's Verna?"

"Verna Knopf. Friend of mine. She's a model. Likes to wear turbans. Had a white one on in the Paramount commissary last week—" She eyed Jim sweetly while he choked on his soup. "She'd love to meet you, Jim—"

"Sez you."

"Sez she."

The minute Verna walked in next day, he knew he was sunk. Tactful Cereatha sent them to straighten out the kitchen. Working with the speed of panic, lest she get away from him again, Jim kicked his inhibitions in the teeth, and before they left the kitchen, he'd wound up a breakneck courtship with the suggestion, "Why don't we get married, huh?" Verna laughed.

But within a month they'd acted on the suggestion. It was to have been a secret till "Forest Rangers" came out, only Jim couldn't hold it. One night they went to a party at John Payne's beach house. After Jim had confided the secret to half a dozen ears, he found this was to half plant himself on the hearth rug and announce, "Flash! Beautiful model marries tennis-punk at Las Vegas tomorrow."

Those who wish to kiss the groom, form line to his right.

He was unique in that he came to Hollywood with no thought of the movies. He was Lefty Brown, whose southpaw slapping of a tennis racket had earned him his pennant, various championships and the right to represent his alma mater in the Pacific Southwest Tournament. Tennis was his life—tennis and a few people—Mom and his sister Ruth and his brother John and Jodie Adams, his sidekick—

Down in Waco, Mom and the kids were

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*Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps*
parents were divorced, and Mom kept them together on the 12-buck-a-week she earned in a beauty shop, coming home at night to do the cooking and housework. Ruth was old enough to help, and did. Jim wanted to, but the flesh was weak. He sold "Liberty" till he showed a 15¢ profit—ten for a cowboy movie, five for the latest issue of "G-8 and His Battle Aces."

At 14 he discovered tennis and worked out a club membership by chipping down weeds and stringing rackets. He also discovered Jodie Adams and the uses of bribery. "I'll buy you a sandwich and coke if you'll play with me—" They were allowed to use the courts when it rained. Soon they were hitch-hiking to tournaments, with Mom digging into her meager funds for chow-dough.

School didn't mean a thing. Summers were dedicated to tennis, winters to hocky. Till one day Jim woke up to find all his pals graduated and himself sitting like a six-foot ox among calves. By now he'd won the Texas high school doubles and the State Municipal men's singles. So he wrote to a military school in a nearby town. Boiled down, his letter said, "How's about an exchange? You give me a scholarship, and I'll play tennis for you."

"They said okay."

While there, he undertook an experiment with his brains. Not the first year. Too busy fooling around the first year. Passed by the skin of his teeth and got really scared. Didn't mind poor grades so much, who cared about grades? But suppose he was dumb or something! Better find out. Buckling down, Mr. Brown missed the honor roll by one lousy point. That was all he wanted to know. Back went the books into mothballs. Out came the rackets and the big bass horn. He played and sang with the school band, and his baritone seemed to please the gals.

"Why don't you act the way you sing, honey? You know, Mastuhful."

From Schreiner he moved to Baylor University on another scholarship. Which—after a year of the so-called scholastic life—took him to the summer of 1940 and the tournament in Los Angeles. He'd never thought much about what he was going to be—salesman, maybe, for some sporting goods house, touring the country on an expense account. When his picture was taken with a bunch of movie celebrities and plastered over the front page of a local sheet, he thought it was funny. When a guy came up and said, "Are you interested in pictures?" he said, "Sure, got a pin-up of Grable's legs?"


"I don't know—I suppose so—" He took refuge in indignation. "Say, who isn't?"

Willson took him over to see Zeppo Marx—to let Zeppo see him, rather. Zeppo thought he'd do. Jim got all excited over seeing a Marx brother, but decided he'd better go back to school. They were counting on him to play in the Southwest Conference, and he couldn't let dear old Baylor down. Thanks just the same, he'd pull things over. Come back next year maybe.

If he hadn't needed an operation, he might have won the singles in the Southwest Conference. If he'd won the singles, he might have stuck to school and tennis. The doctors told him not to play. He played anyway, won the doubles, lost the singles and says his physical condition had nothing to do with it—he just didn't play right. Whatever the reason, he quit, had his operation, got a job in a planing mill, saved enough for train fare and a little over, collected Jodie Adams who wanted to work in an airplane plant and kissed his folks good-by. Henry Willson's phone rang. "Remember me? Jim Brown. I'm back."

slim pickings . . .

Jim was Henry's baby, and Henry was stuck with him. Nobody else cared least of all, casting directors. They looked, and the way they didn't leap was unanimous. Jodie had no job either, this being pre-Pearl Harbor. They lived in an attic against whose beams Jim cracked his head.

Like mother - Like daughter

both say

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every time he stood up. They ate crackers and peanut butter three times a day. Their downhill living standard was marked by three milestones when Jim heeded his mother's plea—sold his two spare tires—wired Mom collect for ten bucks to buy more crackers and peanut butter.

Keeping his ear to the ground, he snagged a rumor that Garwood Van needed a singer. Jim presented himself, crossed his fingers, called up the memory of "You-know-mustful," and sang.

The bandleader was cautious. "I've already got a girl. I couldn't afford to give you much—"

"I'm not used to living on much."

He was signed at 25 per. They were to leave on a tour the following Wednesday. Henry called up. "How do you look in a uniform?"

"Like a guy in a uniform."

"Paramount's casting for Forest Ranges. Might as well go over."

At Paramount, for the first time, a casting director eyed Jim as if he were something the cat hadn't dragged in, gave him a script, said they'd test him Monday.


"Hi, Jim, hahaha?—Packed yet?—Well, listen, be sure you come back when that band circus gets through with you. Paramount? Haven't heard a thing."

Every half hour Henry called. Every time the phone rang, Jim's heart did acrobatics. When it rang again at noon, he got there first. "Hahaha, Hank? I'm fine. I'm packed. I'm clearin' out of here, now, so I don't have to listen—"

"Okay. Be sure you come back, though, oh. By the way. You're a movie actor, sir. A brother, you can kick a gag around just so long—"

"Gag, my foot! Meet me at Paramount at four. We're signing the contracts."

stated to steaks...

At five Jim and Jodie were dumping cracker-and-peanut-butter remnants into a garbage can. At five they were cooking steak, frying potatoes, opening cans of pork and beans. At seven thirty, when night rates went into effect, Jim was calling Waco—

"Just signed with Paramount, Mom. Tell me how long as you like. This one's on me."

She couldn't talk much, she was too busy crying.

After "Forest Rangers," Jim was scheduled for "Wake Island" but, for reasons unknown, got no further than his G.I. haircut. The haircut was all he needed.

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**Quiz Answers**

(Continued from page 105)

1. Ronald Reagan
2. Robert Taylor
3. Vivian Leigh
4. Gene Kelly
5. Edward G. Robinson
6. Greer Garson
7. Erich von Stroheim
8. Roy Rogers
9. Olivia de Havilland
10. Paul Henreid
11. Joseph Cotten
12. Frances Langford
13. Judy Garland
14. Boris Karloff
15. Basil Rathbone
16. Olsen and Johnson
17. Alan Ladd
18. Lena Horne
19. Charles Boyer
20. Jimmy Durante

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**Letter to a P.O.W.**

WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War... tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he's an American, and he hasn't had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell him why you didn't buy your share of War Bonds last pay-day—if you didn't.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I..."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he's shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let's try again. "Dear Joe, I've been working pretty hard and haven't had a vacation in over a year, so..."

Better cross that out, too. They don't ever get vacations where Joe's staying.

Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

But mister, or madam, or miss, if somehow you find you can't finish that letter, will you, at least, do this for Joe? Will you send the amount of money you're putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you'll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe's sake—start doing it right away?
"Tex," snapped Henry. "Air Force!" and dragged Jim over to Warners', where 50 guys were being tested for the part. Jim tested, too, then lit out for Chicago, where Verna was left with her folks. From Chicago they traipsed down to Waco to visit his. Henry nailed him at Waco.

"It's in the bag. Moreover, you're hot stuff. Warners' want to buy you. Paramount won't sell you. Come home."

"Corvettes" cured him of going to reviews. It's not the preview he minds, it's the autographs. At "Corvettes" the kids panned him in, and he signed, sweating. Till he caught sight of Howard Hawkingmirers never knew what happened. One minute he was there, next minute he wasn't!

For the home for being a furnished house in the valley, enlivened by Beverly Jean—one in December—and Murgie the sheep dog, short for Muragrophy. Murgie was Verna's baby for so long that he didn't take kids. Murgie loved Jim, and no matter how long he was away he always knew where Jim was. A horse, she preceded her father. She can't get as good a grip on his hair, but he's steadier.

She reminds Jim of his brother Donnie—not through personality, but because he feels for her the same kind of tenderness. Donnie was seven and could scale fences Jim balked at. One day he came down the hill and started telling the kids funny stories. "When I grow up," promised Donnie, "I'll read you the funny stories. And I'll make a million dollars and you can have it all!" They were his last words before he died. When Jodie lost Donnie, he loves his own baby more.

And because he wishes he helped Mom more round the house, he now helps Verna. Gets in with the baby at seven when he's not working, so Verna can sleep. Beverly likes to be dressed, standing up. "It can't be done," Jim tells her.


With a diurnal binge ...

They're saving War Bonds for the future of the world and the Browns. Handy with this, too, the Verna's all the baby's clothes and some of her own. When they step out, it's for spaghetti and meatballs at the Derby. Their principal splurges are Sunday church gifts for each other. Even then, it's a rare and a splurge. Verna bought Jim a sports shirt which he said looked more expensive than any sports shirt he'd had a right to be. He bought her a bottle of sun screen, and whenever they snuggled till he sniffed a smell that made him feel romantic.

They're saving to buy their own house after the war. Jim's a tennis court. And he wants to make them a tennis court for Mom. Mom thinks she's sitting pretty, with a beauty shop of her own and business doubting every time Jim's name hits the paper. (He performed eardrum kept him out of the service.)

Despite his healthy spot on the road to stardom, he remains slightly dazed by the turn of events. Verna caught him the other day in a fit of abstraction—"What's wrong, honey?"

"He came to with a start. "Seems I'm a movie actor."

"It's an idea some people have."

"Yeah—Oh well, let's not be narrow about it. I get some funny ideas myself—"
at Alan. "Why don't you shed those khakis?" he demanded.

Instead of speaking the words as a question, however, he used an intonation that told clearly how well he understood the reason Laddie hadn't changed his clothes.

Alan glanced down at the G. I.'s and grinned wryly. "I used to think that the day I put on civvies again would then be the happiest day of my life," he admitted. "It just shows how wrong a guy can be. I'm downright crazy about these khakis."

The first guest said suddenly, "Actually, I never did mind reveille very much. It made me feel good to get up in the morning. The air was so crisp."

"To be honest, the second guest admitted slowly, "I had a friend who was an M. P. Swell fellow. Guess I'll miss him."

And the third guest re-crossed his legs, lit a fresh cigarette and confided, "I'm going to get my old job back in an aircraft plant so I won't really be getting any fancy logs. I'll be living in coveralls, which aren't so far from Army fatigue clothes."

The quartet smoked in nostalgic silence for several moments. Sue said, "What you're trying to say, the four of you, is that you hate the idea of being out of the Army."

They exchanged sheepish glances. "When you're in the Army," one of them confessed, "all you talk about is the time when you'll be out."

sad ladd ... clarified the idea. "But when you talk about being out, you always take it for granted that the war will be over when you're honorably discharged. A guy never imagines he'll be out while other fellows are still fighting."

One of the discharges shook his head. "In this man's Army, he doesn't get asked about his attitude toward his own ailments. Gosh, if I had known I was going to be let out I would have raised hell—not that it would have done any good."

It wouldn't have done any good, as everyone knows. The Army acts in wonderous ways as any as K. P. will gladly tell you. What it can use to prosecute the war effort, it takes; what it feels will be of more constructive use in civilian life, it returns to muti, often to the intense annoyance of the man involved. It is that way with Alan Ladd. It never occurred to him that he would be out of the Army until the unconditional surrender of the Axis was announced. But he has a tricky stomach, the result of living—during those hard early years—on hope and candy bars, day-old doughnuts and coffee and it vitally resented C rations and other G. I. special menus.

Alan's let-down feeling that first night at home was the forerunner of several million similar sensations to be spread over the entire country at this rapidly as men are mustered out of uniform.

"I'm going to miss the bull sessions with the guys every night," Alan went on. "I'm going to miss the friendship, the discipline, the team feeling of accomplishing something big and important. And what in the world will ever compare to the thrill of getting a three day pass . . .

And answering mail or getting your very first stripe ... ."

He glanced around the room, meeting Sue's eyes.

That surge of gladness that belongs to homecoming suddenly answered his question. "I'll miss more than just friendship, the discipline, the team feeling of accomplishing something big and important. And what in the world will ever compare to the thrill of getting a three day pass . . .

And answering mail or getting your very first stripe ... ."

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And answering mail or getting your very first stripe ... ."

He glanced around the room, meeting Sue's eyes.
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If you suffer from skin itchiness, please send for this FREE medical sample. A guarantee of relief that you can see and feel. Now offered at a special discount price.
before he starts work at Paramount as the young doctor in Rachel Field's great story, and...

There were times during Alan's Army career, of course, when his slenderness was a great boon. Tako, for instance, the circumstances surrounding his fall furrow.

He had been stationed at Walla Walla, Washington. Sue had tearfully left Alan in Hollywood with the nurse who had helped to deliver her since birth, and had taken a small apartment in Walla Walla so that she could see Laddie whenever he could get a week-end pass.

When his 14-day furlough was granted, he and Sue decided instantly to return to Hollywood. They rushed to the station, only to find that one upper berth was the only accommodation available for days. They took it. As a gag they flipped a coin to see which one would occupy the little hammock and which would get the berth.

The next morning they viewed Portland, Oregon, through eyes glassy for lack of sleep. "And Now Tomorrow," Sue thought, "I'll have to take a hotel."

J.M. explained, "there is a war going on.

The hotels were filled to the rafters with traveling servicemen, government employees and other hopefuls, defense contractors, etc. etc. etc.

Just as Sue was ready to sleep on the nearest lobby lounge, an apologetic manager hastened up to assure the Ladds that they would have a room if they would have kept them waiting, and he hoped they would be comfortable for a few hours, at least. It seems that an alert hotel manager had spotted the dejected looking Ladds, recognized them as military personnel, and notified the manager. He, in turn, loaned them a room that had been reserved by a foresighted traveler who wasn't due until late afternoon.

Lather losses...

He proceeded to the barber shop, which happened to be staffed with lather lasses instead of the usual male quartet. Being broadminded about such things, Alan settled himself in the chair and ordered the classic once-over lightly. The lads were applied with a gentle feminine touch, and thought Alan was relaxing nicely when he caught sight of the straight-edge razor. It was quivering. It was vibrating. It was shuddering. It was cutting tiny sawteeth in the air.

Close shave...

"Look... er... I'm not the first guy you've ever shaved, am I?" queried the gentleman from Hollywood.

The lady barber shook her head. "B-b-but you're the first actor I've ever shaved," she said.

"We're made out of that same old human stuff," Laddie said reassuringly. "When cut, we bleed."

"Oh, I w-w-won't cut you," she promised.

And she kept her word. The razor, held aloft, was about as steady as a hat in a hurricane, but once the blade descended to an apprehensive face, it glided along without wobble, scrape or scratch.

That night the Ladds took another upper berth at the Los Angeles (two nights). They spent a hurried eight days at home.

On his return from furlough the Army ordered Alan home again, from where he had only just discharged.

There's not much satisfaction for Alan, but Sue's brown eyes are dark with happiness at being able to have him home for another three months.

And Miss Alana, now that she has grown accustomed to that newcomer with the blonde hair, the green eyes, the deep voice and the affectionate manner, had generously decided to accept his attentions with a gurgle and to kiss him good night every night.

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

In the game of love, a girl's best trump card is lovely, shining hair. Yes, a man really falls for hair that sparkles with highlights, gleams with lustre!

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Look devastating those precious hours you spend with "him." You will, even in the simplest dress, if you do right by your hair! Here's a glamorous new hair-do he'll adore... if your hair itself has the shining smoothness only Drene with Hair Conditioner can give.

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!
Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

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After Hours—

win romance with a bright, sparkling smile!

Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against “pink tooth brush”—use Ipana and massage.

There’s a victory to win—and you’re working hard! But after hours, you’re you—with your girl’s heart and time for romance. So wear your feminine frills and furbelows. Yes, and call on the most fetching charm of all—a radiant smile!

Remember you don’t need beauty to win happiness and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. And even the plainest girl—with a sparkling, attractive smile—can turn heads and win hearts!

So make your smile gay and radiant—a smile that is the real YOU. And remember, healthy gums are important if you want to have a bright, sparkling smile.

“Pink tooth brush”—a warning!

If your tooth brush “shows pink”—see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by our soft foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile!

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What can you do? More than you think!

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M-G-M presents Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in Victor Fleming's production of "A Guy Named Joe".


Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

Irene Dunne surpasses her best work. Not excluding "The Awful Truth".

Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

Two lovers with stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

A story of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

M-G-M is as proud of this one as of "Madame Curie" which has met with such acclaim throughout the country.

If you care to listen in to a first class radio program try "The People's Reporter" on the Mutual Network. Need we tell you the sponsor?

But it's hard for us to mention the air without coming back to...

"A GUY NAMED JOE"

Presented by

A Guy Named

Leo

STORIES

SWOON BOY
Sinatra's funny that way. Gals dripping orchids and mink cry for him, but he'll take spaghetti in the kitchen—
with Nancy and the baby! 

LOYABLE LUG
His family tree is snooty Mayflower stuff, but Sonny Tufts just naturally takes to doormen, bartenders and garage-men!

MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day with Lon McCallister
We shook him and his Great Dane out of bed at 9 in the morning, and trailed him like a Winchell till he flopped back in at midnight.

HEP KITTEN
Peggy Ryan danced for the Elks Club when she was 3, and had the audience in the aisles. Since then she's made the whole darn country her personal Elks Club!

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"
Paullette was pinning ears on toy donkeys when Fred Mac-Murray walked by. After that, she decided there were more important pursuits!

LANA TURNER
Lots of things mattered—the glitter, the critics, paychecks. But the most important weren't connected with H'wood at all. Part II, life story.

TALL, DARK AND RUGGED
The story's not quite clear. Something about night commando operations and foraging the hinterlands on a motorbike. But, anyway, Jimmy Craig did get what he wanted!

THE BOYS CALL HER "POLLY"
To us, she's an actress...a farmer...a canny art collector. But to the guys in Frisco's military hospital, Paullette's some dish!

IS THERE ANYONE FINER?
They go together like Gilbert and Sullivan or Sears and Roebuck. Clearly a case of meant for each other with Shore and Montgomery.

COLOR PORTRAITS

Larain Day M-G-M star.
Ray Milland in Par's "The Uninvited".
Ginny Simms in M-G-M's "Broadway Rhythm".
Nelson Eddy in U.A.'s "Knickerbocker Holiday".

FEATURES

MODERN SCREEN Pins a Badge on You.

BEAUTY
Beauty at Your Fingertips.
The Color Picture.

DEPARTMENTS

Movie Reviews...
Movie Scoreboard...
Co-Ed...
Good News...
Super Coupon...
Modern Hostess...

WIN A FUR COAT!

COVER: Rita Hayworth in Col's "Cover Girl." Kadachome by Coburn.

ALBERT P. DELACORTE, Executive Editor.
HENRY P. MALMGREEN, Editor.
SYLVIA WALLACE, Hollywood Editor.
BILL WERNERGER, Art Editor.
JACK WILKES, Photographer.


A guy named LEO PRESENTS

A guy named SPENCER TRACY

A gal named IRENE DUNNE

in VICTOR FLEMING's Production
of the M-G-Marvelous Romance

The grandest love story since "Test Pilot"

"A Guy Named Joe"

with VAN JOHNSON • WARD BOND • JAMES GLEASON • LIONEL BARRYMORE
BARRY NELSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Adaptation by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan • Directed by VICTOR FLEMING • Produced by EVERETT RISKIN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
When newsman Larry Stevens (Dick Powell) goes to see clairvoyant Professor Cigolini (J. Oakie), he falls in love with his assistant Sylvia (Linda Darnell).

That night a wraith-like figure hands him a newspaper with "tomorrow's headlines." Story of opera house hold-up comes true when he takes Sylvia to opera next afternoon.

When he inserts already-written story in paper, police accuse him of being an accomplice. A second phantom news story saves his hide by disclosing robber's roost! A third headline forecasts his death.
"I'm sure most people would have thought him an ugly man... but when his lips caressed my hair... his fingers touched my throat... I knew he was the most thrilling man a woman ever loved!"
It's a Pleasure
to tell you about a film that is happy and gay and filled with romance and action. You'll lose your cares when you go to see this rhumba-on-the-range fiesta.

ROY ROGERS
King of the Cowboys
TRIGGER
Smallest Horse in the Movies

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER
WITH
RUTH TERRY
GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
ONSLOW STEVENS
MARY TREECE,
The Wore Brothers
and BOB NOLAN and
THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS
Roy Sings
Hoagy ("Stardust") Carmichael's "Hands Across the Border" and other grand tunes

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"
PICTURE PUZZLE
See page 73 for contest details

In  ing  trouble was

For Fred and er

Too busy to about

They started by getting all wet!

That bright Miss Goddard was brai

She managed to find a

As and they were zany,

But Paulette her man, Fred!

Modern Screen's Contest Series—No. 13, "Standing Room Only"

In __________ ing __________ trouble was

For Fred and __________ er

Too busy to __________ about

They started by getting all wet!

That bright __________ Miss Goddard was brai

She managed to find __________ a

As __________ and __________ they were zany,

But Paulette __________ her man, __________ Fred!

Full name ___________________________________ Coat size __________

Street ___________________________________ City ___________________ State __________

Mail to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
"But it would be more fun to see 'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek'"

Paramount's

"THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"

(There's no Morgan in it—There's no Creek in it—But there is a Miracle—And what a Miracle!"

Eddie Bracken
Alias Ignatz Ratzkywatzky, the 6F Miracle Man!

Betty Hutton
As Trudy Kockenlocker who kissed the boys good-bye, regiment by regiment!

With DIANA LYNN • WILLIAM DEMAREST • PORTER HALL and 'McGINTY' and 'THE BOSS' • Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

"When funnier pictures are made, you'll simply collapse!"

*"Promise me you won't tell a soul what the hilarious MIRACLE is. They wouldn't believe you anyway!"

Mélisse
Scenes from the forthcoming musical sensation of 1944

Pop silently hands him a folded newspaper. Larry0 sticks it in his pocket and forgets it till the next morning. Then he discovers it is the “Evening News” dated that day. Obviously something is wrong. The “News” doesn’t come out till afternoon. Larry scans it perplexedly and reads the story of a holdup at the Opera House that afternoon at two o’clock. To his incredulous amazement, the story has been stolen by Sylvia. He still can’t understand it, but when he gets to the office, he surreptitiously copies the story and sticks it in a drawer of his desk. Just in case.

He takes Sylvia to lunch and afterward to see the Opera House to hear Melba sing. But the performance is stopped by a holdup. It has really happened. Larry dashes back to the office and hands in the already written story. As a result, he is promptly arrested. The police figure that if he knew about the robbery ahead of time he must have been in on it. Sylvia tries to rescue him by saying that she is really clairvoyant and saw what was going to happen and told Larry.

Cops are a skeptical bunch. “Okay, sit-ter, let’s see you do it again,” is their proposition. Sylvia figures out an angle to take care of that, but it involves jumping off a bridge into the river, which is taking care of it the hard way. Meanwhile, Pop Benson comes to the jail and hands Larry another “tomorrow’s paper.” Larry meekly confesses that the bandits are captured the next morning, and he takes the police to the right place at the right time. Result: The bandits are captured, and Larry is released and given a raise. He and Sylvia drift around in a rose-colored cloud.

But Professor Cigolini suspects that Larry’s intentions are not honorable. He demands that he marry Sylvia, or else never see her again. That’s fine with Larry, he is just getting around to proposing anyway. At least it’s fine until Pop Benson shows up with another paper, and that says, “Larry Stevens, reporter, killed in St. George hotel robbery.” When Larry reads that he rushes off to a hospital and refuses to leave for any purpose whatever, even to marry the luscious Sylvia. He’s going to stay right there in that nice safe bed and let someone else get shot in the hotel St. George.

He can’t escape fate, even by taking to bed and letting someone else get shot in the St. George at the appointed hour, in spite of all his struggles. The outcome and the explanation are completely unexpected.

Hollywood seems to be going in for fantasy these days. This particular dish of it is handled lightly and is still boy-meets-girl, even if it’s hopped up with wacky, ersatz Hedy Lamarr. Danny, who hates to leave Mary as much as Danny does. More, Danny’s too busy worrying about his health. He predicts gloomily that six weeks in the Army will finish him off.

Somehow it doesn’t. He’s known to his barracks mates as “the guy with the pills” and “the noisv joker,” but he survives. Mary joins the Army as a nurse and introduces Danny to another nurse, Virginia (Dinah Shore). She hopes he’ll fall for Virginia, so that Joe won’t be so reluctant to pay her some attention. Joe doesn’t date Mary, but Danny stays stubbornly in love with Mary. He talks her into coming down to see him off when they start overseas, and with his customary talent for doing the wrong thing at the right moment, he takes a few drinks and just starts walking. He gets a ticket, and she’s carried off when they sail. Virginia is on board, too, with a couple of hundred other nurses, and Danny shoves them with them and hopes for the best. The best doesn’t materialize, and by the time they get to their destination, Danny is assigned to the guardhouse. Of course, by the end of the picture, he’s a hero. But hero or not, he’s wacky, he’s hilarious, he’s—

**UP IN ARMS**

There isn’t anyone like Danny Kaye. For years Hollywood has gotten along with war producers. He spends half his time taking vari-colored pills and his temperature, and the other half mooning at a beautiful nurse named Mary (Constance Doling). Danny has a pal, Joe (John Drewes), and he’s happy that Joe and Mary get on so well together. It never occurs to him that it might come up love.

One day Danny gets a letter which begins, “American Expeditionary President.” Danny is incredulous. They can’t draft him! Why, he’s half dead now from a dozen different ailments. But “sound as a nut,” says the Army doctor, coining a phrase, and Danny’s in! So is Joe, who hates to leave Mary as much as Danny does. More. Danny’s too busy worrying about his health. He predicts gloomily that six weeks in the Army will finish him off.

Somehow it doesn’t. He’s known to his barracks mates as “the guy with the pills” and “the noisv joker,” but he survives. Mary joins the Army as a nurse and introduces Danny to another nurse, Virginia (Dinah Shore). She hopes he’ll fall for Virginia, so that Joe won’t be so reluctant to pay her some attention. Joe doesn’t date Mary, but Danny stays stubbornly in love with Mary. He talks her into coming down to see him off when they start overseas, and with his customary talent for doing the wrong thing at the right moment, he takes a few drinks and just starts walking. He gets a ticket, and she’s carried off when they sail. Virginia is on board, too, with a couple of hundred other nurses, and Danny shoves them with them and hopes for the best. The best doesn’t materialize, and by the time they get to their destination, Danny is assigned to the guardhouse. Of course, by the end of the picture, he’s a hero. But hero or not, he’s wacky, he’s hilarious, he’s—

(Continued on page 13)
Busier hands can still be picture-pretty!

You're working hard on the home front. But it's easy to guard your lovely, busy hands the beforehand way—with Toushay! Smooth it on before all your daily soap-and-water tasks. It helps prevent dryness and roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!

Housework's just one of your wartime jobs. Recreation centers, businesses, hospitals need you—and you're helping out. But never neglect your hands! Just smooth on Toushay beforehand before you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Always take this precaution beforehand, instead of waiting till damage is done!

And for a quick change-over to glamour, Toushay's a magic help! Besides guarding the loveliness of your hands, this rich "beforehand" lotion's grand for rough elbows and knees—for all-over body rubs—or as a clinging, fragrant powder base. Inexpensive, because a few creamy drops go a long way. Ask your druggist for Toushay!

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water
We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. ★ means unsurpassed excellence, ★★★ very good, and ★★★ good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

**Movie** | **Rating** | **Movie** | **Rating**
--- | --- | --- | ---
A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M) | ★★★ | Lady of Burlesque (United Artists) | ★★★
Action in the North Atlantic (Warren) | ★★★ | Lassie Comes Home (M-G-M) | ★★★
Aerial Gunner (Paramount) | ★★★ | Lost Will of Dr. Mabuse, The (Nero Films) | ★★★
Air Force (Warner) | ★★★ | Leopard Man (RKO) | ★★★
Around the World (RKO) | ★★★ | Let's Face It (Paramount) | ★★★
Assignment in Brittany (M-G-M) | ★★★ | Madame Curie (M-G-M) | ★★★
Background to Danger (Warner) | ★★★ | Man From Down Under (M-G-M) | ★★★
Bataan (M-G-M) | ★★★½ | Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic) | ★★★
Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★½ | Marguerite for Ever (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Behind the Rising Sun (RKO) | ★★★ | Messieurs in the World, The (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M) | ★★★½ | Mission to Moscow (Warner) | ★★★½
Bombardier (RKO) | ★★★½ | Mister Big (Universal) | ★★★
Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | Mr. Lucky (RKO) | ★★★½
Cabin in the Sky (M-G-M) | ★★★ | Moon is Down, The (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
China (Paramount) | ★★★ | My Friend Flicka (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Claudia (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | More the Merrier, The (Columbia) | ★★★
Coney Island (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | My Kingdom for a Cook (Columbia) | ★★★
Conquest of the Wasteland (M-G-M) | ★★★ | Next of Kin (Universal) | ★★★
Coral Sea (Universal) | ★★★ | No Time For Love (Paramount) | ★★★
Craze House (Universal) | ★★★ | North Star, The (RKO) | ★★★
Cross of Lorraine (M-G-M) | ★★★ | Northern Pursuit (Warner) | ★★★
Cry Havoc (M-G-M) | ★★★ | Old Acquaintance (Warner) | ★★★
Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | Over the Bow Incident, The (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Desert Song, The (RKO) | ★★★ | Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Desert Victory (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal) | ★★★½
Desperadoes, The (Columbia) | ★★★ | Prelude to War (Warners) | ★★★
Dixie (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | Presenting Lily Mars (M-G-M) | ★★★
Dixie (Paramount) | ★★★ | Pride of the Yankees (RKO) | ★★★
Edge of Darkness (Warner) | ★★★½ | Princess O'Rourke (Warner) | ★★★½
Falcon in Danger (RKO) | ★★★½ | Random Harvest (M-G-M) | ★★★
Fire in the Slave (Benito-Lexy Production) | ★★★ | Riding High (Paramount) | ★★★
Fired Wife (Universal) | ★★★ | Russian Story, The (Art Pictures) | ★★★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal) | ★★★ | Russians at War (Art Pictures) | ★★★
For Whom the Bells Toll (Paramount) | ★★★ | Sahara (Warner) | ★★★
Gangway for Tomorrows (RKO) | ★★★ | Saludos Amigos (RKO) | ★★★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | Siege of Leningrad (Lenfilm) | ★★★
Ghost Ship, The (RKO) | ★★★ | Silk, Blood and Sun (Maya Films) | ★★★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M) | ★★★½ | Silver Spurs (Republic) | ★★★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | Someone to Remember (Republic) | ★★★
Gyandev of India (Purbhat Studios) | ★★★ | Somewhere in France (United Artists) | ★★★½
Hangman Also Die (United Artists) | ★★★ | Song of Texas (Republic) | ★★★
Happy Land (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | Spinifex (RKO) | ★★★½
Heart of a Nation, The (Paul Graetz Production) | ★★★ | Stage Door Canteen (United Artists) | ★★★
Hello, Frisco, Hello (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★ | Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Here to Hold (Universal) | ★★★ | Swee' Rosie O'Grady (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists) | ★★★ | Thank Your Lucky Star (Warner) | ★★★
Hillbilly Children (RKO) | ★★★ | They Came to Blow Up America (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Hostages (Paramount) | ★★★ | This is the Army (Warner) | ★★★
Humor Comedy, The (M-G-M) | ★★★ | This Land's Mine (RKO) | ★★★
I Died it (Paramount) | ★★★ | Tonight We Raid Calais (20th Century-Fox) | ★★★
Idaho (Republic) | ★★★ | Top Man (Universal) | ★★★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic) | ★★★ | Two Tickets to London (Universal) | ★★★
It Ain't Huh (Universal) | ★★★ | True to Life (Paramount) | ★★★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists) | ★★★ | What a Woman (Columbia) | ★★★

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Blouse—Flattering high neck—coquette bow! Long full sleeves! Beautiful rayon crepe, in white only. Sizes 32 to 38, $3.98, plus postage.

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Powdered AQUA end GOOD end RED end NAVY end BROWN end CHOCOLATE end
to 50 ft. and 2oz. of other combinations.
Sizes: 10 12 14 16 18 (Groschen)
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(Please print name, etc., clearly.)
"I don't want to be an Absentee—but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We know how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how can we keep going, at times when we feel like this?

Here's the Answer!

You'll learn how to feel better, when you learn the simple does and don'ts you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"!

It's a brand new booklet written for you by "problem day" specialists—the Kotex people. Written for every woman worker—who needs to know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Gives advice for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells about tampons. And how to get more comfort from your sanitary napkins.

"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days". To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to all women!

Don't Lose Another Minute!

Send today for your free copy of the 24-page booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! Remember, each time you stay at home—you slow up production—keep our boys away from home, longer! We take pride that we are able to give you this authentic information. Just as we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex’s sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!

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lately. They know only that a malevolent atmosphere broods over Wynwood, and that Commander Beech has forbidden Stella to enter the house. When she defies him and comes there, the result is incredibly sinister. Rick has fallen in love with Stella, and he is determined to exorcise the evil influence that hangs over her. But ghosts are difficult to dislodge, and it isn’t until the very end that he finds there is one weapon always effective against them.

It takes a cast of more than ordinary ability to manage a study of the supernatural convincingly. Fortunately, it is present in “The Uninvited.” Ray Milland is effective as the composer, and Ruth Hussey, Donald Crisp and Cornelia Otis Skinner are of considerable help. But Gail Russell’s fresh, vibrant “Stella” runs away with the picture.—Par.

P.S.

Camera crews ran into their most serious case of temperament filming this one—the calm Pacific kept them waiting a week before it was angry enough to portray the wild, stormy English coast. Research department looked for weeks before finding a sinister looking cliff with a single tree, described in Miss Macardle’s book as the spot where Gail’s film mother was killed. Finally found an area inspiring sea cliff near Fort Ross, above San Francisco. The Winward house set, with its circular stairway and small dayroom where the unhappy ghosts cried and moaned, was so realistic the cast and crew were always complaining of the cold though the set was as carefully air-conditioned as any other on the lot. Ray Milland climbed the 35 steps of the stairway 500 times (by actual count) in two days’ shooting. Five of these trips were made with Miss Russell in his arms. After the fifth trip Mr. Milland announced he’d never be able to make it again. Fortunately the last shooting was a good one, and it wasn’t necessary for him to carry the 111 pounds of Miss Russell up the stairs again. Exterior of the house was erected on the back lot, faithfully copied in every detail, even to the broken peak of the cornice over the entrance, from a photograph of an English house considered a classic specimen of the period. Sloping lawns in front of it were made of a curved wooded floorwork, 100 by 110 feet which was covered to a depth of two inches with dirt and 7500 square feet of real sod. Special effects department had the troublesome job of creating and controlling a crawling gray mist that would slowly rise to the height and vague outline of a tall woman (supernaturally speaking). They finally perfected this mist, and now we hear it will be cut out for English showings as British censorship does not permit the showing of even a ghost of a spirit.

LIFEBOAT

You’ve waited a long time to see Tallulah Bankhead on the screen, but she’s worth waiting for. Especially in a part like the one she has in this new Hitchcock picture, “Lifeboat.” Alfred Hitchcock has been known as the “master of mysteries” for so long that everyone wondered a little when he started work on a straight war picture. But “Lifeboat” is typically Hitchcock and perfectly. You wouldn’t change a scene in it. And the cast is superlative.

The picture opens with a lifeboat drifting aimlessly on an empty sea. It looks lonely and helpless and at the mercy of the elements. You would expect anyone in it to be desperate with fear. But as it comes closer, you see a woman sitting in it, and she doesn’t look frightened at all. She looks as if she had just left her Park Avenue apartment for a week-end in the country. Mink coat, jewell case, hair and make-up in perfect order. She is contemplating with a mild frown the only flaw in her ensemble—a run in her stocking!

It is at that moment that she discovers she is not, as she at first thought, the only survivor of the merchant ship which the Germans have just sent to the bottom. A husky seaman, covered with oil, swims up to the boat and clammers on board. He tells her his name is Kovak (John Hodiak), and he recognizes her as Mrs. Connie Potter (Tallulah Bankhead), a famous photographer whom he has seen on board ship.

Soon they pick up other survivors—a radio man, an American business man named Rittenhouse (Henry Hull), a crew member called Gus (William Bendix), a nurse (Mary Anderson) and several others. The boat is almost full now, but someone spots another man swimming desperately toward them. They haul him aboard, but Kovak takes one look and says angrily, “Throw him back! That’s the captain of the U-boat that torpedoed us. We sunk them, too, and now let’s get rid of this swine!”

Well—they don’t throw him back. They let him stay, and that decision has strange consequences. As the days go by, the situation gets more and more tense. People’s characters change oddly under circumstances like these, and the developments that follow have a somber fascination, all in the famous Hitchcock manner.

—20th-Fox.

P.S.

Idea for the picture was Alfred Hitchcock’s. Reading the accounts of survivors of ship sinkings who had lived for days and nights in lifeboats, he asked him-
self, “What assortment of human beings might logically be found in any one lifeboat? What do they do while awaiting rescue? What happens? What could happen?”... Producer Kenneth Macgowan agreed that Hitchcock had the premise for a great motion picture, and together they approached John Steinbeck with a proposal to write an original script. Steinbeck accepted the challenge, went to New York, studied lifeboats, talked to actual survivors, then outlined a story... Using the outline, top screenwriter Jo Swerling wrote the actual screen play. The Navy permitted a carefully investigated camera crew to film certain ocean backgrounds. The Merchant Marine briefly loaned the studio two modern 26-foot steel lifeboats. Although only one boat appears in the final footage, five lifeboats were necessary to film the story: two authentic Welin boats, two replicas made in removable sections for close-ups and a rough wooden “rehearsal boat” in which Hitchcock perfected his cast in every detail of a scene before filming it... Prior to “Lifeboat” discussions, Hitchcock and leading woman Tallulah Bankhead had met only once, and that was casually in a New York restaurant. Tallulah was up at 6:30 every morning she worked, stayed until 7 or 7:30 in the evening, tattered home for dinner and was in bed by 9:00. She worked all day, six days a week until the production was finished, and was away only during the few days she had bronchitis... New discovery John Hodiak shares an under-water kiss with Tallulah during the hurricane scene. According to the script girl’s stop watch, they were buried under two successive waves for a total elapsed time of 37 seconds... Their make-up when they first climbed out of the oily water into the boat was plain crank-case oil.

“A GUY NAMED JOE”

You’ll want to see Van Johnson in this—he’s the sensation of the year. He has Spencer Tracy to back him up, and that’s nice backing! Spencer has a way of making any character he plays go straight to your heart. The guy he’s portraying may be a show-off, a crazy, thoughtless fool, but you’ll love him. You’ll love Pete Sandidge in “A Guy Named Joe.” Pete is, in some obscure way, you and me and every one of us. He makes mistakes, as we do, and he learns the hard way. But he learns. This picture is built around a fantastic but absorbing idea—that fliers who are killed don’t really die. They stick around to help out some other pilot who needs them. Let’s see how it works...

Major Pete Sandidge (Spencer Tracy), stationed at an American air base in England, is a “hot” pilot. That means he can make his plane do any kind of trick in the air, but it also means he takes incredible and perhaps unnecessary risks. At least his superior officer, “Nails” Kippatrick (James Gleason), thinks they’re unnecessary. When Pete pays no attention to repeated warnings, “Nails” transfers him to reconnaissance duty in Scotland. Pete fumes and rages. “It’s just like being retired!” he says furiously. But it doesn’t work out quite that way. On the very night that Pete’s sweetheart, Dorinda (Irene Dunne), flies in from England to see him, Pete goes out on scouting duty. He ends by sinking a German carrier he discovers, but his plane cracks up in the process. Pete is killed.

But Pete doesn’t feel dead at all. He is welcomed by a pilot he used to know and taken before the General (Lionel Barrymore), who doesn’t seem dead either, in spite of the fact that he was killed in World War I. He explains to Pete that his job from now on is to be guardian...
The Lodger

Even the most conservative feminine stars are showing their legs these days. Spurred on by Greer Garson’s display of handsome gams in “Random Harvest,” Merle Oberon now exhibits a slim and lovely pair in “The Lodger.” And the fact that she’s Lady Korda in private life hasn’t prevented her from performing an elegant cancan.

But that is far from being the only attraction of the picture. It’s a fictional account of the career of Jack the Ripper. All the victims were women, and they were killed in so brutal a manner that the unknown murderer became known as Jack the Ripper.

As our picture opens, a new victim has just been discovered, lifeless in an alley, with the blood dripping slow and scarlet from the gash in her throat. We see a man come stealthily away from the vicinity of the crime. He is a big man (Laird Cregar) with dark, unblinking eyes and a curious hesitant way of speaking. We follow him as he engages a room in the home of the middle-class Burton family. The Burtons have never let rooms before, but as Mrs. Burton (Sarah Allgood) says, this Mr. Slade seems like a nice, quiet sort who won’t give them any trouble.

The Burton’s daughter, Kitty (Merle Oberon), a young music hall actress, has been away on tour. But she returns now for her London premiere, and Mr. Slade is immediately and obviously fascinated by her beauty. Kitty feels sorry for the lodger and scolds her mother, who is beginning to entertain some very sinister suspicions of Mr. Slade.

The next murder strikes closer. It is a woman Kitty knew, and John Warwick (George Sanders) comes from Scotland Yard to ask Kitty some questions. After one look at her, the only question he can think of to ask is if she’ll have tea with him—Kitty has that effect on people. Meanwhile the crazed mind of the murderer is hungrily, madly plotting again. The next victim must be young and very beautiful—someone perhaps, like Kitty Burton.

“The Lodger” is a brooding study of murder, artistically perfect and played by Laird Cregar with an almost terrifying depth of perception. You’ll want to see it.–9th—Foz.

P. S.

Scripter Barre Lyndon (author of “The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse”) has long wanted to do the story of Jack the Ripper for the screen. He spent weeks doing research at Pasadena’s famous Huntington Library and perusing all available material from Scotland Yard. . . . Merle

Goodbye Dandruff

You’ll whistle too when you see how quickly the rich, abundant Fitch lather carries off the dandruff, dust and dirt. You’ll be amazed at the way Fitch Shampoo brings out the sparkle and luster of immaculately clean hair. Remember—Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application bears the backing of one of the world’s largest insurance firms. Use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week for lovelier hair. Available in 10c, 25c and 90c sizes.

Fitch’s for the whole family

Everyone in the family should have a regular weekly Fitch Shampoo—yes, everyone from tiny baby up. Gentle, economical Fitch Shampoo gives hair that well-groomed look . . . makes the dullest, drabbed hair sparkle. Ask for Fitch Shampoo, the largest selling shampoo in the United States and Canada.

The Truth about Soap Shampoos

1. Soap Shampoo—Bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoos.
2. Fitch Shampoo—All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.
Oberon gets a chance to sing and dance on the screen for the first time in her career. Does "The Parisian Trot"—a modernized version of the cancan, and a second number named "Tink a Tip."... 

"Lodger" Laird Cregar reduced from 300 pounds to 250 for his role, studied his part from such experts as Pierson, who devoted a long chapter to the Ripper in his book, "Further Studies in Murder."... Cregar had wide scope for his characterization, since Jack was never captured, nor did anyone ever get close enough to him to describe him accurately. ... The maid, Daisy, is played by Queenie Leonard, former star of London's Cochrane and Charlot Revues. ... One of the Ripper's drunken victims is given a fine portrayal (no pun intended) by Helena Pickard, who in private life is Lady Hardwicke....

Director John Brahm comes originally from Vienna's Burg Theater. Specializes in pictures that demand blood-curdling atmosphere. ... Altogether there are three murders in the picture, but the violence is never obvious—just suggested by forms fleeing desperately but vainly, swirling of fog, a cape-coat blowing in the wind. ... Faithfully reproduced in every detail is the Black Museum of Scotland Yard, with its wax portrait gallery of famous criminals of Queen Victoria's day. Whitechapel, London, has been blasted off the map by the Luftwaffe, but is perfectly reconstructed in the picture, complete with the costers and their street songs.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

You probably read the book and loved it. You'll love the picture, too. There is nothing funnier—or more pathetic—than a rookie in his first few weeks in the Army. Particularly a rookie like Marion Hargrove (Robert Walker). Hargrove was a writer before he went in the Army, and he just doesn't seem to be the soldier type. He even salutes wrong. He does it like a Prussian officer in the movies—clicking his heels and bowing slightly from the waist. He even gets the sergeant doing it that way eventually, to the captain's utter disgust. But as Hargrove points out, "My coordination has never been very good. Mother says I didn't learn to wave by—by till I was sixteen." Sergeant Cramp (Chill Wills) isn't at all sure he's kidding!

Hargrove has a couple of buddies, Eddie (George O'Leary, Jr.) and Mulvehill (Keenan Wynn). Buddies up to a point, but that doesn't include either girls or money. In those departments it's every guy for himself. One night Mulvehill and Esty are talking to a girl who was hostess at the Canteen. Her name is Carol (Donna Reed), and she's quite a pin-up girl. Hargrove gets a glimpse of her and clamors for an introduction. Mulvehill tells him that for the trifling sum of five bucks (payable next payday) he will arrange not only an introduction but a date for Saturday night. After all those weeks in the Army, Hargrove is still naive. He hands over the five, and it isn't until he arrives at Carol's house, laden with candy and flowers, that he discovers she doesn't even know Mulvehill and Esty by name. The joke boomerangs, though, because Carol and Hargrove decide it's Destiny. Destiny is one name Mulvehill has never been called before!

Unfortunately Carol has to go back to her home in New York. The next few weeks Hargrove turns into a model soldier. (He wants a furlough!) His officers get together and try to figure out whether he's sick or they're crazy. Finally they even make him a corporal in charge of a group on maneuvers. But due to a little mis-

(Continued on page 64)
By Jean Kinkead

How're those New Year's resolutions standing up?

Remember, you're positively honor-bound to keep

the one about writing V-mail to a lonely Joe!

Along about now, you should have made and broken quite a few New Year's resolutions. Some of 'em, it seems, are just made to be broken, like the one that says, "I'll manicure my nails faithfully every week," and that other perennial—"I'll never lose my temper again." Well, here we come with some more, but ours are made to be kept. Can't promise any tangible prize if you do, but there's definitely an intangible one. Call it a sense of maturity. Call it the satisfaction of knowing that you're making yourself quite a nice gal.

- Our first four resolutions are for all you wives and fiancées and practically-fiancées of servicemen. The last three are for everyone. So make 'em, now, and don't break 'em!

NO MORE MAIL CALL BLUES: He's gone, and there are no more ashes on the rug or big feet dangling off the end of the sofa or newspapers flung into corners or anything at all. So you're writing: You're putting all of you in letters, or almost all of you. You're being bright and fun and stalwart as a paratrooper. You're being your Saturday-night-best, and you're hiding like mad the sad, glum, letdown side of you. What you're going to do though, from now on, is get yourself a stack of V-mail (some post offices are giving it away free) and never use anything else for your overseas letters. That's strictly a resolution because hours . . . minutes even . . . count when you're way out there somewhere, telling time by the seconds you've got (Continued on page 94)
Hollyhocks bedspreads with matching draperies inspired by colonial Williamsburg. Also available with rose, green and wine backgrounds.

Here's a tip from JANE WYMAN, in Warner Bros., "ONE MORE TOMORROW": "Have the home you've longed for . . . buy War Bonds now! Tomorrow's homes are destined to be full of wonders . . . more for your money than you ever dreamed possible" • Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes today, are selecting Bates spreads designed for warmth and beauty . . . they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.
How to Write a Short Story:

1. Take a girl with a problem (beauty)

...Jane's at an officers' dance—and something's wrong! The music's grand—but she isn't dancing. It's a dinger of a night for a twosome—but she's a lonesome. If only . . .

2. Add a handsome Marine . . .

(her rival's). He says, "Hello!"—and his smile lifts her heart. But it falls with a thud—when he passes her by to dance with somebody else. Somebody with a complexion as smooth and radiant as—say! . . .

3. Bring in a beautiful baby

(her sister's). Maybe that is the answer—she's always bathed with gentle Ivory Soap. Doctor's orders. No soap is purer than mild Ivory—it contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. Better change to regular, gentle cleansings with Ivory—Jane!


Look lovelier with IVORY—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!
TO OUR READERS...

"Co-ed," up in the front of MODERN SCREEN (page 18), is Jean Kinkead's baby, and she loves it. "So will you," she told us this month. "Don't you see, the old column's too big for its britches. We've got to start a new 'Co-Ed'—broader in scope, better rounded. It's got to talk to service wives and over-worked mothers and kids with their first real job. It's got to take people's problems and unknot them. Sure our space is limited, but gee, think what a job we can do by correspondence!" ... "The other day," said Jean, "a cute little thingumabob told me, 'This is the second year my Valentine's been addressed to a P.O. number. Big, cushy hearts—via V-mail. Yeah, and another aching Valentine's day. I've got a problem, I have.' ... Or there's the private's bride running up curtains for a furnished room. Tussling with a new job, a new town, new people. Or the great-hearted gal who wrestles with a riveting machine while her moppet's at school. With a house to think of—and Red Cross work—and canning to do—and no time—no time—no time." ... Jean was in earnest. She looks cute when she's being earnest. We sat thinking how like these women she was herself. A war wife with a job. A jive hound who'd Lindy half the night if there weren't a baby to see to at 6 ... That new "Co-ed" of hers is like a bright light suddenly flicking on. And the way she answers your letters—but, heck, just write her and see. Address your envelope: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. Jean's crazier about letters than a pack of overseas G.I.'s at mail call. And don't worry—if you want things kept confidential, just tell Jean so. She won't even repeat it to her husband!

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
At first it was just a few moonstruck kids
at the Rustic Cabin, coming night
after night to listen. And now...

Swoon Boy

Director of "Higher and Higher" nixed coaching, said, "Sinatra does O.K., just being himself; let him stay that way." (With cinema wife, Barbara Hale.)

Back from Coast with Pidgeon, Sinatra found wife and young'un waiting, also mob wearing "Welcome Home, Frank Sinatra" pins.

At draft board, before he was 4-F'ed, Frank told press he hoped he'd be allowed to hang around for glimpse of new baby, thought he'd make good soldier, wanted whack at OCS.

By Jean Kinkead

- The doorbell rang around ten o'clock Saturday, and Nancy knew who it would be even before it had stopped ringing. The kids, of course. Frankie's beloved kids. Maybe there'd be three of them. Maybe 100. You never knew. She opened the door, and there they were; millions of them, all looking alike in their reversibles, bandannas and moccasins. "Hi, Nancy."
  "Hi."
  "Is he up yet?"
  "Having his breakfast." She knew what the next question would be, so she beat them to it. "Orange juice, scrambled eggs, toast and coffee."

  The group smiled benignly. "Gosh," they breathed. Having gotten the daily bulletin, they were ready to go. "Need anything downtown, Nancy?"
  "Oh, yes! Cigarettes for (Continued on following page)

Hand-bitten electricians, grips at RKO started Sinatra club, got him to sing at "Little Biltmore," back lot stand.

At Troc. M. Raye table-hopped over to congratulate Sinatra on H'wood Bowl concert with Philharmonic.

High school year books bear new motto, "Semper Sinatra." In Boston, piled up some $60,000 in week.

Swoon Boy
CONTINUED
his nips.” No need to ask what brand. They knew what he smoked just as well as they knew the earth was round or that he ate spaghetti once a day or that most of his ties were maroon. Blissfully, they set off on their sacred mission. Nancy closed the door and went into the breakfast room. Frankie had his head in the morning paper, but he withdrew it when he heard her come in, and his face got that look it always gets when she’s around.

“Morning, Mom. Sit down and help me eat some of this.”

She took a piece of toast. “Guess who was at the door.”

“The kids?” You’d think he’d be good and blasé about it by now, but he isn’t. Nancy nodded and then grinned because he looked so surprised and pleased. “Gee whiz,” he said.

Strictly unorthodox, the whole picture. Fans ringing a big star’s doorbell and calling his wife “Nancy.” It couldn’t happen to Nelson Eddy. But the Sinatras are screwy that way. They don’t seem to mind. They’d no more think of hiring a maid to brush off the swooners than they would of posting “No Trespassing” signs around their house. “Gosh, Mom, some of them come awfully far. Be nice to them.” That’s Frankie. “Nice” is putting it mildly. She invites them in to play with Nancy Sandra, she feeds them Pepsis, she (Continued on page 83)
Sonny shrugs off $1000 wk. salary, huge roles. Says, "After tackling Albie Booth once, I feel I can tackle anything." Especially chums who use statues in house as hatracks.

After holding out for months, Sonny reluctantly moth-balled stuffy blue serge suits, allowed pals to ease him into California-styled tweeds 'n' sports stuff. (Right, with Amocho.)

By Kirtley Baskette
LOVABLE LUG

Sonny Tufts used to gag up a love scene like Durante.

Yet there was something about this big, smiling guy . . .

It was 8 A.M. one recent morning, away out in Bel-Air. Sonny Tufts was due on the set in Hollywood in a half-hour. And there was that tire—flat as a pancake!

He called a taxi. "Maybe in a couple hours, Mac," said a bored voice. "Yeah everybody's got to get to work, Mac. This is war, Mac. Sorry Mac."

But Sonny Tufts did have to get to work—clear in at Paramount, or hold up a lot of people and get himself in a jam. The minutes were ticking away. He was in a tight spot. He dialed another number.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Tufts," said a voice. "What? Sure—I'll send one right out. Don't mention it. Son—er—Mr. Tufts. Anything for a pal?"

So Sonny Tufts got to work on time and the guy he had to thank was a very good friend of his—the doorman at a Beverly Hills hotel, where he'd stayed once.

Mr. Bowen Charleston Tufts, 111, has been making all kinds of friends and influencing all kinds of people ever since he came to Hollywood a few months ago. It's not on purpose, but just because Sonny Sonny is the friendliest, most charming and disarming big hunk of natural man to hit town in years. It's absolutely no accident that the out-country cash customers, too, took one look at "Kansas" in "So Proudly We Hail" and said "Hello, Pal!" to make this big, easy going, grinning blond giant the screen sensation of a nation in one easy-to-take lesson.

Sonny Tufts just naturally likes everybody and everybody likes him. For instance, when he and his wife, Barbara, were house hunting a few weeks ago, they called to see a place late one afternoon where the tenants were still roosting. Now, anybody hates to have house hunters prowl around where they're still living, especially right before dinner. There's always a bed that's not made or something cooking on the stove. Sonny would never barge in on anybody like that in normal times, but around Hollywood these days you grab a house if you can, and any way you can and—the Tufts had been living in auto camps too long.

Well, the stand-offish atmosphere lasted about two seconds flat. Then the tenants were telling Sonny and Barbara the hidden secrets of their lives and confiding just what you had to watch out for in this particular shack, and then the man said, "How about a drink?" and the maid came in and announced dinner. "Why don't you (Continued on page 87)
MODERN SCREEN SPENDS A DAY WITH

9 A.M. on day off from "Home in Indiana." Great Dane Mac's encouraged to sleep on bed to keep Lon warm! Purp weighs 153, 15 more than master. Before moving to beach L. wore shorts, now bundles up in woolly pajas.

shaves daily when working; usually skips it holidays. Isn't picayune about soap, uses any brand his mom buys. Chief luxury's looing under long, hot showers.

10:30. Works on ship model while waiting for crony Ray Sperry to drop in. Both are bats about boats, spend long hours poring over maps, taking make-believe voyages, planning after-the-war cruise on ship 'Goodriff.'
Lon McAllister

Scoots pre-breakfast look at his beloved Conrad book. Collects author's autographs only when they'll sign their own books. Got James Hilton's when writer invited him to tea after seeing "Stage Door Canteen."

Decided trip wouldn't be complete without music, so bought guitor. Has free lessons coming if he could remember music shop.

Minute Roy arrives, they huddle over latest "Yachting" mag. In 8 years boys have pal-ed, Lon's never had a serious love. Brings gals gum, omits posies, candy!

Guys wheadle homemade cake, nutbread, Pepsi from soft-hearted grandma. Home-loving Lon buys lumps and dishes for house!

Continued on following page.
Bones up on nautical ropes for future voyage. Already wears St. Christopher medal for days when he'll start traveling. Keeps 2 trophies, for most popular boy and valedictorian of class! 1-4 P.M. Beach. Bath always date same gal same night, prefer 'em in sweater 'n' skirt, loathe slacks. Current favorites: Nancy Walker, Marj Riordan. Later in afternoon, Bill Eythe joined them.

Turns in at 4 P.M. Like his idol, Van Johnson, he chews all the gum he can find. Gave his mom a locket for her birthday, panicked her by requesting she put his pic in it when he went to war!

Nov. 11 moved into new house, Reniram's Reef. Likes people to ask what it means so he can explain "Mariner spelled backward." Decorated furniture with bamboo to give it a touch of Bali!
9 P.M. Usually winds up with solitary stroll along beach, thinking about life, unless there's a party going on. Kids sit around talking about their future between now and end of war. Mom imposes 10:30 curfew work nights, 1 A.M. weekends.

After dinner, writes to Katie Cornell, whose letter to him he keeps intact in tissue paper! Dictated, then typed by a steno, it has handwritten note ending. "Good night, Romeo—Juliet."

Heads for kitchen for mid-evening lunch. Never wears hat, has bummed around in same doeskin trousers for 5 years, still fit 'im. Only extravagances are ties, woolen sports socks!
Hep Kitten

The chassis isn’t Petty, or the profile swoony, but Peggy Ryan knows the shortest distance to the heart of a sturdy Marine!

Almost two decades ago, The Ryans, a vaudeville team extraordinaire, were booked into the Palace Theater in Oklahoma City. Beyond that fact stretched a vista of other Palace Theaters situated in bigger and better towns until at last that heaven where all good troupers go, the Palace in New York City, loomed as part of a rosy future.

The Ryans had one small son who became an occasional extemporaneous character in the act, and the Ryans had talked desultorily about having another youngster. They had put off the event because of their roving life. Now they knew that they had to make a decision. They must decide on a permanent career or upon a family. Headline spots at the various Palaces or a brief notice under the heading, Vital Statistics.

They decided to have another child, and that’s why, in 1944, in a picture titled “Chip Off The Old Block,” a 19-year-old dynamo (Continued on page 112)
By Marcia Daughtrey

Between scenes of current film with Donald O'Connor, "Chip Off the Old Block," they listen to boogie on the record-player; evenings scoot home and round up music-minded cronies for jam sessions.

Balances hot fudge sundaes with bowling, riding and roller skating to keep her 5'3½" figure down to 105 lbs. Mom almost matches her!

Since engagement, Peggy won't date anyone but Sgt. Roy Hirsch, keeps herself busy working. Between pics, relieves manpower shortage clerking in her grandpa's grocery store. Religiously writes 3 times a week to Roy.
1. When assembly line worker Jean Rogers (Paulette Goddard) puts ears where the tail ought to go on Todd's Special Dopey Donkeys, she's sent to general manager, Lee Stevens (Fred MacMurray). She's delighted because he's a dish she's been trying to get a nibble at for months!

2. Trouble is he's engaged to Pres. Todd’s (Edw. Arnold) daughter Alice (Hilary Brooke), who nixes trip with “secretary.”

3. At hotel, Lee is livid to find reservations cancelled. Jean explains she did it because rooms were too tiny; promises to fix it up.


5. Next day Jean finds shelter in lush mansion. Catch: They're to be butler and cook to owners (Roland Young, Ann Revere)!


7. When Todds find them, jealous Alice breaks engagement. Todd happily predicts Ritchie will have to listen to his butler!

8. Dressed as footman, Todd spills soup on Ritchie during meal with Farenhall. Lee hides trousers till he'll listen to sales talk!
"Standing Room Only"

When Paulette gets a glimmer of MacMurray, she won't let anything stand in her way—
not even Washington priorities or a fiancée!

STORY—The foreman of Todd's Toys—Tantalizing Trinkets For Titillating Tots—gaped at production line four. Production line four was Todd's special Dopey Donkeys. The foreman prided himself on a knowledge of a donkey's anatomy; nowhere, not even on a Dopey Donkey, should a tail be found where the ears should be and the ears, vice versa, where a tail should be. Yet with every inexorable crank of the production gear the donkeys were marching off, listening, as it were, to what went on behind.

"Miss Rogers!" the foreman shouted.
"Yes, sir," the pretty girl said.
"Miss Rogers," the foreman said sweetly, "where the devil do you keep your brains?"
"Right between my ears," Miss Rogers said.
"I could answer that," said the foreman. "I have the perfect answer. But I won't. Do you realize that this is the third time you've messed up a batch of Dopey Donkeys?"
"Is it?" said Miss Rogers blankly. (Continued on page 106)

PRODUCTION—What went on between shots of "Standing Room Only" was almost as screwy as the picture itself. Fred and Paulette turned into a two-man quiz program, kept up a continuous flow of questions and answers and succeeded in driving the whole outfit nutty. It was all about farming. Now that Paulette is running Burgess Meredith's farm in Suffern County, N. Y., the chickens and alfalfa crop are almost as important as learning her lines. Fred is conducting a series of agricultural experiments at home which, if they work out, will be used on his two country farms. The test farm is turning him into a minor league Burbank. The pair sounded more like farmer Jones and the dairy maid at a county fair than the top box office numbers they are. . . Between long distance calls to the farm, Paulette found time to work out a new hair-do with her friend and hairdresser, Hedwig Moorud. You'll see her wearing her new puff-behind-the-ear affair in the picture. It's sure to start a new fad . . . For the first time in her career, Paulette appeared on set minus stockings. She wore leg make-up throughout (Continued on page 112)
Ida Zeitlin

Lana band toured, selling kisses for $50,000, laughingly smacked 2 nice old ladies, 80-yr.-old gent and 2 younger joes.

Linda Darnell skipped off to Las Vegas with Lana and Steve Crane for wedding. Few months later he was hospitalized, Lana collapsed at bedside.

"I'm really walking on mink!" Lana laughed. But it couldn't possibly go on forever . . . (Life story, Part II)

Lana Turner

Tucked into bed that night with her two cracked ribs, Judy broke into sudden giggles.

"What's funny?" Mother felt her forehead. "Could be all the excitement's gone to your head."

"No, it's just that Hollywood's so different from what I expected."

"You thought movie stars'd come shooting from all corners." That was mother's friend, whose apartment they were going to share. Let's call her Edith.

Judy nodded vigorously. "And it's only a town with a main street and little houses climbing up the hills—"

"That's all it is, honey. Anyway, from the outside looking in."

That's all it would ever be to her then, Judy thought, drowsing off to sleep. Far as Hollywood went, she'd always be on the outside looking in.

Not that it bothered her. Like any kid, she loved going to movies, but she'd never been one of the gaping mob, and living in Hollywood made no difference. She didn't strain against the ropes at previews, she didn't hang around restaurants with an autograph book, she never said, "If only I could get into pictures—" Except that it was cleaner and she missed her friends.

Hollywood was just an extension of life (Continued on page 31)
Fall, 1942. Work on "Slightly Dangerous" with Robert Young interrupted by stretch of anemia that sent her to hospital. Marriage annulled. Baby on way. Lana clammed up, would say nothing about remarrying Steve.

First hint of remarriage came on Valentine's Day when Lana, out of sick bed, sat quietly at Mocambo with Steve planning for baby.

Untroubled by whispers buzzing round their heads, newlyweds had knockout time at Abbott and Costello's Rollerbowl party. Ignored rumor that Steve, 4-F, had splurged last $10,000 tearing down gates to H'wood, then nixed 2 studio offers.
in San Francisco. She enrolled at Hollywood High School, Mother got a job in a beauty shop, and they settled down to their familiar routine.

The routine lasted just three months. If Judy'd been crazy about typing, it might have lasted indefinitely. But typing was a pain any day of the week, and one day the sunlight was more than she could resist. So she cut class and strolled over to the drugstore for a coke.

Fate had sent Billy Wilkerson, editor of the "Hollywood Reporter," into the same drugstore at the same time. Looking up from his own coke, he saw a small figure seated opposite at the circular counter. Chestnut hair, wide-set eyes, peachbloom skin above the white blouse and red vestee sweater. Pretty girls were a dime a dozen hereabouts, but there was something about this one that breathed the very spirit of lovely, budding youth—

"Who's that kid?" he asked the manager when she'd gone.

"One of the high school crowd. The others call her Judy."

"I'd like to meet her."

"Well, come in around three, and I'll introduce you. They all gang up here for (Continued on page 77)"
tall, dark and rugged

This fella Craig's got his own design for living and what if it does include a barnyard for cackling chickens and a tyke who always talks back!

The day James Craig's contract started at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, more than a year ago, he showed up on the set bright and early and ready to work as usual.

He looked fresh as a daisy, and not a soul at M-G-M suspected—and they won't until they read this—that Jimmy hadn't had a wink of sleep for two nights. That instead, he'd traveled 1200 miles on a motorcycle and shagged his big frame up and down Sierra mountain peaks between that Monday morning and the Saturday before.

Jimmy Craig did that because he wanted some venison on his ranch-house table, and the deer season opened that week-end. His hunting pals had a trip organized, but Jimmy had to make pictures. By Saturday, when he knocked off acting, they were clear up in Beaver, Utah, some 600 miles from Hollywood. Jimmy had to be on the set first thing Monday, under a new contract. But (Continued on page 99)
Jim can quote Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth on into the night, but won't. Can't sing a note, but does. Was once told, "Your voice is pitched too high, your neck's too thick, you carry yourself like a prizefighter, and you can't act." Craig's terse reply, "Nuts!"

Jim, ordinarily mild, used to gnash teeth when auntie called him "Sunny Jim." Took "Craig" from old filz, "Craig's Wife." High point of career: day he sold 10 dz. of his eggs on set.

When "the Bub" hit two, pop started reading him Texas' tallest tales about "Big Foot Wallace" and other two-guiners, "so he'd never grow up to be a gosh-darn panty-waist."
Paulette's been selling property right and left lately. Asked why, she shrewdly replied, "For profit. I can't resist 40 percent over what I paid."

By Kaaren Pieck
Paulette read the script of “So Proudly We Hail,” and said no thanks.

“Why not?” asked Mark Sandrich, producer and director.

“Because I couldn’t play that girl the way she’s written.”

“Why not?” asked Allan Scott, writer.

“Because I don’t believe in her. Okay, she’s flip and flirtatious. She’s out to meet the boys. She trails across Bataan, dropping black nightgowns as she goes. But no girl could see what she saw, live through what she did, and not grow up. No girl that’s human—”

“I think she’s got something there,” said Scott.

She wrote the new scene herself—the scene where she faints and refuses to quit work—and they put it in just as she wrote it.

The picture marked a turning-point for Paulette. In a star-studded cast, she stood out for her crisp humor and her telling way with a line. Audiences ate her up. Mark Sandrich said to Allan Scott, “For my next picture, I want you to write a story round Paulette.” Scott wrote “I Love a Soldier.” I is Paulette, girl welder. The soldier’s Sonny Tufts. Wait till you see them together again.

If “So Proudly” gave her a new importance in pictures, she says she has Sandrich to thank. He put her completely at ease for the first time. For the first time, she didn’t have to press or project. It’s a glorious feeling, and once you get it, you don’t lose it. So she’s forever in Mark Sandrich’s debt.

Because the screen is her first love. Take everything else away, she could still go on. Take her work away, and everything else would go flat. When she was under contract to Chaplin and Selznick, being paid a good part of the time for twirling her thumbs, she used to cry—literally cry—to be put to work. If she has a decision to make—whether it affects the routine of her day or the course of (Continued on page 66)
New loveliness for you

... a thrilling, flattering complexion

The enchanting fascination of glamorous Stadium Girl Cake Make-up brings you the feeling of being in a new, adventurous world of romance. • There's a new delight waiting for you. Stadium Girl Cake Make-up creates a fresh, captivating complexion. It hides annoying little skin faults, bringing about a smooth, youthful glow that lasts for hours and hours. • You'll love your alluring fresh, satin-smooth complexion. For that new loveliness—that thrilling, flattering complexion men adore and women envy—it's Stadium Girl Cake Make-up. • 25c at 5 and 10c Store cosmetic counters.

Then, too, you'll thrill with the beauty of these make-up companions: 

- Stadium Girl Lip Make-up
- Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up

They are the perfect complement to the new Cake Make-ups.

SEND FOR REGULAR SIZE TODAY! Rush 30c for this sensational, new cosmetic. Don't delay!

ORDER TODAY! Be sure to check shade desired. 
STADIUM GIRL Natural, Rachel, Brunette, Golden Tan
Enclose thirty cents to cover cost, tax, and mailing for each.

Rush 30 Cents Today For Regular Retail Size
(Campus Sales Co., 411 E. Mason Street, Milwaukee 2, Wis.
Enclosed find —— cents to cover cost of Stadium Girl Cake Make-up.

Then, too, you'll thrill with the beauty of these make-up companions:

A CAMPUS PRODUCT

Stadium Girl
CAKE MAKE-UP with added skin softener
(LANOIL)
Lake awarded divorce: Gets custody of child 9 mos. of year ... H'wood Women's Press Club awards golden apple for cooperation to Hope, Sheridan!

By Fredda Dudley

"The Golden Apple:"

Each year the Hollywood Women's Press Club awards a golden apple lapel pin to the most cooperative actress, and a script holder decorated with a golden apple to the most cooperative actor. In 1941, Bob Hope won the award, and this feat he duplicated in 1943. Since he already owned a script holder, he was awarded a golden St. Christopher medal to protect him during the extensive tours he will undoubtedly make in 1944. Bob appeared at the luncheon always given to honor the winners, wearing a well-tailored checkerboard and a straw skimmer, his costume for "The Road to Utopia."

"This is to keep Crosby from getting homesick for a horse blanket," he explained. He also clarified his attitude about being cooperative: he admitted with the celebrated Hope leer that he had seldom met a lady with whom he would not like to cooperate.

Trying to nose Señor Hope (an impossible attempt, he said, considering his ski slide) out of first place this year were Humphrey Bogart, who came in a strong second, and George Murphy, who came in third.

Cary Grant, who won last year and thereafter became the only male member of the feminine press club, was invited to be present and wound up reading the inscription engraved on the back of Bob's award. He kidded Bob by stuttering, stammering, and placing great emphasis upon the flattering script of the words etched in gold until Bob finally arose to protest. "You," he said, rolling his eyes, "are making a jerk of me. After this I'll read my own compliments."

On the distaff side of the (Continued on page 54)
...Now you can have an exquisitely beautiful COLD PERMANENT WAVE

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME

for only 59c

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Remember, for only 59c you get a complete "CHIC" HOME KIT which includes 50 curlers as well as "CHIC" finest quality shampoo and wave set.

"CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS include everything you need for a complete permanent wave...

"CHIC" is featured at Hair Goods and Toiletry counters throughout the nation because it is quality-tested and an outstanding value.

If your dealer cannot supply you with "CHIC" write to THE LINHALL CO., Dept.-L-37, Saint Paul 1, Minnesota.

Get "CHIC" at all drug stores...department stores...variety stores...5 and 10c stores.

The Genuine "CHIC" HOME KIT

Give yourself a glamorous permanent wave right in the comforts of your own home...just as thousands of women and girls everywhere are doing with the truly sensational "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT.

Enjoy the thrill and admiration of captivating, natural-looking hair curls and waves...easy to style for the "hair-do" best suited to your own personality. "CHIC" permanents last as long as professional waves.

With a "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT all you have to do is follow simple, illustrated directions. "CHIC" is safe to use, even on children...no machines, no electricity, no driers are required. "CHIC" is free from harmful chemicals. Be sure to ask for the "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT.

So Easy! So Thrifty! So Wonderful!
Is there anyone finer?

Ask Corp. George Montgomery about this walking juke box with the honey voice. Or ask a million cheering guys in khaki!

One November night in 1942, strapping George Montgomery Letz was bussing dishes around the Hollywood Canteen. He was carrying a super-loaded tray when Dinah Shore appeared on the platform to sing. He didn't drop the tray, which proves with finality how great is his self-control.

George had never met Dinah, but he had heard her sing over the radio so often that he had ceased to refer to the instrument as a GE or a Zenith or a Sparton, but simply called all wave lengths, long or short, Shore.

George tried to work his way through the darkened canteen in an attempt to carry on his duties. George, accompanied by a load of used plates and cups, had been heading for the front door.

He unloaded his tray with the greatest speed ever attained locally without breakage and scorched back to hear Dinah's tenth, fifteenth and fortieth encore. When the enthusiastic GIs finally allowed another performer to take over the mike, George found himself—by one of those incredible coincidences which have to be planned thirty minutes in advance—at the foot of the stage steps.

And from that night on they went steady, as Dinah says.

Three or four nights later (Continued on page 69)
Dinah, who’s in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," must keep 300 songs on tap to fill varied requests of Army and Navy joes. Before marriage, shared crackerox apt. with 3 chums, later took slightly larger house with them.

On Command Performance together, Bing Crosby grinningly bowed and scraped before La Shore after she’d shortwave program for British Army at request of King and Queen who listened from Buckingham Palace.

Dinah did final rehearsal for 1st broadcast in slacks, found she’d forgotten to bring skirt. By time show went on air, she’d wheedled one from girl in audience.
It’s Easy to “Do” Your Sheets and Pillowcases the LINIT Way

**SOAK** from 10 to 15 minutes in warm, sudsy water. Wash in plenty of hot water. (Never use the same water to wash another lot.)

**STARCH** “EM

**WASH ‘EM**

**RINSE ‘EM**

**DRY AND IRON ‘EM**

**HANG** sheets double, hems together. Hong pillowcases, wrangside out; by closed end. Dampen before ironing. Iron with light iron at correct heat.

COOPERATIVE SPIRIT, we writers found Annie Sheridan to have been a doll in 1943. One vote behind her in the final tally was Lucille Ball, and one vote behind Lucille was Carole Landis. When the margin is as small as this, the girls may be justified in thinking that all three were entitled to high praise. Both Lucille and Carole were invited to attend the party. Lucille was able to accept and was presented with an armload of roses, but Carole was in New York.

Awarded a sneer for playing hard to get were Errol Flynn, Charles Boyer and Bing Crosby in the male department, and Joan Fontaine, Ginger Rogers, and Greer Garson among the ladies. Joan has been ill a good deal of the time recently, but this writer, for one, has always found her to be sweet, intelligent and more than willing to assist a scribe.

**Kiddie Kapers:**

If you can’t endure the Kindergarten Kreeps, just skip this. But if you dote on diminutive doings, here’s a report on one of the heartbreakers of 1960, Miss Alice Faye Harris by name, now aged 22 months. Everyone in Hollywood who has been a guest in the Harris home goes into ecstasy over Alice, Jr.

She has a sunny head covered with curly hair and such eyelashes as have not been seen since Garbo fluttered an elegant orb.

When guests arrive, Miss Alice gravely shakes hands with everyone. Then she toddles to her nursery, gets her small chair, brings it back to the living room and places it in some strategic position. With head tipped earnestly on one side, she looks steadfastly at the person who is talking and nearly breaks up the speaker by her very seriousness.

Afterward she spends hours doing the things the guests did. She searches through an imaginary purse for a lipstick or straightens a make-believe hat or imitates a voice.

When Phil broadcasts, his enthusiastic daughter brings her chair to a spot about a foot in front of the radio and there listens raptly. She sings with the orchestra, keeping time by tapping one little foot or softly clapping her chubby hands. And she laughs like mad at everything Phil says.

No wonder Alice, Senior, is so delighted with the thought of the new baby due in the spring. With two such honeys, the Harris household will be filled with happiness kids.

John Payne slips in and out of town with no one but his most intimate friends being the wiser. While he, he spends his entire time with his daughter, lovely 3-year-old Julie. On a recent trip (made by air on the authority of a 3-day pass) he took Julie as his lady love to a dinner party. When they made ready to leave, John decided that it was too cold for Julie’s light coat, so added his own G.I., windbreaker as a blanket around her small figure.

Sleepily she cocked her head on one side and smiled at him. “My head,” she confided, “is cold, too. Don’t you think I should wear your pretty hat with the shiny stuff on it?”

So small Julie, muffled in her daddy’s jacket and rendered invisible under her daddy’s Army cap, curled upon the seat of John’s car and went to sleep on the way home.

They were having trouble with Margaret...
Judy's pet story, lately, has been about Laddie's shopping sortie before Xmas. Mobbed in dept. store, he dashed out, hailed first car, begged ride around corner.

O'Brien on the set of "Meet Me in St. Louis." Ordinarily she is a quick study and a perfect deliverer of lines, but something was obviously wrong on this particular morning. The luncheon scene being shot required one of the adult members of the cast to say something about the catsup being too spicy. And a second adult was to add to the criticism by saying the catsup was too sour.

Whereupon Margaret was to pipe up with another criticism of the catsup: "And the color is funny, too."

Each time the dialogue swung around to Margaret, she mumbled an unintelligible phrase while hanging her head in obvious distaste. Finally Director Minelli took Margaret aside. "You aren't doing it right," he explained gently. "I've told you four times that you mustn't duck your head and jumble your words together under your breath. Tell me, honey, what's the trouble?"

"I don't like the dialogue," said the pint-sized prima donna. "It reminds me of the three bears. I sound like the baby bear, 'Somebody has been eating my soup and eaten it all up.' I don't want to sound like any old baby bear."

The dialogue was changed. Made somewhat more mature.

* * *

Just before Christmas Bing Crosby brought his squad of four sons over to Paramount to have a group picture made. Because of the affinity of the junior male for dust, dirt, mud and other forms of untidiness, Bing also brought along four suits of clothes and four shirts so that a costume change could be made at the last minute, so giving the camera an immaculate view of the Crosby quartet.

First he took them to the barber, who turned out four neat haircuts. Then he took them over to the set, upon request, to meet Betty Hutton who was working in "The Incendiary Blonde." Betty, as incendiary as her picture, approached Bing with a Comanche yell and planted a juicy kiss on his forehead.

Dennis took exception to this demonstration of comradeliness. "You'll have to cut that out," he warned her gravely. "My dad's taken the pedge." (Continued on following page)
From the Hutton set, Bing took his offsprings to the stage on which "Road to Utopia" was being filmed. While he did a scene—which he thought might be interesting to the boys—the boys voiced an artistic criticism by sneaking away. On one of the studio streets they met Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, head of the studio and a man who knows how beats the heart of a boy. He took them over to introduce them to his prize boxer pups.

When Bing arrived breathless somewhat later, chaos was thick in the air. The pups, having wallowed lavishly in puddles created by a recent California downpour, had been held by the boys and had pawed them thoroughly. Two of the boys had gotten into a fight about one of the pups and had engaged in brotherly combat to the extent of one torn shirt and one claret nose. The photographic sitting had to be postponed.
ized the wearing of that particular star and ribbon as yet. If such a ribbon and star is authorized we’d sure like to know which dime store has them in stock as we feel, in an off-hand modest way of course, entitled to wear it, having had a few bad moments on Attu ourselves.

We are not resentful in any case, but we do get a bit fed up when the Fighting Marines get credit for a job we did by our lonesome. They get plenty of build-up without stealing our thunder.

Sincerely,
The Boys of Co. D—17th Infantry.

Ans. from Jeanne Karr: In an offhand, modest way—as all Marines are supposed to talk—this Marine was undoubtedly pulling somebody’s offhand, modest leg. Not only did he say he had seen action on Attu, he said he had been wounded there. A Jap was supposed to have thrust four inches of bayonet into his stomach. Perhaps his entire story should have been doubted when he admitted that he had never heard of Frankie. Those, sir, are fighting words, Marine or not.

Miles of File:
You remember Joan Carroll, the enchanting young thing who bowled them over in “Panama Hattie” when Ethel Merman was Hattie on Broadway. Joan, now 11, is working at Metro in “Meet Me in St. Louis.” Between shots she keeps busy, working with her filling system which is an outcropping of her patriotic spirit.

It seems that since Joan has been in Hollywood, she has been the constant recipient of much of John Carroll’s fan mail. Lt. John Carroll is now serving overseas, but his fan mail continues to be voluminous, and it continues to find its way through rain and sleet and snow and dark of night to Joanie, who is not related to him in any way.

In the old days, Joan simply forwarded the mail in cardboard boxes. Nowadays she conscientiously opens and reads every letter. Then she relegates it to a pigeon-hole for the attention of her lieutenant when he returns to Hollywood. The letters under which she files the letters are devised and printed by Miss Carroll, and they tell a graphic story, to wit: “Mash Notes,” “Proposals of Marriage,” “Just Fun,” “Begging,” “From Service Men” and lastly, “Silly Stuff.”

Sorry Glory:
Undoubtedly, while you were doing your Christmas shopping, you stood in an exhausted line, wishing to goodness that you were so famous that you could march grandly into a shop, order everything in sight with a queenly wave of the hand and retire to ribbons, wrappings and a royal enjoyment of Christmas.

Fame, in a pack-jammed shop, actually amounts to nothing, so be comforted. During Christmas week, Lana Turner entered one of Beverly Hills’ swankiest establishments and approached the purse and handbag section. She made one selection—a rare red Moro-ccan leather bag—and set it aside. Then she turned to examine a brown alligator purse.

Meanwhile, one of those amphibious feminine landing boats hove up to the counter, pawing with haste, and began to paw through the merchandise. She applied the red bag in front of Lana, snatched it, jerked open the zipper, examined the fittings, then began to shout for the salesgirl. “Please wrap this as a gift and charge it to my account,” she bel- lowed.

Lana, in her soft voice, tried to protest. “I had selected that bag,” she explained gently. “If you will remember, you actually removed it from beneath my own purse.”

“That’s too bad,” sniffed the woman. “I have the purse now.” (Continued on page 117)
Tips on good grooming for your ten pretty and busy fingers.

Learn the rules, then treat your digits to a manicure!

Your hands are showing, you know... whoops now, it's quite all right if they're in condition and lovely to hold. But woe is you if they're worn, rough looking, and the nails chipped or broken. Therein lies many a sad tale—a broken romance, an embarrassing situation, a drawback to your job. 'Tis true your favorite male admires your working on the assembly line but he doesn't admire grubby, drab-looking hands.

But let's not be pessimistic, children, let's look on the bright side. A pair of rightly tended, dainty paws can be one of a femme's most attractive features. A bit of care is all they ask for. These being the days when time is of the essence, how's about a quick, easy recipe for a manicure. The ingredients: ten fingernails, your manicure set and a gay shade of nail enamel. The results: ten gleaming, shining fingertips.

TECHNIQUE, YOU SAY? Begin your digit work by arranging all the items needed for your manicure on a convenient, near-by table. Then set to according to this Hollywood formula which we have gleaned for you.

1. Remove old polish with a cleansing tissue saturated with oily polish remover. Be sure every trace of the old color is completely gone.
2. File and shape nails with an emery board. Be careful
not to file too deeply into the corners. The side of the nail tip should be a rounded curve . . . the tips, graceful ovals. Claw-like nails are definitely dated. Then too, medium length fingertips are less likely to bend or break.

3. Next, dip your ten fingers into a bowl of warm, soapy water. If you have time, soak them for a few minutes. With your brush, scrub each finger separately. Be sure to dry them thoroughly. If your nails are particularly brittle and dry, a warm oil soaking will put them in the pink.

4. With a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in cuticle remover, gently but firmly push back the cuticle. This helps to remove dead skin around the base of the nail, keeps them trim and smooth looking. Cut the cuticle only if you want to encourage infection.

5. Apply nail, white under the free edges of the nail. Either the paste or stick form may be used. Next, scrub your fingers a second time and wipe them dry. As you do this, you’ll be removing the last shreds of cuticle loosened by the cuticle remover.

6. Now gently buff your nails in one direction. This makes for stronger, healthier nails, besides helping to pep up the circulation.

7. Colorless, liquid polish for a base makes a smooth foundation for enamel. Apply two coats for longer lasting wear.

8. A gay, exciting shade of nail enamel goes on over the colorless coating. Quick, downward strokes of the brush are easier to apply. When the first application dries, follow up with a second coating. And presto! How shiny and bright are your ten pretty fingertips.

When your nail glamour is completely dry, slather a creamy lotion or hand cream over your paws. Massage the skin well as you apply. All this, in the interest of smoothness. (Continued on page 93)

Portrait of a lovely lady—Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., charming member of Wilmington’s leading family. Her chestnut hair shines with golden lights. Her eyes are warm and sparkling. And her Dreamflower “Rose Cream” complexion—sweet, peach-toned—picks up the gold in her hair and eyes. “I’ve never found a powder shade that did as much for my skin as Pond’s Dreamflower ‘Rose Cream,’” says Mrs. du Pont. “It’s such a lovely, delicate peach tone, and the Dreamflower texture is so clinging and smooth!”

Light up the hidden gold in your hair and eyes. Bring out the soft warmth of your complexion with Pond’s delightful “Rose Cream” Dreamflower powder.
Color, color . . . what's your hue? Is it yellow, red or blue? Take your pick, shade's no matter!

Your's to choose what's sure to flatter.

Supposing we offered you a screen color test? How would you rate? Would you compare colorfully to Betty Grable or Lucille Ball of the Technicolor screen? Or would that be you . . . that girl wearing cerise polish on her fingertips, rust on her lips and red, red rose for cheek color, all added to a burgundy dress and pink harlequin goggle frames? That mass of clash all blurred around the edges, would that be you?

SHADES OF VERMILION. You can say that again! It should be common knowledge that lipstick, rouge and nail polish must harmonize. The lips and nails can naturally stand a heavier shading than the cheek. Ofttimes the blended threesome is offered by one company. Or the items can be matched by eye from your favorite brands on the beauty counters. And the least color conscious lass can see the smartness of matching accessories such as a hat, a scarf, some buttons or earrings to the red of her glamour aids.

MATCH 'EM, DON'T MIX 'EM. Blue, red and yellow are the primary colors. If you watched an artist mix his paints, you would see that the entire range of reds on his palette is made up of either different quantities of red mixed with blue, or red mixed with yellow. Thus your nail polishes, lipsticks and rouges are either true un-mixed reds, yellow-reds or blue-reds. The pitfall to avoid is mixing these three types of color. It is a clashful catastrophe to apply blue-red for nail lacquer, a blatant clear red for cheek color and a garish orange for lip shading. Smart girls get a set of matching nail polish, rouge and lipstick in each category. No matter the occasion or the costume, they are all set with cosmetic accessories that fit.

THE COLOR WHEEL. Round and round it goes, where it stops nobody knows. Is that the way you choose your cosmetic accessory colors? If you're at a loss for the proper lacquer and paint to wear with your particular wardrobe . . . read on:  (Continued on page 75)
Stop Worrying
ABOUT VITAMINS
AND MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give a Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Millions of people know how important it is to take extra vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest food sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts, unless you’re sick and should be under a doctor’s care.

And equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the basic food substances absolutely necessary for good health. Complete protein, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the extra vitamins and minerals you need, but also all the extra basic food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way.

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

STOP WORRYING ABOUT
Vitamin A!
Children need it to grow. You need it to stay healthy. To get all the extra Vitamin A you need, you get all the extra Ovaltine.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT
Vitamin B1!
You eat potatoes—and you’re tired. Instead of potatoes, Ovaltine! If you don’t get enough B1, you get B-onion.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT
Vitamin C & Nicotin!
You can’t be alert, active, “alive” without it. Ovaltine! You get them—plus more—to Ovaltine!

STOP WORRYING ABOUT
Calcium & Phosphorus!
They’re vital to sound bones and teeth. Also for strength in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

STOP WORRYING ABOUT
Protein & Energy-Food!
Ovaltine also supplies the basic food elements for good health. Protein—to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods—for vitality and endurance. Doctors recommend Ovaltine not only to maintain vigorous health, but also for those who are thin, nervous or under par.
SOON TO BE SEEN IN PARAMOUNT'S "AND NOW TOMORROW"

Max Factor * Hollywood Face Powder!

1. It imparts a lovely color to the skin
2. It creates a satiny-smooth make-up
3. It clings perfectly...really stays on

Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead! Accent the natural beauty of your type with your color harmony shade of Face Powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll love the look of youthful beauty it imparts...the satiny-smooth make-up it creates...the way it stays on and looks lovely for extra hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...One dollar.

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

Check the boxes opposite any of the charts you'd like. New charts and services are starred below.

Super Star Information Chart (10c) ............................................................
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names. Reams of other data.
Send 10c for this chart as well as self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club ..............................................................
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one.
Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about Hollywood, the stars and the movies.
See page 107 for details.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) ...........................................
Fill in your birthday: Year........ month........ date........ time........
Name........ Street........ City........ State........
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required.

Handwriting Analysis (10c) .................................................................
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). 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.

FOR HOMEMAKERS

Now That Baby Is Here ............................................................
The ABCs of mama-hood. Authoritative information on what babies from 1 to 12 months require in the way of food, sleep, how fast to expect development. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Knit ............................................................
Illustrated, easy-to-follow instructions on how to knit, purl, increase, cast off. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Throw a Party ............................................................
How to make a splash, dinners, teas, showers, entertaining year round.
Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Things You Should Know About Cooking ............................................................
A primer for kitchen-shy brides. How to buy, budget, serve luscious meals.
Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Don't Throw It Away ............................................................
How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures.
Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Modern Hostess
Will answer all your questions about cooking and how to cope with rationing. Free recipes, too. See page 97 for details.

FOR ROMANCE

How to Write a Love Letter ............................................................
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win.
Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry? ............................................................
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be.
Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c) ............................................................
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love.
Send 5c for this chart as well as self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

*Co-Ed Personal Advice
All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinkade. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 21 for details.

FOR GLAMOUR

Winter Fashions ............................................................
Ideas on what to wear for your social whirl, weddings, class, canteen, office. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens ............................................................
This is 'specialy for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-dos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair ............................................................
If you are over 18, this is your ticket. A split-second beauty routine for every kind of skin, make-up styled to your needs. Nails, care, too! Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Lose or Gain Weight ............................................................
Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners ............................................................
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN.
conception on his part about the Red and Blue armies, when maneuvers are over, he's Private Hargrove again.

There's lots more, including Hargrove's trip to New York and other scenes, but it's more fun to see it for yourself. When you come out, you're going to be awfully proud of our "rookies." And you'll go for young Robert Walker as Private Hargrove.—M.-G.-M.

P. S.

Marion Hargrove, a private when he wrote "See Here, Pvt. Hargrove," is now a Sgt, stationed somewhere in China with "Yank" magazine. . . . Harry Kurnitz, Metro staff writer, had to write a plot around Sgt. Hargrove's book which would include most of the humorous incidents in the book and provide a running theme and plot which the story originally didn't have. . . . Kurnitz also wrote in a sweetheart, played by Donna Reed, and the sweetheart's father, Robert Benchley.

Cast and crew made two location trips—one to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and another to Camp Roberts, California. . . . Besides Private Hargrove, the only other real-life character in the picture is Private Mutivelchill, played by Keenan Wynn. . . . Mr. Wynn is third generation Wynn to come to Metro. His grandfather was Frank Keenan, silent player, and his father is Ed Wynn. . . . Army Captain Edward J. Flynn to Hollywood to act as technical advisor for the film. Captain Flynn was public relations officer at Fort Bragg and was able to give writers and directors valuable information about Pvt. Hargrove that wasn't included in his book. . . . The captain admitted having trouble with the extras in the picture. It was his job to train them to march, salute, make beds and do dishes Army style so soldier audiences could find no flaw. This was a difficult task but he finally accomplished it to his satisfaction. Hardest part was teaching them to walk with the same smartness as Johnny Doughboy. . . . Only song in "Private Hargrove" is jake box favorite, "In My Arms," sung by Bob Crosby. Incidentally, this is Bob's first picture without his band. . . . Crosby did K.P. through most of the picture. Spent more time cleaning, washing, sweeping and mopping than the average buck private does in his entire Army career.

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IN OUR TIME

Paul Henreid is not only a super-attractive male, but a great actor. He proved it in "Casablanca," and he adds emphasis to the proof in this new picture. Ida Lupino, who plays opposite him, knows all the answers in the acting line, too, and the result is a pleasant to watch.

"In Our Time" is the story of a country betrayed. Betrayed not once but many times, not by one man but by his people. The country is Poland, and her betrayers are the ruling class which exploited the peasants for hundreds of years and finally left them to the merciless onslaught of the Germans. But particularly this picture is the story of an English girl who falls in love with a handsome Polish aristocrat. And of her struggle to save him from his family's decadent influence.

The girl is Jennifer Whitleyridge (Ida Lupino), secretary to a London antique dealer. The dealer, Mrs. Bromley (Mary Boland), goes to Warsaw on business and takes her secretary along as a companion and chaperone. Jennifer meets Count Stephen Orvid (Paul Henreid), whose family is in debt to the Englishwoman.

her whole life. Stephen represents the best and the worst of the old Polish world. He is charming, gracious—and almost entirely useless. He belongs to what is called in New York, Cafe Society. But when he meets Jennifer, he falls passionately in love with her. He even defies his powerful Uncle Pavel (Victor Francen) to marry her.

Stephen's family resents Jennifer. His sister, Janine (Nancy Coleman), is jealous of her. His mother (Nazimova) is upset by the changes Jennifer brings to their life.

For a time, Stephen persuades Stephen to manage the estate himself, to work the farm, to buy tractors and even to give the peasants a share in the harvest. "Revolutionary!" cries Janine. "Yes," says Jennifer quietly, "but practical."

Meanwhile the shadow of war creeps closer. Suddenly it is there—Poland has been invaded. Stephen joins his cavalry regiment and leaves Jennifer to run the estate. Gradually it becomes clear that she, an English girl, represents the true spirit of Poland. A country betrayed but never beaten.—War.

P. S.

Title comes from the late Neville Chamberlain's statement on his return from Munich: "I bring you peace in our time."

Two famous Russians in the cast are Alla Nazimova and Michael Chekhov, nephew of writer Anton Chekhov. . . . Director Vincent Sherman once worked as an actor, in a minor role in one of Nazimova's stage plays, "Ghosts." . . . Technical director was Dr. Stephen Baron, Polish attorney. Captured by the Nazis after the siege of Warsaw, he made his peace with this country via the Baltic states, the Soviet Union and China. . . . Interested bit player was Lucella von Boden, Los Angeles music teacher, who said she had been a childhood sweetheart of Herman Goering. . . . Ida Lupino conquered a great dislike for horses and learned to ride for the film. Also added cow-milking to his list of accomplishments. 

In brief, the set could be felt the minute a visitor stepped through the heavy sound stage doors. Blackest days were when Ida hadn't heard from husband Capt. Louis Hayward for a long time. . . . Paul Henreid suffered from a throat ailment but took a treatment with sulfanilamide and was able to go back to work the next day. . . . Greatest problem of authent- icity was accents. Henreid's is Austrian, Ida's is English, Miss Nazimova's is Russian. All had to be converted to Polish. Language expert Dr. Daniel Van Dragen of the Polish Legation successfully switched them.

Film Cutter Rudi Fehr used to work in Berlin in the same capacity by day, but worked with the underground by night. Once his identity was discovered (he was also at Warner Bros.) in a succession of hotels after Bernhardt had escaped from two Gestapo agents. . . . Also in the cast is former Czarist officer Ivan Lebedeff. . . . 35 guns were employed in the scorched earth sequence, filmed at nearby Chatsworth ranch.

THE FIGHTING SEABEES

You know what the Seabees are—the construction battalions that go in and build airports, roads and beachhead installations for the troops to use later. They're trained as well as construction workers. This picture tells us how it came about.
"Want to be a girl with Date Appeal?"

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Rita Hayworth gives you a tip you'll want to follow. In a recent test of this beauty care screen stars recommend, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Active-Lather Facials are quick and easy—and they really work! See if Lux Toilet Soap doesn't make your skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

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You want the loveliness that wins Romance. Screen stars know men always respond to the charm of skin that's smooth, adorable. Give your precious skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care! You'll find it pays!
The Boys Call Her "Polly"
(Continued from page 45)

Republic has put its superman of the moment, John Wayne, in the lead, and what a lead it is! Wedge Donovan is a wonderful character, a hot-headed, quick-fisted Irishman who's the best construction boss in the business. Every man who works for him would also die for him. The war is in its first year, and a group of Wedge's workers have just returned from a job in the Pacific. But not all of them came back. In those days the workers were unarmored, and when the Japs attacked, the Navy, by international law, couldn't give them guns because they were civilians. Wedge flies into a rage and blames Lt. Commander Yarnall (Dennis O'Keefe), the officer in charge.

Yarnall takes Wedge to Washington with him to persuade the Navy to form combined construction and combat units. But red tape and naval protocol send Wedge into a fury again—he can't see waiting months for his men to be trained. But after he has taken a new group on a job and seen his men slaughtered by the Japs, he changes his mind. He is the first man to enlist in the newly-formed Seabees.

Meanwhile, Yarnall's girl, Connie (Susan Hayward) has met Wedge. At first she calls him a "stubborn impossible ape," but the next thing she knows she's in love with him. Not that she admits it, even to herself, but Wedge knows it and so does Yarnall. Just as they know that Wedge is the first man to enlist in the newly-formed Seabees.

Eventually they all find themselves on a tiny, vitaly important island in the South Pacific, and here the fighting Seabees really go into action. There's a tough gang and proud of it. They should be. They put up a magnificent fight and when the battle is over, the love affair is settled, too.

This is a stirring picture, with a cast that includes William Frawley, J. M. Kerrigan and Grant Withers—Rep.

P. S.

This is the biggest epic to emerge from the Republic lot since the studio began producing pictures. Camera crews toured the West Coast camps and photographed the Seabees in most every phase of their training. The Navy offered complete cooperation unless shooting interfered with strict training program. Example of such interference came at Camp Pendleton when a company of marching Seabees broke for lunch at noon, and the director asked if it would be possible to have the boys do more drilling in the afternoon. The officer said it would be impossible—"this battalion is leaving this afternoon for overseas duty. You'll have to use another group." Next of the cast and crew were quartered in with the men at the camp, living in strict Navy style: saluting, eating at mess and ten o'clock "lights out." One consolation was the meals—complete with steaks, but her future—she takes the way that will be best for her work. Ordinarily her dressing room door stands open. Gay, vivid, challenging, she's a natural hub around which people gather, and she likes having them around. Except when she's given new lines to learn, when the door is shut. If you spoke to her then, she wouldn't hear you. Outside her script, the world ceases to exist.

During pictures she goes into training like an athlete. Up at six. At the studio by seven. Home 12 hours later. In bed by nine. Which leaves two evening hours for her personal life. By the time she gets her make-up on, and has dinner, most of that's gone. When possible, she squeezes a walk in. Pretty tame substitute for the golf and tennis she loves, but better than nothing. Being outdoors is what she misses most. Sometimes she'll spend Sunday at her mother's beach house, and swim. The minute she finishes a picture, she's off somewhere. Generally, not taking time to remove her make-up. One thing—always get that, that's Paulette.

Her last trip was to Mexico. As guests of the Mexican government, she and Jinx Falkenberg made personal appearances. Flying, they had to travel light—a suitcase and overnight bag. All they could take were bathing suits, shorts, three changes including one extra-special dress and accessories to make the three dresses look like six.

Jinx makes Spanish like a native. Paulette gets by, but years to be able to sing it like Jinx. When she gets five minutes, she plans to take lessons from her secretary, who is taught to teach Spanish. Fluent or not, as a good-will ambassador she rates high. In appreciation, the government gave her a house at Acapulco. It's going to be her vacation house. California's her home base.

It wasn't till a year and a half ago that she bought a place of her own in Beverly. Her mother had been buying houses as a business venture and put them up on a budget. Paulette's is a budget house. She saw it and made one of her snap decisions. "I'll live in this one myself and call it home." What she fell in love with were the 20-year-old oak trees and the acre of garden. "I can practically live outdoors." Then the house itself—five rooms, and easy to take care of. She could have all her things around her—the beautiful things she'd brought back from China and Singapore. And her books—

Book Nook...

She started collecting books at the age of six, with the "Wizard of Oz." She and her mother traveled a lot and never seemed to spend more than six months, but wherever she went, the books went with her. They were the one treasure she refused to be parted from. It's a passion that's continued with the years. She reads voraciously and has kept every book that ever meant anything to her. Two hundred are personally inscribed. When it comes to writers, she's an autograph collector. "I've got loads of books," she told the decorator, and wondered at the funny look that crossed his face. Later, he explained, "That's what they all say. But you're the first one that's had 'em. What I mean, loads." He scratched his head reflectively and "Well, then."
"Every last one."
"You'll have to have shelves in all the rooms."

"What's wrong with that?"
So every room, including the dining room, is lined with bookshelves.

Some inspired columnist dreamed up the fiction that Paulette has a mirror set in the head of her bed. "So I can primp, sleeping, I suppose," she comments. Her mirror is in the dressing table like anyone else's, and she does less primping at home than the average woman, because she gets so much of it at the studio that it's a relief not to bother. She showers, gives her hair a stiff brushing, applies lipstick, slips into shirts and shorts or a Mexican dress, and she's set. Hates gadgets round a bedroom. Hers is done simply and restfully in gray and white gingham. Flowers from her garden are the only color accents—and on the wall, a Renoir head.

Since she was little, she's loved pictures. Since she was grown, she's wanted them. But you can't put pictures in a trunk. Her interest in them was quickened by her friendship with Diego Rivera and his wife, Frieda. Frieda's an artist, too, and Paulette owns originals by both of them. She's sat for Rivera for her portrait and posed for his murals. If you ever get to the San Francisco Municipal Center, you'll recognize her in one of the murals as the gamin and as the girl in shorts, planting a tree for the future. The man who's planting the tree with her is Rivera.

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The minute she got a place of her own and freedom to do just as she wanted with it, she began collecting. And collected in her own way. No running to experts. No asking this one and the other what he thought. Paulette's an individualist of the first water. They'd be her pictures, they'd hang on her walls, she'd have to look at them. Pictures, she maintains, should be as personal as your wardrobe. They could be tumbled to the skies as the best examples of an artist's blue, yellow or cerise period. She wouldn't buy 'em unless she loved 'em.

Art for lark's sake...
She spent hours in museums, learning the moderns by heart. Then she poked around galleries till she found what she wanted. There was one sure sign by which she could always tell, and it wasn't the price or the artist's name, but something that happened inside. If her heart lifted when she looked at a picture, she generally bought it. Besides the Renoir she has Braque, Utrillo, Chagall, Dufy. Of course she couldn't always buy what she wanted. There's a Monet she'd give her eyeteeth for, but it's in a museum.

Nor did she set out with the idea of vivid colors. It just turns out that all her pictures are gay. Which is no accident, but an expression of her personality. There are times when Paulette doesn't wear red or yellow—in her accessories at least—but not more often than she can help. Just to prove she can be inconsistent, she's got one John Carroll in lovely grays. And keeps a bowl of red roses sitting under it. She's her own meal-planner. Likes food too well to delegate that job to the housekeeper. "I could eat all day long," says she.
and proves it. French toast, bacon and eggs for breakfast. Roast beef at noon when they have it, and she has her luncheon first thing as she does at home. Finch and the first time it goes by. Lobster with mustard sauce at night, and a cheese soufflé and salad and coffee. But those are only the main events. Like a kid, she's forever munching on the set. Fruit, candy bars, sandwiches—anything that comes her way. Baloney's her favorite sandwich-filling. A prop man appeared at her dressing room door one day, looking so forlorn that her heart sank.

"What's wrong?" she breathed fearfully. "No baloney. Rationing." She didn't get it at first, then her laughter rang to the other end of the set. The prop man lived down. He now goes by the name of No-Baloney.

**danger, woman at work . . .**

Her interest in food at the moment is more than personal. As one of her contributions to the war effort, she's reclaiming a farm that in 30 years hasn't done a thing but sit in her back yard.

The place is in the Spring Valley, New York. Once it was headquarters for Mad Anthony Wayne. More recently Burgess Meredith owned it.

"Look," he told Paulette, "I'm going into the service. Either I just have to drop it or give it away. It's anything but a country estate, and all the Army pays, I can't afford it. Do you think you could do something with it?"

"Why not?" said Paulette, the indomitable. "If the Russians could do it with 90 billion acres, I ought to be able to do it with 5 acres."

She took the tool East, got a load of the place, then called on the head of the Farm Bureau for that region. Before leaving his office, he had her own personally by the precision and delicacy of the work. "I could do that. I'd love to do it. It's like knitting and needlepoint. I thought welders were strong-arm girls. They're just the opposite. What they do is sew the ship up.

**belly grinder . . .**

She pressed an impersonal, practical side of her new world and keeps the rest for herself. You don't catch Paulette talking about her emotions. (About the Chaplin kids, for instance, who come to the studio to see her. She had dinner with Charlie Jr., the night before he left for camp.) But sometimes you hear a story that brings a swift revealing glimpse of the other side.

In San Francisco she went as often as possible to the hospital where our wounded men are being nursed back to health. They liked seeing people, and she was moved by the fact that they felt happy to see her. "Polly" they called her.

That was on her first trip. "What can I bring you, boys?" she asked, "when I come back?"

It seems they wanted a belly-grinder, which was a new one on Polly. A belly-grinder, they explained, was a concertina.

Try getting a concertina today—yeah, try. You'd give up. Me, too. Not Paulette. Paulette would be in love with it. I'd lug it back without it. She turned the town upside down and bore back in triumph not a mere belly-grinder, but a big piano accordion like Phil Baker's.

In San Francisco she had to go right to work. "Will you see that this gets to the boys?" she asked a friend.

"Sure, but don't you want the fun of giving it to them yourself?"

"It's for their fun, not mine. What's the sense of keeping them waiting, so I can take bows?"

She's like the girl she played in "So Proudly We Roll," who whispered to Joan, "Don't tell Kansas I fainted."

"Don't tell anyone what goes on in here," her heart belongs to Paulette.
IS THERE ANYONE FINER?
(Continued from page 52)

Dinah had to attend a broadcast rehearsal, so George—who had not yet been inducted into the Army—drove her down to the station and swelled the ranks of directors, sponsors and fellow artists making up the audience. Dinah was scheduled to sing "I Said No."

The next evening George attended the regular broadcast and listened attentively. He thought Dinah sang "I Said No" better than it had ever been sung.

A week later, Dinah was scheduled to sing at an Army camp, so George went along. After her regular numbers, Dinah was heckled by the roaring khakis until she agreed to sing an encore: "I Said No." He said "No!"

Two weeks later, Dinah was to appear on "Command Performance" to sing...you guessed it. So that night, when a group of friends dropped in and begged Dinah to sing something, George arose to the occasion to announce, "There is just one request that I must make. Please, PLEASE don't sing 'I Said No.' I can't take it...not even ONCE more."

However, they did have fun together. Anyone could see that. On Sunday mornings, Dinah and her three apartment-mates invited George and three other men over for breakfast. Dinah baked southern biscuits while one of the girls scrambled eggs and a third fried bacon (if they had the points). George, who prides himself on having a chef's thumb, would prowl into the kitchen and allow himself to be put to work.

In the afternoon, George and Dinah would drive George's father and mother down to the movies. Then they would proceed to the riding stables from which the studio used to rent the horse George rode in Westerns.

Dinah practically grew up in a saddle—cavalry style. Then, when she was at the boarding school stage, she was sent to a fashionable school in New England where she was taught to ride an English saddle. She didn't like it. She suffered from a constant premonition that horse, saddle and topsoil were in a conspiracy to rob her of dignity and several square yards of important skin.

"You should ride Western saddle," George said with authority. "You'd feel perfectly secure."

She did. Thereafter she could scarcely wait from Sunday to Sunday for those long, brisk, sunny rides.

Sometimes, instead of going riding, they played tennis—a game at which George is disgustingly good. Week after week he would beat her in straight love sets, but one afternoon he seemed to be completely off his game. The tally began to read 6-4, 7-5. George rallied.

Afterward he said, "I very nearly let you lick me."

"Oh sure," observed Dinah in jeering tones, "Just you fence with me, and we'll see who gets outpointed. And if my better nature rears its ugly, head, suggesting that I let you defeat me, I'll cut it off. I'm going to beat you at something!"

"My reach is longer than yours," George proclaimed defensively. "I could give you a shingle haircut."

"Try. Try."

"We-ell. Some day." But he always managed to have some other activity planned when Dinah suggested fencing.

Dinah also decided that it would be easy to show her superiority in the swimming department, but she couldn't find a pool.

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SIX NEW COLOR-TRUE SHADES

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder
Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

LONG ENOUGH TO GET HER MASTERFUL AUSTRALIAN CRAWL FUNCTIONING AT FULL SPEED. MOST OF THE LOCAL POOLS ARE TOO SMALL FOR RACING, SO THEIR SQUAT COMPETITION USUALLY ENDS IN A FIRST CLASS WATER FIGHT WITH GEORGE HAVING THE ADVANTAGE BECAUSE HE COULD CATCH DINAH BY HER SHOES OF LONG AUBURN HAIR, AND SHE WAS VERY MUCH AT HIS MERCY. "THE FIRST TIME I'M GOING TO BE ABLE TO TRY WHEN THE WAR IS OVER," SHE WOULD SHOUT, TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THIS REVERSE SAMSON AND DELILAH ACT, "IS A BATHING CAP." "Lotta good that will do," spluttered George. "I'll just remove it,"

ONE SUNDAY THEY SHARE A NARROW ESCAPE, AND GEORGE LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT THE TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP OF GIRLS FROM NASHVILLE. THEY WERE DRIVING OUT TO THE RANCH OF A FRIEND, OVER A ROAD THAT HAD SPRUNG OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY WITHOUT TAKING ANY MACADAM CIVILIZATION WITH IT. IN SOME SPOTS IT SEEMED TO BE LITTLE MORE THAN A DOUBLE FOOTPATH CLINGING TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CLIFF WITH THE DETERMINATION OF AN IMPERVIOUS RELATIVE. GEORGE WASN'T DRIVING FAST, BUT SOME OF THE GRADES WERE SUCH THAT IT WAS HARD TO NEGOTIATE THEM. AS HE SWUNG AROUND A PARTICULARLY PRECIPITOUS CURVE, THE RIGHT FRONT TIRE BLEW OUT. IT IS A LUCKY THING GEORGE HAS THE MUSCLE OF A GENERAL SHERMAN TANK BECAUSE HIS CADILLAC IS HEAVY AND IT SEEMED TO HAVE B-17 AMBITIONS OVER THE CANYON.

ONCE THEY HAD STOPPED, GEORGE GOT OUT. HE EXTRACTED THE JACK FROM THE TURTLEBACK AND WENT TO WORK. THERE IS A LAW THAT NO JACK EVER FITS THE CAR NO ONE WOULD FIND IT. ESPECIALLY SINCE THE TIRE SHORTAGE.

"I'LL WALK BACK TO THAT LITTLE TOWN AND FIND A MECHANIC," VOLUNTEERED DINAH. GEORGE WAS SO ENGROSSED IN TRYING TO GET THE WHEELS OFF THE THINGOBOB THAT HE MAY NOT HAVE HEARD HER LEAVE. AT ANY RATE, DINAH TRUDGED THE SEVERAL LONG BLOCKS BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND CHECKED THREE FILLING STATIONS WITHOUT SUCCESS. SHE WAS FINALLY DIRECTED TO A SMALL GARAGE. FROM THERE SHE WENT TO THE MECHANIC'S HOME AND INTERRUPTED A FRIECASED CHICKEN DINNER. BUT SHE Brought HELP TO THE MOUNTAIN'S SIDE.

WHEN THEY WERE UNDER WAY AGAIN, GEORGE GLANCED OVER AT HER AND GRINNED. HIS SHIRT WAS A MOSAIC OF GREASE AND ROADSIDE DUST NICELY LACquered BY PERSPiration; HIS FACE WAS SHINING, HIS HAIR FELL FORWARD OVER HIS FOREHEAD AND HIS GENERAL ASPECT WAS EXTREMELY RUGGED. BUT HIS MOOD WAS BLISSFUL. "FOR SUCH A LITTLE TYKE, YOU'RE VERY HELPFUL," HE SAID. "THANKS."

WHEN, TOWARD THE END OF THE A-CARD PERIOD, THE CADILLAC WAS SHORT OF GASOLINE, GEORGE AND DINAH USUALLY TELLED AT HOME. THEY DOTE ON "ASK ME ANOTHER" GAMES, AT WHICH GEORGE IS SPECTACULARLY GOOD. HE CAN RATTLE OFF THE CAPITAL OF EACH STATE IN THE UNION; HE CAN TELL ALL YOU WILL EVER WANT TO KNOW ABOUT AMERICA, WHERE IT IS LOCATED, WHAT IT COST TO BUILD, HOW LONG IT WAS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AND HOW MUCH POWER IS GENERATED BY ITS LEASED WATERS.

HE KNOWS THE PRINCIPAL CROPS OF EVERY STATE, AND THE AGRICULTURAL PROBLEMS PECULIAR TO CERTAIN LOCALITIES. A GOOD DEAL OF THE TIME THESE MENTAL GYMNASTICS WERE JUST A PRELIMINARY TO GEORGE'S MAIN CONVERSATIONAL BOUT: A PROLONGED DESCRIPTION OF HIS RANCH IN MONTANA.

HEAVEN, MONTANA . . .


FROM ALASKA HE FREQUENTLY WRITES TO DINAH. "THE MOUNTAINS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD ARE GLORIOUS. ALMOST AS PRETTY AS OUR MONTANA MOUNTAINS."

IN ANOTHER LETTER HE WROTE, "THE CROPS

almost as fertile as montana."

WHEN DINAH ASKED HIM, "HEY, WHAT DOES MONTANA HAVE THAT TENNESSEE DOESN'T?" HE CONSIDERED THE SUBJECT GRAVELY.

"TELL YOU WHAT, HONEY," HE CAME BACK, DEADPAN, "SINCE YOU THINK SO HIGHLY OF TENNESSEE, I GUESS MONTANA CAN GIVE THE SOUTH A BREAK. IF YOUR RACE IS BAD, I'D DO A GOOD JOB OF FIGHTING, WHY I GUESS MONTANA WILL TAKE YOU INTO THE UNION A LITTLE LATER ON.

ONE EVENING THEY WERE ON THE WAY TO THE HOME OF A FRIEND WHEN SOME SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT AROSE. ANYONE WHO HAS EVER BEEN IN LOVE KNOWS HOW THOSE THINGS HAPPEN; ONE OR THE OTHER MAKES SOME TRIFLING REMARK THAT STRESSES A SOUR NOTE. THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PERSON CLEVERLY BACKS UP A SMOOTH AND THE BATTLE IS ON.

IN THE MIDST OF HOSTILITIES, THEY ARRIVED AT THEIR DESTINATION. GEORGE PARKED, SWITCHED OFF THE IGNITION AND TOOK DINAH IN TIME TO HEAR HER SUMMARY, "I MEET FOURTY THOUSAND SOLDIERS A YEAR. MOST OF THEM ARE VERY, VERY NICE. I CERTAINLY DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ANY NONSENSE FROM YOU.

GEORGE WHISTLED. "FORTY THOUSAND!" HE SAID IN THE TONE OF A MAN WHO HAS JUST BEEN TOLD THAT THE STRAW HAT IN THE WINDOW IS PRICED AT 80 DOLLARS.

THEY WHITE-LIE TO THEM LAUGHED. AFTER THIS JOYOUS INTERLUDE, GEORGE ASKED TENTATIVELY, "ARE WE ALL MADE UP?"

DINAH SAID THEY WERE. THEREUPON, THEY ESTABLISHED A RULE: THEY WOULD NEVER LEAVE THE CAR AT ANY TIME, NOR JOIN A GROUP, UNTIL ALL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THEM HAD BEEN PATCHED UP.

ABOUT THIS TIME EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD BEGAN TO ASK GEORGE AND DINAH HOW SOON

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

IT'S AWFULLY EASY AND MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF MONKEYS. BUT DO KEEP SCORE ACCURATELY IF YOU WANT AN IDEA OF YOUR STAR INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT. THE QUIZ OFFERS THREE-WORD CLUES, THE FIRST ON PAGE 80, THE SECOND ON PAGE 89. IF YOU CAN GUESS THE CHIEF CLUE, THE NAME OF THE ACTRESS OR ACTOR TO WHOM IT REFERS, SCORE YOURSELF 5 POINTS. IF YOU GET IT ON THE SECOND CLUE, GIVE YOURSELF 4. AND IF YOU MUST TURN TO THE THIRD CLUE BEFORE GUESSING THE NAME, SCORE YOURSELF 3. FOR YOUR TOTAL SCORE ADD UP ALL 20 INDIVIDUAL SCORES. 60 IS AVERAGE THIS MONTH. FOR THE ANSWERS, TURN TO PAGE 101, BUT DON'T LOOK BEFORE YOU'RE FINISHED. PEEKING SPIALS THE FUN.

QUIZ CLUES

SET 1
1. Jimmy Come Lately
2. Brooklyn beauty
3. Gunner with glammer
4. Is there anyone finish?
5. Monsters are the Cuzie People
6. Heady over Hannigan
7. Goggle-eyes
8. Writer-editor-critic-actor
9. Success at 8
10. Shed forelock
11. Little guy, big voice
12. Joe Yule, Jr.
13. Movie star's screen mate
14. Roanoke Romeo
15. 1943 Ford
16. Mrs. Smith
17. A smile is his umbrella
18. Cried in "Glitter"
19. No droop in a draper
20. Dr. Gillespie

(Next set of clues on page 80)

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you can not buy better.
"Ah-h—just ze kiss of ze hops"

Rare delicacy of flavor without sacrifice of true beer quality has made Schlitz a universal favorite with connoisseurs of fine beer. Brewed with just the kiss of the hops, Schlitz captures all of the delightful hop piquance with none of the bitterness.

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
As If You Were Bathed in Flowers

Your personality teases and thrills... when you're sweet all over with a fragrant veil of this enchanting talc. Lander's—the talc that feels so cool and creamy-soft on your skin! Lander's—the talc that's famous for its flower fragrance blends!

There's Lilac and Roses... like a haunting breath of romance from an old-fashioned garden. Or try Gardenia and Sweet Pea... a bit naughty but oh! so nice—for it's a fragrance that's both voluptuous and refined. And for you who want the tender lure and glamour of Spring itself, there's exquisite Sweet Pea to cast an innocently wicked spell!

These precious Talcs are scarce!
If you can't find your favorite fragrance... remember—any Lander Talc you can buy is an enchanting luxury and a 4 star value.

SOLD ONLY AT ALL 10¢ STORES
WIN A FUR COAT!

First Prize—a silky mink-dyed muskrat coat with rolled collar, turn-back cuffs.

1ST PRIZE ................. I. J. FOX FUR COAT
2ND PRIZE ................. $200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE ............... $1.00 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.

** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

HERE'S HOW: The picture puzzle this month is based on Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray's hilarious new comedy, "Standing Room Only". To work the puzzle, be sure to read the story of the movie on page 34 or you'll find yourself in a jam. Each picture in the puzzle represents a word or part of a word. Fill the words in on your coupon. The whole stanza fits the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." When you've filled in every word on your coupon, try singing it over to this tune. If it fits—maybe you'll be a winner!

RULES

1. Solve the picture puzzle on page 8.
2. Fill in your FULL name on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than April 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count, but do not send in elaborate entries. They will receive no preference.
7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this series. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

TURN TO PAGE 8 FOR THE "STANDING ROOM ONLY" PICTURE PUZZLE
they were going to fly to Las Vegas or Yuma. That pair were very glib in answ-ering. They said they had no intention of marrying until the war was over. George might be sent overseas; he didn't think it fair to marry a girl, then leave her.

Dinah's reason for a non-marriage romance for the duration was nostalgic. When she should become a widow, she wanted her father to announce the fact in the Nashville papers. Then she wanted all the usual brouhaha: the linen showers, the lingerie showers, the luncheons for the bridesmaids, the troussauds, tea, the wedding rehearsal, the white satin dress and the gracious, leisurely honey-moon. "That's for me," sighed Dinah.

For months, George had been stationed at a camp not far from Los Angeles; he was able to spend frequent week-ends in town. Then, in the fine Army fashion, he was sent, one morning, to Texas. He wrote to Dinah that he had time—which wasn't often—and he telephoned her whenever the lines were free.

It's all very well to be nonchalant about love and marriage when two persons can see each other almost any weekend, catch up on all the current gossip, have a lot of fun and return to duty refreshed and filled with memories. But when two weeks, three weeks, a month, two months roll by, and a set of loneliness simply aren't enough. A closer, warmer tie is essential.

When George was given his 14-day furlough, he descended upon Los Angeles with the P-38 heading back to base. He dropped his bags at his sister's apartment and went in search of Dinah.

Those 14 days were sheer bliss—plus! Every evening George and Dinah cooked dinner at Dinah's apartment. Sometimes a room-mate or two joined the fun, but much of the time the girls would be out on dates, so George was left to his own devices. One evening she was late in returning from a broadcast, so George had prepared the dinner without any assistance from the feminine touch. He had carved the roast beef (it had been proved points for weeks so as to be able to feed the man from Montana), he had made salad, he had washed the celery and prepared dessert.

"I was married George when Dinah exclaimed over his triumph. "They teach a guy in the Army."

After these dinners, it was understood that George would wash the dishes because Dinah had usually just had a manicure or was babying one that had to last until Thursday. She wielded the tea towel.

One night they had a discussion about the heavy gold signet ring that Dinah had given George for his birthday. Looking over some snapshots she had taken of him, she said, "You've got to stop wearing that ring. It pulls your arm down so much that when you stand at attention, your left shoulder is two inches higher than your right. Besides, you might catch it on something and wrench your finger."

"Maybe a smaller ring would be a good idea. A double ring ceremony band?"

Since he doesn't write, perhaps he doesn't like me as well as I thought he did.

Dinah forgot about her no-marriage declaration; she forgot about having her engagement announced in the Nashville papers; she forgot about the showers, the parties, the satin preparations. So, one November morning, she and George slipped away. They were married in a double ring ceremony that supplied George with a simple platinum band with which to supplant the signet ring, and which supplied Dinah with a matching circlet. Several weeks earlier George had ordered Dinah's engagement, a confection of gold and rubies, not yet finished.

"When I get my engagement ring," Dinah asked wistfully, "do you think it would be O.K. for Dad to announce our engagement—in the Nashville papers?"

"As soon as Tennessee is admitted to the Union," said George.

Less than a month after his marriage, George was again dispatched on a mission. Before he left, he bought two small Christmas trees, set one on each side of the fireplace and trimmed them. It was as much for Dinah as for himself.

Dinah's surprise for George's first married Christmas consisted of two bath-rooms, one rigidly functional for use in camp and one waffy one for use on furlough. Tampax Super, felt thousands of pins, and made it convenient to use as the time. Dinah's dressing will not be needed for the rest of time in Montana. Running cattle, raising wheat, participating in co-operatives and being able to talk things over and make plans for the future with a wife who can work with him, understanding and sympathizing with his aims.

When a friend of Dinah's asked, "Come Dinah, what would she and George do, she said without hesitation, "We'll live on the marriage allowance."

So it looks like real happiness ahead for Dinah and George Montgomery Letz.

---

When Al Jolson toured the puppet and palm-tree circuit here in Africa, he did a show for our outfit. After it was over, he kept busy autographing everything from official passes and copies of "Stars and Stripes" to letters from home. A great many of the latter. He held out his wrinkled 5-franc notes for Al to sign. Not having any French money on me, I handed him an American $10 bill.

"Look," he crinkled the ten-spot a moment and hesitated. He handed it back to me unsigned. "Son," he said, "my autograph isn't worth turning this much dough. Invest it in War Bonds." Then the Mammy singer reached into his own pocket, pulled out a crisp new five-franc bill and autographed it. He thrust it into my hands and grinned, "Here, sergeant, this is the house!"

Tech. Sgt. Buell R. Snyder
THE COLOR PICTURE
(Continued from page 60)

GREEN. With dark green wear the true reds or the reds with a blue undertone. For olive and chartreuse, choose from the yellow-red group.

PURPLE. For your purple and wine shades choose a harmonious purple-toned lipstick, rouge and polish.

BLUE. Give bright blue, French blue and medium blue extra emphasis with a blue-red lipstick. With navy the principal is one of contrast rather than harmony so wear your most flattering flaming red.

BROWN. All shades of brown take copper red, bronze and brown-y shades of nail, cheek and lip color. These browns are all in the deep yellow family.

BLACK. Again contrast is the keynote with black. Wear that bright, true red.

BEIGE. Brighten your beige costume with clear red or a tawny tangerine lacquer.

GREY. Show off grey with a flaming garnet or a bright blue-red color.

SUBTLE SUBTERFUGE. Lipstick color can be wondrous camouflage. Some actresses dote on two lipsticks in the same shade but of different intensities. The darker one is used to shadow and so decrease the apparent size of too-full lips. The lighter shade reflects the light and fills in where nature has not been generous.

SUBTLE SUBTERFUGE. The lipstick brush has become a practically indispensable tool for making the lip outline. Fill in the outline with a lipstick and carry the color well within the lips. You don't want a gorgeous smile ruined by lipstick "separatists!"

IN THE RED. About one night a week will be devoted to putting that same red on your fingers. These manicuring rituals are brief, but effective. Try a colorless aftercoat with your nail enamel, because it prevents chipping and injury. Keep that line-up of nail lacquer bottles in the best possible shape by adding a bit of nail polish thinner to each bottle. This will keep the polish from thickening, help to retain the original color and surprisingly enough will add a high sheen.

HUE HARMONY. Some psychologists insist that color has a lot to do with the way you feel. Yellow may make you feel bright and chipper, red—gay, and blue—cool. But if blue make you look like a combination of the best qualities of Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner, why we'd insist you wear it in the middle of December, in May, in short—all the time! Make some color your own. Have it tagged as Betty's blue or green or purple. Choose the color and shade that does the very most for you. Get an ensemble of makeup and matched accessories to go with it.

See Anne Baxter in "THE EVE OF ST. MARK" a 20th Century-Fox Picture.

"Royal Crown Cola Sure tastes best, I prefer it To the rest!"

says

ANNE
BAXTER

Royal Crown Cola means just one thing to lovely Anne—best taste! "I found that out in the famous cola taste-test," she says, "when I sampled leading colas in paper cups. Royal Crown Cola rated best with me!"

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!
Modern Screen
Pins a Badge on You

One day long before Connie Wienk, our art editor, left for the Army, he came clumping into the office with his big feet and put something down on Henry Malmgreen's desk. He didn't say anything—just smoked his cigarette too fast.

What it was, you see illustrated above. A simple, chaste symbol of MODERN SCREEN. Connie's own way of saying "Good-by. Think of me sometimes." Connie's overseas now. And his little design has become sort of a pledge between him and you and us. We promptly reproduced it on all our stationery. But we want to do more. We want to bring Connie's design actually to life in a fine piece of costume jewelry . . . either a really heart-stopping pin or, if you prefer, a charm to dangle swankily from a bracelet.

Swanky—and sweet, too. A sweet reminder of the good times we've all had together putting out MODERN SCREEN, reading it, writing each other letters.

But here's the catch. Unless we can order thousands of these pins at one time, the cost will be prohibitive, and we'll have to scrap the whole beautiful idea. We need your help. Won't you read the coupon below carefully, then fill out just ONE part of it and mail it in? If enough of these forms are filled out soon enough, we shall be able to have our MODERN SCREEN pin—our pledge to each other and to the swell kid who's overseas!

After writing in your name and address, see how many of your friends' names and addresses you can get. Heck, there's no Ltd. after our name. Why shouldn't they be part of our gang, too!

NOTE CAREFULLY! This coupon does NOT give you the MODERN SCREEN pin. It only tells us you'd like to have one. Please do not send any money. And remember—this doesn't obligate you in any way. Since we couldn't provide space here for the swarms of friends who'll probably be interested, please jot their names and addresses down on a separate sheet of paper and mail them with the coupon.

I would like the MODERN SCREEN pin absolutely free with a year's subscription ($1.50 for 12 issues) to MODERN SCREEN.

My name ___________________________ Address ___________________________

My friends __________________________ Address ___________________________

I would rather pay a small amount to cover clerical and mailing costs for the MODERN SCREEN pin without a subscription.

My name ___________________________ Address ___________________________

My friends __________________________ Address ___________________________

ADDRESS: MODERN SCREEN, Service Dept., 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you
Be Alert...and Alluring!

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

You needn't take off your attractiveness when you put on a uniform! That's a suggestion I pass along to you from the many women with whom a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is always "regulation."

Here, at last, is a lipstick that combines rich, natural coloring with a softness and smoothness of texture never before achieved. Whether you choose Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural...you can trust it to keep that satin-y sheen despite hours on duty in all kinds of weather!

And whether you're "on the alert"...or frankly alluring...don't forget to match your complexion with your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder and the companion rouge to your Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick!

TANGEE Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish

GET IN THE FIGHT—BUY A BOND TODAY
Add a touch of glamour to the beauty of your hair

Want your hair to look more lovely? It's easy if you know the trick—Listen closely and we'll tell you—How Colorinse will help you—QUICK!

Colorinse adds dancing highlights, Richer color, lustrous sheen, Helps hair look so bright and sparkling—Prettier than you've ever seen.

Start today—accent your beauty, Colorinse after each shampoo. You'll be thrilled beyond expression When Colorinse glorifies YOU!

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR A NESTLE OPALISTIC CREME WAVE.

Nestle COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes At beauty counters everywhere

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG
For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down—a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your coif in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢.

Nestle HAIRLAC

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'Tisn't every day that we give another mag a plug like this—but honestly, SCREEN ROMANCES is worth every bit of our lavish propaganda. We think it's so terrific that we want you to have a copy absolutely free. All you have to do to get it is fill in the following coupon and whip it off to us. If yours is among the first 500 to reach our desk, your FREE SCREEN ROMANCES will be in the mail in no time at all—and you'll love it. It's chuck full of stories of the latest movies. Be sure to send in your coupon by the 20th of February.

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

Swoon Boy (Frank Sinatra) Lovable Lug (Sonny Tufts) Standing Room Only
Lana Turner Life Story, Part II Is There Anyone Finer? (Montgomery-Shore)
Tall, Dark and Rugged The Boys Call Her "Polly" (Paulette Goddard)
(James Craig) (Peggy Ryan) Good News
Hep Kitten (Peggy Ryan) MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day with Lon McCallister

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 the order of preference.

My name is _____________________________.
My address is ___________________________.
I am ___________________________ years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Spanish word for wool and decided that the hand of coincidence works in funny ways.)

Mother had a hard time getting used to the name. She’d go round the house, muttering, “Lana, eat your spinach.” “Are you warm enough, Lana?” She’d introduce her to imaginary people. “Meet my daughter Lana.” “Lah-nal” she’d call. “La-nah!”

At last she got it. Now it startles her to hear old friends address Lana as Judy.

So the fan mags were right. Things like that did happen. Hollywood wasn’t just a town with a main street. The magic door had opened for the little girl from San Francisco. She was on the inside, looking out.

What delighted her most at the studio were Miss Horn and her dressing room. Miss Horn was such fun that for once school was almost a pleasure. And the dressing room was sort of a daring little cottage with a gay windowbox and a little porch you stepped up on and a little canopy over it, and every time you went in the little door, it was like playing house.

As for the picture, she took her cue from Mr. LeRoy. He didn’t seem to be worried, so she didn’t worry. He was kindness itself, never barked when she got things wrong. “Take it easy,” he’d say. So his calmness flowed into her.

* * *

Starry-eyed and decked out in a brand new beige outfit, she went to the preview with Henry Willson, Grandfather, who’d come to stay with them, was ill, so Mother couldn’t go. This was to be Lana’s first grown-up date. Henry was taking her out after the show.

Mother gave her an extra smack for good luck, “Phone me the minute the picture’s over.”

Talk to nine out of ten picture people, and they’ll tell you they hated the first sight of themselves on the screen. That’s how it was with Lana—only raised to the nth degree. As the film unrolled, she scooched lower and lower in her seat. All she could think was, “How’m I going to get out without anyone seeing me?”

“I don’t feel well,” she whispered to Henry just before the end. “D’you mind if we leave now?”

Outside, she couldn’t talk. If she talked, she’d bawl. “I’ve got to phone Mother.” In the phone booth she did bawl. “I was awful, simply awful, I’m coming right home.” Henry couldn’t dissuade her. By now she was beyond hiding her tears. “I just want to go home,” she wailed.

So home she went to sob in her mother’s arms.

“Oh, come on, honey, it couldn’t have been that bad.”

Which only started another fret. She spent the night turning her cooked pillow and blowing her nose.

In the morning Mervyn called her. She didn’t want to go to the phone, but Mother made her. “Whatever it is, sooner or later you’ll have to face it.”

“Seen the papers?” asked Mervyn. “Got a swelled head?”

“Yes, but not what you think. You mean the papers are good?”

“Sensational. Five years from now you’ll be the biggest star in town.”

For a minute, her aching forehead dropped into her palm. Then she looked up at mother. “This is the craziest business,” said Lana and thought she’d made an original discovery.

* * *

Starting at a gallop, the career slowed down to a jog. Lana didn’t fret. She was under personal contract to Mervyn, and Mervyn believed in making haste slowly. There were a couple of bits at Warners,

--

FRANCES DENNEY, world authority on Beauty says, “Your beauty can be compelling, unforgettable—if you choose the right shade of lipstick.”

MISS DENNEY’s superb lipstick adds an arresting dash of color that glorifies your Make-Up. Its smooth, creamy texture makes your lips luscious, inviting.

Distinguished women, everywhere, use FRANCES DENNEY Lipstick for day and night-time Make-Up. There is a choice of twelve “Unforgettable” shades ... at better stores in your city.
Step by step she climbed the M-G-M mountain, on whose peaks sat enthroned such dazzling as Garbo and Loy, Tracy and Shearer. Sometimes her eyes would widen in wonder. "Not long ago I thought I was lucky to be able to see them at a Friday night show. Now I'm playing on the same lot with them."

Step by step she climbed—from the adolescence of "Andy Hardy" through "Dr. Kildare" to the dawn of glamour in "Dancing Co-Ed." Nobody said very much, but she knew she was climbing. She'd be graduated from the back fitting-room to the middle. Then—"Mother, I'm in. They fitted me in the very front room today."

Then her new contract—the wonderful day that brought her heart's desire—the day she flew home and grabbed her mother's hands and laid a kiss in each palm and cried exultantly: "That's all, darling. They've done their last permanent. Never, never again."

"Two Girls on Broadway" marked the end of a chapter and the turning of a page. Impulsively she married Artie Shaw, whose fascination might have added an older head. Almost as swiftly, she discovered her mistake and brought their short-lived marriage to a close. The new page was called "Ziegfield Girl." They gave Lana the script four months ahead of time. "We're thinking of you for the part of Shelia."

She loved it from the first, though the part was small to begin with. "But I don't care, Mother," she wrote in her first big production picture. Look at the people in it—Judy Garland, Jimmy Stewart, Hedy Lamar. And Mrs. Turner's little girl gets to play opposite Stewart."

Every day there was something to report. "The sets are so beautiful. Even the shanty bar's got class."

"They gave me a lot of new dialogue today."

"Pop Leonard's no director, he's a wizard. He gets things out of me I never knew were there."

"The part's getting bigger and bigger. Oh Mother, I'm really walking on milk."

It came out the front office hadn't been sure she could do the tragic Shelia, so they started it small. She had Pop Leonard to thank for the rest. He kept feeding her more work as if she could take it, teaching, encouraging, giving her faith in herself because he had it.

Then he went to the front office and said, "Let me shoot the works on that kid, and you'll have a top star when the picture's done."

"They said, "Go ahead."

You'd have thought Lana'd lost her best friend when it finished. "I'll never love a picture so much. Oh Pop, can't we shoot it all over again?"

"Hold your hat honey," said Pop. "The fun's just beginning."

It was fun from that. Applause at the preview. People stopping her on the lot to shake hands. Fan mail pouring in. Her name just below Spencer Tracy's on the roster of M-G-M stars.

"Only look at that, Mother—pretend it's not exciting. But I've found out one thing. You don't make yourself a star. It's all the other people—your director and hairdresser and wardrobe woman—and the grips and the cameramen. It's all the people who put you on the back when you're nothing, and say, 'Keep the old chin up, kid. Your time'll come!' Don't let me forget that, Mother—" she smiled. "You're saying what you said when you got your first contract. "Don't let me go haywire, Mother—"

Lana thought the experience of "Ziegfield Girl" couldn't be topped. In a way, it over every year. But when they told her she was going to be paired in "Honky Tonk," with Gable, her knees gave way. "Don't mind me," she murmured. "It's—just—all this and Gable, too. And don't think I was kidding. How could you help being nervous playing with The King?—the guy you'd swooned over in your flapper days which, after all, hadn't been so long ago."

It was Clark himself who snapped her out of it. You couldn't go on being awed by someone who stood in so little awe of himself. "Relax, youngster," he'd grin. Or squeeze her in the ribs and say, "You feel better now?"

After one tough scene he gave her an approving wink. "You're doing it, kid." That sent her home in a glow.

"I guess it's all right," she sighed. "I guess I can be in the same room with him now without falling down—"

While she was making "Johnny Eager," she met tall, dark and handsome Stephen Crane. They were married a year later. At the beginning Stephen was just another of the same people. She'd see him around at parties. Little by little it began to be more than that, till the time came when they knew they were for each other.

They were determined to keep their love for themselves. It belonged to two people—Lana and Stephen—not to the newspapers, not to the world. Nobody ever saw them together in public places. If they did go out, it would be far away from the usual Hollywood haunts. They'd take long drives—this was before gas rationing—with Lana in a dark wig, a sailor suit and a baseball cap, Pop and Steve would come to her house—the lovely white house she'd just bought for Mother and herself, high on a hill, with a white picket fence around it. And through the open windows you could hear the records and plan.

Because they kept their counsel so well, the papers called it a spur-of-the-moment marriage. It was, on the contrary, carefully planned and carried out over a long period of time. In fact, Lana and Susan got married before their engagement was announced publicly. The couple was not seen together in public places for a long time after the wedding, and they only announced their engagement to the press a few months before the wedding day.

But on Friday morning the news leaked out. Hawkeyes saw Lana and Steve board...
they returned was mobbed, and there was nothing to do but push their way to the car Mother had waiting and drive home with her.

"They're planning a party at the Mocambo tonight," Mother said dryly. "With the bride on the cake done up in a sweater or something equally corny."

Lana looked at Steve, and Steve looked at Lana. Mother looked at them both.

"That's what I thought," she said.

So Lana packed some clothes and off they went to their apartment, where Steve's clothes had been packed for a couple of weeks. While the Mocambo quivered with expectancy that evening, wedding cake in the air, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Crane sat cosily in their car, dining at a drive-in on Wilshire.

They were crazy in love. Their happiness was shadowed only by the universal shadow of war. After a month they did the sensible thing—moved back to the house. Mother didn't urge it, but they knew she hated rattling around there all by herself. Besides, Steve would be called any minute now. Besides, Lana couldn't cook.

One October day she sat in a doctor's office, hands clenched to control their shaking. Like a metronome ticking in a storm, words beat against her whirling brain. "It can't be true, it can't be true, it can't be true..." She made herself say them, made herself try to believe them. "Don't let me hope," she prayed. "Don't let me hope and then be disappointed. I couldn't bear it—"

The doctor—a woman—returned from the laboratory, smiling. "It's not true," quivered Lana. "I'm not going to have a baby—?"

"It is true. You are going to have a baby."

Down went the shining head on the round young arms. "I can't help it," she blubbered. "It's what I've wanted all my life, and I just never thought I'd be that lucky."

She raced home to tell Steve. His mother happened to be in town on a visit. They agreed to break it to the prospective grannies together. But could Lana hold it? Don't be silly. The minute she saw Mother, out burst the news in all its glory. They told Mrs. Crane that night. The household went delirious in a quiet way.

"It's the top of everything," Lana cried. "I want to shout it to the world."

"Just whisper it," mother advised, "and the world will know."

Three months later she'd hardly have recognized the radiant girl of that evening in the white-faced figure on the hospital bed. In a more superstitious age, people would have said the gods were jealous of a joy too great. Being modern and civilized, we know the gods had nothing to do with it.

In all good faith Stephen had married, believing his divorce had gone through. The revelation that it hadn't, hit him harder, if possible, than it hit Lana. He could stand his own pain better than he could hers.

Came the forced annulment. In January, Lana was taken to the hospital, desperately ill. Through all the anguish, she'd been sustained by one thought. There was still the baby.

Now the doctor had just left. As gently as possible she'd said, "Lana, I'm afraid we can't save the baby."

Inside Lana's head, everything crashed. Through the blackness, terror crash-"�crossed like lightning flashes. Mother had all but died when she was born. Grand- mother had died. With a violence almost

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Diana Barrymore
Popular Hollywood Movie Star.
Lana's...Sweat...Private...horse...know, she boy—

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even if she could. They've got to be sure that if Cheryl decides she'd like to be a doctor, she can be a doctor.

Having a baby makes all the difference. Because, 18 years just meant you'd be 18 years older. "Now," says Lana, her face lighted by some magic from within, it means my daughter will be a young lady.

Her daughter has a lovely new seriousness and poise. She and Steve have come through heartbreak into the sunlight. They don't regret the past, because they've learned from it. But what new insights can the mother experience, if she could, they've got to be sure that if Cheryl decides she'd like to be a doctor, she can be a doctor.

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lets them walk to the store with her and help decide what he'll have for dinner. She’s swell to them, and they'd die for her. "No other gal in the world would be good enough for Frankie," is the consensus, and to show their devotion they've organized over 100 Nancy Sinatra fan clubs, more than most bona fide stars ever achieve.

You'd think they'd get in her hair once in a while, like if she were tired or busy or something, but they apparently don't. Nancy tries to explain it to people. "All I have to say is, ‘Gosh kids, Frank got in awful late last night. He’s trying to get some sleep, so would you mind whipping’? or ‘I'd appreciate it if you’d come back another day when I'm less frazzled.’ And they vanish. That’s the truth. No sulking or pleading. They simply disappear."

stardust ...

It's amazing. The whole phenomena of Frankie Sinatra is amazing, and no one is more ahead than he. Everytime he reads the raves in the press, he thinks, "Who, me?" For months after the kids took up squealing at his singing, he'd keep looking around for the other guy. "Jeeps," he'd think, "it can't be Sinatra." It's not that he underestimates himself. It's just that after five years of singing the same old way, it's kind of startling to have people stand up and cheer or fall down and swoon.

Five years is sort of a stretch to be singing at nobody in particular. You all know the story. How he started with Major Bowes. Then toured for a while and later got a job at the Rustic Cabin singing from seven to two nightly for $25 a week. Then came Harry James and Tommy Dorsey and the Paramount. It sounds swell when you say it fast, but it wasn't all laughs. They knew what it meant to be hungry, Frank and Nancy. Not just sort of, but really and truly. Every once in a while, Frank would be on the road with a show, and it would suddenly end, paying off not one dime. Nancy would be sitting home waiting for the check and keeping alive on a can of beans. No check Monday. No check Tuesday. Finally, Wednesday—air-mail special—a fin and a scrawl from Frank: "Got this washing dishes, honey. Wonder when the voice pays off."

More times than he can count he was tempted to skip the whole racket and go back to watching football games for the "Jersey Observer," but Nancy would have none of it. And in his heart of hearts neither would he. Little things kept him going. A couple of kids at the Rustic Cabin coming back night after night just to listen to him. A guy by the name of Hank Sanicola (now his personal manager) who played hot piano and thought Frank had something good. The look on the face of Harry James the first time he heard him sing.

Now, with the world on a string, he's sort of glad he stuck with it. The voice is paying off with interest. And what, one wonders, does he do with all the chips? Confidentally, he blows it in on women. Pandas as big as a house and bracelets and indigestible candy for the little one. For the mama Nancy, so many fur coats she occasionally thinks she's I. J. Fox Jewelry. Pocketbooks. Stuff. Last time she looked, she had a platina coat, a mink, a beaver, a lynx jacket, dozens of knockout rings and bracelets, a pocket book for every hour of every day. Everyday she opens the door, it's Frank with a package in his hands.

My work isn't slowed down by Absentee Hands!

Keep your hands smooth and comfortable ... Use HINDS before and after work... It protects your hands against ground-in grime. A HONEY of a lotion!

Before work—housework or factory work—always use Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Tests prove that dirt washes off faster ... hands wash up cleaner, whiter looking! Hinds skin softeners help guard against risk of irritation and "Absentee Hands."

After work—and after every washup—use Hinds again. Even one application comforts rough, tender hands ... gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look. Benefits skin abused by work or weather. On sale at toilet-goods counters.
“Not another pocketbook, sweetheart.”—Contritely, “Well, yeah, Mom. But open it. This one’s different.”

“Frankie, I love it. It’s beautiful. You’re an angel.”

“‘Take it back if you don’t like it.”

“I’m crazy for it, darling.”

“I’m crazy for you.” Now there’s a dame who has everything.

The gift-buying trick of Frank’s is nothing that’s popped up since he hit the dough.

Nancy can’t remember a night since they’ve been married that he hasn’t come in with something, no matter how tiny. A red comb from the five and dime or a couple of hair-ribbons. “Giving presents sends me,” he used to tell her. “With some guys it’s marijuana; with me, it’s Woolworth’s. I can’t help myself.”

Things to do—Frankie continually stymies her. What would you give a gent with a closeout of clothes, a snaky Fleetwood body Cadillac, a beautiful watch, and a million books—”You think of something, George,” she heckles George Evans, who’s one of his best friends as well as his press agent. George can always think of something. How about a good pencil? That guy never has a pencil. Or “Give him a decent cigarette case so’s he’s not always pushing that moth-eaten job in my face.” She’s given him a pan and pencil, a gold cigarette case, a gold belt buckle, cufflinks, an Atlas, and now she’s worrying over his next birthday. Already she’s after George. “Have you thought of anything? Obviously they’re sentimental as a pair of hearts on an old oak tree. They celebrate all sorts of secret anniversaries, but the best celebrations are the ones for nothing special. He’ll come home some night and say, “Let’s dance in New York to tonight on somebody I love you,” and by gad will they. Uptown, downtown, midtown. Winding up at six A.M. with breakfast at the Stork Club or at Toots Shor’s on 52nd Street. I’m crazy about Shor’s, in spite of the invariable greasing from Toots—“Hey, slug, you gotta hit if you want to hang around my joint. That being the prelude to much hand-shaking and passing of the bottle. He takes plenty kidding. The voice does, and we mean takes it. Grinning.

Out in Hollywood the crew at RKO had almost visible chips on their shoulders which were first-levelled for work on “Higher and Higher.” Their gals all had crushes on Frank, and personally they couldn’t see him. His first day on the set they were distinctly cool. Just like they thought he was, only a little squint. Nothing elaborate. “That’s Sinatra, they’d mutter among themselves. He sings. And then he did sing, and they thought, oh, gosh, he’s swell. And later in the day they began talking to him and discovered he was a nice guy. By the time the picture was finished, they were calling him “jerk” and “joe” just like he was one and a friend if they hadn’t started a new fan club.

**Blue at the Waldorf** . . .

It went like that all over Hollywood. The people who’d planned to reseat him like mad fell like two-ton bombs. There were the usual press and studio parties for him, but people didn’t have to give them at all did just because they liked him. And each night he’d phone Nancy to tell her about it. “I met Mickey Rooney last night, Mom. He’s swell egg, just like you’d think he’d be. Hey, know something? I miss you, Butch.” Or, “There was a party at the Ronnie Reagans today, honey. They have a cute little kid, Mad Gene’s only son, as he baby.” (Nancy Sandra is nearly four, but they can’t stop calling her the baby.) “How’s she doing? Should better be one or her egg isn’t good for a thing. If she has a cold, he’s sick. His voice is lousy. She had chickenpox while he was singing at the Waldorf, and for a couple of weeks he wasn’t the old swoon kid out his work so he could tear home and see if his baby’s temperature had gone down. When tonnells out oncav eago, Nancy didn’t tell him till it was all over. White-faced he heard the news—“Why didn’t you tell me, Mom?” he said hoarsely, like she’d just emerged from the valley of death.

And have you heard the song of ‘Embraceable You’ all over the Wedgwood Room? That crazy I haven’t gone—

He couldn’t get home from Hollywood fast enough, swell as it was from the mob scene at the Los Angeles station to the ovation by the servicemen at the Hollywood Canteen. Incredibly—and almost uniquely, in the entertainment field—he’s the kind who couldn’t wait to put his arms around Mom again and squeeze the breath out of his black-eyed daughter. All the way out to Hollywood Heights they were singing, “How’s Daddy? How’s Tony? Folks okay?” “Gee, are they enlarging the A and P again?” “Listen, quiz kid.” Nancy got in finally. “We want to hear about you. Did you see Gary Cooper?” “Yeah, what’s it to you? Oh boy, the house looks good. What’s that beautiful smell?”

**Sunday, Monday and Always . . .**

“Spaghetti, naturally.”

He moved his chair further back to where it used to be and flopped in it with Nancy Sandra perched on his shoulders, there to remain till somebody forcibly removed her. The effect is very much the way George Evans describes it. You can’t tell if you couldn’t happen, you think that kid was part of his back.

In due time the gang began pouring in to welcome him, and by supper time everything was the way it was supposed to be normal with the seven cronies fighting like cats and dogs over which town in Italy the Fifth Army was in that day. The seven include Frankie, of course, who’s his music mentor, Mannie Sachs, recording chief for Columbia Records; Milton Axst, a Philadelphia manufacturer; George; Hank Saniola; and his cousin, also called Frank, who’s the jack-of-all-trades of the set-up, a combination chauffeur, handyman and doer of odd jobs. He gets spells of feeling very unworthy of his name. “Look, cuzz,” he keeps saying. “I’m not a mugging and—” Frankie shuts him up right there.

“We’re a couple of mugs, so what?” So nothing, till the next time. The gang calls him gravel. He’s one of the members of the clique. Junior’s a fast man with a joke. Hank is the serious one. Frankie’s the current events expert. He knows what cooks. He creates every hour of the day. Keeps enormous maps in his den with the progress of American troops marked on them with pins.

That night, like almost every night, they sat up till all hours fighting their battles, arguing. Was James better than Goodman? Would Louis still be tops after the war? Would Germany be defeated this spring? Or almost every night they lost their tempers, especially if they lost their humor. Senior doesn’t lose his so much anymore. Not with his friends at least. This past year he’s lost it publicly just twice, but a lot of people won’t forget what he said when it was mad.

One of the times he was driving through Central Park with George en route to singing at the Flag Day celebration. Some kids saw him, and pretty soon dozens of
them were swarming over the running board and sticking their heads in the window. “Hi, Frankie—”

“Hi, kids. Better watch it, you might get hurt.” Before they could disband, the cab driver grabbed one of them and smacked him. Frank got out of the car, those wild eyes of his blazing. “Look, Mac,” he told him, “that kid didn’t do anything.” The driver gave the kid another good hefty shove, whereupon Frank hauled off and socked him. Sure it was a crazy thing to do—they can jug you for less—but none of the other kids standing around lifted a finger, and the kids just screamed their thanks.

“I’d skip that kind of stuff if I were you.” George said quietly, after they’d started off again.

“Yeah? Well I wouldn’t. They can’t push those kids around.” Since then, they haven’t.

He’s funny that way...

The second time he got mad, it was a beautiful thing to see. It happened at the Waldorf’s Wedgewood Room toward the end of his show one night. He was singing “She’s Funny That Way,” and the lights were low, and everyone was quiet—except this one ringside table. There was much chuckling and chatter, and finally one of the men said quite audibly, “You stink.”

Frank asked for some lights, and he walked across the floor to the table. His gang sitting on the other side of the room looked at each other and were scared of what was coming. “This’ll look good in the tabloids,” Ruggles whispered to Hank.

“I’m a Hoboken boy myself,” Frankie told the table of white ties and decolleté gowns, “and in Hoboken we have a name for guys who take shots in the dark. Here at the Waldorf, I guess they’d call them cowards. Where I come from we call them yellow-bellies. Now that we’ve got some lights on, I wonder if you’d say that again.”

The men at the table were looking at their plates, and no one said a word. Frankie just stood there, a slim boy with a damp lock of hair over his forehead, and gave them time to think. “Look, gentlemen,” he went on quietly, “you don’t like Sinatra. Okay, plenty of people don’t. They go hear Dwight Fiske or Benny Goodman or someone they like. They’re not stupid enough to come in here and pay their good money to be bored. But most of these folks came in here tonight to be entertained, and I’m doing my job as well as I can. They pay me a lot of money for singing here, enough so that I could buy and sell this whole table, but not enough to make me take cracks from hecklers.” He was a little bit out of breath, and there was a thin white line around his mouth as he finished. Nobody at that table had anything to say, but hell broke loose in the rest of the room. It was Armistice Day and New Year’s Eve and the home team making a touchdown with seconds to go all rolled into one. For ten good minutes they cheered, and the gang at the table across the room breathed again.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

At the opening of a Hollywood Cavalcade show in Pittsburgh, Paul Henreid, graciously thanked everyone for the reception accorded him, and then, much to his horror and ours, he said, “Yes, Philadelphia is a wonderful city!”

Joan Hester,
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Here’s Movieland’s new, thrilling make-up to give you instant glamour! Now you can veil tiny blemishes—make yourself more alluring just as so many Hollywood beauties do. No heavy “masked” effect—no skin-drying risk with TAYTON’S CAKE MAKE-UP.

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★ Shades tested in daylight, in artificial light and with Technicolor movie films assure the most flattering result. So be sure you get TAYTON’S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP, in the shade that’s perfect for you. At your favorite 10c counter.

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Bonita Granville
needn't have taken it that way. They might have boomed him off the floor. "That darned kid," said George proudly.

Normally, he's a sweet, good-natured kid, eternally patient with the autograph-demanding fans, even with ones who pull his handkerchiefs out of his pocket or yank buttons off his clothes. "You can buy new clothes," he says, "but you can't buy that." "That" being the kids' devotion. Which brings us back to the kids again. After all, it's their fabulous attendance at his shows that'll gross him a million bucks in 1944.

Here are the facts. There are over 1,000 fan clubs in his honor and he receives 3,000 fan letters each week. Everywhere he goes, Boston, Pittsburgh, New York, he's mobbed. Take Boston. When Frank landed at the Back Bay Station at 5:45, December first, the kids almost tore the place down. They blew their all on cab fare trailing him to the Copley-Plaza. They waited patiently till he got through a press conference. Every morning for a week they began lining up at 6 A.M. outside the theater where he sang Popular? He's the biggest thing since Mickey Mouse.

How come? Well, you have to actually see and hear him to get it. You miss a lot on the radio and on records, but in the flesh it mows you down. Part of it is the "bend" in his voice, like when he makes about three syllables out of the "you" in "Embraceable You." The rest of it is the glint in his eyes, the shy delivery—oh heck, you can't describe it. There's no name for it, because it's never happened before.

The most unsurprised person about it all is wife Nancy. She knew it would happen. Just didn't know when. So proud of him she can't see, she covers it up by joshingly calling him "you big celebrity" intermittently with "swoon boy." Neither of them have taken it big. Their house isn't even slightly plush. Interviewers are always asking what period it's done in, and Frankie just gapes at them. "Gosh, it's just a house," he says. "Brick and fieldstone. And inside, it's—well, chintzy and stuff." After they've gone he mutters, "Period, hell. That stuff bores him stiff.

Frankie and Nancy continue to live like an average middle class couple. The things that mean happiness to both of them would still be around if he were making 50 bucks a week. The house, the kid, his gun collection, their famous spaghetti parties, the plans for the new baby. (Still unborn as we go to press, but definitely a boy according to Frankie. His wife cautiously calls it "It," but Pop calls it either "Francis Sinatra, Jr." or "My Son.")

There's just one thorn in the whole swell set-up, and that's his draft classification. It's not that he's not glad that he'll be home with his family. He can't even kid about that, it's so wonderful. It's just that sometimes he feels so damn fultile in his tweed jacket and bow tie, when there's a lot of spare khaki around. It's just that sometimes he'll see a sailor with a string of campaign ribbons but minus an arm, and he won't want to look him in the eye.

The gang ribbed him about it at first, "punctured ear drum, eh?" But "Too much Sinatra, that's what." For once, no come-back. Just, "Aw shut up will you?" That wasn't like Frankie. The kid was low.

He may be 1-F in the book, but he's still 1-A in the girls' hearts. By actual count, one out of every third female is a fan. You only hear about the spectacular ones, but there are thousands more blushing unknowns. Like the little WAVE at Hung-
ter, where he sang not long ago. After he'd finished, she turned woozily to her chum and said, "I'm not the swoony type, but if I were, boy, would I!"

Boy, us too.
stay and have dinner with us?" invited the lady of the house, warmly, and Sonny grinned, "Sure!"

By the time they left late that night, the total and slightly hostile strangers were bosom pals and calling each other by their first names!

The funny part is—Sonny Tufts, by all rights, should and could be as snooty as Mrs. Astor, because he's from one of those fresh-off-the-Mayflower Boston families who can talk to the Cabots and Lodges and God, too, any day around his home diggin's. His Boston Brahmin ancestors landed in 1638 and founded Tufts College, and there's been a male Tufts in Harvard almost every generation since old John H. founded the joint. But Bowen Charleston, III, is a blue-blooded rebel—a friendly, democratic guy who gave Back Bay the back of his hand, socially speaking, years ago and will still have no truck with the social zoot-snoot, in any shape or form. In fact, he adores to boob it.

palatial motel . . .

Like the time a few weeks ago when he and Barbara were camping in a motel down Malibu way, and Sonny took his nightly stroll up the Coast highway to a roadhouse to swill a friendly beer with his pal the barkeeper. At the bar, he ran into a group of visiting Easterners who recognized him at once and cornered him with a barrage of broad A's and veddy, veddy high-toned talk until the atmosphere became very enervating.

They played "Do You Know" all around the bluebook names of Boston and finally asked Sonny where in the world he was staying in this—er—outlandish—er—queer—er—frightful place, Hollywood.

"Oh, right down the road," said Sonny, "at the estate of a rich friend of mine!"

The eyebrows went up as he described it. "Magnificent place . . . acres and acres of ground—dozens of rooms, scads of servants . . . vast swimming pool. We occupy the West wing, off the North gate . . . Place is always chock-full of guests . . . really top-hole, old school.

At that, the socially impressed Bostonians' eyes popped, and Sonny could tell they were simply dripping to get a gander at this princely estate where he lolled in luxury. He revealed that they should. So when they offered to give him a lift home, he accepted warmly, and when they pulled up beside a glaring neon sign that shouted "Malibu Motel," he hopped out nimbly. "This is it!" he said. "A magnificent place, isn't it? Look at that pool!"

He pointed to the Pacific Ocean. "All those rooms. (The cabins.) Well, I'm off to the West Wing. Always full of guests. Always full. Ho-ho. Well, good night, good night."

He didn't look back, but Sonny thinks they finally got the car into gear and the heck out of there. They didn't say much of anything, though.

Sonny's such a big, good-natured kid himself that he can't imagine anyone getting mad at a prank like that. He's taken an awful beating himself, by the way, since he came to Hollywood, chiefly because no one can get his goat, and as a result he has expanded his friends in every direction.

Sonny has never made any bones about the fact that he's green as grass in movie savvy, and he pestered Paulette Goddard so much on the "I Love a Soldier" set about how to do this and that, that Paulette finally hung up a sign on her dressing room, "Information Bureau for Sonny"

"THANKS FOR THE USE OF THE PEN, TEX. MINE'S GONE SLAP-HAPPY AGAIN."

"ARE YOU TRYING TO SPOIL A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP? FILL YOUR PEN WITH PARKER QUINK AND KEEP IT ON THE BEAM. THAT SOLV-X REALLY WORKS!"

TOP QUALITY PENS RUNNING SHORT!

Quink with solv-x protects pens... keeps them writing!

"First-choice" fountain pens have been curtailed in production by Government order. Repair parts, too, are scarce.

If your pen fails now, it may not be repaired or replaced for the duration. Take this measure to give your pen the protection it deserves: flush and fill it with Parker Quink containing solv-x, an exclusive Parker discovery.

Solv-x safeguards your pen in these 5 important ways: 1. Ends all gumming and clogging. 2. Prevents metal corrosion and deterioration of rubber always caused by highly acid inks. 3. Dissolves sediment left by inferior inks. 4. Cleans your pen as it writes. 5. Assures quick starting and even flow.

Get a bottle of Parker Quink today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., and Toronto, Canada.

Tufts.” When he was making “Government Girl” at RKO with Olivia de Havilland, Sonny was slumped in a chair on the set one day reading a Hollywood newspaper column. Suddenly he whistled. “It says here,” read Sonny, “that Alan Ladd gets 7000 fan letters a week! Don’t you think,” he asked guilelessly, “that’s a little exaggerated?”

Olivea picked it right up. “Now don’t you get worried, Sonny,” she soothed, in a motherly tone, made for small boys. “One of these days, you’ll get 7000 fan letters a week, too.”

“Aaw, now” Sonny grinned, but Olivia kept on kidding the gag along. And that afternoon in popped a Western Union messenger boy yelling for Mister Sonny Tufts. Sonny had forgotten and about the morning kidding.

“I got some mail for you!” said the messenger boy.

“Okay,” smiled Sonny, “just bring it in here.”

“You mean—” cried the boy, “the whole truck load?”

“Truck load,” gasped Sonny. Then he caught on when the cast all laughed. But he didn’t even blush or stammer. He just joined right in with laugh, typically Tufts “Ho—ho—ho—ho—.”

laughing boy...

A big six foot four, 200-pounder could get mighty mad and rough up the place very often if he had a touchy temper around Hollywood. But Sonny has that easy-going, unrefined disposition that’s made in Heaven and tailored to be a laugh target. When he was living in the Malibu auto court, the studio called him one day, and the confused court manager said, “No, Miss Tufts isn’t here—she’s just left.” They ragged him about that “she” stuff for days, but Sonny didn’t even get halfway het up about it.

One of the funniest tales they tell on Tufts, for my money, though, was his first screen test at Paramount, the one that landed him his break in “So Proudly We Hail.” Remember, nobody in Hollywood knew Sonny Tufts from Adam when he came out. He was looking for Hollywood fame, but Hollywood definitely wasn’t looking back. A rich Eastern friend staked him to expenses, and another pal said he’d introduce him to the studios.

How Sonny ever got any attention at all is a small miracle because this last pal simply shoved him into the office of the Paramount casting director and said “He wants to be in the movies”—like that. Ordinarily, they’d have called the studio cops, but Joe Egli refrained because something made him look twice at Sonny—and he’s right glad something did. Yes, indeed.

Anyway, even if he looked good, they just couldn’t hand a raw beginner a big league part in a big league picture without taking a few feet of test film. So Mark Sandrich, the director, led Sonny on to the test stage and indicated a stack of standard test scripts.

“You know what you can do best, Tuffs,” he said. “Pick something out, and we’ll do it.” Sonny riffled through the scripts. He wanted something funny because he figured comedy was his strong point. He tossed the test on the set, except Sonny, looked a little baffled. But he was laughing along with it and having the time of his life. The next day Mark Sandrich ran off the result. When it was over, Sandrich took a deep breath.

“Well,” he exploded, “if this guy is serious, he’s the greatest ham ever born. But if he’s not—he’s a really marvelous boy.”
Only after Sonny was all signed up, did they tell him that the “comedy” part he’d picked for his test was just the tenderest, most touching love scene that Charles Boyer had made with Irene Dunne in “Love Affair!”

Pointing that out to a real ham would be like waving red flannels at a Spanish bull. But to Sonny it’s funny. Even funnier than usual—because the joke’s on him.

Maybe because Sonny Tufts doesn’t take himself too, too seriously is the reason he has such a golden disposition and such a swell time out of life. Ever since he came to Hollywood, a lot of things that would completely throw the average pouty Hollywood star hasn’t bothered him one bit—for instance, the housing situation. Sonny arrived just when spare living quarters vanished; that’s why he bunked around in auto courts. He did try this swanky Beverly Hills hotel for a while, but it made him uncomfortable, especially since then he wasn’t earning any sugar. But when he said he had a marvelous place to live at Malibu, he wasn’t altogether kidding the Eastern swells. He really enjoyed it, because a guy like Sonny can enjoy almost anything.

mistaken identity...

For one thing, he goggle-fished and swam in the Pacific every day, hiked in the Malibu Hills and rigged up his old racing bike, so it would make 40 miles per hour and pumped it back and forth from Hollywood—a 20-mile round trip. That, by the way, was while he was making “So Proudly We Hail,” and of course for the Batamnese scenes he had to let his hair grow and sprout a beard. Wheeling back and forth in the sun, stripped down to shorts, he got tanned as a football, and once a lady tourist stopped him on Sunset Boulevard and inquired, “Mister—are you this Peter the Hermit I’ve read about?”

The Tufts live now in a small 2-bedroom house in Bel-Air, but they still haven’t a telephone. The house they finally found is one of those decorator’s gems, owned by an arty gentleman who went in for classic decorations. At first Barbara, Sonny’s wife, balked when she saw all the marble busts and statues parked around. “Oh no,” she protested. “Sonny couldn’t live here. Why he’s always knocking things over. He’ll ruin the place.” They finally agreed to store most of the objects of art away. Now only two busts are around, and Sonny hasn’t busted either one—yet—although he grabbed one the other night just as it was tottering.

Barbara looks after the care and feeding of Sonny, and she’s another authority that Sonny has the world’s best disposition. Hers is pretty good itself. She was well along in an interpretative dancing career when she became Mrs. Tufts. From that minute, though, she decided Sonny was going to be the only career person in the Tufts family. Now Barbara doesn’t do anything except keep house and be Mrs. Tufts, which is a job she says she likes a lot.

Barbara, tall, dark and Spanish looking, is a Fresno, California girl (Barbara Dare), who met Sonny in a New York show. Her best friend introduced her to Sonny, and her best friend was Sonny’s best girl. So they got engaged right away. And typically, both she and Sonny are still good friends of the girl who lost out!

There aren’t any children in the Tufts household, but there’s a macaw named “Waca” who’s just about as much trouble. Barbara found “Waca” down in Mexico on a trip before she met Sonny. He’s a beauty and is supposed to live to be a hundred years, and be worth $150, although Barbara got him for $5.

You might possibly be getting the idea, along about now, that Sonny Tufts is an

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amiable young gentleman to whom almost anything can happen, and often does. If so, you've caught him right on the button. Nobody in Hollywood can be as relaxed about himself, complexless and as frank about his foibles and failings, either. If he weren't so darned honest, one of those movie superstars' legends couldn't be rolling right along by now. But Sonny happily squashes everything an ardent press agent dreams up about him.

**bench-ridden tackle**

For instance, somebody tagged him an "All-American at Yale." "Ho-ho" laughed Tufts when he heard that. The truth was, he allows, that fellow, Adam Smith, once called him "the best waiting tackle in college football"—because he was always waiting around on the bench to get in the game. Fact is, SonnyTufts was just fair—oh well—really just very good at football. Somebody else once tagged Sonny as a "college rowing champ." Well, he did row—shell and single sculls—and wear a Highway Haircut, too. This outfit was the third team—not the Varsity—he'll point out to you, if you give him half a chance. Sonny Tufts was a persistent, if not brilliant athlete all through Phillips-Exeter Academy and Yale. (He crossed the campus to the family by picking Yale instead of Harvard, just to be different—and it so surprised the dean at Yale that he cried, "What are you doing here?" when he saw a Tufts on his roster.) In fact, Sonny Tufts got so fed up with organized sports that the only things he's not allergic to today are swimming, skating, biking and such unorthodox events. But Sonny wasn't after a whimsy, and when he volunteres that information, you want to hand the guy a Carnegie medal or something!

Another thing he'll break down at the drop of a hat is the idea that he is a Horatio Alger go-getter, who has been rowing his own canoe since he was in knee pants. "Gosh," says Sonny, "if my Dad hadn't been a wealthy banker, I guess I'd still be it. It's true he used to wander all over in the summer time aboard cruise steamers with college bands he organized. But there was usually a time when Papa was too sick to head a quick cable and come through with some cash. Only once did the cable rescue treatment fail. That was when Sonny missed his boat in Naples, missed it again in Cannes, again at Barcelona, and finally at Lisbon. He didn't want his family to know he was that dumb. Also the time he dropped 80 hard earned smacks at Monte Carlo and was ashamed to hit the family for what was obviously a chunk. Well, those times he came back to Boston as a "workaway" which is just one step above a stowaway, the difference being they pay you a cent a month and don't toss you in the clink when you dock.

To this day, Sonny cheerfully admits he doesn't yet know the value of money and is inclined to spend it as fast as he makes it, that he's also quick to point out that this isn't his family's fault. Although wealthy, Tufts, Senior, did the best he could to make Sonny learn the value of a dollar. For instance, when Sonny decided to be an opera singer and study in Paris, his Dad came through with all expenses—except one item. He insisted that Sonny had to do something to help himself, so he decided he'd have to work his way through the Sorbon and Sonny obliged. Even as a kid, while he had plenty of squander money in his trousers, Sonny always had to pick dandelions, mow the lawn or wash through the motions of earning a little. Once, after he'd grown up, too, and was in college, his Pop tried to teach him a business lesson. That was when Sonny booked one of his dance bands into a big hotel, then Terribly forgot all about following up on the deal. When he finally called around he found some other smart operator had walked right in and got the job. "Let this be a lesson to you" said his Dad. "You can't get anywhere unless you attend to business." "I can get another hotel easy," boasted Sonny.

"Yep," said his Dad, "no doubt. But you're going to spend the summer selling to boxes. I've already got the job. Maybe a real job will teach you something about what it means to earn a dollar."

**de-icer**

Well, believe it or not, Sonny actually got himself into a go-getter salesman Sam mood. He took on a lean district in the refrigerator sales. He had no car. He canvassed house-to-house. It was in the depth of the Big Depression. And he sold more darned ice boxes than the other 100 salesmen the company had and won a prize for it. He'd got the loving cup to prove it. Only when he regards it now, he winces slightly. He came through—but he didn't really learn the lesson his father wanted him to. Selling wasn't tough for Sonny with his personality, it was fun. He still doesn't know what is it to earn a tough dollar—and he admits charmingly he doesn't want to find out.

Poor Sonny! He's this much a terrible businessman that Barbara handles all the money affairs. She has to watch Sonny on various items because he still can't figure out what he needs and what he doesn't want. What money has to do with it. Right before he came out to crash Hollywood (and he did), Sonny went in for a swoop of Benham tailored suits. He just couldn't have a moment of it. There were eight of them, to be exact, and so far he's worn a couple of them about twice. They never had a thing to do with crashing Hollywood, by the way.

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This month’s prize-winning letter:

I used to wonder how a $150 secretary who lived alone and sent money home could book itself into the 10% bracket? I was already giving $7.50 per month vacation money. But one day a brain wave struck. What about my monthly rent? Why not that? Finding a suitable room convenient to my office required patience, but finally I succeeded.

"You're happy now," the voice seemed to say. "You're going to miss all the nice things you're used to." But that voice was weak. I hardly heard it at all because I was thinking of how brave sailors and Marines were giving up . . . and how good it would be to have them home again.

Elizabeth Forbes,  
Chicago, III.
Then when he went back to New York to appear with "So Proudly We Hail," he figured that success ought to let him splurge a little. So he took a dozen silk pajamas at Sulka's, and what that bit him for was scandalous. So far, he hasn't had a pair on, either—sleeps, as usual, in an old T-shirt—and no bottoms.

The truth is, that all Sonny really cares about—or has for more years than he realizes—is entertaining people. At Exeter and Yale he took all sorts of weighty subjects—majored in anthropology and Greek. But the Sonny Tufts legend that still lingers around New Haven has little to do with scholastic honors. They remember Sonny, I suspect, mainly for his funny business on the comix magazine, the Record, his four or five dance bands, the glee club—and the crew and football and athletic stuff—all of which college pros are wont to call "extra-curricular activities."

It really started long before that, Sonny suspects. Because he can remember being taken as a mere brat to a matinee in Boston by his dad. When they walked out, Sonny blinked into the sunlight and spoke up.

"Would you mind if I did that when I grow up for a living?"

"Do what?"

"Act on the stage—entertain people."

He remembers his father's face when he considered it gravely. Everybody knew he wanted Sonny to follow him in the investment business.

"N-no," he finally said. "Not if you were good."

Sonny never forgot that, and there was a time when he took it so seriously as to train for an operatic career. That was after he met Tito Schipa on one of his twenty-odd Atlantic crossings. That was also the famous time when he checked his drums at Grand Central Station before he hopped a train to Boston and tore up the claim check, just so he wouldn't fall back into what was easy. Fortunately Sonny realized his operatic limitations early, and today mostly when he retains of the operatic studies in Paris are his love for French customs and cooking (he's a real gourmet in the food department and a connoisseur of wines, and if he could afford it, all he'd drink would be champagne). He can still rattle off opera tunes, though, and when any music critic sounds him out, as a San Francisco newspaper interviewer did when he was making "I Love a Soldier" there on location, Sonny can toss big music and opera stars and arias back and forth with the greatest of ease.

But the lighter forms of music and entertainment are his meat, as he realized quite a while ago. And he doesn't look on these as hard work. In fact, whether he be alone on a camera or not, Sonny is usually giving out some of his famous impersonations (a pip is his idea of the difference between a Yale, a Princeton and a Harvard man) or doodling on some musical instrument that's handy. He can play them all, trumpet, trombone, sax, drums, piano. When he and Barbara lived on 52nd Street in his New York night club days, Sonny just couldn't make it to bed before four or five A.M. There were so many jam and jive joints handy. He'd barge in the Famous Door or the Onyx, Jimmy Ryan's or some place, and whatever hot leader was there, Stu Smith or Count Basie or somebody would yell, "Hello, theah, Sonny Boy—come sit in!" So Sonny would sing and play all for free until they swept him out. He just likes to work, when the work is entertainment.

Hollywood doesn't afford such temples of tempo, which is a good reason why Sonny and Barbara haven't paid much mind to Hollywood night life. Another good reason why is that Sonny is busier than a tailgate trombonist in a circus parade since he clicked so terrifically. But when they have an evening with friends, nobody sits around playing cards or parlor games. Somebody is always singing, telling jokes, playing or acting up. And pretty often that somebody is Sonny. Of course he sings in the shower.

This Christmas, too, he and bought himself a present—a set of drums. It was Sonny's idea; but Barbara heartily approved. Sonny was taking out his natural rhythm on the chairs and tables, rapping and hitting...
Hands Chapped?

Here's not only soothing relief
... but faster healing

Extra work these days! See how quickly Medicated Noxzema helps heal weather-beaten hands and chapped lips.

Scores of war workers write praising Noxzema: it's so grand for work-roughened, irritated, chapped hands.

Nurses were among the first to discover how grand Noxzema is for chapped, rough hands. Actual tests show it does more than soothe the irritated skin; it helps heal the tiny cracks — often shows definite improvement in 24 hours! Try Noxzema for your hands! At all drug counters. 35¢, 50¢ and $1.

War is tough on hands! Servicemen swear by Noxzema — it brings such quick, soothing relief, helps heal painfully cracked, chapped skin.

Keep a jar of Noxzema in the kitchen. See how quickly it cools, soothes, relieves the pain of minor burns, promotes faster healing, too.

War is tough on hands! Servicemen swear by Noxzema — it brings such quick, soothing relief, helps heal painfully cracked, chapped skin.

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expensive crystal with spoons and such. She thought a set of drums would be safer.

Barbara calls Sonny "Bambi," because once in his night club days he had a comic Bambi number. What Sonny would do without calm and capable Barbara, Heaven only knows. Besides managing his business affairs, she coaches him on all lines and rehearses with him at home.

She wakes him up in the morning and gets him off. Once lately when Barbara was sick with a cold he snored till almost noon when he was supposed to be at work. They presented him with a mammoth Big Ben alarm clock on the set next day and they weren't kidding.

Usually an icy shower — the only kind he ever takes — snaps Sonny wide awake and up and at 'em. The busy program Paramount has cooked up for him is enough, Sonny thinks, to keep him from getting fat, even if he is hovering around the thirty-year mark, when athletes tend to let it go. He likes to get a second or two when they give him a day off, but when he does, it seems he manages to get banged up.

The other day he had a brief vacation, and he took his bike out on the highway and started racing Homobiles. It was easy, because he can tear around at 40-miles per hour on it, and cars are supposed to keep down around 35 these war days. But he got hold of a scoff-law speeder who cut him off right up to 50, and trying to handle him shot Sonny off into the dirt in a header. He arrived bandaged up like a walking first aid lesson at Paramount.

In fact, it's his talent for almost getting himself killed, that keeps Sonny Tufts in Hollywood today. He's out of all possible Army service along with the rest of the 4-E — Charles, the big brusque — all because he sailed off on a cliff back East on some slippery ski one winter and wrapped himself around the business end of a pine tree. That cracked his pelvis — and what with all the other sprung joints, cock-eyed bones and spavined vertebrae Sonny has hanging around from a life-time of such didos, the Army doctors inferred he'd be good for glue — but that's about all.

His younger brother, David, is taking care of the Tufts scrapping in this war as a naval lieutenant aboard a destroyer escort, and Sonny is pretty proud of the "kid" — who is all of three years younger. He thinks, in fact, his bud has done very well, considering that he's a Harvard man.

This doesn't exactly mean though that Bowen Charleston Tufts, III, is strictly safe from harm for the duration. Since he became a Hollywood star, Sonny figures his insurance policy may have to be rewritten. Not in all his escapes and escapades did he run across like what he ran across when he went back home to Boston as a star with "So Proudly We Hail."

First of all, cops whipped him about New England at 90 miles an hour with sirens screaming to make bond rallies here and there, until his taffy hair started turning gray. Then the autograph wolves stormed him outside the Metropolitan Theater, and they snuck up behind him whenever he'd go in or out of the hotel. It was a new kind of attack to Sonny, and for about the first time in his life he almost came down with a case of nerves.

In fact one evening when a gang of home town moppets spied him, Sonny was so surprised and terrified that when he tried to sign autographs his hand looked like a jumping jeep on a rocky road. Finally, he had to admit defeat and give up.

Whereupon a hard-bitten urchin snorted in disgust.

"Cheez — is dat guy dumb? Lookit, the big dope can't even write his own name!"

That's not exactly true. In calmer moments, Sonny Tufts can write his name all right. On some very nice Paramount
LOSES 25 POUNDS

...reveals her hidden beauty

"I wondered if such a thing could happen to me," says Audrey Helmer, 22-year-old teacher of Prospect, N. Y.

WHEN AUDREY HELMER was 16, she weighed 116 and was slim as a reed. But in high school she was putting on the pounds. She graduated from college weighing 145 in a size 18 dress.

Then she got her first school, and that's when the weight wears you down—on your feet all day, at the blackboard, before the class. Audrey Helmer decided to do something about it—and those DuBarry Success Course pictures haunted, tempted, convinced her.

Following the Course faithfully, she lost 25 pounds, won back the perfect figure that was hers at 16, and now she slips easily into a size 12 dress. "I am healthier, happier, more enthusiastic than ever before," says Audrey Helmer. "My hair and complexion have greatly improved—and I know how to care for them always. This is more than a Course—it's a new way of living that will be the basis for my entire life."

In Audrey Helmer's face and figure was hidden beauty that only needed a chance. In addition to reducing her weight to normal, the Success Course showed her how to keep her slender figure always, how to achieve a flattering hair style, how to use make-up to enhance the charm of her features—how to be the vital, lovely woman she had always wanted to be.
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Day in and out—a "deflaking" process is constantly going on in your skin. If not—your skin often appears dry, mucky colored, coarse textured—and unusually due to this odoriferous "gunky" layer of skin. And here's where Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack performs such beauty magic in helping this "deflaking" process along.

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NO MORE LONG FACES: Yep, he's gone, and the wonderful, giddy world you two shared isn't around any more. It's no fun, seeing a movie with his khaki sleeve isn't right next door to nudge at the funny parts. It's no fun working, cause he's not there to do your listening-post... That's how it'll be for awhile, lady, and we know it's grim. However, there's one thing for you to remember. No one can lift you from those awful depths but you.

The first step up is a change of routine. If the day's high-point used to be six P.M., and his key in the lock, arrange to have dinner at 5:45 so that, come six, you're too busy gorging to look at your watch and re-member. If your day really got going around 8:30—when he dropped around—be sure your evenings are jammed to the gills. See the old gang as often as possible. Always have a pair of socks or a shoe in the "in the works" drawer, and read a diary and mail-plan pages every week. Be just too darned busy for doldrums. Sometimes, we know, nothing in the world will help but a good sob session. Succeed if you must, occasionally, but keep it between you and the pillow.

NO MORE MOONING AROUND BEING FAITHFUL. So you told Bob you wouldn't under any apple trees for the duration, and you don't honestly want— but gee, you do hate being the compleat recluse at your age. Well, look. Don't be. There are ways. Try know yourself on the mercy of some couple you know well. Get them to take you to an occasional dance. Once you get started dancing, they can wash their hands of you—until going home time. Don't get talked into leaving with some other guy. His brother is probably Bob's tent-mate in New Guinea. Yeah gal, infidelity gets around. Go to USO dances. Whip to the movie with Bob said together. Keep moving, but strictly as Bob's girl.

NO MORE DARK SUSPICIONS: You haven't seen your man in 16 months, and in your sober moments you know he's being true to you, but there are times when you visualize him carrying on but high with some flashy WAC or swooning over a Navy nurse. Guess it's woman's nature to be suspicious but believe it or not, it's man's nature to be faithful to the woman he loves. Your problem, as we've already said, is to keep him crazy for you via V-mail. "You know, Billie?.." The word "Billie?.." He really probably dance with some gal at the Red Cross club, but you know what they'll talk about? You. The color of your hair, the way you laugh. You're what they're thinking about, dreaming about, longing for—their every second, and that's no bull. The occupation forces in Sicily and Italy are so busy that there is little time for flirtations, even if they did know what the girls were talking about to wait for mail-call. V-mail's practically wings for your letters.

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We've no doubt there'll be some romances between the youngsters in our Army and the Italian girls, but we have it on good authority that the lads with hearts in America can't see 'em for dust. One last reassurance. Only officers can date Army or Navy Nurses, and for the most part there isn't much of this. As for the WACs, they have a strictly hands-off policy where someone else's man's concerned. After all, there's very little future in dating a gent who's already spoken for. Also, they're a pretty honorable gang of girls.

Never let him know that you doubt his fidelity or you'll send him straight to the arms of another babe. The wise thing is to allow each other a little rope, and then just trust to mutual loyalty to keep you both true.

NO MORE WEAK MOMENTS: There'll be times when you'll be tempted to let yourself be kissed. Maybe by a lad at the USO who smiles like your Joe or has a way of saying your name that's like his. Kissing him might be fun for a minute or two, but if you're serious about saving your love for Victory, you'll decide against it. Your conscience will give you no peace at all, and you'll automatically begin to brood about Joe's being up to the same tricks. It's not worth it. If you find yourself liking some chap so much that every time you see him you're tempted more

strongly, the obvious solution is to stop seeing him. You belong to someone else, remember. And don't begin worrying that you've fallen out of love with your own little man just because another one can get a rise out of you. Hundreds of men in the world might be very attractive to you, but there's just one for you to love, honor and cherish always. Don't let him down.

On the other hand, if in a moment of loneliness and confusion, you've let some boy make love to you, don't ruin your happiness chastising yourself for same. Confess it in a heart-to-heart letter, if your gent is the type who'd understand; if he's not, don't torture him with it. And next time, stay out of the moonlight.

NO MORE PICK-UPS: Let's face it, gals, there is something about a uniform. Just any old plain swain looks like a million in khaki or Navy blue or Marine green. It's a dangerous situation. Gosh, before, if a fellow was a wolf, it stuck out all over him. In his sharp suits and flashy ties. In the angle of his hat and the color of his socks. You couldn't miss him. Now the lambs and the wolves are as one, and a lot of girls can't seem to tell the difference. A lot of girls seem to think all service men are angels. This is known as uniformitis, and it's a bad thing.

Kids who wouldn't look crooked at a civilian they didn't know, think nothing of giving a totally strange soldier the old eye. The uniform puts it all on a different basis, think they. Well, nine times out of ten, the lad you have into taking you to the movies or for a soda or a walk is

ARE YA A FOOL FOR JOOLS?

When we were a kid we used to love Christmas trees for their glitter. Now it's jewelry. We're pretty ecstatic over the idea of a MODERN SCREEN Pin. The design is heavenly and the feeling behind the thing... but it's all said, and said better, on page 76. Do see for yourself.

“I hate the day I married you!”

1. It was a horrible quarrel. I didn't believe I could ever say such things... we'd been so much in love, Fred and I. Then, these awful fights...

2. I couldn't do a thing right at work. One day, the personnel director called me. In a heart-to-heart talk I told her everything. Then she said: “My dear, there's one neglect most husbands can't forgive — carelessness about feminine hygiene.”

3. She explained that many modern wives use Lysol disinfectant on their doctor's advice. "It cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes,“ she said. "And besides, it's so easy to use. Just follow the directions on the package - it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."
The Dominican Republic

We are both pleased and proud to be able to feature the Dominican Republic at this particular time. In fact, we consider it in the nature of a scoop! Because February is the very month when this progressive little "good neighbor" of ours is celebrating—with appropriate and extensive ceremonies—the 100th Anniversary of its Independence from European Domination!

We feel particularly privileged in having, as our guides and mentors on this culinary voyage to the Caribbean, the two most glamorous representatives in the United States of this particular country—both of whom are outstanding examples of emancipated Latin-American womanhood.

On the diplomatic side we present the First Secretary of the Dominican Embassy in Washington, Señorita Flor Trujillo, daughter of the Dominican President, His Excellency General Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. While from the cinema capital we bring you Señorita Trujillo's compatriot, childhood playmate and good friend, María África Gracia Vidal de Santo Silas—better known to us as María Montez, but who (just to make the record complete) is happiest when addressed as Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont.

We interviewed both these Dominican beauties for our story. And we came away not only regretting, with Miss Montez, that we couldn't attend their Centennial Celebration this year, but also convinced that the history of the Dominican Republic contains more that is exciting and picturesque than could be found even in the highly exotic pictures in which Maria stars.

For this little nation of Spanish origin—which occupies the Eastern portion of the second largest island in the Antilles group—can claim the distinction of having been discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492, during his first "voyage to the Indies." His admiration for this newly found land, with its rich soil, high mountains and beautiful vegetation was so great that eventually he settled there.

On this island—which Columbus named Hispaniola—was founded by the "Adelantado" (Governor) Bartolome Colón, Columbus' brother, the oldest Christian city in the New World, Santo Domingo. (This name was recently changed to Ciudad Trujillo, in honor of the Dominican President who was so largely responsible for rebuilding it after the disastrous cyclone of 1930.) Here—in what was, for a long time, the center of Spain's Colonial operations—is to be found the first University in the Western Hemisphere. Here, also, is the oldest cathedral in America, built in 1512, where now repose the ashes of Christopher Columbus.

These were some of the points Señorita Trujillo thought we should know about the country we are featuring this month. But the things María Montez remembers most vividly about the land of her birth are its scenic beauties and the wonderful beaches protected by coral reefs. She told us that she often misses the romantic life of her home there, which she shared with five brothers and four sisters! And she became positively nostalgic when describing the native music and the Merengue—a Dominican dance that's a cross between a waltz and a rumba—which is something we certainly wanted to ask María to demonstrate!
By Marjorie Deen

But since our interests were, primarily, neither historical nor Terpsichorean, but out-and-out culinary, we finally concentrated on Dominican dishes. Fortunately we had the cooperation of both lovely ladies when it came to contributing directions for preparing these specialties. For we found Flora Trujillo happy to supplement Maria's memories of her favorite foods with practical recipes which anyone can follow.

Dominican cooking, we learned, is not highly spiced like Mexican cooking; in fact the results are rather bland. They cook with peanut oil and also use lard extensively—two ideas which should find favor with us in view of the lower point cost of these products. The regular menu, both for lunch and supper, consists of soup, a first course—like a soufflé or fish—then the main course. "And always a dessert!" added the attractive daughter of El Presidente.

Because the island enjoys a favorable climate—tropical in nature but mild and pleasant—there is an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits and these are extensively featured in their meals. Here again, you see, we can "do as the Dominicans do" to our point profit. We can also add interest to our own meals by serving the "different" dishes so highly recommended by Maria Montes.

First we have Arroz con Pollo... or Rice with Chicken. This is a great favorite in practically all Spanish-speaking countries.

Next we have Habichuelas Rojas and Arroz Blanco... an economical combination of red kidney beans and rice—the former flavored to perfection and the latter cooked so that each grain stands out.

Now we come to Pastelitos—the finest way imaginable for serving a small amount of meat or poultry—tastefully encased in a "pocketbook" of special pastry.

Finally we have two desserts—which is quite to be expected with a country which ranks so high among the sugar-producing republics of Latin America. One recipe is for Quesillo de Pina, a rich pie of pineapple. The second sweet is Flan de Leche Condensada. When you learn that it's a custard made with sweetened condensed milk, you'd probably be right in suspecting that this dish originated in our own country, to be subsequently adopted by Dominicans.

In point of fact, the Dominican Republic is so closely related geographically, culturally, commercially and by ties of spiritual affinity with the United States that we can think of no country in whose customs and foods we should be more greatly interested—especially now, when "The Land Columbus Landed Best" is in the news because of the anniversary that is being celebrated there, at this very time!

The Fels-Naptha first, James!

Looks a little silly, doesn't it? Actually, we never heard of a woman who locked up her laundry soap with the family sparklers.

But the general idea isn't bad. Soap, under war conditions, is a precious article. Every bar that's made contains materials vital to the success of our men in the service.

We don't believe any sensible woman needs urging to be careful with soap. To buy just what she needs. To get full value from every ounce. To make every bar last as long as possible... especially when she uses Fels-Naptha Soap!

If you are interested in receiving directions for these Dominicon dishes that are so "delightfully different" without being too hard to prepare, just fill out and mail this coupon. You'll love the leaflet's cover, with its attractive crest, and the recipes conveniently printed on filing cards.

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN

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Please send me—absolutely free—recipes for Mario Montes' Dominican dishes, in THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES series.

Name.................................................................
Street..............................................................
City.................................................................State.
The text is too blurry and distorted to be transcribed accurately.
TALL, DARK AND RUGGED
(Continued from page 42)
he wanted to bag himself a tender buck.
So he slung a bedroll and a 30-30 rifle
behind his motorcycle seat and roared off
for the woods. Disregarding such minor
matters as no sleep and 6000-foot alti-
tude, he haggled his rifle over mountains
all day and roared back on the highways
in time for the Monday morning take.
Then he acted all day after that meal-killing
feat. He was tired that night, but Jimmy
was happy. He had got his buck.
I’m not telling this on James Craig to
prove what a rugged he-man he is, al-
though with his six-foot-two inches, 190
pounds of muscle, you could say that, too,
and not be far off the beam. The point is:
When Jimmy Craig wants anything,
he’s the man to go after it—and get it—
no matter what.
That’s the main reason this tall, dark and
determined Tennessean is in Hollywood to-
day, heading the heap of new male stars
and getting himself cast in a new Gable
(which makes him sore), even though
James Craig himself is no great actor and
is the first Joe in the world to admit it.
Actually, Jimmy does remind you of Gable
a lot, whether he likes it or not.
He’s got that same dark, rugged man-
nliness of Clark’s, plus the boyish good looks
of Johnny Payne (since we’re comparing
people), but he’s also got a lot of things
that belong to nobody else but James Craig.
For instance, a pair of brown eyes with a
perpetually teasing twinkle in them, a big,
restless body that moves around like it’s
always just bursting for action, and a stub-
rborn mouth that doesn’t say “maybe”—but
yells “Yes!”
Even Jimmy admits he’s a stubborn
Dutchman at heart (his real name’s James
Henry Munson), and mixed in with a bit of
Unconstructed Southern Rebel and
tuned up with a touch of Texan cockiness
and independence. The combination seems
to be irresistible, because it has landed
Jimmy Craig some exercises he has been
a covetous eye on in life—from acting
careers to cream separators and chicken
wire.
Just the other day Farmer Jim, whose
prize hobby since the war started has
been making his San Fernando valley
ranch produce groceries for Uncle Sam,
found himself with three fresh Jersey cows
on his hands, and a flock of some 3000 ob-
streperous chickens with wandering ideas.

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“My complexion is already clearing beauti-
fully!”—“I’ve found a better job, thanks to you.”

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** duty it’s clanking merrily away among all the Vitamins X, Y, Z and Q that Jim’s bosses produce.

*As for the chicken wire, Jimmy got that, too,—just exactly how isn’t too clear. Sometimes, something about night commando operations and foraging on his motor-bike all over the California ranch country. And when the dark of the moon, I gathered. Anyway, the chincans are soundly wired today and patriotically laying away like little ladies, instead of gadding about the countryside. That was what Jim Craig wanted. It’s hard for even Fate to harness a determined fellow like Jimmy Craig, once he makes up his mind. There’s no good reason at all why James Henry Mea-

**Gatherer”—**

*The Relieve* ^—

*Happens to be—*

It’s not even necessary to need to make Earth, and it didn’t seem to me that the same J. H. Meador shrewdly sized up the fortune there was in being a Hollywood star, said “that’s for me”—and made it for him—in a few not-so-easy lessons. After all, a Nashville boy whom hine was attaining a long legs breaking cloths on his grandpappy’s Tennessee farm, peddled pap-

**ers after school, carpentering during vacations, footballing his way through a Texas college and started his business life in the roughhouse surroundings of an East Texas oil field hasn’t exactly the perfect back-

**ground for a Barrymore.** There’s no point here in detailing the life and times of James Craig, step by step—except to point out that Jimmy has been a hustler all his life—with a canny eye focused on getting what makes the world go ‘round and talking no back talk from said world.

**schemes—not dreams . . .**

At Rice Institute, in Houston, Texas, for instance, where he landed for college, Jimmy faced the problem of earning his cakes and coffee while he helped himself to some education. He tried hawking and waiting tables for a while, but there seemed to be no percentage in that, and it took time away from his fullbacking for the Varsity. So he decided to use the old bean instead. In no time flat, Rah-Rah Jim had a half dozen airlift promotion rackets worked up, that kept his bank balance in shape. He dealt college customers to a certain Houston tailor—and he got his suits free. He dished out cards for a certain restaurant—and he solved the problem of how to eat. Tommy remembered that the biggest hotel in Houston, with featured big name—bands, was losing money on Friday nights. He promoted a College Night deal, guaranteed to fill it up. He dealt college kids at a reduced rate and he did. The rate was $1.10—and Jimmy got the dime. There were plenty of dimes. He used to drag in $80 a week.

*As a promoter of farewell dance he had no trouble landing a job when college days were over. Jiminy Meador sat very pretty in Texas with a General Motors job about the time he got the Hollywood idea. He picked up his income and let off steam at the same time hanging himself around the pro football circuits. He had a nice apartment in chestnut on Houston, a lot of friends, dough in his pocket and a new car every year. But he still wasn’t satisfied or independent enough, so he began to figure how he could get in business for himself. With typical Jimmy Craig shrewdness he reasoned thus:*

*A business for himself takes capital. That he knew. Also that things he knew about—the oil business, the motor business—took big capital—such as he would never, never collect, inherit or luck on to himself. But the same big business in the U.S.A. that you could make a killing in which took no capital at all—acting for the movies. Yep—just like that James Craig decided that was the self-made body and a self-made business like Jim could ever have approached acting with such a delicate cold cash attitude and stood a chance of*

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**Gray Hair**
success. But Jimmy has never been afraid of anything in his life, and certainly Holly-
wood wasn't big enough to scare him. He drove right out (from Deep in the Heart of) on his next vacation.

What happened then has been told a time or two, so I'll tuck it up briefly by saying that Jimmy Craig went right to the target like a 30-30 bullet. He knew
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was the biggest studio in Hollywood, so that's where he went—and he got in, too. Oliver Hinsdale, the dramatic coach there, gave him some good advice. He told Jimmy he could make the team only if he'd go get himself some polish and experience as an actor. He suggested going back home, hiring a voice coach and working in amateur theaters a while. That made good sense to Craig. He drove right back to Houston. He kept his job, but he gave up the apartment and the car and his fun at night with the gang and the girls. Instead he took lessons and did everything they'd let him do around the local little theater league. Then a year later he showed up in Hollywood and got his movie job. It wasn't at M-G-M, but at Paramount where Oliver Hinsdale had gone, and being a tall guy with a cowboy look and a natural knack with horses— they broke him in as a Western opera hero.

James Craig might still be hi-hoing and twirling six guns on the screen for a liv-
ing if he didn't have higher ideals—be-
cause one look at Jim, and you can see he's a
perfect rugged rider type. He found the only way you could show that of course was to make parajos in Hollywood was to get out and start fresh. So he went to Broadway, promoted himself a stage job with Guthrie McClintic and Katharine Corn-
ell's husband, and got himself some real dramatic polish in a couple of Broadway plays. He did all this deliberately—just as he came back to Hollywood deliberately when he figured he was smooth enough. And to show you how Jimmy Craig figures things—not long after he hit Hollywood again, he had a chance to clean up with a fat Western contract.

It meant money in his jeans—and at that time he could use it—but he said
"No!" Instead, he jumped at a chance to play in "Kitty Foyle" when Sam Wood
gave him a break. Not many people know that Jimmy's salary for that job—the one
that made him—was exactly $75 a week! For that matter, Jimmy played later in his
greatest starring role to date, "All That Money Can Buy," for only $75. But he
had his eye on what both those pictures would pay off with in bigger contracts.
And so today he's right where he decided

QUIZ ANSWERS
(Continued from page 91)
1. James Cagney
2. Susan Hayward
3. Clark Gable
4. Dinah Shore
5. Lew Lehr
6. Ann Sheridan
7. Eddie Cantor
8. Robert Benchley
9. Shirley Temple
10. Veronica Lake
11. Tommy DIX
12. Mickey Rooney
13. Rosalind Russell
14. John Payne
15. Eleanor Powell
16. Jean Arthur
17. Don Ameche
18. Greta Garbo
19. Donald O'Connor
20. Lionel Barrymore

If I could live in an electric light bulb, I might be safe from germs that cause skin rashes:
but I can't, so Mommy protects me with baby powder that's antiseptic... Mennen.

Germs often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To
protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More antiseptic! Round photos above prove it.
Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, germs thrive; but in
dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

Look how I always move my arms and legs around—like when I'm in my swing. Boy, am I glad
Mommy protects me from chafing with the
powder that's smoothest... Mennen.

Which baby powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3
leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in
texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby
Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new stent keeps baby lovelier.

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3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder
should be antiseptic. It is if it's Mennen.
to be when he first came out—at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Hollywood's top league. Smart? Well, all I can say is that Jimmy Craig actually dresses it that way. That's the kind of guy he is.

no art, no nothing...

But if he's primarily a business man rather than a dream artist—that's no sign James Craig doesn't take acting seriously. He does—only he doesn't art around about it. He considers it a job too, and when he was a kid on his Grandpa's farm, the old man used to tell him: "Son—whatever you figure on doing—do it good! Whether you're choppin' corn or buildin' a house or courtin' a gal—do a good job—then you'll feel right with yourself!" That's the way Jimmy feels about his acting. That's why all of the pictures he's made, he likes "The Human Comedy" best. Because he knew he did the best he could in that and he thinks the picture was worth it. He's got a funny feeling that it helped a lot of people see things straight in those war-muddled times. And I think he's right.

Even when his picture jobs aren't exactly to his taste, Jimmy gives them all he has. Jimmy has had doubts about playing a Caliph of Bagdad in "Kismet." He feels a little silly running around with a turban on, phony jewels, sequins (an M-G-M wisecracker told him, "You look just like Susan Peters in an Arabian hat!"), but while he gripes around the lot like a C.L. on K.P., he hasn't missed a minute doing his stuff. In fact, one morning he arrived looking a little peaked, but not saying anything and went into the scene. It was one where he lifted Joy Page up on a high wall, and nobody noticed that when he did it, he almost fainted with pain. Because a bull on his farm had slammed into him the day before and broken four ribs. And anything more painful than four freshly busted ribs when you have to heave—no hard is to imagine.

But then if he's anything, James Craig is all man. That's why he lives the life he does without any Hollywood frills or phony trimmings. That's why he sticks to the ranch every spare minute away from the camera. Jim got his ranch, by the way, and this time he just had to have something—namely a horse.

He was over on location near Taos, New Mexico, a few years back making "Valley of the Sun," and his local caballeros lined up a free-for-all horse race to climax the fiesta. Indians, Mexicans and rancherías lined up a motley bunch of cayuses to dash across the dusty track and right in the middle was a spotted horse that grabbed Jim's eye and held it.

the cart before the horse...

Being a Tennessee-Texan, Jimmy knows "horses" from hoofs to hooves, and the way that pictures always pranced and reared he knew he had real blood in him. The funny part was that a little girl about 12 years old was sitting his stable, and Jim rushed up the dinner before the race got going and begged to ride the horse himself. The race would get killed in all that mob of wild horses, and maybe, Jim thought, he could do no good with the idea. He wanted to own that spotted horse. Before the race even started, he had the deal on the fire too. And sure enough, with the frail little girl who rode to the saddle all right, Jim's spotted prize bounded out like a jackrabbit and won like a champion.

Only after he found himself with a horse on his hands did Jimmy Craig realize that he had no place to keep it! So when he came back to Hollywood he practically had to go into hock for a ranch.

It has really been the greatest investment Craig's ranch has kept him thoroughly happy ever since a movie star. He doesn't go much for movie social life—he can't stand the "gossip," and anyway all his best friends, as he says, are gas station attendants. Night clubs and bars are okay with him as long as they're not swinging open. But he's too Scotch to enjoy them when they put the bite on him. A while back some old friends from Texas came out to Hollywood, and Jim invited them out and took them to see the current Hollywood showcase. The drinks were bad, the waiters snooty, and after a couple of tired sandwiches or something equally nourishing, Jim drew the check. It was $88! He realized he was stuck and paid off, but he punched himself in the jaw the minute he got outside for being a sucker. He thought of what all that dough could have done on the ranch.

Because that's where he's singing his money—right in the ground. He makes enough of it these days, too. And after the War Bond allotment is taken out, Jimmy's dollars and his spare time go into improving the place. When he took it over, there wasn't much besides a California ranch house and a few rickety sheds. The barn had burned down, and the only livestock around there were some rabbits and field mice.

Since then Jim has built all new buildings himself with the help of a carpenter, builder, and Punch's mate. "Judy," have a swell stable and so do the cows, dogs, chickens and other farm life that crow, cackle and moo around the place. When the war broke Jim ditched his golf clubs, greased up his guns and fishing tackle and put them away. He put all his energies, thoughts and money, too, in the ranch, adding thousands of dollars. All in all, he figures he's sunk around $18,000 in it, and every spare minute of his time away from a busy picture schedule.

Sometimes he wonders if it's worth it when the pip or something cleans out his chickens, or when a night's midwifing with a cow doesn't work out right. But at those times Jimmy Craig, who loves animals and crops and everything about a farm, charges it all off to entertainment and exercise.

But the body keeps in shape hustling around his farm chores. He's never had any trouble with extra pounds or any kind of regimened body care—which is rare if a big fellow who's been an athlete starts to get his age, around 31. And it keeps him feeling like a million dollars, because there's nothing at all the matter with Jimmy Craig's health except a few busted bones here and there and some joints that still feel the effects of his football days. He doesn't baby himself either—eats everything in the world with emphasis on Scottish foods. He pipes one after the other and cigarettes when he's nervous.

Maybe because he's always feeling fit as a fiddle, Jim Craig has a disposition like a lamb devoted to the fact that he's built like Jack Dempsey and has some Cherokee Indian blood in him, too, to make him ornery. Like all big guys, he's a particular sucker for kids, and all the time he was making "Lost Angel" with Margaret O'Brien, he spent his extra studio time with that cute little miss, playing games with her on the set and feeding her—because the weakness Jim has, it's stirring up a little fun with everyone he meets.

"shakh" and spice...

In "Lost Angel," Jimmy and Margaret play a sort of sentimental man and kid love affair in a very pretty little story, and they kept it up on the set between scenes. Every morning Jimmy bowed when she arrived and said, "How's my "shaghah" with...
some of that Tennessee mushmouth that even diction coaches haven't been able to iron out—they had lunch together every day, and he was always bringing her intriguing presents from the ranch, like baby ducks and chickens. So it got to a very serious stage. And Margaret, very boldly stated one day right to Jim's face, "When I grow up I'm going to marry you!"

But little Maggie also liked Van Johnson, and Jim started kidding her.

"Van Johnson" he stated wisely, "has false hair!"

Maggie was shocked. "He has not!"

"Yes he has," stated Jim soberly. "I saw him putting his wig on in the dressing room."

Margaret was loyal. "Just the same I'm going to get his autograph in my book," she said, "and he hasn't false hair, either!"

"Now listen," said Jimmy, "if you're going to be my girl, you can't go around getting other men's autographs. At least, if you do, you've got to get it on the very last page of the book. I'm jealous!"

Next day Margaret showed up with her book and brazenly spread it open before Jim's eyes. She had Van's autograph right there. It was right on the front page. Jimmy Craig grinned and applauded the kid's spunk. That's the stuff he admires above everything. And that's why he treats his own boy, James, Jr., rough and ready. Jimmy wants the Bub, as he calls his son, to grow up to be a real man.

When he tumbles off ranch ponies, Jimmy puts him right back on, just like his own Grandpa used to do on the Tennessee farm when he was a moppet. And already Jimmy has taught the Bub to put up a yelp, although Jimmy the Second was only four this last December. For a while Jimmy was worried because the Bub was turning out to be good-looking, almost too good-looking. One night recently he came home to find that Junior had tumbled off the porch on his face and blacked his eyes and puffed up his nose. His mother was worried and upset. Jimmy promptly made her mad to boot when he smiled broadly and said, "He looks a lot better this way!"

Of course, the process of toughening up his son sometimes backfires on Father Craig. Like the other day when Junior would have no truck with his milk, and Jimmy tried to be a stern papa about it. "Drink your milk!" he ordered.

"No!" said Bub.

"Drink it!"

"No! No milk now! I don't want it."

"All right, if you drink it, you can go out to the ranch and ride."

Bub gave him a look with plenty of steam on it. "I'll bust your ribs!" he growled.

Since the bull buttting had revealed a weakness in his Dad's chest armor, the Bub though that threat might turn the trick. However, Jimmy doesn't think he's in any danger of getting manhandled by his son quite yet. Because when he was playing with the Bub later on, letting the kid hit him here and there, and wailing like he was badly hurt, he overplayed the part a little, and when Bub's tiny fist socked him in the stomach, he fell off the chair in a mock knockout and rolled on the wall like he'd kissed the canvas and was hearing the birdies sing. When the Bub saw the devastating results of his haymaker, and his pappy stretched out, he set up a dismal wail and ran to his Mother. "Daddy's dead," he wailed. "I just killed him." What pleased Jimmy after he broke up the gag was that his son was at least sorry enough to cry after he'd bowled over his poor old dad.

Matter of fact, the Bub is pretty proud of his old man, even at his tender age. He calls all movies "pich," but whenever he refers to them as "the big pich"—that means his pop is in them. Bub calls Jimmy's studio "M-D-M."

But you can see that with the Spartan ideas James Craig has about the raising of sons and heirs, his wife has plenty to put up with around the house. She doesn't seem to mind. In fact, there aren't many couples around Hollywood who get along as smoothly as Jimmy Craig and his wife, Mary. She was Mary Ray, from Washington, D.C., when Jimmy first met her, and she was in Hollywood with movie ambitions. In fact, they met over at the David Selznick lot. Mary was one of the Southern
belles at Tara in “Gone with the Wind,” and Jimmy, who at that time was briefly under contract to Selznick (as he has been under contract to almost every studio in Hollywood at some time), was spending his time making tests with all the ambitious Scarlett O’Hara's and Melanie’s in Hollywood: Paulette Goddard, Frances Dee, Olivia de Havilland, Dorothy Jordan, Vivian Leigh and all the rest of them.

cupid on a broomstick...

At that time Jimmy Craig had little to vouch for his future except his own supreme confidence, but just the same Mary Ray married him one Hallowe’en night—of all times—and from then on, wisely enough, she tossed her own screen ambitions out the window. Maybe that's why they've remained so happy. One career in the family.

Mary is a slim, pretty, auburn-haired girl who could land herself a job in a studio any day in the week just on her good looks. But she prefers to supervise the care and feeding of Jimmy Craig and the Bub as a career. It’s a toss-up with Mary just which is the biggest problem at times—such as when Jimmy tangled with Homer.

Homer is this young bull who handed Jimmy the one-two and cracked his ribs. Jimmy acquired Homer along with his milk cows from Director Clarence Brown, when he was making “The Human Comedy.” At first he was a bull-ette or whatever you call a young bull, and among Jimmy’s recreational delights was wrestling him around the barnyard. That was okay until Homer started getting big enough to toss his weight around. And one morning when Jimmy was trying a half-Nelson on his horns, his hat slipped, he loosed his grip on Homer to jam it back on his head, and Homer let him have it. Things like that make Mary heave hopeless sighs. But ordinarily she doesn't have too many worries about her husband. He's a pretty decent boy around the house. In fact, in some ways, Jimmy is downright helpful.

He can fix anything that needs fixing, a handy man supreme, whether it's an egg-beater or a tractor. He can even cook, having “bached” around a good many years before he got married and camp-cooked on a thousand or so fishing and hunting trips. His specialties are pancakes, fried chicken and spaghetti—not exactly a health diet, but good when you're hungry. Jimmy's neat and clean—even funny about his personal habits—and he's been trained to hang it in and dundgees out on the back porch. He goes to bed early, gets up feeling fine, likes books and records and generally qualifies as a homebody. The only thing that's been discovered in his private life is a weakness for poker parties with the boys, but being a wise wife, Mary doesn't mind this—especially since the game is usually penny-ante, and most of the time the poker club is smoking up somebody else’s house.

no banking on banks...

The Craig's don't live all the time at the ranch. Jim's brother lives there and runs it because since James Craig began clicking he's been busier than a bird dog, and with the general world there has been to be a horse nearer the studio. So the Craig's rent a house in Beverly Hills, but that is just a halfway stop to the ranch. Jimmy will never sink any of his hard-earned money house. “When you step out on a sidewalk, where can you go?” is the way he looks at it. His ambition is to buy himself a real ranch with thousands of acres some day. Enough for New Mexico near good fishing and hunting, and his idea of Heaven, he swears, would be to step out on the front

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A dream like that come true would take a sockful, of course, but James H. Meehan always was thrifty. He dresses like Mr. Joe Average, with a leaning toward tweedy stuff, but he seldom wears those clothes out because half the time he's in boots, jeans and a checked shirt or zipped up in a leather jacket on his motorcycle. He hasn't a speck of personal jewelry except a chronometer wrist watch that will do about everything except cook and a heavy silver identification chain. The only sartorial weakness Jim confesses to is bright red ties.

He drives a soft top convertible car that you'd never look at twice and the motorcycle, which started as a gas-saving measure but has grown to a hobby with Jimmy so that he's expert enough now to make those cross-country hunting dashes we told you about. Jimmy bought the machine second hand from Ray Milland, and a Beverly Hills traffic cop taught him how to make it do tricks. He's been particularly interested in getting really good on it, too, because he thinks the deficiency might come in handy in the Army one of these days when they call him up.

Jimmy Craig was 3-A until the father draft came along, but he's 1-A now, so he has a hunch he'll be trading in his silk air raid warden's helmet for the real McCoy one of these days, which is fine with Jim. Typically Craig and figuring out his shots, Jimmy has been taking celestial navigation in his off-hours ever since he was clas- fled 1-A. He'd like to be already at something useful when he gets into G.I. rags.

the man behind the moustache...

About the only extravagance or indulgence or whatever you'd call it that James Craig will miss in the Army is his barber.

There's just one thing a capable cuss like himself hates to do—that's shave. When he doesn't have to, he'll let his black beard sprout like devil grass, but when he makes pictures, which is almost always of late, he depends on Milo at M-G-M to keep his face smooth.

Milo is used to almost anything in the male movie whisperer line, but lately he just missed a nervous breakdown over Jim Craig's moustache.

Jimmy always wears one, if possible, in a movie—it's almost his screen trademark by now, and in "Lost Angel" and "The Heavenly Body," he wore it straight as usual. Then came along "Kismet," and as the caliph he had to grow one of those droopy Oriental muzzies. That was okay—only in the middle of "Kismet," which has been dragging on for months, Jimmy had to chase back and do retakes and added scenes on both "Lost Angel" and "The Heavenly Body." Every day, it seemed to Milo, Jimmy Craig was rushing in saying, "Change the moustache!" Either he wanted it straight or headed down in a droop. Pretty soon the thing looked like nothing human—half curved and half straight and nicked here and there by Milo's baffled razors as he inquired, "What the heck is it today—up or down?"

Finally after patching Jimmy's lip up with phony fuzz and painting on false droops and what have you, the only thing to do was to shave it off and grow a whole new one over a week-end. That's really not such a feat for James Craig, either. He can sprout a lovely trained lip lute in a week at the outside. He can handle some other strictly he-man assignments, too, can Jimmy Craig, such as fighting, although he never picked a fight in his life, and like most big bruisers, is peaceable by nature. When he was a kid only 15, he stood 5 ft. 11 and weighed 160, but even in those days he never went on the warpath unprovoked.

"I was always afraid I'd hurt somebody," remembers Jimmy. "I always figured, too, that if I hit somebody and he didn't fall, I'd better run! But they usually fell when James hit them.

He always noticed, even in those days, that it was the cocky little fisty kids who were always picking fights, as if they had to show the world they were hard cookies. Kids who could grow up and become Hitlers or act like sneak-punch Japs. As a boy, Jimmy never had much trouble with them when the chips were down, and he figures he can handle this end of the Big Scrap now if he has to and still get back to Hollywood after V-Day and start making pictures again.

He'd like that very much because then the Bub will be big enough to help him herd around those "white faced cattle" and tote a 30-30 along on the deer hunt over in the desert mountains somewhere. You see, Jimmy Craig never lets up on that dream ranch of his for a minute.

And remember—what Jimmy Craig really sets his heart on he gets. Dollars to doughnuts you'll find him there one of these days. Just wait and see.

---

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YODORA
"Do you know what that means?"

"I'm fired?"

"I can't fire you," said the foreman softly—then he roared: "But the general manager can. Go on up to his office."

Thank you," said Miss Rogers.

Miss Rogers laid down her towels neatly, and while an hour lute tune a trifle off pitch, she walked toward the row of offices that lay at the end of the factory floor. At the door marked Lee Stevens. Gen. Math, she turned in and, with a happy flip of her heels, pushed the door open. Miss Rogers, Jean informally, had been trying for some two months to wrangle some way of meeting the General Manager. She found him, to be entirely candid, a much more intriguing specimen than the rows of Dopey Donkeys. Rightfully, Lee Stevens was the kind of man women would whistle at if women were not transient; tall, but not too huge, the kind of shoulders that somehow reminded you of football weather, blue eyes, and there was something about his nose and the set of his mouth. No. How to approach in a nice way, though, the kind of way you could fall in love with.

secretary...

There was only one trouble with Lee Stevens. He was engaged to Alice Todd. And Alice, along with the fact that she had major league ambitions in her own right, was the daughter of T. J. Todd. She was, so to speak, his prize tantalizing toy. That made her tough competition. Jean realized how tough when she saw Alice come swaggering into the office and disappear into T. J.'s private sanctum. Through the door she could hear Alice's voice, distinct as a whip lash.

"I tell you, Dad," she was saying, "I won't have her. I'm asking that secretary of his to Washington. She's much too much, too...She's a secretary, that's what she is."

"But Alice, after all, he must have a secretary. You know Washington, and if we want to expect that ordinance contract for conversion—"

"He can take a different secretary. Get him another one!"

"All right, dear," T. J. said meekly. "All right, dear."

Alice exited. Five minutes later Lee Stevens entered. Ten minutes later Lee Stevens exited. And Jean found herself sitting tensely in front of his office. He frowned.

"Yes?" he said. "Did you want to see me?"

"I'm the new secretary," Jean Rogers said.

"Oh?" Lee Stevens said. "Well, at least that's off my mind. Fool idea of T. J.'s. We're coming to Washington. On the sixth. Can you be ready?"

"Yes," said Jean Rogers. "I'll be ready."

There is an unfounded rumor that an escaped sardine that once looked at Washington, shrugged and crawled back into the raw. Lee said when he pushed through the crowded lobby of the hotel, was inclined to believe the rumor. He made the clerk's desk, asked the key to the room and received a blank stare in return. Lee patiently explained that he had made reservations, that his secretary had gone on ahead to claim the room while he attended to business, that he was tired now, that he wanted the key to his room—

"The reservation was cancelled, sir," the...
Me—and my cold germs.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND...

Lee Stevens came back to the statue some seven hours later. It was getting on toward dusk. Lee had laryngitis. He had a cold in the head, in the chest, in the throat, in the nose and in all the assorted bones as he could still feel. He glared at Jean. Jean said brightly: "Did you see Mr. Ritchie?"

"I did not," said Lee. "There were only three hundred and forty-seven people ahead of me. Did you get a place?"

"Well," Jean said.

"Did you?" Lee roared. Jean nodded. "I think you'll like it... I hope.

As a matter of fact, Lee liked it very much. The house was grand, spacious, pleasant. It looked about as much like a tourist home as the Taj Mahal looks like a shack. The Cromwells, the owners, seemed to be pleasant enough people. Lee relaxed on the big double bed in their little suite of rooms. There was a small room off the bedroom with a sofa. They could make that up into a bed for Jean.

"Wonderful," Lee said through his stuffed nose. "It take it back, all the harsh things I ever said about you, Miss Rogers."

A buzzer shrilled imperiously. "As a matter of fact, Miss Rogers, you are undoubtedly the most resourceful secretary in America today. I didn't think anybody would ever find a room in Washington these days."

"Mr. Stevens," Jean said.

The buzzer began again. Lee glared. "I was saying that it really is very hard to find anything at all in Washington. There must be a hundred people applying for every empty space..."

"But you did it," Lee said smiling. "Remind me to give you a raise when we get back."

"I think you ought to know—" Jean began again.

The buzzer became a single, harsh, penetrating sound.

"What the devil is that?" Lee asked. "That sound."

"It's a buzzer," Jean said.

"What do they need a buzzer in the room for?"

Lee said. "I suppose they ring it," Jean said slowly, "when they want the butler."

"The butler," Lee said, "well, let him answer it."

"That's what I was going to tell you," Jean said. "You're the butler."

For a full minute Lee Stevens didn't say anything; then slowly he eased himself, his holding his ashed head. He stood over Jean Rogers like a menacing Buddha, and
then he slowly said: "Just what are you trying to say?"

"Well, you see," Jean said hurriedly, "I looked all over town, and there wasn't a single room to be had. And I knew we just had to have a room. There you were with that miserable cold and everything. Then I saw the ad:"

"What ad?"

"The ad for a butler and cook. And they said they had a lovely room for the couple applying, good hours, decent wages, plenty of time off—and this room. We just had to have a room, so—"

"So," Lee Stevens said slowly, "so you took the job."

"Yes," Jean said. "I'm the cook and—"

"And I'm the butler," Lee said.

The buzzer blared harshly.

Lee Stevens stared at it for a moment.

Then, still slowly he crawled back into bed, pulled the covers up to his chin, placed a pillow over his head.

"That's it," said Jean. "You just get yourself a good night's rest. Don't worry about a thing. I'll attend to all the details."

"Go away," Lee said from under the pillow. "Go away!"

But Washington being what Washington is, Lee thought better of it in the morning. At least they had a roof over their heads. And, after all, even butlers were entitled to days off. He promptly asked Mr. Cromwell for the day and hustled off to waylay Ritchie of the O. P. D. He returned with a good deal of the hustle worn off him. He found Jean in the kitchen, busily guttering with pots, pans and assorted dishes.

Ain't frisking friskies . . .

"Washington," he groaned.

"Didn't you see Mr. Ritchie today?" Jean said.

"Not one hair of his balding head," Lee said.

"But I saw something worse. Farenhall's in town."

"Farenhall?"

"Of Farenhall's Friskies. Our competitor. He probably smelled something in the wind and is down here, too. Probably trying for the same lunch we are. It's his hide or mine. We've got to see Ritchie first."

"You will," Jean said. "Now just stop worrying about it and get dressed."

"Dressed?" Lee said.

"He's got to see the butler uniform. The Cromwells are having a party tonight. You'll have to serve, of course."

Lee closed his eyes for a moment as if in great pain. When he opened them, they had a dazed, resigned look. "All right," he said, "But first I want you to take a letter. You're still my secretary. To T. J. Todd——"

"Mr. Stevens—"

"Dear Todd: Am here in Washington and am sorry to report——"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens," Jean said. "But I can't take shorthand."

Lee swung around sharply. "What are you talking about?"

So she told him. Of the Dopey Donkeys. Of overhearing about his need for a new secretary. She hoped he didn't mind. She was really trying. She could do almost everything . . . but she couldn't take shorthand.

"Why did you do it?" Lee groaned. "Why in the world did you do it?"

She gave him a long searching look:

"Well——"

For a moment he didn't understand: and then suddenly he did. It was very quiet in the kitchen. Lee, being a bit was aware, very sharply, that he was standing very close to Jean, that she was leaning forward a bit, and that she was (odd! that he had never realized it before) very beautiful. He kissed her.

She said a little unsteadily: "We better start serving, don't you think? . . ."
dinner for 10 please, James... Just as unsteadily, he said: "Where's my monkey suit..."

The butler's uniform was a little tight in spots, and it creaked ominously at the seams every time Lee raised an arm. But he managed. Carrying the tray of hors d'oeuvres, he grinned at Jean just before he went through the swinging door and into the main dining room. Five minutes later he was back, white and shaken. He leaped against the wall.

"He's out there," Lee said tensely. "Ritchie's out there..."

"Why, that's wonderful," Jean said. "You couldn't get to see him in his office, and here he is all wrapped up and waiting right here."

"Wonderful," Lee groaned. "He'll certainly be impressed, won't he? A butler trying to sell him on an ordnance contract.

"I think he'll admire your initiative," Jean said.

"Hm," Lee said. "Maybe he will, at that. He's supposed to be a shirt-sleeve democrat. Bring on the next course!"

Jean opened the stove.

"Mr. Stevens," she said, "I have something to tell you."

"What's wrong now?"

"I put the turkey in all right," she said. "But I forgot to turn on the gas. It's still raw."

"Well, cook it or something. They're waiting out there."

"You can't make a turkey in five minutes," Jean said, meaning, "I've ruined everything."

Lee said grimly: "I'll get to Ritchie if it's the last thing I do. What have you got in the kitchen? He rummaged through the closets. "Ah, buckwheat cakes. Get out the griddle, Jean. The Cromwells and the Ritchies are going to have buckwheat cakes. North Woods style..."

"At a formal dinner?" Jean said. "You can't."

"Got any other ideas?"

"Well..."

"Buckwheat cakes it is, then," Lee said. So it was buckwheat cakes, and after he served them, Lee came back hurriedly into the kitchen. Jean was waiting for him tensely.

"How did it go?" she said.

"I didn't stop to watch," Lee said. "I just served them and ran. We'll find out soon enough."

The swinging door to the kitchen began to edge cautiously inward. A hand popped around and peered into the kitchen. Mr. Ritchie advanced with his finger perched warily over his lips.

"Mr. Ritchie," Jean said. "What--"

"Sh," he whispered. "I don't like to do this. But those buckwheat cakes. Best I ever ate."

"Thank you," said Jean.

"It's a matter of fact, I wonder," Mr. Ritchie whispered urgently. "I wonder if you two would be interested in coming to my house."

Lee cleared his throat: "Mr. Ritchie--"

"said Ritchie. "Don't worry about pay. I'll meet the price."

"The pay isn't important," Lee said. "What do you want to talk to you about is--"

"Then it's settled," Mr. Ritchie said. "We're having a little party over at my house tomorrow. You'll be there?"

stevens styled...

"Yes, yes," Lee said. "I've been trying..."

"Fine," Ritchie said. "I've got to get back now."

He was out of the swinging door before Lee could say another word.

"Well, he liked the buckwheat cakes," Jean said.

"The buckwheat cakes!" Lee said ex-
problem hair

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Winsome, iplausible, "I want a contract. That's what I want!"

"It certainly ought to be easier to talk to him in his own house," Jean said. "Just stop worrying about it." Lee looked at her glumly: "Stop using that phrase," he said. "Just stop using it . . ."

It was unfortunate that the Tods, T. J. and Alice, chose to come to Washington early the next day. They peered up at the Cromwell mansion a little dubiously. T. J. checked the address with a letter in his hand, then shrugged and rang the bell. The butler answered it. T. J. looked at Lee Stevens; Lee Stevens stared back.

"What goes on here?" T. J. roared.

"I can explain," Lee said. In the Cromwell's the Todds listened doubtfully while Lee began telling his story. Jean came in. Alice Tod looked one look at Jean, and an ugly glint came into her eye.

"So that's how it stands, T. J.," Lee said.

"You understand."

"I do not," T. J. said. "This town is mad."

Alice said frigidly: "And who is the girl, Lee?"

"My secretary," Lee said.

"You don't?" Alice asked.

"He does say," Jean said. "And what do you have to do with that?"

"A few things," Alice Tod said. "I want you to get rid of her, Lee. Fire her."

"Wait a minute!" Lee said.

"Why she's nothing but a cheap—"

"Listen, you parasite—" Jean began heatedly.

"Girls, girls!" T. J. said.

Alice turned to Lee: "I'm waiting, Lee. Does this—this female—mean anything to you?"

For a moment there was a dead silence in the kitchen. Then Lee Stevens spoke slowly.

"Yes!" he said. "Yes, I think she does."

"Then we're finished," Alice said frigidly.

"I guess we are," Lee said.

Alice turned tensely to her father: "Are you going to do anything about it? Fire him!"

"If my job depends on that," Lee shouted, "I quit!" He stalked out of the room, and T. J. gave a quick glance at his daughter, followed him hurriedly.

"We're alone now Miss Whatever-your-name-is . . ."

"Rogers," Jean said.

"Do you know what you've just done?"

"I got a man," Jean said brightly. "What have you got?"

Alice said: "So you have a man. A man who's just thrown his future away. Did you know he was going to get a half interest in the plant when this contract went through? And you think you're worth that? You must certainly love him a great deal to make him give up his whole future . . ."

Jean said slowly: "I didn't know that."

"You know now."

"Yes," Jean said. "I know now. Thanks for telling me. No, I couldn't ask him to give up all that. You'll tell him something, won't you? I don't think I could manage it . . . if I had to see him again . . ."

Alice Tod watched Jean walk slowly out of the kitchen; she'll tell him," she said.

"Don't worry about it."

So when Lee Stevens returned to the butler's room in the Cromwell house, he found that Jean was gone. Disappeared. T. J. followed. T. J., it turned out, didn't want to fire him at all; what's more he was pleased that Lee had given Alice her humps, she was a spoiled brat. All T. J. was interested in was the

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sleuth on the loose.

That letter is genuine. Peggy investigated to be sure. The reason for her Nick Charles attitude may be found in an incident that occurred two years ago and has to do with the Man in Her Life Ray Hirsch, currently of the Marine Corps.

In those ancient days back in 1941, Ray was convinced that Universal had in its newly signed ingenue a veritable goldmine of unexploited talent. He had heard that the amount and texture of a contract player's fan mail might well have a bearing on the number and excellence of the parts given that player. Being resourceful, he hit upon a scheme.

Shortly thereafter, Peggy began to get erudite letters from some attorney in Madison, Wisconsin. The attorney was, it seemed, exceptionally interested in Peggy's career. He wanted to know a great deal about the making of pictures. Peggy perused the technicians for days, then wrote letter filled with words she had carefully looked up in the dictionary. Back came an answer in no time. Peggy dried her brow and went to work again.

Meanwhile, letters were arriving from the president of a woman's club in Pensacola, the president of Nebraska, and a research chemist in Portland. All in all, it was fairly harrowing. Peggy worked with vigor. Finally, when her fancy letters became only a nucleus for a growing body of fan mail, she handed Ray Hirsch her early cap-and-gown correspondence. He tried, but he couldn't control that chuckle. He, personally, had been sending the letters to the postmasters in the various cities, and they in turn had politely mailed them to Peggy.

Peggy first met Ray on October 29, 1941, a date which they celebrate annually with dinner, dancing and appropriate gifts. They became engaged on Valentine's Day (February 14) 1942. Between October and February, the whole world changed.

They had attended church that Sunday morning, December 7, and emerged into the brilliance of California noon sunshine to be confronted by headlines four inches high. Ray, slamming his right fist into the palm of his left hand, announced fiercely that he was going to join the Navy right then. He learned by telephone that the recruiting office would be open Monday. That respite gave Peggy a chance to make a suggestion.

Why not, she said, wait until after Christmas? The holiday was only 18 days away—surely it wouldn't be too criminal for them to have this one Christmas together. Who knew how long the war would last or how many Christmas seasons they might have to spend apart? Ray gave in, reluctantly.

Meanwhile the papers were filled with stories about the boot stand of the Marine Corps on Wake Island. So—when Ray telephoned Peggy one morning to say that he had enlisted in the Halls of Montezuma—all Peggy could gasp, bloody headlines in her heart, was, "Oh, Ray, why on earth did you do that?"

"If that's the way you feel about it," he said, crestfallen, and hung up.

Peggy called him back to explain that she thought the Marine Corps was super; she just didn't like the things that seemed to happen to the boys, history or no history, medals or no medals. He accepted the apology for himself and for his outfit. He said he had been thinking of some things he saw him in those greens with the red stripes (maybe).

In February when Ray was a boot, hence practically a military cipher, the Ryans decided to drive down to San Diego to help celebrate his birthday. Peggy rationed a large and luxurious chicken and baked a three-story birthday cake with frosting thicker than the snow on Mt. Everest.
Triumphantly, the three Ryans arrived with the food at the sentry post.

Father Ryan explained that his daughter's boyfriend was being forced to celebrate a birthday in the confines of camp and that it wasn't right. He and his family wished to see the boy.

He was told that no boot could see anyone, birthday or not.

Father Ryan, a man with a true Irish tongue, begged to differ. The conversation grew more rugged, and finally the corporal of the guard allowed the Ryans to pass through the gate to petition a commissioned officer.

**taxpayers par excellence...**

At that office, Mr. Ryan became more eloquent than Parnell. He said that his nephew had never been away from home before, and that—with no invasion pounding at our doors—it was absurd to keep the boy away from a birthday cake and a bit of juicy chicken, with maybe now a drumstick for a reasonable officer.

Despite his forensic zeal, Mr. Ryan won only the chance to take up the matter of a few hours freedom for Mr. Hirsch with a higher officer.

He approached this officer with righteous indignation. He said that his son was a good soldier, but hungry. He said that the Ryans were taxpayers, hence actually the employers of the Army, and that as an employer he demanded the right to see his only boy.

The next scene shows Peggy Ryan and Ray Hirsch seated in back of Mr. Ryan's sedan. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan tactfully went for a walk and an incidental inspection trip of the camp, in the capacity of taxpayers and Army employers.

Ray ate every smidgen of the chicken, including both wings and the neck. Between bites he managed to explain to Peggy that he had never missed anyone in his entire life as much as he had missed her.

"Honey," he said, "you're for me.

Then he went to work on the cake and devoured it to the last lonesome drop of frosting clinging to the platter. That delightful mission accomplished, Private Hirsch made a statement: "I could spend the rest of my life eating you to your corner," he allowed, which sealed the bargain.

A week later he was allowed his first pass; he made good use of it by buying a slim gold ring set with a small, perfect diamond. "It won't ever double for a kleig," he told Peggy, "but it's ours, and it's paid for."

To commemorate the first anniversary of their engagement last spring, Ray gave Peggy a gold cross set with baguette rubies, strung on a delicate gold chain as a lavaliere. Because of Marine salaries, he bought it Dollar Down system. Each time he could come up to Los Angeles, he bought a little more. Now he was able to buy an extra War Bond!
traditional Marine enthusiasm and handed
Mother Ryan—over Peggy's rapturous
shoulder—a small envelope containing the
current payment, a task to which Mrs.
Ryan had agreed to attend.

Frequently Mr. and Mrs. Ryan join
Peggy and Ray in an evening at the Pall-
dium. Mrs. Ryan appears to be about two
weeks older than her slim daughter. They
are so similar, in fact, that during the
run of "Meet the People" in Chicago, Mrs.
Ryan doubled for her daughter. It hap-
pened the day after Thanksgiving, when
Peggy was suffering from turkey-dressing-
pumpkin-cranberry-ice-cream complica-
tions.

Mrs. Ryan idly slipped into one of
Peggy's costumes and found that no snap
would have to be removed, no tuck would
have to be taken. "I believe the one line
you speak, because I've stood in the wings
so long," she said tentatively.

"You go on," groaned Peggy, "so I can
die happy."

No one would ever have known the
difference if an alert newspaper reporter,
who had known the Ryans in the old days,
hadn't been he. He made quite a picture
spread of the event when Peggy was well
enough to be photographed without a
greenish tinge.

Ray, who was at one time the national
litterbug champion, has taught Mrs. Ryan
to jitter with the noise and pet-injury-infection
of the mother of a rising star. He
dances the samba, the rumba, the tango and
several complicated versions of the one-step
so beautifully that Mrs. Ryan doesn't mind
relinquishing the Suzy Q.

One night Ma and Pa Ryan were just
calling the shots when the rest of the
dancers gradually formed a whirling
circle around them... exactly as it hap-
pens in the movies. Several of the more
rhythmic observers beat it out with flat
hands.

"Who are they?" someone asked Peggy.
"My Dad and Mother," she averred,
grimly, grizzled.

The retort came back incredulously, "If
they're any body's Dad and mother that
makes me Lewis Stone's big sister. Don't
be sill."

With such a family background it isn't
astonishing that Peggy performed her
first professional dance at the age of 12,
for an Elks' Club benefit. She was paid $3.00,
or a dollar for each of her years.

When she was four, in the fine tradition
of Scarlett O'Hara, she danced in a frilly
net dress that her mother had manufac-
tured out of an old lace curtain.

Peggy was six when it became apparent
to Mrs. Ryan that Peggy was too old to
continue to guide her daughter's "tinny
carrier," so Peggy was sent to a private school.

It was frightening and lonely for a youngster
who had always been pats with her family,
and she didn't understand it. She gathered,
from visits to her mother, that something
was seriously wrong, so she decided to
do something about it.

peggy's prayers, etc...

She instituted what amounted to a
prayer league. One after another, she per-
ceded every enrollment in the school to say
one prayer a day for snowy one of the one-step
promise was exacted, she checked up regu-
larly to find out if the petitions were as
ascending with proper frequency.

Ray Ryan grew up gradually, so Peggy
canned her schoolmates. "This week
could you say prayers a day
instead of just one?" Mother's getting
better, and I think if we give her a big boost,
she'll be well.

When Peggy was eight, Mrs. Ryan was
recovered enough to decide to bring her
prodigal to Hollywood. They took a small
plane to New Orleans and then a
train over to Chicago and St. Louis.
apartment and set out to crash the movies.

One day they made a date for a dancing tryout the following morning, so the Ryan ladies rushed home jubilantly to clean and press one of Peggy's ballet dresses.

"Our great moment," announced Peggy with considerable exuberance. "Get us—going Hollywood." She leaned with force on the ironing board which promptly collapsed, dropping the iron neatly on one of Peggy's more important toes.

The doctor told them there was nothing to do but to wait for the foot to heal in due time. Peggy danced anyway the next morning, but the effect was more swanlike than swanlike, so another child got the part. That was one of the bad times.

One of the good times was the celebrated evening when Peggy was signed to dance at the Trocadero, at that period the swankiest spot in town. When she pirouetted onto the dance floor, her ballet slippers did a six o'clock, and Miss Peggy sat down with force. She collected herself, brushed off her landing gear and made a second attempt to do a junior Spectre de la Rose with full fanny effect.

About this time an ingenious head waiter decided that the floor was possibly a trifle too slick, so the disgruntled danseuse was lifted to a table top and there performed her steps with gusto. When she had finished and was taking repeated bows, Robert Taylor strode across the room, bowed and presented Peggy with one brilliant red rose. She almost swooned.

Years later, the Ryans in force descended upon the Troc as patrons. Peggy and her father walked past Peggy's mother and grandmother came after. As they tripped down the stairs, Mrs. Ryan, Sr., stumbled and almost dived into the center of a nearby table.

"Mama!" cried Mrs. Ryan.

"Mother, are you all right?" demanded Mr. Ryan.

"Mam'selle!" moaned the head waiter.

Grandmother Ryan brushed away helping hands. "I just lost my mind," she ordered. "The last time my granddaughter performed on a table here, she was given a red rose. I should do as well."

no grass for grandma . . .

Grandmother has, at other times, had a succinct opinion to express. When Peggy and her parents moved into a bungalow on Calvernia Boulevard and were discussing the manner in which the small front dooryard should be landscaped, Grandmother said, "Don't sow it to grass for goodness sake. Your father will be so busy he won't have time to cut it, and you girls are so dainty that you don't need the exercise. Plant a good sturdy crop of ivy."

So Peggy planted the entire plot to ivy, watered it religiously and is now rewarded by a fine, dense growth in which you could lose a dachshund forever.

The house itself had been allowed to retrograde by its previous tenants, so Peggy and her Ma painted the walls in each room. That done, they made cur- rently white satin spread with a matching bolster and bought thick white string rugs. Peggy, with several yards of white net and blue-barred taffeta, built herself a dressing table that looks like something flitted from the star department at the Metropolitan.

Peggy's next ambition, if the acting department continues to be so successful (and those who know Peggy's career is just getting started on a terrific upswing), is to buy her parents a substantial house in some comfortable suburb.

Peggy's father, who is a color engineer for Technicolor, says he is still head of the household, thank you, and Missy will take orders from him about how she squanders her money on others. When he wants a house, he will buy it.

But Peggy and her mother exchange knowing smiles. A man has his pride and his own plans, of course, but what chance has he against the guile of two pixies?

advice to the lovelorn . . .

Speaking of careers, Peggy's has grown right along with that of Donald O'Connor, and the two are now in a casual sort of way. She asks him for advice on the Technique of Handling a Man. She wants to know, should she buy Ray this present or that? Don tells her, When she and Ray have one of their very rare misunderstandings, she tells Don a highly involved story about two anonymous friends of hers who have argued about such and such.

Don, from the heights of utter impartiality, hands down a decision usually in favor of his fellow male being. Even if it's partisan, it's helpful.

On the other hand, Peggy needles Don into doing much of the gallant and thoughtful things that endear a man to a girl. She reminds him to send flowers to his hostess after a social affair and urges the latter to write those to those who have done him a favor.

Together, they commit grand larceny upon any and all scenes in which they appear. The understanding is that they will never do anything to each other, but that whenever possible they will filch the camera interest from other players. They aren't certain yet how successful they were in this aim, but when they appeared with Richard Dix in "Top Man," Mr. Dix is an old hand at the game himself. Whenever they thought they had a particularly hot bit of business scheduled, Mr. Dix went before the lense with a few tricks just a trifle more moral.

Unprejudiced onlookers have expressed a desire to see Peggy and Don work in a picture with Mickey Rooney, no slouch at doing the watch dead, loose cuticle.

That the relationship between Don and Peggy is antiseptically platonic is indicated by his answer when a friend asked him why he didn't date a terrific number like Miss Ryan. "We just got double dates," he explained. "Gwen and I, Peggy and Ray. But I've never had a real date with Peggy because, after all, she's engaged. I have no appetite for that."

After placing great emphasis on that last phrase, he added, "But she's the sweetest girl in the world."

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatism, palpitations, loss of sex and energy, getting up nights, swelling, putrines under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or heavy passages with blood and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don’t wait. Ask your druggist for Dow’s Pills, and successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 10 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dow’s Pills.

Check for Headache
The latest nifty little pimple remedy which relieves pain immediately is Palmer’s SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. It is packed “cool” to relieve pressure. Palmer’s SKIN SUCCESS Ointment is guaranteed to relieve headache and the related symptoms of dizziness, nausea, and lethargy. It is the best way to get pain relief. Get it now! It is packed in 10c, drug and dept. stores.

New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely
This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dings, dust-laden film that makes hair look old, dark-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safes for children’s hair. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

Newcomers You Should Know:
As you read this item, the name John Harvey probably means very little to you unless you saw the New York production of “Kiss and Tell.” In that case, your eyebrows will be up to here with anticipation, and your ears will be extended like the hand of a sixteen-year-old at the word “candy” for news of Mr. Harvey.

John is tall, brown and humorous. He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox and is currently working in “Four Jills and a Jee,” Before that he made “Pin-up Girl” with Betty Grable.

The reason Senor Harvey important to you readers—pending the release of his picture—has decided to think up, in the secrecy of his nifty noodle, a neat gift gadget for his wife. He has started a gold charm bracelet; for each picture he makes, he will add on item to his wife’s collection.

At present the bracelet consists of a heart (with a picture of John engraved on the (outside) for “Pin-up Girl,” and a gold jeep for “Four Jills, etc.”

Brain Gain:
Did you know that Sonny Tufts has established a scholarship at Yale for some outstanding student each year? When asked if he had specified the course that such a student must take, he said: “No, for the Sierra Nevada.”

Also, when he gave a dinner party, he said: “I like your presence, and your presence means a lot to me.”

Don’t let anyone tell you that Carole Landis’ book was written by anybody but herself. It happened while she was in New York.

She was sitting in her hotel one night, reading, when the thought struck her: “What if you and me—’Why don’t I write a book’?”

So she did. So three publishers bid on it. There is no particular surprise in her success as anyone who has ever interviewed Carole will be glad to tell you that she handles the words the way Harry James handles brass.

Brass Buttons:
Originally, Lt. Robert Taylor had planned to be home for Christmas. His graduation ceremony, awarding him Navy wings, was to have taken place on December 20. However, flying training had been so bad at his training field that not enough flying hours could be accumulated, so the ceremony had to be moved forward several weeks. This meant he couldn’t get to Hollywood for the holidays, and Barbara Stanwyck was working in a picture, so she couldn’t get away. Thus the Taylors, like many another service family, were separated during the holidays.

...Susan Peters has taken a small apartment in San Francisco to be near her husband, Seaman Richard Quine of the Coast Guard. She will be in Hollywood only when pictures commitments make her presence necessary.

...Last summer, when George Montgomery was a-courtin’, Dinah Shore, she said on several occasions, ‘Shall we stop at my sister’s house and take her kids to the beach with us?’

The children consisted of (1) Peter and (2) Linda. Peter had met George on several occasions and was so impressed with that rugged gentleman that he refused to answer to his own name thereafter. ‘You should have married me, Georgia,’ he announced. ‘That’s what I want to be called from now on.’

Last fall Peter and Linda, along with their parents, were transferred to an Army post in Texas. Their father, Captain Maurice Selig-
Gives
Corporal
S4
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Don't take the day's worries to bed with you — good advice, but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless. MILES NERVINE (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless?

Get it at your drug store — Liquid, 25c and $1.00, Effervescent Tablets, 35¢ and 75¢. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

An hour before the call was put through, the operator called again and explained certain restrictions. During a transoceanic conversation, one may not ask what clothes a man is wearing nor how the weather is. One may not refer to any cablegrams or letters previously written.

At last, Van's voice came over the wire. All his overjoyed friends thought of sayings like, "Honey, are you well?" and, "Darling, it's so wonderful to hear the sound of your voice."

And—very important—"Yes, honey, Vanna is getting along fine: she looks more like you every day."

Here is one of the stories just coming to ear, after the weather settled down of the Great Maturity. When he entered the foyer of the studio publicity department for the first time since his active duty with the Coast Guard, he uttered a yelp of pain, noting the picture framed upon the walls. On one side of the lobby were enlarged photographs of Tyrone Power in uniform and John Payne likewise; on the opposite side were two glamorous shots of Bette Davis.

"S on outrage," announced Vic, storming through the halls. "I'm the only guy on the lot who has seen active service overseas, and do I get my picture in the rogue's gallery? Do I, damn it?"

Although he kidded the issue, those who knew him well realized that Vic was a little hurt by the oversight, so a matching picture of the Ritz suddenly appeared on the wall above Ty and John.

This, of course, was one of his minor accomplishments. He swept into town like a tornado. He was everywhere and at the same time. He was everywhere and at the same time. He didn't have to move with the crowd because of the beverage shortage, and he created more laughs than Skelton on a load of feathers. He was a dynamo, a titan. After he had gone, a friend drew up an admirable picture. The caption read: "He's a trim crait about the size of a diaper, but he's powered with four Pratt & Whitney engines at full throttle."

It was a great day at Paramount when the fair-haired boy of the lot, Alan Ladd, came home from the wars. Word had spread throughout all departments that he would arrive around nine P.M. for the first day of shooting on "And Now Tomorrow," so glad hands were thrust from every doorway, and there were Welcome Home signs festooned for the set to set, and the roof to roof.

He waded through a thousand greetings and shook hands by the hundred. His voice was getting weak, but his hand had a distinctly tender spot from the good-natured thumping he was ready for a breathing when he reached the stage on which he was to work.

There, he found that in the midst of all the celebration, one colossal detail had been neglected. No one had thought to supply him with that one important possession of a star: his portable dressing room. It was still languishing in storage.

Bing Singing:

There is an epigram to the effect that if you cast bread upon the waters, it will return as milk toast. In my role, in the Paramount music department there works a girl named Jeannette Mendelson who is a celebrated do-gooder. Several years ago she was working in New York and one day she dropped into her office regularity, a group of ambitious but starving singers called The Rhythm Boys. A good deal of the time they were suffering from hunger, so Jeannette always brought along some small extra sandwiches for her luncheon. When any of the boys—and usually it was all three
GOOD NEWS (Continued)

- dropped in, she would complain loudly about her inability to enjoy a peaceful luncheon hour and would mention sadly the drying condition of the food she wasn’t going to have time to eat. The boys always came to her rescue at this point and disposed of the food to keep it from spoiling.

Zip denotes the passing of time which moves Jeannette from New York to Hollywood. At her desk recently she found that she wasn’t going to have time to go to the Commissary, so telephoned and asked them to send her a salad, a sandwich and a pot of coffee to her office so that she could have a desk luncheon and so continue her work.

Along the corridors there came, in due time, the genial crooning of one Mr. Bing Crosby, formerly of The Rhythm Boys. He had been in the Commissary when Miss Mendelson’s order came in, so he had become a singing waiter in memory of the times when he had been a waiting singer.

C’est La Guerre:

When the Victory Committee was arranging itineraries for the stars who left during Christmas week to entertain at Army camps throughout the United States, they approached Lucille Ball and asked her if she could explain that not every tour was equally pleasant. There were some camps where accommodations were limited in the extreme and where adjacent towns were so small that only the most rugged of quarters were available.

As an illustration, they cited one particular camp and described the surrounding countryside. It sounded like the atmospheric setting for a Boris Karloff horror feature.

To put it briefly they were breaking the news to Lucille that she had drawn a gruesome assignment. Lucille, nevertheless, was all sweetness and light. She said that a camp in such a locale undoubtedly needed entertainment far more desperately than some of the more pleasantly situated training spots. She would be glad to go, she said, with a secret smile, regardless of problems entailed.

What she didn’t confide was that her sister’s husband happened—by one of those amazing coincidences—to be stationed at that camp, and her sister was living in a tiny house in the nearby village. It appeared that in Lucille’s case she was to have the satisfaction of being patriotic and having a wonderful Christmas visit with her sister at the same time.

Two days before Lucille was to leave, she received a jubilant telephone call from the Los Angeles Union Station. It was her sister; her husband had been granted a 14-day furlough, so the pair had sped to Los Angeles to spend the holidays with Lucille.

Altogether, Lucille and her relatives managed to spend three days together—in Los Angeles.

* * *

When Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Mayo Methot, left for overseas on an entertainment tour, Mrs. Bogart dragged out his old trunk, a relic of the time when Bogie served on an enlistment in the Navy. On the side was neatly stenciled the legend, H. Bogart, Seaman, 1st class.

Upon arrival at their first port of call, Bogie discovered that he was utterly without luggage. It seems that the Navy, in getting its own, had shipped the trunk to some unannounced destination with other Navy luggage. So Bogie borrowed some G.I. fatigue clothes to give his one shirt a much needed rest.

Macaw Grains:

This is a story of mankind’s inability to conquer the animal kingdom.

Specifically, it deals with the reason for Sonny Tufts’ current Big Stories explaining why his hands have just emerged from four
Corporal George Montgomery and his aunt-haired Dinah Montgomery were so close that Colone Carrol Davis and his lovely wife, Loretta Young, Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, Don and Hondo Ameche, Lana Turner and Steve Crane, Mary Pickford and Li Bui, Bokley Rogers, Hody Lamarr and the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, the Fred MacMurray, and Lon McCallister brought Marjorie Riorand and stood around in agony for several moments, wondering the tickets that he had forgotten them. It didn't occur to modest "California" that all he had to do was approach the box office and say "Hello" to the attendant who would have recognized him instantly and supplied replacements. Duplicate ticket stubs had been prepared for just such emergencies, which was a lucky thing for your Good News correspondent, who, also, left her tickets safely on the desk in her office.

As it was, Lon—getting pink by the moment—struggled through the crowds until he found a study room and there explained his dilemma. "My boy," quoth the flabbergasted 20th Century employee to Lon, "just stay as sweet as you are. Such modesty is not only refreshing, but practically unknown nowadays!"

Since it was not only Jennifer Jones' first picture but undoubtedly that which will make her a star, she had been planning for weeks to attend the premiere in style. "Don't fret and dress as and long dress, so as to be properly prepared for either a simple or a grand debut. She had her hair done. But the night of the premiere she was given instructions to intimate it was to be at home. Jennifer is under contract to D. O. Selznick and made "Brendalette" on loan-out to 20th Century. Recently she has been working for Selznick in a picture called "Singin' in the Rain." The local presumption is that she is being saved for that premiere so that she can first appear before press and public under the aegis of her contract. The idea is such a plan may have been good business, but it was a bad break for the girl who has already had her share of Hollywood heartache.

Quickie: Rudy Vallee's time is no longer our time. It all belongs to the now Mrs. Vallee, née Bettyjane Greer, who recently married the curly-haired Coast Guard lieutenant in a ceremony held at the Westwood Village Community Chapel. Miss Greer set a bridal precedent by wearing a long-sleeved gold lamé dress, the long skirt of which was slit to the knee in front. Her hat was brown velvet with a starred brown veil. The groom wore the conventional naval uniform and an eccomatic booth.

Also married that month were Robert Hutton (for whom Victor Borge is holding out his hand) and Natalie Thompson.

Brenda Marshall Holden has been supplied by her husband with nicotine-free cigarettes. Purpose: to help her get rid of that smell, throught, by which she reads this, her son, Westy, will be four months old.

Judy Garland and Tom Drake, the Metro sensation who will knock you off balance with an unbound Southern accent, have just been married. Judy used to read this, her son, Westy, will be four months old.

Gene Tierney is currently back in Holly- wood, at work on "A Tree Grows in Brook- lyn." She left her small husband, DuSable, the late Mrs. Tierney because the Cassini house is rented, and Gene had no place to live. Cobina Wright, Jr., insisted that Gene move in with her until she could find quarters.

Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson became the parents of a 6 pound 4½ ounce boy. We'll hear more about the baby later on in this column."

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP
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My make-up would not be complete without Maybelline Mascara, Eyelash Pencil and Eye Shadow.

[Merle Oberon]
A firsthand report from a first-class reporter...

It's Chesterfield

On every front I've covered... with our boys and our allies, Chesterfield is always a favorite.

Chesterfields are milder and better-tasting for the best of reasons... they're made of the world's best cigarette tobaccos—but what's more... Chesterfield combines these choice tobaccos in a can't-be-copied blend that gives smokers what they want. That's why your Chesterfields really Satisfy. They're the favorite of millions.
the whacky life story of DONALD O'CONNOR
New 15 Minute Home Trial

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This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually — each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades: Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for $1.00).

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A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS—ACT NOW!
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...
a lovely smile has beau-catching charm!

Help keep your smile sparkling and appealing with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

Dare to dream, Plain Girl! How do other girls make their fondest hopes come true? How do they win hearts and happiness? Seldom are they great beauties. But often, very often, they succeed because they know how to smile!

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a brief, hesitant smile, but one that flashes out radiant and appealing. Remember, though, for such a smile, teeth must be sound and sparkling. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!
If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender—deprived of work by soft, creamy foods. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiant!

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

A Bright Star wherever she goes—the girl with a radiant smile. Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.
A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings "See Here, Private Hargrove" to the screen.

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

Robert Walker whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!

Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

He made bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in "Bataan"—followed this with a role in "Madame Curie". His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie.

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It's definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smuggling kid next door!

M-G-M's film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one.

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

George Haight produced with great gusto.

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase:
"See—Hear—Private Hargrove"!

—Leo
See Here, Private Hargrove

The First Great Rookie Comedy of the War

M-G-M Presents
THE LAUGHS OF A NATION!

with ROBERT WALKER as Private Hargrove

DONNA REED - KEENAN WYNN
ROBERT BENCHLEY

RAY COLLINS - CHILL WILLS

Directed by Producer by
GEORGE HAIGHT

Screen Play by Harry Kurnitz. Based upon the book by Marion Hargrove

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Yes! The riotous Best Seller is on the Screen!
Donald (Don O'Connor) on suspension from Naval Academy, dates Glory (Ann Blyth) on train. Peg (Peggy Ryan) botches things by dewy-eyed greeting.

You can’t help liking Donald O’Connor any more than you could help liking a cocker spaniel puppy. They have the same exuberance, the same endearing appeal. Donald, who in real life sticks to one girl like gum to your shoe, has a new leading lady in every picture. This one is Ann Blyth, pretty and charming, who can sing like the well-known nightingale. As usual, Peggy Ryan is around, trying to get Donald to view her with something beside a caustic brotherliness, and getting nowhere. Arthur Treacher, the world’s most famous butler, is in the cast, too, playing—yeah, sure, a butler!

Donald is in trouble right from the picture’s start. It’s tough when you’re in love with a girl, and you find out that her mother and your father used to be in love but quarreled and parted. Ditto for her grandmother and your grandfather. It sort of creates a family tradition.

Glory Marlowe III (Ann (Continued on page 8))

By Virginia Wilson
MAKE ROOM IN YOUR HEART
FOR ALL OF THEM!

THE Sullivans ARE MOVING IN!

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY BIGGER!
★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY BETTER!
★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY GREATER!

THE SULLIVANS

Presented by 20th CENTURY-FOX

with
ANNE BAXTER · THOMAS MITCHELL
SELENA ROYLE · TRUDY MARSHALL

and
EDWARD RYAN · JOHN CAMPBELL · JAMES CARDWELL
JOHN ALVIN · GEORGE OFFERMAN, Jr. As "The Sullivan Boys"

Directed by LLOYD BACON · Produced by SAM JAFFE · Associate Producer
ROBERT T. KANE · Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. · Story by Edward Doherty and Jules Schermer

WATCH FOR—

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S first production since his return from the fighting front:

THE PURPLE HEART
Blyth) has a famous actress for a mother and an even more famous one for a grandmother. But they are definitely at home to Corrigan, and Donald is a Corrigan. Glory doesn't know about the tradition when she meets Donald on a train on her way home from Honolulu. He is going to New York on an extended leave from Naval Academy. Extended by the head of the Academy—"and don't come back until you can behave yourself!" Everything is fine on the train. But when they get to New York, Peggy, a young actress (Peggy Ryan), is at the train to meet Donald, and she greets him with a scene that would have done justice to Juliet! Glory looks the situation over and goes off with her nose in the air, while Donald tries to shake Peggy off. When he follows Glory to her home, he runs into the anti-Corrigan campaign waged by Glory I (Helen Broderick) and Glory II (Helen Vinson), aided and abetted by Quentin (Arthur Treacher), a retired stage butcher.

Donald goes dejectedly off to his father's apartment, and there the first thing he hears is his dad (Patric Knowles) talking in surreptitious whispers to some guy with a Teutonic accent about "secret plans" and such. The conversation goes on with, "Be sure you aren't suspected" and, "Let's settle the money part of the deal." Obviously Donald's father, a commander in the Navy, has become a spy! Well, anyway, it seems obvious to Donald, who is worried half out of his wits.

He does manage to solve one problem, though. He persuades Peggy to call up Glory and explain that the scene at the station was just the "ham" coming out in her and that Donald is not really her "one and only true love," as she indicated at that time. Glory is relieved to hear it. She really likes Donald a lot and thinking about Peggy hasn't done her peace of mind any good. Now she's so happy that she invites him both to her "welcome home" party. When they arrive and find the place full of producers and theatrical celebrities, Peggy almost knocks herself out trying to attract attention. Glory sings a song, which delighted everyone. Then Peggy makes Donald do a dance with her, but by then all the producers have adjourned to the library. They are in a huddle with Glory I and Glory II, persuading them to let Glory III star in a show. Everyone finally agreed that it's a good idea—except Glory III. She's been planning to do some special war work, and anyway she doesn't care about the theater. Donald persuades her to agree, and the producers sigh with relief. But the sigh changes to a scream of anguish when he adds firmly "on condition that all profits go to war relief."

Glory goes into the show, and Donald is sent back to the Naval Academy, to spend the next week—worrying over the "spy" angle. But things happen fast when you get kids like Glory and Peggy and Donald as catalytic agents. The first thing you know, all the problems are solved, and everything's "very okay!"—Univ.

P.S.

This was Don O'Connor's next-to-the-last epic before reporting for Army duty. ... Production marks the cinematic debut of famous Quiz Kid Joel Kupperman, who was not aware of the rumors that he had been hired not only to act but to figure out the income tax of the studio's top executives. ... Joel learned his lines (Continued on page 12)

TIPS ON WINNERS

There are things you'd hate to face life without. Like a butter-smooth lipstick. Like good, sturdy mocassins and perfume and sweaters. Especially sweaters. Because you live in them, you're a perfect fiend about details. You've got a right to be. Lois-Anne, who styled the Glamour-Knit below has turned out a collection for Spring in baby-soft colors. The no-droop, no-sag kind! For dope on Glamour-Knits and the booklet they're giving away free, flip to pg. 74. And what better time than this to tell you that if Dorothy Gray's new scent, "Lady in the Dark," were the only prize offered in our contest, this month, we'd still call it worth your while. Instead of standing at a beauty counter fingering its gold-plated bottle, try snapping it free through the contest. You never know!

Betty Lynn in Glamour-Knit's classic slip-on sweater of 100% wool. Done by stylist Lois-Anne in luscious colors.

Dorothy Gray's tender new Spring scent is caught and held in a clear crystal bottle topped by golden feathered stopper.
Humphrey Bogart

As Matrac, the Outcast

Passage to Marseille

WITH THIS REMARKABLE SUPPORTING CAST:
Claude Rains - Michele Morgan - Philip Dorn - Sydney Greenstreet - Helmut Dantine - Peter Lorre - Geo. Tobias

A Hal B. Wallis Production

Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Jock Mahaffy, from a Novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall

Music by Max Steiner

Directed by Michael Curtiz
Last month we told you that henceforward "Co-ed" would be strictly love stuff, and here we go reneging on you right off the bat. Can you forgive us just this once? If we ask you very, very pretty please? If we give you an awful good reason?

Came a letter in our mail that really got us. It said: "I want to know all there is to know about the United States Cadet Nurse Corps. Why? Well, you see, there's a guy. He was wounded in Italy, and he'd be dead now if it weren't for an Army Nurse. She went without sleep for more than forty-eight hours to take care of him. She followed the doctor's orders to the letter—plasma, morphine—the usual routine for a lad who'd bled a lot and who hurt like anything. But he was too low for medicine alone to help. She knew it, and she stayed with him hour after hour, holding his good hand (the left one's gone) and talking him into fighting back at death. She did a job. He's well again, and he wrote me yesterday, 'Tell every nurse you see to come on over, the war's fine. Seriously, though, we could use dozens more of them. Why aren't they coming? (Continued on page 24)
Melisse throws a kiss to the two lovers in the comedy of the decade about the pretty secretary and her boss who pose as cook and butler and turn Washington-town topsy-turvy!

Paulette Goddard • Fred MacMurray
in
"Standing Room Only"

Edward Roland Arnold • Young
Hillary Brooke • Porter Hall
Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Screen Play by Darnell Ware and Karl Tunberg

They took Washington lying down!

Edward Arnold pours it on!

Looks like Fred and Paulette are cooking on the front burner!

Roland Young's a henpecked walt!
quickly, explained it was just like mem-
oring multiplication tables, only with
words instead of numbers. . . . Mr. and
Mrs. Kupperman and sister Harriet made
the trip with young Joel, convoying him
safely through a maze of luncheons, guest
appearances, radio broadcasts. . . . Asked
what he liked best in Hollywood, seven-
year-old diplomat Kupperman answered,
"Everything." Director Charles Lamont
decided to save wear and tear on his vocal
chords and began summoning young Ann
Blyth to the set via an old-fashioned school
doll. Ann is just 17 years old, has
to spend three hours each day in school.
Class hours don't run in consecutive se-
quence, so Ann has to grab lessons be-
tween scenes wherever she and her teacher
can find a quiet spot. The best part
over big with everyone but Peggy Ryan.
Kidded Peggy, "Sure, it saves your voice—but
what about our ear drums?" Peggy herself,
now 18, is enjoying her first year out of school, sadly talk-takes at the sight
of Ann struggling with her daily home-
work. . . . Picture has had three name
changes, final one chosen to follow pattern
of Don's other films, "Mr. Big," "Top Man." . . . Kids had real acting competition from
experts Helen Broderick and Ernest Truex,
both of whom were top stage stars years
before they came to Hollywood. Helen and Truex spent their spare time between
scenes recalling favorite curtain speeches,
punch lines from their long careers.

COVER GIRL

It takes something pretty special to be a
Cover Girl. The kind of thing Jinx Falk-
enburg has, and Betty Jane Hess. Just the
words "Cover Girl" have come to mean
glamour. There's plenty of real glamour in this picture, but there's a lot
more than that. There's a lovely red-
haired dancer from Brooklyn, who becomes
a Cover Girl overnight. And a man who's
in love with her and wants her to be
successful, but not the easy way. And
another man who offers her the world of
diamonds and mink and caviar every
night for dinner. It's quite a story—I think
you're going to like it, and the people in it.

Rita Hayworth plays the dancer, Rusty.
Rusty works in a "joint" in Brooklyn—
Danny McGuire's place. Danny (Gene
Kelly) knows his place is a joint. It has
to be, he hasn't the money to make it
anything else. But he runs it right, and
he has ambition. Maybe some day he
and Rusty will have a real place. "Oh
well, what's the use of just dreaming?"
Danny says. "Hard work is the thing—
that's the way dreams come true. But
Rusty gets tired of it. Rehearsals all the
while and her feet hurting. So, unknown
to Danny, she goes to New York to enter
"Vanity" magazine's Cover Girl contest.
She sees Miss Jackson (Eve Arden), the
wisecracking editor, and then Mr. Combs
(Otto Kruger), the publisher. Mr. Coudair
is entranced with Rusty. She's definitely
the girl he wants on the cover. So every-
thing's fine, isn't it? Everything but tell-
ing Danny. Once the cover appears, no-
body has to be told anything. The column-
ists and reporters attend to that. Danny's
place is swamped with photographers, sob
sisters and baskets of red roses. The latter
arrive every hour on the hour and are
from a producer named Wheaton (Lee
Bowman), who is determined to get Rusty
in his show if it takes every rose in New
York. The rest is an exciting romantic
tangle, with the "Cover Girls" featured in
a number that's a honey. La Hayworth is
gorgeous in Technicolor, and Gene is as
good as he was in "Pal Joey."—Col.

P. S.

"Cover Girl," in case there is anyone
who doesn't know, is a phrase describing
a young beauty who has become famous
through harrying her face appear on the
cover of one or more national magazines.
. . . Fifteen beauties were brought to Holly-
wood by Anita Colby, dean of the cover
girls, and ensconced in a huge mansion
rented for them by Columbia studios. . . .
Only one of them not called by name in the
film is Dusty Anderson, "Farm Jour-
nal's" choice. Her name was too similar
to "Rusty," Rita Hayworth's character
name in the picture. . . . Mexico has offic-
ially adopted Jinx Falkenburg as the ideal
American Tourist—by order of Señor
Alejandro Buelna, chief of the Depart-
mento de Turismo. . . . In one of the most
spectacular dance scenes, strips of tinsel
one inch long drift down from a studio
mountain top. Between takes, every bit
of the silverly stuff had to be picked up
for the next shot. All the experts' in-
genuity couldn't figure out a way to do it
quickly. A magnet wouldn't work; neither
would a vacuum cleaner. Picking them

SEE YOU AGAIN APRIL 11!
The May issue of MODERN
SCREEN will be on the stands
April 11. With dealers selling out
as quickly as they have been, even
a small delay might find you go-
ning without your May issue. Bet-
ter buy your MODERN SCREEN
the day it hits the newsstands.

IRRESISTIBLE as always!

We dedicate to the

IRRESISTIBLE

IRRESISTIBLE AIR WHIP FACE POWDER

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes
today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter tex-
ture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIP Face Powder. Whipped
into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered
air, Irresistible is your time-saving, sure aid to beauty be-
cause it gives your skin a mat-smooth surface, clings longer,
stays color-true and is non-drying. Ten flattering new shades.

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER. . . S-M-O-O-T-H-R-I

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

IRRESISTIBLE as always!
up by hand was the only way... Rita got a bit cloud-sick during her dance among the synthetic cumuli. And having to trip gaily down a narrow trail with sheer drop-offs on each side (no hand rail) didn't help her unhappy tummy one bit... Biggest event of the production, outside of the picture itself, was the marriage of Rita to Orson Welles. Entire cast and crew knocked off work and staged an impromptu party when she returned to finish her scenes for the day... Most elaborate costume Rita wears is a red velvet conter-monger outfit studded with 1866 white pearl buttons. Required the full time of wardrobe mistress Roselle Novello to check before each take to see if Rita had all her buttons!

SONG OF RUSSIA

This will probably be Robert Taylor's swan song to pictures for the duration, since he has joined the Navy. Quite a song it is, too, combining stirring Russian music with a tender love story and a background of war.

Bob (he's almost unbearably handsome in this role) plays an American composer who goes to Russia on a concert tour. The tour is arranged by his manager, Hank (Robert Benchley), but it is no part of Hank's plan that John should fall in love with a Russian girl. However, love has a way of catching up with us when we least expect it. It catches up with John in Moscow.

The girl is Nadya (Susan Peters), who has come from a little village near Smolensk to ask him if he will attend their music festival there the next month. John talks to her, listens to her play the piano, gazes into her eyes. "This," he says firmly to Hank, "is the girl to show me Russia."

They have some happy days together in Moscow, but then Nadya steals away, back to her own village. She is sure that the difference in their background is too great—that the famous composer can't really love her, as he says.

John comes to her village for the festival, and this time he will have no nonsense about background. They are married, amid the delighted approval of the villagers and set off on his concert tour together. They are far too wrapped up in each other to notice the threatening signs of war. Until that black day when the Germans march into Russia. Nadya—Russian before anything else—leaves immediately for home to do what she can to help. John must go on with his concert tour. But when he hears that the Nazis are near Smolensk, he drops all his plans and hurries away to be with Nadya. The journey to the village is a perilous one. John must take his chances with German bombers and advance guards of Nazi soldiers. What he sees along the way, and the scenes of desolation that greet his arrival, show us the strong, bitter courage of the Russian people. The ending is not only romantic but a tribute to Russo-American friendship.

Susan Peters lives up to her earlier promise in her portrayal of Nadya. John Hodiak is excellent in a small part. And you'll love the music!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Metro turned tattle tale when studio bosses discovered Susan Peters was taking a long swim in the Pacific every morning before reporting to work—called her mother, with whom she lives while in Hollywood, and requested that she put a stop to this dangerous morning routine... Susan's mother assured the front office that she knew of this habit and fully approved. Seems Susie has been an excellent swim-

"Why does that red head always pick on my date!"

Jean: With all the men she's got, you'd think she'd let me date alone! I'd like to give her a piece of my mind. Bob's skated more with her than with me!

Ann: She's a snazzy skater—but that needn't curdle you, glamour puss! You're much prettier, Jean, and you can stop worrying if you'll listen to a word of wisdom.

Jean: ...but underarm odor! You know I never miss my morning bath!

Ann: Baths can fade fast, my pet. Why not play safe with Mum, every day!

Jean: What a silly goose I was not to know baths simply wash away past perspiration. But Mum after every bath prevents risk of underarm odor to come.

Hey, how about turning that sweetness my way?

(to herself)
MUM-MUM! BOB REALLY THINKS I'M SPECIAL—SINCE I MADE A HABIT OF MUM!

Don't let underarm odor spoil your charm!

MUM is quick! Only 30 seconds to use Mum—prevents underarm odor all day or all evening.

MUM is safe—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Won't harm clothes!

MUM is sure—Trust Mum to guard your daintiness through busy days or dancing evenings. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around.

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is dependable—ideal for this important purpose.
Norfolk, Peoria, s Akron, Grand Baltimore, Joplin, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, 1 IAIN, Jacksonville, Milwaukee, Columbus, Miami Evansville, Augusto, Terre Decatur, 3 rienclsfz From The Block I. Efird's. Famous Heer'5 Mondel Kerrison Hutzler F. The M M. Myers Rike Robertson Stewas Dry Goods Co. Edward S. Hirshberg Bros. Dry &. Home Hirshberg Bros Dry Inc. Wren Tapp Bros Co. the these stores: Engraving Federal Co. CLASP stars stores: Excise Taxing Government. of Mr. R. as a small boy—taken at his home in Moscow.

THE SULLIVANS

This is the funniest, saddest, truest, most human picture you've ever seen. You remem- ber the Sullivan boys. The five brothers who were lost when the Juneau went down? This is their story, and don't stay away because you think it's going to be war and tragedy and stuff. You'll laugh harder than you have in months, believe me. And if you shed a couple of tears at the end, they're the kind that will do you good.

The Sullivan family are as Irish as County Down. "Pop" Sullivan (Thomas Mitchell) is a brakeman on the railroad that runs past their little frame house in Waterloo, Iowa. The kids are crazy about "Pop," but they have to look out for his quick temper. "Mom" (Selena Royle) is the one they turn to for comfort and arbi- tration in the constant disputes that crop up between five lively boys and their sister.

The story begins when the boys are all at the sliding-down-bannisters age. All but little Al (Bobby Driscoll), who lands on the floor in a sitting position every time he tries it. Al is determined to do everything his older brothers do. He spends most of his time chasing frantically after them, yelling, "Hey, fellers, wait for me!" But when the Sullivan boys are in a fight—and that's pretty often—Al's right in there punching with the rest of them.

Those kids can get in more trouble than you ever saw. Especially with the best inten- tions in the world. Like the time they wanted to make a woodbox for Mom and ended by cutting a large hunk out of the side of the house (in zero weather), breaking a window, and turning the kitchen into a skating rink.

Of course when they grow up, things are different. They are still getting into jams but of a different kind. Al falls deeply in love with a girl named Kath- erine Mary (Anne Baxter). His older brothers think it's puppy love and decide to break it up. But they end by going, en masse, to Katherine Mary to apologize. They're wonderful kids. You'll love them. And you'll understand why even
The Sullivans is based on the real life story of the five Sullivan brothers from Waterloo, Iowa, who were lost in the sinking of the cruiser Juneau in November '42. But it's not a war picture. Sam Jaffe and Lloyd Bacon, after talking to Mom and Dad Sullivan, decided on a comedy of family life. Actual combat lasts three and a half minutes on the screen. Mom and Pop visited set. The movie was shot in Santa Rosa, masquerading as Waterloo, Iowa. On a blistering, 104 degree day, they shot the snow scenes—sprinkled ersatz flakes on the sweltering streets. Three of the boys, Eddie Ryan, James Cardwell and John Campbell wound up with long terms at 20th because of their wonderful acting. Toughest thing for Jimmy C. was learning to ride a motorcycle. Took him two weeks.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BOYS

Married people quarrel over the silliest things! And then they're both too stubborn to say they're sorry, and the misunderstandings pile up, and the marriage goes on the rocks. That's what happens to Tony West (George Raft) and Gloria Vance (Zorina). Tony is used to being the boss—he has managed the "Three Wests," a vaudeville unit, most of his life. When vaudeville dies, he leaves his father (Charles Grapewin) and his sister Kitty (Grace McDonald) in New York, and starts for Hollywood and pictures. There he meets Gloria, who is a dancing star. In spite of the fact that Tony is only a "gentleman of the ensemble," he manages to high-pressure Gloria into thinking she needs a dance partner. Him. It really works, too, and the Vance-West combination becomes a spectacular click with the box-office.

You'd think Tony could relax a little, then. Well, he does take time off to marry Gloria. But then they go right back to work, and he just doesn't ever get around to remembering anniversaries or saying, "Darling, I love you." And the war comes along. Tony can't get into the Army because of a bad heart, but he starts organizing show business into units to tour the camps, eventually even go overseas. He's the busiest guy in Hollywood. And Gloria? Well, Gloria has a little secret she'd like to tell Tony if she could ever catch him when he wasn't at a meeting or on the long distance telephone or away on tour. But Tony goes on being "too busy," and finally Gloria walks out on him. Without telling the secret.

They are both hurt, and both bewildered by what's happened to them. If they could only talk things over—but something always intervenes. So Tony books himself and his father and his sister as a U.S.O. unit to go to Australia. Louie (Charles Butterworth) and his dog Fifi, who were in vaudeville with the Wests, go along. So does Sophie Tucker and the Andrews sisters. Their boat is destined never to reach Australia, but at the end of the picture there are still "The Three Wests" doing their bit for America.

You never saw such a fabulous number of guest stars. Charles Boyer, W. C. Fields, Donald O'Connor—dozens of them. Better go, or you'll miss your favorite.—Univ.

(Continued on page 18)
FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

Check the boxes opposite any of the charts you'd like.

FOR FANS

Super Star Information Chart (10c) ................................ □
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c for this chart as well as self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club ................................ □
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 106 for details.

FOR ROMANCE

How to Write a Love Letter ................................ □
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and write. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry? ................................ □
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Tell If You're in Love (5c) ................................ □
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c for this chart as well as self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinkead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 25 for details.

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Now That Baby Is Here ................................ □
The ABC's of mammy-ood. Authoritative information on what babies from 1 to 12 months require in the way of food, sleep, how fast to expect development. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Knit ................................ □
Illustrated, easy-to-follw instructions on how to knit, purl, increase, cast off. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Throw a Party ................................ □
How to make a splash, dinners, teas, showers, entertaining your round. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Things You Should Know About Cooking ................................ □
A primer for kitchen-shy brides. How to buy, budget, serve lush meals. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Xavier Cugat's Genuine Cuban Recipes ................................ □
Modern Hostess will answer all your questions about cooking and how to cope with ratatouille. Free recipes, too. See page 95 for details.

FOR GLAMOUR

Winter Fashions ................................ □
Ideas on what to wear for your social whirl, weddings, class, canteen, office. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens ................................ □
This is especially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-dos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Be Beautiful ................................ □
If you are over 18, this is your ticket. A split-second beauty routine for every kind of skin, make-up styled to your needs. Nail care, too! Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair ................................ □
We think enough of your curls to get up this encyclopedia on hair care. How to make locks gleam. Hair-dos styled for you, with setting instructions. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Lose or Gain Weight ................................ □
Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners ................................ □
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen-meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

CARY GRANT
NOW SHOWING

FOR EASTER

Egg Decorating ................................ □
A simply perfect way to decorate Easter eggs. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Candy ................................ □
Easter candy recipes. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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All you need to know about making Easter baskets. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Easter Basket Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter baskets. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Quilt Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter quilts. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Fashion Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter fashion. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Flower Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter flowers. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Gift Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter gifts. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Decoration Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter decorations. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Food Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter foods. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Recipe Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter recipes. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Easter Basket Recipe Ideas ................................ □
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Easter Quilt Recipe Ideas ................................ □
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Easter Flower Recipe Ideas ................................ □
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Easter Decoration Recipe Recipe Recipe Ideas ................................ □
Ideas for Easter decoration recipe recipe recipes. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.
Matchless music by JEROME KERN
Lilting lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
Dazzling TECHNICOLOR
Enchanting LOVE STORY
Entrancing DANCING
and 15 of America's most
Beautiful COVER GIRLS!

All this...
and Hayworth too!

RITA HAYWORTH
GENE KELLY
Cover Girl
in TECHNICOLOR

with Lee Bowman · Phil Silvers · Jinx Falkenburg
Scenario by VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Directed by CHARLES VIDOR · A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Zorina does her first professional ballroom dancing in this picture. Also does two solos—a beguine and a ballet—from the number, done in front of a line of chorus boys. Used her last two pair of open-meshed lastex hose for these dances . . . will have to have her legs painted in all numbers for the duration. "Black and while" dance sequence, which is done by white-costumed dance teams on a black masonic floor, was shot on the former "Phantom of the Opera" set. . . . Unable to get suitable dancing shoes for the ballet, Zorina dyed the pair she wore in "Louisiana Purchase" . . . The mute horn played by Charlie Spivak is his own invention. He calls it a "Whispy" because it can be played so softly, it can't be heard by anyone standing more than three feet away. Charlie spent six months perfecting the instrument—stuffed silk, satin, rays, paper and cardboard into the bell of his trumpet until he had the desired effect. Felt the horn should be made to a bare whisper to bring out the pulsating rhythm of the beautiful "Besame Mucho."

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES

Remember "Casablanca"? Who could forget it? Now Warner Brothers again gives us the famous Humphrey Bogart—Sydney Greenstreet—Claude Rains—Peter Lorre combination. They also took in Michele Morgan, Helmut Dantine, Philip Dorn and John Loder as nonchalantly as if stars were raisins in a rice pudding. With a cast to knock your eye out, it's no wonder the picture's a super-thriller.

At an airport on the English coast, an air force photographer (John Loder) is listening to a strange story. It's told him by a Free French captain, Freycinet (Claud Rains), and he knows it must be true. But it still sounds pretty fantastic. "At the beginning of this war," Freycinet says, "I was on my way to France on a freighter, from New Caledonia. In the middle of the sea we came to what we at first thought was a bit of floating wreckage. Mais non, it was a canoe, of the most primitive. In it were five men, half dead of exposure and thirst."

The men are, of course, taken aboard the freighter. One of the passengers on board, Major Duval (Sydney Greenstreet), immediately suspects them of being exactly what they are—convicts who have escaped from that most sinister of all prisons, Devil's Island. He does his best to trap them into admitting it, but the men led by Matrac (Humphrey Bogart) are too clever for him.

When the news of France's surrender reaches the freighter by wireless, Duval, who is a Fascist sympathizer, and his friends, try to take over the boat for Petain. But the convicts join forces with the true Frenchmen on board and defeat them. The convicts are admittedly an unsavory lot—murderers, Army deserters and pickpockets. Matrac is a journalist who was railroaded to prison for his political convictions. All of them love France and hate the Nazis.

Even after they dispose of Duval, the battle isn't over. The Fascist wireless operator has radioed their position to a German warship. So the fight goes on—but you must see its exciting finish for yourself.

(Continued on page 20)
TRUSHAY*  ...THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Guards lovely, busy hands
Use it before every soap-and-water chore

Just smooth on this creamy, fragrant lotion beforehand—before you do dishes, or wash undies. Trushay guards soft hands against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water—instead of waiting until after damage is done.

Use Trushay all the other ways you'd use a lotion, too. As a smooth powder base, or for velvety, all-over body rubs. It's inexpensive. So concentrated a few drops do the trick. Ask for Trushay at your druggist’s.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different spelling—but it's the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.
They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring...they last and last.

Stronger Grip

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

(Continued from page 18)

That Bogart is really something!—War.

P. S.

Longest name on the payroll for this film (or any other, for that matter) was Fredor Karkovohnostochovitz. Time office couldn't get his name on a check, paid him of course. Bogart and Peter Lorre, who are great pals, spent their lunch hours wandering through local eateries, spoiling everyone's appetite with their weird appearance—beards mat, eyes bloodshot, faces generally grimy and gruesome-looking...

All the members of the "Ville de Nancy" crew were experienced stunt men, instead of extras. Producer Hal Wallis felt they could take better care of themselves during the violent action. The Senegalese troops, 324 Negroes recruited from Central Avenue, were trained in military formations by Sylvester Robert, a former commander of Spahis in North Africa.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

Growing up is a tough process. Parents can help, if they're the right kind. The wrong kind just make things tougher. There are both kinds in this picture. There is tragedy which comes of teen age girls and boys hurled along too fast by the rush of war. One of the boys—a typical one, perhaps—is Frankie (Glenn Vernon).

Frankie is tired of "wasting time in school. He wants to get out and be a welder or do something important. Besides, he wants money to spend on the girl next door, Sarah Taylor (Tessa Brind).

Frankie's parents don't like the Taylor family, who are new in the neighborhood. The Taylors work in a war plant, leaving Sarah home to care for her two younger sisters. And at night Sarah has to stay home, too, while her father and mother "go out on the town." It's not much of a life for Sarah. She loves Frankie, but she hardly ever gets a chance to see him. The night of her birthday she slips out to meet him, and that's when trouble steps up. Frankie has gone away, and Sarah meets Larry Duncan (Lawrence Tierney), who is older and has money to spend. He persuades her to go with him and Toddie (Bonita Granville) to a roadhouse. Toddie is a tough little neighborhood girl, and she isn't too pleased to have Sarah along, particularly since Larry is obviously attracted to her.

Frankie hears that Sarah has been seen with Larry. "I've got to get some real dough," he says savagely. "I'll show that Larry! The way to get money, he hears, is through stolen tires. Frankie agrees to try a "little job" along that line. The result—for him, for Sarah, for Toddie and Larry—is tragedy. It's one of those sorry messes that come up so quickly from a single misstep.

Kent Smith as Dannie, a wounded soldier who tries to help the neighborhood kids, is a figure of quiet irony. Bonita Granville is appallingly real as Toddie. Glenn Vernon, Tessa Brind and half a dozen others turn in accurate portrayals of youth in a jam. We can all learn a lesson from "Are These Our Children?" and we'd better learn it fast—RKO.

P. S.

Bonita is now a full-fledged star, complete with seven-year contract and a dressing room of her own. Became 21 in February, incidentally. Used to be in sixth place as far as the number of letters was concerned, but now she's in second place, topped only by Ginger Rogers, Queen of the RKO lot...Debubbing in this is Tessa.
Brind, rosy-cheeked young Viennese fresh from the Broadway run of "Watch on the Rhine," Tessie is now under contract to David Selznick. Is already known to radio fans through many appearances as guest on the Quiz Kids program. She speaks four languages fluently, escaped from Europe just two steps ahead of Hitler's hordes.

BROADWAY RHYTHM

Step up to anybody from Timbuktu to Teheran and say, "What's the most famous street in the world?" You'll get just one answer—"Broadway." It's the street of glamour and music and heartbreak, it's the street of stars on the way out and others on the way in—of success that's soon forgotten and failure that turns into success overnight. It's the start of people like the Demming family. . . .

Jonnie Demning is a song and dance man—a successful one. He is played by George Murphy, which is a good thing, because George is one guy who really looks and acts like the Jonnies of Broadway. Jonnie, with a record of three successful shows behind him, is producing another. His father, Sam Demming (Charles Winninger), gets a wistful look in his eye every time the show is mentioned. He'd love to be in it. "You're retired!" says Jonnie firmly. His kid sister Patsy (Gloria DeHaven) gives Jonnie the same sort of trouble. She's sure there ought to be a spot for her in the show, but he unsympathetically sends her back to school and mutters, "What a family!"

A visiting star from Hollywood, Helen Hoyt (Ginny Simms), has been suggested as the lead, but Jonnie says no, he wants a Latin type. So Helen comes around in a black wig and a mantilla, trailing a couple of duennas, and he goes for it and offers her the part. But by then Helen has changed her mind and refuses it, to Jonnie's baffled fury. Especially since he has promptly fallen in love with her.

Meantime his dad has unearthed a play from an old trunk of Jonnie's, and he and Patsy are going to produce it in a barn up in the country. Helen hears about it and not only backs them financially but agrees to play the lead herself. They hire Lena Horne and Hazel Scott, and their manager, Rochester, who doubles in brass as a chauffeur and valet, and they're all set. Just then Jonnie finds out what's going on, and the sparks start to fly—in Technicolor. In fact, the whole thing's Technicolor. And very pretty, too.—M-G-M.

P.S.

Ginny took a short vacation from "Broadway Rhythm" to make her first personal appearance in San Francisco since she sang there years ago in night clubs. This time she sang with the Symphony Orchestra. . . . George Murphy became a papa for the second time when Melissa Elaine was born while picture was in production. . . . Johnny Green married to Bunny Waters just before the completion of the picture. Cast wasn't lucky enough to see the ceremony, but Johnny and Bunny brought back great hunks of gooey wedding cake for all to share.

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP

Martha Raye is talking to a general. "General," she says impressively, "I sure wish I was a man! I'd be right over there in the thick of the fight!" "Real, sir?" says the General politely. "Yes, sir!" says Martha, beginning to believe it herself. "If they'd just send me over there as an entertainer of something, I'd be the happiest girl in the world!" "Me, too," chimes Kay Francis, and Carole Landis and Mitzi Mayfair. After all, it doesn't do any harm to say those things, and they want the General to go away happy. "Girls," says
the General, "it’s a wonderful idea. Be ready to start next week!" That noise you hear is the girls falling in a faint on the floor.

Anyway, that’s how it happens in the picture. The girls are sent to England where they get the greasing of their life from the troops. They put on shows in all the camps, big and little, and between shows they do their laundry and pour pails of water over each other in lieu of showers and are adopted by a sergeant named Eddie (Phil Silvers). Eddie takes them everywhere in his jeep. "It’s a wonderful car," he says, taking four bumps in a row without slowing down once. "Paid for, too." "Now I know how a chocolate milk shake feels," mourns Martha, holding her head.

While they’re in England, Carole falls in love. The man is a handsome Air Force captain named Ted (John Harvey). Mitzi is in love too, with a soldier, Dick (Dick Haymes), who used to do a vaudeville act with her. Carole and Ted get married, but before they can have a honeymoon, Martha meets another general, and the girls are off for Africa.

Africa is full of sand and camels—and Nazis. Life isn’t very funny in Africa. Death is too close. The girls help the nurses in the hospital, and duck into fox holes when the bombers come over. And they give shows to the boys who are going into battle tomorrow. The kind of shows that for a short, enchanted hour make them think they’re back home. For the soldier’s dough, the four jills are tops.

So is the picture. Martha Raye has never been funnier. You’ll like the jills and their jeep.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Girls had sworn that the first thing they would order when back in the good old

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last April when we attended a junior press conference for Frank Sinatra, my editor and I expected a real glamour guy—and a stuffy studio interview. Instead we found a young fellow in sport clothes surrounded by a crowd of kids. He answered nearly every question we asked him, and before long we found ourselves laughing and talking to him just as though he were the fellow next door. That’s the real Frank Sinatra—a very regular guy.

C. Fannan, Franklin Square, L. I.

U. S. was ice cream, so they headed for the café at the edge of the flying field and said, "make ours vanilla." The waitress who hadn’t had ice cream to serve for two weeks, asked them if they didn’t know there was a war going on. . . .

Wedding dress Carole wears in the picture is an exact duplicate of the gown she wore when married to Capt. Tom Wallace in England. . . . Altogether Carole figures she has traveled over 155,000 miles entertaining troops since the war began. . . . Martha and Carole returned to England after doing their shows in North Africa. Carole wanted to see her groom, and Martha needed time to recuperate from an attack of malaria. When Martha had regained a few of her lost 22 pounds, the gals did a few more shows in Great Britain before flying back to the states.

BUFFALO BILL

There are a few almost legendary figures in American history whose very names are exciting. One of them is Buffalo Bill Cody. Twentieth-Century-Fox has made a spectacular Technicolor production of Buffalo Bill’s life. Joel McCrea is a “natural” for the role of the tall, shy woodsman who is the friend of both Indians and whites. Maureen O’Hara is properly gay and lovely as the Eastern girl who falls in love with him. Linda Darnell plays the Indian beauty, Dawn Starlight, and is probably the best looking squaw since Pocahontas.

The story opens when Louisa Frederici (Maureen O’Hara) and her father, the Senator, come West. They are assured that its perfectly safe, but nevertheless their stagecoach is greeted by Indian arrows. Fortunately Buffalo Bill happens along to rescue them. One smile from Louisa, and its Bill that needs rescuing. Dawn Starlight would be glad to break up the romance, but it just can’t be done. Even the Senator is helpless.

An Indian uprising occurs as a result of the seizure of lands belonging to the Cheyenne tribe. A New York financier wants to build a railroad across there, so the Indians are to be thrown out, in spite of Buffalo Bill’s protests. In the course of the bloody battle that follows, the Senator is shot. Louisa is desperate, and Bill risks his own life to rescue her father. After that, the Senator can’t very well oppose the marriage.

Bill and Louisa have four happy years together in their primitive surroundings, until the birth of their son. But at that time trouble again stalks on moccasin feet through the valleys—the Indians are on the war path once more. Bill goes off to fight, and Louisa, wanting to save their son from this kind of life, goes back East with the child. Tragedy faces them for a while, but with the help of the writer, Ned Buntling (Thomas Mitchell), Bill at last comes into his own.—20th-Fox.
THE PURPLE HEART

Here is a picture that will make you so mad you can't see straight. No. Wait a minute. Maybe it will make you so mad you can see straight—straight through the complacency and smugness which still fog our all-out fighting spirit. "The Purple Heart" is the story of a trial by jury. The jury is Japanese, so are the lawyers and the judge. The defendants are eight American fliers who have bombed Tokyo. They are accused of murder. "According to Japanese law, they will be presumed guilty until proven innocent. "Don't bother, boys," Lt. Baylofth (Charles Russell) tells the others as they protest. "This is a lynching." And in a cruel, formal torturing way, that's exactly what it is.

The fliers are an oddly assorted group. Their leader, Captain Ross (Dana Andrews), is a lean, calm Texan. Lt. Vincent (Donald Barry) is a tough Irishman. Sergeant Greenbaum (Sam Levene) is the philosophical, humorous type, who tries to look after Clinton (Farley Granger), the baby of the group. They are all united in one steady determination not to reveal a single detail which could harm America. Not for food or relief from pain or for life itself.

The entire picture is founded on the Japs' struggle to break that resolve. To break it by torture or trickery, but to break it. One by one the fliers are taken away from their companions and subjected to an ordeal calculated to drive them past the limits of human endurance. But endurance, backed by an iron will, can stretch to incredible lengths. Eventually, of course, something snaps. Sanity, perhaps. But by then it is too late for the torturers to get the information they want.

This story of a mock trial isn't pleasant. But it is effective drama and the source of enemy we're up against and the courage we need to defeat him. The whole cast is good, with Sam Levene and John Craven and Farley Granger especially convincing—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Director Lewis ("All Quiet on the Western Front") Milestone knows exactly what he wants in these stories of men in war, their hopes, fears, loves, reactions to danger. Dana Andrews and Milestone are the best of friends, held many a long discussion after working hours about the part Dana plays... Donald Barry, who plays Lt. Peter Vincent, is the same "Red" Barry who stars in Westerns for Republic. "Red" is also a prolific story-writer, has sold several scripts to RKO and other studios. Farley Granger is the boy Sam Goldwyn discovered by advertising in the local paper when he was looking for a second lead to Dana in "North Star."

P. S.

Joel McCrea left for his overseas jaunt the minute production halted... Returned safely and asked to be sent right out again. His wife, Frances Dee, is touring Army and Navy stations throughout the country... Maureen O'Hara spent every spare minute of her time between scenes writing to husband Lt. Will Price of the United States Marine Corps. He is stationed at Quantico, Va., could get only one short leave to spend with her. They'll become parents soon... This is Linda Darnell's first character role. Linda is one-eight Cherokee Indian, herself and has been hoping for years to be assigned to an Indian characterization. Thomas Mitchell and Maureen bandied together in a Society for Overcoming Fear of Horses. Both Mitchell and Miss O'Hara have had serious accidents while riding, and it was a real problem.

"JUST this one cream—and I'm all set for complete beauty care," says lovely Teresa Wright. "Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream does everything for my skin."

It's your easy way to look adorable. Yes, Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream is all you need. It cleanses thoroughly. Freshens. Softens, smooths exquisitely. Gives a smooth, powdery finish for powder. Acts as a night cream, helping smooth away tiny dry-skin lines!

Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make it extra beautifying. Another exclusive ingredient, Stercicin, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, in case dust brings blemish-causing germs.

Get a jar today. 10¢ to $1.25.

EVERY NIGHT take the 3-minute Beauty Night Cap. Cleanses with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Pat on more—leave a little on overnight. Use it for daytime clean-ups, too.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES SO MUCH MORE BESIDES!
THE SECRET OF A LOVELY COMPLEXION

Unforgettable loveliness men adore . . . women envy . . . yours for keeps when you use glamorous Stadium Girl Cake Make-up! Created by expert beauticians, it creates a fresh complexion, hides annoying skin faults, gives your skin a charming glow that lasts for hours. Stadium Girl Cake Make-up—in any one of the four flattering shades—comes to you in a generous quantity, purse-size case.

Stadium Girl CAKE MAKE-UP

Lanolin skin soother added

You'll be proud of the lavi-lishly designed case. Not pasteboard or open glass— but—water resistant, colorful plastic. Safe locking feature prevents case opening in purse.

Look for these exciting make-up companions

Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, in the new, beautiful swivel case, is the perfect complement to Stadium Girl Cake Make-up.

25¢

Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up adds a soft blush to your lovely cake make-up. Safe locking, plastic case.

25¢


*Includes Federal Tax and mailing.

CO-ED

(Continued from page 10)

over?" I asked our family doctor about it, and he said that hundreds more have gone across in just the last few weeks, thanks to the U.S.C.N.C. Seems every two girls that enlist in the Nurse Corps free a full-fledged R.N. for front-line service. That, then, is definitely for me. Tell me all." We'll begin at the beginning. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, the Army and Navy began recruiting graduate nurses like mad for overseas service. They went, thousands of them; braving the terror of the U-boat-infested North Atlantic and Jap-infested Pacific. In huge over-crowded transports, they went, in Flying Fortresses, in small, uncomfortable cargo ships. To Bataan, Guam, Sicily, New Guinea, North Africa. To the stricken floating hospitals that brought home the wounded. At home, civilian hospitals became dangerously under-staffed, and civilian health was beginning to suffer. Slim, tired girls were working long hours. A handful of nurses were left in a hospital that had once considered a staff of 50 essential. Something had to be done to relieve the stream of nurses flowing into the ever-widening battle areas. There was an enormous drive to recruit more nurses. Thousands responded, but there still weren't half enough. So in June 1943, the U.S.C.N.C. was founded by an Act of Congress, its purpose being to give a complete nursing education to every girl and woman in the United States who could qualify.

life-savers . . .

Hundreds of the first girls to enlist in it are already a third of the way through their training, and because of them, there were enough nurses available to the Army to care for the terrible casualties of Casino. Enough to staff the hospital ships that brought boys home from the fighting in the South Pacific.

"It makes me feel kind of wonderful," a pre-Cadet told us yesterday, "to know that if it weren't for me, some graduate would still be doing any job, instead of patching up a Yank somewhere. I've never done anything very important before, and gosh, here I am saving guys' lives. Isn't that terrific?"

That, then, is why the U.S.C.N.C. was created, and here is what your enlistment in it will give you. Full tuition in an accredited nursing school of your own choice, the course taking between 24 and 30 months. You room, board and uniforms, indoors and out. (And these, incidentally, are knockout.) A monthly allowance of $15 during the first nine months of training. Twenty dollars a month for the next 15 to 21 months. Thirty dollars for the remaining time. In addition, upon graduation, you're assured of a job and a good one in war or peace. Maybe you're asking what's the catch. You old cynic, you, there is none. The situation is just like we say. Better even. All races and creeds are acceptable to the U.S.C.N.C. Marriage is no barrier to enlistment. And even if the war ends before you complete your course, you are eligible to go on with it, if you've been in for 90 days. Naturally, upon graduation, you are expected to go into some essential nursing field, though not necessarily with the Armed forces.

Now, do you qualify? You do if you're between the ages of 17 and 35; in good health; a graduate of an accredited high school. Now, which school, and what goes on once you're in. There are as many different types of nursing schools as there are dif...
We're Upping the Ante
from $1.00 to $5.00

Frankly, we love gossip. With great est relish, we dive into the mail each day, pore over your intimate little stories of love and loss and finally decide on the best four or five to be printed in MODERN SCREEN each month. We think these true experiences with Hollywood people are bright spots in the magazine. And, too, we think that perhaps you ought to be rewarded a little more generously for them. So, instead of sending you $1 for your letter if you use it, we're going to mail you $5.00, beginning next month. Of course we reserve the right to edit and revise your letters and will return them to you only when a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Do write us. It's such a kick of fun hearing about the stars on Bond tours and vacation jaunts and other off-screen moments.

These "8 out of 10" included teen-agers, young marrieds, mothers. But typical of their opinions is this letter of Mrs. E. J. S., "Modess stays soft and absorbent much longer than it's important when I spend long hours taking that soldier's place on the farm." Modess is made with a special soft spun filler—not close-packed layers! (No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.) Its triple, full-length shield at the back gives full-way protection, not just part-way, as some napkins give. Why not try softer, safer Modess yourself?

Discover the Difference! Switch to

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess Regular is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. Modess Junior is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.
BE A CONOVER MODEL!

1ST PRIZE—For a beautiful “Lady in the Dark” . . . . . . . . . . . . A test by Harry Conover. Excellent chance of becoming a glamorous COVER GIRL. . . .
ALSO round trip travel expenses to New York paid—one week at a large New York hotel—CONOVER GROOMING COURSE, FREE!—Television test—a complete going over by Dorothy Gray; her $35 Personality and Styling Course given FREE!

2ND PRIZE—For a “Gorgeous Hunk of Man” $300 in War Bonds*
3RD PRIZE—For an older woman . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . I. J. Fox Fur Coat
4TH PRIZE—For an older man . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $100 in War Bonds
5TH PRIZE—For a beautiful child . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $100 in War Bonds
6TH PRIZE—For a beautiful baby . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $100 in War Bonds

Try and try again prizes**
7TH—16TH PRIZE . . . Dorothy Gray’s “Lady in the Dark” Perfume

1050 Prizes of $1.00 each in War Stamps—Open to all “types”

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.

** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests. The pictured person in each case will win the prize, regardless of who submits the entry.

Are you a “Lady in the Dark”—in the dark about yourself? Maybe you’ve got the makings of a Ginger Rogers or a Paulette Goddard and just don’t know it. Harry Conover, creator of the Conover Cover Girls, is looking for a beautiful girl—maybe you’ll be that girl, or maybe you’ll fall into one of the other categories, an older woman type, a handsome hunk of man, an elderly man or a zany teenster. Maybe you’ve got an adorable baby that’ll walk off with a prize. Remember you don’t have to be a raving beauty—that’s not always the type that makes the best model. Maybe your mouth is too wide, but your eyes are something terrific! Or maybe your fella’s one of those clean cut G.I.’s that looks too wonderful in a uniform. If you win any one of the 1066 prizes offered—gosh! what a thrill! Incidentally why not blow yourself to a couple tickets to “Lady in the Dark”? And if you don’t win, go see it anyway. Honestly, it’s the best thing to come—MODERN SCREEN’S way in a long, long time,

RULES:

1. Paste a contest coupon on the back of EACH picture submitted, or write the pictured person’s FULL NAME (see Rule 3) and address on the back of each picture.

2. Send as many pictures as you like, but only ONE picture of each person.

3. Be sure to give FULL NAME and address. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give woman’s first name, not her husband’s.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.

4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families and those who have already won big prizes in MODERN SCREEN’S 1944 contest series.

5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than May 10, 1944.

6. The entries will NOT be returned.

7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

8. The contest will be judged by Mr. Harry Conover. His decisions will be final.

HERE’S HOW:

To enter the “Lady in the Dark” contest, all you have to do is send us a picture of yourself, your mother, father, husband, sweetheart, baby, girl friend or child. Send pictures of as many members of your family or friends as you want; one picture of each. Paste the contest coupon on the back of each picture or write all the necessary data on the back. Any size picture will do, snapshots, candid or portraits, but remember, we cannot return them to you. Mr. Harry Conover will judge the contest.

Modern Screen’s Contest Series: No. 14
“Lady in the Dark”

(Please Print or Type)

Full name of person pictured __________________________
Street __________________ City ______ State ______

I understand that this picture will not be returned.

Mail your picture to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3rd prize—this silky Persian lamb I. J. Fox fur coat.
"If you buy enough War Bonds today", says Joan Leslie, star of Warner Bros., "Rhapsody in Blue", "you can write your own Weather Report... always fair weather! The day will come when you can install your own air conditioning." • Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes today are selecting Bates bedspreads, designed to provide warmth and beauty... and they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.
"Lost your last friend?" Mommy asked my nineteen-year-old Cousin Kate. "Not my last friend, just my best beau," Kate sobbed. "He's too interested in another girl. I've lost him, I know!" "He's not lost yet, darling," Mommy comforted. "My dimpled dumpling (that's me) has a beauty secret that may bring your lieutenant back into camp."

"Some velvety cheek—eh?" Mommy chuckled, pinching mine. "Switch to regular cleansings with pure, mild Ivory and I'm sure your complexion will grow clearer and lovelier. More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating."

"Ooooooh—look at them! That's Kate with Tom—and they were married at our house! See how happy—and pretty—she looks. As a matter of fact, right after she started those regular, gentle cleansings with 'Velvet-suds' Ivory Soap her complexion began to bloom like a dewy rose. And Tom forgot the other girl! Ivory is wonderful!"

99 44/100 % pure... It floats

Look lovelier with Ivory

... the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

Save Soaps! They use Vital War Materials!

1. Don't leave soap in water when you're through lathering yourself.
2. Be sure the soap-dish is dry before you put your bar back.
3. Use up soap scraps in wire shaker or tied in cloth.
TO OUR READERS...

We are just recovering from a bad case of false modesty!

It's almost a year since we began publishing our OVERSEAS EDITION FOR THE ARMED FORCES . . . a bright magazine with the best pin-ups and the best stories from both MODERN SCREEN and SCREEN ROMANCES. In Algiers, Naples and Bombay, American boys are keeping up with pictures and picture folk with our help. And all this time we've sort of taken it for granted.

Somehow we never felt too puffed up about it. One gold star on a service flag makes any civilian contribution small. A single American boy dead on the field of battle outweights all the magazines ever published.

That's tough talk, but it gives you an idea why we never felt like saying much about our Overseas Edition. We kind of figured we were like a guy who shipped out dehydrated eggs—maybe a little less important, because you can't eat magazines.

That's where we were wrong. From all corners of this battered globe the good word keeps coming: "We love the damn book. We eat it up!"

That's a gorgeous tribute! We think we understand what it means. It means that MODERN SCREEN'S simple, true pictures of typical American families bring to the dead ends of the world a vital seed of home. Maybe the seed is small. But if it can grow strong and alive in a soldier's heart, we think we're doing a pretty good work.

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Donald O'Connor

His crib was a scarred suitcase propped on a dressing room wall, his lullaby the brassy slur of a slide trombone. Part 1, life story.

One afternoon five years ago a skinny kid of 13 sat on a chair in the wardrobe department at Paramount studios and tried to stuff his feet into a pair of shoes that were obviously too small. He twisted and pushed and perspired, but he couldn't make it. The wardrobe man watched him with a half-amused, half-sorry smile. Another man came in the door, stood and watched, too.

“Having trouble?” the new man asked.

The kid grinned apologetically. “They’re kinda tight.”

“How’s the rest?” The new man was talking to the wardrobe fellow now.

“Pants are two inches too short and the coat sleeves the same. That shirt looks like a joke on him. “Mr. Ruggles,” protested the wardrobe man, “the truth is, this wardrobe just isn’t big enough for Donald. I think—”

Wesley Ruggles, preparing to direct a picture, broke in. “Don,” he said, “when you get dressed come into my office, will you?”

Behind closed doors, Ruggles, a veteran Hollywood director, did what he hated to do. He explained to Donald O’Connor why he would have to take him out of the picture he was about to shoot, “Invitation to Happiness,” with Fred MacMurray and Irene Dunne. Don’s part was the small son of Irene, and he’d shot up so in size in the past months that he was just too big. Ruggles’ eyes (Continued on following page)

“Variety” praised young Donny, predicted terrific future in show bus.

By Kirtley Baskette
were suspiciously moist as he told Don O'Connor the blunt truth that afternoon. "You've come into that awkward age, Don," he said. "It's tough on kid stars. Some can hold on but not many. Here's the straight dope: There just aren't any parts around here for you any more."

When Donald O'Connor's option came up in a few days, the front office told him the bad news: It wasn't going to be renewed. What they were telling him really was that he was through in Hollywood. Through at 13! Don O'Connor had made 11 pictures and had his named billed with Hollywood greats like Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Betty Grable and a dozen more. He had even been starred in a couple, "Tom Sawyer, Detective" and "Sons of the Legion." He'd made hits on the screen, ever since he played Small Fry with Bing Crosby in "Sing You Sinners." His salary was $900 a week. He had fan mail flowing in and stories in the magazines about him, pictures in the papers. And now something as normal as breathing, something he couldn't help kicked him out of all this—just plain growing up.

Donald O'Connor tossed back his head with a defiant tilt to his cocky, (Continued on following page)
A ladies' man from way back, Don can't even remember first date but recalls that first kiss was planted on Boston chorus girl.

After H'wood stretch, returned to family's act, appeared in World's Fair Irish Village. In '41 Univ. rediscovered him.
Up until he was 11, he'd never had time for regular schooling. Even with work, he's maintaining above-average grades under tutelage of L. A. high school teacher. Also took navigation course for future role in the war.

“What’s Cookin’?” with Gloria Jean and Peggy Ryan started onslaught of fan mail boosting him to stardom.

Don, currently in “Chip Off the Old Block,” says when he's in role, he lives character he's portraying at home as well as studio.
Irish chin when they told him the bad news. "So we're closing the run," he said. He was a show business kid from the word "go," and he'd been in spots like this before. "So what? I'll play this circuit again!"

It was a bold boast. Not one in a hundred kids leaves Hollywood, as Donald O'Connor did, and comes back to set it on its ears. Usually they vanish into the limbo of forgotten child stars. Unless they stay runty like Mickey Rooney, or grow up quick like Deanna Durbin, they've got two strikes on them and a fast curve ball coming their way.

But Donald O'Connor has made good his cocky boast. At 18, Small Fry O'Connor was back in Hollywood as Mister Big—from the Universal picture of the same name.

What made that a hit and all the O'Connor hits before it was—Donald O'Connor. And what brought him back again as the biggest new juvenile star of Hollywood's year was the same buzzing, bright and fascinating little guy, simply spilling over with personality and talent. That's all there is to it. The public discovered Don O'Connor again. Universal, an up-and-coming young-minded studio, can take a bow for handing Don a second chance. But Don really pushed his program pictures across to the Hit column. Now he's the hottest thing on the Universal lot, and only postage stamp rationing can stop the 7000 letters that swamp him every week.

They're calling him a new Mickey Rooney out in Hollywood, and a lot of people think that Don O'Connor has as much on the ball as Mickey the Great ever had. If "This is the Life," "Top Man" and "Chip Off the Old Block" don't boost Donald O'Connor into the top ten box-office honor roll this year—then a lot of movie prophets will have to swallow their long grey beards.

So he's done it—has Donald O'Connor—what has never been done in Hollywood before: Been a star once. . . . Left Hollywood cold to grow up. . . . Made a comeback—bigger, better and brighter than before. And made chumps of the wise ones who cracked, "It can't happen here!"

But, looking back, it's hard to see how Donald O'Connor could have missed this bright destiny. From the day he was born he has been (Continued on page 96)
Even in the Best of Families . . .

By Ida Zeitlin

Things do happen. Nothing to send Janie fluttering home in tears to Mother, but still . . .

Things have been happening to Captain Ronald Reagan's women.

Button-nose Senior—Jane Wyman to Warner Brothers—has burst into stardom.

Button-nose Junior has slipped out of babyhood. She's no longer Murmur, nor even Mau-ween, but an independent 3-year-old who can lick her weight in Rs. "I'm Mau-rrreen Rrreagan," she says and looks as if she dared you to contradict her.

As for Ronnie, the Army's got him, body and soul. For him the movies have ceased to exist. Jane tells him about something that's happened at the studio. He listens quietly—too quietly—

"You don't hear a word I say, do you, Ronnie?"

"Hmm? Gee, I'm sorry, hon." (Continued on page 79)
Capt. Reagan’s wife can lure Canteen with “St. Louis Woman,” in 5 languages. G.I.’s say she’s terrific.

Jonie rapidly tumbled from hairdressing to switchboard operating, office work, modeling, scorch singing, writing (recently had two stories published).

Reagans get mildly hysterical every time they think of their “hommy” child sweetly kissing photographer at Donny Molland’s birthday party. (Mom’s next, “One More Tomorrow.”)
After making and breaking first date, Ellie asked Glenn to house for dinner, saw eye to eye on roast-beef-mashed-potato-to-ice-cream routine. Discovered like tastes in music, books.

Night Ellie and Glenn wound up at Harentine Gardens after her trousseau shopping, they found Eng. soldiers swarming place. After orchestra had packed up instruments for the night, each of 'em twirled Ellie 'round once, to piano player's tunes.

By Abigail Putnam
Sometimes it's a smile or a sweet, quick glance that says what you can't put into words. To Glenn and Ellie it's a tune...

They knew they'd be married in 1943. But not till a week before, did they know it would be on October 23rd.

Ever since he joined the Marine Corps, Glenn had been saving days. "I won't ask for anything, now, sir," he'd say when the question of leave came up. "Because I would like to have ten days when I get married."

The minute he came in from Camp Pendleton that week-end, Ellie knew something was up. In moments of excitement, Glenn can be very calm and collected—only his eyes give him away. They look as if a small bonfire had been lighted behind them.

"Doing anything special next Saturday?" he asked. "Because if you're not, I have a furlough, and I'd like to get married."

The stars represent an interlude that has nothing to do with us. When we see them next, Ellie's eyes are on fire, too, but they've both reached the stage where plans can be discussed.

The first plan was to be married at Santa Barbara—with no witnesses but Ellie's mother and Glenn's. There was so little time for preparations, it seemed the sensible thing to do. But sitting there in front of the fire, Ellie's heart cried out against the sensible thing—

She turned to Glenn. "I've always wanted a wedding to think back on. I've always wanted to be married in a white dress—"

"Me, too," he smiled. "And if you think you could manage it in a week, I'll manage dress blues."

That was all she needed, if she needed anything—the vision of Glenn in dress blues. On Monday morning she was at Magnin's, where she always shops. If you think her best talent lies in her dancing feet, you're wrong. It lies in her talent for human relationships. Magnin's isn't just the place where she shops. It's the place where the girl behind the bag counter waves hello as Ellie passes, and Ellie knows exactly how long it is since the elevator girl last heard from her husband somewhere in the South Pacific. (Continued on page 116)
They've got Lon McCallister so darn tied up that a day off is a blank check straight from heaven.

There's a clause in Lon McCallister's contracts that says nothing can be printed about him that's not the truth.

He's been in the movies, playing bits and extras, since he was 12. He knew lots of movie kids, and it embarrassed him to read stuff about them that was all hoked up. So when his turn came to sign with Sol Lesser, he had the no-hokum clause put into the contract. "The truth never hurt anyone," says Lon.

He's 20, but he eyes you with the clear candor of a child. His smile trusts the world. He thinks people are the most important thing in life, and the most important thing to be is a friend. His other ambitions include movies, writing and boats.

He doesn't think he's an actor. If people continue to like him, it will be because they like him as Lon McCallister, not as Hamlet or Mr. Hyde. He loves Shakespeare to read, but not (Continued on page 104)
HERE HE COMES!  By Nancy Winslow Squire
Swoon Boy of 1944 kicked up a racket with improvised words and music 5:50 A.M., Jan. 11, when he arrived weighing 8 lbs., 12 ounces.
It's a Boy!

Three lovelier words he never heard—poor frazzled Frankie, pacing the floor a continent away. And now Pop's singing a lullaby in blue.

Nancy Sandra was just about two days old when Frank began talking more babies. "What's one kid?" he said. "Nothing. It's pathetic. You need five or six before you're a family." Frankie had been an only child, lonely as the dickens. Nancy had been one of seven, constantly stalking a bit of privacy and solitude.

"One kid's all right," she said softly, from her throne of pillows. "One kid's kind of wonderful."

Frankie squeezed her hand and looked deep in her eyes. "Yeah, it is, isn't it?" he said, feeling all gooshy for a minute; then added doggedly, "For a starter."

Nancy was right, it so happened. One kid was wonderful. Maybe she did tie you down a little. And maybe she did knock hell out of your best clothes via tiny white-shod feet. She was still terrific, and for a long while she was all he wanted. Nancy, soft and lovable, impish and (Continued on following page)
Frank, who's proved he can lick his weight in hecklers, says, "Sure, I'm skimp, but I'll take an an 3-guys at once." Always wears identification tag given him by Mauriello, with ditto's name on inscription.

When Frank leaves, Mrs. S. tears into household chores, has never had maid more than 2 days a week. With 10-room set-up comes playroom, gym, practice golf range, archery.

When time allows, heavyweight Tami Mauriello bangs Frank around Gotham Health Club gym. When day's jammed, gets quick workout by massour.
It's a Boy!  Continued

noisy. Nancy, pink-cheeked and laughing in the daytime; all scrubbed and shiny in the evening. She was enough.

Then suddenly she graduated from overalls to pinafores, and one day Frankie came home to find her with pink on her nails and her hair up in a pompadour.

"Look, Mom," he told Mrs. Sinatra at dinner that night. "That babe's practically grown-up. I wish we had a nice tiny new job around."

"That," said Nancy smugly, "is what I've been trying to tell you ever since you got in, only you got so involved with your daughter . . ."

"What do you mean?" Frankie flew over to her side of the table. "What do you mean?"

"The new baby, dope. It's all set for December."

"It is? Oh gosh. Oh gee, that's wonderful. Are you okay, Mom? I'm gonna call the boys right away and let them know." Frank was like a wild man.

"Butch, sit down and finish your dinner. And for the love of Mike, don't go telling everyone already." Frank didn't answer. He was too busy thinking how he'd spring the news on people. By the next day, everyone knew. Including Dotty Kilgallen and Louella Parsons. Including Nancy Sandra.

"What do you (Continued on following page)
Frank stews over orchestrations, often cocks ear toward individual instrument, asking special effect. Hopes Nancy Sondro will be harpist some day. Anyhow, hopes she'll be some kind of musician.

want for Christmas?" is how Frankie led up to it.

“A train—a doll—a doll carriage—a dog—and a tricycle,” she rattled off without a moment’s hesitation. The promptness of the comeback sort of threw her mom and pop, considering it was only May.

“Sure,” she said. “I told Mom that already. A train—a doll—a doll carriage—a dog—a tricycle—and a brother with blond curls."

“Okay, honey. I’ll tell Santa Claus right away, so’s there won’t be any hitch.”

There now, there wasn’t anybody left to tell. Frank sat back in his chair and eyed Mom dotingly. Life was indeed good. He doted on her all through the summer. Everytime she looked around, there was Frank with a glass of ice water or an electric fan or both.

“Relax,” she’d tell him. “I’m perfectly all right, honey. I’m not even warm.” He ignored that and pushed a chair under her—just in case.

“Haven’t you any whims, Mom?” he’d ask her. “All expectant mothers have whims.”

“Not a whim, Frank. Not even one.” He’d bring her pickles anyway, and spiced ham and candy, just in case. And she ate all of it, which pleased him.

The first of December, Frank left for a Boston booking, positive that the minute he got out of town his son would arrive. (He’d been calling it “my son” from the very beginning.) He’d hang on the phone with Nancy by the hour. “As I see it, Mom, he should appear on my birthday at the latest.” That was the 12th.

“The doctor says around the twentieth, honey,” Nancy soothed him. “You’ll be home by then.”

“Yeah, but Nancy came so darned early, he probably will, too.” (Nancy had been born two weeks ahead of schedule, on June 8, 1940, while Frank had turned his back for a couple of hours for a rehearsal with Tommy Dorsey’s band.) “I give him till the twelfth.”

When the baby didn’t show on the 12th, Frank gave him till Christmas. “That’s the deadline,” he said grimly. This business (Continued on page 85)
Junior brigade gallantly conveys The Voice out of CBS studios. June '43, Par. Theater grossed $11,000, gave F. $2500 weekly plus extra weekly bonus of $1000.

Suave night clubbers sardined into Waldorf Wedgewood Room to see what teensers were moaning over. "Night and Day," which won him first contract, won over older set at Waldorf, making Sinatra a universal thing.

At swank Waldorf or backstage at Paramount, night ends same way; with tight huddle of autograph hunters mesmerized by Sinatra's tender tones. Hollywood fans are doing the honors now that Frank's on West Coast shooting newly hatched RKO flicker.
Shirley, shopping with Mom, used to howl, "Why do I have to dress like a baby?" Thought Marine duds she tramped around in at El Toro, Cal., station pretty keen.

Days off from set of "Since You Went Away," Shirley directed stage-shy teensters in Red Cross play. Tool all parts to show 'em. (Here with David O. Selznick.)
Shirley calls them her Army and Marine brothers. They're so different, she doesn't know how they ever managed to get into the same family. But she's certainly glad they both got into hers.

Imagine if she'd had sisters instead, all the fun she'd have missed. Not that she'd have minded a little sister, that would have been nice. But an older one? Goodness, no! Older sisters act bossy. So do older brothers sometimes, but in sort of a nice way. They don't get all steamed up about it.

Jack was 14 when Shirley appeared on the scene, George was 10. So they never really played around together, like kids nearer the same age. A lot of the time they weren't even home. By the time she was old enough to kind of look around and take notice, George was going to military school in New Mexico, and (Continued on page 90)
Marion was an angel; Betty a hellion who danced and screamed and sang—and hoped someone was watching.

Betty and Marion had relatives in Battle Creek who used to send them things for Christmas. One Christmas they both asked for roller skates. When the package came, Betty—who could never wait—got her hands on it first and went tearing through it. There were roller skates for Marion, none for her. Her face went white, but she didn’t say a word. Which only served to twist the knife a little deeper into her mother’s heart.

Mabel Hutton’s heart was used to aching over her little black sheep, who thought the way to break down a wall was to butt her head against it. Fiercely protective, she’d hunt for words to console Betty. Marion was two years older. Marion took better care of her things. But this time the stock arguments turned her stomach. What kind of stuff was that to hand out to a grieving kid at Christmas? (Continued on page 76)
Betty chuck's fuzzy brown teddybear on pillow beside her each night 'cause when she was a kid she never had one. For some reason, melts at sight of doll with real hair. (Above, with Mrs. Hutton, Betty 4, Marion 6.)

Marian Hutton (former Glenn Miller vocalist) is proud as an old biddy over (1) son Johnny, who's beginning to stand on own two chubby legs, (2) Mom, who's debuting as extra in Betty's "Incendiary Blonde."

Hollywood Canteen warriors swear Betty's only gal alive who can out-rumba and out-Lindy them. Leaves 'em frazzled. (Above, Al Dexter, father of "Pistol Packin' Mama.")

Betty (currently in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek") added new gag to Hope repertoire. Told him of paratrooper who asked her to autograph his arm, then screamed, "This arm's not gonna get washed for the duration."
By Maris MacCullers and Kay Hardy

1. Liza Elliott (Ginger Rogers), fabulously successful editor of "Allure," finds herself suddenly haunted by fears, inexplicable dreams, asks Dr. Brooks (Barry Sullivan) for help.

2. Publisher Kendall Neurbitt (Warner Baxter), who's loved Liza always, tells her his wife is finally coming thru with divorce. When can they marry? Liza's too tired, bewildered to think.


5. From dreams and remembered fragments Dr. Brooks learns that Liza once lost high school beau to prettier girl, has since stifled her own charm and beauty, afraid to be hurt by men.

3. Tearing back to doctor's office, Liza pours out dreams, bits remembered from childhood; how it ached to be so plain when her mother was so beautiful, how disappointed mother was.

6. A breathlessly lovely Liza turns out for date with Rondy Curtis (Jon Hall), meets Chorley with actress who sets to work on Rondy, Liza abruptly leaves.
To Ginger, brilliant, secure, fantastically successful, life's a headache. And, it turns out, Ray's the Bromo.

**STORY**—She was frightened.

That never happened; it might happen to other people, the little, worried people who were clerks and stenographers. But not to Liza Elliott. Not brilliant Liza Elliott, editor of the smartest magazine for women in America; not Liza Elliott who thought of, created, pushed and scrabbled until “Allure” was the cream of the whole fashion parade.

But she was frightened; there was no denying it. What was it Dr. Carlton had said? “It’s not your health, Liza. You’re fit and sound. It’s something in your mind.” He had wanted her to see another doctor, a Dr. Brooks—a psychoanalyst. She? Liza Elliott? What in the world did she need a psychoanalyst for? She was happy, wasn’t she, secure in her job, successful? But why was she frightened?

The office door swung open a bit, and she jumped a bit nervously and then bit (Continued on page 71)

**PRODUCTION**—The technical experts assigned to “Lady in the Dark” read the script before production began, groaned and asked themselves why they hadn’t chosen some simple profession like weaving baskets under water.

For the circus sequence, they had to construct a jury box that would bob and sway in time to the music, yet be strong enough to hold 15 clowns. The two circus rings, the focus of attention for much of the scene, had to make revolutions in exactly nine and six-tenths seconds. After the details essential to their correct timing were completed, the arc lights were turned on, and immediately the amount of power was reduced (a small item that had been overlooked). The rings slowed down to ten-second revolutions and spoiled everything. Auxiliary generators had to be borrowed, and practically all other filming on the lot had to cease ’til the electric lines could cope with the heavy load again! (Continued on page 89)
"You won't remember me," Bill wrote. But he was wrong. As long as Joan lives she'll remember.

One night Joan was serving coffee behind the Snack Bar at the Hollywood Canteen, when a boy came up.

"I don't believe it," he said.

Now lots of boys might have said the same thing, and she'd have recognized it as an invitation to some breezy give-and-take, and replied in the same spirit.

But this boy was handing it out straight. Sincerity was written all over his quiet face. "What don't you believe?" asked Joan.

"That I'm seeing you. Maybe that sounds silly, but here's what I mean. I got in a couple of days ago, and I was pretty thrilled, especially coming from overseas. Hollywood's something wonderful to us fellows, and I kept looking for something wonderful to happen, but (Continued on page 109)"
BY FREDDA DUDLEY

Good News

Cooper troupe invading South Pacific! Lt. Eddie Albert with Coast Guard in Tarawa landing! Irene Dunne launches S.S. Carole Lombard!

BABY OF THE YEAR:

The J. Walter Thompson Company is an august business enterprise, ensconced in elegant offices behind dignified double doors. One afternoon in January, the Thompson Company eyebrows ascended as one arch; the Thompson Company was being mobbed. The invading army wore a uniform: saddle oxfords, bobby sox, pleated skirts and sloppy joes. The invading army spoke a language all its own, "Murder, he says!" "Booger and Wilco." "Who's beating her gums about what?" "Take a pleat in your tongue, your jaw is hanging."

Here and there appeared the obvious officers of this force: leggy characters wearing blue windbreakers on the back of which was the gold felt inscription, "I am a Sinatra Swooner." Frank Sinatra, the Sultan of Swoon, was to inaugurate his series of broadcasts, and the B. Sox Brigade was stampeding for tickets. When the supply was exhausted, a small red sign was hung on the door, to wit: "No More Sinatra Tickets." Nonplused late-comers had to content themselves with writing bitter comments on this sign.

The line before the Lux Radio Theater began to form around 3 o'clock for the 6 o'clock broadcast. The conversation along the line dealt with prized Sinatra recordings and favorite Sinatra anecdotes. One favorite confidence, bandied about from one ardent group to the other, was that Frank was to caddy for Bing Crosby at a forthcoming charity match. The second most engrossing item was the advent of Frank's second child. One partisan summed up the group emotional condition neatly, "We've just been suffering like crazy with Frankie, waiting for that baby to get here."

Ten days later, Nancy and Frank became the parents of a boy, to be named Francis Wayne. (Continued on page 62)
MARY JANE IS DEMURE AND SPRING-BLOSSOMY. Her smooth, silky hair has a baby-fine quality. Her exquisite complexion is so clear and so soft. "I just take care of my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "The more I use it, the more I love it."

MARY JANE IS DEMURE AND SPRING-BLOSSOMY. Her smooth, silky hair has a baby-fine quality. Her exquisite complexion is so clear and so soft. "I just take care of my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "The more I use it, the more I love it."

Mary Jane herself has definite and practical ideas about how to keep her lovely face looking its prettiest. "You've just got to have sparkling clean skin," she says. "It has to look and feel soft, too. That's why I'm so keen about a Pond's cold-creaming for my face every night and every morning. Pond's is such heavenly soft-smooth cream. It feels grand to use and makes your skin look so nice."

Copy Mary Jane's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. This is what she does!

First—She smooths Pond's snowy Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pads with quick fingertips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Next—She "rinses" with more Pond's, working her white-tipped fingers over her face in little spiral whirls. "This twice-over creaming makes my skin feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Beauty-clean your face with Pond's every night, every morning. Use it for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident engaged girls like Mary Jane, society beauties like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III and Britain's Viscountess Milton love this soft-smooth cream. Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! Large sizes save glass and manpower! And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the wide jar!
No other Shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

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

Springtime! Time for hearts to be young and gay...time for you to be lovelier than ever with radiant, glamorous hair that invites romance!

So don't let Springtime find you with hair that's dull from using soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo...how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle...right after shampooing.

Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember...Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap. Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!
and to be observed critically through infancy and adolescence by the largest group of vicarious Little Mothers ever accorded a junior citizen.

**BRASS BUTTONS:**

The troupe consisting of Gary Cooper, Una Merkel, Phyllis Brooks, and Eddie Arcari, landed at an airport somewhere in the South Pacific and noted with interest the presence of great quantities of gold braid on smartly squared shoulders. Obviously, something dramatic was in the offing, but none of the welcoming committee vouched for an explanation to the entertainers. They just waited around. By and by a second plane landed, and from it descended General Marshall.

That afternoon the General addressed the troops briefly. Thereafter, Gary, Eddie and the girls put on their show, an entertainment which General Marshall remained to watch. "We were so excited we almost blew our lines," Una confessed afterward.

At the close of the show General Marshall met the four wanderers and explained in his modest way that he hoped they didn't mind his addressing soldiers who had really gathered hours early to hear the Cooper show. "I was just a fill-in," he grinned.

Gary looked at the sky and the earth for an answer. Then he grinned right back.

Days went by, and the incident was not discussed. Then one evening Gary suddenly observed, "Gosh! Some fill-in, huh?"

* * *

We have been snooping, in your behalf, through the fan mail of certain persons, and we come up triumphantly with the following:

"Our dear Miss Lamour:

"We, the commissioned members of the crew of the United States submarine Gudgeon, have taken it upon ourselves to send you our most cherished possession—not a Jap battle flag or the scalp of an enemy commander, but a picture! A picture placed within an unused gauge, many months before, in the engine room of our gallant vessel. A picture that has done wonders in seeing us through numerous engagements with the Nippers. It was locked upon for protection and comfort countless times during depth charge attacks—and comfort and protection was always found. It is a veteran of ten war patrols in enemy-controlled waters, scores of depth charges (hence the name 'Depth Charge Dottie') and has witnessed extensive damage to our enemy."

"You became a veteran early in the war when, during an especially heavy attack, the glass covering your face was shattered, leaving an ugly scar across your cheek. Beyond that, excluding a little scotch tape and good old Gudgeon dirt, you look none the worse for thirty months of sea duty."

"And so, it is with kindest regards that we send you the enclosed picture and hope it will find its way to your scrapbook.

Most sincerely,

Ship's Company,
U.S.S. Gudgeon."

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Dilemma at the Ladds: The day they sold almost every snitch of furniture, expecting new stuff to arrive momentarily. Bedding offered bed and board till new equipment turned up.

Big moment: When Lana and Steve suddenly realized that tiny Cheryl was stacking up more Christmas presents than her Mom. Bad moment: When Mrs. Turner took to bed, threatened by pneumonia.

At tea party, Frankie gave rugged rendition of "Old Man River" for Admiral Halsey, who applauded wildly. Frank was honored till he learned he'd sung through dead mike. (With Ginger right.)
The picture went into Dottie's scrapbook, and a new and luscious portrait went to the ship's company of the gallant Gudgeon. Those of you who have seen "Destination Tokyo" know what sort of action Dottie's pictures—and the men to whom she gave comfort—have survived.

Lieutenant Van Heflin was able to place a second overseas call to his pretty wife immediately after Christmas. He said wistfully, "I'd give almost anything if I could only see you and Vanna in front of our Christmas tree."

That did it. Frances can't bear the idea of taking down the tree. So she has decided to leave it where it stands in the living room until Van comes back to Hollywood. When last seen, the tree was more haystack than needles.

* * *

As you undoubtedly know from news dispatches, Lt. Eddie Albert participated with the Coast Guard in the landings at Tarawa. It was there, a fact that none of us must ever forget, that over a thousand men gave up their lives in 78 short hours.

Fiercely attending to duty, which in this case was the evacuating of wounded men and getting them back to the ships, Lt. Albert literally swam through a sea that broke red on blood-soaked shores.

He told friends with wry solemnity, "I've always said I craved adventure. Well, I got it." But he had never expected adventure to wear so hideous a face.

However, any man who emerges from such an experience abruptly finds himself to be the possessor of such riches as heart can scarcely hold: He is the owner of life, of being, of awareness of the magical power of laughter.

Out of the depths of this laughter, Eddie told of several Marines who came upon a cache of Jap beer and got to work, opening cans with anything that would penetrate tin. Abruptly a grenade landed in their midst, and everyone leaped backward into fox holes and behind coconut logs. When, after a fearful few moments, there was no detonation, someone gingerly lifted his head to find another Marine calmly stacking his cans of beer.

"Take cover, you lug," someone yelled. "That grenade's about to go off."

The Marine, almost invisible behind his loot, observed urbanely, "Nope, it won't go off. I took out the powder before I tossed it in there to scare you monkeys away from my beer."

GOLD FISH:

Because their house seemed too big for Ann's wartime need, and because she and Bob have postwar plans for a one-story, rambling house out in the country somewhere, the Sterlings have offered their Beverly Hills home for sale.

Bob came in from his current job of acting in Air Corps training films and made a bee-line for the shower. The sequence which had been shot that day involved the technique of handling a plane on which the oil line had broken. To simulate oil, yet not dissipate such valuable material or run the risk of starting a real fire, the Army producers had been using chocolate sauce in the oil line, Bob was a sweet sight—face the color of molasses and hair likewise.

The shower felt wonderful. He tried a few bars of some unrecognizable air. Hearing voices—apparently from the neighboring bedroom—Bob opened the sand-blasted shower door and thrust out a dripping head. "Zat you, Ann?"

It wasn't Ann. It was the local realtor, showing a family of prospective buyers through the house. "Personally conducted tours at all hours," said Bob cheerfully and closed the door in the faces of the ogling visitors.

Why Cheryl Walker wears Woodbury Natural

"It makes my complexion look blonder... lends baby-skin clearness, velvet smoothness," she says...

Girls!... your shade of Woodbury Powder will do glamorous things for you... Because Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type... And the Color Control process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, super-fine—to stay color-fresh, velvet-smooth on your skin, hour after hour...

Choose from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades including:
Natural, Flesh, Rachel, Brunette, Windsor Rose.

Woodbury Color Controlled Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP!... Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost!... All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50c, 25c, 10c

CHERYL WALKER, IN SOL LESSER'S MOTION PICTURE, "STAGE DOOR CANTEEN"
BESTFORM

means "best fit"

BESTFORM BRASSIERES

79¢

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS

$2.50 to $6.50

Good News

Continued

RUMOR BLOOMER:

If you haven't seen "Lifeboat" with the incomparable Tallulah Bankhead, run—do not walk—to your nearest theater. Playing opposite her is one of the most exciting personalities to hit town in a long time, name of John Hodiak. After the picture had been seen generally in Hollywood, Metro executives cast a covetous eye upon 20th Century-Fox Studios, where the picture had been made by Alfred Hitchcock, and where—presumably—the desirable Mr. Hodiak was under contract.

Tactful negotiations were begun to borrow this rarest of all local wartime commodities, a rugged leading man. 20th Century was polite and regretful. They would, they allowed, dearly love to lend Mr. Hodiak to Metro, were it not for one technicality. Mr. Hodiak had been borrowed, in the first place, by 20th Century. His contract was held by Metro.

RING, DOUBLE RING:

When Alexis Smith announced her engagement to Craig Stevens, she postscripted the news with a firm declaration that there would be no wedding until the war was over. Recently, however, Craig was given his medical discharge from the Army. A few days later Alexis was spotted amid the lonely floor spaces of a furniture store (no Los Angeles home outfitter has enough merchandise to soil a good-sized dustcloth). Perhaps this means that Alexis has changed her mind about being a lady-in-waiting for the duration, since her personal soldier is home from the wars.

Judy (here with Jack Benny) brainstormed into studio with suggestion that full-sized photos replace postcard-size pics to overseas servicemen. Idea took pushing, but Judy got final O.K.

Edward Arnold and everyone else who'd listen heard Paulette's Spring sending plans, her overpowering yen for dangerous and good N. Y. soil. Paulette said she'd work form herself until next pic.
RE-TAKE:
Christmas, 1943, has long been just a memory. About all that remains of the festive season around your house is that Christmas card from a distant friend, giving her new address. You are positively going to write her a long letter—In June.

This being the case, perhaps you can endure a final report on Hollywood Yuletide Highights, to wit: Annie Sheridan—glittered with a toy train that would go through her entire house—was determined to supply the donor, Steve Hamagian, with a pair of firehouse red silk pajamas to get even with his stunt of having her met in Chicago by the fire chief.

Unfortunately, the demand for red silk pajamas is practically nil, and the haberdashers whom Annie telephoned verbally recoiled from her query. So she bought a pair of white pyjamas and had them dyed.

Just before Christmas, incidentally, Jane Wyman had posed her head into Perc Westmore's make-up department in time to catch him displaying—to his employees—the full-length maribou negligee he had bought for his wife, beautiful red-haired Margaret Donovan.

Jane advanced to model the coat and promptly went into ecstasies over it.

On Christmas morning Jane received a duplicate coat from Perc.

And the following is a somewhat belated report on the Whiskers Situation, Hollywood Division, Theatrical Department.

As you probably know, Cary Grant is the only male member of the Hollywood Women's Press Club, and, as such, acts as Santa Claus by delivering the grab bag (25c) presents which they exchange each year. It has been the custom for some member of the entertainment committee to rent a set of flowing white whiskers and a red cap for Cary.

This year he passed gifts around, wearing a face unblemished by even a scrap of false beard, Someone demanded to know why the traditional beard had been shed.

Explanation: It seems that beards were so much in demand that the supply being scarce, the rental time was stated in hours instead of days. Cary's whiskers had been rented from 8 A.M. until noon on the day before Christmas, and presentation of Golden Apples took so long that Cary didn't play Santa until 2:30 P.M.

By that time the uneasy-footed rental company had taken its whiskers and departed to its next customer.

"THE FLOOD MAY BEAR ME FAR":
Undoubtedly you read the newspaper account of the launching of the S.S. Carole Lombard, and saw the pictures of Irene Dunne wielding the christening bottle of wine. Many Hollywood know-it-alls have asked why Miss Dunne was selected, as she and Carole had been acquaintances but not close friends.

It happened this way: Mrs. Walter Lang, the beloved "Fieldsie," had been Carole's closest friend. This was so well known that Mrs. Lang was asked to give the short dedicatory speech and to launch the boat. She declined, saying that she would be too emotionally overcome that she would be unable to utter a word. Who, then, the officials asked, would be suitable?

Fieldsie thought it over and reached a conclusion. Of all the women in Hollywood, Irene Dunne had always been the actress most admired by Carole Lombard. Miss Dunne's voice, her graciousness, her perfect poise had been cited repeatedly by Carole as her ideal.

So it was she who consigned to the honesty of the unchanging sea, the honesty of the unchanging spirit called Carole Lombard.

The Needle family had three sons: Bill, Bob and Dick—all tall, all handsome, all likeable. Bill went into pictures several years ago, made his mark (Continued on page 113)
Mayhap, sassy one, you've been disposed to poke fun at the stories of eternal youth that trickle out of Hollywood via the pens of precocious publicity peddlers. But here's something you can swear by any time you feel the urge: the gilded gals who leave the most famous footprints in the slabs at Grauman's Chinese Theater are the ones who've learned to take care of their health. If you follow their example in hygiene as faithfully as you copy their coifs, you're even smarter than grandma gives you credit for being . . . Take the matter of teeth. Teeth are terribly important, not only to good looks, but to good health. The girls who live by the lens know this. Glance at the pix of June Allyson for a smiling example . . . When June was doing a stint at New York's Capitol Theater, your gallivanting beauty editor fought her way backstage through a crowd of milling fans and cornered June in her dressing room. We were there to pick up any ideas she might have on brightening and improving smiles . . . and we had come to the right place. This Allyson lass is gay as an M-G-M musical. The audience was happy, no end, when June flashed her dazzling white smile . . . "First impressions," said she, "are so important . . . and nobody fails to notice your mouth!" A person just can't be healthy with sick teeth. Teeth grind food. If the teeth are sore, broken-down or missing, digestion is interfered with at the start. 'Nother thing: nothing causes an ill-smelling breath more quickly than decayed teeth or an unclean mouth . . . Brush-work. "Make the tongue-test," is June's idea. Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? It doesn't belong on teeth. It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking. Your tongue tells you what others see— filmy coating

← June Allyson boasts a bright smile 'cause she cares for her teeth. She's in "Two Sisters and a Sailor" with Van Johnson.
It's a toothbrush. Only we're not. QT. Of only WITH NQ and glad of side.

Choose a toothbrush to fit the mouth. Don't, oh don't, use one whose bristles are broken or loose. Brush the teeth, if possible, after every meal. Also, of course, upon rising and before going to bed. Never saw back and forth, for this injures the gums and cuts grooves in the teeth. Simplest and most effective method consists of a slight rolling, away-from-the-gums motion for the outside walls of the teeth, small-circular strokes for the biting surfaces and a vertical scrubbing for the inner surfaces of the front teeth.

"It's important," added June, "to brush the gums as to brush the teeth." Care must be taken to brush them only in the proper direction: toward the crowns of teeth, never away from them. Brush the upper gums downward, the lower gums upward. This massages them and also sweeps out food particles from between the teeth. June's enthusiastic about the whole subject. "Fact, she spends ten minutes every morning and evening in caring for her teeth."

Dandy Dentifrice. June's a gal who likes variety. Sometimes she uses a paste, sometimes a liquid, sometimes a powder dentifrice. Whichever you hit upon, if it's a nationally advertised product you can be assured it's scientific tooth cleansing at its best. When you make your choice, use it regularly. You'll be the proud possessor of beautiful white "tooties!"

Dental Floss. June, bright girl, always uses it. Of course,- we're talking about dental floss. Don't jam it against the gums. Just insert the dental floss carefully between the teeth and run it along the sides. Floss is wonderful at removing food debris from spots that your brush can't reach. It's important, any dentist will tell you, to remove this stuff for it rots and, among other cheerful things, helps to decay teeth and to taint your breath.

Mouth Wash. Use mouth wash to rinse away any and every particle of food debris after the use of dental floss. In fact, if you're a smart girl, you'll use mouth wash all the time. In this day and age, we needn't go into the hazards of b-a-d b-r-e-a-d-h! Come, come, does yours make you a girl to be looked at, but never danced with? Well, do something about it. Gargle with a fresh, clean-tasting mouth rinse every time you wash your teeth. And here's an extra gleam-tip that doesn't pass along to you: "Once a week scrub your teeth with a pad of cotton saturated in your pet mouth rinse. To reach the back teeth, I twine cotton on an orange stick." This is a neat trick to keep your fangs gleaming and is especially helpful for lassies who like to smoke a lot.

Food Facts. While we were chatting June munched a ham-on-rye. With pickle on the side. June loves dill pickles and is mighty glad that rationing hasn't hit them yet. All of which brought up a discussion of food and its importance to gleaming teeth. And it's mighty important, say we, joining our soprano to the chorus of all U. S. medics.

(Continued on page 104)
SWEEP 'EM CLEAN. Have two toothbrushes both tagged Private Property. You're to use 'em three times a day. And when you spread your dentifrice, it can be liquid, powder or paste. Grasp your firm-bristled brush at an angle and swirl it among your molars. Sweep up from the lower set of teeth and down from the uppers. Give extra attention to the back teeth and the inner sides of your front teeth. Allow three minutes for all this brush work, and you'll notice the difference. Your teeth will be whiter, brighter. Slight stains may sometimes be removed by putting a little dentifrice on a piece of clean gauze and rubbing carefully over the discoloration.

SLICK 'EM SPRUCE. No matter your conscientious sweeping and rinsing, persistent food particles will stick in the crevices and crannies of your teeth. So tote a roll of dental floss with you and use it discreetly after each meal. And we mean discreetly in your own room, not surreptitiously at the table. Do not jerk the floss down under the gums, or saw it back and forth at the gum line. Slip it gently between the teeth. Then slide the floss up and back until every errant food particle has been thoroughly routed. It's a bright idea to go through this routine each morning and at night before turning down the covers. It's an extra bit of insurance against decay.

SWISH 'EM SWEET. A vigorous swishing with mouthwash follows your tooth brushing and that cleansing with dental floss. A mouthwash will remove all the particles that have been loosened by the brush and leave your mouth feeling cool, clean and invigorated. Try a mouthwash immediately after you get up, following each meal and before you retire at night. Hold it in your mouth a few minutes swishing it lazily round and round. It'll give you a baby-sweet breath. Your toothbrushes will give you better service if you remember to wash and rinse them in this same antiseptic mouthwash after each brushing. Why, it just murders those germs!

CHEW 'EM STRONG. The gum chewing habit is a good one for teeth, gums and chin line. But it isn't practical or pretty to do your face grooming in the subway or at a dance. Chew gum as you catch up on your knitting, at your machine in the defense plant, in your good-morning shower. It will keep your smile bright and shining and your chin a firm, lithe, determined line. You can chew your teeth strong the vitamin way, too, if you tuck a raw carrot, two pieces of hard bread, or a stalk of crunchy celery in your lunch basket. Or if yours is a white collar job, slip a hard apple in your pocketbook and gnaw away at it during your lunch hour.

CHECK 'EM OFTEN. Your dentist is not an ogre. Visit him at least twice a year. Let him do a professional cleaning and simonizing job to remove stubborn stains and tartar. He'll polish your teeth until they shine. He can catch tooth decay before it gets too serious and wretched toothaches result. If your are problem teeth that just break out in cavities, ask your dentist to recommend a special diet. Crooked, uneven teeth can be straightened even if you are over sixteen. And all sorts of wondrous magic can be worked with your molars whether they've been neglected or not. So visit the man with the drill regularly. He'll keep your teeth pretty.

SMILE ROUTINE

"LADY IN THE DARK"

(Continued from page 53)

her lip, trying to laugh at herself. It was only Charley Johnson. He popped his head around the edge of the door, grinning.

"Got time for an advertising manager, Boss Lady?" he said.

boss lady . . .

She pursed her lips in annoyance; he was always calling her that, Boss Lady. She didn't like Johnson, for all his vaunted charm; he was a conceited puppy, but for all of that he was the best advertising man in the business.

"What's on your mind, Johnson?" she said shortly.

"The usual thing, Girls," he said.

"That's not very funny," she said.

"I don't like funny girls," Charley said.

"I like them beautiful—and feminine."

"So Paxton tells me," Liza said. "Look here Johnson, I don't mind what you do after hours, but Paxton's been holding his head off that you kept his models out all night, and they look like wet dish rags now. They're not worth a dime for posing, and we've got to get our picture layouts taken today. Stay away from our girls, will you, Johnson?"

"I can't," Johnson said. "It's a hereditary weakness."

She didn't want to argue. She said abruptly: "What about the Easter issue?"

"It's about the Easter issue," Johnson said. "I've got a wonderful idea. A circus cover and carry out the same motif all through the book. The advertisers would go for it like a man to a raw meat loaf. They'd snap up enough ads to tide us over for a year."

"We have a traditional Easter cover," Liza said.

"Traditional—and dull," Johnson said. He laid his layouts on the desk, and she looked at them blankly. Johnson was talking excitedly. His voice was like a dim montage of sound. She felt tired.

"Can I go ahead?" Johnson said.

"You'll do anything without my okay," she said sharply.

Johnson shrugged: "Okay, Boss Lady."

He looked at her insolently, and then quite casually, he reached over and stroked the lapel of the smart, tailored suit she was wearing.

"Just like mine," he said. "Only I like bow ties better with it."

He turned laughing and started out of the office. For a moment she hated him and his gibes. Blindly, angrily she reached toward the desk. Her hand closed around a paper weight. In a sudden, conclusive movement, she flung it. It crashed against the wall an inch from Johnson's head. He turned sharply and then bent and picked up the paper weight. He grinned a little.

"Thanks," he said to no one.

Then he was gone, and Liza Elliott was alone in the office. Alone with the bitter, tired feeling and the fright and the embing anger. She buried her head in her arms.

Dr. Brooks was an extremely tall, surprisingly young. He listened impassively while Liza Elliott told him that she had come almost against her will. She didn't want to come, she didn't believe in it. But if there were no other way, that was the way he felt. For she was frightened, depressed, panic-stricken. There had to be something that could be done. Dr. Brooks asked her to do only a very simple thing. He asked her to relax on a couch and simply to tell him whatever thoughts passed through her mind. She lay there a while relaxing.

"It's odd," she said. "I keep thinking of the beginning of a little song. I can't re-

member all of it. Not even the words. But it's been running through my mind for days. Last night, just before I fell asleep, I remember trying to think of the rest of it, beyond this little fragment I know. And it kept running through all of the dream . . ."

"The dream?" Dr. Brooks said. "What did you dream?"

"I can't remember all of it."

"Try," the doctor said. "Try."

"I was in a large room. . . . a little like my office. . . . but immense. . . . and then suddenly there was music. . . . out of nowhere a dress came flying down. . . . it was ornate and beribboned . . . blue."

"Is that a color you usually wear?"

"I loathe blue," Liza said. "I never wear it."

"The dream?" the doctor said. "Go on."

"Suddenly I was wearing the dress. . . . there was a whole crowd of people. . . . they were admiring me. . . . I seemed to like it. . . . I danced for them. . . . and they applauded wildly . . . then there was a loud blast of trumpets and a figure came in. . . . dressed like a Marine. . . . I seemed to recognize the face. . . . the face of the advertising manager at the magazine. . . . he insisted on painting my portrait . . . he did it there immediately. . . . suddenly everyone was laughing at me."

For a moment there was silence in the room and then Dr. Brooks said timidly: "How long have you been working for the magazine, Miss Elliott?"

"Ten years," she said. "I started it."

"Your own money?"

"No," she said. "A publisher backed me. Kendall Nesbitt. She paused slightly and then added dryly: "Perhaps you might as well know now. Mr. Nesbitt is in love with me, has been all the time. He'd marry me, but his wife won't divorce him."

Dr. Brooks nodded calmly: "About the dream. Doesn't it strike you odd that you should dream of a man who is so entirely your opposite, one who likes glamorous dresses, wants to be admired for her beauty. Or is that what you really want?"

Liza said sharply: "Of course not. I despise useless women. If I wanted glamorous dresses, do you think I should have dreamt about them? I'd only have to reach out my hand and take."

She's still thinking of the doctor's words when she returned to the office a little later. She swung down the smart hall, and out of a doorway one of the girls, a clerk, brushed by her hurriedly, apologized quickly and then went running down the hall, saying ecstatically: "He's here!" Her office was empty. Almost all the offices were empty. It seemed. She frowned. Then she heard the noise coming from the photographic studio.

gorgeous hunk . . .

They were all in there, the whole staff, girls and women, crowded around the figure of a man. He was tall, had some, broad-shouldered. She heard a fragment of words as a girl said, sighing: "... what a hunk of man. . . ." Then she recognized him, Andy Curtis, the movie star.

Of course, he'd been due for a series of pictures for a layout in the magazine. But to create such an uproar! She raised her voice sharply.

"Girls," she said. "This is disgraceful. Mr. Curtis is here on business. I'm sure he doesn't relish being mauled!"

When they were gone, a little sheepishly, but looking back over their shoulders
for one last look, she apologized to him for
their rudeness.
"You don't remember me," he said. "We
met once before. A year ago. You promised
to have a drink with me. We never did get
around to it."
"You'll make amends?" Liza said.
Randy said eagerly: "This afternoon?"
"I'm afraid not."
"Then tomorrow. Tomorrow night."
Liza smiled graciously: "All right, then.
Tomorrow night, I may be a little late.
We're going to press, and I may have to
stay overtime."

no time for love...
She walked back to her office swiftly,
a little eager to get to her work. That was
the only thing that saved her really. Im-
mersed in her work, she could forget the
other things, the nagging fear and the
shaken depression. She was glad she'd
gone to Dr. Brooks. She felt a little better.
She found Kendall Nesbitt waiting for
her. Kendall seemed to be in an odd mood.
There was a repressed gaiety about him.
She took her arm and leisurely steered
her out to the terrace. Below them New York
silver with sunlight. Liza," Kendall said. "You'll never
guess.
"Guess what?" she said.
"Kaye's promised to give me a divorce. Did
you hear that, Liza? She'll divorce me. Of
course she's driving a hard bargain. She
gets almost all the things but glades. But
we'll be free, finally. It's worth anything
to me. I've been worried about you, Liza."
"I'm all right, Ken."
"Think of it, Liza. Free. We'll be able to
do what we've always wanted. Isn't it
wonderful news?"
"Was it? Was it? Was she too tired to
think? Or was there something else. She
could feel nothing. What was it Ken was
saying? A divorce. And then, free. Free for
what? To marry."
"Liza," Ken said. "It is good news, isn't
it?"
"Wonderful, Ken," she said. "Only I'm
a little tired now. Just let me think about
it a while."
His name kept whirling through her
mind: Kendall... Kendall... Kendall
Nesbitt... On the way home and then
later in the little study in her apartment:
Kendall, Kendall, Kendall Nesbitt. She
found herself laughing and that stopped
abruptly for it was the same fragment of
a song, the song she couldn't remember.
She flung herself face down on the bed.
She was tired. So tired. The name kept
whirling through mind: Kendall, Kend-
all, Kendall Nesbitt.
Was that her... where was she... oh,
all the girls were running... where were
they running?... She hadn't that a statue
there... no it wasn't a statue... they
were running toward a man... she knew
him... of course, she did... it was
Randy Curtis... look at me, Randy, look
at me... wasn't she?... wasn't that
music... it sounded like a wedding march...
why, it was for her... look at the dress she
was wearing... it was a wedding gown.
at it was Liza Elliot's wedding day... here
comes the bride... and the minister...
why, he looked familiar... it was Charley
Johnson... do you take this man... of
course she did, wasn't it? Rand Clifford
why no, it wasn't... it was Kendall...
what happened to the music... why were
all the girls shouting at her... what
were they saying... you don't love that
man, you don't love that man... get
away... get away... she was climbing
away... away... and suddenly she
wasn't wearing the wedding dress any-
more... she was wearing the dress she
would see someone... it was her father...

insolent pup...
"You couldn't meet the offer, Boss Lady.
You see, I'm after your job. At this other
place I run the whole show. Here, well
here you're married to your desk, aren't
you?"
"You insolent puppy," she shouted.
"Now, now—" Johnson said. "Naughty.
"Get out!" she snapped.
Charley Johnson grinned. He took the
paper she was reading and once thrown at
him out of his pocket and tossed with it in
his hand: "Mind if I keep it?" he said.
"Get out." She had no peace. Suddenly her
whole, small tight world was crumbling around
her; the familiar world she had dominated
for so long was becoming a frightening
place, full of alarms and fears. She
became afraid to work. But she
couldn't make her mind concentrate
on the details before her. Every small
decision was painful. She couldn't make
up her mind. She was staring angrily at
her desk when her secretary announced
Randy Curtis. She had almost forgotten
Randy was splendid in white tie and tails.
He came into the office with a great, hand-
some smile, and standing at her place.
She said: "I'm sorry if I'm a little late, Randy. I hadn't
had time to change." He said it as eagerly: "Go
as you are. I was so afraid I'd run into
a glamour girl again. I'm sick of them."
"Are you?"
"That's what I always liked about you,"
Liza Bond frowned deeply. "What?"
"Want a lovelier Complexion?"

This Beauty care really makes skin softer, smoother"

Veronica Lake

Don't Waste Soap

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need.

Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water.

After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

"I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it in gently, but thoroughly," says lovely Veronica Lake. "I rinse with warm water, splash with cold, pat to dry. A beauty care that works!"

Lux Toilet Soap L·A·S·T·S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
"You're so smart, so tailored, so efficient. You don't know what a relief it is."
As from a long distance the memory of the doctor's voice whispered in her ear.
"... you're afraid to compete with other women... you're afraid... you don't dare." She was suddenly angry.
"I'm afraid I am going to dress, Randy."
They went to all the swank places, and she was striking in a wonderful gown. Randy was attentive. Sometimes, it seemed as if he were in love with her.
At the Monaco Club, later that night, they ran into Charley Johnson and a blonde. The blonde knew Randy from Hollywood. She prattled on while Liza sat stiff.
Charley Johnson slipped into the seat next to Liza: "Boss Lady," he said. "You look almost human."
The blonde was saying to her: "Of course, everybody's crazy about Randy. I am, too. But he won't give me a tumble."
"Don't like me," Charley said. "Because I want your job. You don't like my blonde either. She wants your man..."
Liza stood up suddenly; Charley Johnson said, "What's the matter, Boss Lady?"
"Randy," Liza said. "You won't mind, will you? I've got to go now. I've still work to do, you know."
She started toward the door. Randy was following after her awkwardly. She heard Charley Johnson's mocking laugh. "What's the matter? Can't take it? Can't stand competition, Boss Lady?"
On the desk in her room the Easter cover for the magazine gleamed in the soft light. Next to it lay Charley Johnson's layout for the Circus cover. She wanted to do something. To stop thinking about Randy Curtis and Kendall Nesbitt, she stared from one cover to the other, concentrating. One or the other. The Circus cover or the Easter cover. She grinned wryly at herself. She couldn't even decide that any more. The covers whirled before her tired eyes. The Easter cover or the Circus cover... which... Circus... Circus... Circus...
What happened... look, the animals were moving... the circus cover was alive... they were pulling a cage into the ring... who was that in... why it was herself... and there was Charley Johnson... the ringmaster... he was opening the cage... he was leading her toward a shadowy figure... the ringmaster... he was going to defend her... now there was a witness in the box... Kendall Nesbitt... she can't make up her mind... what was that music they were playing... the song again... no, no, not that, please don't play that..."
Dr. Brooks said gently: "So you had this dream or hallucination, call it what you will, and you've come back to me?"
"I must get to the bottom of it," Liza said. "I'm sorry I ran out. I'll do everything I can to help."
"The blue dress," Dr. Brooks said. "Evidently it has something to do with your father. Can't you remember anything about it at all?"
"Yes," she said. "It was my mother's favorite dress. She was a beautiful woman. She was disappointed in me, and I knew she was. It hurt me terribly. I wanted so to be beautiful.
"I remember, after she died. I was only a child. I saw how sad my father was, and I wanted to do something to please him."
"I stole up to my mother's room. I found her favorite blue dress there. I thought somehow it might please him if I put it on, let him see it again. He found me there, trying it on. I think it was the only time..."

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(above quotations from letters in our files)

HUTTON, INC.
(Continued from page 51)

Time? How she did it heaven only knows, because she was already scraping to the bone. But somehow she managed to scrape beyond the bone and to buy her younger daughter a pair of skates.

Marion was the lady, Betty the hellion. Marion had the face of an angel, Betty was a plain little freckle-fuss. Everybody loved Marion. Except to her mother, Betty was a wild young nonsense. And Betty got a whale of an inferiority complex.

low man...

In those days she didn't know a complex from a hole in the wall. All she knew was, it hurt like fury to see Marion fussed over while she was ignored. So she danced and hollered and screamed and sang and peeked out of the corner of an eye to see if anyone was looking. Asserting your individuality, the psychologists call it.

By any name, Marion didn't like it.

"Do you have to be so loud?"

"Do you have to be such a prude?"

"You're just making a show of yourself."

"Oh, break down and be human."

Marion was the wholesome sweater-and-skirt girl. She didn't use make-up till she was 18. Betty was all angles and lisp and being an actress. When people said, "Why aren't you like your sister?" she'd burn. And burn all the hotter, because she'd have asked nothing better than to be a beauty and a lady like Marion. They were alike in two things. Both adored their mother. Both hated their poverty. Marion tried to put up a front against it. Betty stamped her foot. "We're poor. Why not say we're poor?"

Yet, deeper than their temperamental differences ran the bond of kinship. As kids, they were always scraping. Marion was the stronger of the two. She might get Betty down in a hand-to-hand fight, but she'd never hurt her. "Some day," she'd promise, "I'm going to slow you." (Slow was her own word and it rhymed with cow.) Betty would stick her tongue out. She knew her Marion.

And headstrong though she was, she recognized the fact that Marion was wiser in the ways of the heart. One night the larder held only a half loaf of beans. Mother said she was hungry.

"Then I won't eat either," stormed Betty.

Marion, dividing the beans, gave her a look that shut her up. "Listen," she said, low-voiced, "you're not helping mother any. She's got to be tough. It would only hurt her worse if we didn't eat. She's lost that toughness she needs to stand up to things. Now you eat if it chokes you—"

Betty ate.

When Marion got a job in a drugstore, she'd sneak candy and sodas home to the brat. And she did something else the brat will never forget. Once in a blue moon Marion got a new dress. Betty never did. Being the younger, she'd have to wear Marion's hand-me-downs. Worse than anything else, she wanted a dress no one else had ever worn, and Marion bought it for her. Not only the dress, but a hat and bag and shoes. It took her months to pay for them.

Just the same, not till both were launched on their professional careers, did they really draw close. Partly it was the process of growing up—partly the fact that now for the first time Marion followed where Betty led. Boy, was that balm to a bruised and battered ego! Here at last was something she knew more about than her sister. Something she could wrestle with.
Marion was singing at the Nuthouse in Detroit when Betty got her job with Vincent Lopez. Marion had never sung before—but if Betty could, why couldn’t she? That was fine with Betty. She knew their money lay in the entertainment field. Mother’d had it all fixed up for her to be a secretary, Marion a nurse, but Mother reckoned without the driving ambition of her youngest. The world with a fence around it—that’s what Betty wanted. Nuts to 25 a week.

With the Lopez outfit, she went to Atlanta. A hotel manager said: “Where can I get a vocalist like you?”

“I’ve got a sister who sings just like me.” Which was true up to a point. Their style is similar, only Marion’s not so wild.

On Betty’s say-so, her sister was hired. Next, she talked Lopez into giving Marion a four-week engagement. Both girls sang with the band in Boston, and Betty did the managing. Marion had to take her name—she’d been changed from Thornburg to Hutton by the process of numerology. Marion had to wear the same kind of dress—a style Betty herself had designed to work in. The night Glenn Miller came in, Betty gave Marion her best numbers to do. Then she collared Miller. “How about giving my sister a job?”

“I’ll try her out. If I keep her, you pay the plane fare. If not, I’ll pay it.”

He kept her. Pretty soon they were both in New York, Marion making $50 a week, Betty a smart $56. Betty wowed ’em at the Casa Manana, Marion’s chance was coming up. Miller was about to open at a big night spot—and Marion came down with a cold.

**now I lay me down to sleep...**

But a cold. Pneumonia, practically. On opening day, she wandered into Betty’s place, looking like a ghost. Mother’s heart dropped into her boots. Betty started teary round. Phone the chiropractor. Let him fix her up enough, so at least she can go on. Get her into bed. Make a hot stew. Get her out of bed. Dress her. Make her up. You look swell, kid. Come on, let’s go—

But first they knelt down beside their mother. “From pups on up to big cows,” as Betty tells it, “they’d said their prayers every night at their mother’s knee. And at moments of crisis, they continued to pray together. Putting themselves on the right side of God, they called it.”

Marion was a sensation that night, and zoomed on up from there.

The two are as different today as when they were kids. Everybody still loves Marion. “Not me,” says Betty, who still can’t be bothered with lies. “I’m not sweet and charming, and I never intend to be. It would bore me stiff.”

Marion remains serene, like a mountain lake. Betty’s turbulent as ever, a plunging torrent that no dam can hold. It takes Marion months to be your friend, but once she’s accepted you, she’s your friend for life. Betty can love today and hate tomorrow—Marion takes time to sit down and write long letters. Betty wires or phones.

**mother by proxy...**

“I’m selfish,” she says. That depends on the point of view. Several weeks before Christmas, Marion wrote that her husband had been called to the service. It was a lonely letter, and between its lines, Betty read an appeal. Christmas was coming, Marion would be alone at Christmas-time. But if Mother went to her, Betty would be alone. She couldn’t quite face it—

So she went to work, and couldn’t keep her mind on the work. Marion’s letter haunted her, Marion’s face got between her and her lines. At home, the phone rang.

---

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A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you be attractive as well as efficient!

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Forget your make-up worries when you start using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick...with Tangee’s matching rouge and the startlingly new Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder.

**TANGEE Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish**

**TANGEE Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish**

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**BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**

**HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE**

Minutes are as valuable as ration points these days—so many of you are piling wartime duties on top of your already busy day-to-day schedule! I believe that is why women everywhere have turned to our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks in search of a beauty aid that really lasts...smooth, soft, and flattering for hours on end.

In the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Satin-Finish has something for you. But don’t wait...come in and bring along your color number when you get your first one. Save the others for your well-deserved Christmas present!
"Hollywood knows all the glamour tricks...

"Such as teeth that shine beautifully...

"Movie work taught me to use CALOX."

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these professional features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.
and mother, too—not the kind she wants to be. She might try to talk herself into it, but deep down in her heart she knows it's not in the cards. And no matter how hard she fell for a man, if he tried to take her work away, she'd hate him.

**Mr. G.**

Marion's life is happier, hers is more exciting. Marion's proud as punch over Betty's success. No touch of professional jealousy clouds her feeling. "If it had been the other way 'round," says honest Betty, "I wouldn't have been so happy."

Marion says: "It doesn't mean that much to me. Only the people you love matter."

Betty cries: "All of life is important. If you've lived, you're rich and it shows. Otherwise, you grow old and get narrower and narrower till you're nothing."

But if some genie showed up and said, "Love or career, sister! You can't have both. Take your pick," she'd knock him down and sit on him.

"I'm having both. I'm squeezing all I want out of this first, and I'm getting the other, too. Want to make something of it?"

Mr. G., being no dope, would holler uncle. After all, why not? The whole girl is 22. She's got time.

**EVEN IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES ...**

(Continued from page 37)

It's not that the screen has permanently lost its savor, but that the war has dwarfed everything else. Acting is something he did in another life. His mind has no room for it now. Morning or noon, midnight or five o'clock, he's buried deep in the war. Every scrap of news, every analysis, every commentary is duck-soup to Ronnie. Nothing else is worth reading, nothing else is worth talking about.

The war's also of paramount importance to Jane. As you know from **Modern Screen**, she's poured her time and strength into war work, in Hollywood and out. But like most of us, she needs occasional surcease from the subject. Ronnie doesn't.

Jane has served a long apprenticeship at Warners'. Time was when her recognition as a star would have called for cheers and whooppee from Ronnie. His own brand of whooppee, to be sure. Nothing ostentatious on the surface, but definitely steamed up inside.

**Armchair Generals ...**

As it was, he only said: "That's swell, Janie. It's about time. By the way, did you see that story on page 3 of the 'Times'? It says—""

She looked wildly about for something to hit him over the head with.

Jane is devoted to her brother-in-law. But when Ronnie's home of an evening, Neil's arrival sends her heart into her boots. Argument is meat and drink to them both, and they'd rather argue about the war than sit down to a pre-Pearl Harbor steak. As for trying to break them up, a butterfly might as well try to break up a couple of bears. They don't even hear her. Or at most, one or the other will flap an abstracted hand— "Shoo-fly, huh?" she said bitterly one night. "Okay, gentlemen. I'm going to bed."

If she thought they'd stop her, she had another think coming. Their voices rose to the bedroom, where she was trying to read. She stuffed her ears with her fingers, but the sound filtered through. Suddenly the sense of her injuries overwhelmed

---

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PAULETTE GODDARD soon to be seen in Paramount’s “STANDING ROOM ONLY” enjoys a few moments of relaxation with her pet canary.

hers. Down went the book. Was she a woman or a worm? She rang for Nanny.

“Will you please ask Mr. Reagan to come up?”

“Which one?”

“Both of them.”

Nanny, she decided, was a better man than she was. At least they came up.

“Moon,” she began firmly, “you’ve got to go home.”

“Why, what did I do?”

Her firmness broke into a wail. “First you won’t let me get a word in edgewise, and now I can’t even read. Don’t look at me that way,” she blubbered. “I know nothing matters but the war. But somewhere there are beautiful people who do talk about something else some of the time—”

By now Ronnie’s arms were around her, and the rest was smothered in his chest. It was just as well that she missed the glance exchanged by her menfolk. “Women!” said the glance.

But if Ronnie’s shoved movies out of his life for the present, it’s plain that the fans haven’t shoved him out. Along with other screen personalities, he and Jane were asked to attend the first birthday party of the Hollywood Canteen. Since his post isn’t far from Hollywood, Ronnie agreed. But he wouldn’t sit on the platform. He was in the Army, he wasn’t a star. He’d sit with the audience.

That didn’t faze Bob Hope, who emceed. He introduced Ronnie from the audience, and the boys went wild. The din was so deafening, you couldn’t hear yourself think. On and on it went, Bob beaming. Ronnie blushing—his eyes pleading with Bob to call a halt. Instead of which, Bob started it all over again by yelling through a lull: “For my money, that rates another bow, Captain Reagan.”

Of course he was pleased. Who that human wouldn’t be? But he didn’t say a word—then or later. Just grinned what Jane calls his “cute, crazy grin.”

Indirectly, Bob Hope also had a hand in Jane’s new deal at Warners! With no pictures lined up after “One More Tomorrow,” she was planning another camp tour. One night she went to a party at Mack Miller’s. Bob and his wife were among the guests. Judy Garland sang, then Bob was asked to sing. Bob whispered to Mack: “I’ve got to get that girl on my program.”

Mack told Jane. “You’re kidding!” she gasped, having played in professional hard hats so long that she’d almost quite believing in the other kind.

But sure enough, along came Bob. “When do you finish ‘One More Tomorrow?’ How about a spot on my show afterwards?”

She had two camp shows to do first—one at Las Vegas, the other at Lemoof Field. The latter was a Christmas present to Hick Marks, Mary Benny’s brother.

“Any chance of your coming to sing for us?” he’d asked.

She’d been racking her head about a gift for Hick. What could you get a guy whose sister and brother-in-law were the Jack Bennys, who gave him everything? Well, here was something they couldn’t give him.

“I’ll make a deal with you, Hick. I’ll come up in my free time, and that’ll be your Christmas present—”

“Okay, if you come in cellophane and a bow—”

On her return, she did the Hope show—sang “Fuddy-duddy Watchmaker” and had a comedy routine with Bob. It proved to be one of his most successful airers. Suddenly the town re-awoke to Jane. Everything happened all at once. A radio bid from Abbott and Costello. Stirring at the studio. Alex Gottlieb handing her a
script, called "Make Your Own Bed"—a honey of a script.

"Glad you like it," said Gottlieb. "We're teaming you and Carson in it—"

claim to fame...

That was to Jane's career what the first robin is to spring—a harbinger, a symbol of new birth. Because here was a producer telling her about her next picture. Whereas for lol these many moons she'd been getting the glad tidings from the wardrobe department. "Come in for a fitting," they'd phone. And being no dope, she'd deduced that a picture was coming up.

All that's changed now. No fanfare accompanied her graduation to stardom. It never does. Nobody sends you a notice or throws you a party or even gives you a passing pat on the back. One day you happen to see an advance billing. Instead of "Hearts and Flowers" with Winnie Whatapuss, it reads WINNIE WHATA-PUSS in "Hearts and Flowers." So you know you're in.

That's how it happened to Jane. She mandered over to Ann Sheridan's dressing room.

"What's different about being a star, Annie? Do folks tip their hats? Or serve you golden pickles in the Green Room?"

Ann was busy with a lipstick. "The difference," she threw back over her shoulder, "is that when you take a suspension, you get bigger headlines in the columns. Just the same, don't miss "Make Your Own Bed," if you want to see BUTTON-NOSE coming into her own. (Adv.)

Between her duties as Jane Wyman and Jane Reagan, life continues at a mad clip. Thanks to Nanny, she no longer has to wield the dust cloth, though it wouldn't be Jane if she didn't run a finger over the woodwork in moments of abstraction. On the whole, however, the household spins smoothly. X, the unknown quantity, stands for Maureen and the dogs.

"If Scotty and Soda weren't our children in another incarnation," says Jane, "they should have been."

Scotty takes after her, Soda after Ronnie. Scotty rants and tears and ties himself up into bowknots. Soda watches the goings-on with reflective detachment, and Jane wouldn't be too surprised to hear him say: "Take it easy, hon. Now about the Polish question—"

the great sinner...

They have one thing in common—the wanderlust. Gates and hedges can't hold them. They crawl through one, and sooner or later, somebody's bound to leave the other ajar. Also, as if by pre-arranged plan, they choose that moment to disappear when Jane is about to leave for the studio. While she's beating the bushes for them, the phone rings. They've been picked up, trotting in brotherly companionship round the corner of Melrose and Fairfax, miles away.

"How'd they ever get this far?" asks the picker-upper.

"Must've hitch-hiked," groans Jane.

It turns out that Scotty has a conscience. Not long ago he killed a neighbor's chicken. Plunking down two fifty, Jane bethought herself of the huge hen it would have bought, and turned a cold eye on her dog. Next day a strange voice called.

"Have you lost a black Scotty? We found him under a pew in our church. Looked so woebegone, we figured he must be a great sinner."

As for Maureen, she's reached the copy-cat stage, and Mother's her model. It therefore behooves Mother to watch her step. Some of Maureen's imitations are just funny. Others are funny but Jane gets home tired. She says she's

---

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DO but don't overdo, and you needn't skip the "swing shift"! But why not wait for the waltzes and rhumbas and leave the jitterbug tactics 'til next week? Sit out a dance now and then . . . to look at the stars or hear a life story. You can always say your feet hurt!

DON'T get the late-at-night cocktail habit . . . too much stimulation is bad at any time! And on these days, more than ever, you can't afford that logey, let-down feeling! Make it a rule to get your full 8 hours sleep every night! You won't be a sissy . . . you'll be smart!

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dead duck . . .

On Christmas morning, aunts, uncles and grannies gathered for that high moment when Maureen would see what Santa Claus had brought. Ronnie carried Jane, still running a temperature, down to the living room. The tree looked pretty skimpy—not only because you couldn't buy ornaments, but because the cream of their leftovers—including the crowning star—had been used to trim the small tree in Maureen's room. They unwrapped everything—the bed and the duck, the cardboard dollhouse from Julie Payne, the rocking-horse and the miniature spinet from other kind friends. They were all in plain view under the tree when Maureen came in. But her eyes went to the top of the tree, and filled with woe. Nobody said anything for a moment, because nobody knew quite what to make of it. She walked over and laid her cheek against one of the branches. Poor tree," she said softly. "Yere's no star on top."

That fixed Jane. She had to go back to bed. So she missed seeing father and daughter push the duck around. With Maureen, it was love at first sight. They pushed it till it broke and had to be mended with tape. It is now the sick duck.
Jane gave Ronnie the two lots adjoining theirs. It couldn't be a surprise, because they own everything jointly, and he had to sign the papers. But lots and no surprise, he assured her, were infinitely preferable to surprise and no lots.

He gave her a delectable maribou robe and a wrist-watch, to keep her from borrowing his. A box into which he'd carefully tucked two doll-dresses of Maureen's with a note, "There aren't the right size, but you'll find yours sitting at Howard Greer's."

Their most welcome gift was Eddie Albert. It was like old times to hear his characteristic greeting: "Wouldn't you know Wyman'd pick Christmas day to play Camille?"

Just the same, he was a different Eddie. How could he fail to be different?—just back from Tarawa, having seen what he'd seen.

Ronnie was quieter, too, after Eddie had gone. It was dusk. From their hilltop, Jane and Ronnie saw the lights go out and then come on again. Now, whenever he's at home, Ronnie goes to watch the town bloom out of darkness like something from the Arabian Nights.

Jane wanted to watch, too. So he wrapped her in blankets and pulled a big chair over to the window.

"Last Christmas it was dark," said Jane. "Yes," he answered softly. "And this Christmas it's even darker. But it won't be really Christmas again till the lights are on for those other kids like Maureen all over the earth—"

She slipped her hand into his. "Next year maybe, Ronnie?—"

"Please God," Ronnie said.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 96 and the third on page 103. If you can, guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 50 or thereabouts is average, this month.

For the answers, turn to page 112, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Camp-toured in Aleutians
2. Margaret Sullivan's ex
3. "The South American Way"
4. Bojangles
5. "Redhead the Rising Sun"
6. Longest pass in H'wood
7. 3 sharp girls
8. Bulky Britisher
9. Disney's protege
10. Beautie
11. Rene in his beano
12. Tops with "Top Man"
13. Jules Garfinkel
14. Claudia's husband
15. Marriage before movies
16. Coast Guard
17. Heavenly body
18. Brooklyn bruiser
19. Skylaire's co.
20. Tubby director

(Continued on page 96)

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of hanging around waiting for the little guy to make up his mind was a bit of a strain. And Nancy was beginning to bicker. "Do you think Santa will remember my baby brother?"

"Sure, sure," Frank said with an effort at heartiness.

"It's Christmas, but no baby. "He was delayed, sweetheart," another Frankie told his inquiring child. "Transportation is lousy these days." She wasn't terribly disturbed. After all, she had a doll carriage and stuff, and you can't have everything.

Mrs. Sinatra gave Frank all kinds of things, shirts, pajamas, ties, books—all tied up beautifully and sitting under the tree. For a while it looked as if he'd forgotten to get her anything, but when he couldn't bear her crestfallen face another minute, he produced his gift. A diamond bracelet consisting of one hundred stones, including four 5-carat square-cut diamonds. She just sat and looked at it for a minute with all the lights from the Christmas tree reflected in it, and then she began to cry. "It's too beautiful," she whispered damply. "And I love you so."

**time stood still ...**

The time was drawing near when Frank would have to go to Hollywood for his new picture. The studio had expected him long before Christmas, but he'd stalled them off for a couple of weeks. Finally on the 27th he could stall no longer, so he deposited his two gals at Nancy's mother's in Jersey City, and left. His publicity representative, George Evans, who's also about his closest pal, saw him off, and the admonitions at the station were something.

"Call me the second Nancy thinks things are happening," Frank told him. "Don't wait till it's all over. I want to know everything. Get her whatever she needs. Call me if she gets scared and wants me to come home. I'll come—"

"Take it easy, kid," said George. "Stop worrying. She's got a wonderful doctor, a swell family right on hand. She'll be okay. I'll take care of everything. I'll even bite my nails while she's in the delivery room."

And he would have, too, if she'd give him a chance. He called her a couple of times a day to check on how she was doing, and on January tenth, he called her about 4:30 for the usual bulletin. "Nothing doing yet," she reported glumly, and George said something jokey like, "If you don't have it soon, it'll probably have you." They hung up, and she started down to the kitchen to relay it over the conversation to Manna. Halfway downstairs she felt a funny twinge, and she dashed to the telephone. "This," she said triumphantly to a startled George, "is it."

George called Frank immediately, and in true expectant father tradition, Frank lost his mind. "She's going to the hospital, you say? She is? How far apart are the pains?" He held on while George called Jersey City on another line to ask her, "Eight minutes," he told him.

"Gee," said Frank, " Isn't that awful close? Well, what are you waiting for? Aren't you going over to the hospital?" George tied up a couple of loose ends at the office and then dashed for Jersey City. She'd just gone to the delivery room when he arrived, and he got on the phone to tell Frank.

"Yeah?" The Voice was hoarse with nervousness. "Well, I'll hold on."

"Listen, Pop," George told him. "It may take time. I'll call you back." At six

---

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3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's Mennen.

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**IT'S A BOY**

(Continued from page 47)
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"Anything that scoots me through my work faster...I'm for!...just so many more hours for my war job.

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Woman's Day

Frankie tried to toss it off casually, but you could see he'd been working on the wording for weeks. "Say congratulations to you, darling, and to the little guy, for picking himself such a wonderful mom. All my love—"

About 45 minutes later, Frank called the hospital for a late bulletin, and whose cheery voice did he get but the little mother's. "How do you feel, sweetheart?" she asked him.

"Me? I'm perfect. Wonderful. But you, Mom, are you doing okay?"

"I'm doing fine."

"How's my boy?"

"He's beautiful, Frank. He isn't even red. And he's got sort of blond curls."

"Gee, you're lonesome. I'm coming home."

"Don't be goony. I get along without you very well." But she was lying in her teeth, and when she'd said good-by she cried and cried.

All her sisters came to see her, Jewel and Tina, Aida and Madeline and Lilian, and..."
The next day, there were the photographers, and Nancy smiled and looked light-hearted, and nobody dreamed how blue she was because her guy wasn’t around.

“I’d rather have him right here,” she’d told Aida, “with a couple of bucks in his pocket, than out there with a couple of thousand.”

“Cheer up, Nancy. He won’t be away very long,” Nancy managed a grin, but it wasn’t too good.

There were long confabs outside her door on how to go about raising her morale. “Be funny George,” Tina would tell George Evans. “Be a scream,” and George would go in and be very, very quiet. Once he attempted a quip.

“Gosh, Nancy,” he said, “When I saw you the night the baby was born, you looked as if you’d just been given birth to. What did they do to your hair?”

She obviously didn’t think that was very funny. “They didn’t do anything to it. I’d washed it that afternoon, and it was up in a net.”

“Oh,” Well, that was that. “I can’t cheer her up,” he told Tina, when they were going down in the elevator.

It remained for Miss Sweeney to do that. On the third night, she became Nancy’s regular nurse, and from that day forward, the big room at the end of the sixth floor corridor was literally jampacked. The other nurses had been kind of awe-struck by it all. Not so, Miss Sweeney. She was a Bing Crosby fan herself and completely unimpressed. Nancy loved her from the first minute she saw her, and it was mutual. By Thursday they were calling each other Nancy and Sweeney and howling at each other’s wit.

When visitors wanted to see Nancy’s array of nighties and bed jackets, Sweeney would first trot out the hideous hospital number, white cotton sans frills. “This,” she’d say with a deadpan, “is her flashiest job. For press interviews and stuff.”

Every one that came oh’d and ah’d about how quickly the baby had been born. “How come?” they’d say. “That,” said Nancy, “is because I’m a goo-ood woman.” And Sweeney, fixing flowers primly in one corner of the room would guffaw. “Ignore her,” Nancy would say. “She has these seizures.”

They entertained each other royally, and it got so Nancy resented visitors because they were never as much fun as Sweeney.

Nancy Sandra telephoned every morning, furious that children weren’t admitted to the maternity floor, insatiably curious about her brother. “Can he talk? Can he laugh? Did he ask for me?”

Frank called twice a day, at which points Sweeney would bow out discreetly, making loveorn faces as she went. Nine times out of ten when she came back, her charge was howling. “Like I said,” she’d say, “that Sinatra guy is poison.” But she’d rally round with the Kleenex and the mirror and the powder puff. And make with the latest dirt about the kids.

The kids, Frankie’s fans, came in droves. No one knew how they got in as the stairs were supposedly guarded, and the elevator operators weren’t supposed to let them up. “I think they get here by slingshot,” said Miss Sweeney. They all wanted

BLACKHEADS, BIG PORES

show up quickly in these

“Danger Zones” of your skin!

NO one needs to tell you that you are

danger zones of the skin. You

know! For your own mirror has warned

you about them, many times.

You know, for example, that the curve

next to your nose—the tiny valleys of your

chin—are two zones that must be watched.

For there’s where skin troubles get their

start, and make swift headway.

In the curve beside your nose, pores

often become bigger and bigger—until they

look conspicuous and course. Around your

mouth and chin, dirt and grease tend to accumulate and harden into blackheads.

But you can be sure you won’t have any

of these skin troubles, if you use Lady

Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! For it

guards these two danger zones, guards

all the danger zones of your skin!

Each time you apply Lady Esther Face

Cream it does these 4 vital things: (1) It

thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It

softens your skin, loosens and absorbs the dry, clinging flakes. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth perfect base for powder.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Why choose a face cream because it’s

expensive, or because of a clever package?

Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

That’s why I say—try Lady Esther

4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest

size jar if you like—but try it! When you

see how radiantly clean and fresh your

skin looks after the very first application—

when you see how much smoother and

more youthful it appears—it’s time enough

to get the largest and most economical

size. But for living proof this is the most

beautifying cream you have ever used,

get the small-size jar today!

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE

FACE CREAM
The story of a wife who longed for love . . . the story of a husband who longed to give it . . . A story that will help you understand many a marriage failure!

To see the baby, and if they were cute, you'd be glad, Miss S. obliged. If they were heekly, she disposed of them with a look.

Every day, Mr. Evans would come over with a bunch of mail that had arrived at the office. Letters from Eddie Cantor and Toots Shor and Michele Morgan. Letters and packages from the fans. Baby books; silver spoons; tiny sweaters. He'd also bring news on the nurse and diaper situations, usually bad.

"George," Nancy beamed at him, "you think of everything!" He handed her the infinitesimal woolly cap. "Not that that thing will ever get on the big lug's head. That guy's a strapper.

"Stand-in father," said Sweeney. "Even has delusions of grandeur about the child's size!"

"Well, he is big." Nancy said a trifle huffily. He looks about two months old."

So the days passed, and finally January 20th, going-home day, arrived. Sweeney packed Nancy's trunk. She'd never been to a large hotel before, and every room was dlaugred. She was glad when they finally got to Nancy. Sweeney wasn't much for drool.

At last everything was packed. The baby was dressed, and Nancy was en¬

cased in the wheel chair looking darling in a brown gabardine suit that was the

twin to one of Frank's. The new nurse was on hand, and George, and swarms of

people. Sweeney waved them onto the elevator, then watched the door close with a funny lump in her throat. She went to the window and saw them get into the car.

"Feye, Butch," she said out loud to the tiny man in the blue bunting. "Hope you're as nice as your mom and your old man.

Than which she couldn't wish him any¬

thing sweller.

"DEAR BILL . . ."

It's funny the way you go along thinking you've a pretty good idea of the Red Cross and its workings. And then suddenly you find you only know the half of it. The Red Cross is not fighting one war. It's fighting two—the one you know about and the one called Disaster Relief. It means just what it says. Relief in time of disaster . . . fires, accidents, tornadoes, epidemics. This service doesn't conduct itself. It's conducted by people like you and your mom and the nice, noisy family downstairs. People who give their time to canteen work or the Motor Corps, or the Red Cross Auxiliary. What Monmouth County asks you to do is stop by at your local Red Cross and find out where you fit in. Wouldn't it be a thing to be able to write your Bill in Italy, "Darling, I'm now in the Red Cross Motor Corps." Can't you just see him crowing to the other guys about it?
Specialists in the art and paint departments were assigned to paint faces on 180 three-foot eggs. Care had to be taken to get exactly the right degree of mobility in the egg-head's expressions because they had to turn and twist and appear to be watching the action. Special prize went to the artist who turned out his egg-face with a leer, for Ginger Rogers’ semi-strip tease number.

Ginger's gown in this number was the fabulous mink-and-sequin creation Edith Head designed for her. She couldn't enjoy wearing it, because she had to do her dance on a coco-matting covering the circus ring, and something in the atmospheric conditions caused electrical charges to sweep through the fur into Ginger!

The sets are the work of Designer Raoul Du Bois, who drew hundreds of color sketches. Luis Vance was assigned to execute them practically, and he reports that to make dreams photograph-able takes the combined efforts of some 17 studio departments. Du Bois uses French poster paint for his sketches, which isn't easy to match with American dyes. So that was the first headache. Next, all, every inch, of material used had to be flame-proofed because Technicolor arc lights often throw dangerous carbon sparks.

In the dance scene with Don Aley, Ginger had to be shown apparently floating on clouds, so the boys dreamed up a "cloud cookier," a contraption that creates carbon dioxide by blowing steam through dry ice immersed in hot water. For clouds higher up, Brit guns were used. These machines spray white smoke-producing chemicals in the air. To clear the air between scenes, mammoth vacuum cleaners were constructed. The hoses on these sweepers were nearly 100 feet long, 5 feet wide and had a 35-foot nozzle made of wood connected to air-conditioning equipment. Seems smoke gets in the Technicolor camera's eyes, unless this is done often.

Ginger wore a wig in this particular number that had to be glued to her head, then pinned. Then the bangs were sewed on with needle and thread! This was necessary to keep her hair in place during the strenuous dance routine.

The limit of $5000 on any new material for a set stymied the producers at one point. They thought the set had been completed, but when everything was checked, a complete backdrop was still to be built. Paint for it would have cost $600 more. There is no priority on labor, however, so it cost the studio $2500 extra to hire four women to work days applying velvet and satins on the huge wooden expanses!

Ginger worked approximately 84 days out of an 89-day shooting schedule, in addition to three weeks of dance rehearsals before camera work began. Of her five days off, three were a honeymoon with Marine John Calvin Briggs, now overseas.

Ray Milland

Ray Milland blushed bright red the day he saw his costume for the circus sequence. The coat and top hat were made of red, blue and purple sequins in a sunflower pattern, the breeches were pure white, and his boots were constructed of red suede. The days he had to wear the outfit, he used to sweat back and forth from his dressing room to the set enveloped in a great ankle length polo coat.

“LADY IN THE DARK”
PRODUCTION
(Continued from page 53)
Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POW'R-BASE sticks? Because it does more for their complexion than any other make-up foundation.

NEVER CAUSES DRY SKIN
Helps hide lines, blemishes.
- it really does!
Makes powder cling indefinitely.
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Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.
- it really does!

HAMPDEN'S powder base is the cream stick that really spreads evenly and cleanly... is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge.... won't dry out your skin! Try it—and you'll have lovely make-up always.

POWD'R-BASE

WRITE Hampden, 5th Ave., N. Y. C. 16 if unable to obtain locally.

---

Jack was studying at Stanford University.
They were always so much older, it was almost like having three dads looking after her. Only of course the boys were her brothers, so she didn't have to mind them as much as she minded Daddy. One of the earliest things she remembers is getting all three of them down on the floor to be her horses. She'd ride on the middle one, and the other two would gallop alongside.

bringing up Shirley...

Jack was really the one who took care of her. So they tell her, anyway. Naturally, she doesn't remember. But she can well believe it, because Jack worries a lot, he takes life more seriously than George. For instance, when Shirley first started working, and Mom had to go to the studio with her, and they didn't have any help, it was pretty hard on Mom, who'd be up till 12 sometimes, fixing carrots and spinach for dinner next day. So the boys were supposed to help with the housework. Well, Jack always did, while George had a cute little habit of disappearing into empty space like the vanishing lady. Being younger might have had something to do with it, but not much. George just never worries; he laughs. That's where Shirley's lucky again. Two worrying brothers or two laughing brothers might get monotonous. One of each is just right.

When she was a baby, Mom and Daddy'd want to go out together once in a while, so they'd hire a woman to look after Shirley. Till Jack said, "I'm almost 15, Mom, I can do it better." So they let him. Well, one night they came home, and Shirley was asleep, and here was Jack sitting by the crib in Mom's robe. They must have looked pretty astonished—you can hardly blame them—but Jack never gave it a second thought.

"Oh, I forgot to take it off," he said.
"What did you ever put it on for in the first place?" Dad asked.
"Because I always put it on when she cries. Then she thinks I'm Mom and shuts up."

There wasn't much squabbling round the house. The boys wouldn't deign to squabble with her; they put her in her place. When Jack got mad at her, he'd call her La Temple. On account of being in the movies, he'd keep on the watch to see that she didn't get bratty or show off. "Mom," he'd growl, "you going to let her get away with that?" At first she couldn't understand what the movies had to do with it. She didn't know actresses were supposed to be more conceited than other people. Herself, she thinks that's pretty silly. She doesn't like show-offs any better than Jack does.

The only trouble she had with George was over the funnies. Or maybe she ought to come clean and say the only trouble George had with her. Because she used to hide them. George would turn the house upside down, then she'd hear him in Mom's room. "Mom, where are the funnies?"
"Shirley has them."

Then, to be ready for emergencies, she'd start racking her brain, trying to remember where she'd put them. But when Shirley hid the funnies, they'd stay hid. Half the time she couldn't find them herself. The boys never call her anything but Shirley—not even Shirl, the way Mom does sometimes. Jack is short for John Stanley, and they call George Sunny. Which must sound pretty funny now to other people, because he's six foot one and weighs 220.

On the subject of Sonny's height, there's
a one-inch difference of opinion between Mom and Shirley. Mom calls him a straight six, but Shirley insists on the extra inch. Next time he comes home from Mojave, where he's stationed right now, she plans to measure him.

There's no argument about how tall Jack is; he's six foot four, but built on slightly less colossal lines than George. He's a sergeant in the Air Corps, and George is master tech sergeant in the Marine Air Corps—she thinks that's equal to chief petty officer in the Navy. He's the best-looking thing you ever set eyes on. She'd call him the all-American boy, except she has an idea it might not hit him just right. Jack's awfully good-looking, too, but in a different way. He's the intellectual type, kind of dreamy-eyed and sensitive like Jimmy Stewart. Shirley's more like George, easy-going and rather obstinate. She thinks she's obstinate anyway. She asked Mom once, and Mom gave her that dry look and said, "Let's call it independent, darling." So she guesses she's obstinate, like George.

Then in other ways she has lots in common with Jack. He talks to her about books, and it's on account of Jack that she got to love music so much. He's mad about it, simply mad. He used to send her records from Stanford and told her he could always study better when he had a symphony going in the background, and why didn't she try it? Now she can't do her lessons unless the radio's on. It's not always symphony music, as Mom points out on various occasions, but is it Shirley's fault if the symphony goes off and Inner Sanctum comes on?

Jack plays bridge and gin rummy with her—and she has to admit, if you ask, that she beats him quite often. Card games are too settled for George, he's up and away. Jack's the home-loving one. George doesn't spend much time at home, but he likes to know it's there. If they're all not around when he gets in, he's very upset. He used to keep writing from Hawaii that he wanted to come home and find everything the way he left it.

The most important thing that happened to Jack was getting married. The most important thing that happened to George was Pearl Harbor. And that's another thing that shows how different they are. Jack told Mom and Dad he was going to elope. George just went ahead and enlisted.

Really what Jack did was elope with permission. He'd been going with Mims quite a while—her real name is Miriam, but they call her Mims, and she's just darling. Anyway, Jack phoned one night and said they'd like to get married without any fuss, and was it all right with Mom and Dad? Mom told Dad, and Dad said, "Sure, tell them to go ahead," so they did.

The only one that really got gypped was Shirley. Ever since she was little, she wanted to be a flower girl at her brother's wedding. Maybe it was just as well though. She was 13 at the time and really too old for a flower girl. Maybe when George gets married, they'll be kind enough to let her be a bridesmaid. She loves church weddings and everything that goes with them, like having your engagement announced by your Mom and Dad. That's how she wants it if she ever decides to get married. Not that she has any plans, almost-16 still being a little young.

It was way before the war when George enlisted. He didn't come home one night, and Mom was a little worried but not much, because sometimes he'd stay overnight with a boy friend and forget his phone. Then Dad called from the office and asked Mom if she'd seen the papers, and Mom hadn't.

Dad said, "Your son's in the Marines." Well, that was pretty exciting, and he...
How to help give your face and neck this
QUICK 'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Helps Skin Appear Smoother, Firmer,
More BABY-FRESH With Each Application!

Have you ever sighed, "Oh I wish someone would give me a new face!" Well—that's quite impossible unless you resort to drastic measures like plastic surgery.

But there is a very simple method (takes only 8 minutes a day) whereby you can help make your skin appear remarkably satiny-smooth, radiant, firm and more baby-fresh with each application—a famous method which should help you maintain perfectly enchanting face and throat beauty throughout the years. Hopper's Facial Cream is also a marvelous powdered base. At all cosmetic counters.

AND HERE IT IS!

Briskly pat Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream over your face and throat, always using upward, outward strokes (see diagram). Gently press an extra amount of Hopper's Cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on for about 8 minutes. Then wipe off.

Just see how caressingly soft, smooth and -glowing your skin appears. The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so active and it so expertly lubricates the skin is that it's homogenized.

Faithful use helps you maintain truly dazzling face and throat beauty throughout the years. Hopper's Facial Cream is also a marvelous powdered base. At all cosmetic counters.

Another Great Beauty Aid
Hopper's White Clay Pack is marvelous as a "quick beauty pick-up"—makes you look ravishingly lovely on short notice. Wonderful for blackheads and enlarged pore openings. It also helps clear away tided "top-skin" debris with its ugly dried up skin cells which make any girl look much older.

looked simply super in his uniform, and then he was sent to Hawaii, which was all right, too—better than some other place, because Hawaii was almost like a second home to Shirley. She'd been there three times and she just adored it. George sent her a darling little Marine pin with pearls around it, and he wrote to her an awful lot. It was funny. At home Jack expressed himself more, George was always quiet. But he certainly expressed himself in his letters. She never knew he liked her as well as he did till he started writing...

happier tears...

Then, that Sunday she was down at the pool, and she saw Mom coming and she knew right away from her face that something dreadful had happened. First Mom and Dad thought they'd try to keep it from her, on account of George. But you can't keep anything as important as a war from people when they're 13. So they told her the Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor.

Shirley's not much of a weeper. When things happen, she goes off and wrestles with them by herself. Mom says she's calm on the surface—that's the Dutch in her—but seethes like a pool underneath. This time she didn't go off by herself, she wanted to stick close to Mom and Dad. For a while she couldn't say anything, then she broke down and really cried. It was nothing she could help, it took hold of her like something outside herself, and she thought she'd never be able to stop...

She doesn't like to think of the days that followed, when they didn't know about George. She'd rather think of two days before Christmas, when the news came that he was safe. It was merry and unmerry Christmas all mixed up together—unmerry on account of the war, but very merry for the Temple family on account of George.

About six months later they talked to him on the phone. The call didn't come through till one at night, but Mom promised to wake Shirley up, and did. George was frightened, because he thought something had happened to them, and by the time they got him calmed down, you couldn't say much but hello, how are you, good-by. Except George asked her how tall she was... and he thought she said five foot eight, and he kept saying, "You can't be!" and he was perfectly right, you can't be five eight when you're only six and half an inch. It was all pretty confusing, but simply miraculous just to hear his voice.

That was nothing, though, compared with when he came home. Shirley's told you...
I SAW IT HAPPEN

About two years ago Warner Bros. were filming "Flight Angel" at an airport right behind our high school. We kids naturally shouldered the field for autographs. After we'd gotten all the important ones, we noticed a good-looking young man in grease paint and asked him for his. He laughed and said, "Oh, I'm nobody," but we thought maybe some day he would be. And that same day came sooner than we expected, for the young actor is John Ridgely, star of Warners' "Air Force."

Jeanne Henry,
Temple City, Cal.

closed corporation . . .

Shirley thinks it's quite a coincidence that the picture she's in now for Mr. David O. Selznick is called "Since You Went Away." Because she thinks she can understand it better since the boys were away and came back again. She doesn't know if she can explain it, not being very good at analyzing, but—if you're sad or happy, it makes the sadness easier and the happiness more so, with people you love around. For instance, she thought she couldn't bear it when Chingle died, (Ching is the Peke who's been her beloved playmate for years.) But when George put his arm around her and Jack said, "I'm sorry, sis," it somehow helped the hurt . . .

And for happiness—well, she was having a very good time one night at the Riviera Country Club when her two brothers walked in. And she danced with them both and didn't tell anyone they were her brothers, and everyone thought, "Well, now, who's that fine-looking soldier and that handsome Marine?" So the dance was twice as much fun.

Christmas was twice as much fun, too. Jack gave her the score of "Showboat" and some lovely gardenias, and George gave her a pair of Marine wings. And it's fun if they're there when she comes down dressed for a dance, and they like her dress. She can always tell, because George goes "Whoa—whew!" and Jack says, "Gosh, that's sump'n!" She doesn't even mind when they tease her about boys—all big brothers do.

Sometimes she thinks it's not so wonderful for brothers to have a sister in the movies. As if it were their fault. Not that she thinks they'd want to change her for anyone, she's not that silly. But Jack—he's a whiz at a technician and all steamed up about television—Jack took lots of ribbing when he worked at the studio. He doesn't even know she knows, but you kind of catch on to things.

And when Sonny first went to camp, the other boys said, "Just wait till he gets here, we'll take him apart." A friend of Sonny's who was there told Mom about it. And this friend said, "Have you ever seen Shirley's brother?" And they all said no! And he said, "Okay, wait till you see him." And they said it was very funny how they seemed to forget about taking him apart when they saw how big he was.

Except one corporal who saw him doing k.p. "Not much like home, is it, Temple?"

And George went kind of grim and said, "What anyone else around here can take, I can take." He can, too. And more. They both can.

You don't have to ask Shirley what she thinks of her brothers. It shines out all over her. But she doesn't mind telling you either. "Whoa—whew!" she thinks, in a treble imitation of Sonny's best whistle. "My brothers are sump'n!"

THIS CIGARETTE RECOGNIZED
by medical authorities

PROVED less irritating to nose and throat

HERE's the proof—from clinical tests with men and women smokers. The findings by distinguished doctors—reported in an authoritative medical journal—show that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS,
EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!
SI, si-si-si, SI, si-si-si! To the softly throbbing strains of a rumba, punctuated by the staccato sound of the maracas, we continue our culinary tour of the Caribbean by taking an imaginary trip to Cuba—only a short plane ride from the Dominican Republic which we visited last month with Maria Montes.

Our guide to this “Holiday Isle of the Tropics” is—as you can see—none other than the Rumba King, Xavier Cugat. Cugat, the colorful orchestra leader whose Latin American rhythms survived with equal success the crazes for swing and sweet—to stand out in the dance world as a beacon pointing to our good neighbors to the South.

Cugat, the cartoonist, whose clever and often devastating black and white sketches of famous folk are regularly distributed all over the country by King Features. (His drawing talents, by the way, were originally developed under the encouraging eye of a fellow-cartoonist—the opera star, Enrico Caruso!)

Cugat, the movie actor, by virtue of the fact that—surprisingly enough—he turned out to be, on the screen, a comedian as well as a baton wielder! Cugat, the Spanish born American citizen, whose early childhood years were spent in Cuba—which country bestowed upon him its highest decoration, The Grand Cross,—for promoting good will between Cuba and the United States through popularizing Cuban music...” Which is still another link in the historic chain that binds our two countries together.

Cugat, the versatile, who here steps into our own particular spotlight as a connoisseur of Cuban foods. Which in his eyes, as well as ours, is no mean achievement in itself!

“In Cuba, where I spent fourteen years of my childhood and early youth, I learned to look upon food as a very important subject,” Cugat started our interview by declaring with conviction. “Why, Havana,” he went on, “between the hours of one and three is a ‘dead city’ because its citizens invariably take two hours for lunch—crowding all means of transportation to return to their respective homes for this important mid-day meal, which is followed by a short siesta. This daily ‘intermission’ is a habit I should hate to see them give up in favor of the weighty business discussions and the drug-store-snacks-eaten-on-the-run which we go in for in this country.”

Cuban dishes,” continued Mr. Cugat, obviously warming to his subject, “are very simple. The fact that they are also very bland and not at all rich may surprise many people! This is because foreigners are familiar only with the dishes that are served them. But these are ‘exhibition’ dishes and, like ‘exhibition’ dances, are not meant for ordinary use but
are reserved for special occasions only. Why, if the natives were to eat that way every day it would ruin their digestion!

"Among the foods that Cubans enjoy and eat constantly are such essentially simple things are Frijoles Negros (Black Beans) prepared with a tasty sauce; and Arroz Blanco which is nothing more than White Rice, cooked really well, for a welcome change from the soggy grey mass that one so frequently encounters elsewhere. Then there's Picadillo which you can translate into Hash, if you must—although so plebeian a name scarcely does it justice. And we mustn't omit one of my favorites—of Spanish origin as are so many Cuban favorites—Bacalao a la Viscaina. It's made of salt codfish—of all things, in a country famous for its fresh seafood!

"It may also surprise you to learn," went on Mr. Cugat (who surprised us even more by sketching away madly while he was being interviewed!) "that probably 99 percent of all Cuban men are excellent cooks. This is doubtless because they have such high regard for the pleasures of the palate. I, for example, take pride in making Sufrito." (Our photographer caught Mr. Cugat in the very act of adding a little wine to this specialty of his, which combines chick peas with ham and other interesting items.) "While my friend, Roberto Hernandez, the Cuban Consul General in New York, is famous among gourmets for his Fricase de Pollo. You must ask him to give you the recipe, because readers of MODERN SCREEN will find this particular dish a far cry from the anemic Chicken Fricassee that is served in so many American homes."

Well, Senor Hernandez did give us the recipe. And, at the same time, he made the helpful suggestion that we get in touch with New York's Havana-Madrid, noted as the most authentic of the Cuban-Spanish clubs in North America, and ask them for further information on Cuban foods.

Well, we did! And as a result we secured from Anatole Pujol, the capable chef of that famous restaurant, directions for making the very dishes we had discussed with Mr. Cugat. Thanks, therefore, to this all-Cuban team we have a prize collection of easy-to-follow recipes to offer in this month's attractive little leaflet, which will make Cuban Cooking a la Cugat a pleasure as well as a novelty for us all.

By Marjorie Deen

They sound like Latin-American song titles—these Cuban dishes that Cugat recommends: Bocalo a la Viscaina, Picadillo, Arroz Blanco, Frijoles Negros, Sufrito and Fricase de Pollo. But they're practical, too. And the coupon will bring a leaflet telling you how to prepare them.

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York 16, New York

Please send me—absolutely free—recipes for Xavier Cugat's Cuban specialties, in THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES series.

Name
Street
City State

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
DONALD O'CONNOR

(Continued from page 35)

the real McCoy. Talent was bred in his bones. The sunny spirit and the never-flagging fight of show people has raced in his blood from babyhood on to this day. His crib was a scarred theatrical suitecase propped on a dressing room shelf.

His lullaby was the brassy slur of a pit band slide trombone.

Effie Crane was a Decatur, Illinois, girl of French-Irish blood, who shook the dust of that town from her tiny feet when she was five years old. She ran off then with a visiting stock company and never came back. When she was 14 and a veteran of the boards, she joined a show in a small Pennsylvania town and met a husky, hearty Irishman named "Chuck" Connors. John O'Connor he called himself. He was from County Cork, begorra, the son of a rock-muscled miner, and like Effie, he had skipped out young to join a wagon show and come to America. Because he was strong and quick and fearless, he learned to be an acrobat and circus strong man when he wasn't socking leather as a prizefighter or swatting horse-hide as a pro-baseballer in the Three-I league. Chuck had a tumbling act when Effie laid eyes on him, and the minute she did, she fell in love.

sawdust circuit . . .

He was 24 then, ten years older, but that didn't make any difference. They were married, and Chuck broke in his 14-year-old wife as his acrobatic partner. They traveled with circuses after that—Hagen-back-Wallace and the Ringling Brothers, and off season they'd join up with tent shows, pitch shows, fife-and-drum vaudeville, traveling tank Stock or "what am I offered?" Effie played an ingénue in corn belt dramas like "The Two Orphans," sang and danced as a soubrette in burlesque, or flew through the air with the greatest of ease, in pink tights and spangles, over the center ring. Along the way she collected a family, everyone member of whom, as soon as they could walk, joined whatever act Effie and Chuck were working. The Crane Family they called it for a while, then the O'Connor Family fastened on, and later they got fancy and billed themselves "The Royal Family of Vaudeville."

By August 28, 1925, John O'Connor and

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A wonderful bargain. Supply limited, so write today.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 103-F, JEFFERSON, IOWA

DONALD O'CONNOR

(Continued from page 35)

1. Sportin' Life
2. Father of 3
3. Fruit goes to her head
4. King of the hoopers
5. Torchy-voiced
6. Hungry-looking
7. Last Man P---
8. Wife: Elsa Lanchester
9. Quack-wacky
10. Been over the "bumps"
11. "Happy Go Lucky"
12. In Deanna's footsteps
13. "M
e."
14. Scandal-less
15. Kid sis: Georgiana
16. Genius
17. Loder's lady
18. Arizona's buddy
19. Mrs. Joel Pressman
20. Deals in suspense

(Continued on page 103)
his wife Effie had had six children. Three were dead, but three survived; Jack, the eldest, then 19, Billy, 12, and Arlene, 5. And in Chicago in a modest theatrical hotel her seventh and last baby had been born.

Effie O'Connor was alone. That didn't strike her as unusual. Nor the fact that up until a couple of weeks ago she had played every night in the act. The O'Connor family was booked for small town fairs at little Illinois towns around Chicago. That's where they were now, singing and hoofing and joking and doing acrobatics while she lay and looked out into the dingy dusk of the big city, and occasionally gripped the side of the bed with pain. But that's what happened to show people; they were a separate breed, Effie O'Connor thought—born to keep people laughing.

A woman from the next room poked her head inside and asked, "How are you feeling?" She saw the path of pain that crossed Effie O'Connor's face, and not waiting for an answer she said, "I'll get Martha to show you and I'll stay in bed, and then I'll stick in here with you." The woman's name was Peggy Reed, and the daughter she tugged in was to grow up and become Martha Raye.

It was three o'clock in the morning when she called a taxi. An hour later at four A.M. the baby was born at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Peggy Reed stayed there all night at the bedside, and in the morning when Effie opened her eyes, she said, "Peg, as a fine boy. And his name's Donald O'Connor."

"Who said so?" whispered Effie weakly. "Me. I've always liked the name Donald; And this one seems just like my own boy.

sound as a watch..."

Donnie, as his family called him, did grow fast, although the more eminent pediatricians would hardly prescribe the formula and routine he got to grow on. He was a funny little kid, with snow white fuzz on his skull and snow white eyebrows and lashes, like an albino. He had the same gray laughing eyes of his Irish dad and a wide, mischievous mouth. He wasn't big, but from the start he was sturdy and sound as a dollar watch. He had a voice, too, like a cavalry bugle's blast. Effie O'Connor's biggest problem of the day was to make Donnie to sleep backstage in time for her to go on with the act. Usually she succeeded, but the trouble was Donnie didn't always stay asleep. More than once, in the middle of her tumbling, she would see the theater manager out of the corner of her eyes—standing in the wings, dancing anxiously on one foot and then the other. "Piss-off, he'll stay whilst, "Hurry and wind up the act, Mrs. O'Connor, and come take care of your baby!"

They traveled around plenty then, these vaudeville vagrants, the O'Connors. Trouping with the rest and six children had to face it and three had survived. Little Donald, like the rest, shared the family's good breaks and bad luck from the minute he was born; it's soft touches and it's hardships. Early in life Don O'Connor found he could take it.

John O'Connor had rigged up an old Reo Speedwagon for the family to tour in. It had bunks and lockers, lanterns, tables, a tiny stove, blankets, cupboards and even closets. That was the first home Donald O'Connor knew. In his infant memory the world jounced and rolled and by curious people looked inside. The kaleidoscope of his baby mind whirred with images of gas flares and clowns and hobo ladies and red show banners with gilt lettering. With long all-night trips between towns, and dawn breaking through the dusty windows of the Reo as it parked beside a country road, busted down, or out of gas or just stopped for the night because a hotel was too far away or it wouldn't take in "show
“Lady,” exploded one, “what the hell are you doing with them kids out in this blizzard?”

Jack popped his big Irish head out. He explained they had to make it to So-and-So. It was their living. The family went as one, and if one made it, all did—or vice versa. But the man still boiled. “You ought to be in jail!” he raged. “Don’t you know you might have frozen them kids? Say,” he said, “what’s your name, anyway?”

The tone suggested he was all set to run them into the local law.

“O’Connor.”

“Ruh!” said the man. He breathed deep. Then he turned to his partner in the snow-plow cab.

“Hey, Finnegan!” he yelled. “Come on, let’s get these dam’ Swedes out of this snow!” So he pulled them out, took them to a train, and the O’Connors made their play date.

royal family on the rocks . . .

The law was one reason John O’Connor and his “royal family” seldom hit the Big City, New York. They played the club circuit because New York was the home of the Gerry Society, and that was the same thing as the Big Bad Wolf to show people who used their small kids in their acts. The Gerry Society sleuths searched high and low for vaudeville folks who violated the child labor laws, and when they caught up with them, it was a big fine or a revoke of their license or worse. As a kid, to Don O’Connor the heavy of heavies was a Gerry officer who always walked furtively off the stage his first night in a strange town expecting to see the wagon backed up to the steps, ready to haul him and his folks to the cooler. So Don got wise and tough, and was he young in life. He had to.

He was one of the men of the family—he and his big brothers Jack and Billy. Because Don doesn’t remember his dad at all. When Don was hardly a year old, Elic O’Connor was left a widow.

The other O’Connor kids remembered that year of sadness well for a long time, and the tragedy of it seeped into the early awareness of Donnie.

It started, the run of bad luck, when the family tried out in New York for a booking on the big time. In the middle of the tryout Billy slipped from a handstand and snapped his arm like a matchstick. That ruined the tryout, and the engagement went glimmering. The O’Connors had staked about everything on getting that
play run—even the trip to New York, which they couldn’t afford, and the risk of tangling again with the Gerry Society. When it fizzled, they found themselves broke in the big city. They didn’t have a speck of work for nine weeks and not a penny to eat on. Show business friends fed the O’Connors, with the big heart that show people always have and the spare bit of emergency cash most of them keep tucked away in an old shoe or somewhere. Rescue came at last with a four week engagement at good pay. Things looked rosy.

Then tragedy struck again. And this time Donald O’Connor’s brilliant future almost died aborning. He missed being killed by the merest chance.

heart-break ahead . . .

The engagement started at Hartford, Conn., at the Capitol, and things went fine for part of the first week. Then one day Arlene, six years old, took Donald out for an airin in his baby buggy. There was a candy store across the street from the Capitol, and Arlene had a sweet tooth. She started to push Don’s buggy across the rough cobblestones, neighbors said, but decided it was too big a job. So she left him parked on the sidewalk and dashed across to the candy store alone.

Effie O'Connor was ironing out some of Don’s baby things in her dressing room when she heard the scream and the screech of brakes. When she ran out, she found her daughter pinned under an automobile. Arlene was killed instantly.

The O’Connors went on with their engagement. They had to. More than ever now they needed the salary checks. So, right after little Arlene’s funeral they sang and joked and picked up their heels on the stage as the act swung north through New England. Then one night, in Brockton, Mass., only nine weeks later, the O’Connor Family heard the band cue for their family entrance. They all trooped out on the stage. Last came John, daddy of all the O’Connors, running out, red-faced and jolly, greeting the people with a big laugh and a quick tumble to warm up the audience. But this night when he tumbled he didn’t get up. He lay still, and Effie O’Connor screamed when she saw the color of his face. John O’Connor was dead at 49, mercifully quick from a heart attack.

Young Donald, still a mere infant, was too young to know about these tragedies. But he heard about them from the minute he could understand what words meant, and he always felt that he had shared in them, too. He sensed at once that the world could be rough on show business families. In some ways it made him tough, standing up to the world, even as a tot, going after what he wanted. Even when he was barely out of diapers, Don O’Connor was known around vaudeville haunts as “the toughest little kid in show business.”

junior black bottom . . .

Donnie walked when he was eight months old, about twice as soon as most babies. At the old Kedzie Theater in Chicago, when he was still wearing diapers, he broke loose from his dressing room pen one night when the O’Connors were on. Toddled out before the lights, with his “pail-fier” still in his mouth. He grinned at the orchestra professor, dropped the pacifier in the pit and started stamping around on the stage to the tune of “Black Bottom,” chortling, “Boom—pah—boom—pah—boom” and wiggling his little behind. From that night on he was part of the act. And his “Black Bottom” was always a riot.

Soon Donnie became the junior partner of an O’Connor Family act which had been revised, of necessity, after the tragedies of Chuck and Arlene’s deaths. There was Effie, of course, and brother Jack, now a grown man, and Billy, the heavy set, merry comedy-talented brother right above Don. Jack’s wife, Millie, was in the act now, too, and after a while her daughter, Fatsy, Don’s niece—but more like a sister to Don—would arrive to join the group.

Little Don became a tumbler the minute he dropped his diapers. Jack and Billy used to toss him around like a basketball on the stage in their acts. He was tiny, but he could take it. In fact, although Don was always short and small as a boy, he was tightly knit with a web of muscles all over him. Like his dad, Chuck, he was just naturally tough. He learned to dance early, too, and sang. One of his first successful routines was a team dance with his two brothers. He sang “Looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses,” “My Mom” and “Keep Your Sunny Side Up,” and right after he could talk, he learned how to time gags and dialogue.

When he was no more than three years old, Donnie worked in a tiny tuxedo. He was crazy about clothes in those days, as he is today. Nothing pleased him more than to strut down the street in his stage finery and watch the other kids stare in awe and admiration. Once in Lancaster, Pa., he disappeared when his mother was busy backstage. She rushed out on the crowded streets looking for Donnie frantically, then called the police. Finally, one came back leading Don by the hand.

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"Guess where I found him," grinned the
cop. "Down in front of the Good Will
Mission with the Salvation Army Band.
The kid was singing to beat the band
and dancing in this monkey suit. And the
coin was rollin'."

The normal life that normal kids led
was something Don O'Connor never knew.
Normal kids had houses and back yards
and a home town, and they went to school.
In his whole life Don O'Connor went
to a real public school only twice and then
for only a few months each time. His
mother taught him his ABC's and his mul-
tiplication table and everything else, in
between shows in her dressing room. She
used a correspondence course put out by
the Pennsylvania Board of Education. Effie
O'Connor, among all the hundreds of things
she had to do daily, held class each morn-
ing in the dressing room of whatever show
house the O'Connors happened to be play-
ing. She remembers Donnie now, poring
over his lessons while the rest of the
family dabbed on grease paint. He used to
mix her rouge, powder, cold cream and
mascara all together when she wasn't
watching and paint pictures on the wall
with it. He studied his lessons on the
clindery seats of jerk town trains, wrote
them out, and she mailed them in. He
did his home work by the dim light of
hotels where show people paid in advance,
and they nailed down the towels.

That was the kind of childhood Donald
O'Connor remembers, "turkeying" all over
the country, eating at "Maw's Places" or
sending out for sandwiches and milk be-
tween shows, because there wasn't time
for anything else. Working one night
stands and split weeks on the five-a-day—
or sometimes a schedule where you did
10 and 12 shows a day and marked them
off on the dressing room wall so you
wouldn't forget how many performances
you'd done.

endearing young charms...

But he thrived on it. He was never
sick—if you can count out the time in
St. Louis when the act right before the
O'Connors had a gag that spilled moth-
balls all over the stage, and Don, thinking
they were candy, stuffed them in
his mouth. He had some accidents, too—once
when he was onstage, and he climbed ad
venturously upon a prop wall backstage
in a Chicago house, fell off and cracked
his arm. Tiny as he was, Don had guts
about those things. He never cried or
folded up. The time, for instance, in De-
troit, when he fell in the middle of his
rumbling act and cut an artery in his
arm. The way he kept on with the act, hold-
ing his arm tight with his other hand
and wiping off the blood with his hand-
kercloth until the act was over.

Don's boyhood vitality spilled over
in the form of mischief. The excitement and
constant change of his childhood didn't
allow him the quiet luxury of toys or
books or pets. Outside of the white rat a
traveling entertainer gave him or the rab-
bbits that Blackstone, the magician, be-
stowed as reward for help in his act, Don
ever owned any pets. His playground
was no back yard or school ground, but
the streets outside theatrical hotels or the
empty rows of seats in a theater before
and after shows. As a result he found
ways to spoil his dynamite spirits around
the show house. Managers and vaudev-
lians soon tagged him as a terror.

short snorer...

But the most serious escapade occurred
one night at the State-Lake Theater in
Chicago where the O'Connors had a big
time engagement. A man slumped in
the front of the house, sound asleep
through the entire act; what's more, he
snored. It was ruining the act. Everyone was laughing at the snores instead of the O'Connors, and that burnt all of them up.

First Brother Billy started stamping his feet on the stage, but the man snored peacefully on. Then Jack shot off a blank pistol. But still he snored. The audience was roaring now, and the joke was on the O'Connors. Don ran off stage, sere as a boil, grabbed a bottle of seltzer water and squirted it right in the sleeper's face. He jumped up, ran out of the theater like he had been stung—and then sued the O'Connors, the theater management and everyone. It put them in a nice pickle for a while.

When Don was only seven, the O'Connors landed on a bill with a Fanchon and Marco review of beautiful pictures. The girls had a dressing room of their own, built of beaverboard and set apart backstage. One afternoon there was a commotion and indignant girlish outcries, and when the O'Connors investigated, they found Don in the middle of the outraged chorines getting the daylight spanked out of him.

He'd punched holes in the beaverboard walls to watch the girls change costumes!

Another time they found him, dolled up in his stage outfit of cutaway coat, gray spots and cane, leaning against the wings like an old roué as the chorus tripped on the stage. As each girl skipped by, Don looked soulfully into her eyes and repeated "I love you... I love you... I love you." He was all of eight years old.

Don was just as tough with boys as he was bold with girls. Like his Irish dad, who had punched out his living in the ring, Don loved a fight, just for the fight's sake. He wasn't mean, but he was belligerent. And he was good. Don is slim today and light, but his punching muscles are overdeveloped, and his favorite sport is still boxing. In his early days he'd come into a town, collar the first ragamuffin he'd meet on the street and ask, "Say—you know any kid in this town that wants a fight?" Usually there were plenty, and usually Don could take them, although he'd got whipped for it when he showed up at curtain time bruised and bleeding. That era ended suddenly when a gang of Chicago newsboys had got a tough little punk down at the theater and ganged up on him. They gave him such a working-over that he was cautious from then on about advertising his pugnacity.

That wasn't often, of course. As a kid, Donald O'Connor's home town resembled a timetable. But there was one place he could half-way tag as his "home town"—one place. That was Danville, Illinois, where his Uncle Will and Aunt Josie and their big family lived in a big house. Uncle Will was John O'Connor's brother. Irish, like Chuck, he had done all right in Danville in the plumbing business, and with his natural Gaelic gift for politics, had even been elected mayor a couple of times. Sticking around one place, he had also outdone his brother Jack by siring eleven children to Chuck's seven. A few extra visiting cousins make little difference in a family of 13. So between layoffs, or when they ran into bad luck or got busted, the O'Connors made quick tracks for Danville. They had another haven, at Peru, Illinois, where an old friend ran a country club and where they could earn their keep entertaining until bookings opened up. But Danville was where Don remembers feeling like he belonged to a place longer than just for the run of the engagement.

Being a real stage actor, Don was a great glamour boy in Danville, and he played it to the limit. The other kids, seeing him come in off the road with wonderful stories about stage life, looked on with him with feelings mixed with awe and resentment. The Danville boys yelled "Slisy" a few times at his dandified clothes as they got their noses blooded—but the girls tumbled like a load of bricks for his worldly charms. Closest of all to Don of his cousins was Lois, only a year older.

He used to tell Lois expediently, "When you and me grow up, we'll get married." Lois knew Cousin Don pretty well though, and she never took it too seriously. He told that to all the girls.

sweetheart on every circuit...

Because Don O'Connor was hardly ever without a sweetheart from the time he could learn to wink. And like a sailor, he had a girl in almost every port. He was so wise up for his years that usually they were older than he was, like the crush he had on a girl who used to travel with a sister act. He'd run across her here and there on the circuits. She had a turned up nose, and she could sing like a bird, even as a kid, and her name was Frances Gumm. Don and Frances wrote a love song together when they were just kids and rehearsed it. They were going to grow up and be big stars—and get married. But Judy got the jump on Don—as she was bound to. She became Judy Garland.

Life was never dull for Uncle Will's and Aunt Josie's when the Cousin O'Connors showed up. All of them loved to have fun, from Effie on down. They'd usually play a set in the Danville theater, and Don and Billy would get enrolled in school—only to be jerked out again as soon as the hungry O'Connor family fattened up or a play date arrived to support them again. They always made good enough money—on the standard time $500 a week for the act. But they were show people, and they spent it, or Jack and Effie and...
Millie, the oldest members, got mixed up in their weakness, poker, and lost the family roll. They never banked a cent. There was always more to be made in the next town. Happy-go-lucky was a phase coined for the O'Connors. And it was all for one and one for all—always.

As a youngster Don O'Connor never considered that it would ever be any other way. Life to him was "the boards," and the O'Connor family the center of the world. Once only, as a tiny tot, had he run away nursing a peeve. He was about five or so, and Brother Jack had spanked him or something. Don suspects he deserved it. Anyway, he lit out, resolved to show his family a thing or two. He got as far as two stories away in the same New York theatrical hotel where they stayed. A vaudeville friend of his father came home that night and found Don sitting on his trunk, looking disgusted. "Our act's going to pieces," Don informed him. "I've shaken the dust. Say, can I join your act?" The friend hauled him by the ear back to his family.

pistol-packin' O'Connor . . .

Never in his young life, however, did Donald O'Connor ever consider the possibility of being anything but an entertainer. He used to say, when he was younger, that his big ambition was to be a grand opera singer. He still collects every Caruso record he can find. But Don never took lessons on anything in his life. He picked up the accordion and the drums and a honky-tonk piano proficiency, which he still has today. He learned a million tricks allied to show business, bits of magic, singing, and dancing and juggling. But, in spite of the hard life actors led—and he'd had personal proof from the minute he let out his first baby cry—it never entered Don's head that when he got big he'd be anything else but an actor. Acting was for him.

He dramatized everything. Uncle Will had an old pistol around the house, without any cartridges. Don found it one day, and for a week the O'Connors wondered why the milkman and the bread man gave their house a wide berth. Finally learned it was because Don had been getting the drop on them with the real revolver every time they showed up and backed off the place, hands up and terrified. He was playing a stick-up man.

He used this acting talent to wiggle out of scrapes, too. Once the Danville O'Connors and their friends staged a picnic when the Traveling O'Connors arrived. They had it out by the river. Effie O'Connor had lost enough children. Don was her baby, and she was always terrified of losing him. Particularly she feared the swift river. She told him not to dare go near it; if he did—there'd be plenty of trouble.

Well, some other boys were there; they dared Don, and he couldn't take a dare like a drip. So he went in, and when he came back home, he showed the tell-tale signs—wet hair, muddy socks and shoes. He knew he was in for it.

"I had to go in, Mother," explained Don nobly. "A girl fell in the river. The current grabbed her. She swirled down the stream. I heard her desperation cries for help . . . and so on. He acted out the most gripping rescue drama imaginable, complete with all details, with himself in the role of the hero, rescuing the helpless maiden from a watery grave. Don sounded like he ought to have the Carnegie medal, at least, and Effie believed every word. But Lois, who had been there all the time, could hardly keep from exploding with the truth.

It was from Danville that the O'Connors left for California, the time that was to
Donald had been in California before. Once when he was still being wheeled around in a baby carriage, the O’Connor family, Chuck and Arlene and all, had played the old Hippodrome in Los Angeles, and another time when Don was only seven they’d come out for a Fanchon and Marco Revue and played all around Southern California—and Donnie O’Connor, again, had narrowly escaped with his life in the great California Earthquake of 1933.

This trip an even bigger upheaval was to hit the O’Connors. Hollywood was to do what even the Long Beach earthquake couldn’t do. It was to break up the O’Connor family after all these years.

It started as just another circuit tour for the O’Connors. When they arrived in Los Angeles, strapped as usual for money, something went wrong with the bookings, and there they were without a salary. That’s when their booking agent asked if they’d like to give a free show.

"Nothing doing," replied Jack, who was managing the business end of things then. "We O’Connors like to work—but not for free. It’s not nourishing."

"But this is," laughed the agent. "You’ll get a swell dinner. It’s at the Motion Picture Relief Fund Annual Banquet. All the movie Big Shots will be there, and you never can tell what that’ll lead to. Besides, it’s a good cause."

Jack said okay. They came late to the Biltmore Bowl the next night. They went on with the act first and had dinner later. Right after they’d finished, it seemed, the agent came bustling up to their table.

"What did I tell you," he gasped. "They want you over at Paramount tomorrow to try out for a picture party!"

"We’ll be there," said Jack grinned. "O’Connors on parade."

The agent yanked out his handkerchief and patted his face. They’ve got Donald in mind for a Big Crosby picture.

Nobody said much for awhile. Don finished his ice cream. Then he spoke up.

"That’s out," he said. "It’s the O’Connor Family—remember?"

The agent shrugged. "Just you they want," he repeated.

"I’m a vaudeville artist," said Don slowly. "I don’t know anything about movies. I guess I’ll just stay here!"

Edson’s Note: Part II of Donald O’Connor’s life story will appear in the May issue of Modern Screen.
A SMILE THAT GLISTENS
(Continued from page 47)

They’ll tell you to eat your way to health . . . and sparkling dental work! Proper diet assists originally in building sound teeth. It later helps protect them against disease, through nourishment of tooth structure, through tooth exercise and through influence on mouth secretions.

In general these foods are best for building as well as maintaining sound teeth and healthy gums: fruits, green vegetables, milk and other dairy products, whole grain bread and cereals, eggs and some coarse foods requiring thorough chewing. Let your diet be a help to your teeth. Which reminds us of a simple law pun: “True to your teeth, and they won’t be false to you.”

Dentist Duty. We’re sure you know all about visiting your dentist twice a year . . . but here’s a gentle reminder in case you’re a bit forgetful. Be sure to have preventive dentistry, for a check-up and to have stains and tartar removed. Remember you’re not only to run to the dentist, howling with pain, to have an aching molar pulled. He’s there to catch tiny, hidden cavities and to fill them before they have a chance to grow to Grand Canyon proportions and cause you floods of agony.

A dentist can do wonders at replacing missing molars and straightening crooked ones. Perhaps when you were young and careless, you chipped a front tooth—on a diving board, say, or in a sled collision. It’s halfway up, uncorrected up to now, have it jacketed. No one but you will be the wiser, and you’ll smile unself-consciously again.

Smile, Inc. A smile is part of a woman’s charm. Not only movie stars have a public . . . a housewife meets hers at the grocery store, clubs, shops. Her smile may mean the difference between a small, brown-eyed head of lettuce and a large, crisp, green-leaved one! So don’t be afraid to smile. Glance at the chart on page 68. Treat your teeth to these beauty and health hints advocated by pert Jane Allyson. You’ll be pleased with the happy results!

“CALIFORNIA”—HERE HE COMES!
(Continued from page 41)

to play, in spite of the scene with Katharine Cornell. Before doing that scene, Miss Cornell invited him to spend the day at her home. He felt greatly honored, but he wasn’t tongue-tied. They talked about dogs and other things they had in common, not about Shakespeare.

He’s always wanted to write, and he always will. Movies were just a way to make money till he saw “A Star Is Born,” which captured his imagination. After that he wanted success in the movies, too. He’s written some poetry and short stories which his friends like. “But of course,” he tells you, “that’s just very bad.”

Ray Sperry, who used to be Freddie Bar- tholomew’s stand-in, has been Lon’s friend since their days at the Mar-Ken Professional School. They had it all fixed up that in 1940 they’d buy a sleep and sail around the world, Lon writing as they went. In 1940 a war was on. Besides, they didn’t have the money. But it’s a dream postponed, not abandoned. In Lon’s contract, there’s another clause which says that, in five and a half years, if he’s still working, he gets time off for his round-the-world trip.
Another dream's just come true, and a nightmare's banished. Somewhere he read that Eddie Cantor's grandmother, who owned everything to him, died as Eddie reached the brink of success. Lon was haunted by the fear that some such thing might happen to him. He wanted to make life easier for the folks before they were too old to enjoy it. Just before leaving off location for "Home in Indiá", he bought the new house at Malibu. Just after he got back, they moved in.

The folks are Mother, Granny and Iya. How he started calling his grandfather Iya, Lon doesn't remember, but everyone calls him now. He himself had been named Alonzo after his father, but was Bud—and still is—to family and friends. Not till "Stage Door Canteen" did he become Lon, and he's just getting used to it. Girls sometimes call him Lonnie, which irks him. Billy and Jackie irk him, too.

He's always lived in and around Los Angeles. His parents, divorced when he was five, have remained friends. After '29 they all had it tough. Iya's real estate business went to pot. He got a job as parking lot attendant. Mother and Granny took in sewing. One Christmas they couldn't scrape up enough to buy Lon a gift, so they had to tell him there was no Santa Claus. At the ripe age of eight, he had it pretty well figured out for himself. It didn't seem right that everyone should work but Lon.

Things got a little tougher. People weren't having much sewing done. Mother worked as a waitress, then as receptionist in a dental office. Iya went from night watchman at Universal to gateman at RKO. Through him, Granny got some extra work.

"I want to make money," Lon told his mother.

"You're pretty young."

"Some of the boys at school make money in the movies."

You got into movies through dancing or singing. Lon took tap lessons first, decided he wasn't much good and joined the Maxwell Choristers. M-G-M sent for them. If they'd been asked to sing, Lon would have sunk. As luck would have it, he was picked as one of the torchbearers for the ballroom sequence of "Romeo and Juliet." He thinks maybe "Romeo and Juliet's" lucky for him.

Other jobs followed in movies and radio. Nothing startling. Extra work and bits. But enough so that, after a nervous breakdown, Mother was finally persuaded to quit work. Iya seemed to be set at RKO. Granny was managing the apartment house where they lived.

He discovered the world of books and ideas. He entered Chapman College, majored in English and took as many units of philosophy as he could squeeze in. Girls—"Oh yes. When he saw them, it was nice—and just as nice when he didn't. Girls weren't in it with books and writing, with studying and getting ahead in "the industry," as he calls it.

Then one day, during sophomore year, he took time off to go to town for two interviews. One was at Republic, the other with Victor Sutker, who was casting for "Stage Door Canteen." He knew one of the soldiers was a young kid named "California," who'd never kissed a girl. Lon was 19 and a Californian. He'd kissed girls in kid games like post office. It was just something going on. He'd never kissed a girl and really meant it. He hopes it doesn't sound egotistical, but he couldn't help thinking maybe this was the chance he'd been waiting for.

At Republic the part was a soldier, too. They said he looked too young, didn't look like the typical American soldier. Mr. Sutker said: "Take these two scenes home, and we'll call you back to read later on."

Time and again Helen Davis had tried to reduce—lost a few pounds only to put them back on. After her baby came, she found she weighed 143. Somethings had to be done, so she enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course. "I lost 22 pounds gained a figure I'm proud of," says Mrs. Davis. "My skin was dry and course-looking; now it is soft, fine-textured and clear. I want to rush up to every overweight girl I see and tell her about the Course."

"The DuBarry Success Course has all the answers!"

—says Mrs. Helen Davis of Ann Arbor, Mich.

More than 120,000 women have found the DuBarry Success Course the way to new beauty and vitality. You get an analysis of your skin, hair, figure, posture, weight—then a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. The coupon below will quickly bring you full information. Just paste it on a penny postal.
Back at college, he studied the script and waited for the call— which finally came on Friday: 3:30. On Tuesday he caught cold, so he was unable to appear in the show, and on Saturday, 2 o'clock Friday. That's his mother's training. She always puts him to bed when he has a cold.

They were tried by Frank Borzage. Which was a good thing, because Mr. Borzage has the knack of calming you down. Lon wasn't called till next to last, by which time his nerves stood in need of calming. Then he went back home to bed. Sunday night he returned to college and tried to put the whole thing out of his mind.

INFOGRAPHIC
(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Don Campbell, N. Y.,...DO STARS SEE AND ANSWER THEIR MAIL?

It depends entirely upon the star and studio involved. Frank Sinatra receives some 5,000 letters a week, and it would be a full-time job if he even attempted to answer them. Same applies to Turner, Grable, Power. A younger player—Donna Reed, Bob Hutton, Ann Savage, Jim Brown will generally try to answer all their letters since more fan mail means better parts.

Dorothy H., West Chicago, Ill.,...HAS A LON MCALLISTER FAN CLUB BEEN ORGANIZED SINCE I RECEIVED MY FAN CLUB CHART? Yes, Lon has placed his stamp of approval on a grand club in his honor started by Mildred Cox, 120 Cassidy Avenue, Lexington, Ky. He'll supply details.

Pvt. Albert Kanterman, Ark.,...WHAT IS SCARLETT'S “O'HARA” DOING? Vivien Leigh is spending much of her time entertaining troops in England and North Africa. There are a few pictures scheduled for her— one of which is “Caesar and Cleopatra.” Write her at 2 Cities Film Ltd., 15 Hanover Sq., W. I., Eng. •

I suppose I should be satisfied by the tower of mail stacked up on my desk each morning. I'm not. I probably will never be, as long as your letters go to being such fun as they are. If you've written one letter, please write again. If you haven't, that note off to me today because I've got the information you want about Hollywood and its personalities which we will have it. Address your envelope: Beverly Linet, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

He closed his ears. "I hear they like you," his agent phoned. That made him feel as though he'd been lifted into mid-air as if he was left hanging by the tail, which was Mother who cut the string and sent him up like a balloon. Mother and Mr. Sukter. Mr. Sukter's been kind enough to call Mother. "Lon has the part. I thought you'd like to know as soon as I knew myself." When she called him, Mother was crying. Lon took his three roommates down to the hangout, where they celebrated with soda. Next day the news was in Hedda Hopper's column.

From start to finish, the picture was fun. (The funniest part was having a stand-in who'd once worked extra with him.) But he wouldn't sign for more than the single
picture, because he was expecting to be called to the Army. He wouldn’t even go back to New York for the opening unless Mother went along.

He got pretty stubborn about it. He thinks you’d better call him a stubborn guy. For instance, he made up his mind to buy a car when he finished high school. Financially, that turned out to be his worst year. He bought the car anyway and just got through paying for it. Another thing he wanted was a Great Dane. “I’ll buy it,” he promised himself, “when I get my first coast-to-coast program.” That happened three years ago, and three years ago he bought Mac. A Great Dane in an apartment said people—“You’re crazy. Absolutely mad.” But Mac wasn’t unhappy in the apartment, and Lon was very happy, having him.

Mr. Lesser sent Mother along. Marjorie Hordyan and her husband went, too. Marjorie’s the girl Lon kissed in the picture. The four traveled together and had a wonderful time in the big town. And in the end Lon signed his contract. He couldn’t afford to refuse it, with the terms and bonus Mr. Lesser offered.

But he didn’t expect to make any more pictures till after the war. He’d had his physical exam for the Army. A week before the second was due, Twentieth Century-Fox intervened. They wanted to borrow him for “Home in Indiana.” They asked for his deferment on the ground that he’d picture would be released too late.

Since movies have been classified as an essential industry, the request was granted. And Lon bought a house.

Treasure Hunt . . .

They wanted one for so long. They were so house-hungry that they’d study ads, even go looking at houses for the sake of looking; knowing, within the limits they couldn’t afford, even a small one. Now Lon made one of his decisions. His bonus from Mr. Lesser would almost cover the cost of a house. Then the following would have it, no matter when he was called.

Because Lon loved the ocean, it had to be on the beach—and they found it at Malibu. He and his mother went down to look at it first, and the minute he clapped eyes on it, Lon knew that was his house. Green—and white. One story—which made it nice for Granny who’s beginning to get winded, climbing stairs. A high wall—which made it nice for Mac. The biggest fireplace they’d ever seen in a house—which made it nice for them all.

Granny took Iya down to see it. Having been in the real estate business, Iya catches flaws invisible to the amateur’s eye. Besides, he’s English and reserved. But even Iya said, “Maybe,” which amounts to enthusiasm with him. So Lon bought it.

While he was shopping Mother and Granny made drapes and 12 string rugs—a fan-shaped one for in front of the fireplace. Lon got back on Tuesday and had the pleasure of seeing Grandma take the management of the apartment house without her successor. On Wednesday, he went shopping with Mother and bought three lamps. On Thursday, he had to report for work at 12:30, so he got up six and drove down with some of the fragile things you can’t trust to vans.

Iya proved how he felt about the house by buying an unforgotten thing—treating himself to a week off so he could share the fun of settling in. In all the world, no four people were happier.

Iya settled, Iya’s with them only for week-ends, because he won’t give up his job. Dad’s a frequent visitor. He always wanted Lon to be something stable like a doctor. Now he thinks it’s just as well and turned out stubborn.

They’re painting and sanding the floors.
themselves. Having managed apartment houses, they're good at that kind of thing. Lon's bedroom is strictly nautical—sea-green rug, tropical drapes, ship book ends. Only the beds are like nothing a sailor ever slept in. Two of them, both double, one for Lon, one for Mac. More often than not he bunks in with Lon, sometimes at the foot of the bed, sometimes with his head tucked cozily on the same pillow. Mac's short for MacDaniel—Mac, son of Daniel, sort of French for Daniel.

When he's not working, Lon's a night owl—stays up till two and goes to sleep till eleven. Breakfasts on dry toast and hot chocolate, except when he gets an urge for waffles. Likes sandwiches for lunch—tuna and peanut butter—and his favorite dinner is grilled and round, new peas, salad, milk and lemon pie. Lemon pie the way Granny makes it.

A day off—especially now at the beach—is a blank check from heaven. He spends it outdoors, paddling around on his surfboard, hauls his typewriter out and answers his fan mail. Mother helps him with that. And he studies. Wants to get his degree if he can, though right now the prospect looks dim. However, he's still carrying eight years of college work.

twilight and fire light...

The hour before dinner finds him in front of the fireplace with some reading matter—Whitman or Conrad, Don Blanding or Stephen Benet. Twilight and fire light and a quiet house and the smell of good cooking and an open book—that's something to keep with you as long as you live.

He never misses Sam Graffiton's column and, when he's home at night, always tunes in on the good romances and music program. Cole Porter's his favorite popular composer and "Easy to Love" his favorite song. Anything Koussevitzky conducts, he'll listen to.

At the beach he wears as little as possible. Generally speaking, his interest in clothes is lukewarm. He'd rather stay at home than go out formal. His wardrobe is about evenly divided between browns and tans, which he likes, and blue, which his mother likes him in. Just now he's going through the tie-buying stage, because ties are about all a fellow can pick for himself that have color. But he rarely wears them anyway.

He's a regular at the Hollywood Canteen. Used to work as a busboy, but now that the fellows know him, they seem to like him. Sometimes he and Betsy Kelly go out together quite often. If it's a tawseome, they play miniature golf and stop in at a drive-in for nuthsburgers and a soda or a malt or a shake—doesn't matter, as long as it's ice cream.

Mostly they go with a crowd—the Gene Kelly crowd you've heard so much about. Gene and Betsy Kelly are among Lon's closest friends. They all gather at the Kellys or the Cronyns or the Wynn's for games, music and mutual entertainment. Lon dislikes dancing. He's not bad, it just doesn't appeal to him. Neither do cigarettes nor liquor. He's not against either on principle, it's a matter of taste. Once he sampled a cigarette of Jya's and didn't like it. He takes issue with Emily Post on the etiquette of smoking. He says you should accept the glass and touch it to your lips. That sounds silly to Lon. "Why waste it? I just don't take it."

Sometimes he and Marjorie wear matching colors and go for the fun of it though. Romance? That makes him smile. "She's a sister of mine." And when Lon says it, you know it's the unvarnished truth.

One thing all you gals want to know: Is he like "California", off the screen? The answer is very definitely yes, and the proof's conclusive. Ten minutes, and you're shamelessly in love with the guy.

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., 33 S. Michigan, Chicago 12, Ill.
CANTEEN KID
(Continued from page 55)

nothing did. Then they told me about this place. One guy said I'd see movie stars, and another guy said, 'Nah, nobody shows up,' and I walk in and there you are. And now—well—now here I am talking to you.'

He flushed, conscious of having been carried away. 'I hope you don't mind. What I'm trying to say is—on account of seeing you, Hollywood hasn't let me down.'

"Why should I mind?" said Joan gently. "You've said some very nice things, and it makes me feel good.

That boy, symbolizing many, is why Joan goes to the Canteen week after week—every Tuesday night.

Once you're in, you forget you were ever tired, the boys are so friendly and glad to see you. Sometimes Joan dances, sometimes she's at the Snack Bar. Not long ago she sprayed an ankle and couldn't dance. The boys were very sympathetic.

"C'mon, Joan, don't give us that oldie—"

She had to stomp out and show them, after which they went protective on her. "Just sit on that high-chair. Never mind the grub—"

A soldier glared at a Marine who'd missed the excitement and innocently asked for coffee. "You got a bum ankle?—Then how's about you gettin' her a cup o' coffee?"

shine and sign...

As a matter of fact, Joan feels honored when they ask her for food. It seems so much more useful than just signing autographs. Good training, too, now that she's a waitress in "Cinderella Jones," plug! But generally, whoever's in charge at the Bar says, "Just shine and sign, honey. That's what they want from you."—Even more than autographs, what they want is to talk. She wishes there were time to sit and talk to them all. She's never forgotten the crack one disgusted soldier made in a magazine article, "Icland,"

"It was named not for its temperature, but for its girls. No matter how corny that line sounds about being a sister to them, it describes what they're looking for better than anything else. Ops, of the nicest compliments ever paid her was by a sailor who'd been talking about his girl.

"You understand, he said, and that kind of brings any girl closer.

She thinks being an actress helps you to warm up easier. An actress meets so many different people, and she's used to the sociable atmosphere of the set and, come right down, she's the same kind of boys as the grips and juicers at the studio—younger, most of them, but with that same fun and friendliness and that easygoing American way.

If they're shy, she tries to break the ice by finding some place they've both been to—

"You're not from Michigan, by any chance?"

"Oh—just Detroit!"

When that happens, they go at it hammer-and-tongs, just a couple of home town pals—

military tactics...

She's glad she's been to Canada, on account of the English boys who come in sometimes. They generally know Montreal and the Montreal Canadiens, and they're homesick for snow and winter sports. The thing to remember about reminiscing though is, do they enjoy it or does it make them suffer more because they're so far from home? So when you feel their way, you can't go barging right in.
To Help A Child Build Up
AFTER AN ILLNESS

TODAY, many physicians are advising Ovaltine for the child who is run-down after illness—for these two reasons:
First, Ovaltine supplies the basic food substances—complete proteins absolutely necessary to repair muscle, nerve and body cell—nutrient foods for vigorous health. Ovaltine is specially processed for easy digestion and taken in food-drink form, so it often "stays down" when nothing else seems to agree.
Second, Ovaltine is one of the richest food sources of vitamins and minerals in the world. Three glasses daily made with milk as directed, provide a child’s full minimum requirement of Vitamins A, B, C, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. These vitamins and minerals, so important to speedy recovery, are often deficient in restricted diets. Ovaltine is served in more than 1700 American hospitals. If someone in your family needs building up, try giving Ovaltine 2 or 3 times a day to speed the return of vigorous health.

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RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

It’s funny when they give her what she calls the familiar-face routine. They stand and stare—who is she? Do I know her? Sometimes the light dawned in a grin. Or it didn’t dawn, and some bolder spirit pues the question direct.

"Are you one or aren’t you?"

"Yes, I’m in pictures."

"Don’t tell me, let me guess. What were you in last?—Oh, I missed that one—"

"I’m Joan Leslie," she says and ducks for the coffee urn, so she won’t have to watch their faces get red. There was one boy standing at the edge of the crowd, looking so white and miserable that she wanted to push him out of the way and find out what was wrong. But you can’t do that; they hate being made conspicuous—

At last his turn came at the Bar. "Would you sign this to my mother, Miss Leslie?"

"Anything special you’d like me to say?"

"—I just had word that she’s pretty sick. Maybe ‘get well’ or something—?"

She took her time and wrote a warm little message. Reading it, she saw eyes filled with tears, and her own lids stung. She looked for him the following week, but he didn’t show up. The next Tuesday she heard a jubilant "Hi!" Wreathed in smiles, he looked like a different boy—"Jim’s going to be okay. She’s got your card propped up against the medicine glass and shows it off to all the neighbors. Says it’s the thing she’s proudest of—except me," he added bashfully.

running the gauntlet...

As a rule, you can’t go for special requests. There are too many boys and not enough time, and the boys understand and are satisfied with just the name. But once in a while you get somebody with ideas—

Holidays are special at the Canteen. They always need extra help, so Joan volunteered for Thanksgiving Day. She came in early, mending the old pies together, Bob carving turkey, Joan heaping cardboard plates. In between they signed autographs—

Along came one of Uncle Sam’s more enterprising gobs and stuck a cardboard plate under her nose. "Look, here’s what I want you to write: ‘My heart belongs to you, Joe—’ Joe Allen’s name, but you just put Joe—’My heart belongs to you, Joe, I’ll be waiting for you and kisses—’ and then sign the lip-print and your name through it. Cute, huh?"

Joan tried to laugh it off.

"Don’t you see I can’t—" she protested.

"If I did it for you, I’d have to do it for everybody—"

"Well then, just love and kisses and the lip-print. I gotta have the lip-print—"

In desperation she grabbed the plate and wrote, "To my favorite, heckled the boy.

Before she could sign, someone yelled for coffee. She turned back just in time to see a busboy pick up Joe’s plate, scoop a mess of half-eaten beans into it, stack it on top of twenty plates and march off, whistling. Joe stood and stared in a kind of paralysis. Then he shook his head slowly. "Fate!" he muttered. "It ain’t to be—" and lost himself in the crowd.

Her morning came one night as she herself danced with another sailor who took his title as King of the Jivesters seriously. Joan had come straight from the studio, where they’d given her long, up-hairdo which wasn’t, however, built for heavy seas. The music grew warmer and warmer, ditto the King. He swung her and caught her and whirled her away, and the pins started flying. Joan was conscious of a worried-looking youngster on the sidelines, and wondered vaguely what he was worried about. At last he came striding toward them and cut in, pummeled, for all the world like Harold the Hero rescuing her from the clutches of Jim Dalton. But in—
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**CRAMPS**—An exclusive ingredient in Midols relaxes muscles, relieves typical spasmodic pain.

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Just try this system on your head! You may really enjoy the pleasure of attractive hair: it's easy and fun. Your hair will grow. You have nothing to lose, for if you ever decide to stop, restoration of normal natural color to the hair at roots or part will come as naturally as it left. Many men and women are now using it. It is a planned treatment. You can test it yourself on a small area of your hair. An iron clad guarantee that leaves no room for doubt.

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Pin-up picture for the man who “can’t afford” to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU’VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY: “I can’t afford to buy an extra War Bond.” Perhaps you’ve said it yourself... without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

Yet it is ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high... with people making more money than ever before... with less and less of things to spend money for... practically every one of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very least that you can do is to buy an extra $100 War Bond... above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, you will probably find that you can buy an extra $200... or $300... or even $500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you “can afford”? Well, young soldiers can’t afford to die, either... yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds... the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

Let’s All BACK THE ATTACK! DON’T LET DOWN NOW—

something with fire—

“I’ve got it. The Leslie Terror—”

That’s why “Hi, Terror!” set her pulses leaping. Yes, it was one of the original crew. Yes, their ship had seen action in the Attu and Kiska fighting, had been damaged but not beyond repair. The boys had come through okay—

“Maybe because you’re a redhead.”

“Maybe because I prayed,” she said to herself.

What impresses Joan most about the servicemen she meets is their spirit— the way they accept the job, the way they loathe any rank of hero-worship—even those that come back with stripes and medals— you’re not supposed to notice such things. The way they’re so grateful for what you do, when what you do is so little. Often, when her shift is over, she doesn’t have the heart to go home if they ask her not to—

“Why do you have to go?”

“I’ve got to be up at 5:30—”

“Oh dear, I know—”

Her hours are long, but theirs are longer. Her work is safe, theirs is difficult and dangerous. One letter she treasures especially, because it expresses so simply and beautifully what she herself feels and can’t put into words—the spirit of the men, the spirit of the Canteen, the spirit of America.

“Dear Jean Leslie:

I’m one of the hundreds you were dancing with Tuesday. You won’t remember me, but I’ll never forget you. I want to tell you why. It’s not because you’re pretty, though you are. It’s not because you’re a good dancer, though you’re that, too. It’s not even because you’re a big star. To be honest with you, I didn’t even know who you were till they called you to the platform. I’ll never forget you because you made me want to live. Your sincerity, your friendliness—those are the things that made my heart beat faster. No, not for you, Miss Leslie—I haven’t a crush on you—I have a crush on the things you stand for. I want to fight to live in a world where a girl like you can smile and bring happiness to a guy like me. You and your cohorts are doing that at the Canteen now. We’re on our way to make a few adjustments.

Carry on,

Bill.”

Bill was wrong about just one thing. She remembers him all right. She’ll remember him as long as she lives.
YET, Coney the flawless weeks."

113 Box one—

You freckles.

ages Pinkham's build weak, due FLAKING

Simply OUT

ful NO

That's USUALLY merely NO

Taken

Lydia

5

"Doctor approved."

"Makes one feel wonderful."

"Lost 15 pounds in 5 weeks."

"Feel so much better."

"Lost 21 pounds in 4 weeks."

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY

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Enclosed find $1.00 for one month's supply of KELP-I-DINE to be sent to me postfree prepaid. If not satisfied I may return within 30 days and my $1.00 will be refunded.

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HOT FLASHES then

CHILLY FEELINGS

If you—like so many women between the ages of 30 and 60—suffer from hot flashes, weak, nervous feelings, are blue at times—due to the functional middle age period peculiar to women—start at once—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS—to relieve such annoying symptoms.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's TABLETS help build up resistance against such distress. They also are a great blood-iron tonic. Follow label directions.

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

in "Golden Boy" and continued his march to success. He married dimpled, dark-eyed Brenda Marshall, legally changed his name and hers to Holden and fathered a son, Peter Westfield Holden—the Westfield in honor of the younger Beedle brother, Bob.

When war came, Bill joined the Air Corps. Bob and Dick both joined the Navy. Dick went to boot camp, but because Bob was placed on active duty in the South Pacific.

The word filtered home with heart-breaking inescapability. First one letter arrived at the address of the old Beedles. It was from an officer who had served with Bob; he mentioned in glowing terms the ability and courage of the young Ensign. Then a letter arrived from a shipmate of equal rank, telling something of the circumstances of his death. Finally there arrived the wire from the War Department saying merely that Ensign Robert Beedle was missing in action.

During the ensuing week, proving the curious way of life, Brenda Marshall Holden received her first word from her father since the fall of the Philippines. Returning passengers on the Gripsholm brought news that he was interned in Manila, but that he was keeping himself busy with work. Brenda cried again, but these tears—unlike those bitterly shed for Bob—were sweet.

ALADDIN WITHOUT LAMP:

It has long been Alan Ladd's habit to accumulate any story serviceman he happens to see, bring the chop house for dinner.

The sailor whom Alan picked up a few weeks ago was trying to get home. His sister was having a baby, presumably within that week. The sister's husband was in service in the South Pacific, so the brother was doing his best to be with the expectant mother.

The Ladds stalked him to a long distance telephone call which restored him that the story hadn't yet appeared. Then Sue bundled up some clothing which Alana had outgrown, and the sailor was transported to the station, round-humbled with a honeyed-eyed wonder and full-hearted with gratitude.

On the way home, when they were halted by a stop light, Alan leaned over to kiss his wife. Like tinsel-thrilled children they said, "Don't we have a wonderful time?"

THE KIDDEE CAR SET:

Judy Garland's niece, Judeleene Sherwood, is now six; an energetic young thing beating out a bit of fame for herself. She writes songs so good that John Loder, brother of some of them, decided to rearrange them slightly and to prepare them for publication in the form of a book of nursery songs. Judy—having turned artist—is doing the illustrations.

Ordinarily a quick study and a flawless deliverer of lines, Ray Milland ruined a morning's shooting by fluffing one scene after another. "What's wrong?" the director finally asked in bewilderment.

Ray looked sheepish. He was worried. Danny (the Milland slon) was to have his tonsils removed that very afternoon. Ray hadn't slept the night before, and he didn't expect much rest tonight.

"Danny kicking up quite a fuss, huh?"

Locking even more sheepish, Ray explained that Danny was 'paranoid' because he had had a nervous breakdown before he was placed in bed. And he didn't expect much rest tonight.

"Danny kicking up quite a fuss, huh?"

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

this his glance up to find his wife and son approaching calmly.

"Is he all right, Ray?" shouted.

"Just settle down," smiled Mrs. Millard.

"Danny has a slight sore throat, so the doctor isn't going to operate for a few days.

The surgery was performed later that week.

Danny was eating ice cream a few hours later.

The father is progressing as well as can be expected.

* * *

Dennis Morgan's older son Stan and his daughter Kirsten were overheard by their bemused Dad in deepest conversation.

"I know the worst woman's name," confided Kirsten in a horrified whisper.

"I bet you don't know as bad words as I do," sniffed Stan, not to be outdone by a kid sister.

"Tell me your worst one.

Kirsten breathed deeply. "I know 'doggone fool!'" she admitted amid vocal exclamation points.

Stan shrugged, his brief laugh a masterpiece of depreciation. "That's nothing," he said.

"I know 'lucky's girdle.'"

Auburn-haired Nancy Coleman and her husband, Whitney Bolton, are to become proud parents in July, 1944.

Epigram factory on the Metro lot is a quaint but self-assured young thing named Margaret O'Brien. Currently he is doing the role of Tootie in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Tootie was practically a hit.

"Someone asked Margaret how she liked her part.

"Fine," she answered promptly. "It's the first time in my life I've been able to say 'devil' without getting punished."

TECHNICAL ADVISER UNAVAILABLE:

"Heaven," proclaimed the Warner Brothers call sheet, "is working on Stage 14.

This startling declaration was the result of filming "The Horn Blows at Midnight," one of the sequences that finds Mr. Jack Benny strolling amidst celestial clouds. An emergency arose at noon when the entire angelic cast zoomed over to the Green Room for luncheon; their wings were so large that there weren't room to seat the sky-kids and accommodate, at the same time, mere mortals. So the cast had to be allowed an additional 30 minutes for luncheon, during which they could be served in small companies over a long period of time.

Another technical problem arose: What do angels wear on their feet? The unadorned human foot being, after all, non-photogenic, some sort of shoe or sandal had to be perfected. Finally someone decided after diligent skull searching, that angels probably wear golden sandals. Therefore, the proper number of golden sandals were constructed. About the same time someone also decided that the entrance courts of Heaven would be cloud-strewn, so smoke pots were brought to the set, and all actors were obscured from view by hazy cumulus clouds which also hid the golden sandals.

LINES ABOUT QUINES:

If the employees of the Carolyn Kelly shop in San Francisco hadn't noted with pleasure that one of their most faithful customers is Mrs. Richard Quine (nee Susan Peters), they might be interested in the reason.

Susan, an avid reader of this column know from previous columns, has been living in San Francisco, keeping house for her Coast Guard husband. While they were window-shopping shortly before Christmas, Susan saw a yellow-eyed swatter rows their little taxi on the Galaxy window and expressed a desire for it.

Dick didn't have an opportunity to finish his Christmas shopping until the evening of the 24th. Breathless, with coat fluffing in the breeze, he reached the shop door just as it was being locked. He tapped until one

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of the salesgirls, noting his uniform, allowed him to enter. He bought the vest and tendered a $20 bill in payment. The owner of the shop had closed the cash register for the day; he was in jovial Christmas spirit, and he obviously wanted to benefit the armed forces, so he waved the bank note aside. Not only was Dick supplied with the sweater, but he was invited to join the festive staff in a quick Tom & Jerry.

Completely overwhelmed, he took the gift home to Susan who was deeply touched. The sweater, of course, became one of Susan’s most treasured possessions.

MASK TASK:
Currently, Bette Davis is deep in production of “Mr. Skeffington.” The scenes being shot show Mrs. Skeffington as a beautiful woman who has aged toward the late fifties. In order to achieve realism, for which Bette is a stickler, Perc Westmore’s make-up department planned and executed a very lightweight rubber facial mask which has the quality of falling into hundreds of delicate lines. It requires 2½ hours each morning for this mask to be adjusted.

After a week’s shooting, Bette found that the mask was drying her own skin to the point where she looked as if she had spent 20 days in a lifeboat, so each day she had to spend another hour having a facial.

Personal aside to Miss Davis: Van Johnson, the brilliant young actor under contract to M-G-M, is one of your most ardent admirers. He’d give a lot to take you to dinner.

(This marks the inauguration of the Dudley Date Bureau.)

SOUPED-UP SURREY:
Lon McCallister is in love. The affair, however, is not a happy thing because he has a rival with previous rights ownership. Relax, girls, the love of the McCallister life is the dark blue Fiat owned by Bill Eyre. This raunchy vehicle gets a mere 50 miles to a gallon of gas. Lon’s hunk wagon gets an average 18; furthermore, it is hoodoosed. The other day after Lon had his car serviced, he discovered that the oil had been drained.

Oh, fine. So back the car went to the garage, giving Lon a good excuse for borrowing the Fiat. While the car is in Lon’s possession, he spends hours dreaming up a way to trade Bill out of the buggy. So far no success.

HOME TOWN BOY:
Bob Walker—just as attractive wearing his glasses as he is without them—recently made his first post-fame trip back to the old home town in Utah. He took his small son, Bobby, with him.

The second evening Bob was home, about 20 of the neighborhood kids dropped in to ask questions and to get Bob’s autograph. He spoke over the local radio in behalf of War Bond sales and gave speeches at several of the schools. For the first time Bob began to taste the sweetness of triumph.

Then Selanick broke up the idyll by summoning Bob back (after a week’s vacation) for further scenes in “Since You Went Away.”

NON-SKID LID:
Maria Montez recently out-Hedda Hopper by appearing in a COBK hat. The shape was traditional sailor, and the decorations were pressed wood roses. Recommended for those planning to tip over in canoes.

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SCREENLAND RECORDERS

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

QUICKIES:
Freddie Bartholomew recently returned to town, having been honorably discharged from the Army because of a back injury suffered when he was still a kid, playing football.

It is now Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert Longford Stack. The local rumor is that Bob has done so well that he is to be transferred from Alameda to Washington, a fact that will cause chests of 230,000 fans to swell with pride.

Beautiful and talented Dolores Moran, who was 18 on January 28, gets her first big break in "To Have and Have Not" opposite Humphrey Bogart. Watch for this girl.

John Payne, stationed in a microscopic town in Nevada, recently signed a letter "Don't get around much anymore-Payne." See you next month.

FOR ALWAYS

(Continued from page 39)

They couldn't find the kind of simple bridal gown she wanted. Everything had trains a mile long. There was a blue dress that they could have it copied in time—Ordinarily, it would have taken them weeks. But Ellie was practically family, and for a family wedding, Mr. Joseph and the girls could work a miracle.

It wasn't only that they got the dress ready, it was all the little extras that no money could have paid for. Like sewing a blue four leaf clover into the bodice. Like making her bring one of her white slippers down, so they could stitch a sash to it for luck. And after her last fitting, they all lined up to wish her happiness. And the doorman said, "Not today you don't get your own car, Miss Powell. Today's something special," and he brought it round himself.

The whole thing was like a wedding present—a box of good will tied up with Friendliness—that sent her home in a glow.

It was to be a home wedding—15 or 20 guests, with more coming in for the reception later. The mantel in Ellie's living room was banked with white chrysanthemums and gladioli. She wanted to stick to every wedding tradition, but they had to break the one about not seeing each other before the ceremony, because Glenn didn't get in from camp till that afternoon, and they had to rehearse.

The bride made no pretense of hiding her excitement. The groom, outwardly cool, gave himself away by bumbling aimlessly out at one moment and in at another. To both, the all-important thing was an atmosphere of simplicity and friendliness. They hadn't wanted to be married by a stranger. So Glenn had asked Dr. Ray Moore, whose Sunday School he'd attended at Santa Monica, to perform the ceremony. Ned Crawford, one of his oldest friends, was best man, and the matron of honor was Steby, Ellie's secretary, Dave Guinnes, her artist, was to play, and she was to be given away by her mother.

The minister must have forgotten that Ellie was a dancer. "Do you think you'll be able to keep Miss Powell's leg straight? It may be a little awkward because of the long dress. You've got to go down on both knees, you know." She went down. "Oh—that's excellent!"

The hardest time was between rehearsal and ceremony. It seemed days and months. Glenn paced in the dining room, Ellie

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Hermione, is so expensive, one doubts if it will ever be employed in jewelry. Beware of the cut and clarity of your diamond and you are safe—because a true gem is worth the money. Cut a gem perfectly and it will sparkle with the greatest brilliance. The size of a carat or the weight of a diamond is not the only thing to be considered, but its clarity and cut. In past years diamond rings have been bought as a gift for the bride by the husband. Today, however, it is the custom to give a diamond to the bride as a wedding present. This custom has been established in many countries, and is now accepted in the United States. The engagement is usually announced by the publication of an advertisement in a newspaper, and the wedding invitation is given at a reception. The bride is usually presented with a diamond ring at the ceremony, and it is a symbol of her future happiness and prosperity. The diamond is considered to be a symbol of love and fidelity, and is often given as a token of devotion. The value of a diamond is determined by its size, weight, clarity, and color. A diamond is always precious, and has a high value, but its beauty and rarity make it even more so. Diamonds are used in many different jewelry pieces, such as rings, necklaces, and earrings. They are also used in other items, such as watch bands and pens. The diamond is one of the most popular gemstones in the world, and is highly valued for its beauty and rarity. It is one of the most durable gemstones, and is resistant to scratching and wear. The diamond is also a symbol of love and fidelity, and is often given as a symbol of devotion. It is a symbol of the eternal love and fidelity of the marriage partners, and is a remembrance of the commitment of the couple. The diamond is a symbol of the eternal love and fidelity of the marriage partners, and is a remembrance of the commitment of the couple. It is a symbol of the eternal love and fidelity of the marriage partners, and is a remembrance of the commitment of the couple.
laugh at me. Glenn—I'll be kind of proud to take you back there and show you off." He laughed but said he'd love it. Stebby made the reservations. They boarded the train Sunday evening in a hall of rice. "What do you suppose they're all smiling at?" Ellie murmured.

"Look," said Glenn. A trail of rice marked their passage through the car. Rice gloomed in the folds of Ellie's mink coat, dropped from her hat into the lap of her black pinstripe suit.

They sat like scared kids, afraid to open their mouths. A waiter stopped before them, two B's and Bs on his tray. "The gentleman at the far end sent these up," he beamed. "Wants to drink your health.

The gentleman at the far end lifted his own B and B in smiling salute. Their answering smiles were grateful. If a little sick, presently Glenn said in desperation, "Let's go."

Back in the compartment, they clung to each other and howled. "Anyway," gasped Ellie, "it was awfully sweet of that man—"

All along Ellie's been saying, "How nice if we could get Bob to take us around."

And he was at the train to meet them. Stebby had let him know—"Hope you two'll be as happy as me and the missus," grinned Bob.

And Julius said as he opened the cab door, "Welcome home, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford, and no more blue envelopes."

Nowhere could they have had a lovelier homecoming. Harry Owens and his band were playing at the St. Francis. Not only did Harry write "Sweet Lelani," but he and Glenn were old friends.

There were flowers on their table in the Mural Room that night. Harry came over. "I hear they played "Sweet Lelani" at your wedding. Well, from now on, it's your song, Glenn. I'm going to find the original and dedicate it to you—"

Returning to the grandstand, he called for a fanata. The room fell silent. "Two men were married Saturday," said Harry, "This is their song, which I've just given them for always."

The silence was broken by the first notes of "Sweet Lelani." Across the table Glenn and Ellie smiled at each other. Next moment she was in his arms, and they were dancing to the melody of their own song, and to a deeper melody in their hearts. They knew for them, nobody else was there. The ten perfect days. Never by any chance did Ellie refer to Glenn as Glenn or Mr. Ford. It was always, "my husband." Looking back, she thinks maybe she overdid it and wouldn't mind having it all over again—

Dinner downstairs every night. Their first-week anniversary at the Copacabana. The day the flowers came, and she stood, "I can't believe what I'm hearing—" was the first thing addressed to Mrs. Glenn Ford. But who in San Francisco could be sending her flowers? The mass of fragrant pink carnations told a bitter secret, but how could she know that pink carnations were her favorite flower—*

There were no tears at parting. Ellie would have felt like a pig to cry. They were too happy and grateful to have had so much—perfection.

Glenn gets in a couple of times a month—for part of Saturday, and Sunday. He drops in at the studio where Ellie's making "Sentiments of 1945" for Andrew Stone, and then goes to see his mother. Saturday evenings, he and Ellie are alone. Night clubs never meant much to them; now Glenn revels in the quiet with a glass of Tanzer, or dancer. He takes his name literally—does wild Nijinsky leaps when he smells Glenn coming.

After dinner they read the fire, reading booklist, listening to records. Ellie used to wear slacks round the house, but no more. Glenn doesn't like them.

Ellie's usual breakfast is a poached egg on toast and honey and no more blue envelopes.

If she's planning to keep up with Glenn, but flounders halfway. He starts on eggs and toast, moves on to sausage and waffles, winds up with cinnamon apple sauce and apple sauce first thing. He's in a hurry, too.

Afternoons they get together with the family, and maybe one or two close friends. Glenn and his mother have a concert in Boston. Glenn's mother hasn't yet got over the wonder of having a daughter—a daughter who phones from the studio every noon just to say hello—a daughter who can talk with people and cooks and recipes. Elle's making no picture plans. If Glenn's still at the base when "Sensation" is finished, she'll go down there and be with him as long as she can. Amazement damaged the name of Eleanor Powell outshines most. Her kind of work is more exacting than that of an actress—it takes more time and energy and diffuse—almost hilarious, so many for rest, else you won't be in shape. You can't meet those grinding demands and give your best to your husband. And she won't give Glenn a bend best. That's not her idea of marriage.

So the when wars ends, there'll be just one career in the family, and she'll be Mrs. Glenn Ford, trying to help in. That she calls an invisible way. She's in training already, takes lessons from Anna, her cook, because Glenn's crazy about Anna's Hungarian dishes.

She also takes some of Glenn's fan mail, no glamorous girl. She'd rather buy a lamp for her house than a diamond for her throat. She's rather get a monogrammed handkerchief orchid cause the handkerchief shows that your friend thought of you beforehand and didn't rush out at the last moment just to buy you something. That's what she adores about Glenn—his thoughtfulness—his sweethearts banquet she sent her when the picture started—the little notes he writes. They're all worn thin from being carried around and lying under her pillow.

"Among the things that Glenn has written a dancing marvel, but with the warmth and kindness and simplicity of a girl named Ellie.

Harry Owens gave them a song for always. We string along and having hours, and having her, You can't know how happy and Ellie without believing that the love and faith they start-
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Your complexion will grow fresher, more velvety soft...with just one cake of Camay! Yes, change to proper mild care...to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Skin specialists tested this care...on over 100 complexions. And the first cake of Camay made most complexions simply bloom!—softer!—fresher!

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Take one minute—night and morning.
Cream Camay over face—nose, chin. 
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Camay suggests these
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Get your family to save soap...it contains precious materials.
1. Use just enough Camay for lather.
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Mrs. John H. Ridley of San Diego, California, says: "Camay's mild lather helped my skin look lovelier—the very first cake I used! And now, when friends ask me about my skin care, I suggest the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."
Does Hollywood Hate FRANK SINATRA?
You’ll win **Softer, Smoother Skin** with just **One Cake** of Camay!

Yes! Complexion tests prove Camay is really mild!

Fresher! Softer! Sweeter! That’s how your skin can be—with just one cake of Camay—when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing—to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions. And most complexions simply bloomed—noticeably softer, fresher, clearer—with the first cake of Camay!

...it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay’s mildness...proved it can benefit skin! "Camay is really mild," said the specialists, "it cleansed skin without irritation." Remember this—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet...to bring new, softer charm to your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Night and morning, cream Camay over face—nose, chin. How mild it feels! Now—rinse warm.

Touch dry skins with cream.

Give oily skins a lively C-O-L-D splash!

Simple, isn’t it?—and your very first cake of Camay means lovelier skin!

**CHERISH CAMAY**

Precious materials go into Camay, so make your cake last—2 or 3 weeks

1. Use just enough Camay for good lather.
2. Don’t let Camay stand in water when not in use.
3. Wet soap dishes waste soap. Keep a cloth handy to wipe yours dry.
4. Put Camay slivers in a bathmit—get grand lather!

---

Mrs. Alexander Carter Jr.,

OF FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

"I was so happy—to discover how much lovelier my complexion looked with my first cake of Camay," says this lovely bride. "Camay’s mild care seemed to soften my skin...leave it more velvety."
Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

You're helping to end this war sooner and you're proud and glad to be doing it. But after hours—comes fun—comes laughter—comes romance!

So put on your best bib and tucker. Take a last peek in the mirror and—smile. Hold on—was that a bright smile? Sparkling? The kind of smile that warms hearts?

If you can smile like THAT—you don't need great beauty! Just look at the popular girls you know. Many aren't beauties at all! But we'll bet they've got a dazzling smile! So let your smile be that kind of smile—gleaming, alive! Just remember sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!
If your tooth brush "shows pink", see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a winning smile.

Your Country needs you in a vital job!
A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are war jobs now. What can you do? More than you think!

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

Start today with Ipana and massage. _Product of Bristol-Myers_
"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker.

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome.

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.

For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a clamour of applause.

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power.

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of "Gaslight".

It's the kind of direction you'd expect from the man who guided "Philadelphia Story", and many other MGM triumphs.

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty's performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she's luscious but not angelic).

While we're laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

"Gaslight" holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

The undercurrents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...

—Leo
M-G-M presents
CHARLES BOYER • INGRID BERGMAN • JOSEPH COTTEN
in
Gaslight

A melodrama of
A STRANGE LOVE!

with
DAME MAY WHITTY • ANGELA LANSBURY • BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston • Based upon the Play by Patrick Hamilton
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.
By Virginia Wilson

**MOVIE REVIEWS**

**ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN**

On a grassy levee by the Mississippi, a small boy lies day dreaming. His dreams are of the river—the lazy, powerful river that drifts by his home town of Hannibal, Missouri. The small boy is Samuel Clemens, and those young dreams are later to become known to readers all over the world as "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."

Warner Brothers have built an exciting picture around Sam Clemens’ life, and Fredric March makes a down payment on this year’s Oscar with his portrayal of the title role. He never gets out of character for an instant, and he makes “Mark Twain” as humorous and gallant and real a figure as you have ever seen on the screen. Alexis Smith, who is coming right along as an actress, plays his sweet, inspiring wife, Livvy. (Continued on page 8)
The rest of the cast is spangled with names like Donald Crisp, Alan Hale, Walter Hampden and C. Aubrey Smith. Did you ever wonder why Samuel Clemens chose the name of "Mark Twain" to write under? The answer goes back, like so much in his life, to his days on the Mississippi. Young Sam runs away from his brother's printing shop to answer the siren call of the river. He becomes a dash- ing, handsome, afraid-of-nothing pilot on a river steamer. In one of the most beautiful and stirring scenes in the picture, he pilots his boat through a reef-filled channel on a foggy night, into the safe water beyond. And safe water, to every river pilot, is known as "Mark Twain."—the words the negro boatmen call out as they take the depth soundings over the side of the boat.

Sam Clemens remembers those words later, when he is a newspaperman in Virginia City during the gold rush. He uses them as a "pen name" on a piece of humorous writing he is sending to an Eastern magazine. The sketch is called "The Jumping Frog" and is founded on a financially disastrous, but very funny, experience which Sam and his gold hunting partner, Steve (Alan Hale), had with Brett Harte (John Carradine).

Sam is ready to try anything these days to make money—even writing. He has left his beloved river and come West in the gold rush for just one reason. He has seen a picture carried by a young Easterner, Charles Langdon, of his sister, Olivia. "That," says Sam firmly, "is the girl I'm going to marry." On the surface it looks impossible for a wild, penniless Westerner ever to win beautiful Olivia Langdon. But nothing is impossible to Sam Clemens—he is to prove that time and again in later life. The Civil War comes along now to interfere with his search for a fortune, and Sam joins a Southern regiment. When the war is over, he discovers to his utter astonishment that he is known throughout the country as "Mark Twain," the author of "The Jumping Frog".

He is asked to lecture in New York, and there luck steps in. For Olivia Langdon is in the audience, and Sam succeeds in meeting her after the lecture. He not only meets her, he goes right back to Buffalo with her and invites himself to stay at her home. Her stern, conservative father (Walter Hampden) promptly "uninvites" him, but Sam gets around that, too. By now Livvy has fallen in love with this dashing young man with the unexpected sense of humor, and they marry in spite of her father's disapproval. Eventually they have a son whom Sam adores. When the boy dies, he is inconsolable. Livvy, to distract his mind from his grief, persuades him to write the story of his adventures as a boy on the Mississippi. The result is "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." A truly unusual drama!
HERES WARNERS DANDY STORY OF BROADWAY'S YANKEE DOODLE GAL!

SHERIDANDY!!
singing, dancing
as wonderful
NORA BAYES!

SHERIDAN
DENNIS
MORGAN
JACK
CARSON
IRENE
MANNING

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
A NEW HIGH IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SKY!

with S. Z. SAKALL • Directed by David Butler
Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Richard Weil, Francis Swann and James Kern • Based on Original Story by Richard Weil

HUMPHREY BOGART in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE'
IDA LUPINO and PAUL HENREID in 'IN OUR TIME'
'THE DESERT SONG' in TECHNICOLOR
CARY GRANT and
JOHN GARFIELD in 'DESTINATION TOKYO'

Theyre all
playing now-
don't dare miss a
single wonderful one!

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS
Smith has just one scene—but an outstandingly important one—as Lord Curzon, chancellor of Oxford University. . . .

Alan Hale, who plays Twain's mining partner, had a part in "Pudd'n Head Wilson," first Mark Twain story to be produced as a picture. Jesse Lasky made it in 1916. Hale made "The Covered Wagon" for Lasky in 1923, was told he did a good job and would be used again soon in a Lasky picture. This is it. . . . Because Twain loved cats, the sound recorder went mildly mad trying to keep the purrs out of the way of the dialogue. As often as possible during scenes the cat's little faces were pushed gently into saucers of milk to keep them quiet. . . . Studio technicians had to create an authentic duplicate for picture purposes of Halley's Comet. Solved the problem by using a photograph published in 1910 as a model.

**THE IMPPOSTOR**

Hollywood has finally done right by Jean Gabin. In "The Imposter" he has a role that suits him as well as those in his old French pictures. Jean is not a conventional hero type, but he is an actor of ability and charm. Both qualities are displayed to advantage in this part.

Fate plays crazy tricks sometimes. It plays one in Tours, France, in 1940. A man named Clement (Jean Gabin) is being led to the guillotine. He is to die for the murder of a policeman in a street brawl. But the Nazis pick that moment to bomb Tours, and it is the jailers and executioner who die, not Clement. He escapes and hitches a ride on a truck with some soldiers. Again fate plays a trick, for the truck is strafed by an airplane, and the soldiers are killed while Clement is untouched. This time he acquires a valuable possession—the identification papers of one of the soldiers.

So now Clement, the murderer, no longer exists. In his place is Sergeant LaFarge. The sergeant joins some soldiers bound for Africa on a freighter. One of them is an odd, shy little farmer from Normandie, named Monge (John Qualen). He attaches himself to the sergeant like a stray puppy. LaFarge is at first annoyed, then curiously touched. He has never had a friend before, and he finds that it does unexpected things to his tough cynicism. Things like making him join the Fighting French in Africa, instead of stealing off into the interior as he had planned. They are assigned to building an airport in the jungle, and when the lieutenant in charge falls ill, LaFarge takes over responsibility. He does an outstanding job. By now he is a changed man. Friendship and a realization of what France means to them all have given him something to fight for. He is no longer an outcast. From now on he distinguishes himself in battle and becomes widely known as a hero. Too widely known, for two people turn up who have known the real LaFarge. One is a man who fought with him in France. The other is his fiancée—

(Continued on page 12)
The Author of "Of Human Bondage" and "The Letter" Paints His Most Savage Portrait of a Dangerous Woman!

She used his love to wreck his life... this dangerous, ruthless woman whose relentless will would stop at nothing! See VERONICA LAKE in a role that tops even her performance in "So Proudly We Hail"!

Paramounts

"The Hour Before the Dawn"

From the famous best-seller and Redbook sensation by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

starring

VERONICA LAKE • FRANCHOT TONE

with

JOHN SUTTON • BINNIE BARNES

Henry Stephenson • Philip Merivale • Nils Asther

Directed by Frank Tuttle • Screen Play by Michael Hogan • Adaptation by Lesser Samuels • A Paramount Picture
Whorf and Allan Joslyn are particularly effective as LaFarge's comrades at arms, and John Qualen plays the Normandie farmer with something approaching genius.—Unite.

P. S.

This story of the Free French was written from an original idea by Julien Duvivier's, director of the picture. The first draft was written entirely in French by Mr. Duvivier and translated into English by studio writers. . . Script had been ready for three years, but producers refused to film it until Jean Gabin was available for the lead. . . Jean left immediately after this role to join the Free French Navy as a Lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corps. This was his third enlistment in the French armed forces. He was in the Army during the German invasion of France in both wars. When France signed an Armistice with Germany in this war, Mr. Gabin managed to get out of France and come to America to help fight for his country with the Allies. When General DeGaulle formed the new French Army and Navy he was one of the first to apply for enlistment. . . Camp DeGaulle, the original Free French headquarters in the Congo Jungle, was duplicated at Sherwood Forest, California, and the cast and crew spent three weeks on location at this spot. Desert fighting scenes took place near Palm Springs. . . First picture for Ellen Drew in eight months. She's been in England entertaining troops and selling British bonds. . . Peter Van Eyck plays his first sympathetic role, that of a Frenchman fighting for his native land. A German, Mr. Van Eyck left Germany in 1933 because he didn't like Schickelgruber—and has played only Nazi parts in movies. . . Jean Gabin, originally a song and dance man in Paris, France, sings for the first time in an American movie. He does an American version of an old French folk song, "In Sweet Cherry Time." . . . The Gabin's have been vaudeville performers clear back to great, great grandfather Gabin who was the Barrymore of his day.

SHOW BUSINESS

There isn't a better loved figure in show business than Eddie Cantor. Eddie started back in vaudeville, went on to the fabulous musicals of Ziegfeld and then to movies and radio. "Show Business" may not be exactly a biography of Eddie, but the resemblance is certainly more than coincidental. You'll see what I mean when I tell you the plot of the picture.

Eddie (Eddie Cantor) appears on amateur night at a burlesque show. The star of the show, a song and dance man named George (George Murphy), likes the little guy with the banjo eyes and gives him a helping hand. After the show they go out for a beer together and run into a sister act, Constance (Constance Moore) and Joan (Joan Davis). George falls in love with Connie, but he can't make anyone believe it's really love. He's been a wolf too long. Besides, there's the little matter of Georgia (Nancy Kelly), the burlesque queen, who considers that she took an option on George some time ago.

Eventually, however, George, Eddie, Connie and Joan get together in a vaudeville act. The act does pretty well. In fact, the foursome manages to save up $5,000. So what happens? Georgia gets in an auto accident, needs five grand for plastic surgery, and George sends her her savings.

Connie takes that like a good sport. She even marries George right afterward. But a year later, on the night her baby is born dead, George is out with Georgia. Connie won't listen to any explanation. She leaves the act and goes off on her own. The first World War is in progress, and George enlists. Eddie, too, goes overseas as an entertainer. When they come back, the great Ziegfeld hires them for his new show. He includes Connie and Joan in the deal, too. But Georgia interferes again, and it takes a second World War to get the right people back together.

There's lots of nostalgia in "Show Business." Old songs like "It Had to Be You" and "Whoopee" brings the memories flocking. For the kids who are just making their memories now, there are a couple of shiny new hits—"You May Not Remember" and "All for The Love of You."—RKO.

P. S.

Producer Eddie Cantor kept Actor Eddie
"I quit, Miss Jones—those girls burn me up!"

Amy: Of course I like the job, Miss Jones—but no matter how hard I try to be friendly, those girls snub me. I just can't take it any more! Miss Jones: Amy, dear, we want you to be happy here. You're pretty and capable—you can be popular, too! And perhaps I can be of help to you...

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Don't think for a minute that the battle between the "long hairs" and the "hep cats" began in the Benny Goodman era. It was going strong back in the Twenties, and for the purpose of this picture the battleground is Don Ameche—in Technicolor. Don plays a young composer from Kansas, Kenneth Harvey, who has written a Concerto. Don is strictly the Philharmonic type, but he wanders into a Greenwich Village speakeasy one night, and the groovy boys catch up with him.

He has his fortune told by Querida (Carmen Miranda), who sees several hundred dollar bills in his wallet. She promptly introduces him to Danny (William Bendix) the proprietor of the place. "A millionaire sucker," thinks Danny, and tries to interest Ken in backing a show to be called the Greenwich Village Gaieties. Ken meanwhile has gotten a look at Danny's featured attraction, a young singer named Bonnie (Vivian Blaine). From then on he doesn't hear a word Danny's saying.

Bonnie persuades Ken to play his Concerto at a party that night. "The gang" are bored silly, but just the same the next day they find themselves humming passages from it. "We might use some of that in the Greenwich Gaieties," Danny suggests. Hofer (Felix Bressart), a former symphony violinist, pretends to be shocked by this. He "cons" Ken into thinking he can get the Concer.to played at Carnegie Hall for the trifling sum of 4,000 smackers. That, by an odd coincidence, being all that Ken has.

Meanwhile, Bonnie is writing lyrics for those tuneful passages, hoping Ken will let them use the music in the show. Danny raises money for this purpose by Gaieties by giving a huge costume ball. You'll

Mum

Mum has the advantages so many popular girls want in a deodorant!

It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Mum won't irritate skin—even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Nipples—Gentle, safe, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose, too.
love that—it’s the whole spirit of the 1920’s in one colorful scene.

You’ll have to go and see the picture to find out who wins the battle for Don’s music. But I’ll give you a hint—you’ll come out whistling “Whispering.” “Greenwich Village” is a gay, sparkling show that dates back to the speakeasy era—and you don’t have to “know Joe” to get in.—With Fox.

P. S.

Carmen Miranda was a sick chick when production began. She was still recuperating from a critical operation that had her just this side of death’s door for many long weeks. Bill Bendix managed somehow to squeeze this particular film into his frantically busy schedule because he felt she should make one frivolous picture to counterbalance the grim roles he’s been playing. Sings “A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody” and gets mixed up in a burlesqueadagio routine...Femme singing star Vivian Blaine is the cream skimmed from the top of a list of 40 promising gals, all of whom were definitely candidates for the role. Vivian won only after she came out ahead of four other finalists in exhaustive and exacting Technicolor tests that lasted for hours. Each girl had to sing the same song, act out precisely the same scene. Their tests were voted on by a board of studio executives...Alice Faye was originally scheduled to play the star role, had to withdraw when the stork was sighted winging over the horizon...Newcomer to the comedian division is B. S. Pully. To those who don’t know him, he’s best described as having a voice that’s a cross between Andy Devine’s and Donald Duck’s. And he looks just like he sounds...Some of the sassiest caricatures living the walls of the sets are the work of Director Walter Lang, who studied art for years here in country and abroad...Lang whipped them up between scenes...Dance scenes had to capture the spirit of the 20s, so the rug-cutters had to be watched to see that no jitterbugging slipped in...Leo Robin and Nacio Herb Brown wrote ten new songs for this one, but the theme number is an oldie, “Whispering.”

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was invited to tag along with some newspapermen a while ago to a reception in honor of Ernst Lubitsch. When the introductions were over, my friends parked me in a chair and went their rounds of picture-snapping, etc., while I, usually so at ease, sat there, conspicuously alone. A lovely-looking girl came into the room, walked through the mob to a vacant chair beside mine. “Are you saving this chair for someone?” she asked, pointing to the Air Force ring on my finger. Warmed by her friendliness, I blurted out, “Yes, my fiancé. I was just sitting here thinking of these people cocktailing while he’s on his way overseas.” My new friend was completely sympathetic. “My husband’s been overseas for months,” she confided. “May I show you his picture?”

Later, when my friends returned, I asked, “Who is that girl. She was charming to me.” “Oh, her...” they laughed. “She’s nice to everyone. That’s Carole Landis.”

Jessye Russell, New York, N.Y.

JAM SESSION

When Columbia named this one “Jam Session,” they weren’t kidding. The gators will be hanging from the chandeliers when they dig the bands in—Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong, Alvin Rey, Jan Garber, Glen Gray and Tedd Powell. Plus the Pied Pipers and Nan Wynn. It’s solid jabbo and plenty of it.

Somewhere along in the picture a writer in search of a plot says triumphantly, “The Cinderella angle! It’s been done a million times, but it’s still good!” It must be good, because it’s the basis for “Jam Session.” It’s what they hang the music onto. Little girl comes to Hollywood, gets kicked around, finally succeeds. Doesn’t sound like much when you put it that way, does it? Let’s dress it up a little...A pretty tap dancer from Waterfall, Kansas (does anyone ever stay in Kansas?), comes to Hollywood to get in the movies. It ought to be easy—she has a letter from the movie critic of the “Waterfall Tribune” to Mr. Stuart head of Superba studios. The tap dancer’s name is Terry, and she is played by Ann Miller. (See, it’s getting better already!) Terry finds that she can’t get within even carrier pigeon distance of Mr. Stuart—who doesn’t see anybody. Every time she makes a try at getting into his office, she lands on some set and ruins the “take.” She is soon the most unpoppable girl in Hollywood. Only a kind old gentleman who meets her in the park will have anything to do with her.

Then she gets a job as secretary to a writer, George Haven (Jess Barker). George has been hired by Superba to write a picture, but all he has so far is the title “Jam Session.” He can’t think of any plot—which is just as well from...
Terry’s point of view, since she can’t even type. But eventually she weakens and suggests he write a story about a little dancer who tries to crash the movies. The story turns out fine. “Type it and send it to Mr. Stuart,” George says proudly and goes out. Not knowing that Terry can’t take dictation either, and that not a word he’s given her has landed on paper. George gets fired by Superba, Terry lands in jail.

But the old gentleman in the park intervenes at the right time, and the little girl from Waterfall gets not only a job, but a husband. No wonder nobody stays in Kansas—Col.

P. S.

Jess Barker sets some new kind of record in films by doing a double-take in one scene. As “George Carter Haven,” he passes a motion picture theater that has a large 3-sheet featuring “Jess Barker in his Greatest Picture, coming to this theater soon.” “Must be somebody I know,” says Barker. “Must be” records his picture in the lobby. Then both Barkers do double takes. . . . Some of the scenes for the picture were shot just outside the studio. Director Charles Barton tried to persuade “Cap,” Taylor Duncan, to play himself as man-in-admitting-people—but “Cap” refused, asked only that he be allowed to choose the actor who would impersonate him. “Cap” explained he liked his job too well, had been at it a long time and didn’t want to change now at this late date. . . . Poor Director Barton had an accident that resulted in an eye infection, result being he had to work with one eye completely swathed in bandages, and the other aching sympathetically. . . . Ann Miller sent jigsaw puzzles of a picture of herself to the boys in service who wrote to her, now carries on a hilarious correspondence with some of them who complain they didn’t get enough parts to make a complete picture.

For fun, “Mamie” assembled Charlie Barnet, Louis Armstrong, Albinio Rey, Jan Garber, Glen Gray, Teddy Powell with their respective aggregations, worked them into the story and devoted 40 minutes of the entire film’s running time to musical numbers. . . . Niftiest dance routine by Ann is called “The Victory Polka,” shows the Miller gal at her fastest—which is faster than machine gun fire according to latest tap-versus-gun tests.

THE COWBOY AND THE SENORITA

You know what I’d like to hear? Roy Rogers serenading Trigger with a rendition of “Mairzy Doats.” But Roy is not one to be serenading horses when there are lovely ladies around to sing to. In this case, the object of his song is a fair senorita named Ysobel Martinez (Evans). Ysobel owns the big Martinez ranch. She has a ward, a cute but troublesome youngster known as Chip (Mary Lou Loria). The whole countryside is engaged in a search for Chip, who has disappeared. Roy and his friend Teddy Bear (Guinn Williams) are returning from an unsuccessful gold hunting expedition, and they join in the search. Teddy Bear grabs a big roast chicken from the ranch house kitchen as they start out, and this acts as “bait” for Chip. She has run away, planning to search an old mine her father left her for buried treasure. But when she gets a whiff of the roast chicken, she walks right up to Roy and Teddy Bear and asks for white meat, please.

Chip has an idea that her new friends are trustworthy, so she confides that she is sure there is something valuable hidden in that mine. Ysobel thinks that’s ridiculous, and tomorrow on Chip’s sixteenth . . .

Housework’s the Only Job I Know

— what could I do in a war job?

“The More Women at War
— The Sooner We’ll Win!”

Harness that housework energy and skill to any home-front service! Every day, more and more women must help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Vicrtyy must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!

Ever cook—serve meals? . . . a restaurant or hotel needs you! A real war job, if ever there was one—vital to civilian life!

Full time, part time, there’s a place for you, with pay. Read the classified ads in your home paper—for openings available now. Or get free advice from your Employment Service Office.

Ever wash and iron? . . . laundries need you! If you can run a washing machine, or do anything in the laundering line, here’s a war job that will relieve your country of a serious problem! See the want ads. Also, your U. S. Employment Service Office will gladly give you free information.

Ever keep accounts? . . . manage household hills, hedges? The WAVES, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work. Jobs computing pay rolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform—release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.

Ever go marketing? . . . try selling! It’s like shopping—in reverse. Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in any store is essential! Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working today!

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex* Tissues

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that’s why there’s not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.
birthday the mine is to be sold to a man named Allen. Roy has met Allen and doesn't think much of him. He agrees to help Chip in her search. Before they can begin, Allen and a posse ride up and accuse Roy and Teddy Bear of having kidnapped Chip.

Eventually they get that straightened out and go back to the Martinez ranch, where Yosbel gives them a job. Chip persuades them to go to the old mine with her, and there she finds a letter hidden in a box in the ground. The letter is from her dead father and says, "To be opened on your sixteenth birthday." So Chip decides to wait till next day.

But there are a lot of other people interested in getting the mine. And in getting Roy and Teddy Bear out of the way. The result is a false charge of robbery and a lot of highly suspicious activity around the old mine, culminating in a half-for-half ride to Roy's judge's office. Chip does all right, as a result, and when last seen, Roy was still singing songs to Yosbel.—Rep.

**P. S.**

First picture co-starring Roy with Dale Evans. They work so well together, studio hopes to do a series of movies with them.

Radio listeners know Dale from her work as vocalist on Edgar Bergen's weekly Java show. Gave up air-lane work temporarily to concentrate on a picture career. To servicemen, she'll be known as a song writer, most popular of the many original songs she warbles for them at camp shows being "Will You Marry Me, Mr. Laramie?" She is the sort in this picture, she adds dancing to her list of entertaining talents, whirls through some fancy Spanish numbers with the greatest of ease. . . . Between scenes, Roy practiced on his horn and read and read Roy Rogers Comics, a brand new comic magazine featuring adventures of Roy and Trigger. He's mighty proud of the book.

Trigger takes an instant liking to the new assistant director on the picture, refuses to leave his side between scenes.

Much of the sound had to be re-done after the picture was finished. Mary Lee had a severe cold during production and gave her voice, they discovered later, had changed in tone from one scene to the next as her cold had improved. . . . Roy is trying to figure out a way to get his racing pinto into his next picture. He took 28 more prizes with them during production, puffs up like one of them when he tells other members of the cast how smart they are. . . . After seeing the rushes of the picture, Dale's friends tried to persuade her to dye her honey-blonde hair to match the black wig she wears—it's so becoming. . . . Valley residents, realizing she's seeing most anything with three motion picture studios in their back yards, still do double takes in Roy's direction when he zooms through them on his motorcycle. He's bought Wild cowhoy shirts, chaps, ten-gallon hat and, over all, his raincoat. (Because of heavy dew, not rain!)

**HOME IN Indiana**

"By popular demand" is a much abused phrase, but this is one time when it really applies. By popular demand, young Lon McCallister has been given the starring role in a picture, and it's a honey! You know about Lon. You saw him in "Stage Door Canteen," and you love him at first sight. We'll call him as a boy who is a natural handler of horses, in an absorbing story of trotting races and a phantom filly.

The film is Sparke Thornton, who, at 19, comes to live with his uncle, Thunder Bolt (Walter Brennan). Sparke is a surly, suspicious lad at first, but he is soon disarmed by the casual friendliness of Thunder and his sister, Penny (Charlotte Greenwood). He loves horses better than anything else when he finds that only a high fence separates him from the luxurious paddocks and blooded trotters of Godaw Boole, he knows he is here to stay.

There is a feud of years' standing between Thunder and Boole (Charles Dingle). So Sparke can't just go calling. Instead he climbs over the high fence and sneaks his way to the stable of Hamilcar Chief, a man-killing stallion. There is a spine-chilling moment, with the stallion screaming and stomping. Then gradually as Sparke stands there, not realizing he is a horse relaxes. Sparke has proved he's a horse handler. As a result he gets a job exercising Boole's horses, unknown to Thunder. He meets Boole's daughter, Cii-or (June Haver) and the trainer's daughter, Char (Jeanne Craine), who become rivals for Sparke without his realizing it.

Soon he has another secret to keep. Because one dark night, Sparke has led Hamilcar Chief into the stable of Lady, Thunder's blind thoroughbred mare. The foal which is on the way will have one of the best quarterhorse bloodlines. Maudeen IV arrives at last—as sweet a filly as you ever saw. Thunder knows the secret by now, of course, and has forgiven Sparke. He even teaches him, as Maudeen grows older, how to handle her with the true science of trotting races. "Some day," says Sparke dreamily, "Maudeen and I will win the Hambletonian. You've got a long ways to go, Thunder, and Sparke learns that he is right. The trotting races will pull you right out of your seat—don't miss "Home in Indiana."—20th-Fox.

**START PITCHIN', KITTEN!**

Paper . . . tons of it . . . is needed as urgently as iron and steel. You can't run a war without it. Our fellows are wearing paper raincoats across the English Channel. Food and equipment for living is being dropped by paper parachutes to the poor guys marooned in out-of-reach places. Yer, paper's needed all right, and you're needed to save and salvage it. Besides, you'll be paid handsomely for it. So digest the rules below and then hop to it.

1. Save and salvage all paper. Get your family, your friends and club to do the same.

2. Fold newspapers flat and tie them in bundles 12 inches high. Tie magazines in bundles.

3. Flatten corrugated and cardboard boxes and cartons. Tie in 12 inch bundles.

4. Pack wrappers, envelopes, etc. in boxes or bundles.

5. When you've accumulated sizeable amount, phone paper dealer, charity organization, local Boy Scouts or Red Cross to pick it up. They will pay you for it.
FROM BURLESQUE TO BIG TIME!

"SHOW BUSINESS"

Eddie Cantor  George Murphy  Joan Davis
Nancy Kelly  Constance Moore

with Don Douglas  Directed by Edwin L. Marin
plus dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls

Screen play by Joseph Quillin & Dorothy Bennett

Here it is from A to Z
... Amateur Night to Ziegfeld! The romance of American Entertain-
ment...as sung, danced and joked to fame by the folks who built it
from the Bowery to Broadway Big Time!

SONGS YOU CAN'T FORGET!
"Hit Had to Be You."
"Whapess, ""I Don't Want to Get Well,"
"Dinx,"
"I Want a Girl,"
"Albany Bound," "They're Wearing "Em Higher in Hawail"
and that new hit!
"You May Not Remember!"

Another of the great
RKO RADIO PICTURES

17
FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

Check the boxes opposite any of the charts you'd like. New charts this month are starred.

Super Star Information Chart (10c)........... □
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c for this chart and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club........... □
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a large, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 23 for details.

CRYS TAL
BALL
DEPT.

Handwriting Analysis (10c).......................... □
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). 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.

FOR HOMEMAKERS

Now That Baby Is Here.......................... □
The ABC's of mamo-hood. Authoritative information on what babies from 1 to 12 months require in the way of food, sleep, care, training. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Knit.......................................... □
Illustrated, easy-to-follow instructions on how to knit, purl, increase. FREE, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Throw a Party............................ □
How to make a splash, dinners, teas, showers, entertaining year 'round. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Things You Should Know About Cooking........ □
A primer for you kitchen-sky gals. How to buy, budget, serve lush meals. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Don't Throw It Away................................ □
How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Carmen Miranda's Brazilian Recipes
Modern Hostess will answer all your questions about cooking and how to cope with rationing. Free recipes, too. See page 81 for details.

FOR ROMANCE

How to Write a Love Letter...................... □
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry?............................ □
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Tell if You're In Love (5c).............. □
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c for this chart and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Co-Ed Personal Advice
All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinkead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 25 for details.

CRYS TAL
BALL
DEPT.

*Spring Fashions................................. □
Newest in spring styles. What to wear and buy. How to dress up oldies for Easter. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens............................ □
This is specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour your self up. Skin care, make-up, hair-dos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Be Beautiful............................. □
If you are over 18, this is your ticket. A split-second beauty routine for every kind of skin, make-up styled to your needs. Nail care, tool Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair....................... □
We think enough of your curls to get up this encyclopedia on hair care. How to make locks gleam. Hair-dos styled for you, with setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Lose or Gain Weight.................... □
Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners.............................. □
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Today American women who are pressed for time because of war activities are finding the new Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo the perfect answer to their hair-cleansing problems. They appreciate the quick, lively action of this light oily foam, and they like the way it instantly removes dirt, loose dandruff and waste.

You, too, will find new shampooing pleasure in Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo—and you'll be amazed at how easily and completely it rinses out without the use of lemon or vinegar. It will leave your hair sparkling clean, soft, and easy to manage and when you use it the first time you'll understand why it is so popular with women in war work, as well as stage and screen stars. New Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil brings you many of the benefits of an Oil Shampoo with the added pleasure of abundant, billowy foam. Get a bottle today at your favorite beauty counter, or ask your hairdresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo.

*NOTE—If your hair is extremely dry, dull, and oil-starved, use Regular Mar-o-Oil Shampoo—world's largest selling oil shampoo.
So Powerful . . . .

but so easy to manage!

With all their hidden "tempered steel" strength, HOLD-BOB tapered Bob Pins are flexible. See how smoothly they hold your lovely hairdo! And never fear, once they have it in their firm embrace, they won't let go.

HOLD-BOBS are the only bob pins with this patented "flexible-firm" construction. Ask for them by name, as you do other beauty accessories. Say "HOLD-BOB", for better Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have some very soon.

FLEXIBLE

FIRM

Tapered from tips to powerful round-wire head... with 5 chips, HOLD-BOB Bot Pins go on easily and stay in! Satin-smooth enamel finish. Smooth round ends for protection.

HOLD-BOB Bob Pins Are Better Bob Pins
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO

(Continued from page 16) drama of the peace-time world, the govern- ment felt this film really presented an excellent view of the values our men are fighting for and rushed prints of the picture overseas long before it was released in this country. . . . Charlotte Greenwood gets a long-awaited chance to go dramatic. Spent her spare time between scenes teaching younger cast mem- bers her new jitterbug steps for the ballroom scene. . . . Young Jeanne Crain is getting "the works" in publicity build-ups by 20th Century-Fox as a result of her ability in the drama department. Is set to be starred in her second picture. . . . Jeanne and Lon spent two weeks visiting a Santa Barbara ranch so they could learn the proper manner of driving trotting horses.

When the cast went on location—34 days were spent in the Midwest—while working days were spent drumming up trade at local War Bond rallies. Visits to Fremont and Marion, Ohio, and Lexington, Kentucky, boosted sales way over the local quota. One manufacturer pledged to buy $100,000 worth when Ward Bond auctioned off his coat. . . . Entire cast also visited military hospitals and war plants. . . . Nationally known horseman Paul E. MacPherson did a great deal of the technical advising—he's a specialist in every phase of racing. . . . Director Henry Hathaway put up a $1,000 purse for what he called the "Twentieth Century-Fox Stakes" and asked some of the drivers from the actual Grand Circuit to stay over a day to race in the race sequence. The men gladly climbed back on their "bikes" and gave out with a race that hasn't been equalled for realism since the chariot rush in "Ben Hur." Autumn came too soon to please the Technicolor experts. They had to send back to Hollywood for a couple of barrels of green paint, then spray the surrounding grass and trees back to their spring tones. . . . Maudee Fox, lending equine character, is really Miss Sarah Abbey, a 3-year-old trotter owned by Walter J. Michaels. Miss Sarah got a two-months' trip to Holly- wood out of it to complete added scenes which was praised by one and all for her gentleness and fine temper.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN

Franchot Tone is turning out to be a very ventile lad these days. It's quite a jump from the wolf he played in "True to Life" to a conscientious objector working on a farm in England. But that's his role in the new picture he is handling. In "The Hour Before the Dawn" he plays a young Ger- man spy conscripted in an English house- hold, with equal effectiveness.

The household is that of General Heatherton (Henry Stephenson) and his two sons, Jim (Franchot Tone) and Roger (John Sutton). The spy is Dora Bruck- mann, who poses as a Nazi-hating refugee. Shae is the scurrilous companion to Roger's ghastly wife, May (Binnie Barnes). May is romantically trying to promote a marriage between Jim and Dora. "They're so sweet together!" she sighs ecstatically. But Dora, for the present, isn't interested in marriage.

Jim has hated any sort of killing ever since, as a boy, he accidentally shot his dog. When war broke out, he declares himself a conscientious objector to the horror of his military-minded family. He moves to a small cottage nearby and goes to work on a farm. His brother Roger becomes a flight commander in the R.A.F. in charge of a nearby secret airfield.

Dora's job is to tip off the Nazi flyers to the whereabouts of that field. But too soon for her plans, she is told that because she is classed as an enemy alien, she may be moved out of that district. Immediately, her attitude toward Jim's devotion changes. She becomes much more re- sponsive than usual, and after a few meetings at his cottage, they decide to be married. When the order comes for the evacuation of enemy aliens, Dora is safely Mrs. James Heatherton, British citizen.

But how odd things begin to happen. The headlines of May's car are mysteri- ously left burning during an air raid. Jim calls on a suspiciously Nazi-sounding "professor" and finds some of Dora's special pastries on the tea tray. So the tension mounts, slowly and tightly, to the violent explosion which forms the picture's climax.—Par.

P. S.

This is Veronica's first attempt at dialect. Speaks with a German accent in every scene. Dialect coach Lester Sharpe had Veronica read newspaper columns to him with every German accent to teach her for this. . . . Pay special attention to Ve- ronica's hats—she designed them all her- self, including making the wire forms for them. . . . While on location in Afri- zona, she found her first pet: a stray Per- sian cat with seven toes which she brought home with her. . . . Desert climate was so hard on her delicate skin she had to change from "make-up powder to baby talcum. . . ." Binnie Barnes' fans will love this one.

Binnie, once an English vaudeville singer, croons "The Beer-Barrel Polka." Miss Barnes confesses she was known as "Texas Binnie Barnes," twirled a rope and sang cowboy ballads on the London stage. . . . Little David Leland is introduced to movie-goers in "The Hour Before the Dawn." His English accent is natural al- though David has never been in England. Born in Italy he moved with his English mother and American father to France while still small. Picked up his English accent from English school children who were his classmates before the German invasion.

. . . More than a thousand people had to be transported to and housed in Mesa during the fourteen days of trans- portation, the department finally got buses for the cast and crew, but it was more diffi- cult to find sleeping accommodations. Problem was solved when the residents of Mesa volunteered to take the actors and extras home to their spare rooms and extra beds to the studio. . . . Some of the Mesans were so interested in the shooting of the outdoor scenes, they brought pil- lows and blankets to turn on the town while camera crews worked filming explosions and fires in the Arizona fields. . . . Neat trick on location was making an English farmhouse out of a "dacha" cottage. This was done by making a thatched roof of hay which was to be used in the fire scenes next day.

EVE OF ST. MARK

You know how soldiers gather on street corners in New York, discussing where to go next. Here are three of them. One, Mulveroy (Michael O'Shea) from Brooklyn, of course wants to see the Dodgers play. The tall Southerner, Marion (Vin- cent Price), who loves poetry and liquor, wants to head for the nearest bar. And Quizz West (William Tabbert) would like to go to Radio City. So they head down their separate ways, and when they get together again back at camp, Quizz is in love. "In love as none ever was before," he says and means it.

The girl is from his home town upstate, but he hadn't seen her for years. Rans into her on the tour of Radio City. So now she's in love, too, and Quizz will be shipped overseas soon. What about that? 
Marion asks. "She'll wait." Quizz is sure about that. Just thinking about Janet does things to his breathing apparatus. He writes to her every day.

But you can't sit around camp, thinking and writing letters every night. Sometimes you have to go into town with the boys. Marion always heads for the nearest place where they make with the bottles. Mulveroy heads for the nearest babe. Blonde, brunette or redhead, it's all one to Mulveroy. Sometimes Quizz gets to wondering if Janet really loves him as much as he thinks. He momentarily considers trying Marion's system—or Mulveroy's. But he doesn't do it. And when he gets a final furlough before being shipped out, he's glad he hasn't. Because Janet does love him—just as deeply and passionately as she loves her.

Later, on that little island in the far Pacific, the memory of Janet seems extraordinarily real, even in the midst of Jap bombs and malaria. When there is at last a final, fatal decision to be made, Janet in some curious reverse fashion, teases Quizz the way to make it.

Twentieth Century-Fox has given us a deeply moving war picture from the famous Maxwell Anderson drama. The whole cast gives a touchingly real interpretation, with Vincent Price particularly good as Private Marion.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Story behind the sale of this particular literary property is an interesting glimpse into studio negotiation routines. Author

MAY 12!

Circle it on your calendar. It's the day you'll find the June issue of MODERN SCREEN on your newsstand. Better get your copy the day the magazine is out; otherwise, with paper shortages and such, you may have to do without it entirely.

Maxwell Anderson wrote his play two years ago, sent it to 20th Century-Fox to see if they wanted to buy it for a movie. Darryl F. Zanuck offered to finance the play (if Anderson would take it to Broadway), paying $30,000 down and $5,000 for every week the play ran. Anderson thought carefully, reasoned the play must be better than he had realized, decided to finance it himself. When it proved to be a smash hit, Anderson was offered $300,000 for the movie rights by four different studios. Fox was one of them, and he sold it to Fox because they had been interested in it originally.

Producer William Perlberg assigned George Seaton (who scripted "Song of Bernadette") to do the writing of their screen version and then cast the picture with an eye to actors' ability rather than their box-office pull . . . Heroine Anne Baxter passes along her recipe for adding inches to her height. Originally 5 ft. 3 inches, she reaches for the molding above her bedroom door and hangs on daily from one to three minutes, now comes up to the 6 ft. mark on the scale in the studio gym . . . Bill Eythe has been turned down by every branch of service because of broken ear drums, originally shattered in a childhood accident and later aggravated by nightly beatings in the stage version of "The Moon Is Down." He was Lt. Tomander . . . Vincent Price, now in service himself, found out all he could about things military during production, because he had a hunch he'd be called quite soon.

TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously different idea in lotions! Trushay, used before you wash undies—before you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps prevent soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it all these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.
What's your problem? How to be smooth as a kitten's ear? How to land HIM? Army wife blues?
V-mail complications? We've got the answer!

Gosh, it's a beautiful feeling to get lots and lots of mail, and don't think we aren't happy about all those letters you've written us. The cute, jivey scrawls from you school gals; the sweet, serious notes from service wives; the neatly-typed jobs from careerists... We love 'em all, so keep them coming and we'll keep answering.

Funny how many of you have the same problems. Men, babies, stuff. Some questions popped up in our mail so persistently that we decided to turn this "Co-Ed" into a question and answer session. Okay?

"I'm madly in love with a boy in my class, but he doesn't know I'm alive. I'm not beautiful, but I'm not bad. How can I get him to ask me out?"
A. R., Pelham, N. Y.

It may be a long hard pull, but if you'll just polish up your perseverance, we'll bet you'll get that date. First of all stop whispering about him to the other girls. Let everyone forget you have a crush on him. Once he knows you're on his trail, you've practically struck out. Now let's take
stock of yourself. Are you the cutest gal in the class? You can be if you work at it. How is your hair—clean and bright? So attractively arranged that the guys turn around and look and then look again? And your skin—is it petal-like? If you wear makeup, are you an artist at it? Then how's the figure? Too much in the wrong places? "Uh uh. You'll never sell him a bill of goods if you're chubby. Exercise, chum. Then work on your clothes. Be sure they're spotless and well-fitting. Neither too short nor too long, too young nor too old. So far so swell. Now that you look smooth as a kitten's ear, turn on the charm. We know it's awfully hard to be casual with someone you like a lot, but you can do it with practice. Instead of flying past him in the hall, dropping books in your excitement, toss him a big grin and a "Hi, Bob." Have something interesting to say when you're asked to recite in classes, you have with him. If he says anything the least bit praiseworthy, in said classes, smile at him and tell him afterwards he was really mellow. If he's in the Dramatic Club, join it. If he's an athlete, go see him play. Ask him to your parties, but not as your date. Pursue him, but subtly, and not with a pack of equally smitten women at your heels. Above all, forget the gal you used to be. The tongue-tied one with the bashful hair-do. Don't ever let that character cramp your style. You're the cutest gal in the class, remember? Now go get your man. P.S.—Send for our charts (see page 18) if you want some good substantial ammunition for the campaign. Then watch out. Lady, you'll be

**INFORMATION DESK**

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Theresa Doherty, New York: WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE PIANO CONCERTO PLAYED IN "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"? THE AUTHOR? CAN I BUY IT IN EITHER SHEET MUSIC OR A RECORDING? The title is "Piano Concerto," based on "Lullaby of the Bells," which was sung by Miss Foster. The authors are Edward Ward and George Wagner, and neither sheet music nor a recording is available.

Pvt. Carlos Morales, Kentucky: WHO PLAYED THE BABY MARINE IN "GUADALCANAL DIARY"? SOME STATISTICS, PLEASE. Richard Hanley Jaeckel, born Oct. 10, 1926, in Long Beach, L. I. was "Johnny," He's 5' 8 1/2", 145 lbs., has blond hair, blue eyes, is a fine all-around athlete from skiing on down. We discovered while serving as messenger boy for Fox. Next pic, "Wing and a Prayer" and "Chips, the Dog Hero."

Robert Camp, Georgia: WHY HAS THERE'S WRIGHT DISAPPEARED SO COMPLETELY FROM THE SCREEN? Theresa has been seriously ill these last few months. However, she is now completely recovered and will next be seen in "Casanova Brown" . . .

Walter M. Haines, Illinois: how to secure photographs of stars, how to address fan mail, who took the part of whom in the last picture you saw? Well, gosh, instead of racking your brain and probably coming up with the wrong answer, why don't you scribble your questions down on paper and let me answer them for you? You know my address: Miss Beverly Linet, Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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**Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream**

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM, CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES MUCH MORE ALONGSIDE

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**"this One Complete Cream is all you need"**

Marjorie Reynolds

**FROM THE MINISTRY OF FEAR**

WELCOME TO THE 3-MINUTE BEAUTY NIGHT. You CAN, Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, Fat on more. Leave some on all night. Use it for daytime clean-ups.

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**S O LITTLE TIME! So much to do! No wonder more and more Hollywood stars turn to Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does everything for skin beauty.**


Four special softening, smoothing ingredients make this cream extra-beautifying. An exclusive ingredient, Stericin, works constantly in the jar to purify the cream, helping guard against blemish-causing germs. Get a jar today. 10¢ to $1.25.

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**EVERY NIGHT** take the 3-minute Beauty Night Cop. Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Fat on more. Leave some on all night. Use it for daytime clean-ups.
GLOVER’S

with massage for Dandruff, Annoying SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR.

GLOVER'S

with massage for Dandruff, Annoying SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR.

1. Apply Glover's Mango Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

2. Wash hair with Glover's Gluey Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water, leaving manageable—and the delight of your barber's heart.

3. Try Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair, a non-sensative, non-alcoholic and non-transparent! For dandruff, dry scalp or psoriasis.

Send for COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION.

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Send “Complete Trial Application” package containing Glover's Mango Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet. I enclose $2.

Name
Address
City
State

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer when Sammy Kaye was in New York, he devoted part of his program to a contest called, “So You Think You’re a Lead in the Movie?” I was chosen with three others to conduct the orchestra and, probably with the help of my Navy uniform, snagged first prize consisting of five dollars, an autographed baton and a pass to the theater. Well, this winter my ship was torpedoed during the North African campaign; and I lost the autographed baton. After returning home on leave, Sammy Kaye was playing at the Essex House. I visited him one evening and told him how disappointed I was in losing the baton. He promptly autographed it again, and, later in the evening, came over to our table to chat with my friends and me. He sure is one swell guy.

William F. Vesely, Phm 3/c, U.S.N.R.

Your problem’s a pretty universal one, Jane, and here’s the way a lot of girls are working it out. Push the crib against the wall and that’s all there is to it. To sit. Then get two folding screens from a second hand store or by advertising for them in the local paper. Arrange them around the crib so that it is walled off completely. If there’s one thing that makes babies happy, it is a dark room. Shellsack them with colorless shellsack. Naturally, you’ll talk softly, and as an extra precaution you can put cotton in your baby’s ears, if your doctor says okay.

“I’ve gone with a boy for ages, but he just never seems to get around to proposing. I imagine he considers us engaged, for he seems no other girls and I gallop with other boys, but the word marriage is never mentioned. He has a good job and no ties. How can I make him propose?”—J. B., Waterloo, Iowa.

Sounds like your little man is in a nice comfortable rut, and he needs a good jolt. Next time you see him, pepper your conversation with the revelation that your imaginary man your sister or crony has introduced you to. Discuss him sort of dreamily, laugh a little over funny things he says or did. Scare your Butch but good. It may take a week or two, but sooner or later he’ll imagine all his intentions are serious, by gosh he’ll make them known pretty soon. This is surefire stuff, and if it doesn’t get a rise out of him, resign yourself to the knowledge that marriage isn’t on his mind.

“I just got a letter from my favorite corporal, now in Italy, and it’s kind of worried me. He says, ‘A pal of mine who is practically engaged to a girl back home just married a WAC. The jilted dame, a cute bit of fluff according to her pictures, had been writing him silly, spineless letters for weeks, and he got fed and married this hard-boiled little sergeant. Says he’s outgrown the ex-heart-throb, Gosh, darling, that couldn’t happen to us, ‘cause I’m sure you’re growing up as much as I am.’ Oh, goody, I want to do, but I’m not sure that he means—Betty W., Madison, Wis.”

He’s grown up, says, and naturally you wonder how. Having talked to a number of other women, maybe we can shed some light. That corporal of yours cares less about superficialities, more
Are You in the Know?

Could be they're doing—

- A Square Dance
- The Conga
- A Rhumba

Maybe you're remembering your first Conga Line. Drums and maracas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls still haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how confidence follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!

What is it?

- A Sniper's Suit
- A Paratrooper's Uniform
- A Commando Outfit

Meet the little man who isn't there! His safety depends on concealment. So this soldier blends with desert sands and shrubs in his burlap Sniper's Suit. It's an art—camouflage. Useful at home, too. For it's sharp strategy to hide your feelings at times . . . 'certain' times, especially. Then, be gay! "Dress to kill" in your fetchingest frock! And let Kotex help to hoodwink your public—with those concealing, flat pressed ends that show no outlines, tell no tales.

You hear it on which radio program?

- Beat the Band
- Red Skelton
- Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin'" if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at your house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. You found you needed, for Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!

Girls in the know choose KOTEX

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX* than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure protection.

Check here if you're a teen age and want free facts on diet, cramps, exercises, lifting—how to stay on the job, even on "problem days.

ADDRESS: Post Office Box 3434, Chicago 54, Ill.
MODERN SCREEN’S CONTEST SERIES NO. 15

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

WIN A FUR COAT!

1ST PRIZE. .................. L. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE. .................. $200 IN WAR BONDS *

Try and try again prizes **

1,350 Prizes of $1.00 in War Stamps

*All Bonds and Stamps donated by Arnold Pressburger Productions.

**If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

HERE’S HOW: Here’s a game everyone can play.

All you have to do is think up words, phrases or exclamations that have something to do with Linda Darnell—words that in some way remind you of Linda or describe her; one for each letter in her name.

Here’s what we mean. We’re going to play the same game using Dick Powell. But you play it with Linda Darnell’s name.

D is for Dashing
I is for "It Happened Tomorrow"
C is for Cockeyed reporter
K is for Knowing the future
P is for Personality plus
O is for "Out of this world"
W is for Wow! What a Voice
E is for Eye-catching fellow
L is for Luscious smile
L is for Looney grando

Be sure to read the story of "It Happened Tomorrow" on page 44. It’ll help like anything in thinking up words for Linda Darnell.

RULES:

1. Select words, phrases or exclamations that seem to fit Linda Darnell—a word or phrase for each letter in her name. Fill in your selections on the coupon.

2. Fill in your FULL NAME and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss, or Mrs. (If Mrs. give your own first name, not your husband’s.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.

3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.

4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families and those who have already won big prizes in MODERN SCREEN’S 1944 contest series.

5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than June 10, 1944.

6. Neatness will count, but do not send in elaborate entries as they will receive no preference.

7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

8. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

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MODERN SCREEN’S CONTEST SERIES No. 15—"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

Please Print or Type

Full Name..........................................................

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

Coat Size..........................................................

L is for ..........................................................
I is for ..........................................................
N is for ..........................................................
D is for ..........................................................
A is for ..........................................................

D is for ..........................................................
A is for ..........................................................
N is for ..........................................................
R is for ..........................................................
L is for ..........................................................
L is for ..........................................................

Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Whether you prefer Flying boats or ocean going boats you will be able to see the world tomorrow with the money you invest in War Bonds today, says PAULETTE GODDARD, star of "STANDING ROOM ONLY", a Paramount Picture. Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes are selecting Bates bedspreads designed to provide warmth and beauty...they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.
It's Peg is Mommy's best friend. Mine, too, I guess—she always brings me nice squasy animal toys. So one day I gave her a present—I plopped my pretty white cake of Ivory Soap smack into her hand. Mommy chuckled: "Maybe baby's trying to tip you off that her pure, mild Ivory is best for big girls' complexions, too!"

1. Peg is Mommy's best friend. Mine, too, I guess—she always brings me nice squasy animal toys. So one day I gave her a present—I plopped my pretty white cake of Ivory Soap smack into her hand. Mommy chuckled: "Maybe baby's trying to tip you off that her pure, mild Ivory is best for big girls' complexions, too!"

2. So-o-o, peg met another friend of mine. My doctor. And what do you know!... He said: "Change to regular, gentle cleansing with pure, mild Ivory." 'Cause he knows you can't beat Ivory for purity! No wonder more doctors—like mine—advise Ivory Soap than all other brands together!...

3. Then peg got another friend! He's all hers! Just can't keep his eyes off her radiant new "Ivory Look." Golly, how he went for her soon after she switched to pure, mild Ivory cleansings. She's going to be Mrs. Lieutenant soon! Happy-making stuff, Ivory. For all us gals—from the romper to the rhumba set! 99 4/100% pure... It floats.

Look lovelier with Ivory ... the soap more
Doctors advise than all other brands together!

SAVE SOAPS! THEY USE VITAL WAR MATERIALS!

1. Don't leave soap in water when you're through lathering yourself. Put the bar in a soap-dish when not in use.

2. Be sure your soap-dish is dry before you put your bar back. Keep a cloth handy to keep your soap-dish dry.

3. Use up soap scraps in wire shaker or tied in cloth. Or make soap jelly by dissolving scraps in boiling water.
To the stately strains of Glenn Miller's lovely "It Must Be Jelly," Sylvia Katz and Bill Weinberger prepare to beat hell out of the rug!

Sylvia Katz catches a flying salami fragment in her eye, and Ann (Service Department) Ward operates right on the scene. Sylvia regained partial use of the eye after brief rest.

Awful moment in an editor's life. Al Delacorte with the weight of the world (Bill) on his shoulders and plenty of trouble (Henry Malmgreen) on his hands.

To our Readers...

The gang at Modern Screen has itself a party... and quietly proceeds to tear the editor's house down.

At the height of the fracas, Al Jr., sits up in bed with a pistol-packin' look and says "Murder" he says!

Annette tells Bev (Information Desk) Linet's fortune. Handsome man in her life turns out to be merely a postman with flat feet from carrying all her mail.

Bill's old lady dropped him on his head when he was an itty bitty boy. Good old Bill. He hasn't changed a bit, has he?
Boys at Canteen couldn't get enough of him. Soon after Swoonatra fever swept Coast, a phony Sinatra appeared in town, enjoyed gay whirl with lesser film actresses. Hoax wasn't unearthed until Barbara Hale, who had played opposite genuine article in "Higher and Higher," discovered his identity!
Hollywood Hate FRANK SINATRA?

Yep, they hate the guy the way you hate
Porterhouse steaks, 2 inches thick, nylon stockings
and a 10-day furlough for your private!

Want to go along to a broadcast of Frankie’s, kids? Okay, don’t knock me down. MODERN SCREEN has room for a million or so. All this and Frankie, too—for 15 cents.

That’s CBS over there—with Bobby-sockers stretching from the door halfway round the block. They’ve had a long wait, some of ’em—camping since morning with their lunches and radios. But boy! what a claim they’ve staked out—seats in the first couple of rows—so close you can almost touch him—

“I’m so nervous,” one sighs.

“What’re you nervous about? You’ll be the first one in.”

“Oh, it isn’t that. I’m always nervous Wednesday and Saturday.”

The other nods an understanding head.

“Who isn’t?”

In Hollywood the first Hit Parade broadcast goes on at 6. The doors of Studio B are opened at 5:15. There’s a mad scramble, but positively no squabbling. The kids play fair. They try for the best, and if they lose out, settle for what they can get. After all, they’re sisters under the skin, and Frankie’s the tie that binds them for the next 90 minutes—45 of anticipation, 45 of concentrated bliss. Bits of news comment fly back and forth—

“Last time he sang ‘Night and Day’ for an extra, and this great huge sigh went up, and he flapped his hand and said, ‘Aaaw, shuddup—’ He said it so darling—”

“You know that scar on his forehead? I read he got it when he was eight and another kid hit him with a milk bottle—”

“Oh, thank you. I’ve been dying to know the story behind that scar.”

In back (Continued on following page)
of the gray curtain they're rehearsing. Axel Stordahl leads the band. He's a Norseman and looks it. He's also Frankie's arranger and one of his closest friends.

Frank's at the mike—gray suit, gray sweater, black tie, white handkerchief, a tiny rose in his buttonhole. He looks fine and gay—always was a happy guy, even when he didn't have a swooner to his name.

The rehearsal's mostly for timing, so he doesn't give out with the voice. Right there on the stage you can hardly hear him, but all of a sudden there's that squeal from outside. They've caught a whisper. His shoulders hunch to his ears, and he tunes himself down. All through the rehearsal, he's clowning—can't keep his knees from jiggling or his shoulders from swinging to the beat—takes a couple of dance-steps, pops a stick of gum into his mouth (that's to keep his throat moist), wads up the paper and snaps it at Axel's bald spot. Axel's the tranquil type, goes right on conducting . . .

Five of six. The producer's outside. (Continued on page 112)
Secretary is envy of Brigade. Works with him from 9:30 to 8 daily, and gets paid for it! Sinatra, shorter than she, nicknames her "Baby."

Does Hollywood Hate FRANK SINATRA?

Frank was first in line at Connie Haines' opening at Clover Club. They used to sing together with T. Dorsey. Whenever he cooks meals in apt., does own shopping!

No idle gossip in stories of staunch camaraderie between Crosby and Sinatra. There's not a speck of professional jealousy between them, and they've been practically inseparable ever since Frank's arrival in H'wood!
Careful count has Laddie's fan mail at 70,425 letters a month which is absolutely tops in movie history. When old stills of Ladd in "The Black Cat" were found, studio considered reissuing pic.
THE LITTLEST LADD

Sue calls her chubby young 'un Little-Gun-for-Hire, she's so like her Pop; same clear blue eyes, blonde hair, same level stare.

Alana Ladd's no dope. Her pop's the only person she'll kiss.

Her pop and her white felt kitten and herself in the mirror. Nothing and nobody else. She's on friendly terms with men, women and dogs, handing out an amiable, four-toothed grin to all comers. But ask for a kiss, and she'll shake her head. Persist, and you'll find a small hand shoved into your face. Even her well-beloved mum-mah gets the brushoff. On the principle, obviously, that where's the fun in kissing another girl?

But let Alan appear, and the lady's ready and willing. Tight round his neck go the arms—smack to the middle of his cheek goes the soft mouth. Then she draws back her head and crows, as though she'd done something truly remarkable. From the look in his eyes, her dad seems to agree with her.

This love affair started when (Continued on page 107)
They talk the same language, Lon and his buddies swallowing 3 lemon pies whole, harmoniously dating same girl, same night!

TERRIFIC TRIO!

The conveyance was a rather battered Buick coupe. In the front seat sat a chipper middle-aged man beside a pretty young woman. In the rumble seat sat a small, freckled-faced boy and a pretty bird-like middle-aged woman. The back seat was full of song. All the way across the United States and into Canada, dulcet notes were cast upon the summer air. Perhaps they weren’t the hep stuff of the moment, but they had rhythm and melodic passages, and they were rendered with such zest as few songs are accorded. There was “After The Ball Is Over” and “Redwing.” There was the Alphabet Song which is used in every nursery to teach future government employees their letters. There was “Frere Jacques” and “I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls.”

The singers were Lon McCallister and his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Goldia Hocking. The occupants of the front seat were Lon’s mother, Mrs. Mary Madaline McCallister, and Lon’s grandfather, Mr. Hocking.

That summer instituted a clanship between the four that is as strong and important today as the blood brotherhood between political bosses during an election year. But the purpose of the Hocking-McCallister machine are entirely benevolent... and musical.

With such a tuneful beginning, it was only natural that the partnership between Lon and the little woman he calls “Granny” should continue musically. When Lon decided that he wanted to learn to play the piano, Granny volunteered to give him his basic training. She used to be a Sunday School teacher, so she struck out with a fine ecclesiastical repertoire; first she taught Lon to play “Rock of Ages.” That mastered, they moved on to “That Old Rugged Cross,” then progressed to “Onward, Christian Soldiers.” “You’d now be a credit to any Sunday School,” complimented Granny, “And now you need greater scope.”

So she taught him Chopin’s “Minuet” and proceeded to flabbergast the family by topping off this classic with an impressive playing of “Blue Moon.” Lon, his hazel eyes (Continued on page 72)
Granny constantly stuffed his pockets with food, trying to get his 5'6\(\frac{1}{4}\)" frame above the 132-lb. mark. Last pic, “Home in Indiana.”

On induction eve, Lon and closest crony Bill Eythe held their own private farewell party, were out till the tiny hours visiting every night spot within a 20-mile radius of Beverly Hills. Above, in smile contest with Eythe, John Harvey.

One of toughest moments of parting was taking leave of Mac. When his bulldog Pat died, Lon and Mac held funeral ceremony, buried him on hillside overlooking the Pacific. Great Dane stood watch over grave of his friend for hours.
By Cynthia Miller

They agree on clothes, men, books! But no two women see eye to eye on everything— not even Veronica and her tiny tyke!

Miss Elaine Detlie was having her breakfast. She had reached that stage of development in which a junior citizen loiters from one delay to another. Having postponed each spoonful of cereal as long as possible, she suddenly thought of a new dodge—when her small mouth was full, she released the contents into her bowl.

Her mother removed the bowl and considered the situation. Then she telephoned the pediatrician who has cared for Elaine since her birth in August, 1941. "Thank you so much," she said at the end of her conversation, "I'll try that. I want to handle Elaine intelligently."

The next morning the cereal was placed before Elaine. She tried a few bites, then decided to play, so the bowl was removed. At luncheon, the selfsame gruel, warmed, was offered to her again. Somewhat nonplused, she took several bites, then spat it out. Veronica removed the dish, undressed the (Continued on page 85)
Veronica, currently in "The Hour Before Dawn," says, "John and I parted amicably. He's a fine fellow but we just don't think alike." Freak of the week: Allergy to orris root, which is base of theatrical make-up.

About Veronica, who once sold lock of hair on band tour for $186,000, Fronk Tuttle says, "She has temperament, a lovely face, and she's lazy—a female Bing Crosby." (Here with Rita Beery, whom she lives with.)

When Lake hair-do swept defense plants, managers feared dangling forelock would get enmeshed in machinery. War Production Board asked her to endorse safer pompadour.

Veronica hopes history won't be just so much castor oil to little Elaine when she's old enough to study it. Thinks maybe her breath-
After romancing with Bob in dramatic school's "Barrett's of Wimpole Street," Jennifer suffered setback when another gal was cast as Juliet to his Romeo. K.P.'s his interest in "See Here, Pvt. Hargrove"!

See here, Mr. Walker...
Nobody could understand you as a kid, going AWOL from kindergarten, hopping freight cars out of town. But all you needed was a stage, lights, music!

Bob feels right at home in Private Hargrove’s shoes. In fact, he was born to ’em. And it’s not so long since he outgrew them that he can’t still wriggle his toes comfortably within their familiar depths.

When “Bataan” was released, Salt Lake City and Ogden staged a hair-pulling match over whose local boy he was. The marquees read BOB WALKER and BOB TAYLOR in “Bataan.” Mom and Dad were overwhelmed with attentions, and Dad had to take bows at the Rotary Club. Behind the glow of pride ran the bewildering vision of a skinny kid whose middle name was Trouble.

Aunt Tenny saw the picture in New York. Bob’s Aunt Tenny is Mrs. Hortense Odum of Bonwit Teller’s. What Bette Davis is to pictures, that’s what Mrs. Odum is to department stores. With the strangers around her, she laughed and wept over the gangling sailor. (Continued on page 98)
It Comes Up Marriage!

It was like being slapped on a merry-go-round that wouldn't stop.

So many things happened to Don in those three whirlly days . . .

One recent Monday morning a puzzled gas station greaseball near Ventura, California, shook his head sadly as a skinny, dreamy-eyed young man whirled his car around and roared out of the drive. “Look at that nutty Los Angeles kid,” he confided to a customer. “He says, ‘Is Fort MacArthur near here?’ and already he’s 40 miles out of his way and heading for San Francisco. The dope don’t know which way is south!”

Later the same Monday a drill sergeant at Fort MacArthur had approximately the same idea about the same skinny, dreamy-eyed kid. The sarge was marching a bunch of rookies across the post, and when he called “Halt!” one rookie stopped two yards out ahead of the rest. “Right dress!” barked the (Continued on page 89)
Wedding ring was $4 job bought en route to Tia Juana, Mex. Both agree on family of five, three boys, two girls. Kids should be veritable moestas with Don for pop and ark leader Porter Kelsey for a grandpap.

By Kirtley Baskette

In his first letter to Gwen, he enthusiastically wrote (quoting title of new pic), "This is the life," but she didn't believe a word of it! Sgt. Ross taught O'Connor soluting, first day at Ft. MacArthur.
On Larry (Dick Powell) and Sylvia Stevens' (Linda Darnell) golden wedding anniversary, they argue about a story she has made him keep secret for 50 years. It all happened this way—

It's the 1890's, and Larry is feting his cronies in celebration of his promotion to full-fledged "Evening News" reporter. Party winds up at tavern.

It was incredible; it sounded as if they were arguing. Downstairs, in the large, gracious reception hall, the family looked at one another uncomfortably. They could hear the raised voices. Arguing. Grandma and Grandpa arguing? On their golden anniversary?

They weren't really arguing. After 50 years, they were too much in love for that. But she was saying: "Better not tell them. They won't believe it anyway."

"Won't believe it? But I tell you it happened. You know it happened."

"They won't believe you, Larry. No one believes in miracles any more."

"But it did happen," the old man said vehemently.

Later that night, newspaper veteran Pop Benson (John Phil-liber) appears in mist, hands Larry newspaper carrying stories of next day's events. He reads of opera house hold-up.

Snatching opportunity to cash in on advance news, he and Sylvia make beeline for opera house, arrive just as holdup comes off. He hands already written news item to his bewildered editor (Geo. Cleveland).
"It Happened Tomorrow"

Dick Powell found it tough, keeping up with tomorrow's headlines today ... especially his own murder screamed across the front page!

"Don't you remember? Don't you remember, Sylvia?"

It wasn't hard to remember, not even though it had happened 50 years ago. Of course things were different then; the clothes they wore were different and the streets looked different; there were still horses and cabs clomping down the cobblestoned gutters, and gas lights flared on the street corners. Things were different in the 1890's . . .

They were drinking beer in the city room of "The Evening News," drinking beer and singing. Larry Stevens swung his glass in a high arc and toasted News—Today's, Tomorrow's, Yesterday's. Pop Benson, librarian, keeper of the "morgue," shuffled. (Continued on page 93)
BING ON THE BEAM

- Bing Crosby was singing for the boys at the San Diego Naval Hospital when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw them wheel this wounded sailor out on a balcony.

He looked like a white mummy. He was petrified in a plaster cast from his hips to his eyes, and he was flat on his back all through the show. The sailor could hear Bing's melodies, but he couldn't see anything except the blue sky above. Bing Crosby took all this in, but he never said a thing until his act was over.

Then he picked up the mike and climbed to where the sailor was. "Maybe I don't improve the view," cracked Bing. "But anyway I can keep the sun out of your eyes. What'd you like to hear?" The sailor named a song and Bing sang it. "This one's for Johnny So-and-so"—naming the sailor—he told the crowd. He grinned down at the rigid gob.

"Say," Bing drawled, in that easy way of his and with those big, blue eyes wide and innocent, "How'd you like to step out and go dancing tonight—hey? Maybe I can line up a couple of babes. What you say we do the clip joints, kick up our heels—hey?"

That was just what the invalid sailor needed. Wrapped up in cold storage, he'd had enough tongue clucking and sympathy. He wanted a good old American good-natured razz, and nobody handed him one. He almost cracked his cast laughing, and Bing climbed down feeling happy as a lark with that laugh ringing for days in his wind-wing ears.

The Old Groaner has had plenty of thrills in his day. He's seen and done just about everything, when you look back. After all, Bing's raised a generation of young Americans on his croons, and he's still, as Dinah Shore states emphatically, "the singer than which there is nothing whichever!" Bing's a prize family man with a slew of husky offshoots— (Continued on page 79)
Bing returned from Nevada ranch vacation with month-old chin-tickler for part in "Road to Utopia." Studio switched sequence, started shooting him clean-shaven. Bing grins, says he grew it as dare to Sinatra.

Gypsum and cornflakes (cinema snow) snow-blinded Bing while working in "Utopia." Named gag on his Nevada ranch "Going My Way" after new pic. Hopes both will grab the purse. (Here with Ed Gardner.)
The Man in Deannas

It's strictly a case of leap year, the way she showers tiny Dickie with presents, flies out of the studio each night to steal a moment with him!

The chief man in Deanna Durbin’s life at present is a personable gentleman named Dickie. He is three years old, chubby, curly-haired and inclined to refer to the love of his life as Aunty May Pole.

For his birthday, Aunty May Pole gave Dickie an athletic slide and a playhouse large enough for him to play commando in, around and about. It was set up in an unpainted condition. The intention was that Dickie and Deanna were to paint it on Sunday. When Sunday rolled around, however, Dickie had a cold, so had to remain indoors. The following Sunday it rained all day.

"While we’re waiting for the weather to improve," Deanna told him, "we should decide what color to paint it."

Dickie is just learning the names of colors. He is fairly sure of red, and he appears to like yellow very well. "Red and yellow," he said, being prodigal with his knowledge.

"My favorite color for playhouses is white," admitted Aunty May Pole, being diplomatic.

"Then we’ll paint it white," said her gallant nephew.

In addition to their exterior decorating conspiracy, Dickie and Deanna share an interest in music. When Deanna was working as an adolescent years ago, in a picture with Walter Pidgeon, he taught her a lullaby, a soft and lilting refrain which Deanna has now taught Dickie. He calls it the "Boo" song and demands a duet with Deanna the instant she steps into the house. His voice is true and his sense of rhythm and phrasing so developed that Deanna has already made arrangements with her own vocal teacher to give Dickie instruction as soon as he is old enough to understand written music. Meanwhile, Deanna is teaching him tune- (Continued on page 76)
Riveting scene in "Hers to Hold" was shot at Yaga plant on Sunday. Deanna's stand-in came in for klieg-light attention in own right, and D. did her own standing-in during film. During lunch tries to shut camera business out of mind, but Frank Ryan, Universal's writer and director, constantly heckles.

Three days before filing suit for divorce, Deanna denied split with Vaughn. Paul (Lieut., f.g.), assistant director of her first picture, was also her first beau. Gave her their new house in out-of-court agreement.

During "Christmas Holiday," with Gene Kelly, Gale Sondergaard took script too seriously, slapped D. so hard, close-ups that day were taboo.

By Jeanne Karr
Of course I know about you and your dates. You see, I thought you and I ought to be acquainted if I'm to give you pointers on clothes. So I asked Al Delacorte what you were like. Hmmm! You know how Al is when he gets going on one of his pet subjects. And it seems you're it. I came out hours later with a whirring in my ears. But now I know.

You're the one who's got a certain lad looking so misty-eyed these days. The gal who has him counting minutes 'til his next leave or furlough. So-o-o . . .

With date nights so precious, every one's got to be good. First off, when he comes barging in singing about a "paper doll that he can call his own," don't believe a word of it. Actually, he'd find her pretty flat. He wants someone with a lot more substance. Your cue to look plenty inviting—BUT there's a limit!

Judy Garland has this down pat. The clothes she wears when she entertains at camps are "feminine but not female." The difference? There's a future in femininity. The other rates only a two-tone whistle. Perish forbid!

Key your duds to the date, and you'll put yourself over better. F'rinstance, if it's dinner, you'll want to keep most of the lure above the table. There are lots of new ways. With gardenias set in a row across your square neckline 'stead of just being parked on your shoulder (dress sketched). New draped sleeves, scooped-out U necks if this section of you warrants showing off. Otherwise, choose the kind that are filled in with frothy sheers. If your hat sports a veil, don't let it be too much of a one. They've been known to get entangled with the soup spoon.

But maybe you and he won't waste time over food if there's jive in the offering. In this case, switch the interest to your hemline. The dress I like is the print with the petticoat frill. To gain height, take your ruffles in the form of lengthwise cascades like the ones on the gardenia dress, or fishtail-fashion in back.

If it's movies, be sure to remember what a
double feature can do to the seat of a dress. Your best bet is the two-piece cinema suit of printed, crush-resistant Bemberg sheer. Mouth-watering in color combinations like pink, gray and white. Very hush-hush about any bulges you might have. Be a lady in the dark and wear a close-fitting half-hat.

For an at-home date, don't lay the garb on too thick. Be dewey-fresh 'n' pretty. Wear a sheer printed cotton. Looks new and Shirley Temple-ish when frosted with eyelet embroidery. Learn to read tags when you shop for cottons. The “soap 'n' water” kind won't fade or shrink. Keep their sparkly finish, too.

In between times with him, you'll be helping at the canteen (in a purely platonic way, according to Jean Kinkead). Here, you'll want to look kind of crisp and impersonal. The plaid taffeta dirndl does it. Anybody can tell by that innocent round neck that you're not "come-hithering" the wolves. The button parade gives you shoulder width, makes your waistline look Grable-slim in contrast.

Sure, your head's in the clouds. But I know those Cinderella feet are on the ground solid, high heels 'n' all. Maybe you'd like a dress to stick by you for a long time to come. In this case, pin your hopes on the basic crepe with the dagger neckline and money bag drape. The side trick helps conceal any tummy bulge. What next? You slim down your mid-section, take off the money-bags, do a double-take on the sleeve bows and replace the cloisonette buttons with tailored ones. Suddenly you've a new casual shirt frock. This honey-for-your-money comes in "cosmetic" pastels as well as black and navy.

This is fun—but we can't sit around chattering all day. You've got a date coming up. If you want to know where to find these dresses and how very little they cost, or if you've got a special clothes problem bothering you, you know my address now: Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. G'bye 'til next time.
Enlisted in a Proud Profession—Her nurse's "white" lends a special glamour to Dorothy's exquisitely smooth skin. "It would be wonderful," she says, "if high school graduates who see this would enlist as Cadet Nurses. We need more nurses so." As a Cadet Nurse you would be given free training, a monthly allowance. Write to U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.

Cadet Dorothy Forrester is studying at the California School of Nursing in Los Angeles, not far from her home town in Vista.

Her smooth, capable hands are learning to bring comfort at a touch. Eyes smile gratefully after her trim young figure in its white on-duty uniform—especially becoming with her glorious, dark hair and the soft, fresh-as-a-new-day look of her lovely complexion.

"I'm a Pond's Cold Cream girl—always," Dorothy says, "I think there's nothing half as nice as Pond's for making your skin feel soft and clean."

Dorothy believes in a twice-over creaming with Pond's—this way:

1. She smooths Pond's fragrant soft-smooth Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats it on briskly but gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off thoroughly.

2. She rinses now with more snowy-soft Pond's, working its softening creaminess round her face with little spiral whirls of her finger tips—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off again well.

* * *

Give your face this soft-smooth Pond's complexion care that Dorothy loves. You'll see that it's no accident engaged girls like Dorothy, noted society beauties like Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor, Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., and Britain's Lady Morris use Pond's Cold Cream.

Ask for a luxurious big jar of Pond's today. Use it every night and every morning—and for in-between beauty clean-ups! You'll love Pond's, too!
The free education and the monthly allowance are wonderful... but it's the future that decided me!

If you can qualify as a U. S. Cadet Nurse, you can look forward to a professional life that gives you a wide choice of interesting work.

As a graduate nurse, you may serve in the Army or Navy, or as a public health nurse, an industrial health nurse, or a director of nurses. You may become an instructor in a school of nursing, or in x-ray, orthopedics, or many other fields.

...you may become a private-duty nurse...

...you may specialize in child health...

...as a public health nurse, or an industrial health nurse...

...as a director of nurses...

...as an instructor in a school of nursing...

...in x-ray, orthopedics, or many other fields.

The Free Education includes tuition and fees, board and room—and you get a monthly allowance of $15, $20, or $30, as training proceeds. Free, too, are the indoor and outdoor uniforms. The wearing of the outdoor uniform is optional; a Cadet Nurse dresses as she likes on her time off.

Can You Qualify? Are you between 17* and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet... and list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

What of Marriage? An increasing number of schools admit and retain married students. Many essential services, including the Army Nurse Corps, are open to married nurses. As a matter of fact, the marriage rate among nurses is unusually high.

The Free Education includes tuition and fees, board and room—and you get a monthly allowance of $15, $20, or $30, as training proceeds. Free, too, are the indoor and outdoor uniforms. The wearing of the outdoor uniform is optional; a Cadet Nurse dresses as she likes on her time off.

Mail the coupon for FREE booklet giving information about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps... and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school. U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N. Y.

Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

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By Fredda Dudley

The Loders (John and Hedy) planned shindig at Hollywood Conteen to mark day they'd met there, just one year before. John had portered that night while Hedy poured Java.

Unquestionably the most photogenic event to take place during the month was the gala cocktail party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Delacorte, Jr., Mr. Delacorte is Ye Editor's father (and looks like his slightly older brother) and the publisher of all Dell Publishing Company's magazines.

Mrs. Delacorte is a regal and beautiful woman who becomes instantly popular with the wives of celebrities, because she is genuinely interested in them and their families. Having six children of her own and one lusty grandson (whose picture appears on the editorial page of this issue of MODERN SCREEN), she is by way of being an authority on youngsters. During the party, Mrs. Delacorte had long chats with Ruth Hussey Longmecker, whose first child is due in May; with Mrs. Barry Sullivan, whose second baby is due in June, and with Mrs. Jim Brown, whose second is due late in the summer.

Lana and Steve Crane were there, talking about Cherry and about the fact that Steve had just signed a long-termer with Columbia Studios. This department is happy to predict that Steve Crane, at this time next year, will be considered one of the most exciting leading men in Hollywood.

John Harvey, under contract to 20th Century-Fox, was talking enthusiastically about his young daughter who had just come home from the hospital with her mother. John professed himself to be an expert on the problems incident to the well-being of a debutante of 14 days; when John was nine, he became the owner of a baby sister. His mother had been seriously ill, and a nurse had been unobtainable, so John attended to the triangular slacks situation, the sterilizing of bottles and the preparation of formulae. Thus initiated at an early age, he is now a tried-and-true veteran.

Alan and Sue Ladd came with Bill and Teas Bendix and consulted the group by telling about their telephone troubles. It seems that Sue Ladd's daughter, Carol Lee, was asked—at school—to supply her home address and telephone number. Innocently, she complied. The following night the telephone sounded like an electric alarm clock gone crazy: It rang steadily from six o'clock until midnight. The following night, much the same record was established. In desperation, Alan went to the telephone company and begged them to change his number. The company is very busy these days. It looks upon number changing as frivolous nonsense. Finally, after a company representative had checked the Ladd line, it agreed solemnly that something had to be done. The Ladds have a new listing.

Good News

All stars turn out for MODERN SCREEN party! Millaud on overseas camp tour. John Payne to go on bond tour of nation!
Paul Henreid spent some time in a far corner, talking very seriously about the war, with MODERN SCREEN’s Ida Zeitlin, while Ida’s artist husband—who is Russian—twinkled happily over Tamara Toumanova’s description of her first picture soon to be released by RKO.

June Vincent came to the party with her great friend, Edgar Bergen, all unaware of the fact that less than a week later she would be in Jamaica, Long Island, where she flew to be at the bedside of her fiancé, Ensign William Sterling, who underwent emergency surgery.

Handsome men anywhere have become such premium personalities that it was orchids on the eyelids to stand in the same room to view Walter Pidgeon, John Hodiak with the white-lightning smile, Dana Clark (who is soon to answer those “Greetings”), Jess Barker, Alan Curtis, James Craig, Sonny Tufts (whose wife is as beautifully brunette as Sonny is blond), Neil Hamilton, Robert Paige, who is to be Deanna Durbin’s next leading man, and Dana Andrews helping his wife to appetizers.

Roy Rogers was one of the first guests to arrive and supplied an authentic motion picture atmosphere by coming direct from the studio wearing make-up, Stetson, plaid shirt, jumper and levis. Someone asked an observer facetiously if Roy had brought his horse, Trigger. “No,” was the deadpan answer. “Trigger is coming later with Lassie from Metro.”

Deanna Durbin was wearing a hat that looked like a giant black tulip pulled rakishly over her sleek hair; Laraine Day wore clusters of shocking pink flowers amid her updo, and further glamour was furnished by cute Peggy Ryan (with her palsy-walsy Patty Bonafuca), Janet Blair, Dale Evans and Ella Raines.

MOMENTS WITH MINIATURES: Captain Ronald Reagan is having a little domestic trouble with a subordinate. When he was at home on a recent leave, his young daughter, snowball-blond Maureen, was trying to get his attention at luncheon. Ronnie was busy talking with a friend and failed to turn around when Maureen tugged at his coat-tail. She tried with a more definite force, then said in a loud, clear treble, “Listen to me or I’m going to give you a poke in the nose.” That she had learned in nursery school.

Her mother, in addition to Maureen’s department problems, has troubles of her own. While she was playing golf recently, she removed her wedding ring, fastened it to her slacks belt and merrily covered the course. Later when she changed clothes, she noticed that the belt clasp had slipped its moorings and had dumped her watch and ring somewhere on the last green. The club employees went over the grass with rakes. They located the watch and several coins, but no ring.

Incidentally, Jane is now working in “Doughgirls” with Ann Sheridan and Alexis Smith. Director James Kern looked over his beautiful cast on the first day of shooting and announced that there was going to be enough mischief afoot to make him a candidate for a by-hourly benzodrine tablet. The girls decided forthwith to employ a maid for the three of them, not only to take care of the ordinary maid chores on the set, but to help them perpetuate the gags dearly beloved by all three.

They couldn’t find a maid—not for love, money nor a screen test.

When Dennis Morgan returned from his recent Bond Tour, he delighted his youngsters (Stan, 10, and Kris, 6) with a description of

Why Judy Garland wears
Woodbury Windsor Rose

JUDY GARLAND, APPEARING IN “MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS”
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ it gives a dazzling warm tone
... lends such clear, fresh beauty—and such smoothness!

Girls! The look in his eyes will tell you—your Woodbury shade makes you lovelier than ever! Hollywood film directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type . . . The Color Control blending process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, color-fresh always on your skin . . . gives it smooth, clinging texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose now from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades!

Woodbury POWDER
COLOR CONTROLLED

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50c, 25c, 10c
a snowstorm. As all three of the Morgan children were born in California and have never seen snow except in newsreels and photographs, they were fascinated. He told them about bob sledding and skiing. He gave them directions for constructing a sable snowman and designated icicles as frozen fringe.

Several days later Mrs. Morgan was roasting her ingredients for a casserole dish, and noted that a box of soda crackers had disappeared. Seeking to check this mysterious fact, she went to the back porch in search of Stan and Kris, who had been playing in the back yard. She found them hilariously pelting each other with handfuls of flaked crackers. "Look, Mommy," explained Stan, "it's snowing like crazy."

**BIRTHDAY BUSINESS:** Dizzying fame hasn't turned her lovely head. It simply didn't occur to Lana Turner that anyone except the members of her immediate family would remember her birthday. Yet, in her characteristically simple way, she wanted to celebrate. Her notion of a proper celebration was to order a gigantic cake to be brought on the set of "Marriage Is a Private Affair," and be served to the cast and crew with Lana's greetings.

It was the first time Lana's birthday has ever occurred when she was working on a picture, yet her personal crew (hairdresser, wardrobe mistress, make-up man, maid and secretary) knew the date. Their idea of a pleasant way to commemorate the event was to order a huge cake and have it delivered to the set.

James Craig, Lana's leading man in the picture, wanted in some way to wish the little lady well. He thought it over carefully and decided that a birthday cake, complete with candles and enough servings to stuff everyone, would be just the ticket.

Director Robert Z. Leonard, happy over the progress of his picture, decided that a few hours off—plus a colossal cake—would be a splendid way to felicitate his star. So now everyone connected with the picture is calling everyone else "Marie Antoinette," the original perpetrator of that celebrated line. "Let them eat cake."

In addition to the pasty, Lana received a beautiful frame for the picture of herself and Cherry which has been stuck in the mirror of her dressing room. Second gift was a goggles package containing chewing gum, cleaning tissues and soap flakes ... and don't write in, asking this department where same were obtained. This department would regard such information as a prime military secret.

When Ann Sheridan left New York City, Steve Harnaggen gave her a birthday package with the stern admonition that she wasn't to open it (1) until the proper date, and (2) at any rate until she reached Hollywood.

Annie managed to control herself until she reached Kansas City, but there feminine endurance melted. She snatched open the jeweler's velvet box to stagger her eyesight with the dazzle of a pair of emerald-cut ruby earrings, nestled beside three matching clips. Kinda pretty (gulp).

For two years the school teacher at Warner Brothers has cultivated Dolores Moran's history, mathematics, English grammar and general philosophy. She has worked with
Dolores on the set and has spent luncheon hours with her in the commissary. As you know, studio teachers are benevolent watch dogs, charged with maintaining a select finishing school atmosphere despite the exotic aspects of studio life.

Yet even these serious-minded and responsible women relent with a sigh when a charge reaches the age of 18. Dolores’ teacher gave her, in celebration of her newly adult status when she celebrated her 18th birthday, a tucked and beruffled black chiffon nightgown.

Dolores, in turn, gave Jerry Asher—local wit and Warner publicist—a glamour portrait of herself clad in a diaphanous black harem outfit, doubtless dreamed up by the wardrobe department after a dinner of lobster thermidor, warm beer and a basket of chocolate eclairs. Across the lower edge of the portrait Dolores wrote, “To Jerry from Whistler’s ‘new’ mother.”

On the day Bonita Granville became 21, her attorney arrived with a bulging briefcase and began to spread acres of legal documents before that startled citizen. In answer to Bonita’s puzzled question, he explained that Bonita’s mother had now ceased to be her guardian, and that Bonita was to take over the management of her own affairs. Then he settled down to a description of this trust fund and that; of income taxes under this category, and deductions allowed under that category. Next he launched into an analysis of her insurance program, and from that decimated his way through the purchase of Bonds throughout their various series.

Bonita moistened her lips. “Isn’t there some simpler way for me to handle this?” she asked weakly. The attorney said certainly, that Bonita could simply give her mother Power of Attorney, and she could continue to handle Bonita’s business affairs.

No finer fit at any price

Bestform Brassieres
79¢
Bestform Foundations
$2.50 to $6.50

BRIEF CONFAB WITH SGT. DAVE ROSE RESULTED IN JUDY’S DECISION TO FILE DIVORCE SUIT. BOBBY STOCK’S CURRENT TOPPING DATE LIST. (HERE, MOCOMBOING WITH D. LOPER.)

Neatest trick of the month: Cornering, for one shot, such H’wood royalty as Lt. Com. Bob Montgomery, Capt. Clark Gable, Spence Tracy, Lt. jg Bob Taylor.
OFFICE GIRLS and war workers (busy housewives, too) know LINIT helps them look attractive. Lingerie and fine accessories are easily "refinished" with a quick LINIT rinse. LINIT keeps dainty underthings smooth and lovely—helps them wear longer because LINIT penetrates and protects the fabrics.

* Busy Bathroom Loundress

DUNK IN THE BATHROOM WASHBOWL

WASH as usual in mild soap and lukewarm water. Don’t rub—just squeeze suds gently through the fabric.

ROLL IN A TOWEL...NOT TOO TIGHTLY

ROLL up in soft dry towel until ready to iron. You’ll find LINIT makes your lingerie look crisp as celery, feel cool as a cucumber.

IRON at low heat. Iron satin on wrong side. Iron double thicknesses on both sides. LINIT-starched lingerie takes on new life and luxury.

MINUTE LINIT for the B.B.L.*

IRON AND RINSE AND LINIT RINSE

RINSE very thoroughly. Be sure to remove every bit of soap. Add light LINIT solution to final rinse. (Directions on every LINIT box.)

THAT LIQUID SUNSHINE: As you may have heard over your radio or read in your daily paper, Hollywood occasionally suffers from an attack of moisture. Natives are likely to toss this off with a glub and a pair of water wings; only saboteurs admit that they have had to comb fallen palm trees out of their attics, or have had to strain their victory gardens out of Los Angeles harbor.

Tenny rate, during the recent dampness, falling trees interfered with power lines in the valley to the extent that Ann Sheridan’s electric eye motor gates were totally incapacitated. She couldn’t get out, nor could guests, nor delivery trucks get in. She had no lights, no heat and no cooking facilities, so she boiled up a bit of soup over the fireplace. Deanna Durbin’s sister was in the same dilemma, but she had the added problem of a hungry four months’ old baby, Lois Elaine, whose bottles had to be sterilized and whose formula had to be warmed, rain or no rain.

So Mrs. Heckman, with Lois Elaine (the baby) and three-year-old Dickie, moved into Universal Studios where they occupied Deanna’s permanent dressing room.

Hedy Lamarr reported to Warner Brothers, where she was working in "The Conspirators" in a drenched condition. Popping into the publicity department, she closed up her stolid black Chamberlain-type umbrella (someone asked her why she was carrying such an ungrammatical article, and she answered, "Don’t believe all the fancy things you read about me")—and proceeded to take off her dripping shoes and stockings.

A messenger boy, seeing this ingratiating sight, spread the tidings and abruptly half the studio had urgent business in the office in which Hedy was twiddling her toes. Yes, they have Davis, Sheridan, de Havilland, Wyman, Alexis Smith, Dolores Moran and Joan Crawford around all the time. But this was Hedy—without shoes and stockings.

And down in Texas, which caught all the storm Californians couldn’t absorb, Lieutenant Tyrone Power was roundly cursing the weather, too. It was making it very difficult for him to get his qualifying flying hours in.

NEWCOMERS YOU SHOULD KNOW: When you saw "What a Woman" starring Rosalind Russell, you probably began to feel spring in the air when Willard Parker leapt across the silver screen. To bolster this seasonal surge and to prove that Mr. Parker is not only intriguing but a regular guy as well, we offer this anecdote.

Willard Parker knocked around Hollywood for a long time, working in quickies and Westerns. He had one genuine friend, a chap named Max Arno, who was working at Warner Brothers. "Get out of this town," Mr. Arno counseled the blond viking, "and go to New York. If you can secure a good stage part, Hollywood (Continued on page 105)
A guy just doesn’t kiss his girl in a theater lobby with a million people milling around... and the lights of the marquee shining in their eyes. Guys just don’t act that way at all.

And if they did, they’d get slapped. Even if the guy’s 14 years old and his girl is 10. All the worse. When you’re 10, you can blush harder than when you’re 20. And getting kissed is no fun anyway. So Belita slapped him. But the incident left its scar.

If she’d been smart, she’d have forgotten about men right then, because the next thing that happened was really a fiasco. You know how you feel about your first real date. The long gloves and the tulle way down to your heels and the smidgin of perfume behind the ear... just to make things authentic. Well, it was like that... only worse because the date was for a ballet, not just a movie around the corner. Only thing was, Johnny (we’ll call him that) was the kind of a fellow you’d ask for dinner at 7, and he’d pop in at 9:30 because things were always turning up. Unexpected things... and, “Gosh, I’m sorry I’m late but you see...” Always. You could count on it. Johnny’d given Belita her ticket and said to meet him at the Covent Garden Opera House. Knowing Johnny, it sounded risky.

Risky, nothing. It was brutal! Belita had done enough dancing and skating in London so that almost everybody knew her on sight. If she could just have stood quietly behind a door of the lobby and waited, it mightn’t have been so bad. But here was everybody she knew stopping to ask did she get stood up, or didn’t she think she was a little young to be getting around to places stag? As the curtain went up, she squeezed her way through the crowd thinking that if she slid deep down in her seat nobody would notice. But try being inconspicuous in the front seat of the very front box, when everybody in the

(Continued on following page)
A Household Necessity

To keep the labels on preserves
Securely and in shape
Just write them out and stick them on
With handy Texcel Tape.

And though the sweeper handle breaks
The work goes on as planned;
It gets a temporary mend
When Texcel Tape's at hand.

For pages torn in cooking books,
For packages and such,
No fuss or fuming—Texcel Tape
Goes on with just a touch.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-ums" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out
Before the judgment dawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps till Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH
Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

whole darn theater is peering up to
count the diamond tiaras. Or nudging
each other—"That's Lady Twickington
up there, you know. Of the Twickin-
gtons-on-the-Bias."

You could either sit quietly staring
at your shoes or get up and leave. It
was easier to just sit. Through the
first act... and intermission... and
the second act... and another inter-
mission... and finally, during the third
act, in bounces Johnny. "Gosh, I'm
sorry. I'm late but—" You couldn't
stand up right in the middle of the third
act and tell him to go jump in the lake.
But you could breeze out in a huff and
never talk to him again as long as you
lived. And never accept another date
for months and months and months.

The trouble was, men were so differ-
ent from Laurence Olivier. Remember
"Romeo and Juliet"? He was absolutely
as wonderful as Noel Coward, and
handsomer. Though you didn't have to
be handsome when you said things like
Mr. Coward did. Once, when she'd
danced for some people at a party, Mr.
Coward had accompanied her, and when
it was over, he'd said, "I thought I was
to play for a little girl. If I realized I
was to play for an artist, I'd have
practiced." Just like that he said it... and
she'll never forget it. Absolutely
never.

People don't say things like that every
day. Even when you've danced in Paris
and London and Washington and skated

IN THE V-MAIL BAG

Hiyah Gang:

Thanks for your long, thin envelope
postmarked Dec. 14, which arrived
along with a bunch of belated Christ-
mas cards that had apparently missed
the boat.

The Overseas Edition of Modern
Scarex, you'll no doubt be delighted to
hear, is the only movie mag which
reaches us regularly via Special Ser-
vice. The G.I. goes over here are
all-out for your pin-up girls, since
so many of them are practically all-
out for us. You should see the mad
scramble when a new Overseas, Edi-
tion arrives. It soon looks like some-
thing you could play on a player piano,
with wide open spaces where
the pix were!

The films which Special Service
gets for us have included "Hello,
Frisco," "Coney Island," and more re-
cently, "This Is the Army" and "So
Proudly We Hail."

By the way, I think the producers
should be told that scenes showing
luscious banquets with steaks and
such are unpopular with G.I.'s who
have become hardened to the "C"-
rations—pork sausage—canned meat
routine. You asked how last Thank-
giving was—believe it or Ripley, but
we had real turkey with all the fix-
in's:

Best wishes from some censored
place in North Africa.

Buell R. Snyder (Tech. Sgt.)
NO ROOM FOR TROUBLES IN THE NEW KIT BAG...

But plenty of room for magazines and note paper, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades... shall we go on? Or is it enough to say that all the small essentials servicemen keep writing home for are being packed in Red Cross kits and sent overseas. Trouble is, somebody's got to do the packing. Somebody's also got to make the thousands of surgical dressings... and the layettes for servicemen's babies... and sweaters and endless other items. Does a finger seem to point to you? Well, swell. Stop by at your local Red Cross and get the dope on their Production Corps. You know, if you're too tied up to come downtown, there's work you can do at home... with patterns, material and instruction furnished by the Red Cross. And if your club just happens to be casting around for a project, what nobler one than this? There've been lots of surgical dressing contests in high schools through the Junior Red Cross. And, boy, you should have seen that white gauze fly.

your way half around the world, really sincere compliments are rare. Like the time a fellow in Wichita wrote, "You're no Lamar. Your smile's luke-warmish, and you could do more with your hair. Also, your figure's nothing to start a G.I. moaning low. But, holy cow, can you skate! How do you do it? Where'd you learn? And what do you have to have, to begin with?"

Well, for one thing, you've got to get the feel of things early. You've got to start ballet lessons practically before you can walk. And ice skating lessons shortly after. Then, what you try to do is not fall on your face more often than you have to. Of course, sometimes there's nothing you can do about it. When you're a year old, and you can hardly toddle a straight line let alone point your toe, you're bound to fall on your face. And when you're two and they dress you up like a crummy old doll or something and tie you to a branch of a Christmas tree, what can you expect? Bad habit, though. Sort of sticks with you.

Belita was opening an ice show in Washington when it happened again. The place was jammed to the seams. The spotlight flooded the crystal rink. Belita glided out swiftly, lightly, hardly touching the ice at all; cutting smoothly into the center of the rink; stopping sharply, so lithe and cool and poised that, watching her, you had to marvel. It was her night! You could tell it by the stillness of the place... and then by the terrific applause. Belita arched her body for another long, slow sweep. And then it happened! The scraping of skates on the ice... the thud... and suddenly, her fanny where her head should have been and her face where her feet should have been... and Lord in heaven, where were her feet?

That's how you get to be a skater and probably an actress, too. And, holy cow, isn't it awful?

New-type ink protects pens against breakdowns!

Solv-x in Parker Quink safeguards metal and rubber... helps keep pens out of the repair shop!

Here is the writing fluid that proves most pen failures can be avoided. For remarkable Parker Quink contains solv-x that protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.
2. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
3. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.

Only Parker Quink contains solv-x yet Quink actually costs no more than ordinary, high-acid inks. So empty your pen today and fill it with famous Parker Quink. Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying... you'll find Quink is ideal for steel pens, too. Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

"MICRO-FILM BLACK", the all-purpose black ink. Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red, 6 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size 25c. Other sizes 15c and up.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink the only ink containing solv-x
HE NOTICES YOUR HAIR

If you want the man in your life to be pleased with your coif, follow these Hollywood hints for coif styling!

- That all-important he notices how your tresses look . . . so, ask you, how to design a fetching top-knot? Well, you've come to the right place, 'cause we know. We've been speaking to Nancy Walker, that female Rooney, about the curls and ringlets of Ginny Simms and Bonnie Edwards, her co-stars of "Broadway Rhythm" and, too, we've been chatting with Laraine Day (nice chatting). She has some bright ideas for your ringlets.
- Here's the sum of all this talk about tresses. We'll assume for the moment that your hair is in condition, that you've been quite fussy about shampoos and that you brush said hair every day . . . you can learn ways and means of hair care by consulting "Curl-Cues from Vera" on p. 68. Still, the way you arrange your locks, leaves something to be desired. Instead of putting up with them as is, check on your hairdressing skill.
- First, check on your equipment. The kind of comb frequently used in Hollywood studios (half teeth and half handle to grab on'ter) may suit you better than the usual straight comb. The weensy, cheap number you carry in your purse for hasty regrooming is not sufficient for full-time use. Get an efficient one. Then there are the small combs for holding coifs in place. Get good ones if you want them to stay put. There are those with teeth that poosh apart as you set the comb in, and then spring back together again. They're fine.
- Try using plastic curlers. Try rolling wool over a curler and then rolling your hair over the two. A girl that Laraine Day knows whose hair is fine as silk and so unmanageable, does her curls up at the back in small strands, very flat and without dampening the hair at all. She secures each flat curl with two bobbie pins and then she sprays the whole thing with a little wave setting lotion which she keeps in an old perfume atomizer. That's a hint for the girl with hair like a baby's to whom the word "curl" is a red flag.
- Don't overlook the male viewpoint, we repeat. Most men are taller than you, but how much thought do you give to the picture of the top of your head? Not enough, we'll bet! Hair parts are pretty when neat and sharply defined . . . but a menace if crooked and straggly. Be sure that yours travels in a straight line and that it's scrupulously clean (cotton wound on an orange stick and moistened with hair tonic will attend to that). To complete the pleasant scene for your he-man, see that the hair on your crown lies smooth and untangled.
- Only last week one male, with an air of speaking for his entire sex, asked us, "Why don't you tell girls about the backs of
their heads?” Far be it from us to disregard the masculine opinion on beauty, so we’re passing this on to you. If you’re not sure that every little strand is at its well-groomed best, why not make a spring resolution to use a hand mirror every day? And this habit will suggest brushing and using brilliantine, lacquer, pins and all those other gadgets which make your back locks live up to those that frame your pretty face.

Now that you’re all convinced of the need of a new male and male-pleasing hair-do, which will it be? We’ll admit right off that we can’t tell you in detail (though our Super Coupon chart, “How to Have Beautiful Hair,” can). But what Aunty Carter can do right now is give you general rules to follow for your particular type that we filched from Hollywood, city of magic lanterns . . . and smart hair-do’s.

Choose your hair style, suggests Ginny Simms, in front of a full-view mirror. If you’re tall and slender, don’t make yourself into a bean pole with a pompadour set on top of your head. If you’re small, don’t cut your height by hair flat on top and fluffed out at the sides. Add several inches to your five-feet-or-so by piling your hair high and by holding your head like a swan.

If you have a practically oval face with even features, you can take liberties that less-flawless mortals have no right to consider. You can wear your hair up, down or sidewise and still look like an angel . . . though you’re really smartest if you stick to smooth, clear, classical coifs that frame your Lamarr-like face and do not distract attention from it.

On the other hand (or should we say head?) if your face has irregularities—which, by the by, can be made just as endearing as the handsomest features ever molded—then you can have the fun of adapting your coif to tone down your bad (Continued on page 102)
A beauteous blonde with brains! What charm, what loveliness! What an assignment! We stumbled from lunch at the Stork Club muttering pretty compliments all about Vera Hruba Ralston. At 22, Vera's life has been a series of adventures starting with an escape from Czechoslovakia and culminating in a starring role in Republic's "Lady and the Monster." Why that gal has already received three thousand proposals by mail. Gro-ly!

Vera skated plunk . . . right through the golden door of Hollywood. From the Ice-Capades to stardom in one easy, icy pirouette. A gal on blades, with bright spotlights shining on her, has to learn to outglisten the ice, La Ralston noted. "I learned to shine from my head to the tips of my figure skates. And the shining hair business I learned, I've remembered."

TO THE CLEANERS. "The essence of a beautiful topknot," Vera confided, "can almost be summed up in three words: spanking clean hair." You just can't do justice to any glamorous hair-do unless that hair is immaculate. Vera, like other movie folk, goes through the shampoo routine almost every night when she's emoting under hot camera lights. Her normal, not-working beauty routine includes a shampoo every eighth day. First she brushes her hair, but thoroughly, bending from the waist. This combination brushing and bending loosens dandruff, stimulates the scalp and keeps her waistline down to minute proportions. She dunks her head in warm water; pours over a bit of her favorite shampoo and vigorously rubs it up to a sudsy lather. (Continued on page 111)
"8 out of 10" know a secret — do you?

Keeping at it with a smile—whether it’s school work or war work—is a “must” these days. And millions of women have found one sure help—safer Modess! "Extra protection under the strain of long hours!" writes Miss M.C., school teacher. The triple, full-length safety shield at the back of every Modess napkin assures full-way protection—not just part-way, as in some napkins.

Gardening, extra housework, volunteer jobs—no matter what you’re doing, you want to be completely at ease—and Modess is the answer! As Miss N.G.F., points out: "I wear slacks on my job; and with Modess’ famous fit I’m completely protected but never betrayed." Gently, unobtrusively, downy-soft Modess moulds itself to fit you. No hard tab ends. No embarrassing outlines.

Discover the Difference! Switch to

From Maine to California, women write frank, intimate letters—telling why they switched to Modess: “So soft!” “So safe!” or “So comfortable!” say 8 out of 10!

Something’s really going on when so many women write—of their own free will—on such a personal matter. Recently, 10,086 women in virtually every kind of job (school girls and mothers, too) told why they’re glad they switched to Modess. And when their letters were tabulated, just look . . .

8 out of 10 gave as their reasons Modess’ wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable protection.

Doesn’t that put a bee in your bonnet? These women had been users of just about every other type and brand of sanitary napkin—yet they liked Modess better! Doesn’t it make you wonder if you’re getting all the comfort and protection you could be getting? Revel in the difference! Get softer, safer Modess today—it doesn’t cost a penny more!

Off-duty hours are scarce, but even when you’re having fun you appreciate the extra comfort of softer Modess! You see, Modess is made with a special softspun filler—totally different from close-packed, layer-type pads. Thousands of women echo the opinion of Miss A.I.B. who says: "I never dreamed a napkin could be so wonderfully soft!"

FREE Send today for lively, picture-packed booklet—"Growing Up and Liking It" . . . Tells more about the "why" of menstruation than any booklet of this kind ever published. Shows any girl from 11 to 18 how to wear a bigger smile! For mothers, daughters, teachers. Simply mail name and address today to Martha Steele, Box 344, Milltown, New Jersey.
You start with an old dress or a starkly plain one and add a flower cluster to the neckline. Or a cascade of leaves down the bodice. It's terrific . . . and sew-easy. These felt appliques by Ruzak come cut-out and with complete instructions. If you can thread a needle, you can't go far wrong. There are handfuls of spriightly ideas in the booklet by Ruzak offered on pg. 72. (Better get that coupon in the mail today.) Ideas like half-hats freighted with daisies, a sudden shower of confetti on a black sweater, a belt of, say, shocking pink encrusted with flowers and a choker to match.
Fun filled clothes for your sun-filled hours. Gay, becoming and tailored for figure flattery. Shown here is “Peggy” named for pretty starlet, Peggy O'Neil, who poses in it. Of fine Sanforized cotton in an exclusive Ameritex ric rac print. Red or aviation blue in sizes 10 to 18. About 6.50 at better stores everywhere. All the lovely starlets in “The Song of the Open Road” wear Freshy Playclothes designed and made by the Goldman Co., 1410 Broadway, New York.
TERRIFIC TRIO

(Continued from page 37)


WONDERFUL BAND with little 'flowers,

New — your.

Write "I'll Be Looking At The Moon but I'll Be Seeing You."

The Terrific Triumvirate memorized the words and melody, tried a little close harmony and found the result good. The instant they set foot in the McCallister house, they played the recordings and commented anew on the perfection of each.

In the midst of this jubilation over a swoony song, Lon received those celebrated "greetings." He was to be inducted, the little draft board said, late in February.

Granny, on hearing the news, went on stirring up a cake. For a long time she made no comment. Finally, as if it summed up all the clutching things having to do with her heart, she said, I'll be looking at the moon, but I'll be seeing you." And then, after an interval of quiet, she added, I'll never be able to look at the moon until Lon comes home when the war is over."

Lon's mother, whom he called—as a very small boy—"doll-mother," was even more tense and to the point. "When you leave," she announced with carefully controlled accents, I think I'll break that record."

That first day was the bad one. After each of the women in Lon's life had allowed herself one emotional comment, they steadied down to a more humorous view of the situation. But the menus, oddly enough, began to consist entirely of Lon's favorite foods. There was as much ground round steak as the McCallister points would permit—always with plenty of cat-sup poured over both steak and bun. Night after night the table boasted a big casserole of potatoes au gratin, and there was no sparing of cheese. Granny labored mightily in front of the oven, producing regiments of lemon pies—on one occasion Bill, Lon and Ray finished off three pies at a sitting. And when Granny wasn't making lemon pies, she was whipping up a three—storey chocolate cake veneered with yummy white icing. "You," accused Bill Eythe, poking his buddy's ribs, "are getting positively fat."

One night shortly before Lon was inducted, Ray had a date, so Bill Eythe and Lon went out to dinner in duo instead of the usual triplicate. Offhandedly, Bill produced a small box. "Here's something to remember me by," he said. "Aw, nuts, don't look at me like that—this isn't anything much. It'll turn green in ten days unless you paint it with your mother's fingernail polish."

The box contained a friendship ring—a wide gold, very masculine band. "I'll wish it on," said gruffly as he pushed it into place on Lon's finger. "Don't take it off until you get to your basic training camp. And—when you take it off, well then you can read the inscription on the inside."

Lon looked hard at the handsome ring. Then he shook hands with Bill. "Gosh, the things you do find in dime stores," he kidded, but there was no kidding and no superficiality in the long, steady look he exchanged with the man who has been his fellow-dramatic struggler and fellow prankster for many precious years.

Between them it wasn't necessary to talk about the things in both minds: Bill would like to be going off to camp with Lon; he would like to make Lon's try for the Air Corps, but he has two punctured eardrums, so has been classified 4F. On the other hand—and there is no derogatory shading in the comment because it is the habit of American men to give up reluctantly their hard-won toeholds in any business when faced with war, but to give every ounce of determination and devotion to the task at hand when fighting is necessary—Lon


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You'll love 'em too—these ready-cut-out, ready-to-sew-on appliques. Of colorful felt in divine designs . . . flowers, fruits, animals.

Such easy fun—to glamorize your pet sweaters with these cute, colorful appliques. See how they "cheer up" your dresses, jumpers, suits, and accessories too!

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Such smooth feminine hands easily win a love match. You can prove it for yourself.

Just use Jergens Lotion regularly. And your hands benefit from 2 ingredients that are specially suited to help coarsened skin to the "youth look," the softness that holds hearts; in fact, many doctors prescribe them.

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The Stars' Favorite Hand Care—they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

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FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS
Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

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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!
5. Carries away unsightly dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.

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QUIZ CLUES

Set 2 (Continued from page 24)
1. Marine sharpshooter
2. Trademark: cane and derby
3. Old acquaintance
4. Ghoulish-looking
5. Ladylike and lovely
6. All-around musician
7. Young Man with a Horn
8. Time out for Broadway
9. Droopy-eared
10. Old cothand
11. Mrs. Marty Arrouge
12. Dear to Desi
13. Rumba King
14. Gypsy's sister
15. Dusky pianist
16. Arrived in "Our Town"
17. Flint-sized bad man
18. Dancing fool
19. Under, wide and handsome
20. Partnered Leslie
(Answers on page 113)

me," Lon managed to say. He thought he was going to be able to control himself, but the realization of his loss was too much. Before the rest of the cast and the crew, Lon broke down and cried.

The director patted his shoulder and said he knew how it was, but would Lon mind standing in the scene just long enough to get the lights adjusted? Lon shook his head, and took his place. There had been a lot of lights and camera and trying to get hold of himself. He didn't know until several days later that the canny director had taken advantage of the moment by shooting the one scene in the picture which required a great show of emotion on Lon's part. When you see the picture, you'll see that sequence and remember that it was genuine sorrow that prompted the tears, not over the picture situation, but over the lost life of a lovable Boston Bull.

On Lon's upper lip are two fine lines no more than pencil mark scars. Both mementos were secured in the same way, although several years apart. When Lon was still a pantywaist he was holding Pat on his lap one day, blowing softly in her face. Abruptly, Pat leaned forward and fastened on Lon's upper lip, inflicting a cut as neatly delicate as a surgeon could have done. Mrs. McCallisters phoned for a doctor, crying and insisting that Lon would have a hair. The doctor, a competent needleman, inserted a few stitches and said the laceration would leave only a hair line. He was right.

double rip...

Time passed and the scion of the McCallisters acquired Mac, the Great Dane. Mac was a humorous puppy who rolled and laughed when teased. One day Lon was holding the playful Mac in his arms and blowing softly upon his nose. Return to the paragraph above and reread.

"Gosh, I should think you would have learned," observed Ray Sperry upon learning these details.

With great dignity Lon responded, "I never make the same mistake three times, bub!"

As one might expect, Lon's favorite comic strip is "Napoleon and Uncle Elby." Next comes "Barnaby" which is published locally in the "Hollywood Citizen-News"; the McCallisters subscribe to this paper principally because Lon considers that day lost on which he hasn't carefully checked the doings of Barnaby, a precocious kindergarden undergraduate who was a fabulous fairy godfather wearing a derby, topcoat and wings that any aeronautical expert will insist are too short to levitate his
fuselage. However, the fairy godfather does fly. And disappear. And materialize certain animals such as a talking dog. It's all very quaint and wonderful and very, very McCallister.

After having read "Napoleon" and "Barnaby," Lon turns to "Blondie" (he thinks Digwood one of civilization's great contributors because of the well-known sandwich), then reads "Terry and The Pirates." Then he turns to the front page and studies the world headlines. After that the sports pages and the ads.

Although Lon, in anticipation of a khaki wardrobe, has bought no new clothes for eight months, he would be a handy man with a hundred hangers if the situation warranted. He goes for shaggy tweeds, plaid shirts and argyle sox. Any tie with a design smaller than a goose egg would be considered primly Bostonian in the McCallister press. His favorite basic color for accessories is duffel.

Lon's mother busied herself for months, knitting a colorful sock assortment for her Technicolor-footed son; then she had to give up the painter's pallet yarn and convert to khaki. "There's one thing about it, Doll-mother," Lon grinned, returning for the occasion to his junior title for her, "when I make one of those celebrated 23-mile marches without blisters, your sox are going to become famous."

In times past, the Terrific Triumvirate have frequently dated one girl simultaneously. It has been Marjorie Riordan, who had a part in "Song of Bernadette," or Nancy Walker, who is under contract to M-G-M, or Jean Crane, under contract to 20th Century-Fox. The dates have consisted of beach parties or dancing at Lon's or a movie terminated at a drive-in by a Pepsi and a sandwich.

glowing dream girl...

Of the current crop of Hollywood dream men (Alan Ladd, Ronald Reagan, Sonny Tufts, Barry Sullivan, Donald O'Connor, James Craig, Jean Pierre Aumont, Glenn Ford, Tyrone Power and Clark Gable), only Captain Gable and Lon McCallister are singletons.

Lon has never been in love, but he has his dream-girl ideal, to wit: She should be petite, between 4'10" and 5'2". He doesn't care whether she's blonde, brunette or redhead, as it isn't coloring the personality that seems important to Lon. She should be sincere and natural. She should be a brain but not show-offish about it. She shouldn't be infallible; she shouldn't know it all. Her mistakes and her occasional reliance upon Lon's judgment would only endear her to him. But most of all she should have a certain inner glow, something shining and colorful—as if she had swallowed an Arizona sunset.

If you wonder what kind of a soldier Lon will make, hang on because comes now a chronicle of his first G.I. experience. The day he was sworn in and told to report one week later, he was sent to the fourth floor of the building and ordered to scrub the floor. He set to work, giving the planks a water massage to restore that forest complexion.

One of the WAC's, around whose feet the scrubbing was being done, recognized Lon. "Weren't you in Stage Door Canteen?" she wanted to know.

Lon said yes.

"What are you going to do in the Army?" she pursued.

"As soon as I'm an initiated G1," Lon said firmly. "I'm going to visit the nearest Canteen, either Hollywood or Stage Door, and find out how it really feels to be on the inside looking out, instead of being an outsider trying to get a look in."

On this and other activities of Pvt. McCallister, you may expect exciting reports.

---

Doing your Bit... and a Little Bit More?

Trust a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick to give life to your lips!

BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
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How difficult it is to keep that brilliant smile and that well-groomed look these days... especially if you have added wartime duties to your daily activities! Yet, millions of you are doing just that with the help of our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

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TANGEE Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish

NEEDLE HITLER WITH YOUR PIN MONEY—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
from page 51)

**THE MAN IN DEANNA'S LIFE**

plugging in her own inimitable way. Deanna and Dickie share one additional secret: Dickie may be, according to years, a mere youngster, but in mind he is a little old man. He is a little old man because he has a bushy white mustache. This fantastic fact is the result of Deanna's puckish sense of humor. After Dickie has drunk a glass of milk, Deanna always lifts him up to a mirror where he can see the milk-foam line on his upper lip.

The first time he saw a picture of Santa Claus, he shook his head as Deanna does when she disapproves of some action of his. "You've been carousing with your milk," he told Santa Claus.

Dickie takes up a great deal of Deanna's leisure time, of course, and his kid sister (born October 20) is in another hour—upper. Deanna's third hobby is the Holly-

wood Canteen.

No matter how weary she is, she always manages to appear every Tuesday night. When she arrived in an exhausted condition and made her way to the table at which she is hostess. There was a lone sailor seated there. Everyone else was dancing or chattering or kidding the orchestra. Deanna looked at him and smiled. Then she tried to think of something constructive to say.

She asked where his home was, and whether he had ever been in Hollywood before.

Apparently the seaman sensed her ef-

fort because he grinned at her suddenly and said, "You don't have to talk to me, Miss Durbin. I'm happy just to be sitting here looking at you."

So, in comradely silence, they sat to-
gether, watching our couples dance and afterward listening to the hour-long show put on by other motion picture celebrities.

The next day, in telling friends about it, Deanna said, "Isn't that a reversal for you? I was supposed to be entertaining him. Yet the way it worked out, he was really helping me to relax. It was just as easy and comfortable as sitting in front of the fireplace where you know that you don't have to say a thing."

mail call...

On another occasion she spent a hectic evening giving autographs. Every time she looked up, there were five more note-
books or hats or belts or letter-backs to be signed. She worked and she worked until midnight, then—"You're cramping me—she hurried home and went to sleep.

The following morning she was on the set when a telephone call came in from her cousin, a seaman in the Navy. "If you aren't surrounded by G.I.'s," he said, "I certainly would like to see you. I visited the canteen last night, but it was too much for me—I couldn't get through the mob surrounding me. I decided to announce myself when you would have time to look me in the eye instead of the fountain pen."

A good deal of Deanna's mail is now from earnest G.I.'s. She recently received notice from a parachute battalion in Italy that she had been voted the girl with whose writer's cramp she would most like to make a double jump.

In a later mail delivery she had a letter from a chap in a post in the South Pacific. He explained that he and a group of his buddies had been yarning one night about the activities of stars who made Army camp tours. From that topic, the conver-
sation moved on to the general subject of the attitude of famous persons toward the general public or the private soldier. "Most of those dames wouldn't even give a guy a nickel bag of peanuts," summed up one disillusioned pfc.

A second soldier begged to differ. He said he would wager a fancy sum in the coin of the realm that Deanna Durbin WOULD send him a nickel bag of peanuts. He had a hank of takers in less time than it takes a pair of ivory conga cubes to wipe out a pay day.

So he wrote to Deanna, using pencil and paper and a slight flavoring of fox-hole mud. She promptly sent him a five cent bag of peanuts so that the terms of his bet would be fulfilled. Then she had a king-size carton of peanuts forwarded for the benefit of the soldier and the entire enrollment of his platoon.

The long arm of coincidence reached out to bless one of Deanna's canteen friendships recently. Some months ago she had spent an evening dancing with and talking to a personable Marine. He had been interested before induction in little theater groups, and so was able to discuss plays and pictures with wit and understanding. He knew at the time that he was on his way overseas, so—in the months that followed—Deanna thought of him occasionally and waited a wish heavenward for his well being.

I SAW IT HAPPEN
A few weeks ago my buddy and I were strolling gloomily down Hollywood Blvd. . . . feeling pretty lonesome. Everybody but us seemed to be having such a good time. At a red traffic signal a big car pulled up along side of us with Eddie Cantor at the wheel.

Without thinking I waved and said, "Hi, Eddie." He grinned and motioned to us, "Come on, boys, get in." We were driven to a drive-in where the three of us had a coke and a long chat. Eddie was so congenial and interested in us, we forgot we were friendless in a busy town. When he left us, my buddy turned to me and said, "Boy, there goes a white guy!"

Corp. Darrell Roberts
Arcadia, Cal.

fortunes of war . . .

Recently she received a friendly note from him saying that he had been honorably discharged after his overseas experiences and that he had been signed to a long term contract by RKO. His name is Chris Drake, and Deanna—pondering the intricacy of human affairs—has observed that it would be a neat summing up of things if she and Chris could one day work in a picture together.

In other ways Deanna's life and her work are touched by the war. Recently she received a letter from a girl who had been engaged to be married to an Air Corps pilot. They had set their wedding day, but he received orders which moved him abruptly out of the country before the nuptial arrangements could be completed. His subsequent letters indicated that he was in England and that he was participating in the heavy raids over Germany.

On the very day upon which the girl had planned to be a bride, she received the heartrending telegram from the War Department telling her that her fiancé had been killed in action. The shock was so great that the girl went into a mental state describable only as emotional coma. She couldn't cry, she couldn't think, she seemed to be completely cut off from life.

See Bonita Granville in "SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD"
A Charles R. Rogers Production for United Artists

"Royal Crown Cola's Really grand!
It tastes best—My favorite brand!"

says

BONITA GRANVILLE

"I'd like to tell you about the famous cola taste-test I took recently," says Bonita. "I tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the one that tasted best. My choice was Royal Crown Cola. So you can see why Royal Crown Cola is my favorite 'quick-up'!"

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY
She had to give up her job. She felt that she had lost all contact with the world forever.

One night she and a friend went to see "Hers To Hold." During the scene in which one of Deanna's fellow workers in an aircraft plant learns of her husband's death overseas, the girl suddenly burst into frenzied sobs. She wept so tragically that she had to leave the movie, of course, but afterward she seemed to be able to reason with herself. She went back to work, crushed. Of course, but still able somehow to carry on. She had written to thank Deanna for having made the picture.

Deanna's next picture, by the way, is "Christmas Holiday," a film version of the distinguished book by Somerset Maugham. It was a Maugham vehicle, "Of Human Bondage," that launched Bette Davis as a dramatic actress, and the same may be true of Deanna.

Heretofore, Deanna's screen parts have held a close likeness to her own personality. She has been wholesome, blossoming. In "Christmas Holiday" she has her first opportunity to portray a difficult role, totally foreign to her own character. The casting of the picture was an aspirin special at the studio. A good deal of thought was given to the change in Deanna's screen career. Would she be able to get her teeth into the part and extract the juice from it? Would the far-flung and highly volatile Durbin fans approve?

Deanna, who is as bright as Babson beneath that sugar-coated exterior, gave the entire problem a good deal of personal skull scrimmage. She read the book carefully, re-reading those passages dealing with the character and behavior of the girl she was to make up. Then, when the shooting script came through, she decided that she was a big girl now, and there was no reason for her to forego the dramatic challenge of "Christmas Holiday."

When she is working, Deanna sets the alarm for 5:45 A.M. She awakens instantly to that clarion voice, shuts it off, closes the window and turns on the heat. Then she snuggles back into the dream sack for another 15 minutes. That means that she has to be a small tornado of speed when she does arise formally and officially, because breakfast is ready at 8:30—too early an hour for anyone to be able to look a bowl of cereal in the face without cringing. She forces herself to eat something because noon is a long way down a corridor of busy hours, and her appetite, unless appeased in the morning, begins to kick up about 10:30.

From breakfast, she makes a beeline for the studio. While she is working in a picture, she has her hair shampoowed twice a week, but it has to be set every morning. When she isn't working, a shampoo and wave once a week are sufficient.

She reports to the set in costume and make-up at 9. After luncheon each day she takes a 30-minute vocal lesson. Between takes, while the lights or cameras are being adjusted, Deanna knits in her dressing room. She is now champion purler of the bobby sox brigade, having made several non-dropped-stitch pairs for herself.

extra curricular activities . . .

She tried, some time ago, to read between takes, but she found that she became so interested in the dialogue and the situations in the book that when she returned to her own cinematic troubles they didn't seem half so vivid or interesting as the fictional fiascos she had just put aside.

Deanna occasionally brings recordings to the studio and plays them. This happens only between the time she completes production on her left sock and casts on stitches for the right.

At six, when shooting for the day is usually finished, Deanna sometimes rushes over to her sister's home for dinner without stopping to remove the make-up. It is known to be found—a vociferous kiss—wearing almost as much grease paint as Aunt May Pole.

On other evenings, Deanna meets Ann Shirley—who lives across the street from Deanna—and they have dinner together. If the points are plentiful they eat at home; if the paper shortage has caught them with no eats outs.

Highlights in the Durbin experience at present are such social functions as the birthday party that was given for her on the set. Every year the studio presents her the proportions of which have expanded as Deanna herself has grown up. This year, because Deanna is now a senior citizen of 22, the local cake-makers did themselves good. The sky-scraper cake that was wheeled onto the stage—where all work instantly ceased—looked like Hansel and Gretel's dream of a merry-go-round, "Line up everybody," Deanna called, arming herself with a long-bladed knife. She carved and she carved. At first the wedges she cut were three or four inches wide. After she had served several dozen members of the crew, Deanna glanced down in consternation along the queue still waiting for a slice of cake. The portions became smaller. And smaller. Her last guest had to eat his share in a hurry or it would have been wasted away, as light as a feather on the breeze. Deanna didn't get so much as a crumb of cake for the lack that night, however, when her sister served a chocolate cake sporting 22 candles.

Beech-Nut BEECHIES . . . candy-coated gum in three delicious varieties . . . Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin . . . bring you today the same fine quality and delightful flavor for which "Beech-Nut" has been famous for many years.

Beechies are made by the makers of popular Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT GUM . . . and Beech-Nut SPEARMINT GUM in stick form.

The publicity department, which claims Deanna to be the world's most woe to anyone who harms a hair of her dearly loved head, chipped in and bought her a treasure in the form of a Dresden figurine. Dan Thomas, head of the department, purchased it on behalf of the co-workers while he was in New York. He bought it back swathed in cotton, protected by paper shredding, and transported in a perfectly huge carton.

The figurine is approximately ten inches long and six inches high, a ceramic masterpiece in the form of a sofa on which are seated three exquisitely ladies of fashion.

Deanna hasn't decided (1) exactly which nook in her house is to be graced by this beauty or (2) how she is to sit it home without accident. She thinks now that she will persuade some very steady and reliable member of the department to nestle it fondly in his arms while she drives her car home.

And most assuredly she will wear her lucky jacket while on this short journey. The lucky jacket is a blue herringbone affair that has been over a white blouse and blue slacks when she has to remove her picture wardrobe while she has luncheon in the commissary.

The jacket is- and is distinguished by a wide daub of green paint that she annexed while her dressing room was being redecorated. Around the collar there is a slight but unmistakable stain of green paint. But Deanna loves it with a great and unchanging devotion.

The lucky jacket is probably just a good-natured gesture of homage to the gods because anyone as genuinely sweet and talented as Deanna Durbin is going to spend years and years winning the worthwhile end of the wishbones.
Do you fear the “Compact Close-up” in the noon-day sun?

See how Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder flatters your skin’s soft, youthful loveliness even in the harsh, bright light of midday.

SOFT light is fairy-kind to your skin . . . hiding all its faults . . . giving it dreamy, mystic softness. But lady, most of the time your skin has to face the hard revealing light of sunshine or electric glare. And this harsh light, as well you know, can make your skin look coarse, lined and oldish.

But the exquisite color of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is especially created to flattter the natural young loveliness of your skin, in even the harshest light. How can that be? It’s because Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. Yes, the colors of this exquisitely smooth face powder stay true to your skin . . . remain fresh, vibrant, gloriously alive in any kind of light.

Peek in your compact at midday or midnight and be comforted . . . Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder gives your skin a look of bewitching smooth beauty.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting “Color-True” Shades 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.
"I taste eet, then I season eet!" says Carmen Miranda, famous sombo specialist of screen and stage. She loves good food and favors dishes prepared at home in the Brazilian manner.

"Where did you get that hat?" It's an old native costume in Bahia, laughs Carmen, who introduced her version in Rio, then added more ornaments for a towering Hollywood success.

BRAZIL

The coat of arms of the Brazilian Republic, illustrated above, is outstandingly appropriate. Each ray of the five-pointed star is half-green, half-yellow—these being the national colors, chosen to symbolize the country's forests and its gold—with a spray of coffee on the left and one of tobacco on the right, representing two of its most important crops. Within the star is a double circle in blue; the outer circle containing twenty stars, one for each of the twenty States, the inner circle featuring the five stars of the Southern Cross. Across the handle of the vertical sword appear the words: "The United States of Brazil," while under this is the date of the establishment of this vast, rich republic.

Singing sensation of many a musical movie and currently starring with Don Ameche in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor film, "Greenwich Village," Carmen Miranda has been variously described in such colorful terms as vivid, exotic, torrid and even barbaric! But the description we favor, at this particular time, is "The Brazilian Bombshell." For it is as the vivacious representative of this imagination-stirring country that she appears here—to help us wind up our series on "The Foods of our Allies" in "The Sous American Way!"

Fortunately for us, and for this story, Miranda "luffs to eet!" Stated—in that rapid-fire way she has of talking—that "What's cookin'?" was one of the first American slang phrases she ever used, "maybe because I always hoped the answer it would really interest me!" Spoke of native Brazilian dishes with enthusiasm; mentioned by name the ones she likes best and—with the help of sister Aurora—gave us directions for making some of these Miranda favorites. Told us that in Brazil, as in so many South and Central American countries, rice is the outstanding food staple—always on the table at both lunch and dinner, "to eat it or not, as you choose." Mentioned beans, prepared in many an interesting fashion, as also rating high in popular esteem. So necessary, it seems, are rice and beans to all Brazilians that a native is said to "earn his feijoa e arroz,"—meaning beans and rice—instead of his "bread and butter!"

Our star also spoke of avocados, and explained they never appear in the form of a salad, but turn up instead in main course and dessert dishes. And, as was to be expected, since Brazil is the leading coffee producing country of the world, Carmen went on at length about this beverage which Brazilians—starting from childhood—drink with a degree of enthusiasm perhaps unequalled anywhere else in the
world. In fact, we learned, it is common for a Brazilian to consume from one to two dozen cups of coffee a day; in the morning as café con leite (coffee with milk) but, during the rest of the day, with sugar but without cream.

Coffee, to them, is not only the symbol of hospitality, but the necessary, the perfect accompaniment to all social and business discourse, whether it's a diplomatic or commercial call, a visit to a friend's house, or a stopover at one of the sidewalk cafes they love to frequent—where coffee is sipped at small, marble-topped tables in true continental style. No wonder, therefore, that although there are no special Brazilian decorations in Carmen Miranda's Beverly Hills home, to "set the scene" for her, there is always a filled coffee pot on the back of the stove; so that the family, and members of her Banda Do Lua (Band of the Moon) who wander in at odd hours, may always feel free to help themselves to any number of small cups of their favorite beverage.

And what of the Brazilian-style dishes we are featuring in this month's attractive little leaflet? Well, you'll find that they're the type that are "in season" the year around and will be welcome at your own dinner table. And our recipes for these food favorites of this South American good neighbor have been carefully tested and double-checked for accuracy.

For, not content with accepting one person's opinion on the subject of Brazilian foods—even though that person is a native of the country as well as a screen star—we went direct to the charming wife of Eurico Penteado, Financial Counselor of the Brazilian Embassy and representatives of Brazil on the Pan-American Coffee Bureau, UNRA, and other committees of international importance.

Senhora Filoca Penteado is a hostess famous in diplomatic circles, and among her friends, for the Brazilian specialties she herself knows how to prepare. We therefore consider ourselves fortunate indeed in having been able to go over with her the Miranda recipes we are offering you this month.

You'll find in the leaflet a recipe for Pescadinho—Carmen's tasty version of halibut, highlighted with further suggestions from Senhora Penteado. And Feijoada, a combination of feijao preto (black beans) and meat—several kinds of meat, it seems, and all of it either of the low-point or no-point variety. There's Camaroesa Bahiana—a colorful blend of pink shrimp and green okra—to be served with the inevitable rice, with directions for cooking the rice included. There's an avocado suggestion which we think perfect as a party main-dish. And finally there's Miranda's favorite, Creme de Abacate—avocado dessert "that ess out of thehes world."

**THE MODERN HOSTESS**
**MODERN SCREEN**

149 Madison Avenue
New York 16, New York

Please send me—absolutely free—recipes for Carmen Miranda's Brazilian dishes.

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"Unconditional Surrender!"

To the woman who uses Fels-Naptha Soap there is nothing vague about Unconditional Surrender. She sees it happen every wash day.

Like all housekeepers, Dirt is her arch enemy—an invader and a despoiler. She uses Fels-Naptha Soap because she has no patience with half-measures. Or, to put it more plainly, with half-clean clothes.

When she tosses the family wash into a tubful of Fels-Naptha Suds, the issue is decided, then and there. Those two inseparable allies—Soap and Naptha—drive Dirt from every seam and fibre. They 'liquidate' the invader without injury to fine fabrics or dainty garments.

In the conflict with Dirt, you can't afford to be unprepared—or 'neutral.' Fels-Naptha Soap is made for, and used by, women whose only terms with the enemy are—Unconditional Surrender!

---

**FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
Improvements will happen
(as every daughter knows)

In every family there is usually somebody who wants to change and somebody who wants to "stay put"... New methods, new products, new habits—they all meet resistance at first, but nevertheless improvements will happen!

Take the case of Tampax (an internal method for monthly sanitary protection)... Nobody has taken it up more quickly than the students in the big women's colleges. Then they in turn have told their mothers and friends back home—how Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads, how it can cause no bulges or ridges.

Perfected by a Doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into dainty, ingenious individual applicators. No odor. No chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Ask for Tampax at your regular drug or notion counter. Note the 3 sizes to suit early days and waning days—also different individual needs. Introductory box for 20¢. Economy packagge for 98¢ lasts about 4 months... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorrencies

Regular

Super Junior

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(continued from page 79)

he sang. By the time he got back to Hollywood, he could hardly put his attention to his radio show and the Paramount picture coming up.

army clambakes...

Soon as he hit town, too, something else happened. An Army lieutenant showed up in Hollywood one day. He came straight from the Muroc Dry Lake air base up north of town, and he was A. W. O. L. He'd practically hitched his way south with a 1940s version of "on the road." He showed up at the Hollywood U.S.O. with a story that hit Crosby and Company right over the ticker.

Up there at the air base there was nothing for his pilots and ground crew to see or do. No town near, no fishing, except a vast expanse of alkali dust and distant stretches of bare sun-baked hills. There weren't even any barracks, just tents and rations and a wind that never let up except when it blew sand. But at that same place, Air Corps patrol bombers were taking off every few minutes and winging their way out over the Pacific Ocean. Those boys were pitching for defense when the pitching was plenty tough, when Jap subs were off the coast blowing up ships and shell ing the shore.

Well, when Bing and his brother Larry heard about that, they got going pronto. They got together a gang of stars, took it up to Muroc the next day, and turned a revetment into the Roxy to chase the movie-dreaming out of those hero guys' ears. That cinched it. From that day on Bing and the Crosby clan have been on an all-out soldier entertainment basis. Larry does most of the managing, booking, getting professional vaudeville and movie talent, expertly rehearsed shows—no pickup stuff. "These guys are heap," warned Bing at the start, "nothing but the best." And that's the way it's been, the boys can always make the shows themselves, because there are still pictures to make, his radio program, a dozen benefits and small-time war chores here and there about Hollywood. But they go out regularly like Phil Silvers, Rags Ragland, Faye Mackenzie, John Scott Trotter's band, all Bing's Paramount and radio star pals. Bing has diverted all the proceeds from his biggest selling record, "Silent Night," to help pay expenses for this good work. But he still has to dig down in his own pocket now and then when the odds get against him.

Bing's Crosbyettes—his sons—have had a little trouble in their war efforts. The spirit is mighty willing—but in the case of Gary, it has been, at a cost, like cutting in the youngsters on his Army clambakes one Sunday when he was sitting around the house with nothing to do and got to feeling guilty about it. So he hopped in the car with Gary and Linny and ran over to the Hollywood Turf Club, where his own sugar-footed nags used to circle the track. Today it's another Army post, and that day Bing turned it into a circus. The kids came through with impersonations and a skit they worked up on "The Seven Dwarfs." After that Bing told them they were on the team, and the next time he made a camp trip, he packed them along.

When Bing finished his songs before the big audience he said, "I'm running out of voice, but here's a little gravel-throat who wants to take a crack at this crowd." Gary was ushered up to the mike, but got stage fright and couldn't take his legs move. The soldiers roared, but Bing wasn't caught short. He summoned Linny, hardly more than a tot. "Never mind," said Bing, "we got a mob of show-offs at our house." Linny never batted an eye, but came through right away with his version of "Pop Eye the Sailor Man," whistle effects and all. He brought down the house, too. Well, that episode almost caused a familial schism at the Crosbys. Because when Bing got home, he chuck-clucked severely and sighed, "Well, I guess Gary can't make the team on any more camp shows. He won't work. Have to let alone a Crosby with some Irish in him. Pretty soon Gary was begging his dad to please give him another chance. 'Til sing this time,' he begged. "It was an all American business." Which he did—spent a week on it, in fact. The act was take-offs on Papa Bing's singing tricks, and Gary covered everything from "I Surrender Dear" on up to date. Before they were through, Gary ar-rived, Gary gazed into the soldier mob—and—again his knees wilted. Just the same Gary gritted through it, but he got all mixed up and bobbed his count. What's that right?" When he turned to Jimmy van Heusen at the piano and letting himself off the hook, barked crossly, "What's the matter? Can't you get it right?"

The inner man...

Bing rehearses a camp show twice as long as he does his radio program. He always insists that a Paramount gag writer friend of his, Barney Dean, go along with his outfit to nose around among the soldiers beforehand and find out what G.I's do instead of dishes or KP work. If he is having love trouble with a local blonde babe or something, then he whips up some gags tailored to the camp, and Bing gets every last laugh out of them. Bing has always made a point never to talk down to his Army audiences. He knows they're as sharp on the uptake as they can be. "They're heap," he's always repeating. For instance, this is the way it won't be the other day Bing was introducing Faye Mackenzie, and the boys were giving her a real noisy welcome. When the roar died down, Bing turned right at the start. Bing has just come out. "Now what's Faye got that I haven't got?"

"Hair," yelled back a soldier almost before Bing got the words out of his mouth. Bing has even gone so far in his consideration for Army audiences as to tidy himself sartorially for his camp shows. That's sensational if you know Bing, who usually prefers to work dressed like the Northern Lights going South with a gaudy sport shirt and out fits built for comfort, not style. One day coming into an Army camp town he was strolling down the main street looking to pick up an old pair of wet-wash pajamas, his hat on the back of his head and a day or so's crop of blond whiskers on his cheeks. Crowds whooped right at the start. Bing has an arrival run up the streets looking for him, but they all passed right on by without suspecting that the disheveled fellow ambling along was the mighty Bing himself. One citizen even came up to him—

"Say, Bud," he asked, "have you seen Bing Crosby around? They say he's in town.

On the nose...

Bing laughed and gave him the old Hollywood thrillers line—"He went that way." And darned if the guy didn't run off where Bing had pointed!

Since then Bing has started sticking his sparse locks and worn suits and bespectacled noses out among 'em. He has even donned himself up in a white coat, tux. pants and patent-leather shoes a few times, at big Army camp shindigs.

Probably the thing that's most surprising of all about Bing's reformation, though, is his fussy concern with time. Bing used to have small regard for the ticking of clocks. In fact, he never wore a watch. Always said, "Why? There's always some-
one around who can tell you the time."
But he's extra fussy about keeping soldiers
waiting around. He knows spare time in
an Army camp is precious.
Besides his camp appearances, Bing has
taken it on himself to become a handy
man for the soldiers overseas, boys he can't
reach with his gravel notes. They'd al-
ways writing him letters and requesting
the darndest things—but Bing manages to
come up with the answer somehow.
There was the bunch in the Aultians
who needed a trunk full of sound effects
for their local radio shows—car-honks,
train toots, auto smashes and even screams.
They could have written any of the
Hollywood radio people—but somehow
they picked on Bing. So he and Larry
went around to the radio stations in Holly-
wood and got together the darndest collec-
tion of gruesome sounds you ever heard
and shipped them right out. He got a
request a while back for a flock of his
own records, preferably autographed. Well,
Bing lost most of his own platters when his
house burned down, and as anybody knows
most of the numbers are as rare in music
stores as nylons at a hosierly counter. Just
the same Bing put the bite on his friends,
relatives and even himself and shipped
them off as near a complete selection as he
could find.
Just about the fastest writing and record-
ing of a song that ever took place in Holly-
wood can be hung up to the credit of Bing
and those song writers of his, Burke and
van Heusen, when the Seventh Air Force
in New Guinea gave them a buzz. It was
7:30 one recent morning when Bing's phone
jingled and the operator said "New Guinea
calling". Captain Charlie Erb, a former
USC All-American footballer, was on the
wire. He said the Seventh Air Force
simply had to have a song of its own pronto
—and they wanted one by Bing. Bing
doesn't write 'em, but he did the next best
thing—turned it over to Burke and van
Heusen, who came up with a special
anthem by 12 o'clock noon. Bing recorded
the tune during his lunch hour, and the
master record sailed away by bomber that
afternoon to the South Pacific.
Those are the kind of war pitches you
seldom hear about around Hollywood but
which stars, not only Bing, but a lot of
others, too, are always coming up with.
Bing hasn't had a placid lunch hour for
weeks. There's usually a Bond rally short
to be made or a war song to be recorded
somewhere around the lot, or a bunch of
Army visitors who want autographed rec-
ords or a personal earful of Bing's up-and-
down notes. Bing was going over some
songs on the set of "The Road to Utopia"
the other day when a messenger came on
the set and handed him a note. "From the
O.W.I."
he said.
O.W.I.'s left-hand man...
Everybody wanted to know then what
Bing had to do with the O.W.I. Turned out,
he'd been special consultant to the O.W.I.
on camp shows for the past eight months,
but he'd never got around to mentioning
it! Bing has even busted some rules of his
for his private war effort. He posed the
other day for a cigarette advertisement—
which he'd always refused to do before—
so the boys overseas would get a million
smokes. And he gave his precious throat
a resting at a big Hollywood service
benefit show the other night when the flu
bugs had it sore and husky, and Bing
registered a temp of a hundred and some-
thing. But he sang just the same.
One thing that fascinates Bing particu-
larly about any element of life he gets
interested in is the lingo. Bing's talented
in the word department—just naturally.
That mixture of deep erudition and station-
house slang that he sends out over the air
is not written for him. That's the way

---

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* You, too, can easily give yourself a beau-
tiful, long-lasting cold permanent wave, in the
comforts of your own home... as thousands
of women and girls are doing with the sensa-
tional "Chic" Permanent Wave Home Kit.

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requires no heat or electricity, no machines or
dryers, no harmful chemicals or ammonia.

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types of hair—coarse, medium, or fine.
"Chic" is backed by ten years of home per-
manent waving experience. Use "Chic" for
complete satisfaction.

* Enjoy the thrill and admiration of natural-
looking curls and waves... easy to style for
the "hair-do" best suited to your personality.

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GET "Chic" AT... DRUG STORES... DEPARTMENT
STORES... VARIETY STORES... 5 AND 10c STORES
Bing talks. His pals have always been amazed to accompany Bing about the stables and paddocks of race tracks and hear him chatter with the grooms, jockeys and touts in the fantastic language they use. Bing's really a great mimic and impersonator and authority on all kinds of slang, from Deep Brooklyn to Mid-Texas and back again. Right now he's got G.I. Joe's bongo down so pat that no matter what they toss at him, he can toss it right back. It's this burning curiosity that makes him always pick the enlisted men's messes to eat in and their recreation halls and barracks to bum around in when he's on tour. But he gets along with the gold-braid every bit as cozily.

hero's hero . . .

In fact, Bing's most rabid fan is an Air Corps lieutenant who announced himself as such, some time ago when he came to Hollywood on the way to the battle fronts. At the time Bing was shooting "The Road to Morocco," and when he heard about this flyer-admirer, he had him come on the set, as he always does whenever a soldier on leave arrives in Hollywood and manages to contact Bing. There Johnny Burke, Jimmy van Heusen and Bing were smoothing out the rough edges of "Moonlight Becomes You"—so they ran it over for this chap before the public ever got an earful of it.

Well, this officer was so roped up over it that he promised Bing to bag four Jap planes especially for him. Then he left, and Bing never heard much about it for awhile until he read that this pilot really had bagged four Jap planes and dedicated them to Bing. He'd called his killer machine "Bing Crosby's Curse." That thrilled Bing to the core, but guess what thrilled the aviator—the victories? Well—later Bing was beaming one of those short-wave overseas broadcasts to the boys, and he happened to sing "Moonlight Becomes You."

He got a V-mail letter pronto.

"I had the most amazing experience in the jungle the other night," it read. Bing thought some tingling tangle with the Jap Zeros was what it meant. But the letter went on, "I was sitting deep in the bush and out of my radio came your voice singing 'Moonlight Becomes You.' I could hardly believe it. To think that I, way out in that jungle, heard you sing that song before anybody else in the world!"

That's what thrilled him—more than bagging the four planes! And things like that to Bing, too—to know that a thrifty old thrust like himself isn't ready for the glue pot yet and doesn't exist just to make teen-age tootsies sigh into their chocolate malls. The respect that a lot of red-blooded guys hold for him is a very solid article, whether he knows it or not. That was proved a bit back when Bing and Larry put on a show at a desert camp near Hollywood.

There they met a general in command who struck them as just about the highest type of soldier they'd ever run into. A man of rare personal charm and power, he was loved and respected by all his men to the point of worship. Yet he was tough, a strict disciplinarian and a harder worker than any five men in his command.

It turns this general hadn't had one day's leave in two years since the war started—not an hour. He was devoted to duty and didn't dare have one tiny thing go wrong with his camp—so he never left for a minute and worked all hours. The Crosbys fell for him just like the soldiers, got to talking and discovered that the general's son was due to graduate from West Point in a week or two.

"I'd sure like to see that," said the general.

"But," he laughed, "I haven't got a decent uniform to wear. Haven't been away long
enough to buy myself a suit of clothes, and the desert’s ruined the ones I have.”

That set Larry and Bing to thinking, so they put a proposition up to him. If they got a pledge from his men that they’d be on their honor to keep things at the camp ticking like clockwork, would the general come over to Hollywood and get himself outfitted and let them show him around? The general laughed “Okay” so they buzzed around, got the pledge from the men—no job at all. And the general took a trip to the tailor’s in Hollywood, where Bing entertained him. He got his new duds and later on a long overdue leave to see his boy graduated at West Point. Needless to say, the men at that camp lived up to their end, too. Not one G.I. was out of line a minute while the general was away.

Bing’s biggest ambition these days is to take a trip overseas to the battle fronts and bring his brand of melody up where the slugging is going on. Especially since his pal Bob Hope, got back to Hollywood with heart warming tales galore of his North African tour. So far radio, movie and local camp programs have kept Bing rooted to his home shores, but he’s getting pretty impatient, and right now he’s working on a deal to make a salty expedition possible.

q. l. double . . .

He doesn’t care where he goes—but if it’s to the Mediterranean sector, he’s likely to run right into himself. Other day he got a letter from a soldier there, Private Lee Jones of Illinois.

“I was driving up to a British refueling station in our jeep,” wrote Jonesie, “when four little Arab kids ran out and wanted to know if I was Bing Crosby. Of course I said ‘no,’ but because I do look like you and have always been kidded about it, my buddies in the jeep with me said that’s just who I was. So these Arab kids, in perfect English, break into a solid quartet rendition of ‘When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day’:

“That got such a howl out of my buddies that they’ve kept on insisting that I’m you ever since. So if the story gets around that you’re in North Africa—I want you to know it started.”

That letter didn’t make Bing Crosby a bit mad—he thought a dough-boy-double was a swell idea. At this point his staggering daily schedule could do with a couple dozen extra Bing Crosbys. And so could the boys in uniform, from all reports.

HALF PINT, JR.  
(Continued from page 39)

young lady, and tucked her in for her nap. That night the identical dish of cereal was again presented to a pout-mouthed, arch-eyedbrowed young lady. Hunger won, and with that capitulation, little Miss Detlie learned one of her first bits of philosophy: Take advantage of what you have while you can.

One of the next lessons that Veronica Lake taught her intelligent infant was the right of ownership. Around her house Veronica had placed several valuable specimens of bric-a-brac, and she had no intention of removing them because of the clutching hands of a small daughter. “No, no,” she said quietly when Elaine made a pass at a blown-glass pigeon, “that is Mommy’s. This is Elaine’s.” And she handed the young lady a Raggedy Ann doll.

smooth, shining and tub . . .

Elaine sat back and thought this over.
Raggedy Ann lost the decision to the pigeon, and a chubby hand moved toward the table with determination while a pair of China-blue eyes turned toward Mommy. Mommy shook her head. "I told you that birdie belonged to Mommy. If you touch it, I'll spank the baby's hands."

Elaine stared at her mother for several seconds while she weighed the chances of the threat being carried out. In the past she had discovered that when Mommy said she was going to spank, rattle, or do anything, she did just that. Just enough to make a chubby hand sting, you understand, but quite sufficient to joggle an infant's dignity.

Elaine glanced quickly from her mother's serious face to the pigeon. Such a lovely pigeon, shining and smooth and tabu. Elaine grabbed it and jerked it onto the carpet. The peculiar grace of pigeons, and a small girl's fingers must have been on the job because the glass didn't break.

Mommy rose to her full five feet one and advanced upon the culprit. "If I'd spank you if you touched that—remember?" she remarked. Then, deliberately and with a measured pressure, she spanked Miss Elaine's hands.

The little lady yowled at rage. "Raggedy Ann is yours," said Mommy Veronica, setting the doll beside Elaine.

"I want my pillow," said Elaine between sobs, so Veronica got the pillow and handed it to her. The pillow has a history. It was one of the first things Veronica made during Elaine's pre-stork days, and it matched the blue bassinet. As Elaine emerged from babyhood, the one possession to which she clung on every possible occasion was her pillow. To this day, when she is tucked in at night, she cuddles this pillow. There may be a pan to a teddy bear or a doll in her trundle bed, but the roll call isn't complete until she has her pillow.

The pillow naturally represented Veronica's Sunday hands. She decided that the next time the little lady appropriated something that didn't belong to her, Mommy would lay possessive hands on the pillow, thus bringing the problem home in terms the infant could understand. However, this wasn't necessary. Little Miss Dottie got the idea after one positive treatment.

Sometimes this portion of her ethical training has funny results. She is the soul of generosity, so when she goes calling on some of the neighborhood children, she always carries along several of her most treasured toys. "This is for you," she will say with a cherubic smile. "And this is for you, and you, to play with." But when she is called for, at the end of the visit, she solemnly gathers up her belongings, sometimes over the protest of recipients who don't understand the Dottie logic—and takes them home.

The acid test of a little girl's viewpoint on possessions is applied by Veronica's collection of dolls. Not yet have glass cases been made to house the 50 different representatives of doll craft that Veronica started to assemble when Elaine was born. Eventually the collection will belong to The Fair, The Lovable when she has reached an age of appreciation. Among the dolls is an Elgin with a crumpled face made from a prehistoric McIntosh or maybe a Delicious apple. There are a number of stockling-faced dolls typical of different peasant types. At present, in a shop in which she specializes in such manufacturing, a complete set of presidential dolls and their wives is being constructed.

Once that array from Washington, George—complete with powdered wig—to Roosevelt, Franklin Delano—complete with cigarette holder—is completed, Veronica wants to start a collection of European historical dolls.

Another collection currently fascinating to Veronica, which will be passed on eventually to Elaine, is a gold charm bracelet. So far it consists of a gold jeep, a perfect miniature replica of the Army Aircorps Bomber B-19 (complete with insignia), a hula dancer wearing a fine gold chain skirt, a hurry-gurdy man with a tiny monkey at the end of an equally delicate brass chain, a hair of St. John's Bay leaf, a clover, a wishbone, a pirate's chest, a champagne bucket, an ice-cram freezer, a cross and heart-shaped locket that belonged to Veronica as a child, a bird that opens into a locket, a covered wagon and an 8-ball. Elaine's favorite—there's no accounting for a sub-dog's taste—is the 8-ball. Veronica trusts that this is not founded on the value of the young lady's future.

Incidentally, Elaine now wears her first article of jewelry, a slim gold band in which is set a tiny chip diamond. She had decided that this symbol of growing up long enough that Veronica decided to test her daughter's ability to take care of fine things. The ring was not expensive in view of the danger of its being lost. However, that view of the ring also served to give to Veronica the ring in the manner of a trainer caring for the favorite on Derby Eve.

When Veronica is going out in the evening, she always seems to be a charming evening dress ready to go to the theater or a ball, and what she wears is feminine and in love with prettie. She clothes. She wears her mother's gloves, her shoes and her tiny hats. Her eyes are shod in a pair of pretties, and as she observes the dress Veronica is wearing.

"Mommy's dress soooo pretty," she breathes. "Mommy's hair sooo pretty. Mommy so pretty."

**pint-sized preetties...**

Elaine is now getting large enough to wear small of the doll's dressing sets that have become so popular. Currently the two loveties each own a brown tweed suit with matching topcoat and a white wool suit with a series of bright blazer.

When Elaine first tried on her suit, she glanced at her mother in rapt admiration. "Mommy's pretty suit," she said in her accustomed refrain. Then she matched to the full length mirror and scanned her diminutive self. She turned round and round. Then she nodded. "Me pretty, too," she announced with critical satisfaction.

Their slack suits are currently identical, and those who have seen half-pin Veronica and gill-sized Elaine slogging along hand in hand, wearing their sport toggs, recommend the sight.

One Sunday they were driving the short distance from Grandmother Keanie's to the house which Veronica and Elaine share with Carol Ann and Rita. The day was very. When Elaine spied a pony driving ring and demanded a ride. As she was too small to be trusted on the pony alone, Veronica climbed into the saddle and held her daughter on her lap. Around and around they went, the fat pony loping along beneath two laughing riders.

After the ride, Veronica passed a small krewe of passengers. One high school kid said to the other loitering nearby, "You'm right—she's just a kid. I thought at first I'd seen her round school or somewhere. God, her little sister sure looks like her, doesn't she?"

Of her mother's considerable status as a celebrity, Elaine is completely oblivious. Veronica has always kept movie magazines around the house in profusion, and Elaine goes through them with the same enthusiasm with which she attacks her comic books. "Picture of Mommy," she
croons to herself. "'Nother picture of Mommy. Pretty Mommy."

repeat performance . . .

She has been a frequent and very welcome studio visitor, and she has never yet spoiled a take by pouring a treble ad lib into a horrified microphone. "When the bell rings, you must be very quiet. You mustn't cough, nor chuckle nor speak a word," Veronica had warned her.

"Okay, Mommy," said Elaine. Several evenings later, Veronica overheard the small trampoon going over the instructions to her dolls. Silence having been achieved among the ranks of Raggedy Annas and pandas, Miss Elaine went through a brisk drama of her own authorship.

She is a great mimic, and she wants no interference. One night Veronica was waltzing around the house singing one of Elaine's specials: "Shoo-Shoo Baby . . ."

Elaine listened as long as she could, then took a fustful of her mother's skirts and jerked. "You not sing, Mommy," she ordered. "Baby sing!"

Aside from "Shoo-Shoo, Baby," Elaine's repertoire contains a song called "Piston-Packin' Mama." (Mr. Linotyper, please don't change that word. Elaine doesn't say "pistol." She insists that it's "piston.")

The radio is one of her great sources of amusement. She can turn it on and tune it in to the program of her choice, which is always jive. As soon as the program changes, she finds another swing session.

She has never been really ill. But, having observed the signs of illness in others, she occasionally turns the knowledge to good advantage. Veronica asked the young lady to pick up her toys and put them away one evening, whereupon Elaine looked as piteous as possible and explained in a funeral voice, "No, Mommy, can't Baby got tummy ache." (Groan.) "Baby got headache." (Groan.)

And in other ways she is exhibiting the arch beginning of feminine wiles. When Veronica came in from the studio one afternoon, Elaine met her with a rush of affection. The Mommy—pretty routine was gone over thoroughly. The Mommy—soft routine (which is Elaine's version of sweet) routine also got a workout. Then, after the briefest pause appropriate, The Diplomat added, "Mommy give Elaine candy!"

Her spirits of affection have to be allowed to arise without encouragement from Veronica, and in this respect she is her mother's own daughter. Veronica told Rita Beery one day, "I understand Elaine because she is exactly as I was. In hundreds of small ways she shows it."

If Elaine feels affectionate, she will caress her mother with great concentration for a few moments, then walk away without a backward glance to become engrossed in something else. If Veronica tries to instigate an emotional passage with her daughter, if she catches the baby at play and swoops her up, Elaine's expression is one of passive forbearance. She doesn't like it, but she tries to be polite about the interruption.

Unlike some children, Elaine has never been afraid of animals. She will make friends with the manglest cat or the most moth—eaten cat alive; placing two dimples hands on her knees, she will bend over to dog's—eye level and carry on an involved conversation in that language held secret between small children and friendly animals. So specific has her observation been that she became the life of one of her embarrassed mother's parties.

Elaine, dressed in organdy, ribbons and ruffles, had been allowed to make an appearance and conduct herself with great charm. Relaxing, Veronica turned to the group with which she had been talking, after noting that Elaine was making up to

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88 Edna Wallace Hopper’s White Clay Pack

a celebrated male guest who had just asked her if she had a dog of her own. A few seconds later Veronica heard a burst of hilarious laughter. Turning around she discovered her dainty daughter crawling along the floor on all fours. Occasionally she stopped at a chair and sniffed the leg in innocent mimicry of canine behavior. “Me a doggy!”

bogie sweeper ...

Of one thing she was, for a long period, violently afraid. Veronica thinks that someone in the household in Seattle must have run a vacuum sweeper at Elaine when she was a crawling infant. At any rate, she used to scream and tremble every time the machine was turned on. Veronica thought it over, then perfected a stratagem. She brought the sweeper into her bedroom and left it there, instead of storing it in the closet. Occasionally, after Elaine stopped crying away from it, Veronica took her for rides around the house, without turning on the power. Then came the day when the power button was pushed, and the vacuum bag shwooshed out as the brushes began to worry the carpet.

Elaine must have felt much as Dr. Jekyll’s wife did upon her first sight of Mr. Hyde. Here was a dear and familiar thing turned into a vivid monster. She opened her small mouth and uttered a large bellow, so Veronica pushed the switch to turn off the power. Then she showed Elaine how to control the panting beast. That did it. Elaine laughed. But she still doesn’t like it.

Veronica’s small daughter has been a great influence upon Veronica’s choice of friends. Elaine is usually an excellent conversationalist, replete with anecdotes about birds, horses and other fascinating fauna. This evening, Veronica’s tilted ear could catch no glib soprano despite the base attempts to chat.

As she entered the room, Veronica was astonished to see her daughter rise from the floor where she had been studying a book, glower at the visitor and say, “Men!”

Closing the epiphany with the emphatic hissing sound of a small, very disgusted cat. Veronica hasn’t been out with the man since.

On the other hand, one chump whom Veronica has known for a long time is looked upon as Elaine’s prized possession. The instant he arrives she deposits herself in his lap with the observation that he is so pretty. He also smells nice. And his watch has a most entrancing tick.

Sometimes Elaine’s devotion results in highly intimate disclosures. Her apple-of-eye gentleman excused himself after dinner one evening and proceeded to a small room at the end of a corridor. Elaine followed him to the landing and waited. The general conversation paused when someone asked where the gentleman had gone.

“He has gone,” called Elaine in clarion tones, “to the bathroom!” When one is 30 months old, normal conduct is treated without the inhibitions of 30 years.

And so, at the end of the day, a very small, very busy young woman gets buttoned into sleepers. She kneels at the side of her bed and says, “Now I lay me” to the last amen without a falter. “God bless Aunty Rita” (she has never called Mrs. Beery Rita), “God bless Mommy and God bless Daddy.”

Pointing to the picture of John Detlie which stands on her dresser, she says proudly, “There’s Daddy.”

Then she knows Veronica rapturously, clutches her pillow tightly in small, round arms and goes off to sleep. Veronica, kissing the bronze curly head, breathes that sigh which every mother will understand. Out of a world filled with bewilderment, chaos and heartbreak, there is still one perfect thing—a sleeping child.
IT COMES UP MARRIAGE
(Continued from page 43)

sarge. The kid stuck out his arm, failed to
find a shoulder to stop it and fell right
er over his face!
“Wake up, soldier,” snapped the ser-
geant. “This ain’t Dreamland. This is
the Army!”
Well, to be fair, it was kind of tough
for Donald O’Connor to get himself strictly
on the beam that Monday morning, his
very first as a soldier for Uncle Sam.
Small Fry had had himself a man-sized
week-end—yes indeed! Even a sharp show
business kid who has done and seen about
everything in his 18 years and knows all
the answers, like Don, had to admit that
for three dizzy days life had slapped him
on a merry-go-round—a very pleasant one,
sure enough—but guaranteed to make
anybody stumble and stagger. Because,
look what had happened:
In three short days Don O’Connor had:
One, finished up “The Merry Monahans,”
his last jumpin’, jivin’ Universal picture
for the duration. Two, he’d knocked off
a knockout farewell broadcast with Bing
Crosby. Three, he’d signed a brand new
studio contract guaranteeing him full
salary every week he’s in the Army. Four,
he’d married the most wonderful girl in
the whole world. Five, he’d joined the
Army of the United States; and six, he’d
finally passed his exams for what he
wanted to be more than anything else in
the book—A U.S. Air Corps flying cadet.
No wonder Don got his time signals all
mixed and had to wait in the dawn’s early
light for the California-Mexico border to
open so he could get married in Tia Juana.
No wonder he found himself on his honey-
moon without a pair of pajamas to his
name, and had to use a pair of his bride’s
fancy chiffon numbers. No wonder—well,
leave us face it—Small Fry—with love and
the rush of events, was all mixed up like
a chef’s salad. And to avoid that chaotic
condition ourselves, let’s start at the
beginning of what’s the most thrilling event
in Donald O’Connor’s already thrill-packed
young life (or at least a toss-up with be-
coming a flyer-cadet)—his marriage to
pretty little Gwen Carter.
Don’s heart went into a tailspin the mo-
moment he laid eyes on Gwen, and it has
stayed that way, flopping around help-
lessly for over a year now. If you could
see Gwen, you’d understand why. She’s
a little dream dish, sweet 17, with skin
like the cream you used to get, eyes, black
as jet beads, real golden red hair and a
young Venus figure that Don swoons in
“out of this world.” It really comes as
close to a young edition of a Petty girl
drawing as anything I can think of. She
has a low, musical voice, a wonderful
smile, and—well—one look and listen
would melt a banker’s heart.

hollywood at vine . .

That was about a year ago and Cupid
picked—all places—the El Capitan
theater on Vine Street, right above Holly-
wood Boulevard, to draw a bead with his
bow and arrow. It was at a tryout for
some new acts in Ken Murray’s “Black-
outs” that Don first saw Gwen and started
breathing irregularly. He was there to
help with the audition of an old vaudeville
pal of his family’s, and Gwen’s stepfather,
Carleton Kelsey, led the band in the pit.
Gwen herself was sitting with a girl friend
of hers, Joyce Elaine, who did a specialty
in “Blackouts”—watching the tryouts. Don
knew the girl friend, Joyce Elaine, so he
got an introduction.
At that time, Don O’Connor was strictly
**Whispered Hints...**

**Old Wives' Tales**

**Ignore them, Mrs. Smith!**

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Flicker in the heart department. He'd had a girl on the string, of course, ever since he was able to toddle around. The girl had always tumbled for Don's glamour, good humor and worldly charms.

Anyway, they all vanished like a dream when he saw Gwen. Zonitors, Joyce Carter.

And for the first time in his life, Don O'Connor was too knocked out to turn on the charm. He was even too upset to ask Gwen for a date. Instead he crooked to his friend, Joyce Blake.

"Get me her phone number!" Joyce shook her head. "I couldn't do that without asking Gwen!"

"Then," gasped Don, "give her MY phone number. Tell her to call me."

"She wouldn't do that. You don't know Gwen."

Don didn't know Gwen, not at all. He had always been independent himself with girls, but he forgot that girls can be independent with boys, too. Gwen had plenty of beaux at Los Angeles High where she went to school. Her best boy friend at the time was Tommy Breen, son of the Hays office boss, Joe Breen. When Don finally traced down Gwen's phone number that afternoon and called that might for a date, Gwen wasn't impressed.

"Yes, I remember you," said Gwen sweetly, "No, I'm sorry I have a date tonight. That was a fib. Gwen didn't have a date because she didn't let her have dates except on Saturdays and Sundays. But she knew about Don O'Connor and her private opinion was that he was a stink-up-you date."

Don called the night next and the next and the next. Every time, Gwen said sweetly, 'I'm sorry, but I'm busy.' By then Don was fit to be tied and tied and tossed in a closed cell. And only when he got a little humble and desperate did Gwen give in.

**two strikes...**

They went out to dinner on their first date, a Saturday night. Don arrived slicked and combed, and as Sunday best, and he brought along a soldier friend of his for moral support. They drove down to Chinatown and half way down—boom—it happened. A tire went flat as they were passing through a garage Mechanic.

When they finally ate dinner, everybody was starved, and Don's coat was ripped, his shirt streaked with grease, and all in all he was a mess.

He drove home with an empty feeling that he'd fumbled the ball. Instead of impressing the lady with his grandeur as a movie star, he'd ended up looking like a greaseball. Gwen chucked as she told her mother about the big evening.

"He's cute," she said.

But girls are funny—as everyone knows—and maybe it's why Gwen and Don hit it off from the start. Don never got a chance to be a movie star with Gwen. Something always seemed to go wrong.

Take the time they first went up to the mountains. Don had been working day and night for months, but finally they told him a two-day breather was coming up. He planned to hit it off to a trip to Lake Arrowhead for snow sports.

Well, there had to be a chaperone. First, it was Brownie, Don's stand-in, and his wife. But then Brownie's wife got sick. Then Jack, Don's pal, and his wife Millie said they'd chaperone the kids. But at the last minute Jack had to work in a picture. Don was frantic. Finally Don's mother, Mrs. O'Connor, volunteered and off they went. But the minute Don and Gwen and Mrs. O'Connor arrived at Arrowhead, Don's car broke down. He had to spend all day Sunday working on it so they could come back Sunday night—or again the big event was frizzed.

What Don didn't realize until he knew Gwen better was that she didn't give a whoop about the movies or the high life. All that counted with Gwen was what people were like. She's a sensible young lady. Gwen was born in Dancett, Ohio, and she's been educated in private schools in New York, Chicago, Atlanta and California. When she was nine, she took a trip to Europe. At times in her childhood she had been used to plenty of money, and that sort of thing doesn't bother her a bit. In fact, in spite of her dreamy looks, Gwen has never had a speck of movie ambition with it all around her in Hollywood.

Gwen's mother, Lillian Kelsey (who looks like Gwen's sister), works at Twenty-third Century-Fox, and when Don and Gwen got a little too serious too early, she thought it might be good medicine to get Gwen a screen test at the studio and take her mind off marriage. The test was fine, and the studio said they'd give her a part in the last picture. But Gwen just never got around to coming back out to the studio.

**glitter for gwen...**

Don asked Gwen to "go steady" on their fifth date. They were really engaged then, as far as Gwen and Don were concerned, but neither Mrs. O'Connor nor Mrs. Kelsey were taking them seriously. That didn't happen until about four months ago when Don put the bite on his mother for $700.00.

"What for?" she asked.

"I want to buy an engagement ring," said Don. That's the first Mrs. O'Connor knew about how serious her son was about his girl friend. He got the $700 by the way, and Gwen got the ring.

But long before that they saw each other with the regularity of formal dances and afternoon parties. Mrs. O'Connor laid down the law. Saturdays and Sundays were "date nights." School nights Gwen had to stay in. She is a senior at Los Angeles High, and the horse work in the last tract. But Gwen just never got around to coming back out to the studio.

But as for fancy courtin'—that never did enter the picture. For one thing, neither Don nor Gwen smoke or drink. For another—she was none too-well-knnow's best advice that paid off for Gwen-nie! Most of her high-school girl friends puff cigarettes, but when that problem came Gwen argued with Mrs. Kelsey asked her to leave them alone.

"How do you know?" she argued shrewdly. "Maybe the boy you fall in love with won't want you to smoke or boys like you know." Funny part is, Don O'Connor was one just like that. He hates to see a girl smoke or drink!

But with no vices to hinder and that Don and Gwen lived in a circle to stay away from the hot stuff hangouts and juke-heavens. Oddly enough, too, Don O'Connor never wanted to go dancing. Gwen's a good dancer. But Don, after jitterbugging around on the set all day, was just too tired to swing it for fun when it wasn't fun. So their dates, by most standards, were tame affairs—only they weren't tame to Don
and Gwen. They took in movies and went to parties with Gwen’s high-school set and Don’s movie set. They ate in drive-ins and cooed over cakes at drug stores and malt shops. They made the beach fun-piers and tried out some of Don’s hopped-up jalopy triumphs.

lovers’ knot ...

Naturally the course of true love never runs smooth, as the poet gent said. Don and Gwen had a few spots. Mrs. Kelsey could always tell when she came in on them in the front room of her apartment. If everything was rosy-dosy, Don would be slammed on the floor looking up at Gwen with a mesmerized, idolatrous stare. If they quarreled, they’d be sitting on opposite sides of the sofa, quiet and miserable looking. There were romantic tragedies, too. For instance, the time that Gwen rasherly stated that she could cook. That harked back to once when Gwen was a little girl and her mother let her “bake a cake.” The cake was pretty awful unless you planned to use it for a cornerstone, but the family bravely ate it up. They said it was swell. Remembering this, in a soft, domestic mood Gwen told Don she’d bake him a cake. And she did. The result was exactly the same. Mrs. O’Connor, Junior, has a lot to learn about cooking and sewing and such, and when Don arrived he had to tell the same kind of flattering fibs while he bravely tried to swallow Gwen’s brick. “Gwen,” Don finally cracked, “Can I take the rest of this swell cake home? I want to show it to Mother.”

“You don’t want the whole cake, do you?” asked Gwen suspiciously. “Why not just take a piece?”

“No!” protested Don wildly, “the whole cake!”

So he took it and then made a hurried exit, and after he was out the door, Gwen burst into tears. She told her mother that she knew Don wanted the whole cake because he wanted to destroy it! Don and Gwen wanted to get married long before they did—in fact, ever since they decided to “go steady.” But they had both their families working against anything as hasty as that. Really, neither Mrs. O’Connor nor Mrs. Kelsey had much of a position to stand on in that respect. Don’s mother had got married when she was 14, and Gwen’s only a little later in life. People think she’s Gwen’s sister today, and they wear each other’s clothes.

Mrs. Kelsey stalled Don and Gwen along with promises of “in a few months,” and both she and Mrs. O’Connor knew they were safe from an elopement, because at the tender ages of Don and Gwen, their parents’ consent is what counts. But there were signs that things were getting serious, and both mothers knew darned well if it came to a showdown, they’d never have the heart to spoil their kids’ happiness. First Gwen started collecting herself a trousseau in a small way, and at Christmas Don helped out with a wonderful lush fur coat. Then, only a few days before they ran away, he drove up with a Ford car for Gwen. Everybody knew anything could happen soon. But they didn’t know everything would happen all at once.

Then Don got his induction orders. He finished his picture, and the studio came through with a surprise. They told him they were going to write a contract that paid him his regular salary of $350 a week all the time he was under contract to Uncle Sam.

It was only fair. After all, Donald O’Connor has made Universal millions of bucks and worked his head off turning out pictures to beat the band. He went into the Army with a backlog of four unreleased hits. But the only way Universal could reward him heretofore was with bonuses. The government, you know, said studios couldn’t raise salaries of movie stars. Anyway, Don found himself down at Superior Court one day hearing Judge Emmett Wilson tell him it was all very legal for him to cash a $50 check every week from now on until the war is over—whether he worked or not.

smell fry ...

Before he went to court, Don had rehearsed with Bing Crosby for the Kraft Music Hall, and after court he went on to do the “Small Fry” number with Bing—which was where Don came in. Because that was the number in “Sing You Sinners” that first made Don O’Connor a Hollywood star—away back when he was in knee pants. All in all, events were tying themselves up neatly.

It was Saturday evening when Don tried to act nonchalant as he told his mother, “And think I’ll get married.” He’d said it before, but this time Mrs. O’Con-

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世界 are you doing around here so late?"

"Didn't you ask me for a paper?" Pop said. "Here. I saved one for you.

He watched Pop amble off into the night, and then he turned his attention to the headline in the newspaper flapped in his pocket, and he jammed it deeper in. "Good old Pop! Quite a character!"

He caught his eye the next morning. It wasn't the paper itself. It was the neat by-line on the front page: "By Lawrence Stevens." He hadn't written anything for the front page yesterday! What was this? Sleepily he opened the paper. It looked somehow strange, different: It wasn't last night's "Evening News" at all. His eye caught the headline over his name: "Bandits Steal Cash at Open House." A chill ran down his spine as the idea formed hazily in his mind. This was today's paper! This was about news that was going to happen —

shadow of events ...

For a moment he couldn't think. His story! Had he even written it yet? Why, Melba's concert wasn't even on yet! He didn't know why or how, but somehow, somehow what he was holding in his hand was tomorrow's newspaper with tomorrow's news today.

In a frenzy, he climbed into his clothes and rushed down to "The Evening News" office. Outside, he remembered a line from the paper: "Today at eight-thirty in the morning, the city suffered an unusual snowstorm.

He looked up to sky.

It was beginning to snow!

And the voices of "The Evening News," Gordon, the editor, saw him come darting in. Gordon stepped to the front of his office and roared: "Stevens!"

He came over breathlessly: "Have you seen Pop?" he asked. "Anywhere?"

Gordon said icily: "Stevens, you're late. I hate reporters who are late."

"Sure," Larry said. "Where's Pop?"

Gordon's voice was frigid: "Stevens, are you drunk?"

"Drunk? Of course not. You'll see. Wait until I do my front page story on the Melba concert!"

Gordon roared: "You're not going to the Melba concert. You're fired!"

"Fired?" Larry said. "I quit. Besides, you'll give me a raise. You'll see.

"The door slammed shut, and he brushed it aside, and he ran out into the street. He headed for the river. Sylvia! Crazy kid! Making that prediction. He could add it up with one hand, and he turned to the story about the arrest of those bandits ..."

"Bandits?" Larry shouted. "Arrest?"

"At the Union Bank. It says so here—"

Larry dashed to the door and began to hammer on it frantically. Inspector Mulrooney peeked in.

"Well?" he said.

"Will you come out if I tell you where you can get those bandits?"

"Sure," Mulrooney said. "That's what I been telling you. This ain't no gag, is it? I almost believed that gal Sylvia. That girl can see things. She said she saw a woman jumping into the river tonight—"

"What?" Larry yelled. "She said that?"

He began to run. Mulrooney put out on him, and he ran in the river, and he ran out of the street. He headed for the river. Sylvia! Crazy kid! Making that prediction. He could add it up with one hand, and he added it through. Swiftly he climbed to the railing, swung himself over and off into space.

taking pidgeon ...

He hit the water with a shock and clawed his way to the surface again. Something was moving there, a little off to the right. He could see a woman's hair, vaguely familiar. Sylvia! He pulled up alongside of her, and then together, they swam to the small, dark wharf under the pilings of the bridge.

"You little fool," he said. "Why did you do it?"

"I had to," she said. "Otherwise they would never have believed me and you."

"You weren't worried about me?" he said.

She nodded. He said softly, again: "You little fool."

And then he kissed her.

At the desk of the office the boys were ragging Larry. They fired questions at him: How did he know about the robbery? How come he was at the bridge ready to dive? Who was telling him all these things?

"Do you believe in miracles?"
They groaned: "Sure. You know a talking pigeon."
Larry said cheerfully: "Well, me and my pigeon are going to hit the old man for an advance."
One of the men grinned: "Not thinking of getting married, are you, Larry?"
"Could be."
The reporters exploded into jeers. "You know everything, Larry. Why bother the old man about a paltry hundred. Just get this pigeon to pick the five winners at the races tomorrow. That's all you need. Ought to be simple."
For a moment Larry stood tense: "Of course," he said in a low voice. "Why didn't I think of that?"
Then he was out of the office, looking for Pop Benson. Pop wasn't anywhere. He searched all over town. It was no use, and he dragged back to "The Evening News" offices late that night. He walked out into the dimly lit alley that led back to the street. Someone was there . . . "Pop!"
The figure turned. "Pop. I've been looking all over for you. I've got to get tomorrow's paper. It's the last time I'll ever ask for it."
"It won't do you any good, Larry."
"It's my whole future, Pop. I've got to get it."
"It won't do you any good . . ."
But he was holding the paper in his hand. Larry laughed aloud and snatched it from his hand. He thrust it deep into his pocket. He called gaily: "Thanks, Pop. Thanks a million."
"Remember," Pop said. "You wanted it. You took it."
"Sure. Take it easy, Pop. So long."
There was still time to catch Sylvia at the Eden Gardens. He waited in the wings, watching her. She was breathtakingly beautiful. She started to come off. And then as she passed him, he reached out and took her hand. She saw him then and for a moment they stood there in the reflected light of the stage, and he knew he loved her and always would.

staging a proposal . . .

"Darling," he said happily, "Will you marry me? I know this is a crazy time to ask and a crazy place to do the asking. But everything is crazy. I'm just a broke reporter now, and tomorrow I'll be a millionaire — maybe Sylvia."
She hesitated just for a moment, and then she said: "I shouldn't answer this quickly, should I? It isn't proper. But—"
"You will!" Larry shouted. "You will. Darling, I'll give you anything you want. The world on a silver platter, the moon."
J ust give me a minute now," Sylvia said "to change."
He paced excitedly up and down in front of her dressing room. The paper! Of course. He should know the names of the horses. He'd write them down now. He opened it feverishly to the sports page. His eye ran down to the racing news. There they were. The winners. The winners of tomorrow's races! And he knew them now, long before the races were due to be run. Lamplighter . . . Mud Lark . . . Lightning . . . Ramona . . . Black Flash . . . He was made! He snapped the paper shut. The front page stared up at him. A headline caught his eye. For a moment it didn't make sense.

LARRY STEVENS, EVENING NEWS REPORTER, SHOT TO DEATH IN LOBBY OF ST. GEORGE HOTEL

Someone was poking a finger at his chest. Cigolini. What was he saying? Cigolini's face was wavering before his eyes. He realized he was shoving the paper back into his pocket. That headline:

"I'll never go back to him . . . never!"

Mother: There, there, what's Fred done to my little girl?
Wife: Nothing—that's the worst of it. He ignores me—treats me as if I weren't his wife—as if we'd never been in love. I can't stand it another day!

Mother: My darling, from all you've told me, I think it's my fault. There's something I should have explained. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love because of one neglect. Most men can't forgive carelessness—or ignorance—about feminine hygiene.
Wife: You mean—I could have avoided all this?

Husband (sometime later): How's about a kiss, dream girl . . .
Wife (to herself): Umm, everything's wonderful again—thanks to Mother's advice. She was right about Lysol—I use it always now!

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carboxid acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucous, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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Buy War Bonds and Stamps.
SHOT TO DEATH ... ST. GEORGE HOTEL ... 6:28 P.M.

Cigolini was still talking to him. The manager of the Eden Gardens was pumping his hand. What were they saying?

"So you're going to marry Sylvia," the manager beamed.

"Sure is," Cigolini said.

"Come on out on stage," the manager said. "Let the crowd see you.

Where were they now? On stage? There were lights in his eyes ... everyone applauding ... what was the manager saying: "The star reporter of the Evening News." "The Evening News"! That headline! SHOT TO DEATH

The star reporter of "The Evening News," like a drunken man, walked straight to the footlights and then, without pause, kept right on walking, poised gracefully in midair for a moment, dropped five feet into the orchestra pit and made a huge thumping sound as he dropped through the taut skin of the bass drum . . .

wedding licenses and wills . . .

Twenty-four hours. That was all he had left in this world. Not even 24, really. But there was enough time left for a man to get married and provide for his — widow. He still knew the winners of the horse races. He'd make his million. What difference if he wasn't around to enjoy it? Sylvia would have it. SHOT TO DEATH . . . He delivered.

And so they were married. The bride was a vision of happiness. The groom? The groom looked just a little white around the gills. The preacher who was a man of wide experience thought Larry looked just a little peaked for a man about to become a happy groom. He thought it a little strange when Larry asked him how to draw up a will.

And Cigolini thought it a little strange when, after the ceremony, Larry bundled them all into a hansom bound for the race track. Didn't seem right for a fellow just married to be thinking of horses . . . They reached the race track a little late.

A hundred on Mud Lark, Larry said.

"Hey," Cigolini said. "That's a lot of dough. Takes a long time to spend a hundred bucks in singles."


Mud Lark paid 20 to one.

"The works on Lightning," Larry said. Cigolini began to chatter. "Put some of it away," he said. "Save it for a rainy day."

"Let it ride," Larry said.


The bootie paid them off in big bills. Sixty thousand dollars. He eyed Larry auspiciously. Larry took the money as if he didn't care about it at all. Just shoved it into his wallet, all that nice long green. The bootle winked to a friend; the friend began to move as soon as Larry started out of the tent.

The late afternoon sun smiled down benignly as they drove back to town. The trees were green and the flowers were blooming laughter in the fields. Larry sat slumped in the back. He kept seeing a headline: SHOT . . . SHOT . . . SHOT . . .

He held the wallet limply in one hand, the green of the bills showing through the top. Behind them something clattered. A carriage swept even. A quick, grasping hand reached across. The wallet disappeared from his limp hand, and then there was only a whirlpool of dust to show where the other carriage had been. Cigolini shouted. The cab driver whipped at his horses with the shout. The other carriage careened far down the road. Larry was

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• Keeps underarms sweet and dry.
• Protects your charm from one to three days.
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100 East Ohio St. Dept. 1234-C Chicago (11), Ill.
on his feet, staring curiously ahead.
A shot rang out; it nicked the wood
behind Larry's head.

Cigolini yelled: "Get down. They're
shooting."

"It's all right," Larry said. "This isn't
the St. George Hotel."

Once in the city they almost lost the
man as his carriage doubled around cor-
ers. The thief suddenly jumped. Larry
was after him in a moment. Then it was
a nightmare of alleys and doorways. In
one, out the other; always that fleeing
figure in front of him. Up stairs. Out to
a roof. Then across the roofs of the city
in a wild dash. Down a fire-escape. Then
up to the roof again. The thief disappeared
down a skylight. Larry followed, jumping.

Locked in each other's arms, they dropped
down a long sloping chute.

**shooting**

The fall jarred him. The thief was loose
again. Larry, dazed, looked around him.
A large room. The thief was running to-
ward the door, a gun out in his free hand.
Larry started for him. A shot. Wild. Larry
ducked, still running. He ran full into
someone in uniform. He rolled to his knees,
completely dazed. He heard more shots.

The police. At the end of the long lobby there
was a clock on the wall. Fascinated, Larry
watched the hands drop a notch: 6:25.

Then his eyes suddenly riveted on some-
thing on the floor beside him: a hat. A
doorman's hat. Embroidered on it in gold
thread was ST. GEORGE HOTEL.

A shot rang out.

Someone said: "That got him."

Then there were voices. Still dazed,
Larry heard them: "Search the guy. Find
anything? His wallet? Let's take a look
at it."

Larry sat up shaking his head.
He felt his body carefully. No. They
weren't talking about him. They must
have shot the thief. Still the paper said ...

Someone was talking excitedly into the
phone. He could hear the man's voice
clearly: "Evening News!" Get this. Shot.

Six twenty-five. Who? His name was in
his wallet. Lawrence Stevens. Right ...

Very slowly Larry Stevens stood up.

Because a thief had stolen his wallet and
was later shot and because an excited
man phoned the story into "The Evening
News" without checking on it first, the
headline would come out: LARRY STE-
VENS ... SHOT TO DEATH ...

He began to laugh. He couldn't stop.

And so 50 years passed, and the whole
family was downstairs waiting for them
to come down to their Golden Anniver-
sary, Old Larry and Old Sylvia now.

"Why shouldn't I tell them?" Larry
said. "That's the way it happened."

"But how did these papers get printed ...
before there was anything to print?"

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you ask Pop?"

"Because," Larry said slowly, "Pop was
dead. They found him dead in his room.

Just an old man, dead of old age. Just an
old man who didn't believe in time."

**CAST**

Larry Stevens..........Dick Powell
Sylvia ......................Linda Darnell
Cigolini...............Jack Oakie
Inspector Mulrooney.....Edgar Kennedy
Pop Benson..............John Fihler
Jake Schomberg.........Edward Brady
Mr. Gordon.............George Cleveland
Mr. Beckstein...........Sig Ruman
Shop ......................Paul Guilfoyle
Bob........................George Chandler
Jim ........................Eddie Acuff

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"In Hollywood, a singer needs sparkle...

"Tra-la-la calls for radiant smiles.

"I use CALOX Tooth Powder"

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Calox was created by a dentist for persons who
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gentleness. Calox offers you:—

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2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans
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like the cool, clean flavor.

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years experience in making fine drugs.
and thought of the day she'd turned him adrift to shift for himself. "And boy, did he shift!" murmured Aunt Tenny. "My nephew.

He was never the hellion type, far from it. A misunderstood yearling is what he thought he was. Youngest and skinniest of four brothers, he had no one to heckle, since he was also the skinniest kid on the block. Only when there was a gap in the team would the guys let him play.

"Aw, he's no good.

"Better'n nothing.

"Yeah, but not much.

Bob thinks that way he got such a terrific boot out of his own son's feat. Last winter he took Bobby, the elder boy, to visit his parents in Ogden. It was coasting weather, and the harder kids used a drive so steep that when you reached the bottom, you went skimming four blocks on momentum. Bob took his younger down that drive and hauled him back again. At the top, Bobby looked his father in the eye. "I want to go down by myself."

He was three and a half.

"You can't.

"I can, Daddy.

"What got Bob the way he said it—no cockiness, just a quiet confidence that infected the parent in spite of himself. He told Bobby to wait, posted a couple of older kids at strategic points, and himself took a spot halfway down the hill.

Heart thumping against his ribs, calling himself all kinds of a fool, he yelled, "Okay!" Down came Bobby, steering like a veteran, past his Dad, past the other outposts, straight as an arrow to the bottom of the hill and beyond. Apprehension gave way to a surge of such exultant pride as Bob had never known—yet even when Bobby and Michael were born. Going down to meet his son who came trudging up toward him, he thought: "He's the youngest kid ever to take this hill, and he wasn't scared. I'm his father. But he's more than just my kid. He's a person."

That's when the ghost voices sounded. "Better'n nothing."

"Yeah, but not much." And that's when Bob laughed out loud.

At his son's age, he was a person, too—which was maybe the root of his trouble. He got kicked out of kindergarten—for what he was sin he doesn't recall—but brother! when you get kicked out of kindergarten, you're an individualist. He played hookey from school.

His folks couldn't understand why his grades were so poor, and he couldn't understand what was so important about it. It wasn't important to him. Nor to Adrian, his boon companion, who was also misunderstood and played hookey with him. When the family moved to Ogden from Salt Lake, he missed Adrian but continued to play hookey by himself. He and Adrian were just marking time anyway, till they could run away. The thing was to get out on your own. Free of pestering elders, the world was a wide and beautiful place.

They found it was wide, anyway, when they hopped a freight from Salt Lake—where Bob was visiting—and got thrown off with the rest of the stumblebums at Las Vegas.

"Let's hike out to the middle of the desert," said Bob.

"What for?"

"They'll say, 'Look at those poor little children' an' give us a lift."

People were allergic to poor little children.
dren that day. Nobody gave them a lift. So they hiked back to Las Vegas, by which time home with its regular meals didn't look so bad. But Bob had set out for adventure, and adventure he meant to have. In his shoe was a silver dollar which even the pal of his bosom didn't know about. "Let's go in this store and grab a couple of Baby Ruths and run." "We'll get arrested." "They wouldn't arrest a couple of poor little children." Bob liked that line. Ashen-faced, Adrian grabbed and ran—straight into Bob's arms. "Whatcha runnin' for? I got money to pay for a million Baby Ruths." Drunk with freedom, Bob reached home to find his mother sick over his disappearance. He got mad at her for being sick. Then he got mad at his father. There was a good 20-buck car on the market, and he'd saved 20 bucks, delivering papers. Dad said he was too young for a car. Bob decided this was a kind of disease with parents, butting into their kids' affairs. He got a job, left home and boarded out. The older Walker threw up his hands and called on a psychologist friend for help. That guy must have known his business. In no time at all, he had Bob home, bawling his eyes out. But by now the family was walking on eggs. Aunt Jenny was drawn into their councils and offered to send her merveck nephew to the military school her own boys attended—the San Diego Army and Navy Academy at Carlsbad. At first it was just a change of battling locale. Bob continued to skin his knuckles and crack his head against a world he'd never made and didn't like. Meantime, Virginia Atkinson, who taught dramatics, watched him with an understanding eye. And one day she said: "How would you like to read for a part in a play?"

**The saving grace...**

It was like sulfa drugs to fever, and a bottle to a famished babe. Six months later Bob didn't know himself. His grades had picked up, the chips were gone from his shoulders, the sun was out, he loved his fellow-man and worshipped Mrs. Atkinson. The whole thing looked like magic, but was perfectly simple. He'd found in self-expression the freedom his nature craved.

He stayed at Carlsbad five years and in interstate dramatic contests won best-actor award twice in a row. There was no doubt in his mind about what he wanted to do. But he was deficient, and Mrs. Atkinson was his oracle. He couldn't ask for the go-sign, he waited for her to give it. She gave it one night when he drove her home from a performance. "You've got to decide if you're willing to face the heartbreak. All I can say is, I think you're good enough to be an actor."

Bob's reactions are quiet. "That's good enough for me," he said, and you couldn't have told that his heart was doing hand-springs up in the sky.

The Pasadena Playhouse offered him a scholarship. Aunt Jenny offered him a two-year course at the American Academy in New York. He'd have liked to take both, but when you're 18 and New York beckons, you don't give her the air—not if you're in your right mind, you don't.

There was a girl in Tulsa named Jennifer Jones who wanted to be an actress. Her folks happened to send her to the Academy that same year. She and Bob met, attended classes together, fell in love, finished their first year and went hunting for summer jobs. Jennifer found one with a tent show in the Midwest. Bob was still luckier. He tried out for and capped the part of a skinny boy in a Broadway play. Jennifer was sick over missing the opening. They said good-by reluctantly and made a date for the fall. Three days later the Broadway producer said, "I'm sorry, Bob. We're changing this skinny boy to a fat boy."

Something happened then that hadn't happened since Bob was 13. He got sore at the world, marched out of the theater, down 44th to the Hudson. Nuts to the stage! He'd get on a steamer and go around the world. The steamer happened to be a United Fruit liner that didn't go round the world, just hauled bananas back and forth from Central America. By summer's end he'd sweated the peeve out of his system. Magnanimous, that was Bob. Ready to forgive. American Academy, here I come!

He'd reckoned without Aunt Jenny, whose word was her bond and who expected the same of others. By her standards, Bob had walked out on their deal, quit under his first blow. That made the deal invalid. He was on his own.

He had no squawk, thought she was perfectly right. American Academy, here I don't come. Jennifer decided not to go either. Practical experience, that was better than any old school. They got Paul Gilmore to let them put on "Springtime for Henry" down at the Provincetown. Boy, was that fun! Money? Don't be silly. Who makes money at the Provincetown? Besides, they didn't need any. Jennifer ate on what the family sent her. Bob lived at a Yonkers co-op and slung hash for his room and some of his meals. His good brother Walter, practicing law in New York, gave him ten bucks a week.

Then came the wire. Tulsa was opening a new radio station. Would Jennifer come...
back to star in a series of dramatic shows? Fourteen weeks at 2 a week. Bob thought it was wonderful and tried not to think what New York would be like without Jennifer. “Of course you must go.”

“Maybe I must,” she said, looking thoughtful. “But come on in here first.”

In here was Western Union. She didn’t write yes, and she didn’t write no. What she wrote was, “Can you lead a man?”

It turned out they could. Fourteen weeks later, with money in the bank, Bob and Jennifer were married in Tulsa and spent their honeymoon trying to crash Hollywood. Hollywood didn’t know they were alive.


Being poor didn’t matter. Living in one room that cost 18 a month didn’t matter. They were young and in love and all their beautiful life lay ahead. Daytimes Bob looked for work. Jennifer couldn’t, because a baby was on the way. At night he synopsized movie scripts at six dollars a script. Jennifer helped.

One unforgettable day came an emergency call from a radio agent. Bob tore up and tore back with a check for 21 dollars. Five words he’d said. They figured it out on the back of an envelope. Four dollars and twenty cents a word.

“One word for a hat,” said Bob. “We’re going to buy you the best hat in New York for four dollars and twenty cents.”

They took the bus uptown. The hat was blue with white ribbons. It cost four dollars, and the face underneath it made it look like a million.

lucky in love . . .

Radio began breaking. The day Bobby was born, his dad got three jobs, and they called him their good luck. By the time Michael came 11 months later, Bob was an established radio actor with five regular programs. In addition to youth and love, they now had two kids and a car and a house at Sands Point.

But Jennifer’s career to act was as strong as Bob’s, and he had every sympathy with it. When Michael was old enough, she began trotting round to the agents again. One job she applied for was in the road company of “Claudia.”

“Road company nothing!” said the agent, grabbing his hat. “Mr. Selznick’s in town. Let’s go see him about the picture.

Mr. Selznick grabbed Jennifer almost as fast as the agent had grabbed his hat. “Claudia?” Never mind “Claudia.” Make a test of Miss Jones. Run the test of Miss Jones. Have Miss Jones come right up. Mr. Selznick wants you to put you under personal contract, Miss Jones. “Under personal contract, Miss Jones.” Those were the words, and the tune didn’t matter, as Miss Jones and Mr. Walker waltzed round and round, to the wonder and admiration of their children.

When Jennifer was called to the coast to test for Twentieth Century’s “Song of Bernadette,” she took the kids along. If she got the part, Bob would close the house, store the furniture and try for radio work in California. Before Jennifer left, M-G-M’s New York scouts had asked Bob to make a test. Not being the hero type, he thought his chances were slim. Besides, as a movie star he’d get only fifty per cent of the radio earnings.

But when M-G-M offers you a test you accept. And when M-G-M offers you a contract, you may fall flat on your aston-ished face but you take it, and to heck with the dough.

He didn’t let Jennifer know he was coming, wanted to surprise her. She practi-cally fainted. “Bob! Where have you been? I’ve been trying to call you, Bob.

Be kind to your face. Use kitten-soft Sitroux Tissues. They never irritate tender skin because they’re softer ... cleaner better because they’re more absorbent . . . save tissues because they’re stronger. Try them!
I got the part, darling! I'm Bernadette."

"And I'm under contract to M-G-M."

So they fainted into each other's arms.

He got really steamed up when they gave him the script of "Bataan" at the studio next day. That night he read it aloud to Jennifer, Baby, what a part! He almost didn't get it, too, played it too old when he tested. But Tay Garnett, the director, called him to the office and watched him as he talked. "You don't have to test again," he said at last. "The part's yours."

"Tay Garnett, that's my pappy," says Bob, and the way he says it, you can positively see the halo round Garnett's head.

**storm in heaven . . .**

Everything was happy and exciting then. Everything was perfect. A few years back Hollywood couldn't see either of them. Now both Taylor and Bob lay in Jennifer's hands. "Bataan," introducing Bob Walker, was finished and about to be sneaked.

Sneak previews are just what their name implies. They're run for audience reaction. Players are supposed to stay away from their door. But information leaks out. In this case it leaked out to Bob Taylor, who took a like to the other Bob. "Come on, you can go along." Only the other Bob wanted Miss Jones along, too, so he hid her in the back seat of the car where Taylor found her.

"I thought a sneak preview meant you could sneak in," said Jennifer meekly.

I don't have to tell you what the sailor did to that audience. If you saw the pictures, he did the same to you, too. M-G-M promptly cast him as Private Hargrove. Everyone said, how wonderful. Everyone said, those lucky lucky kids—they've got everything.

There's no heavens split with one of those lightning bolts Hollywood never gets used to, though they're frequent enough, more the pity. Bob and Jennifer separated.

Only they knew why. We know only that few separations have saddened the town more. It's none of the town's business, but nobody who's seen them together can squelch the feeling that they belong together.

Of them, the old cliché is literally true. They remain friends. When Bob finished "Hargrove," and "Mme. Curie," he moved over to Staczinski's to look for Jennifer in "Since You Went Away." He's a slicker for promptness. If he says he'll meet you at two, he'll meet you or break a leg. One day he came in the movie plume and, terribly upset. He was late because he'd stopped in to see Jennifer. He was terribly upset because she had a cold.

His Sundays are devoted to the boys. They're there a score of them now, but Michael's the same height and weight as Bobby, so they look like twins, and they're the twin apples of his eye. When Michael was named Michael, his parents never called him Mike. So he's called Mike. Of the two, he's rather more introspective. Music sends him off into daydreams, and he's got those bedroom eyes that say, come over here and don't wait to be got. He goes after what he wants and what he seems to want most is people. Traveling to and from Ogdens, he collected everybody on the train.

Bob's been kept too busy for much social life. By the end of the day he's generally too pooped for more than dinner and a book. When he can, he plays tennis with Peter Lawford or Cornell Wilde. Loves all forms of exercise, including walking, but finds walking in California a snare and delusion. It lacks the New York thing.

He's a friend of Keenan Wynn's, and the rest of the Hollywood crowd.
WHY YOUR PRESENT LAXATIVE MAY NOT BE RIGHT FOR YOU!

Some Laxatives are Too Strong-

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's too strong can often leave you feeling worse than before!

Others are Too Mild-

And it's wise to take something that's too mild to give you the relief you need! A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work thoroughly!

But—EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Try the "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

EX-LAX gives you a thorough action. But EX-LAX is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, EX-LAX tastes good—just like fine chocolate! It's as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

As a precaution use only as directed.

HE NOTICES YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 67)

points and high light your good ones.

Suppose, for example, that yours is a round, fullblown sort of face. What to do? Simply wear your hair high on top and close to the side. Sleek clear of tussy, fancy or frilly entanglements. Any unpainted, sleek, sculptured coil is safe.

Perhaps you want to soften a long face. Wear your hair down over the ears and avoid any very balanced lines. Try softly irregular, slanting lines like side parts and loose waves.

Now how, you demand of ye Beauty Ed., to achieve a coif, once decided upon? A good first step is to comb a wave set through your hair while it is still damp (but not wringing wet).

To achieve pin curls, begin at your part, separating your hair into triangular sections about a half-inch wide. Comb each strand out smoothly, place your finger halfway up its length (you are holding it straight out from your head), then stretch and wind it, not too tightly, around your finger. Pull the ringlet off with the thumb and finger of your other hand and roll it down to your head. Next, anchor the curl with two hairpins or bob pins, one from each side, letting them cross in the hollow center. When this handiwork atop your head is dry, comb it out gently but carefully and glorify it with brilliantine. If you hanker for the sleek effect, spray your hair with lacquer to hold each strand in place as part of one smooth surface.

Speaking of men as our t'ye do's, married females should remember that a colorful bandanna or snood hides a multitude of sins. Don't forego your at-home fuxin just because you don't want the old man to see you in curlers. Incidentally, all of you, married gals and spinsters, follow these Hollywood hair-cues, and your pet man will notice your bright curls. We promise it!

Today, Modern Mavens can end hair-worry and save time—by getting GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS® to keep hair-dos secure. For whatever the hair-style or season, HAIRTAINERS® spring-tooth action grips and holds every hair-strand. Ask for GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS® (formerly hair retainers) at beauty salons, department and chain stores.

Card of two (or one extra length) 25c.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Dept. 63

DIADEM, LEICESTER, MASS.

Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy away from your lively spirit. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles before work to help keep them cool and comfortable...and after work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greedy feeling of sticky soda, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems to J. CHAS. MCNEIL A. R. MASTEF OF MUSIC

610-R So. Alexandria

Get More

Gray Hair

...and Look 10 Years Younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tresses streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest brown...Browns and a small brush or clothing is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retained as new gray appears. Easy to prove by testing a test lock of your hair.

Brown tones. Get BROWNATION today.
will not only lick all the paint off your front door, but will gladly eat your doormat as well."

So Willard Parker went to New York and got himself a job as the matinee idol in "Lady in the Dark" with Gertrude Lawrence. (The same part, incidentally, which gave gorgeous Hunk O' Mature to Hollywood.) The road show played to the aristocracy of motion pictures when it reached Hollywood, and before his alarm clock could bubble the following morning, Mr. Parker was the recipient of SEVEN motion picture offers.

By that time Max Arno had moved to Columbia, so Willard Parker looked up his old friend and told him how good his advice had been. Somewhat diffidently he mentioned his covey of offers, adding that if Max Arno wanted him to sign with Columbia, Max had first choice.

And that, chums, is an example of loyalty seldom found anywhere.

THE LOOEY'S CUTIE:

They were making a training film at the First Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Corps, which is domiciled in Culver City.

The extras needed for the particular street scene (being shot at night) had been supplied from the ranks of the families and friends of the men stationed at "Fort Roach."

One of the G.I.'s said to another, "Look over there and you'll see the smoothest babe you've feasted eyes on for a long time. Mmm, what a number!"

The second khaki took a long, fur-bearing look, then corrected the composition of his glance. "Jiggers," he said, "that's the lieutenant's wife."

Brenda Marshall, knowing that Bill Holden was soon to be transferred, had been spending as much time with him as possible, even working until four in the morning as an unpaid extra in a training film.

FAN BAN:

On the set of "And Now Tomorrow" Loretta Young was showing Alan Ladd a letter she had just received from an irate fan, to wit: "Apparently you misread my letter. I asked for a photograph of you with your hair cut short, not hanging around your shoulders like unknown hay. I can't understand why you can't give me the kind of picture I want. I am returning this photograph because I am entirely dissatisfied with it."

If you know anyone who would write such a letter, how about giving him or her a brief chat on Manners Among Movie Fans?

MATTERS DOMESTIC:

When Bob Hutton and Natalie Thompson were married, they received such a glitter of wedding gifts that Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant decided to withhold their present until Bob and Natalie could take inventory and decide what they needed to complete their housekeeping equipment.

Recently Cary said to Bob (of whom he had grown very fond while they were working together in "Destination Tokyo"), "Have you and Natalie decided what you need yet?"

Bob nodded. "Natalie thinks she'd like a pressure cooker," he confided in all the innocence of the non-shopping newlywed.

Mrs. Grant, with a patrol of friends who glory in a handicapped hunt, is still searching the local scene diligently—including all secondhand stores.

Until recently, the romance between Captain Clark Gable and lovely Kay Williams has progressed only through the good offices of...
of one of Kay’s neighbors. She has been unable to secure a telephone, so Clark—in calling her—had to dial the number of an M-G-M employee, who would then have Clark hold the wire while the neighbor or her wife rushed around the corner to fetch Kay to answer.

The moving van drew up before the low rambling bungalow, and a bright-haired girl came running out to welcome her delivery. The furniture: one stove and one bed.

To date, these two items represent the total purchases of George Montgomery and Dinah Shore. As George is away on training film assignments most of the time, Dinah has remained in the apartment she has long shared with her girl friends. When she has a spare moment, she rushes out and shops for household fixtures.

"You’re NO, you know. There is very little to be had. There’s A War Going On.

A SHOT OF B & B:
(Brief dialogues on the "Road to Utopia" set: The scene is one in which Crosby is making his usual brand of lackadaisical love to Dorothy Lamour. During a kiss, Captain Howard arrives as a set visitor.)

Hope: Jiggers, Crosby, here comes the Captain.
Crosby: Oh, the guy with TWO chips on his shoulders.
(Scene in which Bob Hope is feeding a large sheep dog originally Curly.)
Hope: Look, Veronica, when you come to an elbow, it's mine.
(Scene in which Hope and Crosby, stripped to the waist and covered with grime, are stoking a boiler on a freighter in northern waters. Suddenly a door opens, and a character in white tie, tails, top hat and cane strolls through the stoke hole.)
The stranger: Could I trouble one of you for a light?
Hope: Sure, sure. (He lights the cigarette for the guy, then does a double take.) Say, where do you think you’re going?
The stranger: Just taking a shortcut through here to my own set.

FURTHER REVELATIONS ABOUT A PAIR OF WONDERFUL GUYS:

Because of the gradually increasing number of servicemen who were visiting the "Road to Utopia" set, and because neither Bob nor Bing could be persuaded to resist ad libis toward their khaki audience—which promptly responded with laughter so deafening that the production was being held up day after day—Paramount had to close the set, i.e., forbid any visitors whatsoever.

This ban had been in effect for several days when Bob, in passing through the main gate, noticed that a little cluster of G.I.’s had just been turned away by the gateman.

"Say, how about it?" he asked. "Why can’t these guys go through the studio at least?"

"Orders from the front office," said the officer.

"Have you ever had orders to hold a foxhole, no matter what happened?"
Bob asked.

The G.I.’s followed Bob through the gates.

AND BING:
The Crosby kid has always refused to lend his name to advertising tie-ups, but Bob caught him posing for a series of national cigarette ads. "All your old modesty gone up in smoke, huh?" he cracked.

Of course Bing doesn’t need or want the publicity, but he really wanted the deal he got out of posing—One million smokes to be sent free to the troops serving overseas.

When Your Eyes Are Tired

DOTHIS

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye.

Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Soothes • Refreshes

* Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps *

One Best Home Way To

BUILD UP RED BLOOD

To Get More Strength If You Lack Blood Iron!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you are pale, feel tired, wear yourselves out—due to low blood-iron—try Lydia Pinkham’s TABLETS at ones.

Pinkham’s Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy—In such cases.

Just try them for 30 days—then see if you, too, don’t remark yourself. Follow label directions. Well worth trying!

Lydia Pinkham’s TABLETS

EVEN BOND YOU BUY IS A BLAST AGAINST BERLIN. KEEP ON BUYING TO HELP DEFEAT HITLER IN 1944!

LOVE ME!

Now revealed for the first time, the original secrets of Hollywood’s most famous makeup artist. Now you can use the same type "Blonde Eyes" Make Up Brush that becomes glamorous mist with lips that move and resist— with killingly new Brush & Cream Lipsticks—and the expense thing as everlasting lip beauty. A pair of application lasts all day long.

Brush ‘n Blend

CREAM LIPSTICK

and

MAKE-UP BRUSH

At Most 54 and 104 Stores

Have you heard Hollywood’s secret for lips that whisper,

LOVE ME!

 guaranTeed easiest to apply or your money back

Stocking Stick

The Sensationally Different

LEG MAKE-UP

"Easier to put on than stockings"

Mrs. D. N.

Esterville, Iowa

No Mess No Fuss as with liquids

Guaranteed easiest to apply or your money back

When Your Eyes Are Tired

DOTHIS

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

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Soothes • Refreshes

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One Best Home Way To

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Mrs. D. N.

Esterville, Iowa

No Mess No Fuss as with liquids

Guaranteed easiest to apply or your money back
JIM, I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE, GET PAZO!

SMART WIFE, PAZO RELIEVED THOSE SIMPLE PILES

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

How PAZO Ointment Works
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dotted parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application. Some piles ointments are messy, ineffective, are made of synthetics, so PAZO is also in suppository form.

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

LADY, LUCKY in NUMBERS

BAG GAG

A friend of Ray Milland's dropped in, several months ago, to tell that charming Welsh gentleman and his wife good-bye. The Millands were leaving for a brief New York vacation, so Mrs. Milland was packing. Ray, contrariwise, had been reading his neck sunk into the back of a lounge, his face impenetrable. At last he arised. Not to be met.
"But," continued Maria, "I am not in my country."

Residents of Atlanta, hundreds of miles away, are smart enough to reveal that all this noise could have been.

WHATSOEVER & REPORTERS:
Luscious Mariz Montez, beautifully groomed as usual, and wearing on her ears a pair of tiny solid gold beads sent to her pair of Evans by husband Jean Piero Aumont, stepped onto the National Press Club in Washington. From the appreciative male audience arose a series of two-toned whistles.

When a measure of silence had been regained, Maria said softly into the microphone, "In my country, when a man whistles at a girl it is an insult."

The silence deepened into abashed glom. "But," continued Maria, "I am not in my country."

FREE PORTRAIT or PIN UP of your favorite MOVIE STAR

Now I don't dread "That Time" of the Month

Periodic functional pains don't worry me now. Thanks to those grand new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills! My draughts tell me the reason they're so effective is because of a special ingredient which is intended to help relieve the tension that causes functional distress. It works by helping to relax the affected part—not merely by deadening pain. The new Chi-Ches-Ters contains an added iron factor, too, intended to act as a tonic on your blood. Try the new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills on your "difficult days." Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 30c size and follow directions on the package.

Chi-Ches-Ters PILLS
For relief from "periodic functional distress"
If Your Child HATES VEGETABLES

try giving him Ovaltine

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If they aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen, such as poor appetite—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worse! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of protein, Vitamin B, Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the basic food substances—complete protein to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

OVALTINE

REDUCE!

THOUSANDS LOSE 3 Pounds a Week, Yet Eat Plenty!

Remarkable results reported with new Kel-Ray method. You DON'T CUT OUT starchy, fatty foods. You merely CUT DOWN on them. Take half teaspoonful Kel-Ray (a purely vegetable product) daily, follow easy, lazy plan, and fat vanishes.

That's all there is to it!

NO EXERCISE NO REDUCING DRUGS ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!

McRAE HEALTH PRODUCTS CO. 1657 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for Kel-Ray method. Month's supply Kel-Ray is to be sent postage paid. If not satisfied I may return paid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted. Same guarantee.)

Name

Address

[MAIL COUPON]

GROWTH PROBLEMS

Each group is always appointed to look after the baggage throughout the trip, he told the man with the baggage. "Since you are the only man in this troupe, I presume that duty falls to you."

BOGIE BACK:

Humphrey Bogart, having returned from his overseas jaunt, is currently at work at Warners in "To Have and Have Not," in which Dolores Moran is his leading lady. Reporting his experiences, he says that troops asked him three questions: 1) Are we going to get back to The States, only to find that they've foisted prohibition on us? 2) Can you encourage the folks at home to send us books, letters, and candy? 3) When is Miss Sheridan coming over here? Bogart's answers were: 1) I don't think so. 2) Books and letters, yes—but is that a gag about chocolate bars? 3) Annie has hasn't collected umpire-sixteen gadgets to wear on her head. From the time the girls leave New York until they return to The States, it is practically impossible to get a shampoo, so seasoned entertainers take bandanas, snoods, clusters of flowers and collections of bows to guass up their weary hair.

POSTAL PATENT PAPA:

Each Sunday, after Walter Pidgeon completed his radio broadcast, he returned to his car only to find the front seat littered with letters from fans. There were requests forautographs, even for some of Pidgeon's cast-off tabardershaw.

One Sunday recently, however, Mr. Pidgeon returned to find absolutely no mail of any sort in his car. Running his finger around his collar, he thought with a grin, "Hmph—I must be slipping." But, as he backed out, the station attendant came running over.

"Did you see my box?" he asked with a grin. And he pointed to the small, neat mail box attached to the Pidgeon car door. Lettered on the device was the admonition, "Deposit Post Mail Here."

QUICKIES:

When Sonny Tufts started "So Proudly We Hail!"—his first movie—he was given a set of soldier's dog tags—inclined discs, as if you didn't know). As a G.I. he had to wear them in every scene—Army regulation. That picture made Sonny a star, so now he has a sentimental feeling about his dog tags. He wore them in the civilians picture "Government Girl" and, as a military man, he is again wearing them in "I Love a Soldier." Stamped on the tags is: "Pharmaceutical Property of Hollywood, California."

One of his fellow inductees nudged the slim guy with the ingratiating freckles and the dimples. "Hi, California," he said. "The last time I saw you, you were having your self a time at the Stage Door Canteen." Whatcha doing here?"

"Being inducted," said Sonny, "trying on another blouse with a MacArthur.

Did you know that John Payne has been transferred to the Special Service Unit of the Army Air Corps and has been ordered on a Bond tour?

Did you know that Helmut Dantine has been taking Judy Garland dancing?

And did you know that Betty Grable couldn't find a bonnet for her baby. A Lend- Lease Turns has loaned her Cherry's crib?

GEORGE B. CLARK, C.I.C. Co., Dept. 62-E

Rockford, Ill.
Alana was four months old. (On her part, that is. The guy fell in love at sight.) And in true movie style, it blossomed out of an initial misunderstanding.

Alan, in the service then, had just returned from duty in Wall Walla. First thing, he raced up to see his kid who lay in her crib, minding her own business. A voice shattered the peace. She wasn’t used to the sound of male voices, and Alan’s is particularly deep. The fact that it was saying “Hello, honey” didn’t register. All she heard were the unfamiliar vibrations, and they terrified her. So she screamed. The closer he came, the louder she screamed. Mr. Ladd can take a hint. He backed away, and his stricken look is something Sue will never forget.

“My baby doesn’t like me,” said the tough guy. Sue didn’t know which of the two to comfort first.

love affair . . .

Once they’d both recovered from the shock, Alan planned his campaign. He’d go up and stand beside her without talking—sort of sending out beams of good will in the hope they might penetrate. He got her toys out of the bottom of the cradle. The time she grabbed his finger, his heart turned over. But by now she had him so buldoozled that when he opened his mouth, the voice came out strangled. So she screamed again.

It took him about a week to make the grade. In another week she was falling all over him. He also became her favorite play-up boy. At eight years of picture, she starts yelling “Da-da” and strains out of Rinse’s arms to kiss it.

Like sensible parents, Sue and Alan try to be objective about their child. Rinse holds with no such nonsense. Alan’s the best, the most brilliant and beautiful of babies, and that settles it. Her parents held that she’s small for her age. “Look at those legs of his,” she’d say, “like two little trees.” They bemoan her indifference to food. “She eats fine,” declares Rinse. “Maybe a little slow. All good people eat slow.”

Rinse’s from Holland, blonde and laughing and comfortable. Technically, she’s the cook. But no nurse engaged by the Tamagows ever had him by the hand, and, being of his age, it was all right to walk with a baby. She wouldn’t of course interfere with a nurse. All she’d do was look scornful at them. If the nurse couldn’t get Alan to eat, Rinse would pick her up and sing her a song. If she had such a voice, she explains, “that when I sing, everybody runs away. Except the baby. She listens to all my Holland songs, she understands and she likes them.”

Alan swears that his daughter thinks in a Dutch accent. “Call her sweetheart, and she won’t give you a tumble. But say ‘advise-mint’ and she hides her eyes.” And that is that.

So at last Sue got someone in to help with the cooking, leaving Rinse free to look after her lamb.

The lamb takes after her father. She has his blue eyes, his blonde hair, his direct glance. (On the last point, there’s a family difference of opinion. Alan calls it her mother’s determined look. Sue calls it Little-Gun-for-Life’s face is long now, but baby pictures show a round little puss like his daughter’s. He hates confusion and uproar. Loud voices are among the few things that make Alan whimper. And whatever Rinse may protest to the contrary, their eating habits are cut from the same pattern.

Alan’s breakfast used to be coffee. To please Sue, he now drinks a glass of milk

THE LITTLEST LADD

(Continued from page 35)

POEMS WANTED

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Preparation of Music Score. Send:

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For generous sample, clip this ad and send with 15c to cover mailing, Seal-Cote Co., 758 Street, Hollywood, Calif.

with two eggs beaten up in it. For lunch he'll take anything, provided it isn't much. To make sure he gets food in him, Sue sends a turkey sandwich over to the set where he's making "And Now Tomorrow." She bribes one of the boys to get him a bottle of milk. The reason she has to bribe Alan is because Alan scowls at the milk.

"I can scowl blacker," she assures them. So they stick the bottle and straw under his nose. Drink up, or I'll tell Susie, that hill of which made her feel he was adding insult to injury when he said one day: "It's awful, the way you can't make that baby eat."

"You make her eat," she suggested sweetly.

d-d-goes bah-bah...

Caught unaware, he proved himself equal to the occasion. Jumped up and down like a yo-yo, making idiotic noises, which so astonished the baby that her mouth popped open, and Sue popped the spoon in.

There was another time when he really went to town. Alana wouldn't drink her orange juice. Even Rinjse couldn't make her.

That's bad," said Alan, who never touches citrus. "That's very bad. We'll have to do something about it."

He wrapped her in a blanket and carried her out to the porch. Sue and Rinjse laid bets on the event. Half an hour later he reappeared with a sleeping baby and an empty bottle.

"How did you do it?"

He was puzzled. "Just told her to drink it."

"And she just drank it. Scared of the Killer, I suppose."

If anyone's scared it's Alan. Sue flips and swings and turns her upside down. Alan handles her like eggs at a diamond a dozen.

"What's the matter?" scoffs Rinjse. "You think she breaks?"

But they can't laugh him out of it.

"She's such a little girl," he says.

One thing she didn't get from him. Alan hates having his picture taken. Movies would be heaven if he didn't have to make stills. The sight of a camera enchants his daughter. Flash a flashlight under her nose, and up goes the chin, out comes the grin, and an aching, the ham. As a rib, Buddy de Sylva sent the Laddis a wire at her birth, offering her a 21-year contract. "She must have read the wire," says her dad.

She loves to watch him shave. Mornings, he takes her out of her crib and sits her up among the pillows of his bed, where she can get a grandstand view of the bathroom. Her fascinated eyes follow his every move, but she doesn't make a sound till he gets up a stiff lather, turns around and winks. That sets her gurgling like a runaway brook. Her father's sonny face as he gives her the eye is the world's best side show. It breaks her up. Next best, she likes to pull the hair on his chest. If that's covered, she drags his nose down so she can get at his forelock.

In Sue's arms, she waves good-by from the window till he's well out of sight.

Then she'll spend the next half hour informing her mother or Rinjse or anyone hanging around that dada went bah-bah. If their interest wanes on the fifth or sixth repetition, that's okay with Alana. She sits Alana carefully, grows at strangers who come too close and ducks her big head, to

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WHEN I NEED REST INSTED
I TAKE A GLASS OF MILES NERVINE
BEFORE I GO TO BED

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"Never mind wrapping it—our Army needs the paper!"

That's the idea. Mrs. Jones. That's the spirit.

Every single piece of paper and paperboard (cardboard, boxboard) you manage to do without means just that much more ammunition for our invasion forces.

Ammunition? Yes, and weapons and food and precious medical supplies and blood plasma. For, as Maj. Gen. E. B. Corley, Quartermaster General of the Army, says: "The packing and packaging of Quartermaster Corps supplies for shipment to men on the fighting fronts is fully as important as producing the supplies themselves. And practically every one of the 700,000 different items conveyed to our boys is wrapped for protection in paper or paperboard or both."

FREE BOOKLET

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FREE BOOKLET

"Never mind wrapping it—our Army needs the paper!"
IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOLLYWOOD IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

I'm not letting another month pass—I'm trying Holly-Pax, too!

Why shouldn't you, too, enjoy this wonderful freedom every month? Holly-Pax, tiny tampon worn internally, is so comfortable! It is the only tampon spun from natural cotton—then encased in a thin, nonabsorbent, toxic-free plastic shell to control expansion and prevent cotton fibers from coming loose. Needs no applicator, and gives you assurance of free money. You'll like Holly-Pax once you try it! Ask for it at any sanitary goods counters—12 for 20c; purse size, 10c; economy package, 48 for 59c.

Holly-Pax
Chances are your favorite tampons
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Money Back
If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a Jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream this evening—and a directed course going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days your face shall be glowing with freshness, youthfulness, and absence of outward signs that should be gone. A cleaner, softer, smoother-looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department, and specialty stores or by mail for 5c, plus Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Dept. MM2, Paris, Tenn., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.

Golden Peacock
BLEACH CREAM
30 Million Jars Already Used

Once Fat! Now Has a Model's Figure

"I lost 32 lbs. wear size 14 again"

Betty Reynolds, Brooklyn

just think, once 156 lbs., Miss Reynolds lost weight weekly with AVDS Vitamin Candy Reducing Plan, until the amazed friends made her into a model-like figure. Your experience may or may not be the same but try it and see if you can't reduce your plan yourself. First first time Miss Reynolds started on plan she could not eat any food, had to take in 1500 calories a day, saving 800 calories a day. After two months she could eat normally, and her weight came down to 120 lbs. She has kept it off ever since.

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LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 35 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. $1.35 for sale everywhere.

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- If you really want to say goodbye to that corn, step home-paring! For "whitening" get only the top, usually leaves the core behind. Instead, get Blue-Jay! Blue-Jay does 2 things: the soft pad lifts off pressure, gives instant relief from pain. Then, while you walk, the Blue-Jay meditation softens, loosens the corn so it can be easily removed without the core.

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DOWN... DOWN FRECKLES!

If you have to live with freckles, make it as pleasant as possible . . . by bleaching them down with Othine. Some people can fade them away completely, for a time, easy to use; simply apply this dainty cream before retiring. Caution: Use as directed. One year-old product; money back if not satisfied. At your drug counter.

OThINE Face Bleach
No Soap! Vera is Miss Caution herself about rubbing a cake of toilet soap directly on her lovely hair. Not for me, she insists. Ordinary cake soap leaves a thin film over each hair that dulls locks and makes Hollywood hair styling impossible.

Nother thing: Miss Ralston practically admires any kind of brisk massage technique of shampooing.

Glean Routine. Next on the hair-beautiful routine is a color rinse. Try the very special cake shampoo that tints as it washes. Or else run down the block and buy a proper color rinse. Now easy as that, dissolve the tinting rinse in warm water and either brush or wash through your hair.

Blonde Trouble. Your problem, miss? Oh, yes! How to keep your hair from losing its lovely color. Up is a Betty Grable-ish type of golden blonde, the right rinse for you is the light golden blonde.

Red Lights, Hey Red! You've a lot in common with Greer Garson, Ann Sheridan and Lucille Ball. A henna rinse will make your locks look red. It's just natural highlights and sparks you're set on bringing out, try the aurum rinse.

Jeanne with the Light Brown Hair. You feel you're stuck with being, quote, the typical American girl, unquote. And you really long for honest-to-goodness glamour? Take heart, lady! A warm chestnut brown rinse will add a coppery lustre to your hair and have the boys whistling.

Note the Raven. You're a reasonable facsimile of Hedy Lamarr and you wish to play up your long, back, silky tresses? Use a blue-black rinse!

Silver Threads. We've the neatest beauty aid of the year if your hair is an uninteresting grey, streaked or faded. It's a jumbo pencil put out by a sister firm of hair specialists. You swell your own color right back on to your greying hair. This pencil isn't a dye at all; it will wash out with your next shampoo. Fast drying time makes this jumbo pencil ideal for last minute grooming.

Oily Head? We've been told on the QT that dark hair often hides a multitude of sins. Feel your topknot. Is it oily? You've been cheating on your shampoos because you thought no one would notice. If you want to get your hair back to normal, try shampooing it twice a week for a while. Between shampoos, an astringent or drying tonic will help to keep hair free of oil. Cut down on fatty foods.

Permanently Curled. This is the season for new permanent waves. Ocean and lake bathing stare you in the face, and who wants to be caught with limp hair by a best beau. Not you! For handy home use, try one of the permanent wave kits. You can treat your hair to a permanent as easily as you set it. It's economical and beautifully effective. You might try any of the permanents that is controlled to fit your hair type, or try a new cool wave this summer.

Shine and Reign. Yup! You can be queen of them all if you follow Vera's favorite hair routines down to the last bob pin. With a bit of persistence, a stock of hair prettifiers and the proper procedure down pat, (the through-the-keyhole, very latest lowdown on Hollywood hair styles is on p. 66.) you too, can sprout hair as gleamful and dreamful as Hollywood's sweetest basics.


curl-cues from vera

(continued from page 68)
DOES HOLLYWOOD HATE FRANK SINATRA?
(Continued from page 32)

giving the kids instructions, chiefly about that squealing. You've heard all sorts of rumors on that sort of thing. Specifically, how they turn a record on and off. It's no record, and they turn it off all right, but never on. That's spontaneous combustion.

WHY do they have to squeal? Let one of them tell it. "When I used to hear it on the radio, I thought how can anyone act so silly? Then I came myself, well, you know in "Speck You Speak Love"—how makes he it funny at the end?—kind of drops it way down?—well, the scream came right out of me—his voice pulled it out. "Okay, if you have to squeal," the producer says, "but not till the end of the song. And if you're good, Frank'll sing you some extras."

"I'll be well. We'll be very good. Bring him on—"

The curtains part, and Frank stands there grinning at them. They adore him, but they don't understand him. That's his doing. His manner's friendly, casual, matter-of-fact. They might all be his kids. He likes and understands them. It's not so long since he was their age, pasting up a scrapbook on Bing Crosby that would have knocked your eye out. They feel he's their friend as they're his, that they have a part not only in him but in Nancy and the other, for the latest family news and get it. He talked to Nancy in New Jersey yesterday. No, the baby's not singing yet, but brother, does he squeal! That goes over big. Someone sent him a box of candy. Thanks, and he'll start on it after the show. "And, may I add, the boys in the band'll help me. Someone else wants to know what color socks he's wearing. He pulls up a trouser leg and makes like he's coy—"

"Now that's enough foolishness." He calls on producer and assistant to take a bow. "And, I do not least. Sibylle."

for whom the belles fold...

If you want to get the measure of what these kids are like, watch them while he sings. The upturned young faces are rapt, but there's nothing hysterical about them. They're lit by a kind of lost wonder, fresh and sweet and moving in its starry innocence. Okay, they've got a crush on him, so what? Where's the healthy adolescent who doesn't go through such an all-or-nothing phase of love? Flyer style, they'll be smiling over it with maybe a touch of rue. Meantime, praise the Lord that they're swooning with Sinatra, not heaving some Hitler...

After each song, a little bow of thanks. Between Hit Parade tunes, three or four extras. "Anything special you'd like to hear?" he asks and grins as he turns the hardboard. They don't pester him for more than he feels they can do. If he touches his throat, that means he's saving his voice, and they subside like angels. He goes over the old song, one of the classics.

"Even from the back he looks cute," sights a little blonde.

Sometimes a kid tries to pass up an autograph book. "You know that's against the rules. Catch me after the show."

"We can't get near you then."

"Sure you can. Everyone does," he grins.

He's never been known to turn down
When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the gums under the little tongue, and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

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. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisons waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 10 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passage with burning and smarting sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Don's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 10 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Don's Pills.

Backache, Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

They sat like mice.

"Will you co-operate? Will you wait till the end of the song to applaud? Will you do this for me?"

Came a subdued chorus. "Yes, Frankie, we will."

The show went on. There wasn't a sound till the finish. Then penitence, enthusiasm, and all were released in a burst of wild shouting. Best of all, Frankie was smiling again. They were forgiven.

Hollywood's from Missouri...

We doubt if he ever read Dale Carnegie's book. He doesn't have to. He wins friends by being himself, even when the cards are stacked against him—as they're sometimes bound to be, with human nature the way it is. In the face of a Sinatra phenomenon, human nature tends to rear its bristles. Who is this guy? What's he got? Let him show me. I dare him.

That was Hollywood when Frank came out to do "Higher and Higher" for RKO. That ain't Hollywood no more. The great man's coming; they sniffed before ever laying eyes on him. "Frankie's comin' back," they grinned, when he returned for "Manhattan Serenade."

He didn't set out to woo anyone. His philosophy's simple. He likes most people, an autograph request. If he doesn't have time for them all, he takes the books along, and somebody sees that the kids get them back.

That he talks their language became eminently clear one Wednesday when history was made on his own CBS program. On the Hit Parade broadcast, the squealing doesn't matter so much. Coming at the song's end, most of it can be turned out. On the Vinnis broadcast, it throws the performers off, interferes with the lines. This particular Wednesday, Frankie came down to the footlights, and he wasn't smiling at all.

"I've talked to you kids about this before," he said. "I've asked you to confine your—doesn't matter to the end of the song. These broadcasts are being shortwaved overseas. It's tough enough to get them in a foxhole without interference by a lot of noise."

"I know you've got to applause and, believe me, your applause is music to my ears. The screaming isn't. I've asked you many times to cut it out. Now they're getting mad at me, and I don't blame them. They tell me that unless the screaming stops, there'll be no studio audience for this program. I won't like that, and I don't suppose you will either. But it's up to you."


POOR IDLE BOTTLES
sitting in the
CELLAR

With a war on, returnable bottles and cases don't like loafing in the cellar any more than you would. Because they know that today bottles need every beverage bottle.

You can help out. Please return your beer and soft drink bottles to your regular dealer just as soon as you empty them. Both your dealer and your bottler will be grateful. And besides you will get back your bottle deposit.

'OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY

Makers of DURAGLAS Beer and Beverage Bottles

CRO-PAX METALVAR SUPPORT
AT ALL
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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

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Step Right Out Of Foot Misery

Now, when your feet cry out for relief, sprinkle them with Dr. Scholl’s Foot Powder. Also dust it into your shoes and stockings. For not a foot feels bad — soothed, refreshed, rested. You'll marvel how the foot powder formulated by this famous foot authority relieves your hot, perspiring, tender or aching feet ... how comfortable it makes new or tight shoes feel. Helps prevent Athlete’s Foot by keeping feet dry. Be foot-happy from now on by daily using Dr. Scholl’s Foot Powder. At your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Costs but a trifle.

anti-swoon brigade ...

The petition was never sent. Frank got wind of it and, if he’d been a girl, he’d have thieved it. Look, folks, if the guy wants to needle me, he’ll needle me regardless. Why waste this on him? I’d like to have it. There’s nothing I’d rather have. Some day I’ll show it to my kids.

E is a very important letter in this war. It’s the name of the War Bonds you buy—"War Savings Bond Series E."

As you know, a Series E Bond will work for you for ten full years, piling up interest, till finally you get $4 for every $3. Pretty nice. There’ll come a day when you’ll bless these Bonds—when they may help you over a tough spot.

That’s why you should make up your mind to hang on to every Bond you buy. You can, of course, cash in your Bonds any time after you’ve held them for 60 days. You get all your money back, and, after one year, all your money plus interest.

But when you cash in a Bond, you end its life before its full job is done. You don’t give it its chance to help you and the country in the years ahead. You kill off its $4-for-every-$3 earning power.

This is good to remember when you might be tempted to cash in War Bonds. They are yours, to do what you want with.

But... it’s ABC sense that...
He reached for a laugh to cover up, "You weren't such a bad guy, after all, were you, pop?" he bleated.

**ready, aim, fire! . . .**

Maybe the toughest nut he had to crack was his first appearance at the Hollywood Canteen. What bunch of American males would pass up a chance to heckle the idol of the bobbies? Their guns were primed and their ammunition ready. You could feel it in the air—Frank was introduced, "Hiya, fellas."

"For a moment he stood there, looking them over. "There's one thing I can see about this audience," he drawled, "and that is nobody's going to swoon."

It gave him a bridgehead, which was strengthened by his first song. They didn't need to swoon, but they liked the way he sang. He asked what they wanted and gave it to them if he could. If he couldn't—"You want me to give you a roll call?" "Or 'Think I'm Caruso? All together—"Nooooo!'" He got them to sing along, and before the evening was over, a crowd was up front, close harmonizing all the old sentimental gushovers with him, while the rest sang from the floor.

How he feels about servicemen was made clear at Brittingham's one day. He'd run in, a bowl of soup between re- hearsals. A sailor asked for his autograph and thanked him. Frank winked. "The one that's honored," he said.

His appearance at the Shrine netted a million in bonds—most of them sold by the bobbies to parents and friends. At the Lakeside Country Club he and Crosby and Hope auctioned off miscellaneous treasures for—lets say—a pound of meat. Marlene Dietrich's garters, Dotty Lamour's sarong. One man, who bid on a model airplane, gave it to Frank. "For your kid."

"Mind if his papa plays with it first?"

The largest single bond—$20,000—was bought for the pleasure of hearing Bing and Frank sing. "People Will Say We're in Love," while the leer'd at each other.

Frankie's still nuts about Bing. According to him, "Crosby's in a class by himself, and the rest of us are fighting it out down below someplace." He knows nobody takes their medals seriously, still he's happier when a Crosby-Sinatra tag is turned against himself.

"I'm making a picture," says Hope, "with Frank Sinatra's father—Bing Crosby."

"Where is Frank?" Bing wants to know.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought that was the thing."

Frank doubles up. He's rehearsed the gag, he knows it's coming, but he doubles up just the same. It slays him.

**long-distance lullaby . . .**

The baby played him a rascally trick. He was expected about the middle of December, and those dates so that Nancy'd be well on the road to recovery before he had to leave. But young Sinatra dalled, and his pop had to go. He did his pacing on the train. No news. He jumped off at last, couldn't get to a phone, but reporters blocked him.

"Try to get the hospital from that booth over there," he told his cousin Frank. "I'll stand when I can see one."

He answered questions with one eye on the booth. The other Frank gestured, and our Frank ran like hell. Only to be told, nothing doing.

Frank was at CBS on January 10th when the news came through. A boy! "How's Nancy?" Fine. That was when his knees gave and he had to sit down quick. The kid's whooping for pounds, 13 ounces. Born at six o'clock. "He couldn't have been. It's only four-thirty now."

Not in New York it isn't. "What
Every lovely coiffure deserves invisible Blend-Rite Bob Pins

Because supply is limited, you may not find Blend-Rite the first time you try. But they're worth asking for... worth waiting for.

NO SHINE... NO GLARE... THEY BLEND WITH YOUR HAIR!

Why risk cutting cuticle?

- when it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now—at drug, department or 10c stores.

TRIMAL LABORATORIES • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Your EYES CAN BE JUST AS LOVELY WITH Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS
FOR MY GUESTS
IT'S
CHESTERFIELD

Watch the change to Chesterfield

You’ll like them... your friends will too... for their real mildness and better taste. The right combination of the world’s best cigarette tobaccos makes the difference. You can’t buy a better cigarette.
Get CUPID on Your Side!

Be Flower-Sweet All Over—Find Your Kingdom of Love!

Do your part—then busy, little Cupid with his arrows will capture hearts for you! Be flower-sweet and seductively soft all over with Lander’s exquisite Talc. Let a shower of this satiny Talc caress your body from head to toe...let it wrap you in cool fragrance...let it surround you with maddening enchantment. The teasing, tempting thrill of ardent Lilacs and Roses. Or the languorous, pulsing spell of Gardenia and Sweet Pea. You’ll be so nice to make love to! He’ll be swept with yearning for you. Get these exotic Talcs at your 10¢ store today.

BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY

LANDER'S TALCS ONLY 10¢ EACH
It's a super-special date! He's your hero come home! So make a smooth start with a refreshing bath. Your spirits soar! Then—one step more—one quick, easy step to make sure of charm—to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours ahead.

You want to stay appealing—thrillingly nice to be near—so use Mum after every bath. Takes only 30 seconds, yet keeps you flower-fresh all evening long. Without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin, or harming clothes, Mum guards charm—faithfully!

Make sure of your Charm.
Every day, after every bath, use quick, dependable Mum!

Your loveliness can make that furlough a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. But loveliness isn't looks alone—it's also the magic a girl uses to keep herself sweet and appealing—to guard charm. Be sure your charm is safe—don't give underarm odor a chance. Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

You see, a bath only washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Mum is so easy to use... so quick! Smooth it on each underarm and your daintiness is sure all day or evening. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too!
No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller’s “The White Cliffs”.

In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the studio which produced the great “Mrs. Miniver” continues a tradition—making of “The White Cliffs of Dover” another great and important picture.

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl—played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into “The White Cliffs of Dover”…in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are…Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen’s greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen

No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller’s “The White Cliffs”.

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* * * * * * * * * * *
MGM's SHIP-SHAPELY MUSICAL!

Two Girls and a Sailor

Van Johnson
June Allyson
Gloria DeHaven
Jose Iturbi
Jimmy Durante
Gracie Allen
Lena Horne
Harry James
Xavier Cugat

Hear these songs from:
"Sweet And Lovely"
"Granada"
"The Trembling Of A Leaf"
"Take It Easy"
"My Mother Told Me"

And His Orchestra
With Lena Romay

Tom Drake
Henry Stephenson
Henry O'Neill
Ben Blue
Carlos Ramirez
Frank Sully
Albert Coates
Donald Meek
Amparo Novarro
Virginia O'Brien
Wilde Twins

Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Joe Pasternak

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Errol Flynn! Paul Lukas! Can you imagine two more different types? But what a combination they make in “Uncertain Glory”! One—the reckless, bitter young criminal. The other—the shrewd detective who has followed him, hounded him, from his first petty burglary to murder and the guillotine he now faces. However, Jean Picard is not destined to die so unromantically. The prison is demolished during an air raid, and he escapes, escapes to Bordeaux, but not for long. The matter-of-fact, middle-aged detective, Bonet, knows his prey’s habits and friends too well. A couple of days, and Inspector Bonet is placidly reading a newspaper in a Paris-bound train, Jean’s wrist handcuffed to his.

Then along comes a twist of fate that no one could foresee. They are forced to change trains because a bridge ahead has been blown up by a saboteur. The Gestapo has (Continued on page 12)
THIS IS THE LOVE STORY OF G.I. JOE!

20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS MAXWELL ANDERSON'S

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

with ANNE BAXTER • WILLIAM EYTHE • MICHAEL O'SHEA

VINCENT PRICE • RUTH NELSON • RAY COLLINS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton
They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring... they last and last.

DeLong
Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS HAIR NETS
SAFETY PINS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAP FASTENERS SANITARY BELTS

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.
that as we go to press, in the 200 cities known as the nation's principal amusement centers, theatre programs have been switched to make way for immediate special limited engagements ahead of the regular runs later in the season!

that when it comes your way you'll cherish it in your memory along with 'Sergeant York' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' as one of the very, very best of all WARNER BROS. entertainments!

Starring
FREDRIC MARCH
ALEXIS SMITH

with
DONALD CRISP, ALAN HALE
C. AUBREY SMITH, JOHN CARRADINE
BILL HENRY, ROBERT BARAT
WALTER RAMPDEN, JOYCE REYNOLDS

Directed by IRVING RAPPAPORT

Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandlee • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
### Movie Scoreboard

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critics and newspaper critics the country over. 4½ means unsurpassed excellence. 3½, very good, and 3, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Movie</th>
<th>Rating</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Action in the North Atlantic (Warner)</td>
<td>3½ ★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (Universal)</td>
<td>3 ★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Around the World (M-G-M)</td>
<td>3 ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Background to Danger (Warner)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bataan (M-G-M)</td>
<td>3½ ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>3½ ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Behind the Rising Sun (M-G-M)</td>
<td>3 ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Best Foot Forward (M-G-M)</td>
<td>3½ ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>3 ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bridge of San Luis Rey, The (United Artists)</td>
<td>3 ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>California Joe (Republic)</td>
<td>3 ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chip Off the Old Block (Universal)</td>
<td>3½ ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Claudia (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Constant Nymph, The (Warner)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corvetta K-255 (Universal)</td>
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<td>Cover Girl (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Crazy House (Universal)</td>
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<td>Cross of Lorraine, The (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Cry Havoc (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Desert Song, The (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Destination Tokyo (Warner)</td>
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<td>Dixie (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Escape to Danger (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Falcon in Danger (RKO)</td>
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<td>Fighting Seabees, The (Republic)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fired Wife (Universal)</td>
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<td>Flash and Fantasy (Universal)</td>
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<td>For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Gangway For Tomorrow (RKO)</td>
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<td>Ghost Ship, The (RKO)</td>
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<td>Girl Crazy (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Hands Across the Border (Republic)</td>
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<td>Happy Land (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Heavenly Body, The (M-G-M)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry Aldrich, Boy Scout (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Her Primitive Man (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Heroes Are Made (Artkino)</td>
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<td>Here to Hold (Universal)</td>
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<td>Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Higher and Higher (RKO)</td>
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<td>His Private Secretary (Universal)</td>
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<td>Hostages (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Human Comedy, The (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>I Do It (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Imposter, The (Universal)</td>
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<td>In Old Oklahoma (Republic)</td>
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<td>In Our Time (Warner)</td>
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<td>Jack London (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Jane Eyre (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Johnny Come Lately (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Kanon, The (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Lady in the Dark (Paramount)</td>
<td>4 ★</td>
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<td>Last Lie (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Let's Face It (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic)</td>
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<td>Miracle of Morgan's Creek, The (Paramount)</td>
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<td>My Kingdom for a Cook (Columbia)</td>
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<td>No Time for Love (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Sahara (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Song of Russia (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Spider Woman, The (Universal)</td>
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<td>Starry Night (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Three Russian Girls (United Artists)</td>
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<td>What a Woman (Columbia)</td>
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<td>What's Buxin, Cousin (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)</td>
<td>3 ★</td>
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<td>Whispering Footsteps (Republic)</td>
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<td>Whistling in Brooklyn (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Wintertime (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>C 3½ ★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Woman of the Town (United Artists)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Women in Bondage (Monogram)</td>
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<td>Youngest Profession, The (M-G-M)</td>
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4... COUNT 'EM... 4
HEAVENLY HONEYS
(And One Lone Wolf)
In A Heavenly
Musical Laugh Hit
FROM PARAMOUNT

WITH THE STARS OF 3 'GREAT'
1944 PARAMOUNT COMEDIES
UNITED IN ONE SUPER SHOW!

DOROTHY LAMOUR
of "Riding High"
FRED MACMURRAY
of "No Time For Love"
BETTY HUTTON
of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"... with
Diana Lynn
Sassy Sensation of "Morgan's Creek"... and
Mimi Chandler

And The Angels Sing

AND THEY SING AS PRETTY
AS THEY LOOK!

"It Could Happen To You" • "For The
First Hundred Years" • "His Rocking Horse
Ran Away" • "How Does Your Garden
Grow" • "Bluebirds In My Belfry" by
Burke & Van Heusen — 3 Other Songs

The swingy, zingy story of 4 singing sisters
and the big, bad band leader who tried
to make love to the whole darn family!

with
RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Screen Play by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama
Based on a story by Claude Binyon.
Seized one hundred hostages who will be shot unless the saboteur gives himself up. Jean has an idea. He isn't afraid to die, he tells Bonet, but he dreads the guillotine. Now a firing squad—there is a death for a man. Suppose he goes to the Gestapo, tells them he is the saboteur. They will shoot him, release the hundred hostages, and Bonet will have saved the lives of all those innocent men.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Bonet tells him roughly. But Jean just grins. He can see the idea working in the detective's mind.

... Why not let this criminal die in place of the hundred hostages? Why not?

So that night, instead of being in jail in Paris facing the guillotine, Jean lies in a bedroom of a village inn. The village by the bridge which was sabotaged. He is not alone. Bonet doesn't trust him to that extent. But he is, in a way, free as he has never been before. Because Bonet, against his own better judgment, has phoned the Sûreté in Paris. "The prisoner, Jean Picard, tried to escape. I shot him as he was swimming the river. The body has not been recovered." Jean Picard is officially dead. There is left Jean DuPont, saboteur.

The next day they go to study the scene of the explosion, for the Gestapo will ask questions, and Jean must know the answers. In their search for details, they meet a pretty young girl, Marianne (Jean Sullivan). The dashing handsome Jean greets her with pleasure, and in spite of Bonet's grumbling and objections, manages to spend considerable time with her that day. But somehow he can't make love to her with his usual facility. Marianne is different from any girl he has ever known. He thinks of her that night and finds himself wishing that he had led a different life. Ridiculous, of course. She's only a village girl. Still, if he can wriggle free from Bonet, he might even take her with him to some far part of the world and start all over again.

For it has never been any part of Jean's plan really to give himself up to the Gestapo. Why should he? What does he care for the hundred hostages? He has as much desire for the Gestapo as if he were not so ready with that pistol. ...

The next day another curious trick of fate leads them to the real saboteur. They find out from the girl just how the thing was done. Then he goes back to England, and now there must be no more delay. The time for the death of the hostages is coming closer and closer. They must get to Paris, to the Gestapo, and tell them Jean is the saboteur.

But Bonet is ill. He has had a cold for days, and now it is suddenly worse. "Probably pneumonia," the girl assures them cheerfully. "He can't travel, for days." It is like a sentence of death to Bonet. Everything depends upon his accompanying Jean to Paris, to see that the Gestapo is in harmony with the plan. Because otherwise Jean won't do it. He will never walk into the Gestapo headquarters alone and give himself up. After all, he is a criminal—a murderer! Bonet knows that better than anyone.

Well, you take it from there. Paul Lukas turns in a performance as good as in "Watch On The Rhine," and you've never seen Erroll Flynn in a more exciting role. The things that guy can do to a girl's heart!

War.

P. S.

Title is lifted from a Shakespearean quo-

Three Men in White

Dr. Gillespie is rapidly becoming as much of a medical institution as the Mayo Clinic. "Oh, how did you get that detailed description of their symptoms and demand a diagnosis by return mail, all of which stems from the fact that Lionel Barrymore is a fine, convincing actor who makes Gillespie as human as your own family doctor. He has his troubles. At the moment he's in a devil of a mess. "Dr. Red" Adams (Van Johnson), Dr. Young Chester, and Mr. Lee (Kaye Luke), are both determined to win the position of Dr. Gillespie's assistant. There doesn't seem to be any way to choose between them. Sometimes he thinks that Lee is the smarter of the two—but then, young Adams has a lot of persistence and curiosity, both good qualities in a doctor. Will he get the job? No more shilly-shallying. The thing to do is to give each of them a test case and go by the results. Sure, that'll settle it!

Dr. Lee's test case is Mary Jones. Mary is a strong girl who gets convulsions and turns green in the face every time she eats candy. "Till clear this up in a hurry," says the confident Lee, never the modest type himself. "The girl seems so easy, though, when he gets working at it."

Dr. Adams gets his case by accident. And I do mean accident. A pretty girl, apparently deserted by her car into his. Jean Bonet (Ava Gardner) isn't drunk as it turns out, but by the time Adams finds out that he has his case. The case is Jean's mother, Mrs. Brown, who has arthritis in an incredible form. "If it's incurable—and I know it is—why don't I just give up?"

Adams asks himself. He doesn't give up, though. He keeps working at it.

He also tries—feeably—to keep away from Ruth Edley (Mariln Maxwell), the
Days of danger... one night of love

They could plan no tomorrows . . . for life was theirs to give . . . not to keep. Yet this night was theirs . . . and love was not to be denied . . . by two so young, so vital, so eager to live out each reckless moment!

A CASEY ROBINSON production

DAYS OF GLORY

Starring the screen's fascinating NEW lovers

TAMARA TOUMANOVA

GREGORY PECK

with ALAN REED • MARIA PALMER • LOWELL GILMORE

Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR • Produced and written for the screen by Casey Robinson
.

—

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Keye

Luke

spent hours between takes learning to
speak and read Chinese! Seems Keye, who
yearns for a post as interpreter for the

War Department, must know

the

Mandarin

dialect as well as the Cantonese with which
Scene where Mr.
.
he's already familiar.
Barrymore drives into a parking lot was
.

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impromptu. Photogs were shooting
background shots in the studio parking lot

strictly

Lionel accidentally drove his car into
It was a perfect "take" and
Entire cast and
was left in the picture.
crew took afternoon off to listen to the
world premiere of Lionel Barrymore's musical composition "Partiah," played by the
Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, and

when

camera view.

Beech-Nut
SPEARMINT

GUM

today has

the same delightful flavor you have

always known.
Because now, as
always,
ness

its

Metro emshort-waved to Hollywood.
ployees, used to seeing the famous in their
commissary, were impressed when Lionel
brought his famous sister Ethel to lunch
.

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%Studio made a
there several times.
glamour gal out of Marilyn Maxwell and
brought oomph to the Doctor Kildare
series when they introduced several Irene
gowns to the picture in addition to the
Picture
usual white nurses' uniforms.
was produced in 34 days something of a
record for M-G-M. This was possible be.

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good-

company's

familiar

Nut

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Beech-

oval label
How

the package,

the famous hall-

mark

of fine

would you

ceptional flavor.

BEECH-NUT
PEPPERMINT GUM
and BEECHIES,
delicious candy-

coated

gum: Pepper-

20th.

What

filled

with exciting stories

QUESTIONNAIRE

stories

and

the right of the

features did you enjoy most in our June issue?
of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Write

1, 2,

3 at

titles

Shot Lon McCallister?

"The

Dearest

Four" (Humphrey

Filthy

Mom

(The Reagans)

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Love Story (Lana Turner)
Victoria the

Queen

(Betty

Donald O'Connor, Part II

n

Sour Puss (Helmut Dantine)

Which one

mint, Spearmint,
Pepsin.

FREE SCREEN ROMANCES,

a

ROMANCES

May

Who
Also

like

Then fill out the^ questionYou're crazy for one?
of all the latest movies?
people who reply get a
naire below and mail it to us quick, because the first 500
mailed your entry by
you've
sure
Be
free.
absolutely
SCREEN

quality and ex-

the

.

assured by

is

this

on

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Rosie the Riveter and William the Welder
to be coming into their own, with an
M-G-M musical practically dedicated to
them. It's a big, fancy, extravagant show.
Beautiful Lucille Ball plays an actress
turned welder, and Dick Powell is a riveter
who's a writer on the side. Bert Lahr is
as funny as ever, and so are those sterling
props of all M-G-M musicals, "Rags" Ragland and Virginia O'Brien.
(Lucille Ball), redJulie Hampton
headed musical comedy star, meets a
riveter called Swanee (Dick Powell) when
he sells enough war bonds to win a date
with her at a shipyard rally. She soon
finds that Swanee is a guy with imagination. He takes her to what he calls his
"Starlight Roof"— a romantic spot on a hill
overlooking the fiery glow of the shipyard.
Instead of making passes at her, he reads
her a play he's written, called "Meet The
Julie is
People," complete with music.
surprised to find that it's good. She persuades a Broadway producer to put it on,
with her as star.
Comes the dress rehearsal. Comes also
Swanee, fresh from the shipyard. He takes
one look at the show and says, "Nothing
doing!" He's written about real people,
workers in overalls and slacks. They've
hopped it up into a dream world of riveters in rhinestones and welders in chiffon.

seem

dept.:

of -all-things

.

MEET THE PEOPLE

P. S.

Our

—

cause the hospital, offices and restaurant
familiar by now to Kildare fans are left
. Van Johnintact on the sound stages.
son left for Florida and "Thirty Seconds
Over Tokio" day after final scenes were
taken, and Marilyn went to another stage
for an Abbott and Costello picture in
which she plays the queen of their harem.

worker who is determined to marry him. He loves Ruth,
but love and marriage are two different
things. His job as a doctor leaves him no
time for a wife, he's sure.
Well, there are the cases and the problems. Maybe they sound insoluble, but
when old Doctor Gillespie takes a hand,
things gradually straighten out. The ending will delight you. So will Van Johnson
as "Red" Adams.—M-G-M.
beautiful social service

What

of the above did you like

LEAST?

issues?
3 stars would you like to read about in future

List

them

1, 2,

order of preference

My name
My
I

is

City

address

am

State

years old.

DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
MADISON AVENUE. NEW YORK 16. N. Y.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL
149

3 in


Swanne calls the show off and goes back to the shipyard, leaving a note for Julie saying, "Some day you ought to really meet the people.""

Julie broods a while, then arrives at the shipyard, complete with mink coat and Hollywood slacks. She puts in a couple of weeks of her very best acting as a welder. She convinces Swanne that she's on the level, that she really has met the people at last. He tells her that now he will let her do the show on Broadway. Then he catches her posing in her welder's outfit for some leg art for the photographers and realizes that the whole thing was an act. But the joke is on Julie, for along comes a Presidential edict freezing war workers to their jobs. Julie's a welder now for better or worse. The show goes on at the shipyard instead of on Broadway, but who cares as long as we get to see it? And hear it, too—lovely tunes, and Vaughn Monroe and Spike Jones.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Desi Arnaz, husband of leading lady, Lucille Ball, was most loyal visitor to the set. Each time Desi would get a pass to come home from his camp at Arlington, California, Lucille would have to work most of the time he was there. He'd go to work with her and spend long days on the stage just to be near. Another husband on the set was Kirk Allen, bridegroom of dead-pan Virginia O'Brien, who was acting as technical adviser for the film. Kirk is a swing shift inspector at one of the large California war plants. Bert Lahr became a father on the one and only day there were 300 extras working on the set, which ran up a fancy cigar bill. Party was given by the cast to celebrate the birthdays of writers Harry Clark and Alfred Block. Guests each brought beautifully wrapped gifts which turned out to be personal belongings of the two men, swiped from their homes by Bert. Lucille was thrilled at being voted the "Sweetheart of the Chinese Air Force" and presented with tiny gold wings with the Chinese emblem by a delegation from Luke Field. Boys in South Pacific sent Miss Ball a grass skirt with the stipulation that she must send it back unless she had her picture taken in it for their quarters. Lucille turned up several hours later in the still department insisting that she be photographed in the skirt. Charles Riesner is now nick-named "One-take Charlie." His methods for getting a perfect "take" the first time have always been a mystery, but now the secret is out. Each afternoon Charles has the commissary bring in huge hunks of cake and slabs of ice cream which he eats before his cast. If the scene is a good one, everyone has refreshments—if not, back it goes to the kitchen and no amount of begging can make him change his mind.

AND THE ANGELS SING

Once upon a time there was a family of angels. They didn't have wings, but they all had beautiful voices—and beautiful legs. Their names were Nancy, Bobby, Josie and Patti Angel, but you know them as Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chaffee.

The Angels have a father whom they call Pop (Raymond Walburn). Pop wants to buy a farm, but since he has no job except cooking for his four beautiful daughters, the chances of getting it don't look too good. Still, Nancy has a secretarial job, Josie gives piano lessons, and Patti takes care of the neighbors' children at so much per hour. Now if Bobby would break down and get a job, too, they might

(Continued on page 18)
Co-ed

That old black magic got you in its spell?
Here's how to cope with the date situation
from backward parents to forward fellas!

By Jean Kinkead

Here we are knee-deep in Spring, and we've just been wondering if your young man's fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of stuff. Well, yes? Well, good! You can skip this edition and go write in your diary. If, however, you could stand some date data—how to get 'em, how to act on 'em, etc.—this is especially for you. Read on.

Date Bait: You needn't be beautiful to get the eye from a guy, but you can't be a crumb, either. Shampoo your hair every week and brush it between times so it shines like a G.I. button. Scrub your face morning, noon and night, and remember that make-up—when and if—should be smooth and subtle. Briefly, make the most of You with the help of our chart "Glamour for the Teens," which is all yours for free. (See page 26). Then, having turned yourself into a slickeroo, go on from there.

First move is to get over your awe of men; to be as casual with them as you are with the gals. Best way we know to acquire poise with the boys is to pick on some nice shy one and try to make him feel at ease. Maybe there's a quiet lad in your Chem class. Smile at him. Chat with him about Frank Sinatra or Henry Aldrich or the track team. Walk with him to your next class. You think you wouldn't dare? Sure you would, if you'd just keep concentrating on the fact that he's the scared one, and he's getting the thrill of his life out of your attention. Work on a few shy numbers until you gain confidence, then put some big shots on (Continued on page 24).
Of course it couldn't happen...

But it did!

A Part-Time Broadway
Genius Muffs His Cue!

...Since the first time a guy sold the Brooklyn Bridge, and another guy the Aquarium, this is the most fabulous of all fame-and-fortune ideas... whimsical...different...chucklesome...and you'll never guess what it is!

Once Upon A Time

Cary Grant

Me?.. I'm a full-time genius!

Janet Blair

Directed by Alexander Hall

A COLUMBIA PICTURE
save enough for at least a down payment.

Bobby, however, doesn't want a job. Not in a hick town like Glenby Falls, where they live. If it were New York, it would be different! New York, as everyone knows, is full of handsome, exciting and eligible men. And if there's anything Bobby likes, it's men! Particularly men like Happy Chandler (Fred MacMurray), a band leader whom the Angel sisters meet at a little roadhouse where they've been hired to sing. The Angels hate to sing, but ten bucks is ten bucks. Happy looks the Angels over and picks Nancy, but Bobby picks him. She thinks he's wonderful. She thinks so even after he borrows 190 dollars (she ran the ten up to that in a crap game) and leaves for New York with his band. The rest of the Angels don't see Happy in quite that light. To them he looks like the common or garden variety of thief. They decide to go to New York en masse and get their dough back.

It's something of a shock to Happy when they arrive, but he's a fast talker and could probably have fixed everything if he hadn't fallen in love with Nancy. That complicates matters because Bobby thinks he's in love with her. There's a hilarious scene when he takes them both to the same night club, and each one thinks she's alone with him. Don't ask me to explain—hurry over to the theater. You'll have a wonderful time! Fred MacMurray's scenes with Betty Hutton couldn't be funnier! —Par.

P. S.

Dottie Lamour was taken out of her sa-
rong and put into some glamorous Irene
gowns. Leg art was supplied by Fred MacMurray (and a couple of very nice limbs he has, girls!). . . . Fred exposes his

(IRRESISTIBLE)

We dedicate to the

WAC

IRRESISTIBLE

air whipt

FACE POWDER

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter tex-
ture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPPED Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible Face Powder is non-drying, color-true, longer-lasting... a boon to beauty and today's busy wom-
an. Try Skintone, for that new AIR-WHIPPED, look-alive look!

10c-25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

STAYS ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That “Irresistible something” is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

MAN FROM FRISCO

You've heard a lot about Liberty ships and Victory ships. Probably you never knew much about how they were made, or why, though. In “Man From Frisco” you get the inside dope on the whole hustle-bustle system, plus a thrilling story. Michael O'Shea plays a guy named Matt Braddock. Matt has, in his own words, "built dams, bridges and railroads, all the way from here to China." Now he's going to build ships, and he has some revolution-
ary ideas about how to do it. The trouble is, Matt never heard of that old saying, "You can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar." He slambangs his way through life, issuing orders and pushing people around, and then wonders why he doesn't get more cooperation. Oh, sure, he gets results, but he gets them the hard way. Or so his assistant, Johnny (Ray Walker), tries to tell him.

Matt and Johnny come to the little ship-
yard at Point Pleasant to try out Matt's theories. They're greeted with definite un-enthusiasm by Joel Kennedy (Gene Lockhart), head of the yard, and by the workers. Especially when Matt opens up with his usual volley of orders. He soon finds no one will work for him. In fact, no one will even give him a bed or food. Diana (Anne Shirley), Kennedy's daugh-
ter, is particularly antagonistic, but his son, Russ (Tommy Bond), 16, is inclined to be friendly. “Maybe you could build a ship first and put it together afterward, like Matt says,” he tells his father. Kennedy decides to give Matt a chance.

In a couple of weeks the sleepy little village has turned into a seething mass of welders, riggers and defense workers of
P. S.

Michael O'Shea has an assistant named William Kahn—nicknamed "Citizen"—who acts as his cook, valet and aid. During production Citizen Kahn found an abandoned bungalow on the back lot at Republic studios which he remodeled into a living room and kitchen for Michael. There he cooked hams, turkeys and Southern fried chicken each noon for his boss and anyone else who might drop in for lunch. Extra list for this picture includes 50 percent of the employees at a famous Richmond, California, shipyard. Cameras were dollied through half the plant for background shots of the workers at their benches. During the two weeks spent in San Francisco, the shipbuilders taught the actors to wield welding torches, rivet guns and showed them how to climb into the complicated overalla they wear. Property men reconstructed a bow of a Liberty Ship on a studio stage where most of the action takes place. However, several of the launchings pictured actually happened in Richmond and at San Pedro, California.

Three-year-old Michael Barnitz, who plays the son of Stephanie Bachelor, was a model child—did as he was told and never cried—until the day of final shooting when the director tried to sit him in a high chair. "That," declared Master Barnitz, "is baby stuff!" and he would have none of it. No amount of coaxing or bribery could induce him to sit in the chair, until Michael O'Shea convinced him that it would take a bit of fancy acting for a three-year-old boy to act like a baby. That did it! Little Mike climbed into the highchair, banged his spoon and drooled. "Like when I was a child," he grinned. During the two months of shooting, actors picked up a good deal of Navy and shipyard lingo but none so quickly as Ann Shoemaker, who later confessed to being descended from a Captain Commandant of the Navy.

ONCE UPON A TIME

The hero of this one is a dancing caterpillar. You heard me. Of course Cary Grant is good, too, playing the same kind of smooth crook with the heart of gold that went over so big in "Mr. Lucky". But the whole plot revolves around Curley, the caterpillar. Jerry Flynn (Cary Grant) encounters Curley at a moment of crisis. Jerry's last three shows have been turkeys. If he doesn't raise one hundred thousand smashers in a hurry, he'll have to give the famous Flynn theater back to the Indians. By the time The Moke (James Gleason), his assistant, has paid off the cast of the last show, Jerry has exactly one lone nickel left. He tosses it over his shoulder for luck, and that's how he meets the dancing caterpillar. Because Pinky (Tom Donaldson), the young owner of this phenomenon, picks up the nickel and in return gives Jerry a glimpse of Curley's act.

"This," Jerry declares, "is something the world should know about." He arranges to have Pinky bring Curley to his hotel the next day and has reporters from all

Answer: Your war job doesn't necessarily mean your husband needs your financial help! It means your country needs women—millions, like you—to keep civilian services going, save fighting men's lives. Explain this urgent need to your husband! Read your local want ads for war jobs that are open now!

Answer: Are you tying yourself to your own apron strings—when our boys are dying at their "jobs"? Every day, working women manage their homes successfully. Let the family share your household chores! Or, take a part-time job. Ask your U. S. Employment Service Office to suggest a "working" plan.

Answer: The humblest job in a home front service is as important as Victory itself! Laundries, cafeterias, hotels, stores transportation, food packing industries . . . all must carry on. Help them! Even if inexperienced. Your newspaper want ads show where you're needed, or see your U. S. Employment Service Office.

Answer: Many a "home girl" makes food as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR. They work at scores of varied, interesting jobs you too can learn—if you qualify. Free a man for front line duty . . . help bring your man home sooner! Today, get complete details at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.

Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex Tissues®

Paper, too, has a war job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.
the papers there. The reporters, however, are not impressed. With a world war at foot, who's interested in a caterpillar? "It's a symbol!" Jerry explains desperately, but Brandt (William Demarest) leads the other newspapermen out in disgust.

Then Gabriel Heatter hears about Curley, and devotes his next radio broadcast to him. Pinky and Curley become famous overnight. Hollywood is interested. The reporters flock back. Pinky decides that Jerry is the greatest guy in the world and tries to sell his pretty sister Jeanne (Janet Blair) the same idea. Jeanne isn't so sure. She thinks maybe Jerry has an ulterior motive up his sleeve. Of course she's so right. Jerry, the House, is planning to sell Disney the movie rights to Curley and use the money to get the Flynn theater out of hock.

Everything is all set. The Moke is to steal Curley while Pinky's asleep, so Jerry can take him to the Coast. But the Moke gets drunk, and the whole plan goes haywire. Which, as it turns out, is just as well. Cary is handsome and reckless and wonderful, as Jerry. Janet and the others are swell, too. But me, I'm writing fan letters to Curley, the dancing caterpillar!—Col.

P. S.

This picture probably holds the world's record for title changes. Originally it was "My Client Curley," was changed to "Curley," then to "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," back to "Curley" and finally to "Once Upon a Time"...

Casting directors ran into trouble trying to find a suitable "Curley." Seems mostly caterpillars are without the necessary acting experience. However, "Curley" was found on the New York stage, and though she turned out to be a prima donna who had to be packed in cotton, fed specially prepared carrots and kept in an air-conditioned box, she did very well...

Ten-year-old Ted Donaldson makes his debut to movie audiences after an extended run on the New York stage in "Life With Father." Cary Grant named him "the greatest child actor I have ever seen," and studio officials agreed, gave Ted a long-term contract. All six-foot-two of Mr. Grant spent one whole day in a four-foot-high room during scenes in the "Curley Club." Called the studio next day to say he was too stiff and some to climb out of bed...

Cary set a new record for tying a bow-tie. There is a bit of dialogue to go with this process, and the tie had to be put on and tied correctly before Mr. Grant lifted his head. Try as he would to speak slowly, the best he could do was eight seconds. Consequently, Cary is probably the only man in existence who can manage this ticklish job in such a short time...

Jimmy Gleason tried to talk Director Hall into permitting him to wear a toupee in this picture. Mr. Hall didn't think he'd like it. Jimmy took things into his own hands and spent $55.00, valeting into the nearest wiggery and bought him self a head of hair. When he showed up on the set next day, cast took one look and broke into hoots of laughter. Mr. Hall made a quick movement with his hand, and for the second time in his life, Mr. Gleason lost his hair!

P. S.

Clarence Brown has a peculiar superstition. He directs the first scene of each day's shooting with his bedroom slippers on. Then changes to his shoes... Peter Lawford really went into training for his strenuous role in this picture. Spent every evening in the U.C.L.A. gymnasium, working on the bars and rings... Roddy McDowall made two important speeches which were in production. One was to the A.E.R.C.O. workers in a Long Beach, California, plant and one was at a Pacific Coast shipyard upon their presentation of the Army-Navy "E" award. Reason for the speech was that Roddy's father is an officer in the British Merchant Marine... Take a good look at the face on Miss Dunne's white gown. It's priceless. hairline face of Belgium which be longed to Irene's grandmother and also adorned Miss Dunne's wedding dress on her marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin... Technical director for this picture was Lt. Gen. Sir Peter Lawford, father of Peter Lawford. General Lawford was one of the highest ranking officers of World War I. Idea for "White Cliffs of Dover" came from the poem of the same name written by the late Alice Miller after the terrific bombings of the English Coast. Miss Miller was inspired by the courage and determination of the women who lived near the famous White Cliffs... Director Cler ence Brown took the cast on location to his ranch in Calabasas, California. He found this for every picture he's made...

The two landings used in the portrayal of the Dieppe raid were built by the prop department and are exact replicas of those actually used in the 1942 raid.
PARDON MY RHYTHM

A gentlema named William Shake- speare once turned out a litte opus called "The Comedy Of Errors." If he hadn't already used the title, it would have been an apt one for this Universal picture. Practically everyone in "Pardon My Rhythm" suspects somebody of being in love with someone else, and it's usually the wrong person. If you don't get what I mean (and who could?) go and see the picture. You'll not only find out who loves who, but you'll be soothed by the charming voice of Gloria Jean and the rhythmic cadences of Bob Crosby's orchestra.

It all starts with Gloria Jean's boy friend, one Ricky O'Bannon. (His pay check at Universal is made out to Mel Torme.) Ricky has a high school orchestra that's hotter than an overworked machine gun. The band practices at the home of Jinx Fage (Gloria Jean) and ignores the neighbors' agonized protests. The kids are after top honors in a state band contest, and the neighbors' nerves are of secondary importance.

At the contest finals, the hours of practice are rewarded. Their band wins! Bob Crosby is one of the judges, and he goes for the way Ricky plays the drums. So much so that he wants to sign the kid for his own band, pronto. But Jinx counsels Ricky to wait till after the national finals, much to Crosby's indignation. What's this little mouse got to do with it, anyway? This is a deal between men! IRked at the intervention, Crosby dreams up a plot. He asks his beautiful torch singer, Dixie (Mar- torie Weaver), to make with the eyes at Ricky and persuade him to listen to reason. Jinx (no dope, she) gets hep and does some counter-scheming. She persuades her handsome father, Tony (Pat Knowles), to go to work on Dixie. Tony's girl, Julita (Evelyn Ankers), decides he's really in love with Dixie and is pretty upset as a result. Crosby also takes a very poor view of such going-ons—Dixie is supposed to be working on Ricky, not Tony. Ricky himself has no idea what's cooking, but whatever it is he doesn't like it! See what I mean about a comedy of errors? Of course everything straightens out eventually to the sound of some very hot music from the band.—Unis.

P. S.

Hep-cats and 'gators will find a new idol in Mel Torme, 18-year-old composer-singer-drummer-actor, who gives out with some very fancy drum work along with Bob Crosby's orchestra. . . . Mel breezed through the picture breaking every standing superstition of the industry. Brought his black cat to work, whistled on stage, walked under ladders and refused to do business on any other day of the month but the thirteenth. . . . Gloria Jean, signed her fifth consecutive contract with Uni- versal during production. . . . Juvenile orchesra was drafted from among the personal friends of Miss Jean. Kids are all appearing professionally for the first time . . . Bob Crosby gets his long-awaited (Continued on page 23)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Frank was singing on the stage of the Paramount when some smartie threw him a penny. Quick-witted Sinatra smiled and said, "There's only one kind of animal that throws a (s) cent"—then nodded to the orchestra and finished his song (amid the cheering of his fans.)

Maureen O'Connor, New York, N. Y.

Are You in the Know?

In writing your soldier, do you
- Rave about your dates
- Tell him your troubles
- "Talk" to him as you always do

Don't be a tear jerk...or killjoy! "Talk" to him gaily...give with the latest gag. Let your heart have a word, about the talks, walks, dances you shared. You'll be glad you didn't break those dates, when your calendar said "stay home." You didn't—from you'd learned Kotex isn't like other napkins...doesn't just "feel soft" at first touch. That Kotex is more comfortable because it stays soft while wearing.

What is she doing?
- Playing with dolls
- Studying Fashion Design
- Learning puppetry

Got a knock with the needle? Good style sense? Fashion design offers a rosy future! Meanwhile, join home Ec and Art classes. And as shown here, practice fashion design with miniature models. Fashion, you know, inspired the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. This is a patented Kotex feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby. You can wear the clingingest creation with nary a telltale line!

Should you try this if you are—
- Shy
- On the prowl
- A five by five

Each answer is right, and here's why. Any active sport unshells the timid soul . . . pares down excess poundage. And for date bait, it's wizard! So, play up—even on "trying days". With Kotex sanitary napkins you can say goodbye to little nagging worries. For Kotex has no wrong side to cause accidents. And the special Kotex safety center gives you worry-proof protection.

I know your napkins—

More women use KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins


It's a wise girl who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. Quest destroys odors completely. It's unscented, safe, sure.
"DAYS OF GLORY"

1,352 PRIZES!

1ST PRIZE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

1,350 Prizes of $1 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by RKO Studios.

** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

HERE’S HOW: Turn to the picture story of "Days of Glory" on page 40, and see picture No. 9. What do you think Toumanova is saying to Gregory Peck? What would you say if suddenly you found yourself in the arms of the man you loved, facing untold dangers, seeing him, perhaps, for the last time? Maybe, like Toumanova, you’d say “Darling... I know it now... A person can die of happiness!” Or maybe you wouldn’t make any noble speeches, maybe you’d just murmur “Dearest.” Try to put yourself in Nina’s place, and in your caption (15 words or less), say whatever you think you’d really say in her situation. Be sure to read the story of "Days of Glory" on page 40 before writing your caption.

RULES:

1. Write your caption in not more than 15 words.

2. Fill in your FULL NAME and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband’s.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.

3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.

4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families, and those who have already won big prizes in MODERN SCREEN’S 1944 contest series.

5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than July 10, 1944.

6. Neatness will count, but do not send in elaborate entries, as they will receive no preference.

7. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

BIG WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN’S "MIRACLE OF MORGAN’S CREEK" CONTEST

First prize . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Mrs. Josephine Taylor, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second prize . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Miss Margie Gilliam, San Antonio, Tex.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES
NO. 16—"DAYS OF GLORY"

Please Print or Type

Full Name ..................................................

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

Coat Size ...............................................

If I were Nina, I would say: ...............................................

.......................................................... (Not more than 15 words)

Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
GOODBYE, MY LOVE

This twisted tale of passion and murder is played against the somber backdrop of Russia just before the Revolution. There is a curious quality of predestination about it. When the characters face tragedy, they never try to avoid it. Instead, they pace the floor, muttering about fate and the stars.

Take Fedja (George Sanders), for instance. He is a young judge, banished from St. Petersburg to polite exile in a country town because of over-fondness for the wrong kind of women. Does his exile teach him anything? At first, it seems it's going to. He becomes engaged to a charming and well-bred girl, Nadina Kalinin (Anna Lee). He is, he tells his old friend, Count Volsky (Edward E. Horton), completely reformed. The count, who is known as “Piggy,” is a futile, silly little man, typical perhaps of the decadent aristocracy of the period.

Fedja's reform lasts only until he meets Olga (Linda Darnell). The Greeks had a word for girls like Olga, but you can't use it in a nice magazine like MODERN SCREEN. She is engaged to an elderly overseer named Urbanin (Hugo Haas). But, regardless, on the very day of her wedding she begins an affair with Fedja, which is to bring tragedy to five people.

Nadina is the first. Olga deliberately lets her learn of the affair, and Nadina, broken-hearted, gives up Fedja forever. When Count Volsky becomes enamored of Olga, and, since he has considerably more money than Fedja, finds her responsive. She is, as a matter of fact, planning to keep them both around, but this proves impossible. For one thing, her husband Urbanin, who never knew of the affair with Fedja, soon sees the Count's interest. That is when the murders begin. They don't stop until destiny at last steps in, and justice is done—by accident.

George Sanders almost succeeds in making you sorry for the passion-crazed Fedja. Anna Lee and Linda Darnell are, as usual, ornamental.—U. A.

Can your skin stand the "Compact Close-up?"

In the sun's bright glare—or candle-light's soft-glow—Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder helps you look lovelier.

It's comforting, oh! very, to peek in your compact in candlelight. You see your skin through a kindly mist, its lines and faults mercifully softened.

But most of the time you're under hard daylight, or harsh electric glare. So choose a face powder that will flatter your skin, in any kind of light. Try one of the warm, new, human shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. See if it doesn't give your skin a look of delicate new beauty . . . a look of dreamy smoothness . . . of new youthful appeal.

It's because each shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. There is one particular life-like shade especially created to flatter your natural beauty . . . to remain fresh, vibrant, gloriously alive . . . to stay smooth on your skin.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all six exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.

CHANGE OF TITLE

All-star Universal picture, "Follow the Boys," is the new title of "Three Cheers for the Boys," which we reviewed in the April issue. Star-studded cast includes George Raft, Zorina, Jeanette MacDonald, Don O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Marlene Dietrich and a flock of others.
your string. They'll be noticing you by now. (They always notice the girls who get up and go. The men are busy getting them casual hellos and have some surefire conversation-starters on hand for that terrible moment when one of them pilots you from Latin and says, 'Hi. Was it anything as trivial as, "Gosh, I used to be afraid of you!" or "No doubt you've heard it before, but you do look like Sonny Tufts,"' will please him pink.

Now that you really know some boys, how to maneuver them to the dating point? Half the time, you have to put the words in their mouths. Prudence. You both like Dick Ellington. You've got a couple of his new platters, so you say to Bill quote come on over and I'll play them for you some time unquote. Most likely, he'll name the night, and wheel you've got a dating ceremony. These, when you discuss picnics. He loves 'em. You do, too. So say, "Wanna try out my new charcoal stove some Saturday?" Turns out he does. He says he's going to see "Lady in the Dark" this weekend. You say, Coincidence? So are you. He says why not go together. Or maybe he's going horseback-riding Sunday. Well, golly, you are too. Sunday at ten, then? Fine! You'd love it! That's the way it goes at first. When you've broken the ice, things just get rolling, and you'll find yourself turning down any way you're snapping up.

breaking it to the family...

Mother and Dad usually take the first date kind of hard. One minute you're a wee thing in a torn pair of jeans; the next minute you're all slick 'n smooth and jabbering something about the Saturday night. It kind of his manners. Better to say, "Joe Blow asked me to go to the movies with him Saturday," instead of a flat, "I'm going to the movies with J. B. Saturday." "I'm going" is frequently a red flag in your father's face, and "you are not" is a likely rejoinder. Having dropped the bombshell, be prepared to answer a million questions. The first want to know who he is, what his father does, what crowd he goes with, what he eats for breakfast. Forewarned is forearmed, so inquire around about him. (This, incidentally, is your own benefit as your family's). And no need to tell you to steer clear of lads with not-so-hot reputations. Be as casual as you can about the whole business, because if you're practically hysterical with excitement, the family may see fit to call it off. If, on the other hand, you take it in your stride, act as if it were the most natural thing in the world, ten to one they will, too.

tonight's the night...

You look your most sowy, and you're all ready at the appointed hour. When the doorbell rings, you're the one to answer it, not Mom. She'll be feeling a bit hampered by fright him out of his wits—nor your leering little brother. Greet him with a big smile, a "Hi!" and take him in to say hello to the family. If you're going to leave him with your dad, give a clue the family a conversational straw to clutch at. Something like, "Bob's mother works over at Red Cross, too, Mom." Or, "He's a pretty good actor. Thinks he's a bomb, hurry, and leave before anyone gets bored. Once you're out in the wide world, start the talk going with something blithe like, "I think you made a hit with Dad," or "Mmm, I like the sport coat." Let him help you going up and down curbs, praise the seats he snags at the movies, let him recommend a delish sundae for you after the show. When you're home, hand him the door key and let him wrestle with the trick lock. It's such tiny things as these that make a man feel awfully man-of-the-world. Big points to remember: 1. Boys like a lady who gets along with his family. 2. They need a starting point. Your best bet is to quiz them about what branch of the service they want and why. 3. The girl is the one to say when it's time to go home, and be sure you say when while things are still fizzing. Don't wait until you're yawning in each other's faces. 3. Your date wants to know if you've had a luxurious evening, so tell him, and here's one time you can lay the adjectives on thick.

to kiss or not to kiss...

We know it's a problem. When you don't kiss them, they think you're an iceberg, and when you do, they think you're fast. What to do? Well, first let's talk about when to say no. Never, never kiss them on the first date or even on the second or third. After you've become quite good friends, a nice, tender good-night kiss just seems to make a swell evening perfect. Sort of like icing on a cake. However, it's up to you to confine your kissing to that brief, sweet moment at the door. He would very likely love to come in and talk it over in your dimly lighted living room. Maybe you'd like it, too, but if you want to hang on to his friendship and to the friendship of all the other nice guys you're dating, skip the smooching department. He can hold your hand in the movies, put his arm around you walking home, if you enjoy a good night a couple of times—but as for really sitting down and going at it seriously, no! Your foot's down.

So much for when, now let's talk about how to kiss any no. The first time he tries to kiss you, ward him off with, "Ahh, Bill, this has been so much fun. Don't let's spoil it." Or, "Gosh, you're way ahead of me, Bill. Let's save something for a while, shall we?" Then give his hand a nice friendly squeeze and skip inside before he has a chance to make an issue of it. He'll be intrigued, and his unsentimental, good-night kisses, he may persist in trying to lure you into bigger and better love bouts. That's when you appeal to his better judgment. If you're disappointed, Butch. I thought you and I were a little above that stuff." Or, "I guess I was wrong about you, Joe. Here I've been thinking you were kind of special." If he gets huffy at you, let him huff straight out of your life. You're well rid of him.

Co-ed Mailbox...

*I met a sailor at a USO dance for whom I am but mad! We exchanged addresses (he's on the briny now), and I've written him a dozen letters and torn them all up thinking I should let him write first. Would you? Or if I were to request him a strictly unsentimental note?—Nancy Shea, Madison, Wis.*

G'wan and write to the guy. It's perfectly according to Hoyle, and he'll be thrilled. Don't cut the break-up of all the sentiment of you. Know, "Gosh, I miss you," or something. Then let him answer before you V-mail him again. After the correspondence gets down to a layman's level, try not to worry about who owes whom a letter. Just write whenever you feel particularly communicative. He'll love it!
I haven't heard from my favorite sergeant in three months, and I'm frantic. It's not that I doubt his love, because that's one thing in the world I'm dead sure of, but I'm worried about his safety. I don't know his home address or I'd write his mother, and I hesitate to trouble the Red Cross. Can you tell me if there is any other way to get information?—B. C., New York, N. Y.

Why not write to the chaplain attached to your soldier's outfit? Tell him your problem briefly and ask him for any information he has. Address the letter to the chaplain of your soldier's religious denomination (for example: Presbyterian Chaplain), using his (the sergeant's) overseas address.

* * *

What do you do when you fall for a chap at a Canteen, and it's beautifully mutual—only he's got a girl back home? Where does honor end and self-preservation begin?

Tell you next month, chicks. That and the answers to all the Canteen dilemmas. Meantime, the welcome mat is still on our desk, so if you've a problem, tiny or terrific, won't you let us help? Maybe it's a guy or a career or a baby that's got you frazzled. Pitch us the whole story, and we'll answer as fast as the old typewriter can beat it out. If there's a bit of a delay, don't scold us, please. We haven't forgotten you. Be sure your name and address is on the letter as well as the envelope, or we can't possibly answer you. There are dozens of address-less missives in our dead letter file right now for that very reason. Where to write? To Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Flash! Just got a note from Wade Magnum, president of the Roddy McDowall Fan Club, inviting all Co-Eds who like Roddy to join. Two very enticing features of his club are: (1) There are no dues at all. It keeps going on voluntary donations. (2) Through the club you can acquire pen pals from all over the world. For more information, write to Wade at Box 452, Peace River, Alberta, Canada.

NO ROOM FOR TROUBLES IN THE NEW KIT BAG...

But plenty of room for magazines and note paper, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades... shall we go on? Or is it enough to say that all the small essentials servicemen keep writing home for are being packed in Red Cross kits and sent overseas. Trouble is, somebody's got to do the packing. Somebody's also got to make the thousands of surgical dressings... and the layettes for servicemen's babies... and sweaters and endless other items. Does a finger seem to point to you? Well, swell. Stop by at your local Red Cross and get the dope on their Production Corps. You know, if you're too busy to come downtown, there's work you can do at home—write with patterns, materials and instructions furnished by the Red Cross. And if your club just happens to be casting around for a project, what nobler one than this? There's been lots of surgical dressing contests in high schools through the Junior Red Cross. And, boy, you should have seen that white gauze fly.

TRUSHAY*... THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously different idea in lotions! Trushay, used before you wash undies—before you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps prevent soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it all these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.
Spring Fashions.
Newest in spring styles. What to wear and buy. How to dress up oldies for 1944. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens.
This is specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, makeup, hair-do’s for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Be Beautiful.
If you are over 18, this is your ticket. A split-second beauty routine for every kind of skin, makeup styled to your needs. Nail care, too. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair.
We think enough of your curls to get up this encyclopedia on hair care. How to make locks gleam. Hair-do’s styled for you, with settling instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Lose or Gain Weight.
Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners.
Charm, poise, etiquette from dinner meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Write a Love Letter.
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry?
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you’ll be. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Tell if You’re in Love (5c).
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it’s really love. Send 5c for this chart and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Co-Ed Personal Advice
All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Joan Kinkead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 25 for details.

FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE ANY OF THE CHARTS YOU’D LIKE

FOR GLAMOUR
Spring Fashions.
Newest in spring styles. What to wear and buy. How to dress up oldies for 1944. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR ROMANCE
How to Write a Love Letter.
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR FANS
Super Star Information Chart (10c).
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

CRISTAL BALL DEPT.
Handwriting Analysis (10c).
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau’s written in ink (about 25 words). 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.

FOR HOMEMAKERS
Now That Baby Is Here.
The ABC’s of mama-hood. Authoritative information on what babies from 1 to 12 months require in the way of food, sleep, care, training. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Throw a Party.
How to make a splash: dinners, teas, showers, entertaining year ’round. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Things You Should Know About Cooking.
A primer for your kitchen-shy gals. How to buy, budget, serve meals. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Don’t Throw It Away.
How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Frank Sinatra’s Favorite Recipes
Modern Hostess will answer all your questions about cooking and how to cope with rationing. Free recipes, too. See page 85 for details.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Us pin-up Girls—
gotta share beauty secrets!

Look lovelier with Ivory—
the soap more doctors advise
than all other brands together!

Plea to Pin-up Girls—DON'T WASTE IVORY! Soap uses vital war materials. Never leave it in water! Always keep it in a dry soap-dish! Use up every sliver of every bar!
Memories of a kiss

Brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz captures the affections of those who really love fine beer. Once you taste Schlitz, the memory of its famous flavor will remain with you always.

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS

none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Is there anything duller than a bowl of oatmeal (with or without lumps)? If there is, it's a magazine without surprises. Having spent a quarter of a century hating oatmeal, you can imagine how I love a surprise...

To make a long story short, we've just signed Louella Parsons to write our Good News each month. Henry and I are fixing to take a walk in the clouds. And will Superman kindly move over and let a couple of good men pass? ... Yeah. That's how this newest surprise makes us feel. And why not? We're going to be the best-informed movie magazine in America. Shucks—in the world! ... You all know Louella Parsons. In Hollywood, nobody has a baby—not even a twinkle in the eye—without Louella's knowing it. She's as much a part of Hollywood as Metro or Grauman's Chinese. She's seen stars grow—and fade, helped build them. She loves Hollywood, and it's a two-way romance! ... Turn right now to page 58, where Louella greets you.

Perhaps you'd like to answer in kind with a little note to welcome her. She'd love to hear from you. We're proud to welcome Louella Parsons to the MODERN SCREEN gang. ... P. S. Fredda Dudley's still going to be with us, knocking out those swell stories as only she can.

Take a look at the terrific job on Betty Grable's new baby on page 36!

Executive Editor
It was a night to remember. A thing to take away with you. Lon, standing on his head in a corner over some darn fool charade. A couple of guys at the phonograph drooling over James. The Great Dane kissing each guest as he entered. And later, the wonderful mellowness of midnight with the fire toasting their toes and oiling their tongues. After-the-war talk of a sloop off the Bahamas. Lon's sloop . . . and Bill Eythe's. And two hours later the way they all unfolded themselves and said they really had to go and promptly stayed till three. Then, finally, on leaving, the way they stood at the front door telling us from MODERN SCREEN what a fine party we'd thrown for Lon. "Wonderful party! It's awful he has to go, but since he does, darn it, this is the way to do it." That evening just about wound things up for Lon. Except for the large to-do at the studio just the day before he left for camp. (They'd managed somehow to rush through prints of his new film, "Home in Indiana," for him to see before going.) Lon stumbled through those last weeks at home looking forward and backward at once. Melting at the old things and, gosh, so eagerly toward all the newness ahead.
We did! Yep, lined up the victim . . .

aimed our Rolleiflex . . . and clicked! And,

honestly, we never shot a sweeter guy.

Lon and pal Eythe greeted guests effusively. First arrivals were Mary Anderson, Morj Riordan (above) who sped over from set. Left at 11, to make 6 A.M. calls!

Object of Eat the String game: to race opponent down to dollar bill in middle. Winnah: Mary Anderson. Said runner-up Lon, "Aw, I let her. She's my guest."

Balloon-blowing John Horvey took terrific ribbing from Lon and Morj. But he was last to leave. Hated to go 'cause wife Judy was in hospital with their first child, 4-day-old Joanna.

Prize-winning charade was Mary Anderson playing a mare; Bill, a doe; and Lon a lamb. Catch? Four days later Mary celebrated second anniversary alone with book. Husband's in Navy.
Gong split into 3-mon teams, practically blew brains out trying to
wotf balloon into center of room, on hands and knees. Blonde June
Hovar, just 18, piano soloed with Cincinnati Symphony Ork at 7,
studied at some dramatic school as Ty Power. Dolce Farley Granger.

Who Shot Lon McCallister?

Continued

Grandma spent most of evening rustling victuals
for party. At studio party, few days later, pals
optimistically presented Lon with packet of razor
blades and poem to fit. Other gifts: books, 6 Bibles.

This one's called "Cross the Stick" or "How to Break Your Back in Two Easy Twists,"
over head without changing position of your paws. (Mary, above, checks up
Leonard Behrens' juke box business in Los Angeles.)
Gang watched from bleachers while Lon tried walking across floor in foot-long strides, as string was only through telescope. Mary Anderson and Mari Ronan, Lon's official cheerers, wrote him stocks of letters, made him promise to open just 1 o da y in Army.

Few days after this, Lon was answerimg to name of Herbert, issuing clodhoppers to new G.I.'s. Got pass from 2:30 Sat. till 9 P.M. Sun. first week-end, trolleyed straight home. Spent evening with Cythe.
Humphrey, who never saw Hollywood’s "Casablanca," did see real thing an overseas stint with wife, Dan Cummings and Ralph Hart, above.
Humphrey and Sluggy (short for Mayo) took off on Nov. 24 for war zones, lighted boc in Los Angeles, 35,000 miles later, after intensive entertainment tour of the Mediterranean and African theaters.

Flying over old Pompeii, Bogie yelped, "Look at those ruins of Pompeii." Tough little G.I. beside him shrugged, "Heck, you ought to see what we did to Bizerte." (Above with wife Mayo and Co.)

It was a thing, that tour! Bogey and Co. jouncing in jeeps

over shell-pocked roads . . . thumbing rides on fighter planes . . . tossing gags off the backs of trucks to hand the weary guys a laugh.

The set that day was a cheap waterfront barroom. Hollywood extras made up like tough mugs leaned on the counter, and in one corner a colored boy banged a piano, honky-tonk style. A greasy bartender slopped over drinks on the bar. Flashy half-caste tootsie extras swayed in and out.

"Okay!" called the director. He had lined up the first scene of "To Have and Have Not," Ernest Hemingway's hairy-chested shocker of the Florida keys. It was a setting for violence, vice and rugged love. It would be Humphrey Bogart's first scene in his first picture since he came back to Hollywood from entertaining Uncle Sam's overseas soldiers.

"Okay, Bogie," repeated the director. "Now you stroll into the dive—plenty tough, see? C'mon, let's go through it once. Just to get the feel of it."

Humphrey Bogart left the side of his wife, Mayo, who had driven him to the studio. He strolled on the scene, dirty denims, a sweat-stained shirt, cigarette drooping from his twisted mouth. A bad _hombre_, you could tell. Slowly Bogie sized up the joint. He raised his ice-tea "whiskey" to his lips.

But suddenly he grinned, then laughed out loud. That wasn't in the script. But Bogie couldn't help it.

"Well, honey," he yelled to Mayo, "I guess this is where we came in!"

It was indeed. But with all that familiar Bad Man Bogie setting, it still seemed mighty strange to Humphrey Bogart to be back in Hollywood making faces for a camera again. Like it seemed queer to be sleeping in soft beds, taking shower baths, seeing lights blaze at night, eating (Continued on page 98)
Some people die and go to heaven. Some—

like Vicki Grable James...are born right into it!

The band assembled quickly for rehearsal at the broadcasting station. Two dilatory members, taking Gulliver strides and breathing hard, rounded a corner and made for the rehearsal room. Outside they took an extra second to smooth their hair and straighten their ties. Even late, they didn't want to look as if they thought they were late. When they sauntered in, they discovered that their brief drama was without an important audience. For the first time in the memory of band members, Harry James was absent from rehearsal.

With their eyes doing splits between the clock and the door, the band waited. At last, 30 minutes (Continued on page 113)
Dedicated to her by Harry—"Only You Have Kissed My Heart." B. is only femme among top 10 entertainers named in Army camp poll.
It used to be practically swords-at-dawn each time they tried to rib him. But Helmut's catching on.

One day soon after Helmut landed, cop overtook his car, said "Pull over." H., thinking cop was chummy W. Union boy, smiled, drove on. Got ticket.

The other morning Helmut Dantine walked into the office of an ambitious press agent at his studio.

"Could you," Helmut inquired politely, "show me a picture of this young lady I am always going out with to the Hollywood night clubs?"

The press agent did a double take and thought fast. He dug around in his files and came up with a picture. "Here," he said, "that's her. Your current heart beat—Gloria Van Vaincourt, the New York society heiress!" It looked a lot more like Fifi La Tour, burlesque queen, than any society heiress.

Helmut studied the still thoughtfully. "Charming," he said, with just a touch of Vienna accent. "I must meet her. When can you arrange an introduction? I want to thank her for being so nice to me."

The press agent gulped and grinned. Then he had to confess what Helmut Dantine already suspected—that there wasn't any Gloria Van Vaincourt—except for publicity purposes. He had to wise up Helmut (Continued on page 86)

By Jack Carson

Helmut wangled advance of $200 on first role, sunk it safely into filling station. Juiciest role to date, dark-eyed Greek in "Mask of Dimitrios."

Seeing British Army pic, "Desert Victory," Dantine gasped to find, among prisoners, the Nazi who'd tossed him into concentration camp 5 yrs. before.
“days of glory”  By Maris McCullers and Kay Hardy

STORY. The plain lay flat and ugly, war-scarred, rising slightly as it approached the forest. On the horizon was the bomb-shattered outline of a city. Here on the Russian plain around Tula even the sky was grey, heavy, forbidding. A wagon came hurtling down the dirt rutted road; its driver was standing on the seat urging the panting horses forward. Behind him, still in the distance, two German (Continued on page 106)

PRODUCTION. Not one member of the cast will look familiar to movie-goers. Producer Casey Robinson, armed with a strong, stirring script, said “No” to agents wanting to sell him top-ranking stars, ordered the RKO Art Department to turn out sketches of the characters in the story as he pictured them in his mind. The finished sketches were then sent to talent scouts, to little theater groups, to drama editors all over the country. Robinson’s (Continued on page 112)
This was no place for a dancer . . . not here with this tiny guerrilla band, in the midst of war and death. This surely was no time for love.

2. To the disgust of his sister [Dena Penn], 15-yr-old Mitya [Glenn Vernon] is smitten by dancer's fragile beauty. The others are cool to Nina.

3. When they're ordered to join other guerrillas in drawing off Germans in coming attack, Nina's forced to stay. If she leaves, hideout might be revealed.

4. In quick, heart-stopping moment, Nina kills Nazi, is accepted by Vladimir, blonde Yelena [Marie Palmer] as equal.

8. Vladimir is safely hidden. Mitya is doggedly silent before cruel grilling of Nazis. Next day, in public square, he's hanged but Vladimir and others work on.

9. Stoically facing their certain death, Nina and Vladimir prepare for the crucial battle ahead, fearing nothing while they're together . . . caring for nothing but their work.
For awhile the O'Connors' future looked like a turkey's the day before Thanksgiving. (Part II)

Donald O'Connor's sensational hit adds up to something Hollywood has never seen before. Not only is Don a brilliant new deal in juvenile pep, personality and talent, but at 18 the marvelous "Mister Big" is a star for the second separate time in his young life—something considered practically impossible in Hollywood before. Kicked out of pictures at 13 by the fatal "awkward age," Dynamite Don came back to set Hollywood on its ears, a bigger, better young star—but a real movie freak—something the screen sages said "can't happen here."

But it's not such a miracle considering his life story from the beginning. Don's solid star sensation has been luck. (Continued on following page)

Ambition to dance was stymied by aversion to practice. Loves swing, especially James, Dina Shore. Current pic, "Follow the Boys."

As kid, worshipped J. Barrymore, always yearned to play Hamlet. Last year shared birthday party with co-songwriter Peg Ryan, guested J. Withers.

By Kirtley Baskette
ing in the cards since he was born, the baby of the famous O'Connor Family, the “Royal Family of Vaudeville”—known on every American show circuit, Big Time or Tank Town. Acting and entertaining since he could open his eyes, cradled on a dressing room table and schooled between acts, Don never considered being anything but a star one day. A spunky, precocious, mischievous, wise and high-spirited kid, still he owned a tremendous loyalty to his acting clan and also never considered being the one to break up the fabulous O'Connor Family.

Yet at 12, that decision faced Don in Hollywood. When the O'Connor Family entertained at the Motion Picture Relief Banquet an offer bounced right back for the first big O'Connor movie break. But not for the O'Connor Family—just Donald. Don knew if he accepted, it meant the breaking up of the O'Connor Family, a vaudeville tradition, and his whole life up to that point. A big part with Bing Crosby meant a lot of wonderful things, too. But family loyalty won out. At the banquet that night he told the agent who had brought the exciting tidings, “I'm a vaudeville artist. I was born that way. And anyhow I don't know anything about making movies. Skip it.”

The rest of the O'Connor Family had other ideas on the Hollywood break that 12-year old Donald had decided to turn down. That night in the hotel they ganged up on him—his mother and big brothers Billy and Jack.

Effie O'Connor told Don what the manager of the last theater they had played together as a family had told her. A big theater it was, in a big city, and the manager had seen thousands of entertainers come and go.

“In all the years I've been here,” he told Effie, “I've predicted greatness for mighty few artists. Most of them are ham-and-eggers and always will be. But of the few I have predicted a future for—not one of them has crossed me up. And I say, Mrs. O'Connor, that that youngsters of yours, Donald, is going to be a star!”

His mother hadn't told Donnie that till then; it might go to his head. But now she thought it was time. Maybe he could see that a kid with his talent couldn't deny it—family feelings or no. Sentiment went far in show business—the racket was sugary with it. But a break always kicked sentiment out the window—that's the way the (Continued on page 70)
First job in Army was fitting shoes on other buck privates. Qualifies for K.P. by ability to cook creamed carrots and peas and steak! Won't mind mobile G.I. life. Longest he's ever stayed in one spot was 2½ years in Calif.

Don has vast store of medals gathered while mascot of Chicago's 124th Field Artillery, at 9, First uniform came this year, from Army! Going-away presents from Peggy Ryan, co-star in "The Merry Monahans," were Army cold-weather necessities—his "Aleutian trousseau!"
Another charming Pond's bride-to-be...

Helena Rausch of Middletown, Ohio, is engaged to Lawrence Richard Nelson of Dayton—now "somewhere overseas".

Helena's great, great grandparents went West in a covered wagon and settled in Ohio.

And now Helena is a pioneer, too—one of numbers of lovely Pond's engaged girls who are "war-working" for the safe return of the men they love. At the Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, where Helena has been since September 1942, about 60% of the workers are women.

Helena's own job is inspecting spare parts for airplanes—and very close to her heart. "Every girl who takes a war job is helping to bring our boys back sooner," Helena says.

All kinds of necessary jobs need women—in plants, stores, transportation, restaurants. Won't you see what you can do? Check help wanted ads, consult local U.S. Employment Service.

Her complexion is exquisite...

porcelain-fine, and fair! "I don't know what I'd do without my Pond's Cold Cream," Helena says. "It's perfectly lovely to stroke on Pond's and smooth off that factory grime."

Helena beautifies her face like this: She slips Pond's satin-white Cold Cream all over her face and throat. Puts lightly, quickly. This softens and releases dirt and make-up. Then she tissues off.

She "rinses" with more Pond's—swirling her creamy-tipped fingers round and round her face. "And when I tissue off again my face is sparkling clean," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Helena's way—every night and every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too. It's no accident engaged girls like Helena, exquisite society women like Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart choose Pond's.
Dearest Mom

There's so much Ronnie can't talk about
—the smile when you said good-by . . . the
wonderful way you took Janie into your heart.

Dad was taking a bath when the letter came. Mom pounded at the door. "Jack, listen, listen! Ronnie says we're to come just as soon as ever we want to."

The splashing stopped for a moment, then it sounded like a couple of porpoises in the tub.

"Jack! What on earth are you doing in there?"

"Singin' glory hallelujah and scrubbin' my back!"

It wasn't a surprise exactly. Nell and Jack Reagan had known since June that they were going to join Ronnie in California. Only they hadn't expected it quite so soon. "About six months maybe," Ronnie had said. "Always provided they don't give me the air—" And here it was hardly three months . . .

Three months since Ronnie had phoned from Des Moines. The minute she heard his voice, Mom knew something was up. Always kept his feelings under control, Ronnie did, ever since he was little. But he couldn't fool her—

"I wrote you today, (Continued on page 52)
"A big advantage we Cadet Nurses have is that the course in most schools has been stepped up... twenty-four to thirty months, where it used to take three years. If you are still in training when the war ends—and if you have at that time been enrolled for 90 days—you get your full course just the same."

"The Cadet uniform is so smart! It's for outdoor wear, and I don't think there's a better-looking one in the women's services; but I'm glad it's optional. It is nice to get into an honest-to-goodness dress now and then to remind yourself, and the boys, that you're a girl after all."

"I signed up the very week I graduated."

"I guess just about every girl has thought at one time or another that she'd like to be a nurse. Now 65,000 girls like me are getting the chance this year... the U.S. Public Health Service is paying our way. Tuition and fees, room and board and uniforms—all are free... and we get a monthly allowance besides."

Free training with pay in the U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS

"Of course, I want to get married; but being a nurse doesn't mean that I can't. There are lots of chances to meet nice men, and there's the time we can have dates. In many schools, a girl can marry while she's still a student."

"Nursing's the war job with a future! There are so many opportunities—as an Army or Navy nurse, a public health or industrial health nurse, in child care, orthopedics, psychiatric nursing..."

"It's a nice feeling for a girl to know that she's doing her part in the war, for even a student nurse is soon able to help release nurses for other war service. I love children, and can't wait to help with the new babies."

"Our allowance keeps me in spending money very nicely. It starts at $15 a month, then jumps to $20 after nine months, and it's at least $30 after twenty-one months."

"Can you qualify? Are you between 17 and 35? High school graduate or college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Then mail the coupon today. Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing."

Mail coupon for FREE booklet... giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps... and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps,
Box 88, Church St. Annex, New York, N.Y.

Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

Age... High school graduate?... Graduation date...

High school graduate this June?... High school senior next fall?...

Present occupation, if any...

Name...

Address...

City... State...
Maureen, whom parents call "our greatest accomplishment," will be 3½ in July. Determined not to spoil her, Janie gives her household chores.

Determined to spoil her, Janie gives her household chores. Janie's so happy over her first starring role in "Make Your Own Bed," she's infected everyone on set with beams. Inherits talent from her mom, Parisian actress-thrush.

"There! Now get out before I throw you out—"

Mom choked up. Even Dad looked a little shaken, though of course he'd have boiled in oil rather than admit it. Dad and Ronnie were alike, only Dad was more so—seemed to think it was some kind of crime to betray emotion. Neil was more like Mom. He'd come up behind her at the stove, "How's for a kiss?—Okay, never mind the act. You know you're dying to kiss me!"

"There! Now get out before I throw you out—"

Ronnie's heart was just as warm, but he wasn't demonstrative. Which didn't bother Nell at all. "The Lord makes the pattern," says Nell. "Who are we to try to change it? . . ."

"Read me the letter!" (Continued on page 54)
LOST: One ham on rye

WANTED: A roll of good old “Scotch” Tape to seal lunch packages

The little strip of transparent “Scotch” Cellulose Tape that would have saved Blondie’s lunch is busy saving food packages for Uncle Sam these days. In fact, wherever American soldiers fight, wherever American production lines roll, you’ll find a wide variety of “Scotch” Brand Tapes—sealing, holding, identifying, masking.

When Victory comes, all these “Scotch” Tapes will be back again in your home, office, store, or factory... mending torn book pages, sealing packages, and doing a hundred and one other jobs quickly, easily.

[Look for the “Scotch” brand—it identifies the maker and assures you of quality.]

Emergency food rations are packed in cartons sealed with “Scotch” Acetate Fibre Tape.

SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE

One of the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U.S.A. under the trademark “Scotch,” by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul, Minn.
Jack was yelling now from the bathroom.

"I'll do nothing of the kind. You come out of there and we'll read it together."

Ronnie had written: "Come whenever you're ready, but don't travel in a hurry. Take in the Grand Canyon and all the little canyons, because once you're out here, you won't want to budge."

They packed, sold their furniture and were gone by the end of the week, owing no man anything. They stopped at Des Moines by invitation to see Ronnie's first picture—"Love Is on the Air"—previewed. As Dutch Reagan, Ronnie was Des Moines' adopted son, and the town was out to honor his parents. They did the preview up brown—with reporters and everything—and sent the clippings around to Nell and Jack.

"There sat his tearful mother—"", read Jack.

Nell winced. "They must have meant cheerful—"

"Every little while she'd murmur, 'That's our son.'"

"I never opened my head!"

"There sat his gray-haired father,' They got one thing right anyway—"

"One thing right!!! Why, Jack Reagan, there's not a gray hair in your head!"

"Just a moment, please. 'There sat his gray-haired father, handsomer than either of his boys—'" He slipped the clipping carefully into his wallet. "All I know," grinned Jack, "is what I read in the papers."

They took their time driving out, saw all the wonderful places they'd always dreamed of seeing. Ronnie was working the morning they arrived, but he got an hour off and dashed over to the hotel where he'd taken an apartment for them.

The whole thing seemed too good to be true. To have California and the boys as well—because Neil came out, too, before very long—was almost more than anyone had a right to ask. If it hadn't been for Jack's heart...

They'd found out about it several years ago—that day he'd told Nell, of his own accord, to send for the doctor. Her own heart (Continued on page 79)
love story

You have no words for it . . . it’s simply there, in Lana’s voice and in her eyes when she talks about the baby.

If Lana were twins, she’d be perfectly happy. One of her could go to M-G-M and make “Marriage Is a Private Affair.” One could stay home with the baby. As it is, she trots bravely off to the studio each morning, and leaves her heart behind.

“Look at inventors,” says she, “and the wonderful stuff they invent. Look at Einstein, figuring things nobody understands. Why don’t they get busy on something important—like how you can be in two places at the same time?”

You think she’s beautiful? Brother, you ain’t seen nothin’ till you’ve seen her face when she’s talking about her baby. It’s hard to describe the transformation. Take all the words the poetry boys toss around—like tender (Continued on page 57)
Hermit Drantthe
love story  Continued

and luminous and starry and radiant—
combine their best features with Lana's,
and you begin to get the general idea.
She's ready to admit that there've
been babies before Cheryl Christina,
and babies since. Even prettier babies
maybe—how should she know?—she
hasn't seen them all. (“I don't believe
it,” she whispers in Cheryl's ear.) She
wouldn't brag about her child—certainly not. It's not bragging to say that
at seven months she weighs 21 lbs. Stick
her on the scales if you don't believe it.
It's not bragging to repeat what the
doctor said—"the Cranes have a per-
fert child." That's just science or some-
thing. She knows Cheryl's no different
from hundreds of other babies. (“Don't
you believe it, darling—of course you're
different—you're the only one that be-
ongs to me.”)
To say she counts every moment lost
that's not spent with her daughter is a
mild exaggeration. Very mild. Look
what she misses when she's away. For
instance, the night she got home and
her mother flew to meet her—
"The baby's walking!!"
"You're kidding!!"
"All around her crib—hanging on to
the bars—"
"And I wasn't here to see—"
"Come on in. Maybe she'll do it
again—"
But you can't fool Cheryl. Having
been fed and sponged and stuck in her
crib, she knew what came next, and it
wasn't walking. She smiled dreamily
up at her mother—"There's a time for
everything"—and went off to sleep.
Lana had to wait till Sunday to see the
miracle with her own eyes. And though
she'd been prepared, it still came as
something of a shock. Her baby stand-
ing on her own little-bitty feet. (She
doesn't say little-bitty, she coos it like
a dove—it's a kiss, a caress, adoration,
thanksgiving and laughter all rolled into
one.)
Next, she was at the phone, calling
the doctor. “But she's only seven
months. They don't walk till they're
practically young ladies. Do you think
it's all right?”
“I don't know what you can do about
it. If she's walking, that means she's
ready to walk.” (Continued on page 93)
Turner sheds sweaters . . . three glamour girls vie for Gable . . . Laddie back in Army . . . Fontaine may quit films!

Hello, all you MODERN-SCREEN readers. Let's get acquainted. You and I are going to do Hollywood together for a while—so it's best we get to know each other.

I hope what you have heard about me is nice—at least, fair. I'm not half the Lady Ogre I've been painted. I know YOU a great deal better than you suspect.

I know that most of you are young, eager and very interested in what makes Hollywood go 'round. Well, so am I.

Maybe I'm not a debutante, or a size 16 any more. But I've never grown blasé about the movies and the people who make them—and I hope I never will.

If you feel like writing, I'll be glad to get your suggestions about people and parties you would like to hear about. So—here we go!

As a hostess there's one thing I have never had the courage to do—and that is to invite two girls who like the same man to the same party.

So wouldn't you know it would be a man, Eddie Mannix, who would invite three of Captain Clark Gable's favorite "dates" to the same shindig? Only a man could pull a thing like that!
The ladies, all blondes, were Betty Hutton, Virginia Bruce and Kay Williams. Far be it from me to take sides, but here is what happened:

Virginia Bruce talked "politics" all evening, it was Betty Hutton's birthday—so she talked mostly about herself.

Kay Williams didn't do much talking.

P.S. Captain Gable took Kay Williams home that evening. (There should be a moral there somewhere.)

From a supposedly "secret" destination, Bob Hope sent Bing Crosby a Panama hat with the note:

"Guess where I've been?"

Frank Sinatra and Gloria de Haven got along like a Welsh Rarebit and a dish of ice cream on "Manhattan Serenade." There were fireworks from start to finish between The Voice and the little cutie from M-G-M who apparently never was a Sinatra swooner.

The big flare-up came two days before the picture was finished.

Gloria walked out on the set wearing a huge feather in her hat. It got in his way, and Frankie became annoyed. There was some foot-stamping and tears on Gloria's part and some sulks from Sinatra.

But it all had the most beautiful ending: Frankie presented Gloria with a watch set in rubies when the picture was finished. "Thanks," he wrote, "for being so swell about—everything!"

Richard Jocelyn's at the age where he feels he has to swallow life and drama in big chunks. One day he talks about getting married. The next, he's going to join the Coast Guard.

He's 17 now—and a movie hero ever since "Guadalcanal." But I can remember when he was in short pants and used to come out to barracks with his mother.

It's just three years ago Easter that he came to me and said: "Aunt Lolly, I'm too big to hunt Easter eggs with the other kids. They're so little—and I find them all. It isn't fair!"

Now, when I see him, he talks about his next starring role!

Inscribed in a ring Paul Lukas gave his wife, Daisy, on their 16th wedding anniversary is, "For Services Far Beyond the Line of Duty!"

Betty Hutton's dying to fall in love:

"Gosh! What's the matter with me? What's the matter with me? I have a date—and the guy sends flowers—and we go out to dinner—and the lights are low—and the music is sweet—and maybe he's going into the service next week—and we get sentimental—and you both think for a little while that maybe you're in love.

"So what happens? The next morning—it's just a flashback!"

She's the craziest kid in Hollywood. But one of the sweetest—and most honest.

Maybe if Betty would stop trying so hard to fall in love, the real thing might come along.

"Van Johnson," one of the M-G-M executives told me, "is Frank Sinatra without the voice!" He based this amazing claim on the reaction of the girls at the preview of "Two Girls and a Sailor." They didn't swoon—but they squealed plenty!

Alan Ladd is 1-A again, as you know—but I wish everyone would quit taking the attitude of being (Continued on page 62)
modern screen's


Mexico cotton stripe sunbock. 9 to 15. $8.95. Oppenheim Collins.

Bolero converts sunbock (left) for street wear.
A man needs a fresh girl once Summer starts to set in. Now, hold on a sec'. Who said anything about switching partners? I mean flower-fresh, dew-fresh. You all along, silly—cotton-fresh! From one stylist to another, there's nothing better. Why d'ya suppose Adrian mixed cotton up with sequins for evening the way he did? And why do you think that—right this minute—gals with that kind of money are paying around $100 a throw for cottons in the hoity-toity New York shops?

There's more to it than meets the eye—even the fashion eye. F'rinstance, most men can't stand anything but cotton next to them—which should give you an idea or two. I'll admit it takes plenty of tubbing. But it takes to tubbing so beautifully. If Sonja Henie can go for the soap-suds routine the way she does in the interests of spic-'n'-span-ness—so can you.

First off, you need a suit to wear right now in town. If you're a lazy-bones about ironing, seersucker's your dish. But it won't win you an Oscar for originality in 1944. Chambray, now, is something to shout about. Especially when it's tailored the way I found it here. Comes in misty blue, rose or "brief case" tan (that's just war-time for "luggage," pal). Wish they'd let me send along a sample of the big crystal buttons. They're super.

Of course, I know you're itching to wear those shoulders of yours sunny side up. And you needn't be a Maria Montez to do it in my pet Mexico sun-back cotton. Has a ghost of a bolero to keep you within the law within the city limits. Notice closely the way the bolero stripes go cross-wise atop the up-and-down stripes of the skirt. An old Latin trick that broadens the shoulder line, makes the rest of you slim by contrast. Comes in south-of-the-border color combinations—brown, purple or green predominating. Another Mexico 'idea is black cotton in the same kind of outfit. Wonderful if your (Continued on page 97)
This is a Bride... Isn't she Lovely?

She's so lovely she leaves the groom breathless. He's crazy about her. What gift can you send her that 'she'd be crazy about?

These are Pyrex dishes. Aren't they Lovely?

You bet it's lovely! Pyrex Ware sparkles like a new diamond. It saves time and steps, too. Each dish can be used for baking, serving, and storing. She'll love it.

This is what a bride can do with Pyrex dishes. Isn't it wonderful?

Yes, it's wonderful. Food bakes as much as 1/3 faster. She can see when food is done. Pyrex Ware helps make any bride a better cook. And she can bring it right to the table! Leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again, in the same dish. With no transfer from dish to dish, she saves precious food.

Idea for in-laws: The new Pyrex Cake Dish (next to the Sergeant). Note the handy glass handle. Grand for tasty layer cakes, fluffy biscuits, puddings, chops, potatoes. Give her a pair. Each only...

Tip to best friends: The Pyrex Double Duty Casserole (above) is a super-dandy gift. Two dishes for the price of one—a swell baking dish. And the cover does extra duty as a pie plate. 3 sizes: 1 qt. (small) family size only...

This is the Pyrex Trade-mark

You can find the little one pressed into the glass bottom of every Pyrex dish. It and the familiar orange label both mean “A product of Corning Research in Glass.” Look for them for your own protection. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.

"so sorry" and moaning, "What a shame about Ladd."

I'm sure that is not the way Alan feels. He was honorably discharged from the Army because of his health. He took a month's rest at Palm Springs before returning to work at Paramount in a picture with Loretta Young.

All the time he was making the film, he took good care of himself—stayed away from the night clubs and kept to the old early-to-bed-early-to-rice treatment.

If the good rest and the good care have rebuilt his strength and recovered his health—I'm sure Alan would be the last guy in the world to feel with his mauldin sympathizers—"so sorry"—that he will be back in Uncle Sam's uniform after he completes "Two Years Before the Mast."

I wish: Judy Garland would start looking more like she did when she was plump, saucy and happy... Maria Montez's studio would forget those scorns for awhile. She's one of the best dressed girls in Hollywood off screen... Dennis Morgan would reduce just a little... Joan Fontaine would change her mind about retiring from the screen after she makes "Forever"... the Stork would make Loretta Young very happy by making it a boy for the Tom Lewises!

It is a good thing there wasn't anyone from 20th Century-Fox around to hear Betty Grable's first words to Harry James after the arrival of Victoria Elizabeth: "You aren't disappointed because it's a little girl, are you, honey?" Betty asked. "I'll have a little boy for you, too, honest I will!"

The studio that can hardly wait for their Million Dollar Pin-Up Girl to come back to work, would have swooned en masse at that.

"Vicky" James is bedded down in the prettiest nursery in town. She sleeps in the white lace bassinet Lana Turner gave her—but everything else in the room is pink or blue. She's a Pin-Up Baby if I ever saw one—blonde hair, blue eyes, just like her mother's.

By the way, Betty and "Vicky" wear identical little jackets—Betty's bed jackets were copied from the cute baby jackets she received at a baby shower.

The whisper around town that Shirley Temple had a boy friend named Dare Harris, the good-looking lad who accompanied her to the Academy Awards at the Chinese Theater, was greeted with laughter by the young lady herself.

"It's very funny," she told me after her picture appeared with Dare's in a morning newspaper. "I'll tell you the truth: He works for Mr. Selznick and so do I—so the studio thought it would be nice if we went to the theater together." Never thought I'd live to see the day when Shirley Temple was telling me about a publicity romance.

In spite of a few lukewarm statements to the contrary, there were paternal objections to the elopement of Donald O'Connor and Gwen Carter just before he joined up. But the folks need have no worries. Gwen is a plenty smart little girl. She's got a very level head on both their shoulders even if she is just out of high school.

In her spare time now that Don is in the Army in Texas—she's been studying typewriting and shorthand.

"You never know what will happen—or how long this war will go on," Gwen says. "It's only fair for me to prepare myself to about our financial burden while he's in the service, I've read where the boys worry more about the folks at home than anything else. "Well, it's true, Don is getting a movie star's
salary in the Army. But even if he weren't, I'd want him to know there wasn't anything to worry about back home. That is," she giggled, "there won't be—if I ever learn shorthand!"

What's come over Lana Turner? She is going in for dignity plus. The last few times I have seen her she has been arrayed in severe all-black, her hair parted in the middle and low on her neck and no trinkets or the jewelry she used to love, at all. And I can remember when Lana was THE Sweater Girl!

Don’t think for a minute that Universal is going to neglect Peggy Ryan just because Donald O’Connor is in uniform. I understand they are shopping around for some of the old Mabel Normand hits for Peggy—particularly, "Mickey."

Speaking of Peggy—she lives about a block from the Hollywood Canteen. She's a riot with the boys every time she shows up. But most of them don't recognize the kid who gets out and spades the Victory Garden or who washes her own car in the driveway on Sunday morning.

"It's not everybody who can be a star at the Canteen one minute—and an Ella Cinders in her own back yard right around the corner," Peggy told me.

I'm crazy about Danny Kaye. Might as well admit it. He came over to my house the other day with his wife Sylvia, and nicer people I've never met.

Danny gives Sylvia the credit for all his success. "She stuck by me when no one else could see me," he says. Both of them refused cocktails. Sylvia drinks coffee—Danny drinks nothing but milk.

Strangely enough, because he is a comic, Danny's idol (Continued on following page)
Mother's little helper

When Junior tears his daddy's book,
    His mother doesn't gape
With horror—she just fixes it
    With handy Texcel Tape.

And when he eats, the painted walls
    And woodwork stay quite clean.
A paper shield with Texcel Tape
    Provides a makeshift screen.

It's Texcel Tape for packages
    And scores of other things,
For quick and handy mending and
    In place of glue and strings.

For Texcel is an improved tape
    Whose "stick-ums" bonded on.
It won't dry out, it won't come off.
    Before the judgment dawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
    Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
    Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
CELOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

good news Continued

of idols is John Barrymore. He has seen every
    movie the late star ever made.

I always thought it was the red-headed
    gals who were supposed to have the most
sex appeal. But when Greer Garson was to
    be her most devastating self in "Mrs. Park-
ington," she decided to don a black wig.
    Which reminds me that Ingrid Bergman also
went femme fatale by donning a black wig
    for "Saratoga Trunk."

Greer's flaming hair is so gorgeous I never
    thought she would ever resort to covering it
up on the screen. But she has a marvelous
    sense of humor.

"I really wasn't in favor of the black wig
    at all—at first," she laughs, "but when I
crossed the lot—and one of the boys whistled
    as I went by—that made up my mind!"

Dropped over on the set of "The Conspir-
    ators" during the first days of shooting to visit
with Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid.
    "Louella," Paul said, "Hedy owes me ten
dollars and I think she should pay it."

Hedy looked almost as surprised as I did.
    "How come?" she asked.

"Don't you remember in Vienna, when we
    were working for Max Reinhardt, I said that
I bet we would co-star in a picture in Holly-
wood one day—and you made it ten dollars
    that I was wrong?"

Hedy laughed, "You're right"—and forked
    over the ten specs.

The newscast V-letters I get come from
    Richard Ney who is somewhere in the Pacific
aboard the USS Jaguar. He writes:

"The Academy hi-jinks were short-waved
    to us, and it was a kick to tune in on Holly-
wood for the celebrating. Did you know,
    Louella, that the lads hereabout rate Spencer
Tracy as tops among the Hollywood hams
    and that Robert Montgomery is something
of a legend among the M.G.M men of those waters."

"Jackie Briggs has been a sick boy. He
    was down for the count (105 temperature)
with dengue fever. But he's back on the
    job again manning and operating the output
of an advance radio station. Also my hat is
    off to Mrs. B. (Ginger Rogers to you.) By honest
count Jackie received 15 letters in one day
from the little woman. I am also able to
    report from first hand knowledge that he is
still a champ at gin rummy."

Sometimes I feel like turning Veronica Lake
    over my knee and spanking her. She can be
such a grand girl when she wants to—and
then she does a right-about-face and is as
    naughty as the little girl with the curl right
down the middle of her forehead.

Veronica was very temeramental during the
    filming of "Bring On the Girls"—reporting
late to work and leaving early almost every
day. She should remember that movie-making
    is a business—a serious business these days—
and those temperamental antics just don't go
anymore.

One of the really tragic things about the
    Dick Powell-Joan Blondell parting is that little
"Normie" Powell did not know he was not
    Dick's own son until the story broke.

"Normie" is Joan's son by a previous mar-
    riage to George Barnes, the cameraman. But
he was so little when his parents separated
that he knows just Dick as his father.

It was one of the unhappiest moments of
    Joan's life when she had to tell the little boy.
I remember something that Fredric March
    once told me about his adopted children.
Freddy said: "As soon as they are old enough to understand what I am saying, Florence and I intend to tell them how we adopted them.

"We want to spare them the heartaches of learning the truth from other children some day. We want them to understand and to be proud that of all the children we could have had—we chose them because we loved them so much."

Pauline Goddard's overseas wardrobe weighed exactly five pounds and consisted of various and assorted brass and shorts and a few dresses—not one of which hit below her celebrated knees. Because there are no hairdressers where Pauline was heading—she very practically planned to wear her hair in pigtail with colorful flowers for ornaments.

Did you ever have a Christmas party in the Spring? I did—and I don't remember having more fun. It was a crazy idea planned to make up to Major Ross Shattuck (who has been overseas for two years) for missing out on two Christmases at home.

The fun started when I tried to buy a Christmas tree. Everybody looked at me as though I were absolutely crazy. But I soon got the ball rolling.

The Robert Youngs sent over a potted Cedar tree that was just exactly the right size—and they also sent along a Santa Claus centerpiece for the table. It was so funny putting Spring blossoms in the pot-bellied "Santy" and filling little red boots with sweet peas from the garden.

The evening was so balmy that by the time the quests started arriving, and we turned on the lights on the tree—the doors and windows were open.

Captain Clark Gable brought Kay Williams to the party.

The Herbert Marshalls arrived with a beautifully wrapped Christmas present which turned out to be an assortment of things from the Five and Dime store.

And just to keep in the spirit of the thing, Don Ameche mixed an eggnog. Unseasonable, but oh, so good!

Gene Tierney is radiant beauty since the birth of her daughter, Daria. I asked Gene where she ever got that name—it's unusual to say the least. "It was my great-grandmother's name," she explained, "I liked it because it is so unusual, and there's not much chance to make a nickname of it. I hate nicknames."

The baby weighs 14 pounds now, and the doctor says when she weighs 20 she will be big enough and strong enough to travel to Hollywood and be with Gene. She was so tiny and so fragile when she was born that she has never been taken out of the apartment in Washington where she is with her adoring grandmother.

It was her sixth-month wedding anniversary—and Maria Montez wore the bluest gal in town. It's true she had received a nice fat letter from husband Jean Pierre Aumont—but that wasn't the same as having him home.

The doorbell rang, and Maria's maid came back quickly to say there was a man calling who had to deliver a certain package just to her alone.

Maria ran to the door. "Before Mr. Aumont went away," the stranger said, "he told me to mark this day well and to deliver this package to you with his love!"

It was an exquisite topaz set—clip, earrings and bracelet, all in true French taste, and engraved inside the bracelet was "My little wife."

This ink proves pen failures can be avoided!

Solv-x in Parker Quink prevents metal corrosion, rubber deterioration ... cleans and protects your pen as it writes!

More than an ink... this is Parker Quink. Quink, alone of all writing fluids, contains solv-x—a special ingredient that protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.

2. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.

3. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.

4. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.

Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying... Quink with solv-x costs no more than ordinary high-acid inks. So don't take chances with that pen of yours. Give it the protection it deserves. Keep it out of the repair shop by filling it with Parker Quink, today! Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

"MICRO-FILM BLACK," the all-purpose black ink, writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Matic, photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red... washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size 25c. Other sizes 15c and up.

Copr. 1944 by The Parker Pen Company

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!
Presenting handsome hand hints that your Beauty Dept. has collected from Hollywood. Here's the latest on keeping your fingers lily-white, your nails a-sparkling!

When he held your hand 'twas soft and dainty. Then the gold band was slipped on third finger, left hand, to the strains of Lohengrin. You know the rest of the story . . . dishes to wash, beds to make, stoves to clean. Your lily-whites took on a red and angry tone. But cheer up . . . we've unearthed Hollywood hand-hints that will help you revive those honeymoon hands.

Now whoa, there. Don't all you MODERN SCREEN-ers, involved in everything from jam-making to arc-welding, go fractious and say that Hollywood stars do nothing to soil their dainty digits. That's where you're wrong. Hollywoodites come fully equipped with children, houses (and housework!), gardens and dogs. Further, the stunts they have to do in assorted pictures would make arc-welding look like a picnic. Screen stars are between two fires—a job that musses 'em up plenty, while demanding that their hands look as if they never do a thing heavier than hemstitch a handkerchief.

How do they manage? Jane Wyman says it's done with good old soap, hot water and brushes. Says that, while all of us wash our hands a dozen times a day, it still takes a thorough scrubbing, preferably at night, from finger tips up to and including elbows. After this nightly soaping, Janey wipes her hand thoroughly, pushes back the cuticle at the base of each nail.

CREAM CUE. If you're a WIFE, a WAC or a WORKER, your hands get constantly into things that dry them out. After the washing and rinsing that Jane speaks up for, finish off by wringing your paws in hand cream (yes, go ahead—wring those hands hard!). One hand cream we dote upon is a rich, whipped-up job that lathers in well because of its smooth texture.
PROTECTION PAYS. Use a protective cream when a-toiling at anything really messy. The worst of the dirt will give you the go-by, having no place to cling. Which is okay by you! And just listen to what one of these greaseless creams will do: You put it on before starting work. There's no sticky deposit. It seems to disappear . . . but really doesn't! Not at all, it's right there to keep grime and grease on the surface of the skin so that when clean-up whistle blows, it can be washed away like a flash without de-skinning yourself.

LOTION LURE. No "absentee hands" for you. Do all you can (for patriotism, as well as prettiness) to avoid 'em. Wear gloves when possible. But, gloved or not, use a good hand lotion before work and every time you wash. Keep a bottle handy, and several times a day smooth generously all over hands, wrists and even your arms. There's a particularly wonderful, pearly lotion, about the consistency of rich, creamy milk. It goes on with a silky texture, leaves a pleasant, almondy scent.

MANICURE MUSTS. What with creams, protectives and lotions keeping your hands so super-smooth, it's only fair that you should treat them regularly to a really bang-up manicure. Learn how by a glance at page 68. And here are some extra cues. For your shaping job, an emery board is really much gentler than a steel file—especially if your nails are thin. Incidentally, if your nails are fragile as egg-shells, it proves you're low on vitamins. Begin to enliven your menus with carrots, tomatoes, oranges.

Is there lacework around your cuticle? That means you're the careless type. But you're going to reform, aren't you? You won't use horse-and-buggy methods of cutting your cuticle. It's apt to be dangerous. Instead, you'll try a special liquid cuticle remover that's absolutely safe.

Lucille Ball thinks two coats of nail polish last longer than one, appear clearer in color, smoother in finish. But she says the second coat has no value if (Continued on page 105)
by Carol Carter

finger tips!

Just follow the directions given on our nail-care chart below. Result: one first-rate manicure for you!

For inspiration glance at Annie's lovely digits.

OFF WITH THE POLISH. Saturate a wedge of cotton in polish remover and do the trick. Be ultra-careful to re-cap the bottle of remover after you are finished, or you may find it empty next time. Warning: always use a liquid polish remover. Never, never, scrape and tear the old color off your nails. It's bad for them.

GET YOUR NAILS IN SHAPE. File them into graceful ovals with your emery board. Don't be over-zealous about cutting corners because you don't want dated, clawlike fingertips. Medium length nails help you to be your most efficient self these days, whether you keep company with a typewriter, kitchen sink or riveting machine.

SOAP AND WATER, HERE YOU COME! Fill up a basin with warm sudsy water and soak your paws for a few minutes before scrubbing them with a hand brush. (Of course you'll use a pure soap!) After hands and nails are scrupulously clean, dry them well. While the cuticles are softened, gently push them back with the edge of your towel.

NEXT, A GAY SHELLACKING OF POLISH. Over the initial coat of colorless polish foundation, apply the polish in four long, smooth strokes. For long-term endurance, go over the nails with a second polish coat. Later, give your fingertips a special overcoat to insure against chipping. Your nails will be a-sparkle for days and days.

SMOOTH OVER ROUGH SPOTS. Be sure to massage your hands with quantities of soothing lotion when the nails are dry. If redness and cracked fingertips are your present peeves, smother your neglected mitts in hand cream at bedtime and slip on cotton gloves overnight. Before embarking on a really messy job, apply a protective cream.
Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Original color harmony shades to accent the appeal of your lips...glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood...one dollar

Original color harmony shades for every type

Blonde  Brunette  Brunette  Redhead

Max Factor - Hollywood
DONALD O’CONNOR

(Continued from page 44)

show world wagged. It was natural and right. His mother told Don this, and she said she ought to know. Hadn’t she been in show business since she was five years old?

Jack and Billy chimed in, too. Billy had terrific comedy talent. He had ideas for a double with just his brother Jack, he said, and maybe this break could give him a chance to develop—maybe it was the answer to everything! Mom could stay in Hollywood with Don. She wasn’t as young as she used to be, and a stay in the California sun would do her good, also a rest and a home that wasn’t running on wheels.

She deserved it. And that movie check—O’Connors could always use money. They were good arguments.

Jack said he and Billy could throw together a new act in jig time. Billy for comedy, Jack for stunts, and Jack’s baby daughter, Patty, who even as a tot had a voice like Kate Smith, could still make it a family act. Maybe Millie, Jack’s wife, off the stage since an accident, could fill in a spot—anyway she could take care of the troupe. It ought to be a grand act.

“What’s the name of this act?” Don wanted to know.


Young Donnie grinned. “Okay,” he said, “if you’ll keep it that way, and save a spot for me. Where do we find this studio?” he asked.

mighty atom . . .

They found it over on Marathon Street in Hollywood. Paramount Studios, where Wesley Ruggles was getting ready to shoot “Sing You Sinners” with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray. At first, Don’s small build almost lost him the chance before he got it. On the testing stage Ruggles saw how small he was. Because, for his age, 12, Don then looked like he might be eight. He was only four feet, eight inches tall. He was to grow four inches in hardly more than a year, grow so amazingly beanstalk fast, in fact, that it was to toss him right out of his contract. But at that time the California sun hadn’t got to work on Don. He was still a runt—a mighty atom.

But when they tried him on the songs, “Pocketful of Dreams” and “Small Fry” and saw how nimble he was at catching on to anything, Don’s years of trouping paid off. The main doubt all along had been whether he could take the rough work. Because in “Sing You Sinners” Don was slated to play the part of a jockey and take some pretty dangerous spills in a race.

He didn’t look rugged enough, but when they brought that up, Don said nothing. He just went over to a side of the stage and tumbled across it with trick falls, somersaults and acrobatics like he’d been learning from his big brother all his young life. That convinced everybody quick.

Donald O’Connor came through nicely in his first picture, “Sing You Sinners.”

TWO PROMINENT SOCIETY BEAUTIES TELL

— how to choose your right summer powder shade

MISS CYNTHIA McADOO, blonde, very charming, and very young, says, “Fair skin like mine turns a rich, rosy tan in summer—and ordinary sun-tan powders show up yellow, especially around the nose and mouth. The shade I love is Pond’s Dreamflower ‘Dusk Rose.’ It has a soft glow that blends marvelously with my tan—makes my skin look smoother! If you’re a blonde, choose Pond’s ‘Dusk Rose’ for summer.”

Pond’s Dreamflower Powder

features 2 gorgeous shades for summer
DUSK ROSE—for rosy-tan blondes
DARK RACHEL for golden-tan brunettes
49¢, 25¢, 10¢

Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle, a beautiful, starry-eyed brunette says, “Summer sun turns my brunette complexion a golden bronze. My favorite summer powder is Pond’s deep golden ‘Dark Rachel.’ It makes my tan look richer and softer—and never gives that whitish, powdered look. I really think that Pond’s Dreamflower ‘Dark Rachel’ is the ideal shade for sun-tanned brunettes.”

Pond’s LIPS

— stays on longer

Five wonderful shades that stay on and on. Gay, flower-sprinkled cases—49¢, 10¢.
There were a lot of reasons. One was that Don was good. He could sing and act and read his lines like they were meant to be read. He had grit, too. He took nine falls at a barrier off a race horse until the camera got hispicture, and the admiration at once of Arthur Jacobson, the associate producer, and his part kept growing. And he captured the fancy of both Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray, the stars. They took him pats.

Bing and Fred and tiny Don used to sit on the set between scenes and sing while Don played his accordion and showed them what little he knew of the five-a-day. They used to toss gags at him and watch him bounce back with ad lib answers, like all seasoned vaudevilleans can, from Fred. All the other stars, they traded jokes on old mistrel nifties—the Joc Miller kind—that Don knew by heart.

Bing and Fred got a terrific kick out of it and decided that Don was an O.K. kid. The clamor didn't make up for Billy and Jack and little Patsy. His mother sat on the set with him every day and got paid for it—Don was a minor—but she was bored, too. She missed the excitement of vaudeville life. It's not being on the road you feel like a vegetable in Hollywood. What was most swell about it to Don and Effie then was—that check. And it was good. Up around $900 a week. Although, oddly enough, money had never meant a thing to the O'Connors. They'd never saved any because they put no premium on it. They made good checks for the family—$600 a month, and $600 a week for the family. And when it was gone, they were never really worried. The O'Connors could always work. They had a good act, and they were welcome. All it took was a wire or two and maybe some "get-away money." Don O'Connor grew up firmly believing that line, "he who steals my purse, steals trash." He had an острые навык, and still has this today. If the law hadn't forced half of his earnings into a trust fund, he'd have come away from Paramount cheerfully broke. Just as today, the money that passes automatically into the same fund is just as the same as if Don had never earned it. A while back, he got a studio bonus of $1500. Don cashed the check in 150 ten-dollar bills and carried it around with him. That was real money; he could feel it in his pocket, although much more goes into his accounts every month. Pretty soon, by the way, the $1500 vanished.

So—back when his first Hollywood star flared and then died—Donald O'Connor had little cash money—and no regrets—when the bad news came. It was logical. The boy had been too big for his britches—Wesley Ruggles told him the truth when he jerked him out of "Invitation to Happiness." "You're too big. Grown too fast. There aren't any 'awkward age' parts." He knew it wasn't his fault, because he'd never held up a take once in his life, and his fan mail was swelling. He blamed it on the California sun that he should shoot up four inches in a little over a year. But Don wasn't sorry.

He felt let down, of course. Everyone does—even an actor—when he loses a job. For a few days Don was lost and despondent. He was still only a kid—almost 14. There were plenty of other studios in Hollywood, and jobs he could have got—because he'd done his best at Paramount, and the other studios knew it. Independents and smaller outfits would have welcomed Don and found something for him. But even though he was a kid, he was wise. Before Paramount dropped his option, he told his mother, "If they let me go, I'll leave this town and go on the road. Then, when I get past that awkward hump—I'll come back and wow 'em." He meant.
It. From the minute he walked out of Paramount's gates, Don's mind was made up. He never saw another studio, never made even a phone call for another movie job. And something else—a coincidence—helped Don carry through his decision to leave Hollywood clean. The same week Paramount dropped him from the payroll, the O'Connor Family—what was left of it—rolled into town—Jack and Billy and Patsy and Millie. When they tramped in the bungalow court, laughing and happy, full of plans and breezy with tales of the vaudeville circuits, Don felt like he'd just burst out of a stuffy room into fresh air and sunshine.

"Sure you're going to join us," they welcomed. "You're coming back where you belong. And listen—with the name you've made in Hollywood—why, we'll be terrific. Look—here's how we'll bill it. The O'Connor Family with Donald O'Connor!"

Don's brief case of the blues vanished. They wired for bookings, and the theaters snapped them up. The O'Connor family, in force rolled out onto the broad highway, laughing and cracking jokes and singing "Happy Days Are Here Again." Don hadn't even thought how he'd fit into the act again. But as they drove along the highway, he had a high notion that they planned that, too. He'd do his "Small Fry" scene, the one that had made him famous, with Bing Crosby in his first picture. In San Francisco "Don O'Connor" went up in bright lights on the marquee. But so did "The O'Connor Family."

They rolled on, East, playing as they went—Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago. And movie offers caught up with Don everywhere he stopped. One-picture jobs, spots and bits here and there. Good money, all of them, but they Don they were just buzzards winging after the dead Hollywood stardom he'd outgrown.

From Chicago Don and the O'Connors ran down to Danville to see Uncle Will and Aunt Josie and cousins in their "home town." They had money in their pockets and plenty of booking offers. In fact, the reason they went to Danville was a foreign contract was on the way for the O'Connor Family, and Don was to leave at once for Australia on tour. They went "home"—the only home they knew—rehearsal would be underfoot. As usual, whenever the O'Connors hit Danville, they played the local theater. This time, after Don's movie fame, the whole town turned out. The family turned out. There was no room for Christmas and excitement, merriment and good will surrounded them. Happy days had indeed come again.

hidden pain...

Then one night after the show, Billy O'Connor said he felt funny. He went home to bed, and the next morning he had a raging fever. The doctor said "scarlet fever," and some neighbor kids had been there, nobody had paid much attention. That was the week before Christmas. Billy died a week later, the day after Christmas. He was just 26.

For the first time in his life Don shared in the O'Connor family grief. The early deaths of his baby brothers and sisters had taken place before he was born. The tragic deaths of Arliss and his father were before he knew what it was all about. But when Billy went, something happened to Don.

Everyone had loved Billy O'Connor. He was that kind of a boy. Full of life, merry, a natural born comedian bursting with talent. He had coal black hair and gray eyes, a husky build and all the good nature and confidence in the world. Had he lived, Don sweers he'd have been another Ed Hope. Billy was closer to Don than any one else in the O'Connor family. Don copied, admired and worshipped Billy. Billy was a boy never to be emotionally strong enough to stand a million stage tricks. He tossed him around the stage as a baby and made him learn his profession and learn it right, for Billy was serious about being funny and the third time he kidded about everything, as Don does today, but he was good, as Don is, too. So when he died, it was like losing half of Don O'Connor's self.

Don never made much fuss about his grief. Even the family never knew exactly how he felt because he wouldn't say anything, even to them. But they found a letter he had written to a pal of his, another vaudeville kid. Don had forgotten to mail it. In that, they read how Billy's death had affected Don.

"I'll always remember Billy as he was—alive and happy," Don wrote. "But I feel like part of me had died, and I guess that's how all of us feel. I wonder if the O'Connor family will ever be the same again."

Don's dark doubts were not idle ones. He was right. From the minute of Brother Billy's death, the O'Connor family never was the same again. Ill-luck fastened on it like the Old Man of the Sea, and all that was left of it was a big, robust family of nine, who'd shriveled to three, and Don O'Connor, the baby, was only 15 years old! They had never stared into this tragic reality before—but when Billy died, two things happened: The O'Connors realized that the Family Act was just hanging by the ropes. And, what was left of it rested mainly on the slim...
"You'll find this luxurious Beauty Bath makes you feel like New!"

Dorothy Lamour gives you a beauty tip you'll want to follow! "Without daintiness no other charm counts," she tells you, "and a daily Lux Soap bath makes you sure. The rich, velvety lather caresses skin so gently, leaves it fresh, really sweet. You'll find this ACTIVE-LATHER bath a wonderful pick-up. You step out feeling like a million!" Just try it and see!

SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT! A LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS SO REFRESHING, LEAVES SKIN SWEET—DELCICATELY PERFUMED!

FIGHT WASTE
It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
Boy-shoulders of Donald. They weren't sturdy enough to hold off the weight of bad luck that came along.

**dropped in 6-bolls . . .**

Billy's death killed the Australia trip. The O'Connors laid off two weeks in Danville and tried to collect their thoughts at their courage and make a decision. A New York offer made it for them. It offered Patsy a part in "Panama Hattie," then a solid musical show hit on Broadway, with Ethel Merman. Patsy was to take Joan Carroll's part, when that kiddie star discovery trotted out to Hollywood and the movie gold mines. There was no mention of any other O'Connor. Nobody said anything, but everybody realized that from now on the O'Connor Family was mostly a name. Everyone would be on his own.

But they all went to New York. Patsy, Don's niece, but much more like his sister, like all the O'Connors, was born with talent in every inch of her body. She had a wonderful voice, was clever and cute and caught on quickly. As a tiny tot she had beat Don to Hollywood by five years, going to Fox studios for "Redheads on Parade," but getting nowhere much afterwards, because a little dimpled goddess named Shirley Temple was right on the same lot.

Patsy had the only job in the O'Connor family for a while. But soon Jack and Don teamed up in a vaudeville double and "turkeyed" again around New York and the East, playing the small towns, with split weeks and overnight stands for lunch-money, compared to Don's Holly- wood salary—ah that had stopped now by only a few months. If the comeback hurt Don, he never let on. One thing Ellie and Jack knew—Hollywood hadn't made Donald O'Connor one bit high-hat or know-it-all. He still came to them and asked for advice on this and that of vaudeville business. They were still his teachers—his only teachers—as the O'Connors had always been for Don. And he stayed cheerful, although the breaks went from bad to worse.

First Jack ran into a quinzy throat and went to the hospital for a long stay. That broke up the act. Then Jack's wife, Millie, had to undergo a serious operation. Patsy, the meal ticket, began to grow on Broadway as Don had in Hollywood. She grew right out of her job in "Panama Hattie," and when it went on the road, they included her out. Then Patsy, too, immediately came down with a serious strep throat and landed in Roosevelt Hospital. There was a time when everyone was sick except Don and his brother, and nobody working—not even Don. His vaudeville act was gone. He was still too young by law to work alone in night clubs. The bills piled up. When the various O'Connors got convalescent out of bed, weak and shaky, they put the family act back together again, but it wasn't what it used to be.

Only there weren't any vaudeville dates. Vaudeville was in one of its many sinking spells. The O'Connors played anything they could get. They were in hock to friends for hospital bills, and the hotel could have been getting nastier. Times were tough plenty. Sometimes they skipped a meal, and at the Plymouth Hotel, where Don and his mother stayed, they looked down the street once in time to see a desperate girl lean from the 20th story window to the pavement below. It made them look at each other.

But in that crucible of tough times Donald O'Connor found himself being forged into a man, even though he was only 16 years old. The turning point in his life, he thinks, on looking back, was when Billy died, and the realization arrived that things were up to him—little Donnie. For the first time in his life he had sober thoughts, he knuckled down, he grew up. He worked. It had all been fun and a lark and easy pickin's before. But now Don carried the act, and he had to measure up to it. Two years of this had made him ready for really important Broadway star jobs. Only there weren't any jobs.

So the O'Connors went back to Illinois, as they always did when trouble was double. Back to the haven of Uncle Will's big house for a brief rest, and then to the country, club in Peru, run by the old family friends, who always came up with a job for cakes and coffee when that was what the O'Connors needed most. That was in November, and for the first time in their lives the Christmas holidays were coming on again, and this time there were no bookings for the O'Connors. Christmas had always been big O'Connor family fun up until lately. They'd always doll up their dressing room with colored lights wherever they played and even haul in a tree. But last season it was Billy's death, and as New Year approached, there seemed to be about as much future for them as there is for a turkey the day before Thanksgiving. Things couldn't go on like that. They had to make some decision.

This time Don knew the decision they made would have to be something daring and different. It couldn't be just another reforming of the ranks and setting out again on the vaudeville circuits. The O'Connor Family was still an act—but that was all. After all these years it was crumbling fast. They had to make a new decision—and again a telegram made it for them.

A friend of the family, their agent in Hollywood, Colton Cronin, had run across a movie job for Donnie that fit like an acrobat's ties. Universal was brewing up "What's Cookin'??" and needed a new Mickey Rooney. Cronin also was up on the fortunes of the O'Connors and knew that when times got tough, they'd do almost any show job to get out of debt. He wired. "Have offer for Donald Universal Studios," and he named the salary. It was good.

**blue christmas . . .**

That news reached the O'Connors on December 7, 1941. Some other news reached them the same day: The Japs had bobbed Pearl Harbor.

Neither item that day hinted of the significant change both would bring in the life of Donald O'Connor.

Don had to wire back the truth: The O'Connors couldn't make the cross-continent jump in the financial state they were in. And as usual, where Don went, the O'Connors still went. And if there was work only for Don. "Wire getaway money," he told the agent, "and we'll come."

It came back—$100.

That was about all the O'Connors had to carry them five of them—from Peru, Illinois, to Hollywood. And they had just five days to get there. The musical show was out of the question. They just didn't have the fare. They grease up the old car and set out.

That's a trip Don O'Connor will remember a long time. The last jump of the O'Connor Family, all of them together—Ellie, Jack, Don, Millie and Patsy, all crowded into the car, racing across the country to Hollywood. Winter was breaking over the plains and the mountains they had to cross. Rain mixed with sleet and turned into snow. They huddled together, wet and not too well fed by day and shivered in flimsy overcoats and
they'll be seeing you!

...and you'll be something lovely to look at in one of these wonderful new Jantzen Velva-Lures... "Jan" with the white pique pleated fringe on top is 6.95... "Little Colonel" with white braid marching down the front in circles, 6.95. Both have marvelous Jantzen bras.

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motels at night. The old auto creaked and rattled and groaned and slithered on the wintry highways—but it kept going. It had to—the five-day deadline was being whittled down.

Coming into Albuquerque, New Mexico, they noticed streams of cars with California licenses passing them, headed East. Some had beds strapped on the top, and furniture and trunks lashed to the sides. All were bulging with people and their worldly goods.

At Albuquerque a negro at a gas station filling their tank chattered through the icy wind. "You-all goin' to California? Bettah not. No-suh. Ev'body in California's comin' through here—headin' East. De wah! Japs gonna bomb California." He shook his head solemnly. "You-all goin' to a b-o-d place!"

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Below is one of this month's prize-winners:

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several years ago I had a bit part in an Orson Welles play. Mr. Welles thought a white spotlight, focused on us, would be very flattering. I bravely spoke up and suggested that blue and amber would be much kinder. Mr. Welles promptly replied by having all my three lines in the play cut down to one.

Anne Carlsen, New York, N. Y.
now too weak to hold the O'Connor clan.

Oddly enough, what did it was a scene that he blew higher than a kite! It was with Gloria Jean, a long bit of dialogue, written stuff that has always been hard for Don to memorize—somebody else's stuff. He wasn't particularly nervous before a camera, but he forgot the lines. So he blew it, but kept right on ad libbing as he had always done on the stage, getting funnier and funnier and piling laughs on top of one another. The camera kept running, and the director, Charlie Lamont, knew a good scene when he saw it. He kept it in the picture, and that scene was the one that made a hit for Don O'Connor at the preview.

jack pot . . .

But that lucky bit of accidental business meant far more than a hit in "What's Cookin'!" It meant more than preview cards calling Don O'Connor another Mickey Rooney. More than a term contract that came when the Universal big shots saw what they had in Don O'Connor. It was the premium payment that insured Donald O'Connor's later solid hits which today have made him the hottest young star in Hollywood, the fan mail king of Universal and the phenomenal young wizard who has been a star twice, to astound Hollywood.

Because from then on in every picture he made—"Private Buckaroo," "Give Out Sisters," "Get Hep to Love," "It Comes Up Love," "Johnny Comes Marching Home"—and even in "Mister Big." Don O'Connor ad libbed more and more, and Charlie Lamont, his prize director, gave him more and more rein, letting Don fool around and rewrite his own lines, slip in his own gags and bits of business that were second nature to a show-kid. In fact, in "Johnny Comes Marching Home," Don got going will that seasoned vaudeville talent of his and hopped up not only his own part but the part of about every other young actor in the picture. And that had a lot to do with the hit it made.

don does a little home cookin' . . .

Nobody is a bit surprised any more on a Donald O'Connor set to see a scene about to roll, and then hear Don yell to his director, "Charlie—I've got something! Keep the cameras rolling!" What it is Don has no one ever knows—not even his director. Sometimes they can't even see it, but people have learned by now not to be too baffled—when Don says he has something—he's usually not kidding.

The biggest laugh, for instance, in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" came from a Don O'Connor quick idea that stayed hidden right up to the preview. "I got one for you!" Don had cried, and Charlie Lamont had said, "Okay, we'll keep them running." Don climbed in the back set in full dress and top hat surrounded by three beauties, Gloria Jean, Jane Frazee and Peggy Ryan—all in fur coats. There wasn't much to the scene, and when it was over, Lamont asked: "What was it, Don? I didn't see anything."

"Wait till you see the picture," said Don. Lamont saw the scene in the rushes. Nothing gave. He was still puzzled. But he'd had too much experience with Don's hunches not to leave it in. And at the preview when the scene came on, there was a titter from the crowd, a growing snicker, some out-and-out laughs and finally a roar. Lamont was still far mystified. All there was, was Don slumped down in a frame of fur coats with his top hat tilted square on his head, and looking stupid. But all you could see was that face buried in fur coats, and there was something about it, something very funny.

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I just love Dura-Gloss. It has a hardness and brilliance all its own, like a lovely jewel. It's never dull. It's never "dented," soft and gummy, and it doesn't wear off. I never realized a nail polish could wear so long without looking "old," and without chipping or peeling (Dura-Gloss contains Chrystalleone which makes it hold better). Won't you do something for me—won't you put Dura-Gloss on your fingernails and then go to your mirror. Make a few pretty gestures with your hands, you'll see the prettiest girl you ever saw there, radiating life and beauty counters, so do this today.

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Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 142-F, Jefferson, Iowa

There have been a lot of things responsible for Donald O'Connor's big hit in Hollywood this time—sympathetic directors like Lamont, a fatherly producer like Ken Goldsmith, who died of a heart attack before "Top Man" and made Don feel as though he had suffered another death in the family. There have been talented girls like Gloria Jean and Peggy Ryan to balance his comedy and plenty of good tunes, dances and production money, too. Every picture Don has made since "Mister Big" has been brought back for scores of added scenes and an almost doubled budget.

But what is really behind his success is the wonderful feel that Don has for audiences. He plays into the camera like he was on a stage. What he's really got is a show business "savy" that was born with him, grew up and will stay with him all his life.

In other words, what Donald O'Connor has is a feeling for the stage boards that is innate in the O'Connor family.

That's why, even though the act is scattered now, it's still as real to Don as if it were to open next week at the Orpheum. Actually, the last time the O'Connor family—what was left of it—trod the boards was at the Golden Gate Theater in San Francisco. That was right after "What's Cookin"? was finished, and that was where the agent's wire came, "Universal wants a contract. You're in trouble, my boy."

But all the O'Connors are still all within a nickel phone call of Don. Effie, his mother, lives with him. Jack has just signed a contract at Warner Brothers, and Millie is busy taking care of both her husband and Patsy, a starlet at Universal who can sing, dance and act like a trouper.

So while they're not before the footlights, the O'Connor family is still in there—plugging.

Now there's a new member of the O'Connor Family. At first, Don had a heavy case on Gloria Jean, gave her a gold bracelet with "I Love You" engraved inside and everything. But about a year ago that wound up in the "just good friends" state, when Don met a petite 16-year-old named Gwen Carter. Now, a year later, she's his wife.

As Don O'Connor found himself nearing the draft age, he started thinking about what he could do in the Big Screen. He'd already entertained at camps, and hospitals and over the air on benefits and bond drives, and his hobby of tearing down and rebuilding old jalopies gave Don an idea. Something mechanical was his best bet for defense. Hollywood.

So he started skipping his Saturday night dates with Gwen and traveled 300 miles from Hollywood every Sunday for flying lessons, and every day away from Universal he went to Cal-Aero Tech in nearby Burbank. By now Don knows his airplanes, and Uncle Sam's training him to be a pilot.

Playing the Hitler-Hiroto circuit, Don will be leaving Gwen and the family and Hollywood, too, for the duration. Besides shelving a flock of Universal epics, domestic and foreign, with Gwen and Mom O'Connor's hot biscuits, Donald will be putting down his dreams of a dozen things he wants to do such as write, direct and produce his own picture projects.

What's more, it means that Donald O'Connor, when he returns on that wonderful Day of Victory, will have to make himself another comeback. For Hollywood's a large one for doing two starring careers from scratch like Don O'Connor has already done. A three-star movie triumph is not only unheard of so far, it's out of the Hollywood world.

But if any family can produce such a miracle man, I'll bet on the O'Connors. They've got what it takes from every angle.
skipped a beat, because—in common with most healthy males—Jack's everyday sentiments on the subject of doctors didn't bear repeating.

The doctor had come and listened with his stethoscope and put it slowly away, while they both waited. "Can you take it, Jack?" he asked.

"Anything you have to tell me?"

"Well, you've got a bum ticker. It's wearing itself out."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning if you sit on your porch and take life easy, you can live your years out."

Nell had wired Des Moines, asking Ronnie if he could get home for a few days. Having the boys around always chirped their dad up. Ronnie laid down the law to him—or tried to. Jack grinned.

"Look here, young fella, you can't kill an Irishman with an axe. Anyway, I'd rather rush out than rust out."

He'd been pretty good though—for Jack. And out here in California he was like a new man. All his life he'd had to keep his nose close to the grindstone. Now it was as though he were lifting it for the first time. "I never knew there were birds before," he told Nell. "I never knew there was anything so pretty as a flower." He kind of hankered after a garden.

But Nell and Ronnie were of two minds—afraid if he had one, he might try to do too much. Ronnie was living with them now—he'd taken an apartment large enough for all three. He'd begun going out with Jane Wyman—the pretty little girl in "Brother Rat"—but he still took the folks to LaRue's every Sunday night for spaghetti and meatballs. 

just like the girl . . .

Nell couldn't help wondering whether Jane and Ronnie were in love. She knew Ronnie's theory about the girl he was going to marry—he'd mentioned it often enough. "Some day she'll come zipping around the corner, and the minute I see her, I'll know she's the one."

He'd never said Jane was the one. "A good scout," he'd called her affectionately. "Loads of fun to be with." Not love talk exactly. It was none of her business, of course, but now her the mother who wouldn't speculate—especially as they seemed to be seeing more and more of each other. All she wanted for Ronnie was a girl who'd love him the way she loved Jack.

She didn't know then what we know—the story Jane's told—how she fell in love first—(Ronnie always contradicts her: "It's just that you found out first")—how she thought he'd never wake up—how the final blow came when she was laid low in the hospital, and his flowers would arrive with some such ardent message as, "Hope you're feeling better, Ronald." Ronald! That was when she swept flowers and card from the bed, turned her face to the wall and gave up.

That was the night Nell heard Ronnie pacing. Up and down, back and forth. She tried to shut it out, she didn't want to butt in, but every time she unplugged her ears, there it was again. At last she slipped into her robe and knocked at his door.

"Come in, Nelly. I've been wanting to talk to you."

He told her that he'd gone to the hospital after work to see Jane. Her sister had come to the door, "Jane doesn't want to see you."

"But that's crazy. Why not?"

Then, the funniest look had come over her face. "If you don't know, Ronnie, it's
most certainly not up to me to tell you.”

As she closed the door, a door in her mind seemed to open. Could she mean—? Well, what else could she mean?

“I didn’t know I loved Jane,” Mother. But I just can’t see myself going through it. I mean to do it. Why? If they said I was doing it. I wouldn’t do it, but I would if they let me. In any case, I would. But I wouldn’t waste any time tomorrow.”

He had to work next day, too, but he went to the balcony straight from the studio and didn’t even mention it. He finished dinner. All you had to do was look at him, agrin from ear to ear. But they pretended not to notice a thing. He let him say it—”I’m going to be married”—before Mom fell on his neck, and Dad pumped his arm off.

When Jane was well again, he brought her over. Nell felt a little shy at first—

you know how it is when your sister brings her bride home, and you’re not really very well acquainted with her. But Jane fixed that. Nell had gone to the bedroom to prepare for her nose or something and had been waiting in the dressing table. Jane walked in. Jane—the wisecracking baby who hates soft-talk—flung herself down beside Ronnie’s mother. “Oh, Nelly, Nelly, I love him so. I think I’ve been waiting for him all my life.”

Stroking the soft hair, Nell smiled out into space as if she were thanking someone. "That’s all I wanted to know."

As for Jane and Jack, they clicked from the first; they talked the same language. It was Jack who said as he kissed Jane after the wedding, “Don’t take Dutch away from us.” Coming from Jack, who didn’t like to show you his heart, that moved Jane deeply.

"Everything’s going to be just the same.”

And it was.

The wedding was in January. In March Nell and Jack moved into the little house the children bought for them. With Jane and Ronnie, it was never money or yours, it was always ours. They’d sent Dad scouting around to look for a place. Nell had made only two stipulations. "I want it just big enough for the two of us. And I want it in the country. There’s no sense living in California without a view.”

One day he’d come home and said: "I’ve found it, Nell. Just big enough for the two of us, and on a clear day you can see the ocean.”

family rib . . .

They all take comfort in remembering that that last year of his life was absolutely perfect. Maybe he did too much, but you and I didn’t know how nice he was. Whatever it was that made him perfect. "If you’re going to make me twiddle my thumbs,” he’d said, "I’d as lief be dead. While I’ve got my breath, let me know I’m alive.” So they’d let him do as he pleased—within reason.

The garden was his joy. He’d be out in it ever morning, and not a shrub or a flower or a little vine pushed up that he didn’t reach and push. He planted and pruned and fertilized. He built a bird-bath. He got it that, if Nell wanted anything, she found it the better part of wisdom to keep her mouth shut. Like the time she said, “Be nice to have a trellis over there.”

"Cost too damn much,” Jack growled. Things had cost too damn much for so little. It was hard to get used to spending money.

One day she came home from church to find the trellis built. Of course she shouldn’t have said it, but she


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The last sweet sleep...

There was that marvelous trip to South Bend with Ronnie and the Knute Rockne company. She could see him now, dropping into his big chair by the radio the day he got back. It was the only time he ever alluded to his own accord to what the doctors had told him. "I've had everything they've given me. I'm getting to be a star. Oh, I know the studio hasn't made him one yet, but the folks back there did. I wish you could have heard the welcome they gave him, Nell. Far as I'm concerned, nothing'll ever top it. I'm ready to go any time now—"

He was like a kid about the property Jane and Ronnie bought up on the hill. Even before it was cleared, he'd drive up every day and try to visualize how it was going to look. The children brought their blueprints to show him, and no man was ever prouder than when Jane said: "You've done such wonders with your own garden, Jack, so Ronnie and I want you to plan our landscaping for us."

Last and best of all, he had Maureen for four months. It was funny about Jack. Before their own children were born, he'd say to Nell: "If it's not a boy, out you go."

Yet he wanted his grandchild to be a girl. Ronnie wanted a girl, too, because he'd always wanted a son. But he wouldn't tell Jane, because Jane wanted a boy. For Ronnie's sake. She had it fixed in her mind that every man wanted a boy, and that Ronnie was going to be disappointed with a girl. So they got themselves good and mixed up.

When Ronnie came in after the baby was born, first thing Jane did was set up a wail. "Oh, Ronnie, it's a girl, and we wanted a boy, and we haven't even got a name for a girl—"

And Ronnie, racking his brain for comfort, came up with this: "Now, Janey, just think—when she gets to be a young lady and walks up the aisle and I give her away—just think—well, think how lovely she'll look in your wedding gown."

That almost finished Jane, weak as she was. But after a while they got to explaining how they really felt about girls, which was such a load off Jane's mind that she dropped asleep and left Ronnie talking.

Jack had been too busy earning a living to fool around with his own babies. Now he seemed bent on getting Maureen in all the fun he'd missed. Almost as if he knew it wouldn't be for long.

Every day he'd stop in. "Where's that grandkid of mine?"

And he'd sit by the hour waiting for the baby in his arms. He must have had a pull with the nurse—got around her somehow with that blaming Irish tongue of his.

" Held the baby today," he'd tell Nell.

"Not in that old leather jacket, I hope,"

"The same. And without any damn gauze over my face, either."

He died in April. Jane and Ronnie had been called East on business. On their way to the train they'd stopped to say good-by, and Ronnie did something he'd never done before. Nell and Jack had come out to the doorstep to wave them off. Ronnie was about to follow Jane into the car, when suddenly he turned and came back to kiss Mom and shake Dad's hand again. But his last word out of the car window was for Dad. "Remind me to tell you


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wrote: "When I picked Sam and Ed up, their mothers were hollerin' an' bellerin'—and, gosh, I was proud of you, Nell. You sent me off with a smile."

That was her cue. No matter how often she'd felt like crying, she'd pin the smile on her face—anyway, till they'd gone.

But this time—"Oh, no!" said Nell, and down went her face against his arm.

In the dressing room later, he said: "I'm a dope, Nelly. But I thought if I told you in front of all those people, you'd show 'em how brave you are."

"It was just the first shock," She tried to smile. "Want to go out and tell me all over again?"

She knew Ronnie'd make a good soldier, because he hated cruelty which was what the enemy stood for. Even at an age when boys are often thoughtlessly tormenting, Ronnie could never bear to hurt anything. For instance, Neil once learned a trick he thought pretty smart. If you whacked a guy across the muscle of his upper arm, he'd yell blue murder. Nell walked in one day just as he'd tried it on his kid brother.

Ronnie stood there, fists clenched, eyes blazing. "Gee whiz, I could tell you!"

"Stay right where you are, Neil," their mother ordered. "Now, Ronnie, you hit him just as hard as he hit you."

As Ronnie advanced, she could see the anger draining out of him. For form's sake, he delivered a tap that wouldn't have bothered a chick, muttered, "Nuts," and went back to his book.

like father like . . .

Maureen's past three now and knows there's sadness in the world and doesn't like it. Nell generally goes up for an hour each morning and often takes care of her on Nanny's day out, when Jane's working. One day she asked Maureen if she might have some of her toys for the little sick children she visits in hospitals.

"Sick in bed?" Nell nodded. Maureen disappeared into her room, returned loaded, dumped the toys into Nell's lap and her head after them and burst into tears.

"Why, darling, what's the matter?"

"Those little sick children. Make them end happy."

No matter how blissfully a story ends, Maureen insists on her own patented windup. To every tale Nell reads her, she's got to add: "And they're all happy." It's generally a duet. "AND—" says Nell. "they're all happy," Maureen chimes in.

There's one especially moving saga about some goats who ate the green pasture and were threatened with dispossession, but who were saved in the end. "AND—" prompted Nell—But this time Maureen was really transported. "—praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," she shouted.

Not long ago Ronnie, on leave, appeared in his mother's doorway. "Gaze upon your son—"

"What's there to gaze upon? You always look nice to me. Is that a new uniform?"

"No, but there's something new on it—"

He pointed to an added bar.

"Oh Ronnie, how lovely! But—forgive me please, I'm such a dummy—does that make you a general?"

"Would you settle for a captain?"

Maureen would settle for a mister. Most girls get a bang out of seeing their guy in uniform. To her, it's a novelty to see her daddy in the civvies he sometimes wears at home when he's off duty.

"You're not Captain Reagan, you're just plain Mister Reagan now," she crowed. "I like you to be just plain Mister, Daddy."

Nell thinks her granddaughter has something there. Isn't it true that we women are all waiting for—for our captains and privates and generals to win the war and come home and love us like this again?"

---

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what’s cookin’ america?

Find the answer in the first of our series on the Regional Recipes of the Stars

By Marjorie Deen

Fare for Frankie

Let’s Visit the Sinatras! We’ll get there in no time, for the trip from New York to Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, where they live, isn’t a long one.

The purpose of our trip out to the Sinatra home? No, not to see Frankie, as you would naturally surmise—because we could do that more easily by catching his new picture, “Manhattan Serenade,” at a local movie. Or we could probably see him in person at CBS Studio No. 3 over on Broadway, after one of his Vimas or Hit Parade broadcasts. But what we wanted to do was to have a heart-to-heart talk with Nancy Sinatra, to find out from her all about her husband’s favorite foods—which, from advance reports, were well worth looking into and trying out.

We knew that there are literally thousands of you who’d like to know how to prepare the same dishes your favorite singing star enjoys at his own dinner table. First, for the fun of it, of course! Afterward, as we suspected and were to discover, because these dishes are so practical, economical and all-around delicious that—once you have tried them, as we have—you’ll be sure to serve them often.

Then, too, what better way could there be to begin this new series of ours on regional specialties of your favorite stars, than to let the Sinatras start us off on our merry, culinary way.

Because this young couple, in their eating habits, represent a large and interesting cross section of the population in and around New York City—the people of Italian descent who, as recent events have proved, are among the most loyal of our citizens! In numbers well over one million they live in that area which embraces not only New York’s five boroughs but spreads out into Westchester and ever, spills over into Jersey—where Frank and Nancy grew up, met and married. And where, when success gave them their most expansive smile, the Sinatras decided to buy “the home of their dreams.”

This, it turns out, is a comfortable red brick house with attached garage, situated on a quiet street where other families live, with whose children Nancy—and eventually Frank, Jr.—can play. It’s a real home, this, to which Frank eagerly returned from his Hollywood picture assignment. Not a big place, nor one bit pretentious, with only four bedrooms—which—with the arrival of the new baby—isn’t a bit too many. However, there’s a brand new room on the second floor, built over the garage, which is all windows and is still in the process of being furnished—a project to which “the head of the family” now intends to give his immediate attention, according to Nancy Sinatra.

In the basement there’s another room, in which Frank takes great pride—a large, beautifully lighted playroom. It’s a sort of miniature night club, with little tables and chairs, a pinball machine, dart game and record player. While next door to it, on the strictly utilitarian side, is a completely equipped laundry.

On the main floor you’d find a colorful and comfortable living room, Frank’s den, a dining room slightly on the formal side and, back of that, a large, strictly modern kitchen. This has fluorescent lighting, crisp curtains with touches of red, a flat top range in gleaming white and plenty of strategically placed work centers. Separated from the kitchen by cabinets holding glass and china is a cheery little dinette (that’s where you see the Sinatras eating breakfast, at the left). It has gay, papered walls, and radio and telephone connections for greater convenience. A “dream” kitchen, indeed, for their “dream home” and a room in which Nancy Sinatra loves to cook, “even as you and I.”

Appropriately, it was to this room that we gravitated soon
after the sound of door chimes brought Nancy, Sr., and Jr., to greet us. They’re a natural, friendly pair, these two! Small wonder, therefore, that you fans have also taken them to your collective heart—along with the smiling singer whose phenomenal success means so much to them! The younger Nancy is an old-fashioned child “going on four,” with a sunny disposition and a growing realization that her Daddy is a pretty popular person. While her Mother is a fine and enthusiastic homemaker who still keeps no maid and who really enjoys doing all the cooking for the family. They, in turn, love the meals she prepares.

And what are the delectable dishes that Nancy Sinatra serves most frequently—by popular request—to radio’s newest singing sensation? Well, we’ll name ’em, and soon you can make ’em! For we took down the directions carefully, just as Frank’s wife gave them to us. And these are the very recipes we are offering you this month.

Of course we tried them first, just to make sure that you will understand how to go about preparing these same foods in your own homes.

So, you see, if you send in the coupon promptly, you’ll receive tested recipes for the following:

Artichokes Milanese—a simply super way to prepare this fine-flavored vegetable which too many Americans ignore.

Egg Plant Parmesan—another vegetable dish that will richly repay your careful consideration. Meat Balls, which incorporate a little cheese for a welcome change. And a Sponge Cake Desert which is both dainty and delicious, with its custard filling and unusual flavoring. (Like so many men Frankie’s other dessert preferences include Chocolate Cake, Gingerbread—

with whipped cream, when available—and Apple Pie with cheese. But we decided to ask for the first named sweet because it doesn’t cost a single point.)

The leaflet also contains a simple salad suggestion, of course, since—like most folks with Italian forebears—the Sinatras wouldn’t consider a meal complete without plenty of fresh greens. And NATURALLY there’s a recipe for Spaghetti—Frank’s favorite food.

Fine fare, this—easy to prepare and budget-wise, too. So, how’s about using the coupon for your copy of the leaflet!

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York 16, New York

Please send me a leaflet containing Nancy Sinatra’s own recipes for Frank’s favorite foods—the first in our series on the REGIONAL RECIPES OF THE STARS.

Name

Street

City . . . . . . . State

(Please be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

“FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes ‘Tattle-Tale Gray’ ”
Yes, GOLD MARK Pedees make your feet look their best, whether you wear them with or without stockings. They're stretchable for perfect fit, with NO annoying elastic to cut or bind. Here's real comfort...no irritation or perspiration botherations! Ask for Pedees, and be foot-happy!

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All Stylecraft Jewelry has a guarantee of satisfaction for life. Positively will not tarnish. Exclusively designed by the noted fashion authority and stylist, Susan Randolph.

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SOUR PUSS

(Continued from page 39)

Dantine on another phase of his Hollywood education. Again Helmut had stumbled into one of those odd American puzzlers he's been running smack up against ever since he skipped a Nazi concentration camp and ended up in—of all places—Hollywood and being—of all things—a motion picture star!

Some day soon Helmut will know all the Hollywood answers, and then this tall, dark, handsome and very curiously young man will be next door to happiness. Privately he's been struggling against the great American sense of humor and the strange customs of Hollywood off and on between pictures ever since he got his first movie break, dubbing Hitler's voice in one of those Nazi thrillers. And on the screen; ever since Helmut threatened Greer Garson with a gun in "Mrs. Miniver," he's been battling for the chance to kill the girl instead of half kill her, and incidentally, to survive himself through the last reel. When you start out as a heavy in Hollywood and do the job as well as Helmut Dantine has, it's pretty tough to change your spots. After slapping Nancy Coleman around in "Edge of Darkness," scaring Julie Bishop out of her wits in "Northern Pursuit," and generally plotting wickedly against every leading lady he bumps up against, it looked for awhile like they'd never let Helmut Dantine turn on the charm. Happily, however, I can report progress in that department; Warner Brothers have seen the light at last, and Dantine will do his stuff romantically in his very next picture, "Autumn Crocus," and from now on. He hopes also to shake off that "foreign actor" tag that bothers him and be the 100 per cent American guy that he legally is, soon as his citizenship papers come through.

the great american gag . . .

But on the private side, Helmut Dantine is still having his troubles with the strange gags and goings-on of the U. S. A.

For instance, a while back Helmut found himself invited to a cocktail party that Annie Sheridan threw. It was one of those informal binges, where everybody arrives straight off the set and steamed up for fun. Well, sometime along in the afternoon, a bunch of Helmut's colleagues decided to hand him the old familiar American rib. So a gang of guys started making disparaging remarks just inside Helmut's ear-shot. One of them was John Loder, who's an Englishman with an American sense of humor sharpened up to Hollywood style.

"I wonder," mused John, "why Ann has that chap Dantine here? Frightful heel, you know. Nasty Nazi, too. Always going around trying to murder people or throw them into jail."


And so on and on it went, and all the while Helmut listened, stiffening and getting hot under the collar but controlling himself like the gentleman he is. Not long after that he made his excuses and left the party. He still hadn't met John Loder.

But the next day on the studio lot he passed Loder and then he walked right up to him. "Mister Loder," said Helmut, "my name is Dantine. You insulted me yesterday, I demand an explanation!"

And Helmut did almost everything except present his card, strike the dismayed John across the cheek with his glove and challenge him to a duel with rapiers! Of course, Loder tried to explain with much befuddlement because he thought Helmut
knew the rib was on and was twice as shocked that Helmut had taken it all seriously. Finally, I'd succeed in explaining, and then Dantine was more embarrassed than John had been. They're swell friends today, by the way. But it just goes to show what Helmut is always running up against.

Helmut is no Chester the Chump or a feather-head, understand. Nor is he a humorless stuffed shirt, even if it is taking him some time to get on the banter beam in the Land of the Free. Suppose you had been chased out of your homeland, where you were studying to be a future ambassador, by a bunch of Nazi thugs, and found yourself all alone at 20 (he's 23 now) in a country whose language you didn't even speak, let alone understand its slap-happy customs. If you got hip in a hurry, you wouldn't be normal, and nobody would like you. Looking back on his early faux pas, the Americanization of Helmut Dantine seems darned advanced by now. And if I've given the impression that Helmut Dantine has a sense of humor built for a dope, maybe I'd better say that no one likes to laugh at his bulls and boners more than Helmut himself when he sees them for what they are.

**QUIZ CLUES**

**Set 2**

(Continued from page 72)

1. Batty over bangtails
2. Sunny
3. Inspires genius
4. Free Frenchman
5. Successor to a guy named Joe
6. Marine wife
7. Orchestra wife
8. Sergeant York
9. Cinema Nazi
10. Joined the Stork Club
11. Khaki clad
12. Sister Eileen
13. Bazooka'd his way up
15. Walked out on Walker
16. King of the bobby-sox
17. Army buckeroo
18. Tough stuff
19. Meredith's pin-up girl
20. "Chicken"-tracked to fame in "Guadalcanal Diary"

(Next set of clues on page 97)

He's told me some honeys—all on himself—so I'll just peel off a few, if you don't mind. Like the time Helmut had been studying his English grammar too closely before he made "International Squadron," a good time back. He had a line, "Give them the works!" and he took it home to brood over and translate, and so when the director yelled "Action!" what did Helmut do but yelp, "Let them have the factoriest!"

**english translation**

Or the time as late as last year when he got caught on Hollywood Boulevard in his car when it turned New Year's, and all the cars started switching off their ignition and backfiring, and Helmut thought it was a gang war and drove up breathlessly to a cop. Or the time after a big meal when he ordered sweet potatoes in the Derby, thinking it was a fancy kind of American dessert, and then had to cram down all that pulp because he was afraid the waiter would laugh at him!

You can get Helmut going on embarrassing mistakes of a foreigner and laugh yourself silly, if you want to get that way. But it's not as a chuckle Charlie that I'd like to present Helmut, either. What
Yours to have and hold—unforgettable glamorous loveliness!

The secret is Stadium Girl Cake Make-up. A delightful, new make-up that creates a fresh, captivating complexion... hides annoying little skin faults... brings to your complexion a charming glow of warm overtones that lasts for hours. For fresh, natural loveliness it's Stadium Girl Cake Make-up! Available in four flattering shades: Natural, Rachel, Brunette and Golden Tan.

You'll fall in love with the Stadium Girl Cake Make-up case. It's a lavishly designed, modern plastic, purse compact—a case you'll proudly display on all occasions.

Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, full ounce, 25c
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Available at 5c and 10c stores

smacks you right in the face about Helmut Dantine first time you meet him is his solid sincerity and the fact that he's a gentleman through and through, every handsomely inch of him. You like him he cause his hazel eyes are frank, and he talks right up in a deep, rich voice that has nothing phony about it. He makes faces on the screen, but he doesn't. There's nothing of the wise guy about him, and if he seems naive and a little old-fashioned in his politeness, it's something you like.

I remember one day when I first saw Helmut away from his normal Nazi set characters. We were toasting off some lunch at the Hollywood Brown Derby, where anything is likely to happen. Pretty soon it did. A girl came over with the inevitable menu to autograph and a gust of worlds. "I'm a landlady of yours, Mr. Dantine," she said, among other things. (That meant she was his countrywoman.) Helmut had her sit down, and they talked, although his lunch was getting cold and the girl's conversation wasn't that entrancing. Finally Helmut inquired what part of Austria she came from. "Philadelphia," said the gal.

I didn't get it, but I suppose somewhere back in her family tree Uncle Oscar had been a Vienna sausage or something. But if Helmut was baffled, he never let on. He still acted like Prince Charming, and the girl went away happy and flushed with pride. That's being a gentleman.

And here's another thing that Helmut did that you don't hear about often around Hollywood. It happened to see Gene Kelly and Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal," and he thought it was super swell. To Helmut, the groping foreigner trying to get himself Americanized, one such as himself with American picture, full of the bounce and breeze that makes America like that. Well, Helmut was so entertained and grateful that he sat right down and wrote Gene and Judy fan "letters!" He poured out his sincere admiration just because he wanted them to know how much pleasure they had given him. And, by golly, he's still a fan of Gene Kelly's and by now a friend, too, Helmut persisted until he got a chance to tell Judy Garland to her face how much he liked her work. He met her six months later, and they've been out together some times since then. It started from a gentlemanly gesture of Helmut's that was completely sincere!

Those are the things that characterize Helmut Dantine when you get down to cases. He's a nice guy. You can't boot that. He's the kind of warm-hearted gent who likes to please people and is happy when they see them glow. At Gary Cooper's not long ago he attended a party and ran into Claudette Colbert. Now it happens that of all the stars in Hollywood, Claudette is the only one that Helmut ever knew before. There have been times—a good many—when he could have sought the influence of someone as great as Claudette in Hollywood to give him a boost. At least he might have tried—anyone but Helmut Dantine, that is. But Helmut never considered looking her up to remind her of an incident that happened a few years ago in the Austrian Tyrol. Helmut was up in his native Austrian mountains one winter for the skiing. Colbert was there on a European tour, and one evening at the inn there was a dance. The Austrian youth, of course, were dying to dance with Claudette, but they didn't have the nerve. So they got together and drew straws, and Helmut won. He danced a waltz with Claudette. That's the last he ever saw of her.

And so up at Gary's that night he waited until the small orchestra played a waltz. Then he asked Claudette to dance. Only when they were waiting did he remind
A mystery, he was a handsome Austrian here in Hollywood. It gave her a thrill, and that was what pleased Helmut. He always manages to do things graciously and right and always with the object of making somebody else happy.

slip of the lip . . .

I'll have to tell, here, though, about one time at least when that very talent of his backfired on Helmut. That was at a cocktail party at Humphrey Bogart's, one of Helmut's good friends. Mary Pickford was there, and to Helmut (like to most of us) Mary loomed as a sort of a Hollywood goddess who signified everything traditional about Hollywood. When he was introduced to her, he was sincerely awed and acted just like the fans who sometimes go overboard about him these days. "Oh, Miss Pickford," gushed Helmut. "I can't tell you how thrilled I am to meet you. Why, when I was only a tiny tot, my mother used to take me to see your pictures!"

They say Mary Pickford turned a shade or two of crimson in front of all those people to be reminded by a handsome grown man of all the years that have flown since her golden curls made her famous. And when Helmut saw that she was embarrassed, he was desolate. But at least he was sincere, which is something in Hollywood.

Ordinarily Helmut Dantine is no party boy. He runs with no clique or social set in Hollywood. In fact, socially, Helmut's almost a mystery man. You'll see him around town occasionally, maybe with Judy Garland or Ida Lupino or Constance Dowling or some Hollywood girl on his arm, or it might be a girl you never saw or heard of before. He's a quiet operator. He doesn't like to dance, and the noisy Hollywood table-hopping heavens bore him. He takes in scads of movies in his off hours and chances around to the houses of his friends, a lot of whom are Americans he has met in his five years here. Many are from Pasadena and have no connection whatever with movies. Others are people whose families he met while a student at U. C. L. A., although how he ever made a circle of friends as a raw young Vienna refugee sometimes amazes Helmut himself.

He remembers when he had been in Los Angeles only a few months, a college chum at U. C. L. A. invited him home to dinner. After a husky meal, the family asked Helmut to have second helpings. "No thanks," he replied, "I'm fed up." He meant, "I'm filled up." A lot of Helmut Dantine's acquaintances, too, are people in whose homes he used to tutor. Because he has had to make his way ever since he landed here, with little more than pocket money after ducking the Nazis. By the way,
Helmut was surprised no end when he first arrived to discover the wonders of a checking account. His uncle opened a small balance for him in a California bank and told him how to draw on it. Helmut went up to the window and signed a check shortly after he arrived and almost fell over when they actually handed him his money. “I was in town only five days, and the bank knew who I was,” he marveled. Seems like nothing like that ever happens in Europe.

the gold fish era...

Anyway, to keep his pockets jingling in his early poverty days around Hollywood, Helmut peddled his accent in bits and extra stuff, and from his first job, “International Squadron,” he took the $300 salary and rented a gas station. That's when he went to college at U. C. L. A., working around the station after classes and dragging in about 40 bucks a week.

He might have kept up the business longer—if it was doing all right, but college wasn't. Helmut never quite got hep to U. S. A. rah-rah. He thought people went to college to get serious and nothing else. But he had been on the campus but a few days when he saw an admiring crowd around some students. He thought they were giving orations from the classics or something. Instead, he saw a circle of heroes swallowing white mice and eating phonograph records! Remember that screwball? I don't mean it was entirely that which banished Dantine from the ivy-clad halls. Rather, a serious streak in Helmut which told him he ought to get a better job on something to make his living. He thought of stage managing and directing, and somebody sent him to the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse to learn the ins and outs. Everyone at the Playhouse acts something or other, and Helmut found himself getting interested. Then ex-

IN THE V-MAIL BAG

Hiyah Gang:

Thanks for your long, thin envelope postmarked Dec. 14, which arrived along with a bunch of belated Christmas cards that had apparently missed the boat.

The Overseas Edition of Modern Screen, you’ll no doubt be delighted to hear, is the only movie mag which reaches us regularly via Special Service. The G.I. goes over here are all-out for your pin-up girls, since so many of them are practically all-out for us. You should see the mad scramble when a new Overseas Edition arrives. It soon looks like something you could play on a player piano, with wide open spaces where the pix were!

The films which Special Service gets for you have included, “Hello, Frisco, Hello,” “Coney Island,” and more recently, “This Is the Army” and “So Proudly We Hail.”

By the way, I think the producers should be told that scenes showing luxuriant banquetts with steaks and such are unpopular with G.I.’s who have become hardened to the “C” ration—pork sausage—canned meat routine. You asked how last Thanksgiving was—believe it or Ripley, but we had real turkey with all the fix-ins!

Best wishes from some censored place in North Africa.

Buell R. Snyder (Tech. Sgt.)

He might have kept up the business longer—if it was doing all right, but college wasn’t. Helmut never quite got hep to U. S. A. rah-rah. He thought people went to college to get serious and nothing else but. He had been on the campus but a few days when he saw an admiring crowd around some students. He thought they were giving orations from the classics or something. Instead, he saw a circle of heroes swallowing white mice and eating phonograph records! Remember that screwball? I don’t mean it was entirely that which banished Dantine from the ivy-clad halls. Rather, a serious streak in Helmut which told him he ought to get a better job on something to make his living. He thought of stage managing and directing, and somebody sent him to the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse to learn the ins and outs. Everyone at the Playhouse acts something or other, and Helmut found himself getting interested. Then ex-

No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Let
GRAY HAIR CHEAT YOU

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

Gray hair is racy. It screams: “You are getting old!” To end gray hair handicap all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days. A few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkel on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and user reports the change is gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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Be lovelier...every moment with Campus Make-up!

Six Shades $0.40 and $1 (other face)
Playhouse actors like Vic Mature and Bob Preston and Laird Cregar were still coming over from Hollywood to hang around the little theater. Their successes in the movies gave Helmut advanced ideas, and pretty soon he knew enough about acting himself to leave the Playhouse behind. He’s frank about the attractiveness of the money, too. In Pasadena, Helmut earned his cakes and coffee teaching tennis, fencing, German and French to rich young mopets which was okay but hardly held out a rosy future.

Because Helmut Dantine is a thrifty, hard-headed and serious fellow about his dimes and nickels. Now that he’s making real folding money every week, you don’t catch him tossing any of it away at the folly spots or anywhere else. He still lives in a $50-a-month bachelor apartment on Orchard Avenue in the old part of Hollywood. He bought a shoe shine kit and still polishes his own shoes. He prepares his own breakfast, too, and sometimes dinner. He has a second-hand car like a lot of other people (his pet peev is parking charges), buys hand-me-down suits (which he wears with such elegant grace that you’d swear they were hand-tailored), and he doesn’t own one speck of expensive jewelry or doo-dads.

What money and time he does spend, canny Dantine spends on his own self-improvement. Helmut’s ancestry really is Hugnetor French (the name originally was D’Aujon) and he’s practical. For instance, he’ll sock his dollars in books, because he’s a wolfish reader. And between picture parts right now he’s buying Linguaphone records to learn Spanish and Portuguese. When he takes care of those two, he’s going on to Russian! That’s the kind of guy he is. The mental type, not stuffy, understand—but cerebral. And right in keeping you might know Helmut’s favorite diversion would be not gin-rummy, but chess.

chess-nuts . . . He met a fellow chess-nut in Humphrey Bogart, by the way, out at Warners’. Bogie has been pushing pawns and rooks and things around for years between takes. So when he and Helmut discovered each other during “Passage to Marseille,” it looked like they’d never finish the picture. Turned out Humphrey and Helmut are just about even in chess skill, which makes for those prolonged porings over the board before either makes a move. They started one game on “Passage to Marseille,” and then when Helmut went on to another picture, they kept that game up by telephone. “This is B on Stage 2,” the operator would hear, “to D on Stage 21—checkmate!”

Helmut even has a tiny portable chess board he hugs around in the glove compartment of his car, just in case. It has come in handy. A few weeks ago, a certain Hollywood starlet suffered a crush on Helmut, or maybe it was a publicity crush. Anyway, nothing would do but that Helmut take her out on a date. It was practically in the columns already so Helmut had to come through. The girl got all gussaged up for a large evening at the glamour gulleys. But when Helmut arrived, he never said a thing about stepping out. Instead he unlimbered the chess board.

“Wh-what’s that?” gasped the dismayed girl.

“Chess,” repeated Helmut. “I’ll teach you how to play. We’ll have a wonderful evening.” It may have been wonderful to Helmut, but the young star decided she could get along without another one. She hasn’t bothered Helmut since.

Helmut is no Herniit, understand. In fact, when he had to have his hair clipped and grow a spiaky stubble of whiskers to play a Devil’s Island criminal in “Passage to Marseille” which altered his dark beauty considerably, there were feminine wails from one end of Hollywood to the other. But it’s true he’s never had a serious heart attack since he split up with pretty Gwen Anderson—Helmut and Gwen met at the Pasadena Playhouse as student actors, fell head over heels in love. They were married and lived happily in Hollywood, with not a cloud to mar their happiness—until Gwen’s career took her to New York to play in the Broadway show, “Janie,” and Helmut’s bound him ever closer to Hollywood. Then both revealed what really came first in their lives—their work. But, in facing this problem, Helmut revealed the same level-headed good sense he shows in most everything he does.

“If we must separate,” they each told the other, “let’s do it now. We’ve been together only about a year. Five years from now the separation will hurt.” So they got their divorce and, if you can believe Helmut on that score, they’re still good friends, and he thinks she’s one of the most wonderful girls in the world.

There’s that philosophical twist to Helmut Dantine’s outlook that is really amazing in a fellow so young. He keeps calm and collected and honestly fair even when the breaks go against him. They had made him up for a pipp of a part at Warners’—“Mask Of Dimitrios,” a sympathetic part, by the way, and Helmut at the time was getting sick and tired of his dirty dog days. As anyone can tell from the title, the actor who played the part had to look like a Greek, and for several days the studio thought Helmut was their boy, being dark and with classic features. He was getting congratulations around the lot when the

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**Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS**

PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!
casting director uncovered another actor whom he thought would fit the part like a wet glove. Instead of huffing and puffing jealously about somebody besting him out, Helmut took a look at the newcomer's test and chimed right in with the tentative verdict. "He'll be better than me," he said simply. Turned out he wasn't wrong. "cause Helmut got the part after all.

Disappointments just aren't mean enough to ruffle the guy. Take the time a while back when his New York trip got all balled up. Helmut hadn't. had enough cash to travel East for some years after he hit California, and being a big city boy and alone in California except for a couple of relatives, Helmut yearned to visit New York.

pollyanna in pants...

Finally he saved up enough sugar and had ten days between parts to make it. He knew a train would be too slow so he hopped a plane. Well, the plane sat down for two days in Albuquerque waiting for good weather. He took another and it dallied another 48 hours in Kansas City. He lost another bad flying day in Chicago. And he ended up in New York two days later than the Chief. And thus he arrived. It cut his long cherished trip short, but Helmut stayed happy about the whole thing, not sore at all. "The other cities were so interesting." he explained. Pollyanna-like—only he really be.

Because if there's one thing that has absorbed Helmut Dantine since he hit these shores—and still does—it's America—all of it. He would rather become a regular American Joe than anything he can think of. For while chewing gum threw him, and a lot of other quaint customs of Uncle Sam's nephews. But now he knows all about apple pie and ice cream and jitters and such. He still prefers wine with his meals, but he can down an American cocktail and wade into mashed potatoes, corn bread and gravy, and really like it. If you're new to Helmut likes to eat, you'd appreciate his sacrifices for his art that got him his first crack at movie fame.

That when he made the kitchen scene in "Mrs. Miniver" where he stumbled in half starved and ravenously wolfed some ham and milk that Greer Garson slipped him. They scheduled that take one day when Helmut made the mistake of choking up on a large lunch. And he was very realistic, practically toying with his food. So they took it again. It was still only fair, so Helmut decided to get realistic in a big way. He didn't eat any dinner that night, no breakfast the next day and no lunch. When his scene came on again in the afternoon, he almost chewed off his own fingers.

He smoked a rugged pipe when he first came over and still does every now and then, but by now American cigarettes have him in their clutches. He's a sucker, too, for the American cigars—partly because Helmut thinks he can pick up more Americanism there than he'll ever find anywhere else in a month of Sunday supplements. Yep, "Lil Abner" is one of his favorites. And he's just applied for the final tickets to Independence. When that happens—or maybe before, if Uncle Sam says so—Helmut Dantine will probably be brought into those costumes of his for the real thing, U. S. A. design and model, government issue. Because he's healthy as a young goat. Helmut has always kept fit with regular exercise—some sort, horseback riding or tennis or boxing.

His major personal ambition is to rescue his family, still penned up in Naziland. He hears from them only through the Red Cross at the chatty rate of 25 words a month, and if there is anything that will ruffle his Continental calm it is thoughts of what is happening there. And things are always happening, it seems, to remind him of the past.

shadows of the past...

When Helmut made "Northern Pursuit" he came on the set one day to find a bit actor playing a German colonel in the Canadian concentration camp that featured part of that picture. Helmut thought the actor's face was familiar. Then he caught the guy's eye, and they both almost jumped out of their skins. Last time they'd seen each other was in a concentration camp in Austria before they'd escaped—and that wasn't singing—no indeed!

There was a time when his set life, being generally draped with all the trappings of Hitler's horrors, gave Helmut a turn in the tummy that made him sick, not exactly a picnic. But he's got over that. In fact, the other day in "Passage to Marseille" he saw a prop work sheet pasted up on the set. It read: "Need two dozen helmets." That's the way it was spelled, "helmets"—but it meant those cool-scalloped things the Nazis wear.

Helmut ripped off the mis-spelled prop sheet, walked innocently up to Humphrey Bogart and waved the sheet.

"Don't you think one Helmut is enough for this picture?" he asked. They chased him off the set after that one.

But it proves one thing: Helmut Dantine has been around America long enough by now to shake the Vienna Blues.

Any day now he'll be hap to Hollywood
LOVE STORY
(Continued from page 33)

"Does it mean she's smart?"
"Of course—in the back and legs."
"In the head, too," crowed her ma. "Else how would she know about hanging on to the bars?"

Lana's got a long and exacting part to play in "Marriage Is a Private Affair." There's hardly a scene that doesn't require her presence. She's had no time off. So Lana and her mother hoard up the baby's doings and spread them out for her at night like so many jewels. She's inordinately grateful. Because suppose when she came home, hungry to hear about Cheryl, they were the kind who'd say: "Oh, she's fine. Period." Thank heaven they're not like that. Thank heaven they help her keep close to the baby.

Every day some new little something happens. It's like planting a tree—you know how you keep running out in the spring to watch the buds and the shoots and the leaves, and you hate to miss a day, because every day they look so different. This is the same, only so much more exciting. Of course they're all little things, even silly, maybe, to some people, but only to people who've never had a baby. Mothers, says Lana, will know exactly what she means—

Before starting work on the new picture, she'd been with Cheryl constantly. It was hard to break away. But when she got home that night, they had the most wonderful things to tell her.

Over the fireplace hangs a pastel of Lana, a gift from her fans. On a bond tour that took her to Seattle she'd met the girl who made it. Only 17 the girl was, and she'd done it from a black-and-white. But it looked as though Lana had sat for her for days.

Well, after she'd left that morning, her mother said to the baby: "Cheryl, where's Mommy?" And the baby looked around, kind of lost at first, then suddenly she was staring at the picture. She didn't do anything, didn't reach out or cry, just looked at it, then back again at her grandmother. Thinking maybe she was imagining things, Mrs. Turner asked her again: "Where's Mommy?" And the baby did exactly the same thing again, so it wasn't an accident. Now, even when Lana's holding her and they ask: "Where's Mommy?"—half the time she'll turn to look at the picture, before ducking her head into her Mommy's neck.

no greater love . . .

Parting is such sweet sorrow that Lana bids her daughter good-by 19 times each morning. The final good-by is a kiss blown from her palm. Lana used to lift Cheryl's palm to her mouth in return. Till that miraculous morning when the baby got ahead of her. Up went the little hand under its own steam and flattened itself against her face. Lana went out of her mind. She got to the studio late that morning.

On Sundays you couldn't pry her loose from the house, and her high holiday is Nana's Sunday off. Nothing to do but take care of her darling. Nana leaves about nine while Cheryl—who's been up since 6:15—is taking her nap. She's asleep when Lana tiptoes into her room.

There's no inch of that room that Lana doesn't know by heart and love. She and Steve started living in it as soon as they knew for sure that the baby was coming. "I want it as feminine as possible—" "But suppose it's a boy—" "Well—he'll still be a baby, Steve, so he won't mind. Anyway, we can fix—"
up with sort of boy cut-outs—airplanes and cowboys and stuff."
Its wide windows, curtained in billowing white organdy, look out on terrace and lawn. The floor is blue congooleum, and before Cheryl came, the dimpled pink cherubs on the pale blue walls were all Lana's babies. She'd sit gazing at them—their small chubby backs, tipped with little-bitty gold wings, their adorable antics—on his back, pushing hard with his foot against a fleecy cloud, one tugging manfully at the other end, two lazy rascals looking down from a cloud above, watching the other fellow sweat. She'd sit there, dreaming of the day when they'd bring delight to a real baby. She'd go over and touch the crib with its frisking lambs and bunnies and dream of a baby lying there who'd never be afraid of the dark, because if she woke at night—it was always "she" with Lana—little phosphorescent stars would twinkle down from the ceiling to keep her company.

Now the dream's reality. There she lies in her crib, waking up. The auburn head stirs—it's auburn now, Lana's natural color, but it's coming in blonde. The fingers uncurl—they're slender and tapering. The dark brown lashes—thicker than they are long—lift over the smoke-blue eyes. Steve's eyes are brown, Lana's blue, so Cheryl compromised on dark blue. She took her nose and mouth, her transparent skin and the shape of her face from Lana. Her brows are Steve's—tilted just enough to be piquant. And she has his forehead. As a kid, Lana used to sit and push her hair back.

"What for?" Mrs. Turner would ask.

"brow-beater..."

"Oh, a woman looks so wonderful with a brow. But I might as well quit. All that happens is, my hair grows lower." She told him a woman looks wonderful with a brow. Merle Oberon's fascinates her.

It's about 10:30 when the baby wakes up. Lana's first job—pleasure, to be more accurate—is to bathe her. She was scared the first time. Wouldn't have believed a child could be so slippery. Now she's a veteran.

"Wait till she gets too big for the bath-towel and you have to stick her in a tub," warned a friend who has two. "There's a back-breaking job."

Lana smiled at the vision of Cheryl in a tub. "I don't know a nicer way to break one's back," she murmured.
Tub-time's followed by playtime. She's put into her little blue rocker that plays tunes, and she rocks away like mad. Music's already an important part of her life. For a while they had "Silent Night" coming out of their ears. Nancy Sinatra sent her a fuzzy white horse with a blue mane and tail and a red tongue. She loved him at sight, because the tongue stuck out and she could pull it. But not till she found she could sing "Silent Night" did the grand passion blaze. She fell asleep and woke up with him, stuck him under your nose 20 times a day and went "Mmm—"
Meaning, "Wind him up, please."
Lately, she's taken to making her own music, though only a mother could call it that. Sits at the piano and pounds. Thinks she's a genius. Turns and throws you a broad smile, that silly adorableness grin. Lana's always torn between the enchantment of that grin and the fear that she'll hurt her pink, unbelievably fragile, doll hands.

At 12:30 comes the business of "Eat your mush, darling." (To Lana, born in Idaho, hot cereal will always be mush.) Cheryl prefers her bottle. She waves the mush aside and makes a grab for the milk. But Lana's always firm. She doesn't want her Cheryl to be spoiled, and she is very conscious of the fact that love and over-
I SAW IT HAPPEN

Pet. Francis Haverty, Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pa., is an autograph hound extraordinary!

Recently, when Judy Garland appeared at the post, Haverty, 5 ft., 3 inches tall, approached Judy as she was busyly engaged in conversation with a brigadier-general and two colonels.

Drawing himself up to his full height, he saluted smartly, asked for Judy's autograph, received it, saluted again, executed a snappy about-face and made his exit.

What a man Haverty—performing such a maneuver in the face of so much rank!

Cpl. Sam Greenberg

kles her eyes against the sun. The breeze is her baby. She gurgles at the movement it makes in the willows and the way it drops off the olive-tree. She should worry if the gardener has to spend half his time sweeping them off the lawn.

Back in the house she's ready to be entertained, and she does mean entertained. Gone are the days when she would just wave a toy at her. Now you have to work. Many's the time Lana's clapped her hands red, playing pattycake. But even that's high adventure. Because at first Cheryl's hands would cling to her as she clapped, then suddenly one day she started clapping all by herself . . .

When things like that happen, Lana's squeals can be heard all over the house. Everyone comes running and the excitement's good for half an hour.

"You're my wonderful baby. Do you know how wonderful you are?"

By which time Cheryl's blowing bubbles or going after the phone. If you call Lana's house and the line's busy, it's likely to be Cheryl on the phone. She's modern that way. Does any other maids date yet, just crazy to take the receivers off the hook? You let her take it off once, then try to sneak her attention into other channels. "Nmmm," she says firmly. So you put it back on and she takes it off again. This goes on till one of you's had enough, and it isn't Cheryl.

At 7 she's fed and sponged and oiled and put to bed with the lambs and the bun- nies. Lana gives her the smooth blue rattle she likes best because she can't get her mouth around it, but some day she will, by golly, if persistence counts. The lights are turned out, and the stars in Cheryl's ceiling began to twinkle, and a soft kiss is dropped on the brow that a woman looks so wonderful with. And two minutes later

YES...IT'S THE SAME GIRL!

Mary McGinty of Brooklyn, N. Y., started her Powers training; she was self-conscious about her weight, lacked grace and assurance. Hair style, dress and make-up lacked distinction.

Powers individualized instruction worked a "miracle!" A lovely new figure (53 lbs. lost without starvation diet), correct hair-do, make-up and style sense have made her poised, glamorous!

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John Robert Powers, noted beauty authority. At his famous school on Park Ave., "just average girls" are transformed into beauties. Now the exclusive advantages of his training are available right in your own home.

Before Mary McGinty

Her Photo-Revise (an exclusive Powers feature) showed her how to realize her own best possibilities. See photo above.

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City_________________________State________________________

Occupation_________________________Age________________________

John Robert Powers

the woman's sound asleep for the night.

Lana couldn't kid herself—won't say she's been called mamma and won't say she hasn't. Sometimes Cheryl goes, "Mmm—eh." Sometimes she draws it twice in succession. If you want to put them together, it might be mamma, or it might be teething. She's got two downstairs and two coming in above, and she cuts them on zwieback. Once she got hold of her hairbrush and bit into it. That makes it practically a museum piece with Lana.

"Look, Mother, it's marked."

"Always has been marked by the damn—"

"No, look here—" Her voice drops to a cathedral hush, "—little bitter toothmarks."

She'll doubtless be called Mommy to avoid confusion, in which case she calls Mrs. Turner mother or mamma.

Lana never peers into the future. She doesn't wonder what their daughter will be like at two or ten or eighteen. She's in no hurry at all. One of the contrary. Each day is so rich and full that each day is enough—tomorrow will be another day with Cheryl in it. If she's asleep, you can always open the drawers of her chest and look at the pretty things people have sent her. And going through the little jewel-box is such fun.

There's the tiny St. Christopher from a dear friend of Lana's whose own little two-year-old boy has one just like it, both blessed by the Pope. There's Cheryl's first cross from grandmother Turner's with rubies, her birthstone. And there's Lana's own baby ring—a dark brown cameo from her father—her chocolate ring, she used to call it. She can't help smiling, looking at it now, thinking of the day when she grew up to become the mother of baby Cheryl.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One Sunday evening six years ago my phone rang. "Los Angeles calling," said the operator. A second later a deep voice said, "Mrs. Baldwin? This is Brian Donlevy." I grabbed the phone and hung on for support.

I had seen all of Brian's movies from his first, "Barbary Coast," and after each I wrote him my reactions, notes which he always answered promptly. During our conversation (or should I say his conversation—my voice had disappeared along with my wits) he told me how thrilled he'd been over my letter, especially since his morale had badly needed a good boost during those early years. He said, "Your letters were amusing and different, yes, but the important thing was that I knew that at least somebody took the trouble to find out who I was.

Maybe he was being kind, maybe he was just the kind of a regular guy he is, but anyway we had a good laugh; and then his voice changed and he grew serious. He wanted to ask me a question. It seemed to me that one of his fans was in a tuberculosis sanitarium, and he hoped that I would write and cheer her up the way I had written. I told him, "I'll do my best." We were the best. Through her I learned of his thoughtfulness, of how, though he had never met her, he used to send her magazines and chattry things . . .

I've outgrown fan-letters writing, but the one thing I shall never forget is the gentleness and kindness of Hollywood's really great gentlemen."

Mrs. L. A. Baldwin, Washington, D. C.
complexion's all glowing. Otherwise, skip it this Summer.

Now I'm not pretending that I discovered cotton shirt frocks—you've been wearing them for years. If the jobs in your closet right now are up to a return engagement—good girl! But if you've got your eye out for a new one, here's a tip. Choose it the way a fussy man does his shirts. Examine the cut and workmanship of lapels, how the shoulders set, how the seams are finished. And make sure, above all, the fabric's durable and tubbable. If you want to ring in a new trick—Starspun, one of the "famous name" gingham, is the finest I've ever seen. This you can throw into the electric washer without a worry. Buttons all the way up the side for smartness—which means it unbuttons as well for easy ironing. (See how I watch out for you?)

Grand climax—balloon cloth! Don't look dead pan about it. The government recently released 4,000,000 yards of it for us "civies" and what a fashion windfall that was! You can imagine how strong and wash-proof it is, when it was originally loomed for barrage balloons. Still, it's the softest, finest, most "lady-like" cotton I've seen since the fine Swiss imports we used to get (way before your time).

You'll have balloon cloth in one form or another before the Summer's out. But I'd like to see you wearing it in a soft date frock. Like the square-neck dirndl sketched. Comes in all the pretty candy pastels, but if your coloring can take it, take it in dove grey. Looks so-o-o suave and know-it-all that way.

Yep, this last also buttons straight up the back for easy you-know-what. Frankly, I'm cracked on the subject. But if your ironing board's like mine, with a leg that does interference smack in the middle, you ought to thank me for it.

Which reminds me—I've a little ironing to do myself right now. So g'bye. Write me (Modern Screen, 148 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York), if you want to know where these suddable duds are to be found—or if you've a clothes problem you'd like me to take over for you. MB

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 87)

1. Voice of Midas
2. Boston blueblood, Yale '35
3. Margarita Cansino
4. Married Martin
5. Cheated death
6. Home on the fjords
7. Kids vs. career
8. Dr. Wassell
9. Gwen Anderson's ex
10. G.I. pin-up girl
11. Eythe's side-kick
12. A good thing in a little package
13. Uncle Phud's pet nephew
14. 100% Stirling
15. Momma of two
16. Four's a family
17. Co-stars with Champ
18. Upped morale abroad
19. Just back from Chungking
20. Furrier clan

(Answers on page 117)
Laura wouldn't kid herself—won't say she's been called mamma and won't say she hasn't. Sometimes Cheryl goes, "Mummy—" Sometimes she does it twice in succession. If you want to put them together, it might be mamma, or it might be teething. She's got two downstairs and two coming in above, and she cuts them in zwieback. Once she got hold of her hairbrush and bit it into. That makes it practically a museum piece with Lana.

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Laura never peers into the future. She doesn't wonder what their daughter will be like at two or ten or eighteen, but's in no hurry at all. On the contrary. Each day is so rich and full that each day is enough—tomorrow will be another day with Cheryl in it. If she's asleep, you can always open the drawers of her chest and look at the pretty things people have sent her. And going through the little jewel-box is such fun.

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Maybe he was being flippant. Maybe that's just the kind of a regular guy he is, but anyway we had a good laugh; and then his voice changed and he grew serious. He wanted to ask me one question.

"What do you think of New York?"

It seemed that one of his fans was in a tuberculosis sanitarium, and he hoped that I would write and cheer her up the way I'd always done. He asked for photographs. I'm sorry I may have returned them.

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16. Foul's family
17. Co-stars with Champ
18. Upped morale abroad
19. Just back from Chungking
20. Furrier clan
(Answers on page 117)
good food in restaurants, hearing people talk of a distant war instead of one just over the hill. Seeing guys walking around in sport clothes instead of mud-streaked O.D. Seeing women night clubbing in silks and satins instead of bandaging wounded soldiers all night in evacuation hospitals while the earth shook.

Yup, it was strange. Because for the three months before that Humphrey Bogart and his wife and a couple of other guys had traveled 35,000 miles in planes, trains, boats, jeeps, trucks and what have you up around where the going was rugged, to hand Uncle Sam’s soldiers a laugh or tw and maybe a nostalgic whiff of that good old U.S. A. which they longed for plentiful, each after his own fashion—like the G. I. at the Volturno river bridge—

**a whiff of home**

He was jammed in an Army traffic squeeze stretching for miles back of this bridge, the only one Jerry had missed blowing sky-high in his retreat up Italy. It was gray dawn, but his sharp eyes recognized the gadget huddled in the open command car while the bucking rain bounced off his helmet. He leaned out of the cab of his truck and tilted back his own helmet to reveal the map of a typical U. S. city-raised, down-by-the-gas-works hard cookie.

"Hey!" he yelled to the command car. "Ain’t you Humphrey Bogart?"

"You’ve got me, Pal!" admitted Bogie.

"Well, whaddya know! One of the boys—and way out here in Italy! Say, whata you hear from the mob, Bogie? How’s Rosetti? Can he beat da rap?" His face was anxious.

Bogie caught the act like a shortstop grabs a bounder. He put on his best gangster face and growled.

"If he don’t ring, he’s a cinch!"

"And what about Lousy Louie, an’ Willie the Rat an’ Lepke—say, what about Lepke?"

"Oh," barked Bogie, "he’ll burn."

"Just what I thought! Cheez, it’s great to get news from the good old U. S. A."

Just then the big tire blow, engines raced and gears clashed. Tires spun in the mud, and the driver had to move on. "So long, Bo!" he yelled happily over the din;—and (anks!"

"Okay, Kid," shouted Bogie. "Take it easy!"

That was a memory. Then there was the soldier in the hospital in Naples. A young kid like the one who lives next door with a boyish face and fair skin that might have been rosy once but was gray now and lined with worry. He was trying to tell the nurse writing a letter for him what to say to the girl he was supposed to marry when he got back home.

"What I can’t figure out," he was saying to the nurse when Bogie and Mayo passed by, "is how to tell her. How to tell her that both his legs were gone and an arm, too."

Or the doughboy right up behind the lines sitting in a tent bowling like a baby when Bogie ducked in. A big man he was, built like a varsity tackle.

"Don’t know why I’m bowling," sobbed the soldier, "but I just can’t help it!" He’d just come from 3 days’ fighting. Bogie stayed with him until he slept before he dragged out his own handkerchief and the other memories. The Arab soldier who called Bogie "Shoveled" and...
went "B-r-r-r-r-r-rti like a machine gun when they saw him. The German prisoners who said, "Give—Cloth, cinematic!" The soldiers who sighed, "Do you really know Betty Grable?" The ones who came bashfully up to present Mayo with their treasures, battle souvenirs, keep-sakes that she didn't have the heart to refuse. Funny ones like the Fascists big-shot's silk sash with the tassels that the guys made Bogie wear so they could howl at him—and the Mussolini maternity medal with 12 stars for 12 babies they handed Bogie for a gag!

And the soldiers who were anxious about how things were back home—when there they were ready to catch a bullet the next day. "How are things back in the States? Are the home folks backing us up?" And, "Think they'll try to sneak over Prohibition while we're away?"

Yep, a movie star who has been over there where it's going on comes back with a lot of memories—funny ones, sad ones. He sees sights he'll never forget, and when he comes home, he gets surprised all over again—but in a different way. He sees a garbage truck rolling down the avenue, for instance, loaded with waste food (like Humphrey did the first day he hit Hollywood), and he shakes his head and asks his wife, "Can you imagine what would happen to that truck in Naples?"

It would be stripped in a few minutes—eaten up by hungry Italians, that's what. But Humphrey Bogart didn't go overseas with any message for the soldiers. He made a point not to. And he makes a point that he hasn't come back with any message for the home folks, except for a Red Cross fund-raising short. All I want to tell is about a trip that happens to a Hollywood star once in a lifetime, although Bogie would like it to happen again soon. It was a trip that cost Bogie ten pounds of the flesh he hasn't much of and countless hours of sleep, countless units of energy, discomforts a movie star seldom runs into—but which paid dividends in heart tugs, memories and satisfactions that all the gold in Hollywood couldn't buy, if you could sell things like that.

The Bogarts go native...

They called themselves "The Filthy Four," and they weren't kidding, because they carried lie powder and used it. They went for days without a bath or a shave or clean underwear. They traveled in jeeps and command cars without springs, over shell-pocked roads when they were up front and had their teeth shaky loose, and they hitch-hiked rides in fighter planes and bombers to get from sector to sector. They traveled with full equipment—helmets, raincoats, galoshes, blankets, duffelbags, flashlights and water canteens. The ate C-rations and K-rations and Spam and Vienna sausages and powdered eggs until a leaf of lettuce, a hamburger and a cup of good coffee loomed like caviar and champagne. They slept on coats over mud in tents or on straw pallets in abandoned Italian villas, and they rustled for cold hotel rooms when they hit a town. And at that they felt pampered because the soldiers had it easily ten times as rough.

That was the style of the "Filthy Four"—Humphrey Bogart, Mayo Methot, his wife and two New York entertainers, Don Cummings and Ralph Hark—all the way on the 33,000 mile trip. Mayo and Bogie had volunteered through the Hollywood Victory Committee for the USO-Camp Shows tour, of course, and when the going got particularly rugged, when, for instance, they woke up in the icy dawn to face a rainy day bumping over cavernous roads with only cold Spam in their tummies, or something equally bleak, Bogie would hang up a gag sign in the tent, one he'd printed for just such occasions... "Idle Talk Caused This!" There was another sign Bogie made up, too. He used it as a gag with the G.I.'s to apologize for a not very glamorous backdrop for the entertainment, like—say, the back end of a truck for a stage, "If you Think This Trunk Stinks—Applaud Anyway!"

The Filthy Four got together in New York, where Bogie and Mayo flew right after "Passage to Marseille" had wound up at Warners. They made their first ocean hop—23 hours—in a big Army Transport Command plane to Natal, West Africa, and that was when Bogie first realized he was in for some new experiences.

They'd barely left Miami before one of the passengers, a young Army officer, came up to Bogie.

"Are you," he asked, "a short-snoozer?"

"Why, no," replied Bogie pleasantly. He'd heard vaguely about short-snoozers but he wasn't exactly clear just what they were. He found out on the spot.

"Hand over one buck," demanded the officer. Bogie did, and as there were 31 short-snoozers aboard, he handed over 31 bucks. Then Mayo got the same treatment, so that in a few minutes the Bogarts were out $92! Sadder but wiser, from then on they kept their own short-snoozer bills within quick and easy reach, even took them to bed with them—when they could find a bed.

The Bogies discovered something else, too, on that first hop—that ocean hops in these Army days aren't exactly joy-
rides. First time Bogie pulled out a cigarette—and he’s a steady smoker—there was that sign: No Smoking! When he went into the laundry to scrub his teeth, the plane decided to drop 700 feet in a pocket, and he practically bit his hand off. And when he first tried to eat—all, his stomach wasn’t having any!

But Humphrey’s air discomforts were as nothing compared to Mayo’s. Bogie has flown here and there at times, but Mayo has always looked on planes with rank suspicion, to put it mildly. In fact, they fear her to death, and she makes no bones about it. Mental sufferings are always the worst, and it’s to Mayo’s credit that she lived in and out of planes for three months and survived without a hers.

"I have so much more energy," says Mrs. Lenox, "and a self-confidence I never believed possible. My husband was amazed by the change in me. Thank you for a plan—I’ll follow all my life."

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Dear Fans:

I know most of your mail these days is addressed to an APO number. Of course, that’s the way it should be, but there’s no G.I. anywhere that gets a greater kick out of mail than I do. So if you’ve got a moment during the month, please do scrawl a quick note, just to say hello and to ask whatever you’d like to know about movie people or movie-making. (Only please make your questions specific—and don’t forget to include your return address.) You know, there’s a world of information available to me that you can’t get your hands on. Below are a few of the questions most often asked this month. What’s yours, huh? And do you know how to write me? It’s just INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Frank Curry and George Shearer—Forest Hills, N. Y.: HOW LONG IS IT SINCE JEAN HARLOW’S DEATH? June 7, 1937, was the date of Jean’s death. Seems hard to believe that it’s seven years already—doesn’t it?

Doris and Lila Litchenstein—DOES SINATRA REALLY WANT FANS’ PICTURES IN RETURN FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH? Uh-huh, yes. He knows about 26,000 autographs, and when fans don’t live up to their part of the bargain. Jackie Glimmer, B’klyn, N. Y.,

WHERE DID VAN JOHNSTON GET THAT BRAZILIAN WILD WEAR? WHAT’S ON IT? Van’s St. Christopher’s badge is a gift from June Havoc. It’s engraved with his name, social security number and nickname—"Sweat."
The Bogarts, especially Mayo, never get entirely plane happy, in the literal sense of that word, although if they weren’t climbing in one plane they were tumbling out of another, it seemed. From Nital to Dakar, to Marrakech to Algiers to Casablanca to Naples to here and to there. They had plenty of wild rides, but the wildest took place one late afternoon from Naples to Foggia. That is, wild in Mayo’s vivid imagination.

That day they were supposed to ride in a B-17, but something went wrong with the schedules. (Something often goes wrong with schedules when you’re up near where the bullets fly.) Their only chance to make it to Foggia in time to throw a show for the boys was to “sweat out a ride” on a B-25 medium bomber. In Italy you “sweat out” everything you do; it’s one of those Army expressions. But this time nobody was fooling. At least in Mrs. Bogart’s mind.

First something went wrong with the communication system, and the pilot worked out some signals to the crewman in the rear. He told Mayo, “When I touch you, you touch Humphrey, then have him touch So-and-so” to communicate the signal. Mayo was so anxious to do it right that when she got touched, she whammed Bogie and knocked the wind out of him!

They flew over Pompeii, the ancient Roman city of ruins. But Bogie didn’t get a good gander. So he asked, “Can you fly a little nearer? I didn’t get a good look.” That was all the pilot needed. He dropped a few hundred feet on a 50-degree bank, and Mayo’s heart stuck in her throat. She could see herself landing on a marble pillar with Roman ruins wrapped around her neck. But the worst moment came when they started to land. There above the Foggia field their pilot circled around a pattern of P-38’s in formation, which is something like playing tag with a swarm of bees.

And Mayo heard the soldier on the radiophone signal to the field, “We’re out of gas . . . out of gas . . . out of gas.”

It was only after she had staggered weakly out on the air field that Mayo had strength to remark, “Luckily we made it—with you being out of gas.” I thought we’d crash for sure.”

“Oh that,” said the soldier with the earphones, “We had plenty of gas, Mrs. Bogart. I just didn’t want to wait around up there for a landing signal. When you’re out of gas, they let you come right in. Mayo almost swooned.

There was never a dull moment for the Bogies with thrills packed into every day. Thrills are staying at the Anfa Hotel in Casablanca, where Churchill and Roosevelt met. Or like going down into the wicked Kasbah at Algiers with an Army provost marshal and two MP’s. (They never saw Hedy Lamarr or Charles Boyer anywhere!) And the thrill of watching a couple of plain, unheroic looking muddy little Yanks drawn up in battlefront review to receive citations for outstanding heroism under fire. A million thrills like that every minute.

But the greatest thrill of all to Humphrey Bogart and his crew were the kicks they got every time they put a show on for the Yanks—whether it was in a big barracks or at a dinky battle outpost set up in the Italian mud. Those were the times Bogie got paid off with genuine appreciation—the stuff money can’t even get you—and in person.

It wasn’t a polished, slick act the Filthy Four gave the boys. There were lots of comic cut-ups with Don Cummings, and Ralph Hark joked and squeezed his accordion and Mayo sang a bunch of songs she used to sing on Broadway, and Bogie tried card tricks that flopped crazily and the boys socked each other around the stage. But mostly it was just Bogie standing up there and ribbing himself and letting the G.I.’s rib him too—seeing if he could come back with some fast answers that would send them laughing. He usually started out with “Duke Manatee’s” tough speech from “The Petrified Forest,” Bogie’s first Hollywood hit.

“Now everybody stay where you are, see?” he’d snarl.

“Well have a little music—see—and some laughs . . . ’’ and so on. Then Bogie started kidding his own killer reputation.

“What I’m really over here for,” he’d tell them, “is to get me a new mob. The draft took all my best rod-men. Anybody want to get in on the racket?”

There’d be yells at this and ribbing. One kid piped up, “Say—there’s something I’d like to know. How in h— can you shoot an automatic pistol for thirty shots in one of those movie gun fights and never reload?”

kicking the gag around . . .

“S-h-h—” Bogie’d reply. “That’s it, kid—that’s my secret weapon. It’s gonna win the war!”

Or he’d be confidential. “Now listen, guys. I’m gonna let you in on the real, inside dope. I got secret information. You want to know where you’re going next?” Sure they wanted to know where they were going. Rumors buzzed around like flies all the time. There’d be a hush in the audience then. “Well,” stage-whispered Bogie, “I gotta be caggy about

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this. But you remember I made a picture called "Casablanca?" And where did you guys go right after that? Dubu? Well, I just finished one called "Passage to Mars- selle." Get it? But don't tell anybody!'

'There'd be roars at this.

rick's bar . . .

They had most all seen Bogie's pictures, and they had questions: Say, did you run across Rick's Bar when you were in Casablanca? Matter of fact, Bogie did—although it was a far cry from the glamorous den of his Academy Award picture. Bogie's pilot dropped down on the Casablanca airport one night to fill up with gas. "Just got fifteen minutes here," he told Bogie. "But how about a drink at Rick's Bar?" They walked to a tiny shack where an officer was tending bar, such as it was—a plank across a couple of stools. "The flyers fixed this up," he said "and called it 'Rick's Bar' for some reason or other." He didn't know. He wasn't a movie fan. Bogie didn't say anything.

But maybe the biggest kick concerned with his Hollywood screen killer past was the nightly broadcast from Berlin. Herr Goebbels took Bogie to tour seriously and Sally, the B— of Berlin, as the G.I.'s called her, took him up as a pet propaganda subject. Sally is a German girl with an American accent who plays the piano and then launches into a program intended to really devastate Uncle Sam's troops. They tune in on Sally for the belly laughs she hands them trying to be a pacific color when she's only abroad. Anyway, Sally chirped out one night after her usual "Hello, Suckers!" And now what do you red-blooded Yanks think? They cracked Sally, Hollywood sending over a phone movie gangster killer to show you guys how to tough? How do you like that? Ha-ha-ha! The same line was dished out in Jerry's army magazine (comparable to our "Stars and Stripes") so Bogie knew it was official from Goebbels headquarters. To be honored as a Public Enemy of Hitler's Gang, he considered a high distinction indeed.

If I went into where all Bogie, Mayo and the Filthy Four went and what they did, I'd be too long to write a book. And be- sides maybe some of it's a military secret. But they did get up to where they could hear the shells whanging and through glass see the tank go by them. Out. They met that famous Italian guy, "Al Recovero," but the meeting was social, not business. "Al Recovero" is really quite a character in Italy, Bogie discovered. All the G.I.'s know something like "Bomb Shelter" in our lingo. But the boys have long ago made a gent out of him. They write after the signs: "Al Recovero for Mayor!" and "How do you doin', Al?"

Once "Al Recovero," for Bogie and his comedy crew, was a villa up where the shooting was hot and heavy. They shot a show this afternoon, the day after shells had knocked out all the win- dows, and the day after they left, more Jerry shells made powder out of the place for keeps. As close as they came to being under fire. They never got bombed, although escorting officers kept cracking, "Bear with us, please. We'll get you bombed!"

"Wish you'd arrange it, boys," Bogie would crack. "How can I go back to Hollywood without being bombed just once. I'll never be able to face the mob!"

ice king meringue and boysen...}

Fact was, about the greatest personal danger Bogie encountered on the trip was last Christmas night. Christmas is Humphrey's birthday, and they bugged...
to make a crack in an afternoon show that “it was the first birthday of Bogie’s. I haven’t baked him a cake!” Well, that night right in the middle of the act, an Army cook and his helpers marched up the aisle with the biggest block-buster cake you ever saw, with the works—icing, meringue, even “Happy Birthday” all over it. Bogie was really touched. He couldn’t say anything for a minute. Then he made his big mistake.

“Any of you guys got a bayonet or knife or something to cut this with?” he yelled. “Bring me one and then come and get your piece of cake!”

Well, a couple of hundred bayonets and trench knives were down on Bogie in no time flat along with a few hundred cake-hungry soldiers, and Mayo thought it was all over for Bogie. The last she saw of him was being swept down the field, cake and all, with steel sticking all around him! But he survived. Maybe because he’s so tough—the soldier!

In fact, by that time Bogie and all the F.F. were pretty rugged in spite of no green goods, fresh fruits or meat and the killer-diller tour schedule. Most of their shows were set up any old place, with a couple of G.I. trucks backed together for a stage, and they kept physically fit setting up the props and mentally alert figuring up in live and other foreign dough their U.S.O. expenses; “worrying,” as Bogie recalled, “far into the very night over what happened to five bucks!”

Maybe the oddest stage they ever did their stuff was on in the harbor at Dakar. There, after a diet of C-rations, Mayo rashly stated she’d give an extra show for a steak. The naval officers at the station came through, so that night three destroyers anchored together and gobs hung off the rigging while the Filthy Four put on the longest show of the tour. It was there, too (but on the way to Italy), that Bogie got his patriotic official service rating—“Second Class Seaman.” In the last war, Humphrey was a real Navy Seaman, First Class. The sailors knew this, so to make him more worthy they demoted him a stripe. Then they stencilled his rank all over his luggage, so that from then on, wandering around Army outfits, Bogie drew baffled looks from Yanks with that “Humphrey Bogart, Seaman Second Class” label.

Luggage, by the way, was almost as much of a problem as those tricky expense accounts in Italian lire. When they flew (which was practically always), the baggage limit was 55 pounds. The bags were almost always getting lost, too, in the shuffle, and that was tragic, because they carried only absolute necessities. One necessity to Mayo was, believe it or not, snoods, and I’ll have to tell a story on Bogie about that:

When they were packing for the tour, Bogie saw Mayo putting some fancy snoods in her bag. He blew up, “If there’s anything more God-awful on a woman than a snood, I don’t know what it is!” he yelled. He went pretty thoroughly into the horrors of snoods in general and practically promised Mayo he’d sue for divorce if he ever caught her in one. Just the same, when he wasn’t looking, Mayo slipped in the snoods.

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"I thought you couldn't stand snoods."
"Snoods? Why, if they'll get me off this job, I'm crazy about snoods. I'm in love with snoods. They're my favorite articles!" Almost raving he was, so Mayo dug in her bag and brought them out. And she wore them all the rest of the time without a peep from Bogie.

But around camp shows, Mayo never let a snood or anything else hide her blond hair because she discovered that the mere sight of a blond female head was enough to make Yanks in Latinland swoon.

"Mi-gosh!" they'd cry. "A white woman! A real, American blonde!" It was that way at the hospital, too, where it was hardest to act like a gay American blonde or anything else—where Humphrey Bogart had to be twice as gruff and hard-boiled to kid himself because that's the way a hard guy who is soft underneath always acts when he would like to bawl.

But inside the hospitals you'd never have guessed Bogart was a softie. In fact, those were the places where he wisecracked and kidded most. Nobody squirms under sympathy more than a soldier casualty, and Bogie knew that.

He'd come up to a patient with his legs in a cast—hoisted up in pullies. "What you got there, soldier—a Rube Goldberg? Where does the mouse come out and ring the bell?" he'd crack. Or he'd see a Yank with a badly burned leg. "What's this new kind of hotfoot?"

"Doc" Bogart they began calling him, the morale medic.

Well—I could go on and on. But I guess the best way to wind this up is to say that it was with a flock of memories that will never fade that the Filthy Four finally climbed aboard a plane in West Africa for the trip to America. All the Hollywood people they'd met overseas, Joe E. Brown, Captain John Huston, Lieutenant John Carroll and the other entertainers whose paths crossed theirs every day, sighed wistfully and said to Bogie and Mayo what to tell whom back home. And the G.I.'s, too, had a thousand messages to be delivered to a thousand scattered moms and sweethearts and girls.

"Yea, it's a thrill at last to be heading home. The Army officers tossed a farewell dinner for Bogie and his troupe, and they had a big evening."

But when the plane took off, Bogie felt as depressed and low as a snake in a swamp, and he couldn't tell exactly why. Except that he felt somehow like he was leaving his best pals behind. He perked up when he saw the lights of New York, and it was swell to tear into a real American steak again.

no other word for it . . .

And when he was back aboard the "Sluggy" at Balboa in California, resting up, he remembered something he'd read by William Faulkner about the horrors of a nation "playing host to a war," and he remembered, too, the Army and overseas, who said, "The one thing I'm glad about this war is that we're fighting it over here and not on our home front."

"You can say that again!" Bogie had replied. And now that he's back home, he realizes more than ever what true talk that was.

But while Humphrey Bogart is glad to be back on the job, he has a craving to get going again, too—that's what a trip like his does to a man who plans to anyone else. When you see it with your own eyes, you want to be a part of it, every way you can, or you don't rest easy.

So if Bogie starts packing again one of these days, don't say I didn't tell you. But he'll have to make a couple of pictures first. Just so he won't break his . . .
KEEP THOSE HONEYMOON HANDS
(Continued from page 67)

applied while the first is still wet. Lucille (the impatience type) fixes herself up by applying one coat at a time, the other next morning. She adds a third coat a day or two later. Not only does this glorify nails ... but it reinforces them, makes the more shock-proof. Your choice is apt to go to bright, clear reds in polishes, but if you prefer a deeper shade, nothing should keep you from it. With a good topcoat, the manicure will last and last.

It's an artistic thought to team your nail polish and lipstick. And, listen, you don't have to be a Michaelangelo to do this. A bright manufacturer has done it for you. The set is housed in a gay green and rosebedecked box, a real tournament of roses. It holds lipstick, polish, a base coat for nails ... and, what's more, a wind-milled, blending face powder.

Polish Pointers. Conservation, you say? Well, suggests Bonita Granville, a slick idea to keep costume jewelry from tarnishing is to coat it with colorless nail polish. She adds that you should wash the pieces thoroughly before painting them with the polish. Protection is practically absolute. An excellent hint, what? Another brightie: Lacquer the tortoise-shell or plastic frames on your specs and sun glasses to match your lipstick. Lip Polish doesn't harm the frames, and shades may be changed at your slightest whim with a dab of remover.

Hand Talk. For 1944 it's good-by to clutching claws, slithery nail-do's, hands flabby as goldfish tails or so stiff they resemble Charlie McCarthy's. Hands aren't just tongs and prongs to work with. Don't be jittery, don't bite your nails. Use a dash of psychology on yourself. Treat yourself to a handsomely colored nail. If you never dye, you'll be less apt to gnaw at it. Perspiring fingers often come from nervousness, of course, but you might try a little antiperspirant by way of local first-aid. When you want to pretty your hands or dress this fool-the-eye trick. Wear a little foundation cream or tinted powder base such as you use before powdering your face.

Conservative You. Six final pointers to save your precious manicure fixin's: (1) Keep bottles upright so polish won't leak out. (2) Find a cool spot to keep them in —and the stuff will be good to the last precious drop. (3) Drain brush against neck of bottle before using, to guard against waste. (4) Wipe outside neck of bottle with tissue before screwing on the cap. If neck is clogged, the cap will not screw on tightly —polish will evaporate. (5) Use a colorless polish-shield on your nails to prolong wear. (6) To conserve polish remover: saturate cotton and press it against the nail for several minutes. Do not wash with each nail, before you begin the actual job of removing. Three "dips" of the remover should be enough to do a complete job.

Hand-some Ending. Follow these rules and you'll win hands, down in romance. If there's any particular digit-problem or beauty puzzle about you, just scruff off a missive with your neatly manicured hands ... the solution's practical in the mail. Address it: Carol Carter, Manager, B. & D. Mail Order House, 50 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Good-by—but keep in mind you've just discovered a chip in our own nail polish that calls for immediate action.

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“DAYS OF GLORY”  
(Story)  
(Continued from page 40)

Some soldiers on motorcycles were drawing inevitably closer.  
The wagon jolted over a dip, swept into the narrow neck of land that lay between two large wings of the forest and then curved sharply to the right.  
The sound of the motorcycles grew loud as they approached the forest-guarded bottleneck; then over the roar of the machines came the crack of rifle shot. One of the motorcycle riders crazed crazily, its rider slumped forward over the handlebars and then slipped sprawling to the earth in the unmistakable posture of the dead. Another shot followed rapidly; a third. The second rider seemed to stiffen in his seat; for a moment he raised his hands in terrible surprise to his blood-spattered face, and then, with a queer, jerking, convulsive movement, he fell, tumbling forward, rolling in a misshapen heap in the rutted dirt road.  
Finally, he lay still; still as the first, still as the dead.

lady guerrilla . . .  
A figure rose from the dark shaded forest. The dim light held and glinted very softly on the barrel of a rifle. A hand rose and waved and then paused to slip back the camouflaged cape.  
Blonde hair tumbled free. The hand waved again; slim-fingered, feminine.  
a girl . . .

Guerrillas!  
Headquarters was the ruins of what once had been an ancient cloister. Here in the tumbled slabs, they lived and worked, killed and hoped . . . and waited.  
Underground, under the camouflaged building, the tiny rooms that had been the cells of the long dead monks, held strange company.

“Two Germans?” Semyon asked.

Sasha said excitedly: “Yes, I saw it. You should have seen them tumble to the ground like sacks of straw. She’s deadly, our Yelena, she . . .”

The girl nodded warily: “Yes, two. Two less now. Is Vladimir back yet?”

Something stirred at the doorway. They all turned tensely. Sasha was reaching for one of the guns stacked against the wall. Then the door opened, and the man stood revealed in the flood of light. He was tall, but he was built so broad in the shoulders that he appeared almost stocky. He was young, but his eyes were old, tired now and always watchful.

“Vladimir!” Semyon cried.

They sprang around him, and you could see it in their faces: the trust, the love and respect they had for him. They flung questions at him: “What did they say at headquarters. . . .” “. . . can we expect an attack soon . . .” “. . . did they think of how we blew the bridge . . .” “. . . Yelena killed two today . . .” “. . . did you have trouble getting through the lines . . .”

The girl Yelena whispered softly: “I’m glad you’re safe, Vladimir.”

He didn’t notice the presence of the stranger until later. One was the wagon driver, Dimitri, and he was simply accounted for: He wanted to join the guerrillas. But the other . . .

Feder the Blacksmith had found hair burned in exhaustion at the edge of the marshes, and he had sung her over her shoulders like a young deer and carried her back to the hideaway.

Hey, put me back in circulation!  

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4 Purpose Rinse

**WATCH FOR MODERN SCREEN'S JULY ISSUE**

To assure yourself of a copy, ask your dealer for your July MODERN SCREEN on June 13th. Newstands have been selling out so quickly, a few days delay might mean your having to miss an issue.

Semyon who told Vladimir. For he came to her later that day. 

"I came to thank you," he said gravely. "It might have meant the end of us all if the German escaped.

"Thank me for what?" she said. "For doing what any one of you would have done in my place?"

"I know it must have been hard for you," she said softly. "It's not an easy business. Killing. Not even Germans. For some one like you.

She said suddenly, harshly: "I don't know. All I know is that I wasn't made for death. Whatever I did in the past I did for beauty, for life. And now-

"Not you, Semyon. Not Vladimir answered. "We none of us asked to learn this business of death. Meanwhile, as long as it is our business, we must learn to do it well. So for all of us I thank you again."

"Then I'm one of you now," she said.

He looked at her gravely: "You're one of us, Nina."

"And where you go, I go, too?"

"Where you are."

"On the next raid?"

"Sometimes," he said slowly, "it's not only Germans who die. It's a dangerous calling, partisans...

"On the next raid?"

"For a moment he was quiet; and then he said abruptly: "Yes, on the next raid."

**death by moonlight**

The railroad track ran off in an easy curve to the right; the rails glittered softly in the moonlight. A hundred yards they weren't coming in. The gun in his hand held steady on the target of her body. If she called now... if she shouted...

... There was the sound of footsteps suddenly loud outside the door, and then softer and softer as they moved away. The German was motionless. When it was quiet again he moved up the steps. Reaching behind him, he pushed softly against the door.

Against the wall, her hands pressed tight against the stone, Nina felt something. Her fingers explored. A long thin barrel. A pistol. On the top step the German swinged with the rifle once. He had to turn to go out. Below him there was only a slip of a girl frightened out of her wits.

He turned...

He brought the pistol forward, squeezing along the strangeness of it. The German was a huge, menacing danger. She brought the pistol level. And then suddenly in the moment when the door flung open and the sunshine poured into the room like a wave of light, she fired and the sound was enormous in the quiet room. The German half turned on the top step, the rifle swung in an arc, and then he fell forward, half out of the door, with the sunlight on his twisted face.

They came running, then, Semyon and Mitya. They saw the German and Nina in the room below still holding the pistol poised in front of her. It must have been...
of the automatic signal tower. Far off where the city was besieged, artillery flares burst against the dark night sky. But here it was peaceful; the peace of desolation. The Germans had passed through.

At the edge of the woods they paused, and Vladimir scouted the empty vistas of the single track. They were all quiet, waiting for his words. Nina lay flat at his side trying to peer over the edge of the sharp embankment.

"Yelena," Vladimir said, "the signal tower. You know what to do?"

"Let the guard train pass on the green. Stop the armored train on the red until the fuses are set. Then signal green."

"Right. Sasha, Petrov—guard. Semyon, Mitya—help me with the charges."

"And I'll pass," promised Nina.

"Watch and learn," Vladimir said. "That will be enough."

They set off quickly about their jobs. Vladimir worked hurriedly setting the charges under the ties. The night wind was sharp, cold, whistling oddly as it whipped the swaying tree-tops. Far off, dimly, they heard the sound of the trains, a steady clack on the tracks, growing louder. They moved back toward the forest.

The armored train came first, and it swung down the track, traveling at a steady, swift pace. The headlight bore through the dark piercing the signal on the tower, moved past into darkness again. Then behind, more slowly, the ammunition train pulled into the section of track. From the forest they watched the signal tower. The light blinked, flashed red. For a moment no one said anything, watching the train. Then they heard the sigh of the air brakes. The train ground slowly to a stop.

They worked swiftly then in the edge of the forest, setting the detonator. Let the guard train pass, they wanted the ammunition. Vladimir, worked in silent, furious haste. Then from the left, somewhere in the depths of the forest, a volley of shots broke the stillness.

Without looking up, Vladimir said softly: "The light. Yelena, the light..." Semyon said: "Bad luck..."

"There's still time... the light now?" Semyon said: "Green. You can depend on Yelena."

The ammunition train dragged down the track, still innocent, still unaware. The sound of firing from the forest was moving closer. Vladimir wiped his brow violently. Over all the rest now, they could hear the screaming whirr of the guard train as, suspicious, it began to back down the track. The ammunition train lumbered forward swiftly.

"The engine's over," Semyon said.

They waited, breathless.

"Coal car..."

Then a moment of eternity.

"Now!"

Vladimir pressed the plunger home. Almost at the same moment they were up running to the saving dark. Dwarving all the sounds, arching in a thick red blast against the sky, the wood explosion—a sharp, sudden, loud report—bore down on the forest, new terror. The sound of creation, the ammunition cars blew.

In the forest the sound of firing was steady now. "Patrol," someone spoke swiftly; "Separate, meet back at the hideout. He took Nina's arm, his grasp rough: "Here, little dancer," he said. "You'll stay right here."

They twisted through the forest and burst back out on the track behind the flaming wreckage of the ammunition train. Down the track now they could hear the hoarse shouts of a German patrol moving up. Vladimir flung Nina across...
ment rose sharply. Half dragging the girl, Vladimir clawed to the top, and then the two of them rolled down. They lay there breathless, silent, not daring to move. The patrol clanked past them: a voice rasped a hoarse command. They moved on. Vladimir's silencing hand was still over Nina. It was an eon before they moved.

"Safe now," Vladimir whispered.

She said nothing, but pressed against him, suddenly breathless. He looked down at her, smiling. He saw her eyes, caught in the moonlight. Then wordlessly, she drew her into his arms and lifted her face to his.

"You know now," she said fiercely.

"You know how why I stayed?"

"I know now," he repeated.

"And you're glad?"

"Yes, I'm glad."

"And you won't send me away? Ever?"

Tenderly, touching the soft curve of her cheek as if it were some strange wonderful flower he said: "Never. Never... until the day I die."

The blowing of the ammunition train was a turning point. You could feel in the heavy, storm-laden air the growing tension, the final breathlessness was none of them were surprised when Vladimir told them it was only a matter of a short time before the real thing came to pass. A messenger was needed to slip through the lines. Yelena was reported back to Army Headquarters, that everything was ready. Yelena went, because a woman would arouse less suspicion and would have a better chance of getting through.

She was mounted on the pale bair horse, waving cheerily to them as she started off down the road. But only a little later the horse, alone, came running back down the same path, and the saddle was tugged with blood. They waited desperately, cursing their helpless hands, until Yelena came staggered out of the woods.

Fedor doctored the wound. But they all knew. Even Yelena knew. She looked around at them, gathered about the rude bed in the ruined hideaway, and she said simply: "No grief, comrades. Revenge. We revenge death in Russia."

Nina stayed with her that night in the quiet cell-like room. But her life was passing as surely as the hours crept slowly around the face of the clock. She made no sound. Only now and then she heard her eyes moved toward Nina, and Nina bent to wipe gently her parched lips with a water dipped bandage roll. With the hint of dawn in the sky, Yelena said softly:

"You will take good care of him..."

she said. "Listen to me: he never knew my love. But I know he loves you. And that's a good thing. There is so much hate and death in us now that we forget how beautiful it is to love. Don't let him forget. Take care of him..."

Yelena... Yelena... you will be well yet..."

"Listen again: he will need someone to take the message through. Do you know it? Say it after me now: Red 151, White 3, Yellow 57, Stop, Green 1,000... Purple 55, Blue unnumbered..."

"Red 151," Nina said. "White 3... Yellow 57. You will see, Yelena, Fedor says you will be well..."

The message:

"Green 1,000, Purple 55... Yelena!"

But the girl on the bed who was too young to die didn't hear. She would never be tired again or in pain or in love... Nina got through. She and Mitya made the dangerous trip through the enemy lines and back again to the hideaway, where Vladimir and the others waited. Vladimir said tensely: "What did they say at Headquarters?"

"I was to report to the Comrade Commander that the snow will fall tomorrow."

Vladimir said slowly: "Then it be..."

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WASH YOUR HAIR 3 TIMES

and it happened that way...

With the dawn they crept out, and in the dim light the first guns spoke until the whole area was a mass of flame and fire. They fell back slowly. Petrov fell... Sasha, Fedor... Dimitri... Until huddled in the ruins of the hideaway there were only Semyon, Vladimir, Nina...

Outside the Germans were massing for a final attack. The grey clanking monsters of their tanks were drawing up. They still believed that they were facing a large force. They were moving cautiously. In the ruins of the ancient cloister the three of them worked feverishly piling their grenades, checking them until there was nothing to do but wait...

"Are you afraid?" Vladimir said softly to Nina.

"A little... I think...

There is still time to slip to safety. Semyon and I can hold here. One more or less would make no difference...

"No," Nina answered. She touched the soft curve of her face:

"So I have brought you finally nothing but death..."

"No," she said vehemently, "No. Not death. You’ve brought me life. What else can love be but life? And beauty? And all that is good? I’m happy now, happier than I have ever been. If I die, I think I will die of happiness and not because of their bullets or their tanks...

The heavy tanks were moving now. Semyon cursed and moved up toward the parapet that faced the enemy. They took their places beside him. It was only a little while longer now. From the East a flight of planes was polka-dotted the sky. It was going according to plan, then. They would come dropping out, the Red Army paratroops, but meanwhile...

For a moment Vladimir’s hand closed on Nina’s.

Semyon recited softly:

"The heavy hanging chains will fall

The walls will crumble at a word,

And freedom greets you in the light,

And brothers give you back the sword..."

The morning sun broke through the overcast of clouds, and for the first time, then, in that all bitter winter and early spring, the sky was full of light...

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1 month’s supply

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MAIL COUPON 111
accompanying letter asked for suggestions, told them he'd like the names of any promising actors who resembled the types pictured in the drawings.

24,000 letters rolled in; Mr. R. had to retire for a week and look through all of them.

For the leading roles, he finally chose Tamara Toumanova and Gregory Peck. Toumanova, world-famous ballerina, former premiere danseuse with the Ballet Russe, literally had her hair down, without make-up and played her entire role without once pirouetting on those million-dollar toes.

Gregory Peck is a recruit from Broadway, having served his apprenticeship in summer stock in Virginia before appearing with Katharine Cornell in "The Doctor's Dilemma" and Gladys Cooper in "The Morning Star." Tall, whip-lean, ruggedly handsome, he has a magnetic voice guaranteed to send shivers up and down feminine spines.

Entire cast and crew went on location to Utah, to a spot near Fiksen 40 miles up into the mountains above Cedar City. Producer Robinson sent the company there because the terrain and surrounding foliage most nearly resembled the Russian country south of Moscow.

upcountry journey...

An abandoned resort near the spot chosen had to be opened so the troupe would have a place to eat and sleep. No help was available, of course, so the 65 players and technicians had to take turns working as cooks, waitresses, etc. Supplies for the food department were mainly unrationed items—poultry and fresh vegetables—and were rounded up from nearby farms. On the train en route, the folks ate box lunches and drank coffee from thermos jugs, all foresightedly prepared by the studio so there would be plenty of fresh available to members of our fighting forces traveling the same time.

In one of the most moving scenes in the picture, Toumanova (accent on the second syllable, please) reads poetry aloud to a group of guerrilla fighters whom she has joined. Every man present falls in love with her, so eloquently does she recite the words; the poem is a selection from the work of the great Pushkin.

Word got around so fast that Gregory Peck was motion picture dynamite, producers from every studio were eagerly bidding for his services long before the

---

**_DAYS OF GLORY**

**PRODUCTION**

(Continued from page 40)

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Famous Doctor's Scientific Relief Acts Instantly!

Don't suffer needless torture from corns or sore toes! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for fast relief. These thin, soothing, cushioning, protective pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure—the causes of misery from corns. They ease new or old shoes—sore toes, blisters before they can develop! Included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are separate wonder-working Medications for speedily removing corns. No other method does all these things for you! Costs but a trible. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters. Get a box today!

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**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 8**

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Introductory offer: With every order for custom made or new, Sterling Silver Solitaire Engagement Ring, we will include without extra charge our famous wedding ring set with eight imitation diamond matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful interior diamond polishing engraving ring the perfect bridal pair. No money with order. Your order encloses a money order or check in amount of $2.50. (Price of $3.00). Sent to you with our compliments. Satisfaction guaranteed! 100% refund on unsatisfaction. Must be returned in original box. (Includes Free Illustrated Fishing Prize.)

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**THE SAFEST PLACE IS WAR BONDS**

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**MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST**

Don't mistake causes for the... Make the one spot test! Would you? Doctor's advice: Use Dermoil. For the first time, a reputable doctor has ever agreed to make this statement. Doctor's receipts and companies have been consulted. (Continued from page 36)

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**SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET**

**GREAT TRIAL SIZE**

Round up for the poor! Don't let the poor remain hungry! Ask for this free booklet! Don't miss the chance! 100,000,000 have already taken advantage! Don't be one of the millions who have missed the opportunity. This book is a surprise to the million in the United States. You'll be proud of yourself when you have sent a dollar to the Red Cross! (Continued from page 36)

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**BUSINESS YOURS TO START**

Do you believe in your country? After all, there is no country but the United States. But have you ever considered the need for the United States as a business center? (Continued from page 36)
picture was released. 20th Century-Fox won out and immediately cast him in one of the top roles of 1944, the part of Father Chisholm in "Keys of the Kingdom."

Another newcomer to pictures is Alan Reed, who is best known to America's radio audience as Falstaff "You Can Call Mother A Plant Tonight, She's Potted" Openshaw, the Bowery Band of the Fred Allen show. Reed is one of the most versatile actors in the entertainment world today, was working for Alfred Lunt in "The Pirate" when the offer came for the part of the Russian Sasha. Lunt not only released him from his contract but made a screen test with him that executives describe inadequately as a "knockout."

ADD LINES. Bumanova was dubbed "Tee Tee" and called back everyone on the set during production... Known to balletomanes as "The Black Pearl" because of her coal-black hair and olive skin, she shied away from the exotic in her personal tastes, doesn't know the meaning of temperament. Collects books on the ballet, some of which are written about her. Confessed to the reference to her that was most thrilling was the chapter devoted to her by H. Allen Smith in "Life in a Putty Knife Factory." Almost never goes to a beauty parlor, does her own nails and hair.

Gregory Peck is a native Californian, went to school at La Jolla, attended college at the University of California. It was there while he was rowing for the crew of 1938, that he received a spinal injury that has kept him out of every branch of Uncle Sam's armed forces. Married, he is about to become a papa for the first time. Woes most about that and his Victory Garden which he inspects by flashlight each night when he comes home late from work.

late, on the afternoon of Thursday, March 2, Harry James walked in—a set of fine strain lines upon his forehead, a worried pallor across his cheeks. "Well?" said the pianist.

"She's gone to the hospital," Harry said briefly. "Let's get busy." He didn't add, "So that I can get out of here and get back to the waiting room," but that compulsion was in every move of his shoulders, every preliminary note from the trumpet.

It had started at noon. Betty had just finished unpacking the last coverlet for the cradle and had looked around. The nursery suite was a masterpiece. The walls of the main room were pale, pale blue, the color of spring robin's eggs, the blue of April skies. The baby was due sometime in April.

heavenly setting...

set back from the main room was an alcove in which the name—just employed by Betty—was to sleep. That alcove was prepared with a moisture-proof panorama of bunnies, pink and blue kittens, pink and blue puppies, and the bathroom was done in the same fashion.

The cradle was a handsome antique, an item for which Betty had shopped tirelessly for months. She had told her mother that it was a shame to scatter so beautiful an article's intrinsic wood with a coating of white paint, but the doctor had recommended such a plan for sanitary purposes. Also (and they certainly think of everything these days) the padding was made of a vegetable compound which wouldn't turn the stomach of a young citizen who tried out sharp junior incisors on it
The decorator, when planning the furniture, had joined all of Betty’s friends in asking, “What do you want, a boy or a girl?” And Betty had smiled and answered, “I just want a healthy baby.”

Yet when she and her mother had been shopping one day, they had seen an adorable, fluffy dress with a skirt all of six inches long and a chi-chi embroidered yoke. “Little girl’s things are so wonderful,” Betty sighed. “And I’ve always thought those mother-daughter outfits were the cutest things in the world.”

When Harry and Betty talked about names, Harry insisted that—if the newcomer should be a daughter—he wanted to name her Betty. “No. One in the family is enough,” declared the mother-to-be. “First thing you know it would be Little Betty and Big Betty. I think a girl should have a name all its own.”

Actually, Betty’s name is Elizabeth Ruth, so a compromise was effected: The newcomer would be called Elizabeth, but in second place. Her first name was strictly her daddy’s suggestion. When Harry first arrived to know La Petite Grable, the friendship had ripened on the set of “Springtime in Brooklyn.” In that picture, Betty’s nom de cinema was “Vicki.”

So they decided that Victoria Elizabeth would be a sentimental name for a young lady. Only by accident did the name happen to belong to two celebrated queens, and also by only accident did “Victoria” stem from the word Victory. As soon as the baby arrived, published in columns some time before the birth of the James junior—hundreds of eager fans wrote to the studio saying that the arrival of Victoria in 1944 might have psychic significance. They must have meant that V day was due the same year.

But on March 2, Betty Grable James was only surveying the completed nursery. Her houseboy should be instructed to take the stack of boxes and tissue paper out to the trash-pick-up department. And she was wondering what on earth had become of the beautiful carrying pillow that had been one of the gifts she received at a shower given for the baby-to-come.

The carrying pillow was to be used to transport the baby home from the hospital; it was to be used by the nurse in transporting the baby around the room during its early and fragile months. That carrying pillow was a very important item. And Betty couldn’t find it.

She telephoned her mother. She said, “I can’t find . . . Mother, I feel kind of funny.”

“False alarm,” said Mrs. Grable in comforting tones. “You’ve been working too hard on that nursery. You lie down and rest.”

But Betty tried to rest, but she had the distinct impression that large white wings were beating the air. She telephoned the doctor and described her sensations. “I’ll be right there,” he said, and he was roaming the ambulance. “Call your mother.”

Mrs. Grable had been driving Betty’s Cadillac convertible, so she gave the little grey car a quick ride on one canyon in Bel Air to another. By the time she arrived, Harry had also swooped in from the studio. Betty was loaded into the ambulance, the doctor and Mrs. Grable climbed in beside her, and Harry followed in the studio war.
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**Mrs. Zanuck—a shower to enrapure any girl. That day Betty had worn her favorite maternity dress—a blue and green checked house dress with a starched lace overdress. In it Betty looked like a plump cherub in search of a pink cloud in which to go wading. She was wearing her hair long, pushed back and tied neatly in a ribbon, no bows, because that is the way Harry likes it best. Before she married, Betty had been wearing the high pommade gowns so beloved by young girls, but Harry—her mother—had thrown them away. “Your hair is pretty enough without any additions,” he said.

**Mrs. Zanuck had planned a lovely table.**

The centerpiece was a cradle that, when pushed gently so that it rocked back and forth, played a series of nursery tunes. The guests turned giving the music box a one-fingered squeeze. Then we heard moans repeating. Above this cradle, the invisible wire floated a string of storks in bomber formation.

In the living room, there was a huge, inverted pink umbrella—just the right thing to place over a baby's play pen on a summer day. Within this pink canvas bowl were pilled such an array of presents that a casual observer would have said, "Canadian history was expected to be challenged in California. Mrs. Zanuck's gift was a baby set of bathroom bottles in crystal and a mother-baby set of bed jackets. Alice Faye welcomed the new-comer—who might well marry her baby one day, provided the sexes were properly arranged—with a high chair. Ann Warner's present was a striking silver comb and brush set. Lynn Bari had hunted high and low for the plan. and just to provide a brilliant divergence from the pink and blue of the party, Wynne's gift was a pair of red suede booties.

While remembering these things, Betty undoubtedly thought of the kindly fan in New York who had sent two pairs (one pink, one blue) of bedroom slippers, two pairs of booties, two wrappers and two crib robes. Another fan had sent half a dozen hand-knitted soppers, and still another had sent a beautiful baby book.

During the months of her pregnancy, Betty's fan mail had gradually increased; much of it was from servicemen who congratulated her in a paragraph and told her in detail in the next month their own youngsters. In February, Betty received 90,000 letters—a little more than three thousand a day. This fact should eliminate forever the theory that motherhood will ruin a star's career. Like the wife of any serviceman who is expecting her first baby, Betty had continued to work at the end of her fourth month of pregnancy—in November. And she had gained weight—quite a lot for Betty. From a constant weight of 114.
she advanced to the lush contours of 148 pounds. The doctor suggested mildly that she diet. Betty shook her head. "No—I'm hungry, and for once in my life I'm going to eat everything I want."

Betty has never had to diet, but she has always been sensible about what she ate—quantities of vegetables, much fruit, lean meat, very few carbohydrates. And with her approaching motherhood, she developed a terrific yen for waffles dappled with butter and afloat in syrup. She could eat them at any hour of the day or night.

But the night of March 2, she admitted that—for the first time in months—she was faintly curdled by the thought of waffles. Her mind did go back to the puzzle she had been working on just before she left for the hospital. "I wonder what on earth became of that carrying pillow," she murmured.

who only stand and wait...

The time went by. Midnight, One o'clock of March 3, Two o'clock. Three o'clock. The doctor beckoned Mrs. Grable and Harry into an anteroom, "We'll have to perform a Caesarian section," he explained. "The baby's heart beat is growing weaker, and I don't think we should take a chance."

Like any mother, Mrs. Grable hesitated. She looked from the doctor to Harry, "I'm sure she'll be all right," she insisted. "She's so well and strong."

But at the end of another hour, she gave in. She had a friend in the hospital, an anesthetist who had originally planned to take care of Betty when her time came, but Betty—having rushed matters—was deprived of his professional attention because he was busy looking after three other prospective mothers. Still, he did what he could. First he reassured Mrs. Grable. "Your doctor is wonderful; he'll do a beautiful section."

He hurried away, then returned to glance from Harry's drawn face to Mrs. Grable's apprehensive eyes. "They've taken her over to surgery," he said. "She's reacting very well." He disappeared.

The seconds ticked off. The door opened a crack, and the cheerful face thrust forward. "They've given her the anesthetic—a spinal block," he reported. "Everything is going fine."

Just ten minutes later, the beaming friend looked in again. "It's a girl," he said with as much pride as if Victoria Elizabeth were his own. "The doctor says she has the prettiest body he has seen in years. Looks like you've got another pin-up girl on your hands."

Harry's face, which had been a fog grey, suddenly went glacier white. Then he swallowed hard, stood up and put his arm around Mrs. Grable. "Would you like to see the baby?" asked the friend. Fine question.

The doctor followed him. Respectfully and in awe, they stood in an anteroom where the doctor was oiling the newcomer. Her hair was pale topaz, her disposition appeared to be drowsy, but cordial. "She's just five minutes old," said the doctor.

---

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When she was tucked away, Harry and Mrs. Grable left Palm Springs as they reached the corner, Betty was being wheeled back to her room. She was groggy, but conscious. Harry leaned down to kiss her. "Baybee!" he said softly. And he added, "We've seen that little tyke isn't she?" Then his gaze returned to his chubby son. "Look at those fists," he said. "Maybe he'll be a trumpeter some day and take that little girl away.

When Mrs. Grable repeated this to her daughter, Betty smiled. "Vicki doesn't ever have to take dancing lessons if she doesn't want to," she said.

The little non-dancing lady was allowed to spend the 30 minutes between one and one-thirty enjoying her dancing mother, and both seemed to enjoy the visit. One day Mrs. Grable brought to the hospital some baby pictures of Betty, and Betty, aided by a mirror, agreed with Harry and Mrs. Grable that the young Vicki was an encore of the young Betty. Betty noticed something else with the use of the mirror, "My hair is all tangled." But until the next day nurse got the last snarl out of the blonde curls. That was such an event that Betty telephoned her mother to convey the news. She also wanted to remind her mother that Harry's birthday fell on May 17th. She gave him six linen handkerchiefs. What would you really like for your birthday?" she inquired. Harry dropped in the line dead-pan. "A new car," he said.

"I should use a blunt instrument on you," opined Betty. "But I can't." because you're the father of my child."

And they exchanged one of those long glances that are forever the precious property of two new parents, deeply in love. P.S. They found that carrying pillow. So Victoria Elizabeth travels in style be-fitting the namesake of two British queens and the daughter of a Hollywood queen.

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If you want to be Loved... BE LOVABLE—
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**TONIGHT** you'll be wearing his flowers! How thrilling! You mean to match the freshness of those flowers—so after your bath remember to guard precious charm. A quick touch of Mum keeps you dainty for hours. Use Mum every day—after every bath. After all, a bath merely removes past perspiration. To prevent risk of future underarm odor—to stay popular—smart girls like you depend on Mum!

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**MUM SAVES TIME!** Half a minute and you're through. Even busy days, there's time for Mum!

**MUM SAVES CLOTHES!** Mum won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

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DUCHESS ON WHEELS

Maybe Greer would look silly jinvin' with the heps—but she'd like you to know she meant it with a bustle!

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO JUDY

"Garland the Glutton" they call her, but Judy insists that that dawn-to-dawn routine she pulls for our service-men is too drop-in-the-bucket-ish to even talk about.

"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

With three strikes against her, Momma insisted that no marriage ever works out— and Theo nearly believed it!

"ONE PUNCH" LUNDIGAN

"One take" Lundigan, maybe, but Marine Corps hopeful Bill won't stop slugging until they become the little men who aren't there.

AS TIME GOES BY

These were the great and near great, the ricker-famous synchronized with the wobbly dialogue captions, the bright new starks with the spine-tingling bartoneers, these were the M-G-M stars.

WAITING FOR JEAN PIERRE

Waiting is made up of little things; hectic work-filled days, long, lonely nights, the side-titled head of Maria Montez listening for familiar footsteps.

SUSY Q.

Susan Peters never wanted Hollywood, she never wanted marriage—meet Mrs. Dick Quine, Metro's shiniest new star.

WHAT A BLONDE!

She felt like a D.A.R. at the Palladium, but when those shooching G.I.'s yelled, "Make it Ate Maria, Susie," the Foster gal discovered that curves in the right places make up for notes in the high places.

Lt. Jean Pierre Aumont, M-G-M star, and Maria Montez in Universal's "Gypsy Wildcat".

Susan Peters in M-G-M star.

James Craig in M-G-M's "Marriage is a Private Affair".

EDITORIAL PAGE

Short Course in Applied Make-up.

What Is My Weakness?

Modern Screen Fashion Guide.

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$1,750 PICTURE PUZZLE!

COVER: Lana Turner in M-G-M's "Marriage is a Private Affair".

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GREENWICH VILLAGE
IN TECHNICOLOR

with VIVIAN BLAINE (the Cherry Blonde) and FELIX BRESCIA

TOMMY AND SALLY DOMARCO • THE REVÜERS • DIRECTED BY WALTER LANG • PRODUCED BY WILLIAM LE BARON • Screenplay by Earl Baldwin and Norman Houston

Just a rhumba-sway from the Gay White Way! Dancing in the streets! Loving in the Park! A joy-mod Mardi-Gras from dawn till dark!

WATCH FOR THE BIGGEST EVENT IN THE 50 YEARS OF SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT... Darryl F. Zanuck's WILSON in Technicolor!
She meets mocking gambler Clint Maroon (Gary Cooper), and flaunts their love to humiliate family. Clint, finding she's used him as tool, flees to Saratoga, writes of rich Van Steed who's "ideal."

Abetted by servants Angelique (F. Robson) and Cupidan (Jerry Austin), Cleo poses as Countess, captivates both Saratoga society and Van Steed who hires Clint to rout gang that's seized his R.R.

Realizing she loves Clint, Cleo denounces fiancé, sees wounded Clint return with dying dwarf who saved his life. Cupidan mutters, "Bass" and sobbing, Cleo vows past is over, Clint's her boss, too.

Exotic Cleo Dulaine (Ingrid Bergman) returns to her native New Orleans bent on avenging wrong done her mother by Dulaines, to "marry a millionaire, become respectable."

**SARATOGA TRUNK**

- THIS, MY FRIENDS, is really it. This is the picture that has everything—romance, excitement, humor, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper. For sheer entertainment, it's the best bet since "Casablanca." If you had any doubts about la Bergman being the type to play the volatile half-French Cleo, forget them. She is perfect. She has even turned brunette in the interests of accuracy. Gary is lanky, Texan, and pleasantly humorous as Clint Maroon.

The story starts with Cleo Dulaine's desire for revenge on New Orleans society for its treatment of her dead mother. Cleo has come all the way from France for this revenge. Once she has accomplished it she intends to "marry a millionaire and become very respectable." Looking at the glint in Cleo's eye, you are sure she'll have no trouble with the former but you aren't so sure about the latter.

The first person Cleo meets in New Orleans is Clint Maroon. Not that Clint is Creole society—he's a gambler from Texas. Cleo deliberately picks him up. "A fine way to go about acquiring respectability," sniffs her mulatto servant, Angelique (Flora Robson). But Cleo has decided to use Clint in her revenge. When he finds it out, he leaves her and goes off to Saratoga.

From there he sends her (Continued on page 12)
"The Kiss-off!"

"Yes, it was the kiss-off for both of them. They had gone too far... they had tried to get away with murder and they found they couldn’t get away from me!"

---

Paramount presents

MACMURRAY • STANWYCK
EDWARD G. ROBINSON

in

"Double Indemnity"

FRED BARBARA
MACMURRAY • STANWYCK
EDWARD G. ROBINSON

with PORTER HALL • JEAN HEATHER • BYRON BARR
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Directed by BILLY WILDER
Screen Play by Billy Wilder and Raymond Chandler

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And now the gala that began with continues with these

KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION

AN American Romance
IN TECHNICOLOR

starring BRIAN DONLEVY

Here is the fight, the love, the drama, the adventure that is America! It's the story of a million guys like Steve... and a million girls like Anna who believe in their dreams!
Anniversary Celebration
The White Cliffs of Dover
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DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Walter Aline Akim Turhan
Huston·MacMahon·Tamiroff·Bey

Not since "The Good Earth"...a picture such as this! The mighty drama of a brave people and a great love...flaming from the pages of the novel that thrilled millions!

with HURD HATFIELD • J. CARROL NAISH • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HENRY TRAVERS • ROBERT BICE • ROBERT LEWIS • FRANCES RAFFERTY • JACQUELINE de WIT
Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by JACK CONWAY and HAROLD S. BUCQUET
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

PICTURE PUZZLE See page 79 for contest details

WAS WARNED

BY HER MUCH MARRIED MA

AND AFTER SHE'D

SHE GREW

THEN SHE

TO THE

OF A

-BEARING CHUM.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES—NO. 18
"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"
Please Print or Type

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BY HER MUCH-MARRIED MA

THAT ALL WERE

AND AFTER SHE'D

SHE GREW THEN SHE

TO THE OF A -BEARING CHUM.

Full name __________________________________________

Street __________________________________________ City __________ State ________

Coat size

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ANDREW STONE’S

**Sensations of 1945**

Damsels and Dances, Music and Mirth plus the Greatest Stars of the Entertainment World in One Gay Package of Romantic Fun

Produced and Directed by ANDREW STONE
Released thru United Artists

SCREENPLAY BY DOROTHY BENNETT from an ORIGINAL STORY BY FREDERICK JACKSON • ASSOCIATE PRODUCER, JAMES NASSER
a letter one day describing the town's society, its money, its gambling, its eligible millionaires. Buffalo particular—Bartholomew Van Steed. "If he wasn't tied so close to his mamma's apron strings, he'd be just what you're looking for." Clint writes mockingly. Two weeks later, Cleo arrives in Saratoga. But she arrives as a widowed French countess—and drives back from the station with Bart Van Steed (John Warburton)! Clint can't believe his eyes, and neither can the rocking chair brigade on the hotel's long shabby porch. The battle is on—Cleo Dulaine vs. Saratoga Society.

Meanwhile a real battle is in the making. Clint, working for Van Steed—and a share in the profits—has guaranteed to free the Saratoga trunk line railroad. Van Steed's property, from the Soule mob which has seized it. To tell you any more would spoil a superb climax, but don't miss "Saratoga Trunk"—War.

P. S.

Warner Bros. drafted the entire Combo speaking population of Los Angeles to appear in the French Market scenes—a total of 26 people. Louisiana neigbor's dialect of Creole French. . . . Also in the Market scenes is the first Razzy Dassy Spasm band to appear on the screen. No, not double talk. It's a Negro band composed of home-made instruments. . . . For the first time in movie history, eggs laid by the performers were edible. The fowl used in the market scenes were penned on stage at night. First person on the set each morning was the one to go home with strictly fresh eggs that evening. . . . All those beautiful fruits and vegetables were, Dr. official—studio-made props. Miss Bergman set a record by working 62 consecutive days.

BATHING BEAUTY

Remember the spread Life magazine ran on the beauties in this picture? Seldom have bathing suits been so well filled. Esther Williams, swimming champ, plays the feminine lead opposite Red Skelton, and her scenes in the water ballet are the McCoy. Red is as funny as ever, and that's very funny indeed. Nothing he says makes much sense, but you laugh like mad. He plays a song writer named Steve Elliot, who is in love with a beautiful swimming instructor, Caroline (Esther Williams). They are both having a blissful time in Mexico City when George Adams appears on the scene. George (Basil Rathbone) is a Broadway producer who is waiting for Steve to dream up some hot new songs. But Steve has been too busy sitting in the moonlight to come to write any. In fact, he and Caroline are to be married the next day. "I'll fix that," George says grimly. He hires a pretty Mexican gal to appear at the ceremony with three red-headed boys, all of whom greet Steve enthusiastically as "papa." Caroline is not inclined to be broad-minded about this, and goes back to her letters to college where she teaches, in utter disillussion.

Steve, of course, follows her. He even discovers that the college charter provides for the admittance of men to classes and promptly enrolls as a student. That was one of those things that seem like a good idea at the time. It turns out to be pretty bad. The other students—all girls—as well as the instructors, gang up on Steve. He promptly degenerates at the drop of a hat. Any

Evan's dog—Evan (Bill Goodwin) is also in love with Caroline. He is practically drowned by beautiful Glamazons during a swimming lesson. And he still hasn't written any songs for George. On the other hand, the faculty hasn't found a legitimate excuse for tossing him out of college. Caroline, moreover, has given signs of thawing. But the George and Clint are a few.

Ubangis mad. . . .

...and Quilting makes FIBS extra safe!

Only Fibs are "quilted"—to give more comfort, greater safety. That's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause irritation, pressure, difficult removal.

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

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Only 20¢

** REVIEWS **

(Continued from page 8)

Strange torso model standing between the figures of Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr in the Metro wardrobe department is that of Red Skelton. Red had to have female clothes for his part in this picture so designers manned a dummy to the women's department. . . . Red was a busy boy during production of "Bathing Beauty"—made 18 personal appearances in seven days, played to more than 200,000 servicemen and wrote his first book, "The Ubangis Will Win The War." . . . In addition to writing, Red found time for keeping up with his oil painting. Almostanything, when Ed Gardner (Esther's lover) paid $250.00 for a Skelton original entitled "The Clown." . . . Made several thousand dollars for Uncle Sam by selling other paintings for Bonds.

THE STORY OF DOCTOR WASSELL

Probably you were listening to President Roosevelt the night he broadcast the story of Dr. Corydon Wassell. It was a simple story, about the kind of unassuming heroism Americans are famed for. It is still a simple story, in movie form, with a heart-warming quality of homespun courage. Gary Cooper plays Dr. Wassell with an almost casual, good humored excellence. The find of the season is probably Carol Thurston, as Three Martini, the young Javanese nurse. She's that beautiful.

Dr. Wassell, ex-Chinese missionary, was stationed in Java as a medical officer in the Navy. He is there when the cruiser Marblehead limps in port after a terrific battle. Wassell is told to take charge of the wounded. There are a lot of them, and they come from all over the United States. There is one from the doctor's home state of Arizona. Wassell is also pleased to discover an old friend from China, Ping (Philip Ahn), among them. "Happy" (Dennis O'Keefe) the boy from Arizona, needs no confusion, and Wassell takes the blood from Three Martini and puts her in charge of the case. "Now we are the same blood, you and I," she tells "Happy"—the "blood of other always." Dr. Wassell accidentally meets a Red Cross nurse, Madeline (Laraine Day), whom he has loved since the first day he met her in China. Ping gives her up then to a younger man, and he hopes she is happy with him. The doctor can't even talk to her now—he must get the wounded on a train for a hospital in the interior what they'll be safe.

Safe? Well, not for long. On a gloomy, smoke-strewn day a few weeks later, Singapore falls. With it goes the safety of all Java. Dr. Wassell gets orders to evacuate the walking cases to a ship for America. Stretcher cases are to be left behind. But Wassell won't obey those
WORKING GIRL

NAME: Bette Davis
OCCUPATION: Actress
EMPLOYER: Warner Bros.
NATURE OF DUTIES: Helping to maintain the Warner standard of great entertainment.
REMARKS: We at Warner Bros. have been proud of Bette Davis, of her magnificent artistry and enormous talent, ever since she came to work with us. (And no matter how easy it looks on the screen, “work” is the word — with a very large “W”!) But we’ve never been so proud of Bette as since we (and she) finished making MR. SKEFFINGTON!

MR. SKEFFINGTON is the enthralling story of a very rich man and a very beautiful woman, and of their life together... and apart. A love story? We think that even when you’ve seen it, you won’t be sure!

But you will be sure that MR. SKEFFINGTON is one of the finest motion pictures ever made — by anybody, anywhere... and that Bette Davis has no peer among screen artists!

You’ll be sure, too, that the company which produced MR. SKEFFINGTON can be counted on always for the best in entertainment!

WARNER BROS.
JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

BETTE DAVIS GREAT AS ONLY SHE CAN BE IN "MR. SKEFFINGTON"

Produced by JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPSTEIN. Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein. From Story by "Elizabeth" Music by Franz Waxman. Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN.
orders. He's going to get the stretcher out, too, if they shoot him at sunrise for doing it. With stubborn courage, he defies every risk, every moment of panic, with the Japs only a little way behind in the trek across Java. When you've seen this, you'll know why the President talked about Dr. Corydon Wassell.—Par.

P.S.

When F.D.R. told the story of Dr. Wassell during a fireside chat one Sunday evening, C. B. DeMille grabbed the phone at his side and officially registered his intention to film the life story of this man. Thus he stole the march on four other big producers who waited until Monday morning to begin work on the subject. . . .

Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount studios, made a trip to Washington to work out details of the picture with Navy Secretary, the late Frank Knox—also pledged a percentage of the profits to Navy Relief, Dr. Wassell was recalled from Australia to work with DeMille's writers. . . .

Novelist James Hilton and an entire research staff were sent to Mare Island Navy Hospital at Vallejo, Calif., to interview every available wounded veteran of the Houston and Marblehead engagements.

GOING MY WAY

When they pass out the Oscars, "Going My Way" will probably corral a whole herd of them. Certainly Bing Crosby's performance as Father O'Malley, and Barry Fitzgerald's as Father Fitzgibbon are Academy Award material. The whole picture is handled with a warm, tender humor that makes it a delight.

Bing isn't the type you'd usually think of as a priest. But Chuck O'Malley isn't the usual type of priest. And when he first comes to St. Dominick's, old Father Fitzgibbon greets him with about the same enthusiasm he'd accord the bubonic plague. That's partly because reports have been coming in for half an hour of Chuck's progress through the neighborhood. There's the matter of the baseball that broke a window. And the street cleaning truck that came along just as the new priest was on his hands and knees in the gutter, looking for the baseball. Of course it's just bad luck that Chuck's luggage hasn't arrived yet. But it doesn't do a young priest any good to have to greet his superior in a sweatshirt marked in large letters "St. Louis Browns."

(Continued on page 16)

FREE OFFER!

Here's how you can get a free copy of that marvelous magazine SCREEN ROMANCES—with stories of all the latest movies, colored pictures, too! All you have to do is fill out the following Questionnaire, then send it in the mail—but quick, because we can only send a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES to the first 500 readers who send in the coupon. Be sure to send yours in before July 20th.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

Leo Goes to War
"Marriage is a Private Affair"
Kelly Is the Name! (Gene Kelly)
Duchess on Wheels (Green Garson)
Nothing Ever Happens to Judy (J. Garland)
"Miss Precious Cargo" (Paulette Goddard)

Which of the above stories 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 . . . . . . . . . . . .

If you are out of school, what kind of job do you have?

Approximate salary . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

My name . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

My address . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

I am ______ years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
A bubbling adventure in glamour, music, laughs and romance... when a theatrical troupe without an ‘angel’ invades New York’s swankiest hotel.
All in all, it's a wonder that Father Fitzgibbon puts up with the young man. Everybody says so—at first. Him and his golf clubs and his baseball and that crazy friend of his, Father O'Dowd (Frank McHugh). Furthermore, there's that independent little James girl (Jean Heather), who should have been sent straight home to her family. Wants to be a singer, she does, and Father O'Malley sits down and plays the piano for her. No hymn, either, but some song about "Day After Forever." A love song!

Well, old Father Fitzgibbon stands for all that. He stands for Chuck taking the neighborhood kids to the World Series. But when they start practising "Three Blind Mice" in the church basement, it's too much. He goes to the Bishop.

That's when he finds out what Chuck has been too kind to tell him. That St. Dominick's has been getting run down and needs a younger man with new ideas. The Bishop sent young Father O'Malley there to replace the old man, but Chuck says "Stick around, Father. We'll work this out together." And they do.

Jean Heather and James Brown make young love look very attractive. Rise Stevens plays, by an odd coincidence, a Metropolitan star. The entire cast is perfect. It's really a swell picture.—Par.

P. S.

Second picture for Rise Stevens finds her virtually playing herself in the film. Stevens fans will be thrilled with her vocalizing of the famous "Habanera" aria from "Carmen." When the picture was completed, Rise left for the Metropolitan to do "Carmen" for the first time in her career. Bing, Lakeside Golf Club champion for three consecutive years, has his first chance to play golf on the screen. Golf scenes were shot at the Riviera Country Club in Los Angeles. The Lakeside Club, where Bing is usually found, is most always filled with movie stars. Paramount couldn't shoot the golfing scenes there for fear of including some famous name from another studio. . . .

THE CANTERVILLE GHOST

This is really tops in ghost stories. Wait till you see Charles Laughton as the spirit of Sir Simon de Canterville—he's really terrific. Sir Simon is a pompous ghost, pleased with his record of terrifying countless people into insanity or suicide in the centuries he's been haunting the family castle. He's an awful coward, though, which is just bow he got to be a ghost. Back when knighthood was in flower, Sir Simon was challenged to a duel. He was so terrified that he ran and hid in the castle. Papa de Canterville, furious at having his son publicly appear as a coward, walled Simon up in his room, and left him to die of hunger. He also put a curse on him, with the result that Simon has to haunt the castle until the day when some Canterville descendant shall perform a brave act in his name and release him. Un fortunately for Simon, all the Cantervilles turn out to be cowards from then on. Finally in 1944, only one descendant is left—little Lady Jessica (Margaret O'Brien). She's a coward, too, or thinks she is, which comes to the same thing, and doesn't live in the castle. It has been closed for the last twenty years, but now it is to be opened as quarters for a platoon of American rangers.

The Americans are amused to find that "Lady Jessica" is a small, grave-eyed little girl. One of them, "Cuffy" (Robert Young), takes a particular fancy to her. She tells him about the ghost but he frankly doesn't believe a word. Neither do the other Rangers, until midnight, when Simon goes to work on them. He puts on all his best acts, but the Rangers are not only unimpressed, they gang up on him and chase him all around the castle. The poor old ghost is a wreck by morning, and retires to the graveyard to brood bitterly. Then Lady Jessica finds out that "Cuffy" is really a Canterville. He is also an obviously brave guy. So why couldn't he get rid of the curse that keeps Simon hanging around the castle? It's an idea, but there are complications, which . . .

Margaret O'Brien is wonderful—you'll love her. Bill Gargan is particularly good in a comparatively minor part.—M-G-M.

P. S.

The Santa Monica Uplifters Club played host to the biggest crowd of spectators in its history, day Charles Laughton took a ride on a delayed action bomb straight across the polo field. Scene was for the sequence where Laughton, as a ghost, guides a bomb by sitting astride the thing and directing its course. Bomb was actually tied to the back end of a Robert Young-driven jeep . . . Next day Mr. Laughton was back on the studio lot teaching small Margaret O'Brien the fine art of cutting newspaper dolls . . . Charles sings in this one for the first time since his Gilbert and Sullivan days in London. He and Young sing a boogie-woogie arrangement of "Dirty Gertie From Biscuit" with Jose Iturbi eight-beating at the piano . . . Mr. Laughton adds to his list of famous movie speeches (remember the Gettysburg Address in "Ruggles?) with the ghosts' wistful soliloquy on the "Garden of Death."
I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was muggy and very quiet on that hill in New Guinea, and suddenly the air was split with thunderous applause—the surprise which the Major had promised the waiting soldiers was here—Joe E. Brown! He looked very small on the platform down there in the valley, but even from the seats which scaled the hillside they could see him blush and try to brush aside the tear in his eye as he yelled, "Thanks, fellas, thanks a million!"

And then he went into his routine. All alone and with no stooges or music to back him up, he had the G.I.'s holding their sides with laughter, and when he was done, his voice changed, and you could see that what he was asking meant a lot to him. Would they sing "God Bless America?" Would they cry? Maybe that song's been sung a million times during this war but never with so much strength, and hope and determination. A thousand voices ring out against the lovely New Guinea jungles and, too shaken to join in, the little man with the big mouth, Joe E. Brown, his face streaming with tears, alone on the boards, remembering the son who would never sing again—killed while fighting for this blessed America.

If ever a man deserved a letter of thanks, it's funny-man Joe E. Brown. Miss Cecil Rider, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED

The servant problem is providing a lot of material these days. The standard gag is to have a young couple (unmarried) hire out as cook and butler (married) for purposes of their own. In "Make Your Own Bed" this progresses into a combination spy-thriller and bedroom farce. Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are starred, and it won't tax your brain unduly on a hot day. Walter Whitle (Alan Hale) is the head of a gunpowder factory. He's a busy man and it seems to him that his wife, Vivian (Irene Manning), should be able to attend to the servant problem. Vivian tries hard, but the servants leave in droves. So Whitle takes over. Instead of hiring a cook and butler, he hires a detective and his girl friend to pose as a butler and a cook. He tells the detective, young Jerry Curtis (Jack Carson) that his life is being threatened, his wife is falling for another man, and his gunpowder factory is in danger of sabotage from Nazi agents. He even, to make things convincing, invites some actors and actresses out for the weekend to make like Nazi agents.

Jerry is sure it's going to be a big case. When he breaks this one, he can get his own agency and marry Susan ( fimy—Screwerman). But meanwhile, Mrs. Whitle thinks he and Susan are already married. She assigns the new "Butler" and "Cook" to a nice room with a lovely view—and a double bed. Susan is very indignant and Jerry ends by sleeping in the bathroom dressing room.

Unfortunately, he picks the women's dressing room, where two of the actresses turn up. Susan finds them, and all is not peachy. "Maybe, she suggests, "Mr. Whitle made the whole thing up. Maybe he just wanted a butler and a cook."

"Ridiculous," says Jerry. "I have evidence that these are real Nazi agents." And darned if he's not right! The action speeds

Are You in the Know?

What's wrong with this picture?

- The rose is on the wrong lapel
- The Lieutenant is allergic to roses
- He's forbidden to wear non-military ornaments

Your rose may be as precious to him as a campaign ribbon. But—only military ornaments are permitted on an officer's uniform. Be sure about military etiquette! And to be sure of yourself, on "trying days" choose the napkin that doesn't show even under your finest formal. With Kotex, you needn't fear telltale outlines, for the ends of Kotex are pressed flat—different from other napkins because they're not thick, not stumpy. Thanks to this patented Kotex feature you'll pass inspection always!

This type of coat is a good bet if you are—

- Pleasingly plump
- Long and lean
- A "pocket edition"

Shopping for back-to-school togs? The short box coat is just your dish if you're long and lean. It breaks your height, adds "height" you need. Wear it with dash, any time. Breeze through "that" time, too—with the special confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give. For this is the napkin with the patented safety-center that keeps moisture away from the edges, gives extra protection exactly where you need it most. And with Kotex, there's no wrong side to cause accidents... no chance to make a mistake!

Would you say she was—

- Planning an elopement
- Practising fire drill
- Slimming the fatted calf

Climb up the ladder to bareleg beauty! Daily sprints up stairs or ladder will trim chubby calves. And try this: Lie on your right side, raise left leg high, touching ankle with left hand. Then reverse. Mild exercise is good for you on "problem days." And you'll find Kotex different from ordinary napkins... far more comfortable. For rather than just "feels" soft, at first touch—Kotex stays soft while wearing. Unlike flimsy pads that bunch and rope, Kotex is built to hold its shape—to give you longer-lasting comfort.

Know your napkins

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

IT'S A WISE GIRL who discovers that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure.

Irene Manning earned the admiration of her colleagues by being the only member of the cast who didn't succumb to the "flu" germ which circulated the set and put all the others to bed for a week... This is the first picture Miss Manning has made in which she plays a strictly dramatic role—she doesn't sing a note... The framed picture of a curly-headed blond child in one of the bedroom scenes is Jane's favorite photographic study of her three-year-old daughter, Maureen.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

Do you read murder cases in the papers? Then this is for you. The story of "Double Indemnity" is a story that happens all too frequently in real life. Most murders, police records tell us, are done coldly and deliberately for money. This is an almost clinical study of the cause and results of one such murder. It will undoubtedly scare hell out of you. Barbara Stanwyck is sultry and spectacular in what looks like a blonde wig. Fred MacMurray is more convincing than you would expect as a murderer, Edward G. Robinson, as usual, walks off with the acting honors. Walter Neff (Fred MacMurray) is an insurance salesman. One of the prospects on his list is a Mr. Dietrichson (Tom Power). But Walter meets Dietrichson's wife, Phyllis (Barbara Stanwyck) first, and that sets the stage for murder. Phyllis would like to take out a policy on her husband's life—a large policy. Without his knowing about it. Now Walter Neff is no dope. He understands immediately. He tells her he wants no part of that deal, and he thinks he means it. Till that night, when Phyllis comes to his apartment. It would, after all, be simple enough to kill Dietrichson. Walter knows a way it could be done so that even Barton Keyes (Edward G. Robinson), the insurance company's crack trouble shooter, could never prove a thing. A way, furthermore, that would make the company pay a double indemnity.

So Dietrichson dies. The case comes to Keyes, and he is reasonably sure that it is murder. But proving it is another matter. Phyllis was probably mixed up in it, but who helped her? The only suspect is a young Italian who has been going around with Dietrichson's daughter, Lola (Jean Heather). Could he and Phyllis have worked together? Perhaps... Meanwhile tension mounts in the minds of Walter and Phyllis. How much does Keyes know? What can he prove? The tension flares into violent scenes between them. They begin to suspect each other of betrayal. The thought of going through life tied together by this secret is unbearable. And murder strikes again...—Par.

P S.

Movie-goers will find some interesting and rare antiques in this one. Inside of Jerry's market is stocked with 1,000,000 ration points worth of sliced pineapple, chocolate, and cold tomatoes... Studio officials haggled with the Office of Civilian Defense for several days before permission was obtained to do night scenes in Burbank under dimout restrictions. After dodging through yards and yards of red tape, bosses obtained the okay—shot night scenes with Klieg lights dimmed from above. This necessitated building special blinding and covers for the dozens of lamps. Two days after the scenes were taken, dimout restrictions were lifted completely... Story called for a scene at the Glendale depot. It was more convenient for the studio to shoot these sequences at Burbank. All of the Glendale Depot signs were copied and hung at Burbank for one day. Since the trains out of Los Angeles go through Glendale and then into Burbank, passengers were most confused to find themselves going through Glendale twice—missing Burbank altogether.

SENSATIONS OF 1945

Do you like the circus? Tap dancing? Hot piano? W. C. Fields? Swell. You'll find them all in this picture, plus Eleanor Powell, Dennis O'Keefe, Cab Calloway and Woody Herman. The circus is a sort of night club version of Ringling Brothers. It has a lot of the same acts, including the acrobats and the trained bears. It gets into the picture because Ginny, a musical comedy star, is slightly nuts about publicity. She even persuades her under-

"ARM PIT PIMPLES?"

(De to irritating chemicals)

You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant—once you try different Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get powerful protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—and has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. in tests of 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

P S.
study to appear, mysteriously veiled, and shoot her during a performance. Just to make the front pages. Of course Ginny isn't really shot, but she cops a lot of space.

Her press agent, Gus (Eugene Pallette), thinks she was pretty clever to dream that up all by herself. But his son, Junior (Dennis O'Keefe), disappears. Junior thinks press agentry should be lifted to a higher intellectual plane. Gus decides to teach him a lesson by going away and putting Ginny in charge of the office.

That's where the circus comes in. Ginny gets a lot of the firm's delinquent accounts together and finds herself with circus material on her hands. Also a penthouse restaurant. The obvious answer is a night club called "Circus in The Sky," and it's a great success. Junior is silent, but annoyed. He's even more annoyed when Ginny gets a tight rope walker to cross the Grand Canyon, or its movie equivalent, for publicity purposes. Junior sobs:

"Suppose the guy gets killed? What good will publicity do him then?" Ginny, it seems, has never thought of that. It makes her nervous for all of a minute.

She dreams up a lot of other bright ideas, one of which lands her in jail. When she comes out, she still thinks publicity is wonderful. Junior gives up. Maybe the girl is right. But her next scheme is definitely bad—he has to do something about that. That, you've got to see. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Sophie Tucker is in the picture, too.—U. A.

P. S.

Movie fans looking for missions and messages in their motion pictures will find neither in "Sensations." Acts were drafted from circus rings, five spots, supper clubs and vaudeville acts all over the country and woven into the picture as part of the story . . . This is Ellie Powell's first freelance picture since leaving M-G-M studios. She was the first person cast for this show . . . Miss Powell worked for two months perfecting the dance routine she does as a whirling ball in a pinball machine . . . David Lichine, her partner in the opening boogie-woogie number, is a dance director engaged to supervise dance numbers for this film. He's a former star of the famous Ballet Russe.

ROGER TOUHY

Gangsters aren't very smart. If they were, they probably wouldn't be gangsters. Even a super-gangster like Roger Touhy was really stupid, as you'll realize when you see this picture. Touhy was the last of the big time mob. He is now serving a life sentence in the Illinois State Prison. Preston Foster plays Touhy and does an extraordinarily good job of it. He manages to look tough, venomous, and yet in some curious way, commonplace. A man who might have been a butcher or a factory foreman, but who chose to live by violence.

The story begins with the kidnapping of Joe Sutton (William Post, Jr.), Joe is a prosperous broker, and Touhy wants $100,000 ransom. The mob finally settles for $70,000, and Joe is released. When the police question him about the kidnappers, he suffers a sudden lapse of memory—witnesses against the Touhy mob are apt to do. "I never saw their faces," he insists, but the police break down his story. The mob is arrested—Touhy himself, his right hand man, Owl Banghart (Victor McLaglen), Troubles O'Connor (Frank Jenks). The boys aren't worried. Nobody's ever pinned a rap on them yet. But this time things are different. One of the lads who was in on the snatch talks. Smoke Reardon (Henry Morgan) turns state's evidence.

So Touhy and the others go to prison.

TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Helps prevent soap-and-water damage to soft hands! Use it before daily household tasks!

Trushay's different from other lotions. Specially made to help guard against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water. Smooth it on before you wash dishes—before you tub undies. It's lush, creamy. Helps prevent damage to your lovely hands—instead of trying to correct it after it's done. Economical. At your drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different Chicago brand.
What’s Cookin’, America?  

By MARJORIE DEEN

NEW ENGLAND . . . The second in our series on the Regional Recipes of the Stars, brings you Sonny Tufts

If you were trying to decide on an actor who is “just the type” to play the part of a typical New Engander, I doubt if you would think of casting Sonny Tufts—the big, smiling “Kansas” of “So Proudly We Hail”—for this sort of a role. That is, you wouldn’t, unless you already knew some of the interesting biographical details that we picked up in the course of a most entertaining afternoon spent with the Tufts in their present home—a gorgeous Grecian house with black floors and teal and terracotta walls, out in Bel Air.

In this completely incongruous setting we discovered that the mercurial Sonny was born in Boston, that his family has lived in and around that city since the early 17th Century and that Sonny (who has never been called anything else, by the way) was originally christened Bowen Charleston Tufts the 3rd, if you please! All of which sounds very “Back Bay Society” indeed.

We also learned that one of his forebears founded Tufts College, that he went to Phillips Exeter and then to Yale (although boys in the Tufts family were always supposed to go to Harvard . . . but then Sonny started out early in life to be “different”). Finally we discovered that, come August, this six-foot-four overnight sensation and his little wife Barbara will move to the new home they have just bought out in Hidden Valley—a typical New England farmhouse, complete with chickens and vegetable garden and a lovely big kitchen where Mrs. Tufts can proudly display the shining copper pans which she brought with her all the way from Rome. Add it all up and you can clearly see why we were so happy to have hit on the idea of asking this particular young man to represent New England in our Regional Recipe series.

Not that Sonny himself attempted to tell us anything about the actual preparation of the fine fare that is traditional in the section of the country from which he comes! Instead, he confined himself pretty much to telling us what Yankee specialties he likes and then went on to advise us to get the necessary culinary details from Barbara. It turned out that Sonny’s wife is both an excellent and an enthusiastic cook—the kind who loves to invent new recipes and to flavor sauces with wine, herbs and spices. But above all, she enjoys trying her hand at fixing up her husband’s favorite dishes. So she was naturally able to speak with considerable authority about many of the tried and true New England treats for which Sonny has expressed a marked preference.

However when—as was frequently the case—Barbara was unable to supply us with a recipe which she knew to be authentic in its every detail, we wisely turned to “THE YANKEE COOK BOOK”*. For this book is a veritable treasure trove of native New England customs as well as cookery, we learned. So much so, in fact, that it is accepted by New Englanders, everywhere, as the authority on the way food is prepared in their own home States. So you see you have double assurance as to the authenticity of the things we are going to tell you about Sonny Tufts’ favorite foods.

* Edited by Imogene Walcott, well known food authority. Coward-McCann, publishers.

Sonny Tufts, now starring in “I Love a Soldier,” likes to watch his wife cook . . . always hangs around hungrily whenever Baked Beans are being prepared.

Being a born and bred New Englander, Paramount’s new “find” likes to eat beans on Saturday night—in line with a custom which dates back to Puritan days.
Here, then, is a short description of the traditional treats that this particular “Yankee Doodle Boy” recommends and that we offer you in this month’s free leaflet. When you get these recipes, you can serve Boston Baked Beans, Brown Bread and other New England dishes—made the way the Tufts like them.

Since Sonny likes highly spiced foods, Barbara uses a little garlic when preparing her beans. That suggestion is one to make any dyed-in-the-wool New Englander cringe, so we mention it here only because she did. However, many residents of the Nutmeg State (Connecticut) insist on placing a big onion plunk in the middle of the bean pot, while Vermonters argue vociferously in favor of using maple syrup instead of molasses as the sweetening.

Where the culinary controversy gets really heated is on the subject of Clam Chowder! “To be or not to be” made with tomatoes, that’s the question,” declaimed Sonny with mock seriousness—before admitting that he, himself, emphatically belongs to the NO TOMATOES school of thought.

Indian Pudding, one of the oldest of New England desserts, is another of Sonny’s preferences. For, although he usually likes to end up a dinner with cheese rather than with a sweet, he considers that Indian Pudding teamed up with Vanilla Ice Cream is “but terrific.”

Also included in the leaflet is a cranberry recipe, since no New England story would be complete without mention of this fine fruit, first discovered in wild state on Cape Cod. Traditionally served in the form of a rich “Sauce” to go with roast fowl (incidentally we’re also giving you the recipe for Barbara’s favorite poultry stuffing in the leaflet) the Tufts’ collection includes directions for a Cranberry Sherbet—just to be “different” again. Made with canned cranberry sauce available the year around—this is a delicately tinted, delightfully flavored ice such as is served in one of Massachusetts’ most famous eating places—The Toll House of Chocolate Cookie fame. You have Barbara’s word for it that the characteristically tart flavor of cranberries, in this colorful frozen delight, will be quite as welcome in the warm weather as it is in the Fall and around the holidays.

In fact, all these dishes which stem from New England deserve nationwide acceptance; so be sure to send for your copy soon.

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York 16, New York

I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, in which please send me the Sonny Tufts leaflet of New England favorites—the second in the series of REGIONAL RECIPES OF THE STARS.

"It’s time you knew, Dear!"

When the time comes for little Garments to hear ‘the facts of life,’ it seems only proper to rely on someone who has—so to speak—been through the wringer.

So if Kitty Kerchief isn’t learning the ‘facts’ about Fels-Naptha Soap, we’ve missed our guess on wise, old Auntie Slip.

Fels-Naptha Soap is a source of long and wear-free life for garments of all kinds. And for all kinds of family wash. This good, mild soap—blended with active naptha—turns out the whitest wash you’ve ever seen. It saves needless wear on fabrics because it makes harsh rubbing unnecessary.

If you haven’t already learned the ‘fact’ that it’s better to wash with Fels-Naptha Soap—it’s time you knew, too!

Fels-Naptha Soap
Banished “Tattle-Tale Gray”
You'll positively radiate glamour with TAYTON'S TAYGLO—the make-up that dreams are made of! Four enchanting shades. Choose yours today.

$1, 30c and 23c sizes
Other famous Make-up creations—Tayton's Cake Make-Up and Cream-Powder Base

It's NEW! It's DIFFERENT! A vial of loveliness with nothing to dry your skin. It covers... it tints... it glows. And that flattering satin finish stays on and on.

(Continued from page 19)

Eventually Reardon goes, too—framed by friends of Touhy. He is murdered there. Then Touhy breaks jail. It's quite a thing, that jail break. You'll find yourself getting feebly excited about it. Split second timing, sheer brutality, and a sort of desperate, crazy courage make it a success. And the Touhy mob is "outside" again.

Now the FBI goes to work on the case. Roger Touhy hasn't the brains to cope with this outfit. He makes mistakes—bad ones. The FBI traces tiny clues with the utmost care. A torn paper in a garbage pail. An empty bottle of hair dye. A new customer at the local meat market. And so at last, in a thrilling climax, we see the end of the Touhy gang.

Vic McGlone is fine as Banghart, the "intellectual" member of the mob. Frank Jenks and Henry Morgan are helpful, too. It's an exciting picture.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

More screen tests were made in casting the title role of this picture than for any other movie to come off the Fox lot. Preston Foster was finally selected because of his ability to give the impression of brutal purpose, not because of physical resemblance to Touhy. Production was greatly facilitated by Dwight Green, Governor of Illinois, and the wardens of Stateville. They acted as technical advisers, granting permission to studio officials to reenact the famous Touhy escape. Even allowed the photographs to be taken inside prison walls. This is the first time such photographs have been permitted.

GASLIGHT

Can you imagine what it would be like to feel that you were going slowly out of your mind? The cumulative horror of each additional bit of evidence—the picture you took from the wall and hid away in a drawer for no good reason, the letter you sat reading when there was no letter there at all? Madness creeping slowly, eerily.

In "Gaslight" Paula Anton (Ingrid Bergman) is indeed in danger of going mad, but it's because she is being systematically driven mad. And the person who is doing this, deliberately, cruelly, is her husband, Gregory (Charles Boyer).

Paula doesn't, of course, realize it, but from the first day they met, Gregory has planned this. His ardent love making was only a preliminary. Their marriage was part of his plan, and the moment they came to live in the gloomy old house in London which Paula inherited from her aunt, the plan accelerates. Perhaps if she hadn't found that faded letter in the drawer behind the door, she wouldn't have been necessary to hurry so. The letter was addressed to Paula's aunt, Alice Alquist, who was murdered there many years before. If the police should learn about that letter... But as far as Scotland Yard is concerned, the Alquist case is closed. Unsolved. Only one detective is still interested. His name is Brian Cameron (Joseph Cotton) and when he meets Gregory Anton and his beautiful wife, he is more interested than ever. Something is very wrong with these two. Even their neighbor, Miss Thwaits (Dame May Whitty) cottons out that Mrs. Anton never leaves the house, whereas Mr. Anton goes out every night. None knows where. The plot against Paula's sanity goes on, but now Brian works feverishly to counteract it. There must be some clue, something that would tell him where to look. And at last Paula remembers... Ingrid Bergman was never so lovely as in this terrifying drama. Charles Boyer is both fascinating and sinister as the villainous husband, and Joseph Cotton makes a satisfactory hero. Spend your next free evening by "Gaslight."—N-D-M.

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hi... 

You know, I've been thinking. Most of you kids can answer all of the questions some of the time and some of the questions all of the time—but gee, I can answer all of the questions all of the time!! Not that I'm a Quiz Kid, understand, it's just that I've all these files and personal letters and, gosh, oodles of dope on your pet... A new face every morning at the office—isn't it a shame to let it all go to waste when here you are racking your should-be-on-vacation brains with cinema stories?

So, write me, Beverly Linet, Modern SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., and see if you can stump me. Last one in's a movietownicky.

Natalie Reiff and Victor Morales, N. Y. C.: CAN WE HAVE A LIST OF ALL THE METRO STARS AND PIX THAT WON THE ACADEMY AWARD? (Better'n that, here is a list of all the awards—going as far back as possible. The Metro winners are in italics.)

1943 "Casablanca"—Jennifer Jones, Paul Lukas, Katina Paxinou, Charles Coburn.
1942 "Mrs. Miniver"—Greer Garson, James Cagney, Van Heflin, Teresa Wright.
1941 "How Green Was My Valley"—Joan Fontaine, Gary Cooper, Donald Crisp, Mary Astor.
1940 "Rebecca"—Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, Walter Brennan, Jane Darwell.
1938 "You Can't Take It With You"—Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan.
1937 "Zola"—Louise Rainer, Spencer Tracy, Alice Brady, Joseph Schildkraut.
1936 "Great Ziegfeld"—Louise Rainer, Paul Muni, Gale Sondergaard, Walter Brennan.
1934 "It Happened One Night"—Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert.
1933 "Cavalcade"—Charles Laughton, Katharine Hepburn.
1932 "Grand Hotel"—Helen Hayes, Fredric March.
1931 "Cimarron"—Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore.
1930 "All Quiet on the Western Front"—Norma Shearer, George Arliss.
1929 "Broadway Melody"—Mary Pickford, Warner Baxter.
1928—"Wings"—Janet Gaynor, Emil Jannings.

P. S.

The replies collection of the British crown jewels make their movie debut in "Gaslight." They were originally brought to the United States for exhibit at the New York World's Fair. Created by the London jewelers, they were fashioned for the coronation rehearsal of George VI of England... Other famous pieces in the picture include the pair of Connucopia sofas, the only ones of their kind in this country; the rosewood piano.

(Continued on page 25)
DAVID O. SELZNICK
presents:
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
JENNIFER JONES
JOSEPH COTTEN
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
MONTY WOOLLEY
LIONEL BARRYMORE
ROBERT WALKER

The screen's most distinguished cast in

"Since You Went Away"

The producer's first picture since
"Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca"
Clothes, chitchat, come-hithering, rebuffing—there’s definitely an art to this canteen game. Here’s how to maneuver the right guys your way!

Aren’t we all leaving our hearts around at various canteens these days? Sometimes we leave it with the right guy. Sometimes with a lad who collects hearts like your kid sister collects autographs. And romance isn’t the only canteen dilemma. There’s conversation with strange men: How to make same? There are wolves: How to cope? There are—but you know all the questions. What you want are the $64 answers. Here are a few of ’em.

WHAT’LL I WEAR? Something eye-catching and feminine. A colorful wash dress with a soft round neckline and a full skirt. A checked taffeta skirt with a ruffly white blouse. A conversation-making print. Wear gay colors, rather than navy or black; they seem to go over bigger. And consider the back of the dress, for that’s really the stag’s-eye-view. The boys love sashes that tie in big bows in the back. Nice whirly skirts. Crisp, cool-looking jobs. Low but not too low necklines. They like light perfume that haunts them without practically blacking them out. And becoming make-up that doesn’t drool all over their uniforms when rugs are a-cutting. They like stockings or leg-goo, but bare legs are tabu. High-heeled shoes, please, unless your little man is truly a little man.

WHAT’LL I SAY? You see this cute little sailor off by himself, and you long to chat with him, but suddenly you haven’t a thought in your head. Well, just take your courage in your two little fat hands and give him your most Sunday smile. He’ll smile (Continued on page 80)
with which Charles Boyer accompanies Ingrid, which was discovered in a depleted English countryside estate and is fashioned entirely of one piece of wood; and the bedroom suite which is also from England and is inlaid rosewood done entirely by hand.

**REWARD UNLIMITED**

Just what is patriotism? More than just devotion to your country, it's acting upon that love, and in a way, maybe it can be a little selfish, too. 'Cause country is you, yes? In "Reward Unlimited," Peggy Adams (Dorothy McGuire) is in love, but really in love. Even proposes to Paul (Jim Brown), a shiny new second Lieutenan, and suffers the ignominy of being turned down. Turned down, that is.

**ROCKING IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP**

Remember them dear, dead days when you'd pull an "oops-I'm-going-down-for-the-third-time" routine when you got a gander at that bicepy hunk o' man lifeguarding at your pet bathery? Well, them days are gone forever, and while our watery Apollos are off to the wars, it’s up to us gals to play aquatic guardian angels. The Red Cross has announced that surveys of last season's female lifeguard records proved that in many cases we gals showed a greater sense of responsibility and ability than the men we replaced—do you wonder they’re all het up about getting more of us trained for this truly vital and oodles-of-fun job?

If you’re at least 19 years old and have your senior lifesaving certificate, why not contact your local Red Cross chapter today and ask when you may join one of their 17 schools which will be holding ten-day sessions in aquatic first aid, accident prevention and life saving techniques from June through September? It’s just to make sure the WAVES don’t get too many unsuspecting recruits.

still after the war. He’s got his pride, and like a lot of the boys you know, wants to provide a home with all the trappings and makes up his mind to do something to bring Paul back. Through Mrs. Scott (Aline MacMahon) Peggy discovers the job that’ll do it, and in a hurry. She enlists in the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps. Peggy learns not only how to handle a stethoscope and a hypodermic needle, but also the satisfaction that comes with alleviating suffering. It’s chasing bogeys for a little boy, it’s teaching a wounded soldier how to walk on crutches. That’s where the real thrill comes in, and you know at the end of the picture that Paul will come back to a Peggy twice as beautiful and respected as the Peggy he left. And it wouldn’t surprise us at all if hundreds of you girls made a dash for the nearest hospital to sign up for the Cadet Nurse Corps, after seeing "Reward Unlimited." P.S. The uni-

**Does your face powder pass the "Compact Close-up?"**

Happy discovery! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder glorifies your skin, because its color stays true in any kind of light.

NATURALLY your compact close-up gives your skin a passing mark under a soft, kind light. But—out in the sunshine, or under bright, electric light, your skin may appear oldish and withered. This spiteful trick may be played on you—by the color of your face powder.

Why not use a face powder made to flatter your skin in any kind of light?

Yes, do try Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! You’ll be thrilled when you see how this incredibly fine face powder seems to impart fresh, young radiant color that looks for all the world like your skin’s own natural beauty.

It’s because Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. And for YOU there’s a particular shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder ... to flatter your natural beauty ... to help lend your skin enchanting smoothness, ravishing color, tempting young loveliness in any kind of light.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10p and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.
FOR GLAMOUR
Fashions for Tall Girls—by Marjorie Bailey
Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What'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
Jam-packed with ideas on how to appear thinner or more curvaceous. The lines and styles that slendrize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. What's meant for you in coats, suits, dresses, hats, furs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens
This is especially for girls from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Be Beautiful
For over 18's—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your need. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair
Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do'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 diets based on scientific calorie counts. Exercises for reducing every part of body, plus daily scoring chart to help keep tabs on yourself. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners
Charm, poise, etiquette from cotillion meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR HOMEMAKERS
★Sonny Tufts' Favorite New England Recipes
Here are all the recipes of Sonny's pot dishes on attractive, simple-to-follow index cards. Baked beans, clam chowder, luscious corn pudding—all the tempting New England favorites. Free send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR ROMANCE
How to Tell if You're in Love (5c)
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Write a Love Letter
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry?
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. 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 safe to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kirkead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 80 for details.

FOR FANS
Super Star Information Chart (10c)
Here it is—our new, revised 32-page booklet that tells all about the stars. Latest pic's, birth, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, loves of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and realms of other data everyone wants to know. Complete section on your favorite Western stars, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bonds and Records (5c)
New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from Deana to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hop cats. Send 5c as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box in middle of page 22 for details.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.
Handwriting Analysis (10c)
Send a sample of your or your guy's handwriting in ink (about 25 words). 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, state. No self-addressed envelope required.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Give Yourself a Glamorous Permanent Wave

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Simple as putting up your hair in curlers; cool . . . comfortable . . . lovely, long-lasting results

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Soft, natural-looking waves and curls . . . that's what every woman wants from a permanent. And that's what you get when you give yourself a CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave—right at home! Here is a permanent that you don't have to coax for months in order to get a natural-looking wave. A CHARM-KURL Permanent is lovely . . . soft . . . natural from the very beginning! Treat yourself to this new home permanent wave sensation. Thrill to soft curls and shimmering waves . . . hair that gleams with life and beauty. CHARM-KURL gives just as lovely a wave to bleached and dyed hair too . . . is absolutely safe because it contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. Try this machineless, cold permanent wave . . . and see for yourself new, dazzling curls and waves that sparkle with bewitching highlights day and night.

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If your dealer is at present out of stock or if you prefer to order by mail . . . send coupon. CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 234, 2459 University Ave. St. Paul 4, Minn. Canada: 107 Richmond St., East, Toronto, Ont.

Make This Easy Charm-Kurl Test Today
Know the Joy of a Glamorous Permanent Wave . . . By Tonight!
You can now get CHARM-KURL PERMANENT WAVE KITS at drug stores, department stores and 5-10c stores. Be sure to ask for CHARM-KURL by name—it is your assurance of thrilling results. CHARM-KURL is always sold on the positive guarantee of satisfaction—or money back! If your dealer is at present out of stock or if you prefer to order by mail . . . send coupon. CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 234, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

Simple as putting up your hair in curlers; cool . . . comfortable . . . lovely, long-lasting results.
Every Wartime Baby
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Baby-mild Ivory Soap helps the idea along by giving War Bonds to 500 Wartime Babies!

Why Ivory makes this offer...
Every Wartime Baby should own War Bonds—a "nest-egg" to build on. For baby's good friend Ivory Soap believes that babies have the biggest stake in the free world for which we fight. So Ivory urges you to buy that favorite baby of yours a War Bond! And to start the ball rolling, Ivory will give to 500 fortunate Wartime Babies War Bonds worth $25,000 at maturity.

Babies come first with Ivory Soap!
That's because Ivory comes first with millions of babies. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate their tender skin. More doctors advise baby-gentle Ivory for babies (and you!) than all other brands put together!

You can think of dozens of reasons why a baby should own War Bonds. One of them may win a bond as a gift to your favorite baby from baby's favorite soap—pure, mild Ivory!

More doctors advise Ivory
THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS
PUT TOGETHER!

EASY TO ENTER! NO WRAPPERS NEEDED!

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE: Dear Ivory Soap—
I think every wartime baby should own war bonds because . . .

(IN 25 WORDS OR LESS)

Then add your name and address and mail to Ivory Soap, Dept. M., Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. If you win, you receive a handsome certificate saying that through your love and generosity, your favorite Wartime Baby is now the proud owner of a War Bond. Look for your dealer's big Ivory Soap display. Get your entry blank from him today—or simply follow the easy rules below.

99½% pure

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Complete this sentence: "Dear Ivory Soap: I think every Wartime Baby should own War Bonds because" . . . In 25 additional words or less. Write on official entry blank or on one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address, the name of the baby you would like to receive a $50 War Bond and, finally, the name of the co-owner or beneficiary. Only babies born on or after December 1, 1941, are eligible for War Bond prizes.

2. Mail to Ivory Soap, Department M., Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. No Ivory wrapper is required.

3. Any resident of the United States or Hawaii may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and local regulations. Entries in the contest are 500 free (maturity value) denominations of U. S. War Bonds, series "E."

4. The contest closes September 9 and all entries must be postmarked before midnight September 9 and received by September 30, 1944.

5. Entries will be judged for sincerity and interest. The judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete winners list will be available after November 1, 1944.
Today Leo is a lion. And today MODERN SCREEN is very sentimental. Read us and weep. Twenty magnificent years of Metro! . . . Or shouldn’t I fuss so? After all, making motion pictures is a business just like manufacturing full-length woolen underwear is a business. All I can say is I remember my beautiful, beautiful young-love for Greta Garbo a helluva lot more tenderly than my first glamorous set of droopy-drawers. Pictures and stars somehow get tangled up in our personal lives. I used to stick pins in Jack Gilbert’s picture just ’cause he had Greta and I didn’t. . . . So, in this issue MODERN SCREEN looks back—with the help of Lolly Parsons, the best looker-backer in Hollywood. With due respect to her grand book, “The Gay Illiterate,” the story of Lolly’s 20-year romance with Leo (page 59), is the finest, sincerest Parsons I’ve read! . . . And while Lolly rummages in the past, Kirt Baskette (page 30) tells another saga. He tells the glorious tale of a gang of “phoneys,” a gang of actors who went to war. Get a load of what Kirt says about those “phoneys,” and you’ll be proud that you have taken guys like Clark Gable and Jim Stewart into your hearts. . . . When you’re all done with the issue, come back and tell us—have we a right to get sentimental over Leo?

Executive Editor
Leo goes to war

By Jack Wade

These were the boys with the greasepaint and the lopsided grins—but there aren't any

Kliegs over Berlin now and their only applause is ack-ack.

Bob Taylor got the news at breakfast that morning. He snatched an official looking envelope out of the usual stack beside the toaster, ripped it open with shaky fingers and then let out a whoop—"Woweee!"

That brought Mrs. Robert Taylor tumbling downstairs, out of breath and ready to call the cops, the fire department or the Beverly Hills senior air raid warden. She didn't know for sure just what, but she didn't have to hold her breath long.

"Look—it says here—hey—I'm in! I'm in the Navy!"

Barbara Stanwyck eyed her handsome husband with a very happy grin. "You know what you are, Bob Taylor, don't you?" she said with just a touch of envy.

"Sure, I'm a lieutenant, junior grade, U. S. Naval Aviation Reserve, or darned (Continued on page 32)"
soon will be,” began Robert Taylor. “I’m—”

“That’s wonderful,” said his wife, “but it’s not exactly what I mean. Bob Taylor, you’re the luckiest guy in this world, that’s what you are!”

Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert Taylor seconded the motion that very morning and has ever since he joined the double dozen other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars who have traded make-up kits for service gear and snagged the biggest starring parts they ever played in their lives. Leo the Lion’s litter of fighting cubs, some 1100 of them, pepper with stars the big service flag that waves over the studio at Culver City. They’re not all movie stars by a long shot—they’re grips and props, gaffers and errand boys, gatemen and secretaries, too. But there are plenty of dog tag numbers in the Army and Navy, Coast Guard, Marines, Air Corps that only yesterday were names that packed a box-office punch from Boston to Bombay, and back again—names like Clark Gable, James Stewart, Melvyn Douglas, Van Heflin, Bob Montgomery, Jean Pierre Aumont, Bill Lundigan, John Carroll, Richard Carlson, Lew Ayres. And Barbara Stanwyck might have been speaking right up for the whole bunch when she told Bob Taylor, “You’re lucky!” That’s the way every one of them feels about it—this biggest bunch of big stars to ditch any Hollywood studio flat and duck the glamour spotlight for service obscurity and, incidentally, to trade fancy four-figured Saturday night checks for Uncle Sam’s modest payroll.

All of them left their homes and their jobs just like Joe American, grimly and eagerly, to do a rugged job. And all of them are doing it in a way that has made the world breathe a soft whistle of respect, because, when war broke, eyes burned down on Hollywood male stars with a new and critical intensity. Two strikes went up against Hollywood stars at the start. They were swell at make-believe—sure—but what about the real thing? Were they men or just pretty shadows? Could they take it? Could they come down off their Hollywood pedestals and buddy with the boys?

Even service men, soldiers and sailors, looked at them with a skeptical cocked eye at first—but they don’t any more. You earn what you get in Uncle Sam’s league. (Continued on page 105)
Leo goes to war

Capt. Melvin Douglas, Special Service Division of Army, moved from Australia to India, where he and Paul Barn are putting on stage plays for the guys. Between acts they're mapping huge musical.

Lt. Robert Sterling, Army Air Corps, hopes he won't be shipped out from Mother Field, Calif., before baby comes. Though he enlisted under real name, Bill Hurt, buddies call him Bob.

Sgt. Wm. Lundigan, Marine Corps, (above, with Margaret Chapman) is learning technique of fakirs under combat conditions at Quonset.

Lt. John Carroll, Army Air Corps, is an aide on the staff of General Morris in Algeria. He's quartered with several officers in a Moorish palace, straight out of "Arabian Nights."
Van Johnson

By Kirtley Baskette

The 5 bucks worth of nickels didn't jingle long and the brown brogues were scuffed—but they carried him on to make S. R. O. history!

Van Johnson surveys a Hollywood future today as bright as his shining red-gold hair. Starred at last in “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” after making hits out of bits on his own sunny ability, Van’s star is at last high in a cloudless Hollywood sky.

But it wasn’t always that way. Van is where he is today because he had a stubborn faith in himself, and could answer “I’ll do it!” to every tiny opportunity that knocked.

Born of serious, industrious Swedish immigrant parents in snooty Newport, R. I., summer kingdom of Astors, Vanderbilts, and high Society’s Four Hundred, Van fought as a kid against stuffy conservatism and severe frowns on his dreams of becoming an actor. He was patronized as a “town native” by the rich kids and even at home, where a family separation left him motherless at three. He had kindness and care from his thrifty, cautious father and aging grandmother—but no sympathy with his eager desire to act.

But Van kept trying beyond (Continued on page 36)

"Are you kiddin'?" Van showers pal Keenan Wynn kids with nursery recordings, croons them to sleep. He just saved job at gal caught peddling his private phone no.
Sports-loving Von relaxes after a day on "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" set. He's an "I'll take one o' dem and one o' dose" dresser, so he's grateful for recent costume (intern, aviator, etc.) pix.

Von set record by returning to work after illness in 8 weeks instead of expected 12 mos. Big break came when he went on with ptomaine after lead he understudied in "Too Many Girls" fell ill.

Spence Tracy was so impressed with Van in "A Guy Named Joe," he introduced himself on set, proceeded to rove. V. J. is thrilled he's finally met Bette D. whom he's hero-worshipped for years.
his school work and heavy chores, spunkily grabbing every chance to try himself in school, church and town shows. He drank inspiration from Newport's summer theater, the Casino, where Broadway stars spent "the season" from vaudeville, the Provincetown circus, and particularly the movies at the local Bijou, where he became Newport's champion all-out movie fan. Naturally shy and unassuming, Van made himself loved by everyone, and at Rogers High School where he played football, basketball, saved a violin in the school orchestra, and drum-majored the band, he won "the most popular contest" and carried on romances with Newport's prettiest town girls.

But his frantic activities made his studies slip, and high school days over, Van felt unprepared for Brown College and unenthusiastic about the legal career his father had planned for him. Confused, he took a job frying clams in a highway drive-in restaurant and there met Lois, a Newport girl who had been away to school, traveled in Europe and knew her way around so well, that, sensing his mixed-up dreams and frustrations, she told him off straight from the shoulder. "Get out of this town," she said. "Go to New York and get a job on Broadway. Follow your dreams, or you're lost!"

"I'll do it!" replied Van impulsively. Next day, he left Newport with a new suit, a wicker suitcase, five dollars cash and his father's frowning disapproval. But Van Johnson's hopes were on wings. He knew he was on his way—but where?

Van was nineteen when he left home, determined to show Broadway he had what it takes. And he was as theater-green as the plush (Continued on page 98)
"miss precious cargo"

By Virginia Wilson

That's what she is in Chinese radio code. But to the lonely Yanks in Asia, she means glamour, home... Goddard!

Everything was quiet. Too quiet—you could hear the mosquitoes buzzing angrily against the netting around the cot. Away to the South, a scout plane zoomed off toward Jap-held territory. And in the corner of the tent something moved...

Paulette sat up and grabbed her flashlight. Its yellow glow caught the thing in the corner, and she gave the little shudder that the sight of rats always evoked. She ought to be used to them by now, after two months of this trip, but she just wasn't. She hated them! And this was a really enormous one, with horrible fiery eyes. It slithered around the tent, trying frantically to get away from the light. Suddenly it popped into the water bucket. There was a splash.

"Wonderful!" Paulette thought and started to relax. The creature would drown. But the splashing continued. Come to think about it, there were water rats, weren't there? That lived in the water! Maybe this was one of them. Maybe this awful rodent would swim around and around all night!

"I won't think about it," Paulette said out loud, in a firm voice. "I'll think about the show tonight instead. It went over very well, considering the rain..."

It had gone over well. But it always did. These kids were starved for entertainment. They had been out here in India so long, and they hadn't even seen a white woman for months, let alone anyone who looked like Paulette Goddard. If the show had consisted of nothing but Paulette walking on stage and walking off again, they would still have loved it. But it didn't. It was a complete USO Camp show, with Bill Gargan and Keenan Wynn for comedy, and Andy Arcari playing the accordion and singing. It was fast and funny and gay.

Tonight the rain hadn't kept the audience from getting there hours early, as usual. They'd sat around in the downpour from six to (Continued on page 91)
Goddard’s message to American girls, “If you only knew how idolized you are by all kinds of soldiers—American, Chinese, British and Indian, you’d be very proud. Don’t let them down.” Individual missives all said same thing—just “love” or “I’m fine.” Her next film: “I Love a Soldier.”

On May 3rd, troupe landed in New York after 38,000-mile trek through 15 countries. Eleven weeks without one, a bubble bath was Paulette’s first objective!
kelly is the name!

By George Benjamin

The cocky grin's from Eire and the home-grown corn's from hunger—but when he makes like Nijinsky you know it's genius flashing.

At the Hollywood preview of "Cover Girl," when Gene Kelly's amazing dance ended, and one of the biggest thunders of applause any Hollywood star has ever earned died down at last, an expert on the dance turned to his companion in the audience.

"That's the greatest dancing since Nijinsky!" he said.

Gene Kelly didn't hear that remark, until somebody passed it on to him. Then he was pleased, but not as thrilled as he might have been. Gene had his big thrill weeks before when he saw the complete rushes of the part in that picture that was to make him famous.

He'd dreamed about and planned the dance himself, argued with studio technicians who said it couldn't be done, plugged for it 'gainst the advice of half of Hollywood, worked it out painstakingly through tedious, weary weeks. It was his baby, and a million tiny things could have wrecked it along the way. But at last it was over, and the results were right there on the screen, and perfect.

Gene sat through it all in silence. Then he strolled out of the dark projection room at Columbia Studios. He didn't say anything, but he felt swell. The cameraman who shot it followed him out. "Gene," he said, "Congratulations! The public will love that dance." And the public did.

Hollywood had never seen a dance like the one Gene did in "Cover Girl." And Hollywood has never seen anything exactly like Gene Kelly, either, not for a good many years. He's a perfectionist, an artist from the tips of his flashing toes to his sparkling black eyes and inky hair. He's a guy who knows what he wants to do and how to do it and who says what he thinks, without any helping of hooey.

Naturally, after showing his (Continued on page 119)
After snatching few days in New York with Greer for delayed honeymoon, Lieut. Ney got orders to leave for West Coast assignment, caught wife's train back. Had spent months in Aloutions.

Van Johnson got lift out of Radium Society's decision to award Greer medal for "Madame Curie." Scientists said it was finest effort yet to publicize radium.

Except for rare, gold-plated evenings like CBS broadcast with Ronald Colman, Greer wears young, campy clothes. Is trying to wind up drama she's been scribbling at for almost a year.
One of the most astonishing things that happens to an able actor is the conclusion reached by the public mind that the actor is actually very much like the characters he or she portrays on the screen. Boris Karloff (born British Henry Pratt) has gone through professional life scaring the daylights out of children he meets on the street, much to his chagrin. Bogart, a cinematic toughie, is frequently embarrassed by the willingness of perfect strangers to engage him in fisticuffs.

And Greer Garson, the gentle, spiritual Mrs. Chips, the mature Mrs. Miniver, and the scholarly Madame Curie of films, sometimes finds herself catalogued as austere, aloof and distinctly the Grand Duchess.

This aura of dignity and elegance bothers Greer Garson. She is, with the protocol scraped away, a high-spirited red-head who likes to rumba, to go cycling, to romp with her dog and to exercise her sense of humor in scintillating wise cracks.

She is both astoundingly young and unnecessarily beautiful. There is no sense in one woman having such an array of talents. Perhaps it is Nature’s way of levying a tax upon Miss Garson, by making her seem to strangers somewhat august.

One afternoon recently, a resident of a quiet street in Beverly Hills was standing at the front window conning the activities of the neighborhood, when a cycling pair rolled past. The man was long-limbed, mustached and dark. The girl was wearing a faded bandana from beneath which escaped a few carroty curls; her shorts were rough blue ticking, her shirt was open at the throat and her feet were encased in weary sneakers. “It’s Greer Garson and Richard Ney!” gasped the householder, shouting to her daughter.

“You’re seeing things,” the younger generation dismissed the suggestion. “I can’t imagine Greer Garson on a bicycle.”

That was libel. Actually,
Nothing's happened to Judy since she got back from her bond tour. Nothing but work. She started right in on "Meet Me in St. Louis," and she's been at it ever since. Nothing's happened to write a story about—

She just gets up and works from 9 to 6 with an hour for lunch, and who wants to hear about that? Dorothy, the maid, gets her up with orange juice. Hands it to her and ducks, Judy not being the type who leaps lightly from slumber, trilling, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" By the time she's showered and dressed, life begins to look possible. In knee-length skirt and sweater, moccasins and long socks—to keep her legs warm—she's ready for her truck driver's breakfast. Bacon and eggs and coffee and jam and five slices of toast. The way she eats, she should be a baby Kate Smith. But she works it off—

At 8:15 she's driving (Continued on page 88)
happens to judy

By Ida Zeitlin

Nothing but two-fisted fights with drill-totin' dentists, cheering wilted G.I. souls in New Guinea, crying her heart out over Orson Welles . . .

Song dedicated to her, "I Lost You," made Judy weep. At end, gasped, "Please play it again—that made me so happy."
“marriage is a private affair”

How could it be private with Mother shaking her head "No," with Tom away and gosh, that glint in Miles’ eye . . .

**STORY** Softly, so softly that the music seemed vagrant as a breeze, they were playing the Wedding March. At the head of the aisle Theo Scofield looked down toward the altar and the small knot of people waiting in front of the minister. Hazily, she could make out the figure of her mother, the burly body of Joe Murdock and very lean, very handsome, the young man in the Lieutenant’s uniform whom she was going to marry. She thought in a sudden moment of panic: I’ve forgotten his name. I’ve forgotten his name (Continued on page 82)

**PRODUCTION** Metro bought this story for Lana Turner two weeks before she told them she expected her baby. Instead of casting another in the role or shelving the picture until Lana’s return to movies, officials turned it over to writers and artists for screen preparation. Top-name technicians worked on the picture for a year before the cameras started shooting it. It’s probably the most thoroughly prepared story to come to the screen. . . . This picture is the first to give Lana solo star billing. There are two star (Continued - on page 113)

2. After magnificent wedding, Tom prepares for overseas duty, is discharged to supervise his lens factory. Theo, feeling cheated of anticipated frivolity with Tom away, is bitter over child to be born.

1. It's "this is it" at first sight when Theo Scofield (Lana Turner) and Lt. Tom West (John Hodiak) meet at Canteen. Poppa is withholding congrats til Theo "realizes meaning of marriage.

By Maris McCullers
5. Months pass, and Theo, in Reno, finds Miles has followed. Realizing that it's still "it" for her and Tom, she ferrets out his Australian post, long-distances her love.

4. Encouraged, Miles confesses love and Theo goes to his apt. to resolve her dilemma. Tom returns unexpectedly, leaves her when she admits visit.

3. For a year, the Wests lead normal, dull life and Theo, growing restless, returns to Canteen where she bumps into old flame, Capt. Miles Lancing (James Craig). Tom bursts in, fights with officer, quarrels with Theo.
Uncle Bill O'Brien was always Bill Lundigan's hero. Uncle Bill had been a Marine in the first world war; true, he hadn't been lucky enough to get across, but he had been through the rigorous Marine training, and he was thoroughly indoctrinated with Marine lore. Nephew Bill used to don Uncle Bill's service topecoat and strut around. The coat was so big that it trailed the floor, and the shoulders were so wide that they hung to junior elbows, lowering sleeves far beyond the most ambitious stretch of young fingers, but the aura was there: the excitement of the uniform and the esprit de corps.

Young Bill learned to offer his rifle for Inspection Arms, and he learned the other side of the ritual, too—the officer's responsibility. He learned the Manual of Arms, and he learned to march and salute like a true devil-dog. "Some day," he told his uncle, lower lip thrust forward solemnly, "I'm going to be a Marine, too."

"God grant that it isn't necessary for you to fight another war," said Uncle Bill.

But in June, 1942, Bill Lundigan—rising young Hollywood actor—paced the floor one night, then turned to his father, Mike Lundigan. "I think I'm going to join the Marines if they'll have me," he said. It had always been his habit to talk over any move with his father and mother; he always considered their wishes; he always deferred to their judgment. And they, in turn, gave him—and his three brothers—wide rein. They let their sons think for themselves.

Still, when the question of joining a combat outfit as rugged as the Marine Corps was raised, Mr. Lundigan—like every father on earth—hesitated. "The studio wants to defer you for a few more pictures, Bill," he reminded his son. "Maybe you can serve just as well behind the camera as behind the gun. Each of us has his own abilities and has to use them in his best way. Why not wait until you're drafted?"

"You wouldn't mind if I joined up, would you?" Mr. Lundigan shook his head slowly. "That you'll have to decide for yourself."

So, before you could say (Continued on page 95)
As Time Goes By...

Some loved it, some left it—the acclaim and heartbreak these Metro stars knew as the First Men and Ladies of Hollywood.

Starting out as film cutter, Myrna Loy got first job through Rudy Valentino, became famous as sultry Oriental siren. At M-G-M, Producer Arthur Hornblow Svegol-d her into more sympathetic roles, married her 4 years later.

When Norma Shearer started out on her career at 14, she came to N.Y. on funds from sale of family piano, lived on ragged edge of nothing posing, playing in movie houses. Years later at M-G-M, married gen'l prod. mgr. Irving Thalberg, made film-history with him.

Wally Beery's life is more drama-packed than any film. Ran away in 4th grade, worked as riveter, elephant boy, chorus boy. Made and lost fortune in '29 crash, staged comeback, won Oscar for "The Champ" with Jackie Cooper.
The Sinatra of H'wood plush era, John Gilbert was idolized by millions of mature, otherwise level-headed women. Reached peak in "The Big Parade" with Rene Adoree. Divorced 3 times, he courted Garbo who, when he hit skids due to advent of sound, gave him boost.

Garbo's first Swedish film was comedy in which she whacked lead over head with a fish. When Louis B. Mayer brought her and director Stiller to U.S., she was a gangly 16, unable to speak a word of English. Our Yankee enthusiasm sent her into shell of silence.

In her 50's, down and out after a life on stage, Marie Dressler told reporters she was just a tired old woman whom nobody wanted. Little did she know that ahead of her was "Anna Christie" with Garbo and an Oscar on her 60th birthday!

Unlike brother John, Lionel Barrymore was stable, amiable, a devoted husband. When John was down and out, he brought him to H'wood, cared for him, got him job. Won Oscar for "A Free Soul." Due to crippling arthritis plays Dr. Gillespie role from wheelchair.
One of the greatest love affairs was Bill Powell's with Jean Harlow. Heartbroken over her death, he went into seclusion for 2 years after, seriously ill. Bathroom scene in "The Thin Man" with Minna Gombell became famous.

Clark Gable picked up dramatic training by working as call boy, tool hand, tramp, lumberjack, mule driver in Oregon hop fields. A terrific screen lover, he played with Joan Crawford in "Chained."

The immortal Jean Harlow will always be remembered as the vivacious Platinum Blonde, with the memory of her courage and gaiety obliterating the tragedy of her 2 unhappy marriages and the horror of Paul Bern's still unexplained suicide.

At one time former hubby Fritz Mandl spent millions trying to corral all the prints of 17-year-old Hedy's "Ecstasy." It's still being bootlegged around, and she's had a stiff fight overcoming that publicity!
When Kathie Hephburn was cast opposite Tracy, she asked, "Aren't you kind of short to play opposite me?" He replied "I'll cut you down to my size!" He capped 2 Academy Awards for "Boys Town" and "Captains Courageous."

Back in "the old days", the little red schoolhouse was a hothouse for budding genius with those enfants terribles, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, twitting lo Turner. "How much are 2 and 2, Lono?" Execs are still mourning "How sad I am" after releasing Deanna.
Waiting for Jean Pierre

"Say my name as she says it—and
9000 miles away Maria dreams and
murmurs "Hon Pierre, Hon Pierre." ..."
Susan wanted to be a doctor. She was going to Pomona for pre-medical work and needed all the points she could roll up. So in senior year at Hollywood High, she took five solids instead of the four that were required. As the fifth, she picked dramatics, because it sounded like the kind of course where you could get away with murder. That's how she got to be an actress. If she hadn't been an actress, she wouldn't have met Dick Quine. So she's Susy Q. today because she wanted to be a doctor. Fate's wonderful—

Mr. Kachel, who taught dramatics, told her she was the world's worst actress. Susan agreed. What was Shakespeare to her, or she to Shakespeare, that she should sweat for him? All she wanted was her points—

"I'm going to have to (Continued on page 58)"
flunk you,” Mr. Kachel would warn her, and she’d droop like a wounded fawn. But that didn’t bring her and Shakespeare any closer.

The day before graduation, a mysterious stranger came in with Mr. Kachel. Nobody knew he was Bud Sholem, Sol Lesser’s talent scout, on the hunt for a girl to play Bobby Breen’s sister. But they all noticed that Mr. Kachel was calling on the class luminaries, and that the stranger was very attentive. Till he caught sight of a small pig-tailed figure, sitting wide-eyed in the back row, out of Teacher’s line of vision.

There was a murmured exchange, heard distinctly by those up front. “What about Big-Eyes back there?” “She doesn’t know the time of day.” They murmured some more and, when class was dismissed, Susan was asked to wait. Uh-uh. Mr. Kachel was going to tell her she’d flunked—

Mr. Kachel said nothing. It was the stranger who spoke, and his words were weird and wonderful. “Would you be interested in making a picture?” She looked from one to the other. Mr. Kachel seemed intent on detaching himself from the whole business.

“I don’t think so,” said Big-Eyes. “Well, why don’t you go home and talk it over with your mother?”

Susan had planned to work that summer. She had no illusions about medicine. You studied for years, and when you were old and gray at 45, you made ten dollars, if you were lucky. She’d always known she’d have to work her way through. She’d been 8 and Bob 6 when Dad had died. Mother’d been working ever since. Grandmother’d taken over the responsibility of Susan’s education, but neither could afford to send her to college. Maybe this was a heaven-sent chance to earn some money.

Mother told her to go ahead if she wanted to. So she went ahead, but didn’t get the picture. “Too young,” they said. “I’m 17.”

“You look 12.” Bud Sholem gave her a letter to the Reinhardt School. The Reinhardt School gave her a scholarship and the lead in “Holiday.” Henry Blanke of Warners saw her, gave her a contract at $75 a week and a new name—Susan Peters for Suzanne Carnahan.

She didn’t take it big. Hollywood girls are wise to the ways of Hollywood, where many are called but few are chosen. Besides, she lived in an atmosphere of healthy cynicism. Salka Viertel, Garbo’s great friend who was also a friend of Susan’s French grandmother, used to say: “I’d like to get that child into pictures.” Grandmother’d laugh her head off. Now she laughed harder. Mother went hysterical every time she looked at Susan. Bob smirched, and her friends gave her the razz.

But you can’t laugh off $75 a week. At Warners’ she sat for two years and made every test in the calendar—“Sergeant York,” “Constant Nymph,” “Kings Row,” “You’re a sweet little girl,” they’d tell her, “but you can’t act.” Or, by way of variation: “That was a swell test, Susan, but you’re too young.” Then the part would go to Joan Leslie, who was a sharp 16.

When they dropped her contract, she was heartbroken. Not because she couldn’t be an actress, but because she’d wasted two years and missed her chance at medicine. A girl can’t wait till she’s 50 to start earning money.

“I’m going to learn another trade,” she told her agent, “and don’t ask me what, because I don’t know. All I know is, I’m through with pictures, which makes it nice..."
Twenty years is a long time to look back—longer than some of you kids have lived. And, yet, as I thumbed back over my old columns getting material for this special feature for MODERN SCREEN, I would come across a famous name, a face, the title of a movie and think, “Why, that was only yesterday.”

Turning back the pages of time, reviving memories of the great ones who are gone, like Marie Dressler, John Gilbert, vivid little Jean Harlow, I would feel a lump in my throat. And then, I would come across a picture of a chubby-faced little boy of six, Jackie Coogan, who, I had once long ago told my readers would soon be seen in “Rags.” It made me very proud to think of that boy now—a movie tyke who grew up to be one of the real heroes of this war.

Other names—so nostalgic: Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, Conway Tearle (he of the cynical lifted eyebrow), Mae Murray as “The Merry Widow.” Lon Chaney. Great names then. Just memories now.

But they are glamorous, exciting memories—so let’s turn back the calendar. Let’s pretend it is again—

1924: Even now the M-G-M lot is the biggest in the world. The stages are smaller and not so factory-like as they are today. A long tier of dressing rooms that look like barracks face the center of the lot. The (Continued on page 62)
Clipper Ship bedspread with ready-to-hang matching draperies shown in blue. Other choice colors are rose, green, or gray backgrounds.

DIANA LYNN, featured in "AND THE ANGELS SING," a Paramount Picture, shows how Bates bedspreads with matching draperies do just about a complete decorating job. Cheerful surroundings are morale builders to both the college girl and her older sister living near a service camp or war work. Bates bedspreads with matching draperies are wrinkleproof, washable, rugged and right! What's more, the spreads serve as extra covering at night. Of course, war work comes first at Bates ... that's why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite bedspread or drapery pattern.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY
Premiere of "Show Business" came on maid's night out, so Capt. Ronald Reagan and Janis almost didn't make it! At last minute providentially found high school gal to take care of Maureen till midnight, wouldn't accept cent over four bits.

For years a ardent Benny Goodman fan, Janis Withers is now more idolatrous than ever. Ca'se he's responsible for her meeting Johnny Miles at his house a few months ago. They've been dating nightly ever since, mostly at the Palladium.

At Harry James reopening at Astor Roof in May, 2000 fans turned out to welcome him back. If Betty has her way, she'll stay with him all summer, won't make another film till Fall. It's rumored she's taking a house in New York suburb.

GOOD NEWS continued

men dress "downstairs"—the women "upstairs." There is a large consor-proof sign reading GENTLEMEN NOT PERMITTED UPSTAIRS. ABSOLUTELY NO EXCEPTIONS!

The three great stars are all men... Lon Chaney, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro. They couldn't be more unlike.

John is a flame—restless, vivid, intense, who is almost consumed by his fame—but loving it. Just like Frank Sinatra loves it today. Jack once told me: "I live for all this. It's the breath of my life!" I can't think of that now without a tug at my heart. The breadth in him literally was snuffed out when his fans forgot him.

Lon Chaney! There was a grand person. The greatest "horror" star of them all who played one monster after the other in the movies, was the folkliest actor who ever lived. His salary was $10,000 a week—but he drove his own coupe to the studio and it was always filled with studio workers and "extras" he had picked up on corners along the way. He mowed his own lawn and pruned the rose bushes. In the evenings he talked politics with his neighbors at the corner drug store.

"Norma Shearer was Lon's leading lady in "He Who Gets Slapped," and he always called her "the Beauty" and himself, "the Beast."

Ramon Novarro was the esthete, a moody, sensitive, introspective boy. He lived in a world of his own away from the studio. He bought his family a rambling old mansion in the exclusive old West Adams district and behind this the young Mexican star built his own apartment.

The windows were stained glass equipped with lighting effects that poured artificial moonlight into the big, heavy draped room across Ramon's bed. There was an enormous piano in the bedroom for Novarro had a lovely singing voice and liked to play and sing into the night.

Once, I remember saying to him: "It is too bad the fans cannot hear you sing, Ramon." He laughed: "Perhaps that is the beauty of the silent screen."

By 1926 two queens ruled the roost at M-G-M: Norma Shearer, the adored wife of Irving Thalberg was one of them. But a plum chorus girl from the Winter Garden had arrived and her name was Lucille Le Suer. She promptly changed her name to Joan Crawford and her figure to perfection.

On every hand you heard about Joan: "She won't last. She's too giddy! Up every night until all hours in dancing contests. Drives young Mike Cadacy's car like a demon down Sunset Boulevard. No, she won't last!" Oh, Joan—how you made them eat those words. Brave to you for a sustained career of eighteen years with M-G-M. My newest John Frederick is off to you."

"The POTALIND. William Haines, bash, good looking Bill, soared to stardom in "Brown at Harvard" and as a present to himself, Bill furnished the most distinctive home in Hollywood. Everybody was begging young Haines to "do" his or her place. "Must as well go into the interior decorating business," he laughed. "But I haven't got time. Too many movies to make."

Nobody pays much attention to a tall blonde Swedish actress who has just been imported—that is, nobody but Jack Gilbert who always has an eye out for pretty girls. Her name is Greta Garbo and Jack tells everyone, "She's wonderful. She's divine. But much too his chagrin—the lady refuses his dinner invitations!

Greta, who didn't speak English well, had an interpreter named Svend Borge. I don't
know whether she had a sense of humor or not—but Svend did. Whenever she was asked to do something she didn’t want to, Svend would come back, saying: "What she said in Swedish—1 wouldn’t dare tell you in English!"

But this I know—Greta was not a recluse nor a cold girl in the beginning. True, she was lonely and homesick. She did not make friends easily. She did not dress well. But my mind goes back to a party Clarence Brown, her director, gave at the old Montmartre.

She was madly in love with Gilbert by this time. She was like a happy, laughing school girl grown in a simple pink evening gown, dancing every dance in his arms.

Another time I saw her at a football game with Jack, Eddie Lowe and Lilian Tashman. I started to rain. Lilian said, "the boys wanted to leave but Garbo said: "I stay." And stay she did—covered up from head to toe in the pages of a newspaper she bought for protection.

I’ll always believe that Garbo changed and went into her shell after her romance with John was in ashes. But she remained his friend—even after the talkies ruined his career and she insisted that he stage a comeback with her in "Queen Christina." But the fire had died between them. The tables in their glory had turned—And Jack could not take kindness—and pity—from the woman he had loved with such fire.

By 1928 Marion Davies was the undisputed Queen of Hollywood both in beauty and in popularity. There was no one like Marion—so perfectly natural, so gay. John Barrymore once said: "Marion is the only woman in the world who can be beautiful and funny at the same time."

Everyone flocked to her parties at her Colonial Beach house or gathered in her imposing bungalow dressing room—really a Spanish hacienda in the middle of the M-G-M lot. Marion loved people and wanted them around her always, which reminds me of an amusing story which occurred when she was making "Zander, The Great."

So many of her friends visited on the set every day that the director finally lost patience. Telling Marion to one side, he said: "Can you get rid of the gang after lunch?"

After lunch—not a soul showed up—no cameraman, no crew, no cast. "What’s this all about?" gasped the startled megaphone when he found just himself and Marion had reported for work.

"Well," stammered Marion mischievously, "you said you wanted me to get rid of the gang. So I sent them down to the Beach house to swim for the afternoon."

The years roll on, as I turn the pages, and by 1929 the most amazing starring duo in all movie history are going strong at the box office—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. What a grand person was Marie. Solid gold. And yet she once said to me, sadly: "My success come too late. I can buy all the things I have wanted all my life and yet I find I haven’t the energy to enjoy them that I had when I was young."

But Marie did love her beautiful home in Beverly Hills and she was so grateful for the comfort and devotion given her by her two colored servants that when she died she willed them fifty thousand dollars "in appreciation!"

No career in Hollywood was ever as amazing as Marie’s rise to fame. When the movies were just sticklers she had been in "Tillie’s Punctured Romance" with Charlie Chaplin. Even then Marie was not young and seemingly the fans forgot about the funny old character actress.

Then Louis B. Mayer brought her back to the screen—and to glory in one of Garbo’s

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**HOW TO MAKE MEN’S SHIRTS STAY CLEAN LONGER WITH LINIT STARCH**

KEEPING a husband supplied with clean shirts is no problem to LINIT-wise wives.

LINIT, the modern starch that penetrates and protects fibres, makes ironing easy because LINIT never sticks. LINIT gives a smooth dust-shedding "finish" to all fine fabrics.

**RUB SOAP** into collars and cuffs. Soak 10-15 minutes in warm soapy water, Wash in plenty of hot water. (8-10 minutes, if using machine.) Don’t skimp on soap.

**RINSE** three times in clean hot water. To restore the "finish" of the fabric, improve appearance and make ironing easier, add a light LINIT starch solution (1 part LINIT to 10 parts water) to final rinse.

**WORK** basic LINIT starch solution (full directions on package) thoroughly into collars, cuffs and button-hole band. LINIT penetrates easily and evenly, protects and preserves fabrics.

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**HOW TO MAKE LAUNDRY STARCH STARCH LIGHTENS LAUNDRY LABOR.**

DAMPEN collars, cuffs, and button-hole band more than body of shirt. A light iron at correct heat does better work than a heavy iron—but any iron glides easily over LINIT-starched fabrics. LINIT-starched collars and cuffs are soil-resistant, long wearing.
Back from 9-week tour in South Pacific, Ray Milland sauntered 36 hours first day home. Backstage at New Hebrides camp show, a Marine came up to say hello—turned out to be MacDonald Carey!

GOOD NEWS

continued

first talking pictures, "Anna Christie." That was the beginning of the real success that so heartbreakingly came in the twilight of her life. My most vivid memory of Marie goes back to a birthday party L. B. gave in her honor at which he said, "The studio is at your feet." It should have been the happiest moment of her life.

Instead, try as she would to be brave, two enormous tears rolled down her face. Marie had just recently learned that she had an incurable disease—cancer—and that her days were numbered.

"You know, Louella," she said soon after when we were having dinner—just the two of us, "if Life were a thing that money could buy, the rich would live and the poor would die." I hope that doesn't sound too sad. Marie had great pride in what she had accomplished. She realized that her success gave hope to other middle-aged actors who said, "See what happened to Marie. Old age is no barrier to fame."

There will never be another Dressler. She stands in her niche of fame alone—so much so that many fine plays bought by M-G-M to star her have never been filmed with any other star.

I would love to be able to brag that the first time I saw Clark Gable I realized he was going to knock the ladies cold! But t'aint true!

To tell the truth, when Norma Shearer introduced him to me on the set of "A Free Soul," I was far from impressed. Clark was tall and thin and his ears seemed unduly conspicuous. Nor, in talking with him, did he flash any of the terrific personality that later earned him the greatest feminine following ever corralled by a male star.

My heart did no flip-flops that day when Clark told me that he owed his movie break

Cary Grant, who helps subsidize plastic surgery hospital in Eng., plans post-war clinic here. (With D. Shore at CBS show.)
to Lionel Barrymore. Barrymore had seen him on the stage in "The Last Mile" and was impressed by his performance.

Clark was not happy in those days. He was married to Hia Langham, a woman much older than he, and she was socially ambitious which annoyed Gable no end.

It was not until after their divorce, when he met and married Carole Lombard, that he became a completely different person. Carole's terrific sense of humor gave him a new perspective on life. She kidded him constantly and never let him forget "Parnell," the one dismal flop of his movie career.

Today—he deeply misses Carole, her nonsense and her love of life. But I noticed that when Major Gable was recently home on leave that still another change had come over his personality. The many times I saw him he always had a funny story to tell. And he is a wild-eyed gum Rummy enthusiast. Not a particularly good player, I might add—but he loves the game and will play at the drop of a hat or in the middle of the most social cocktail party.

Whether or not he remarries, and the girl is fun-loving, blonde Kay Williams or someone else, there is no gainsaying that Kay has been an outstanding influence on him. She has the same gay spirit and love of laughter Carole had.

As much of a man's man as Clark is—he has always been influenced by the women in his life. His first wife, Josephine Dillon, taught him the fine points of acting and she did much for his career. Ria, in spite of their unhappiness together, taught him appreciation for the niceties of life. Carole brought him life, laughter and love. Clark is the type of man who needs to be in love—and to his everlasting credit it must be said that he never fails to credit the women who have loved him with their share of glory in his success.

* * *

About the time of the advent of Gable, another young actor named Robert Montgomery, was coming along by leaps and bounds. Bob had the reputation of being a young "intellectual" off the screen and for being a cocktail-shaking bore before the cameras. He hated those roles. "If all those cocktails I've mixed were consumed," he once told me, "they would produce the world's greatest hangover!"

He had the reputation of being a bit "difficult" and also a bit of a rebel. "If anything important ever came along," he said, "I could toss this all over in a minute."

I thought—"Oh, yes! That is fine talk—but I had never seen an actor yet who would toss it all over.

Well, Bob made me eat those thoughts and words. When the war came along he was among the first Hollywood actors to enlist and now, as a Lt. Commander in the Navy, he has proved himself one of the finest officers in the service. A man high in Navy circles told me: "Montgomery is a natural leader. His men would follow him to the bottom of the sea."

Today, Bob's wife and two children live in a modest home in Hollywood—a far different place from his elaborate estate in Holmby Hills when he was a glorified star. Certainly he meant it when he said, to these many years, "If anything important came along—I could give this all up!" He proved it!

* * *

I can't think about Jean Harlow without a tug at my heart. Vivid, intense, restless, unhappy little Jean. She streaked across the movie heavens like a white flame bringing with her a new warmth and light. She was

Amazing new ink keeps pens out of the repair shop!

**Solv-x** in Parker Quink prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot—ends gumming and clogging, too!

You can make your pen give extra years of faithful service—you can stop pen troubles before they start—if you switch to Parker Quink, today!

Parker Quink containing solv-x protects all makes of pens in 4 important ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.
2. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
3. Dissolves and flushes away the sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.

So don't take chances with that pen of yours. Keep it trouble-free and out of the repair shop by filling it with the protective writing fluid—remarkable Parker Quink. Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying Quink actually costs no more than ordinary inks. Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

* * *


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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!
GOOD NEWS continued

married three times. First, to a childhood sweetheart in Kansas City. Then, tragically, to Paul Bern, the gentle little producer who killed himself, and finally, the third time to Hal Rosson, the cameraman. All these men loved Jean very much. But she loved just one man in her life—William Powell.

Everything about Jean was white. She wore nothing but white evening gowns. Her big home in Beverly Hills was decorated in white satins and brocades. Her famous platinum blonde hair was as silvery as Christmas tinsel.

She was an individualist if I ever saw one. She had an unusual habit of receiving her best gal friends when she was in the bathtub. She even gave interviews to the female press lying back in bubble-soaped water.

At one time, she and Joan Crawford indulged in a feud. They didn’t speak when they passed on the lot and it was hard to be friends with both girls.

But Joan did a terribly sweet thing after she learned that Jean was a very sick girl with a kidney infection. She went over to the set of “Saratoga” one afternoon, took Jean’s hands in hers and said: “It’s about time we grew up. I admire you so much. Can’t we be friends?” The little Harlow who had the warmest heart of any girl I have ever known, threw her arms around Joan and cried like a little girl.

Jean was twenty-seven years old when she died—an intense white flame consumed by her own youth, beauty and fire.

The early 30’s were grand days on the M-G-M lot. There are so many memories—
Helen Hayes, believed by many to be "the first lady of the theater" made "The White Sister" with Clark Gable. Helen is a wonderful actress with a fine screen personality. But she always hated herself in the movies. Although she won the coveted Oscar in 1932 for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" she told me, "I am too plain looking for the movies. The fans want beautiful girls like Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Deanna Durbin, Joan Crawford, Garbo and Jean Harlow. Not a plain mouse like me."

William Powell came over to M-G-M from Warner Bros. He was married to Carole Lombard at the time. They were married hosts in their honeymoon home in Beverly. I remember one costume party at which Carole was arrayed as "a Lady" and Bill wore a sweat shirt and a pair of diapers masquerading as "No Gentleman."

And believe it or not—it was as far back as this that the big exodus toward the Valley—farm life and farm homes—began. Noah and Wally Beery opened their famous Trout Club. Clark Gable bought land in the Valley. So did dozens of other stars. So you see, "I'm Going To Make The San Fernando Valley My Home" isn't such a new idea after all.

In 1934, M-G-M celebrated its tenth year and they were ten years earlier that changed the appearance of the big Culer City studio as greatly as the advent of talking pictures changed the destiny of the movies.

Much of the informality of the lot is gone—the old rambling stages giving way to modern, factory-like sound stages crowded close together.

A beautiful new dressing room building has been erected in which each star has his or her individual suite consisting of two rooms and a kitchenette and is furnished to set off each player's personality. "Darn it," Lionel Barrymore complains, "I can't stand all this elegance. Can't find anything with somebody coming in all the time and cleaning up after me!"

There's a man for you, this Lionel, turning everything into a laugh or a gentle jest even when he is racked by excruciating pain from arthritis. There are times when he can hardly walk from his dressing room to the set. When no one is looking his face drops into lines of pain from the effort he is making. But if there is anyone looking, or when the cameras start turning, no one would suspect what he is going through.

Myrna Loy, the perky red-head born Myrna Williams, and I have one thing in common. We hate our nicknames. I hate to be called "Lolly" and Myrna, when I first met her, couldn't stand for anyone to call her "Minnie" but Arthur Hornblow.

I've known Myrna a long time—even before she brought her freckles to M-G-M and when she was still playing Oriental sirens in the movies. In fact, her nickname "Minnie" sprang from so many roles in the setting of "The Voice From the Minaret." Myrna is quiet and reserved and refuses to go in for glamour away from the screen. At one time I thought she was a very indifferent dressress. But believe me—it is all past now. Since her year's retirement from the screen at the time she married John Hertz, her subsequent divorce and her triumphant return as "Mrs. Thin Man," Myrna is chic—and how!

Turning the pages among my 1936 columns, I came across this comment: "You'll be hearing more of Rosalind Russell, a new contract player at M-G-M, said to be a rival of Myrna... (Continued on page 70)
Modern Screen's Fashion Guide...

Maybe Lana did start us off—but comes Fall, a gal's fancy turns to thoughts of...

Thank Lana Turner for all this. Me—I'd clean forgotten how wonderful pin-checks were. Forgotten about all fashions, almost, sitting there at the pre-view of "Marriage Is a Private Affair." Then—smacko! Gorgeous Lana in the scene where she wears that pin-checked suit. Tell me how it ended, will you? Because, with that, out I went (stumbling over Al's new No. 2 Airplane Stamp shoes). Yep, off to find checks that would be just as flattering to your own five foot three-or-so figure.

Tough assignment? You can say that again! Not that the woods aren’t full of checks this season. It was just that I wanted something specially wonderful for you. But just look—in case you think I’m not a never-say-die snooper-outer. A waistcoat two-piece of wool...
and rayon check with lapels and buttons of deepest black velvet. Bet you take a turner for the lana glamour when you show up in it. And I hope you take my tip and top it off with a black velvet beret.

This is as good a way as any to get hep. To the fact that it’s later than we thought. Time to buckle down and rustle up the look of Fall in our duds. Notice I don’t say, “back to school,” “campus,” “career” or anything like that. Today, we all want the same colorful, sensible wearable stuff no matter what we’re doing. We’re on the job, all of us. So let’s get going, looking the part.

Oh sure, checks are wonderful. But they have a way of bouncing if your figure’s not in scale. All the world’s not Lana Turner—even if the sun does rise and set on her for a lot of us. Maybe you never wanted to be the cuddly type anyhow, just wished you weren’t quite so lanky looking. Your trick is to saw your height right in two with a break of color. The way it’s done here in the rayon (Continued on page 71)
I'm sorry. It's her name, isn't it?" he puzzled, scratching his head.

The team that has taken the place of Gilbert and Garbo on the M-G-M roster today is Walter Pidgeon and Garbo. Walter isn't new on the lot—far from it. He has been with the studio more than ten years and strangely enough, much of his background has been kept secret.

Walter came out to California almost 14 years ago—to die. He was a very sick man. He believed he was suffering from a malignant ailment and that he would never be cured.

For a long time this fear of his had a marked effect on his career. He actually preferred supporting roles that weren't as big because he thought starring parts were too strenuous on him and taxed his strength too much. But finally, through a combination of fine medical treatment and faith, Walter licked the bugaboo of ill health and almost simultaneously—with a changed mental attitude, his star began to rise.

He calls Greer Garbo "a swell guy" and in that, I certainly agree with him. I adore Greer and cannot agree with any fellow journalist who has described the beloved Irish charmer "difficult" or un-cooperative.

The new idols come along so fast it is almost impossible to keep up with them. The past two or three years have given us Van Johnson, Robert Walker, the wholesome young actor who starred in "See Here, Private Harvey," and John Hodiak, who would have been THE romantic idol of the movies if he hadn't chosen to serve with the Free French; Gene Kelly, the dancing hero who has all the girls wiggling.

Gene is young and boyish looking. But I think he understands perfectly how much is at stake. Reports from the M-G-M front are that he isn't letting Fred Astaire get away with a thing in the picture they are both making, "Ziegfeld Follies."

Among the new girls, Lana Turner and Susan Peters show the most promise, I believe. Sometimes I could speak Lana. On other occasions they are colorful, glamorous girls, and furnishing plenty of interesting "scoops" for my paper.

Lana, in private life, belongs to the Clara Bow-Jean Harlow type of actress. She seems to be a bigger star as witness her engagement, annulment and remarriage to Steve Crane and then, just when everyone thought they were happy with their baby, her equally sudden divorce. I had one word of advice to Lana right now: it would be to "Slow Down." Flames can sometimes burn too brightly— they have in the past.

Where Lana is an extrovert, little Susan Peters on the other hand is definitely an introvert to use some good psychological words. A shy, retiring girl, she is so very modest that when recently she had a very serious operation she told her studio that it was just a minor operation. When it came out later that Susan (Mrs. Richard Quine) had lost an expected baby, her explanation was that she hadn't been able to discuss such a personal thing with business associates.

But mark my word for it—this girl with her charm and refinement will go far. She is a wonderful little actress.

And so we come to the end of our memories back over twenty years of M-G-M's great glamour stars. It has been a long and brilliant parade of colorful and lovable personalities. Goodness knows all of them—even—but they wrote Hollywood and movie history that should never be forgotten by the legions to whom they gave so much pleasure.
The housewife’s friend

When this gay calendar was hung
No hole was left to gape,
For neither nail nor tack was used.
What was? Why, Texcel Tape!

And when the little woman paints
Her work is clean and neat.
For Texcel Tape helps do a job
That hubby couldn’t beat.

So many things about a house
This Texcel Tape can do—
From wrapping up to fastening down
In place of string or glue.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose ‘stick-ums’ bonded on.
It won’t come off, it won’t dry out.
It’s one, like grass and lawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that’s made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps ’til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape
CELOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N. J.

(Continued from page 69)

MODERN SCREEN'S
FASHION GUIDE
(gabardine lumberjack dress. Coffee-cream
beige up top, coffee-bean brown below. Pretty good eye-opener, if you ask me,
Or let’s say you’ve a nice enough waist-
line, but your hips just won’t cooperate.
Your best bet is a dirndl—and are you
in luck! Yep, dirndls are still with us
but the skirts can’t be too whirly-round.
That ballerina stuff’s no go once you start
wearing a coat. The lacy wool arrow
dress sketched is aimed straight at the
heart of somebody. I’m not frowning—just thinking.
That you ought to see page twenty-six and send
for reducing chart. But, meanwhile, a
smart new shirtdress maker will help keep
those bulges a secret. Look closely at
the one in rayon crepe with the dagger
buttons. (Arrows, daggers—is it safe
round here do you think?) The V neck
and long mid-section tucks do wonders
for the figure. This has a zipper—and
all the time we figured that was just a
post-war dream!

By the way—remember the shirtdress
I showed back in June that you fell
for so hard? The one with the buttons
up the side? You can have practically the same
thing for Fall if you like. It’s in
“Whippet cloth”—an all rayon gabardine.
Costs about nine dollars, and I’ll tell you
where if you write me.

I know you’re still plenty envious over
the way the half-pints have been hopping
around all Summer in those frisky pinafores
of theirs. Never mind—your day
has come. With jumper dresses designed
to slim the frame like a hunger strike.
Looks like a rich diet I know—the one
I’ve had sketched. But take note of the
way it darts clear to the waist and that
tucked mid-riff trick again. You’ll find
out for yourself what the flat peplum effect
can do for you. Because when you see
this in Kelly green or coral or purple,
you’re going to want it like mad. And—
if I know you—you want what, you get.

Anyway you think I’m asleep on my feet
because I don’t tell you to head for dresses
with waistlines plunged way down low.
No, pal. I know that there’s talk about
lower belts, but they’re hard to take at
the start. So I say wait a while to see
what happens. If it’s a real trend, not a
false alarm, we’ll do it up super in date
dresses later on but right now it would
be kinda foolish of us to scramble around
busting up the old nest egg and find out
later that it’s been a budget-breaking
false alarm. Right? Right!

Come to think of it, why don’t I hot-foot
out for some Fall duds myself that’s easy of
sitting here all day talking? For news
regarding the whereabouts of the dresses
sketched, send me a postcard or letter
w-winging. Or, if clothes in general just
get you down, write me all, and we’ll see
what’s to be done. Marjorie Bailey, MOD-
ERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New
York 16, N. Y. Be good, now.)
And what a perfect dream of a date!

Sit Susie Foster behind a platter of doughnuts and you can keep the Crepe Suzettes!

what a blonde!

By Sylvia Katz

She's young, about 18, and she's got dimples and shiny hair. Long—past her shoulder. You don't know what she's there for exactly, but it doesn't matter. Just being there's enough. So you start clapping and soon the whole place is clapping and hooting and pounding. She smiles a stiff little smile, then tells you she's never been to the canteen before, that she sings, but not boogie-woogie, only Nelson Eddy-ish stuff and maybe you won't like it but she'll do her best. Thank you. She says it fast, sort of breathlessly. And then she sings something from Victor Herbert, with that frozen little smile still on her face. When it's over she walks off quickly—practically runs.

But the guys are yelling now. Yelling for Susie. "Make it Ave Maria, Susie. Make it good!" It was good, all right. The guys said later it made them think of Sunday morning and how they'd never gone to
church and wished they had. They said it—well—it was plain beautiful—that’s all.

That’s what Susie’s first night at the canteen was like. She’s thawed out by now. After a half hour’s singing—when her throat’s gone froggy—she sits down behind a platter of doughnuts and talks between bites. The fellows get statistical. Where does she come from and that kind of thing.

“From Minneapolis and my real name’s Larson. I’m half Swede and half practically everything else.” You can tell she’s Swedish by those clear blue eyes—and that hair again. She squeaks, “Hair. Don’t mention it. They spend hours building me a hair-do at the studio and then I go home and knock it to pieces. Look at the stuff.” You look, start to mumble something appropriate, but Susie beats you to it. “Did I ever tell you about the time I socked Rooney? I’m talking too much, I know. I always do. But this time we were playing sand-lot football during recess. I threw a pass. Mickey intercepted the ball and went flying for a touchdown. I yelled, ‘You can’t do that.’ He yelled back, ‘I did it!’ So I socked him. Hard. On the chin.”

That was before Susie started growing up. Now that she’s grown, there’s no football. In fact, there isn’t much of anything that’s fun.

“You could call it grim,” she says. “Practice, work, no men! Not even the slightest crush in years. Only how grim can it be when you’ve worked with Don O’Connor eight hours a day. Gosh, I miss him. You think he horses around in his movies. You should see him when he’s unrestrained. You should settle down over a coke and really talk with him, or spend a couple of hours running through a stack of records. Donnie knows the stuff. Not just Basie or James but the hefty, solid items like Brahms. You should see him slumped down in a chair with his big feet up on a coffee table, looking solemn. He used to kid me about not knowing how to dance. (A jeep’s lighter on its feet.) And about getting dispossessed so many times. Dad and I have had a ghoulish time. It’s my practicing. I always seem to be doing it (Continued on page 98)
short course in applied make-up

By Carol Carter

No books to tote! No quizzes to answer! This is one summer course you’re going to enjoy. All you have to do is c’mon along with us and learn the beauty-making rules. But, of course, you’ll have to do a spot of homework. You’ll have to analyze this glowing, sunkissed version of You. Now that Old Sol has warmed over your wan winter complexion, be sure your make-up matches your new skin tones.

Clean Sweep—You want your make-up job to look Durbin-fresh, so away with leftover rouge and lipstick before applying powder foundation. Sloosh cleansing cream over your face from widow’s peak to necklace, then remove with a wisp of tissue. Follow up with a sudsing; rinse in cool water. Dab on an astringent that will send tingles down into your pores. Nice feeling? You bet! On days when the mercury is brimming over the thermometer, swathe an ice cube in a square of cloth and slide it over your hot little face. You’ll think you’ve dived into a mint julep.

Smoothie-Puss—That’s what they’ll call you after you’ve sleeked on make-up base. No glossy nose for you when you meet your warrior at the station. It seems the boys excuse shiny noses on buddies plodding back from thirty-mile hikes; but on their pet pin-up girl, uh, uh! If your skin is dry, you may prefer a cream or the liquid foundation that casts a glow over the complexion. Cake and stick foundations are favorites with the oily-skinned. Only puh-leese, my pretty, remember that make-up is meant to be smoothed over your lissome throat right down to the necklace. We underscore this point ’cause we’ve seen the effect of many a charming round-necked peasant blouse spoiled because dark make-up ended at the chinline. When choosing make-up, key it to skin tone and be guided by face powder color. One cosmetic house has a twin powder and make-up cake packaged together to guarantee you a perfect match.

Tips On Lips—Just for fun take a look at your lipstick wardrobe, a good impartial look. Sure, you’re strong for...
blue-red and purple tones, and they’re mighty luscious with your winter woolens. But you’re looking on the sunny side of things these days! How about keying your lip color to your new complexion? If you’re a brunette, you’ll find that cherry red will set you Apart. Copperheads and golden blondes can heighten their natural radiance with warm orange-red lipstick. For the ash-blondie with delicate, untinted skin, shell pink and raspberry are still prettiest. Arm yourself with one of those wonderful smearproof, waterproof lipsticks that weather the saltiest surf and come up bright as ever. All you have to do is apply the lipstick once, dust on powder, repaint lightly, and touch the lips with tissue. Presto, but no change for hours!

Role of Rouge—Don’t we know you, though! Almost every one of your letters poses a problem—a reader with scant lashes, spreading hips or straggly locks. Typical is this plea from Alice J. “I’m sixteen and I’ve begun to use make-up, but my mother objects to the rouge I wear. Am I too young for it?” In our opinion, no, but “too much, too early” is the pitfall Alice has to skirt. Most girls find that rouge puts an impish sparkle in their eyes. Skillfully placed rouge can subtly accent the best planes of a girl’s face.

Here’s the one-two-three of rouge application, depending on whether you prefer liquid, cream or cake. Liquid rouge should be applied directly to the skin before the make-up base and powder. Cream rouge is applied after the foundation in a series of dots that are blended together with the edges feathered off. Cake rouge is patted on after the make-up base and powder. Needless to say, if you’re aiming to be a four-alarm beauty, you’ll match rouge to lipstick and fingertips.

Eyes That Shine—Face the critical north light and gaze eye to eye with yourself in a mirror. How do you measure up? Wish your orbs were spaced à la Colbert, appealing like Joan Leslie’s, or tilted like those of Maria Montez? Cheer up! We’ll tell you how to make yours something special, too. Brush mascara only on the outer half of the lashes to make the eyes appear wider. Pluck your brows back from the center and under the arch to create the (Continued on page 80)
? Personally, I'd rather swing and swaying with Sammy Kaye, but come summer, I like to spend some time at the beach. I'm mighty proud of my peaches and cream complexion, however. How can I sun-bathe and still keep my fair skin untanned? How to avoid an unwanted toasting?

You were born to look as fragile as a southern belle. Languish under a sweeping brim and saturate every square inch of exposed surface with suntan lotion. Keep your camellia complexion intact, but don't stint on the leg make-up for street wear. You'll love the sleek effect.

? I'm the blonde type that tans to a nifty bronze in a pair of afternoons. My formula for an A-I summer equals a white bathing suit, a wacky crowd, and plenty of vitamin D. My only beauty problem is skin dryness and tiny lines around my eyes. How can I stave 'em off?

Lucky you—the All-American Summer Girl, Grable version! Swirl a frosting of dry-skin cream over your face and forehead every night. Sleek it on in wide arcs and then concentrate the cream around the eyes, working it in with tiny circular motions. No "eye squints" for you!

? With a patch of blue water to swim in, my summer's complete. But having reddish hair, do I freckle? When the Life Guards' Ball rolls around, I always look like brown and pink dotted Swiss. How can I be beautiful without sitting on the porch with o for all day?

Be as outdoor girl-ish as you please, chum, but smooth on a film of protective cream or lotion to strain out many o budding freckle. If Old Sol should point you lobster color, reach for a soothing medicated cream to relieve the stinging burn. You'll feel human again.

? If I can get off from work in time to enjoy a weekend at the beach, I'm lucky. So I look strictly Indian for o few days and do an onemic fade-out for the next couple of weeks. How can I keep my tan on an even keel without the customary nursing?

You'll have to depend on a screen of suntan oil or lotion to keep you scorcher-proof on your scattered outings. Use a tinted make-up base in cake, liquid, cream, or stick form (colors bisque to butterscotch), if you'd look freshly toasted 'tween-times.

? Maybe I'm doing on Amazon's job by life-guarding at the beach this summer, but I don't like to look it. How can I keep my dark skin from turning mahogany color? And what should I do to erase my newly-acquired squint that only a sea captain could love?

Best way to avoid an overdose of tan is to wallow in suntan lotions. Unless you want a little strip of corrugated nose, swipe on a dark foundation cream or make-up base. First-class sun glasses with goggles, bewitching frames will pay dividends in eye comfort . . . and add a dash of glamour.
There's a smoothness about Schlitz that captures the devotion of true beer lovers. For Schlitz is brewed with just the kiss of the hops to bring you rare delicacy of flavor, coupled with that famous Schlitz quality known all over the world.
IT starred as a FURLOUGH ROMANCE —BUT!
Lovely Hair made him want me for keeps

I met Jim when he was home on a furlough. What a wonderful time we had! Then, his letter came—

"You were so lovely that last day at the beach as the sun played hide and seek with the soft highlights in your hair. I'd like to feel that the girl with the lustrous curls will be waiting for me when I get back."

How happy I was—and how I thanked Nestle Colorinse for taking away the dull, drabness of my hair and giving it richer color, sparkling highlights and a glorious silken sheen. Colorinse can make your hair lovelier, too. Why don't you try it tonight?

P.S.—For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

back, and you'll discover your head functioning again. You'll hear yourself saying, "Hi, there. Will you be my guinea pig?" He'll bite on that, and you'll say, "I'm learning Navy insignia, but I'm not too flashy at it. Let's see if I can get yours straight. You'll get it straight, of course, and he'll beam. Then ease into the where-are-you-from business.

Can I get him back?

We know how it is. A certain sergeant gave you a beautiful whirl. Every Wednesday night he'd turn up at the USO and book you for every dance. He'd admire your eyes and ply you with Pepsi and walk you home in the moonlight. He was heaven with three stripes, and when suddenly, for no reason at all, he jilted you, you died. How can you recapture him? Well, lady, for our ten cents, he's a lost cause and chalk him up to experience. Maybe you fell too hard too fast, and he lost interest. Maybe he's the kind of a gent who likes variety. Anyway, the spark went out, and—leave us face it—it's a blow.

Should I wait for him?

You're really crying a big one for this Air Corps guy. You like all the same songs. You laugh at the same jokes. You think this is it, but you want to know. So when he asks you to wait for him, you'll handle it this way. Don't be coy. Let him know he's Miss Big with you, but that you're not quite ready to hit the shelf and just wait. Tell him he'll be filed away in your heart for the duration under the heading IMPORTANT, and when the war is over, and you can see each other in a good light, he'll come up for reclassification.

What about letters?

Well, don't go taking down addresses in your little black book unless you're really going to write. It's too unkind. And don't sign up for a correspondence with some-one who doesn't appeal to you at all. It will just be a glibly chauvin, and your letters, if sincere, can't possibly do anything for him. Obviously, you won't exchange letters with married or engaged guys—for what future is there in that? And drops are expensive nowadays. There will be a few boys to whom you will want to write, and really work a bit over your letters. You'll send them V-mail, of course, for you know—how many can write, and you'll write as clearly as you can. More important still, is the warmth and friendliness you'll put into them.

Would my folks mind?

Your lad is overseas, and you're lonely. The kids keep begging you to go to the USO dances, but you just can't reconcile yourself to getting all smoothed up and flirting with a lot of lads that aren't Him. What to do? Well, some girls can keep gay and perky minus any male companionship, but they're a dying race. If you find yourself seduced to the ears with stork showers and female chatter, if you can't talk anything but dress patterns and recipes, we'd say it was high time you did head for the USO and hear some masculine laughter for a change. It'll be good for you, and—indirectly—for The Man. Just remember a couple of suggestions. Don't dance with one lad too often. You might get talked about, and you might, for a few deluded moments, think you were really liking the lad who was rushing you. Don't exactly wear your heart on your sleeve, but make it plain if the subject comes up, that you aren't available. Then there, that about covers all the canteen problems that have turned up in our mail, but if you're a special one—canteen or otherwise—ask us about it, and we'll answer you personally. You know where to write, don't you? Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

SHORT COURSE IN APPLIED MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 75)

same illusion. Pencilling the brows in short, light strokes gives a frame to light eyes. A touch of vaseline to the lids will give them a natural sheen that's tops for daytime. On gala evenings, your eyes deserve the flattery of eye shadow, artfully smoothed on the edge of the upper lid.

P.S.—Let's hope, as you peer into the mirror, you don't see angry squint lines around your precious peepers. Good sunglasses worn on bright days will squelch 'em, remember.

Powder Puffing. Last, but mighty important, is the final dust-off with powder. First thought can pass inspection if it isn't fresh and fluffy, you rate a demerit. Reach for a spanking clean puff before you proceed to whisk powder airily over your face. If you can't do a clean finish to your makeup, try patting your face with a damp sponge. To remove those last traces of powder at the hairline, moisten a wedge of cotton with cologne and touch it to the hair.

The Speckled Bond. We've borrowed a phrase from Sherlock Holmes' adventures to nickname our freckled readers. Now that summer has arrived in earnest, we can count on at least one letter a day with this refrain, "Please, Miss Carter, won't you tell me how I can get rid of my raft of freckles?" We've tried to pull our spotlighted friends into forgetfulness by telling them boys think freckles are cute, and we still maintain a poll would prove our point. We've tried to comfort them with the assurance that they're playing on Katie Hepburn's team. To no avail. So for those stubborn freckle-haters, here's a thought—In summer use a darker foundation with a covering of warm, rosy powder. There's a bleached cream available that will make freckles less noticeable and do wonders towards clearing summer-sallow skin. Feel better, kids?

Close-Up. Sooner or later, you'll have to undergo one. So give yourself a flawless make-up job every single day. Then you'll take close-ups in your stride and get a cool one-hundred percent rating from friend and beau. * * *

But if your close-up leaves you glum, pen a note about your problem to Carter, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16, N. Y. We have the answer to brighten things up!
Tender moment for this girl with a

LOVABLE LUX COMPLEXION

"My Beauty Facials really make skin lovelier!"

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved! "I never neglect this care," says lovely Rosalind Russell. "I cover my face generously with the creamy Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly, rinse with warm water, splash with cold—then pat to dry." Why not give your precious skin this gentle care that really works! See if you don't win—quickly—a smooth, really lovable Lux Complexion!

Rosalind Russell

FIGHT WASTE

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L.A.S.T.S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
“MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR”  
(Story)  
(Continued from page 46)

She turned to Sissy Mortimer for advice because her marriage to Ted Mortimer was a shining success.

“Didn’t expect it,” Theo said, “—so soon. I don’t know what to do Sissy. Making a home—Boston—out of nothing.”

“You’ll do it,” Sissy said.

“Help me, Sissy,” Theo said.

“Of course, darling!”

Mother came to visit them in Boston, staring with a faint distaste at the pleasant three room apartment in which they lived. Mother thought three room apartments were very little common; couldn’t Theo have arranged something with a bit more flash? After all one can’t get very excited about an all-tile bath or an enamel sink. “If course if you like your little rut—”

Mother said.

“I adore it,” Theo said.

“As much as all that? Three rooms and a bath!” answered Mum.

“Three rooms, a bath—” and Tom.”

“Oh, yes, Tom of course. I forgot Tom.”

“We mustn’t forget Tom, must we?”

Theo said gently.

“I always remember my husbands fondly,” Mother said.

“Look, Mother,” Theo said. “I like being a housewife. I like just being a wife, plain, ordinary, everyday wife. The kind that makes breakfast in the morning and cleans up the house and runs out to do the shopping—”

“Isn’t you forgetting something in your little paradise?” Mother said. “The pattern of little feet?”

“There will be,” Theo said softly. “Soon.”

Mother looked at her briefly. “Well, dear, I’m glad in way. I thought you were getting vulgarly fat.”

It turned out to be a boy, and of course it was named Tom. Tommy was a strange and awesome bundle to Theo. It was indispensable that anyone so young and so small could demand such a vast amount of attention, or have such an assortment of queer habits, customs and abilities. The baby was Tommy—first the name which he seemed to exercise at most continuously, and where that large amount of wall came in so small a body, Theo could never understand. There was the baby’s diapers; the miles and miles of Tommy’s bottles. There was Tommy’s amug demand that he be “bubbled.” But somehow, despite everything, Tommy grew and thrived.

Mother was passing through Boston the day of Tommy’s birthday. She couldn’t quite make it to the apartment. There would be only a half hour between trains, she told Theo when she called her, but Theo promised to come down to the station and say hello. She came, staggering under the weight of a huge bag of mason jars she had stumbled across at a bargain, licking hot, and her slip was showing.

“What in the world do you need all those jars for?” Mother said.

“Tomatoes,” Theo said. “I’m going to can them.”

But Mother wasn’t listening. She was waving to someone in the station, calling in a shrill, postponed voice: “Where are Miles—Miles Lancing over there?”

It was Miles—Major Lancing now—and he looked very tan and very fit, and there were colored ribbons on his uniform for over seas service. Looking at him, then, all of the past, the glorious past, rushed back into Theo’s mind, and she was suddenly uncomfortably aware of the awkward boy.

(Continued on page 84)
A swing-shift beauty rests. Her hours at war production are long and demanding. Housework takes the rest of her waking time. So, her sleep must be **sound**! And it is! For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. You have a mattress with 887 individually pocketed coils, a sag-proof border, busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Cherish it, for we don't know when you can buy another. (Simmons plants are roof-deep in war production.) If you need a new mattress now, we recommend **WHITE KNIGHT**. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, and comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! A real Simmons buy at $39.50. NEWS!—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each, the ideal box spring to use with a White Knight Mattress. Ideal box spring for any mattress!

**BEAUTYREST**—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P.S. **DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?**
Speaking of Calf Love

What could be neater than a Neet calf?

In the Spring (for any season), a young man's... well, eyes... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. Say that they're "smooth" calves, free from glam-out-sealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly Neet looking!

"Better get Neet today!" This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing Neet is used. Nor will Neet encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of Neet today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.

Better Get Neet Today, Aug 2, 1952, p. 84
You were such a pretty baby!

YOU HAD THE BLUEST EYES, the softest cheeks, the most enchanting smile. I loved you the minute I saw you.

And like all fathers, I wanted to give you everything in the world ... the stars to play with, the moon on a silver platter, a beautiful dream every night.

Something interfered with a lot of my plans, baby; there were too many birthdays made up of makeshifts before things started breaking my way. But maybe this birthday, the fur coat I saw you admire will make up for all the other times you pressed your little nose against shop windows ... looking wide-eyed at treasures beyond our reach.

Maybe that very becoming Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is saying it all for me, my darling—saying that I always wanted to give you beautiful things.

You were such a very pretty baby!
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!


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!

TAKE-OFF UGLY FAT

MANY LOSE 3 to 5 Pounds

Yet EAT Plenty!

If you dealer doesn't CAL-PAR, a special combination containing 14 DAILY SUPPLIES will be sent you postpaid for only $1.00. This $1.00 isn't to eat fat in the open, but to suggest what you can still eat.

If you have any questions, write to the company.

CALL-PAR, Dept. 715
650 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Reducing drug. It is a special, with certain minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you will be impressed by the results.

NO EXERCISE!

NO REDUCING DRUGS!

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!
He said slowly: "A man? You were out with a man?"
She said helplessly: "I was out with Miles Lancing.
"All right," he said harshly.
"Tom," she said, "it's not what you think.
"What am I supposed to think?" he said.
"Tom," she pleaded, "trust me, I had to find out. I had to find out whether I could trust myself. Whether I could trust you."
"That's a new one, isn't it?"
Then, suddenly, her own nerves were gone, and she couldn't go on, trying to explain it calmly, as it had happened.
In a very tired voice, she said: "I'm sorry, Tom. But that finishes it, doesn't it? It's all over now. It's good-by."
"Yes," Tom said slowly. "I suppose that's what it does mean."
She had been in Reno three weeks when her father called her from San Francisco. And because she had liked the quiet man who had been her father and because she wanted to know him better, she went.
Her father didn't try to talk to her. He told her only that in marriage you had to be sure and then left her to herself. She liked to sit in the large room that overlooked the ocean, in the darkness.
It was odd how the images formed there, in the dark, against the background of the swelling Pacific. They seemed almost real. The young Princeton boy who had once proposed marriage to her, the man Reno—old and wise—, the pursuit flier who on one mad week-end had decided they were meant for each other.
The images faded out. But not quite. There was one more. It was somehow a little more solid, a little more substantial than the rest. It seemed almost real. And then with a little shock she realized that it was real, and that Miles Lancing was in the room waiting for her to speak.
"Theo," he said softly, "I had to come. Knowing you were here, I had to come and see you. Listen to me, Theo, I'm leaving again for active service. But I want your promise before I go. Promise to marry me. We could make a go of it—"
It was like an echo of what she had been thinking. "Yes," she said, "I think we could. But don't you see, Miles, once there was a man I thought I could marry and be happy with. I could have made a go of it with him, if I'd tried. I married him for a reason, and that reason, somehow, still holds good. I love him, Miles. And I wish I could tell him that I could make a go of our marriage—"
Miles said: "Tom?"
Theo nodded: "Yes, Tom. Do you know where he is, Miles? I've tried to get in touch with him but he's gone. He applied for overseas service, and this time they let him go. Miles I've got to talk to him..."
Miles smiled crookedly: "I'm a pretty funny looking duck to play Cupid."
But somehow he arranged it. And speaking into a phone her voice went out, thousands of miles, through the whole labyrinth of wires, across an ocean to an island somewhere in the South Pacific where a lean, young man who was a fighter pilot listened, intently at first and then with a foolish, ecstatic grin.
It seemed a little silly, because it was something she could have said any time, without trouble or for a nickel call; maybe it wasn't portentous enough for the miracle that allowed her to speak across thousands and thousands of miles.
"Tom, darling, I love you and Tommy loves you and we both miss you terribly. And we want to stay married. Can you hear me, Tom? We want to stay married."
It was as simple as all that because marriage is always simple if you see it straight and hold to what's true and good.
through the M-G-M gate to her dressing room. Slaps on her hair—the picture calls for a 1903 wig—puts on her face and bids Vincent Minelli, the director, good-morning at 9. Eats all day long. Lunch is a mere item. Dot, Mary and Evelyn see to that. They’re in make-up, hairdressing and wardrobe respectively, but their object in life is to fatten Judy up.

Choochoo meets her at the door, goes racing madly round the house to denote joy, then comes back for their dance. Judy hums a tune, and they Waltz together, and Choochoo trips her up—on purpose, says Judy. Because she’s a real aristocrat with a barrelhouse personality.

Being clean depresses her, but not for long, because it’s easy enough to go out and roll in the dirt. What really gets her down is being clipped in pens, the way any self-respecting French poodle should be. Choochoo can’t stand it. The Scottie next door hangs around the drive, waiting for her to get home. So he from the vet’s. She laps past him into the house, flops in a corner and refuses to be comforted by food, blandishments or rubber mice.

“You’re beautiful,” Judy assures her. “You’re the ritziest in the whole neighborhood.”

Her eyes lift, two mournful question-marks. “What have you done to me?” It takes a day to mend her broken heart.

**moonin’ in the mornin’**...

She’d rather eat nails than bother cooking for herself, but likes to fuss when someone’s coming over—the most exciting part’s waiting to see whether everything comes out at the same time, which it never does.

Once in a blue moon she has dinner in bed—mostly to use up the bed-tray her mother gave her. A little dish enjoys it. One end of the tray starts tipping, and things start sliding, and she starts grabbing, and any resemblance to elegance in a maribou jacket and exotic perfume becomes purely ludicrous—you get more of a Joan Davis routine—so the bed-tray goes into mothballs for another six months.

She knows lots of lovely ways to spend an evening. As a rule, every week she answers letters from boys in the service.

Naturally she can’t answer all the mail herself, or she’d be doing nothing else. It’s sorted, and she gets the specials. Like the one from some RAP boys who’d named their plane after her. In Italy they met up with a Yank crew who’d had the same idea. So the Yanks gave the Tommies their insignia—Judy’s tilted nose between her pigtails. “And now we’re fighting side by side,” wrote the English flyers.

A Scotch boy wrote that his company had voted her their favorite leave-at-home girl. Which sounded like a left-handed compliment, till she realized that a leave-at-home was a louflage.

What breaks her up are the kids who write: “I’m a Rookie, but I happen to like you very much. You don’t have to answer, but could you send a picture, I’d be so grateful.”

Her impulse is to write back, “I’m nothing but a girl, and suppose I’m busy, what’s that compared with your murderous routine, and don’t be grateful because I and millions like me are so deeply in your debt, there’s no word to cover it.”

She never knows when she’s going to be called for a command performance. Once she was hauled out from the hairdresser’s. Of course she knew that these broadcasts went overseas, but a few weeks ago something happened to make her realize it in a very extra-special kind of way.

**every day in every way**...

Artie Shaw, back from duty in the South Pacific, phoned her.

It turns out he’d been ill with dengue fever on that distant island, and the hospital was full, so they’d stuck him in officers’ quarters. He could hear people talking and the radio screeching, but no one paid any attention to him. He and the hospital and he was feeling awfully sorry for himself. Then a voice on the radio said, “Here she is,” and a girl said, “Hello, fellows,” and it was Judy.

He never had anything like a quite such a lift. Lifted him right out of his miseries. Sounded so friendly and home-like. Across thousands of miles of water, the voice of a girl he’d never met. And even if he didn’t know her personally, she still meant home to them—home and the neighborhood movie and a soda at the corner drugstore with their own girls.

As if she wouldn’t, anyway. Only now when she gives these command performances, it’s as if she were planting herself over there right among the kids.

Somehow she’s come to the world, her pal, Betty Asher, and they go to a movie. You can have the musicals, they’ll take the tear-jerkers. Judy’s a fall guy for love and patriotism. All a fellow have to do is get her Academy Award vote is walk in tempo to the Army Air Corps song and walk out again. They went through “Jane Eyre” in a projection room. The projectionist couldn’t resist the temptation.

“We loved it. Oh Judy, couldn’t you die, just watching that Orson Welles stalk across moors.”

Judy nodded dreamily. “In a cloud of capes and whips and horses and dogs and Joan Fontaine.”

Sometimes she just stays home with the radio, Choochoo and a book. Her reading’s interrupted at intervals by Choochoo and the rubber mouse. Choochoo’s no dope, why should she play by herself when that girl’s around? So she takes her nose and shoves the mouse under her couch and comes scratching at Judy. Judy digs the mouse out, plants it in the middle of the rug, tells Choochoo a thing or two and goes back to her book. Things get a lot drier for a few minutes.

**Bedtime’s around eleven, but that doesn’t mean sleep. Judy’s bought books on how to fall asleep, you see.**

When everything else fails, she sticks a pillow under one arm, a blanket under the other and trails from bed to bed. She’s been known to curl up onto Choochoo’s double bed on the back porch, but generally winds up on the living room divan.

It’s true she’s had an occasional day off during the making of “Meet Me in St. Louis,” but these have been mostly consumed by the dentist. Because Judy doesn’t just go to the dentist and done with it. She needs a day to let the idea begin to seep in and another couple of days to steel herself and a day to decide that maybe she doesn’t have to go after all—till at last comes the day when the tooth’s really jumpin’ and she goes.

Once in the chair, panic grips her. “Look,” says the dentist, “have I ever once hurt you badly?”
"No, but some day you will, and then I'll have to punch you right in the nose."
He's reaching for that fiendish drill. She's got to stop him!
"How can anyone like a dentist?"
"Why, don't you like me?"
"That's beside the point. What I mean is, how can a girl like a guy who, when he was 12 and you asked him what he wanted to be, he said a dentist?"
"We're very helpful people. Open your mouth."
"Helpful! The only way you could help me is to pull 'em all out and give me false teeth."
"Open, Judy."

the yanks are coming . . .
The drill gleams closer, she scrunches down in the chair, lower and lower, but she can't get away from the drill, the drill keeps chasing her.
"Look, I really don't feel very well, I'm underweight, I just got out of the hospital, I'll come back next week."
"Now wait a minute."
"No, I don't have to wait a minute, it's my tooth, it aches me, not you, let it decay, did I ask to have teeth?"
Novocaine, gas and ether don't work on Judy. He reaches for a needle.
"You can't give me a shot. I have no veins."
"You have wonderful veins. Like forget-me-nots in spring."
"Ouch!"
And five minutes later, "Feel better now, Judy?"
"Like forget-me-nots in spring," she murmurs. . .

Then, of course, she has Saturday evening and Sunday, which she frequently spends at her mother's in the valley. The times are out of joint unless she sees her niece twice a week. Judaline's five now. She's named after Judy; she looks like Judy, she's left-handed like Judy and has a habit of passing on Judy's stale jokes. Except for bad jokes, Judaline wants no part of show business. She hates movies. "They're all sad," she says.
"Don't you want to be in pictures when you grow up?"
"No, thank you just the same."
On the other hand, she feels no prejudice against actors and developed a mad crush on Peter Lawford, when Judy took him out there to dinner one night—went all gay and feminine on him.
Being an only child presents no problems since she creates brothers and sisters at will. Right now she's got a pair of each, good and bad. For reasons clear only to Judaline, the good brother makes barrage balloons at Douglas. But it's the bad sister who comes in handy.
"Now, Judaline, you knew that was naughty to do."
"Oh, but I didn't do it. That was my bad sister Alice."
No one, thinks Judy, ever paid her mother a prettier compliment than Judaline. It was Mrs. Garland's birthday, and Judaline was helping her in the kitchen.
"Nanna, how old are you today?"
"Forty-eight."
"Goodness, that's pretty old, isn't it? But don't you mind, I'll love you, no matter how old you get."
"Oh pooh! You'll grow up and get married and forget all about me."
She thought that one over. "By the time I'm old enough to get married," she said slowly, "you might be flying around with the angels." The small figure pressed close, earnest eyes uplifted. "You know something, Nanna? I bet when you're up there, you won't be just a plain angel. I bet you'll be God's partner."
When Judy's not at her mother's weekends, she may go out dancing on Saturday.
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night—with Van Johnson or Peter Lawford or Freddie De Cordova. Any place where they play a nice rumba—Clover Club or Mocambo or a little place on Sunset called the Serapi, that she and Van like. Or wherever Joe E. Lewis happens to be billed. She'd want barefoot to hear him sing "The Guy's Got Me on a Blitz.

Of course, if she can talk her escort into the Orpheum, that's so much velvet.

She'll wear a suit or black dress and preferably no hat. The ways of Judy with clothes are strange and wonderful. She likes them well enough but hates to buy them. Driven to it, she'll run into a store, grab a dress off a hanger and get out.

Three months later Betty says, "I've never seen you in that new dress."

"Neither have I. It hasn't been altered."

About a year ago she bought the hat of her dreams, and she's worn it once. It was photographed in Vogue—toast toast with a toast-colored veil—had a page all to itself and deserved it. She called John Frederics: "I want the hat on page 35.

When it came out, she swooned. No week goes by that she doesn't put it on for her own pleasure, but since that first night she's never worn it out. Somebody might see and look and say, "Get her."

On the night of the Academy Award show, she got out her 4-year-old mink to wear and thrust it hastily back into the closet. The lining wasn't ripped, it had quietly fallen so that the skins showed. "Some gentleman," said Judy, "would help me off with my coat and yell, 'It's alive!'" So she wore her ermine bolero—bought when she was 15—and people said, "How pretty. New, isn't it?"

That proves you should never throw anything away—a rule Judy lives by. Why buy hats, when you can carry a lei of shell-pink flowers and run them up into a snood? Or twist two strips of lace around hairpins, stick one here, one there.

the well-dressed tapeworm...

As for dresses, the possibilities are endless. When Judy stands meditatively at the door of her wardrobe, Betty hands her the shears. Once she took a violent dislike to the turquoise vest in her black dress, just as she was ready to leave for a party. So she ripped the vest out, folded a black face veil and had Dorothy tape it to her.

At the party a girl asked where she'd bought the dress.

"Oh, a little shop called What the Well-dressed Tapeworm Will Wear."

For Sundays at home there's a regular routine. Betty comes over. They both sit all week, they both need exercise, they don't feel like a rip-roaring game of tennis, so they walk four miles up the canyon and four miles back. Their walk is enlivened by dogs and bees. No dog has ever bitten Judy, no bee ever stung her, but she knows that some day they will.

So the strange dog comes out, and she tries to underplay it. Stares straight ahead.

"Think he's going to bite?"

Betty, the interpreter, steals a glance. "No, his tail's wagging."

"Don't look now, but here comes that nasty character."

The nasty character's an Airidale, whose name can't be Jenny, because he won't make up his mind. Won't bite and won't wag his tail.

"Maybe our stocking seams are crooked," Judy suggests. "There's a bee headed this way, and to me he looks hungry."

"Ignore him," says Betty.

Safe home again, they fix some food and relax with their favorite Sunday night broadcasts—Drew Pearson, Winchell, Fred Allen, The Weird Circle...

That's all Judy's done for three months, just work. Nothing's happened. Nothing to write a story about...
eight, while a phonograph played records for them. Then on the dot of eight, Keenan and Bill arose from their seats among the GIs and started making like burlesque.

"We will now give away ab-so-lute-ly free one solid gold set of false teeth with every package of Mrs. McGillicuddy’s Headache Pills," Bill bellowed.

Keenan promptly out-bellowed him. "I rep-re-sent the Super California Fruit and Nut Company. Reserve your patronage for well-established concerns."

Nonsense stuff. Then Bill up on the stage introducing himself and Keenan. Giving with the latest news from home. "Roosevelt’s still in there, boys. Hedy Lamarr is still beautiful. And ‘Mairzy Doats’ is still on the Hit Parade."

"What," demanded a stupefied voice from the audience, "is Mairzy Doats?"

You didn’t have to plant a stooge to say that, either. These kids had never heard of the song. It hadn’t been written when they left the States. So when Andy Arcazi came out with his accordion, and introduced them to "Mairzy Doats," the GIs laughed like hell. They said, "What’s the world coming to?" They said, "Has everyone gone nuts?"

"That," Paulette remembered, trying to ignore the splashing that continued from the bucket, "was where I came in."

She had worn the white dress with the sequins tonight. That dress had already gone through over two months of three shows a day in China, Burma and India. By now "white" was the last adjective you could truthful apply to it. For weeks Bill and Keenan had been making ribbing remarks about "tattletale grey." But today Paulette had found a GI who used to be in the cleaning business. And the GI had found some high octane gas or something. And tonight when she came on stage, it had really been a thing. Dazzling white dress, green gloves, Paulette. The boys and roared like fight fans.

"What’s the matter?" Bill demanded reprovingly. "Haven’t you guys ever seen a pair of gloves before?" Then he had got a load of the pristine splendor of the dress. "In the middle of the jungle the girl finds a dry cleaner! Paulette, you’re killing me. Fellows, did you ever see anything quite so beautiful?"

They were crazy about the act when Bill put her in a trance. "Madame Svens- gali Goddard who does mind reading," Paulette sat on the stage looking as mes-merized as possible, while the audience asked her silly questions. "Madame, what is the date on this 1932 penny?" She couldn’t answer that one. "Madame, what is the name of the Sergeant in charge here?" "Stinkie," said Paulette.

Oh yes, it had been a good show for its purpose. But now Paulette’s mind was back on the rat in the bucket. The splashing seemed to be getting definitely feebler. Slower... slower. Now it had stopped entirely. With a sigh of relief, she lay back, took a deep breath and slowly relaxed. In another minute she was off.

You got so you could sleep almost anywhere, any time, on a trip like this. You had to. You went from post to post by plane, and always at night. So you would spread a coat on the tin floor of the plane and sleep. Or even sit up straight in one of the “bucket seats” that lined the sides, and your eyes would close and you’d tear off a quick nap. Till Keenan touched your shoulder and said, "Okay, Mabel, this is it."

That was the catch phrase for the en-
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tire trip. Not the "Mabel"—Keenan called her that for no good reason. But the "this
is it" part had started way back at their embarkation point. They had been told
that night to be ready to start any minute
—they were "alerted," as the Army puts
it. There was a little nervous tension in
the group, of course. They were going
to make a trip no other entertainers had
made. They would cover the China, Burma
and India field, and it would take three
months, and it wasn't going to be any
picnic. They would start out tonight, the
four of them, and fly and fly and fly till
they got to the end of the line, in China.
Then they would work their way back, doing
shows all the way. But anything
could happen in that kind of a set-up.
They had sat around there, thinking
about it, and then there was a banging
at the door, and it swung open with a
crash. A huge sergeant who looked like
a cross between Vic Mature and Gar-
gantus, stood in the doorway.
"Okay, folks," he barked. "This is it!"
Very dramatic.
They tore around like mad for fifteen
minutes, getting things into bags, doing
all the last-minute little jobs, dropping
everything they picked up, from excite-
ment. Then the sergeant came back. He
seemed to have shrunk a little.
"Planes have been delayed two hours,"
he announced gruffly. "Relax."

So all the way, whenever they would
land somewhere, Paulette would say, "This
is it. Now we're really here." Or Keenan
or Bill would say politely to the officer
in charge of the installation, "I guess this
is it, sir. This must be the end of the
line." But somehow there was always
another stop ahead. And another. Till at
last they were only two hundred and forty
miles from Canton—and this was it.
The most unexpected incident of the
entire trip was their arrival at General
Stillwell's headquarters. Unexpected to
them, to Stillwell, to everyone. It was an
accident—they weren't really supposed to
have come that far—but it was wonderful.
When the plane landed they were in-
stantly surrounded by a milling mob of
Chinese soldiers, with a sprinkling of
Americans. They were taken to see the
General, who was as surprised as a Gen-
eral ever is at anything.

"Now that you're here," he said, "could
you put on a show? Could you do it in
forty-five minutes?"

"The war," said the General, "can wait
forty-five minutes. Mr. Arcari, I hear
you play the accordion. I've fooled
around a bit with it myself. How do you
handle 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling'?

"Portuguese and Bill stood around first on one foot, then on the
other, for ten minutes, while the General

"= many expected incident in the
troupe. The General set the tone
by saying, ""Now that you're here," he said,
"could you put on a show? Could you do it in
forty-five minutes?"

"The war," said the General, "can wait
forty-five minutes. Mr. Arcari, I hear
you play the accordion. I've fooled
around a bit with it myself. How do you
handle 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling'?

So Paulette and Keenan and Bill stood
around first on one foot, then on the
other, for ten minutes, while the General
talked accordions with Andy. It struck
Paulette funny. Here she was, the only
white woman within hundreds of miles
and a movie star besides, and the General
wanted to know about 'When Irish Eyes
Are Smiling.' Meanwhile, Chinese soldiers
were putting up a tent for her to use as
a dressing room. One brown-faced boy
with a merry grin, gave her his cap for a
souvenir, and accompanied it with a
message. The message, translated, said,
'I hope some day I will be allowed to put
up this tent for you in Tokyo.'
The Chinese used two names in radio
code for this slim, grey-eyed girl who had
come so far from Hollywood. One was
'American Girl with Electric Form.'
Take the time the troupe made that most
perilous trip of all—the flight over "the
Humps," the Himalaya mountains. They got
a presidential citation for that, by the way.
That's how dangerous it was. It was a
clear night, with the moon shining like
crazy. You could see the mountain peaks all silver and beautiful. You could even see the Jap airfields in the valley below. The plane was flying very high, and it was terrifically cold. There was danger all around, of course. Danger of a crack-up. Danger of Jap planes. Danger of ice forming on the wings.

Paulette sat there looking like a bear cub with a crocodile's snout. That was because she had on a fur coat over her uniform, woolen underwear beneath it, high fur boots, ear muffs with a fur cap over them, a parachute and an oxygen mask. She was trying to keep warm, trying to breathe normally in this extreme altitude. Trying to persuade herself that the pounding of her heart was from the altitude not because she was scared half out of her wits. Clumsily she scribbled a note to the pilot with a fur-gloved hand.

"Dear Sugar 6 Peter (the code name for this pilot)," she wrote, "What kind of band is on the radio tonight?"

The note came back addressed to Madame Cheesecake Number One. "My dearest Miss C, what kind of band would you like? We want you to be happy. And do you feel all right?"

"If I get too much oxygen, what will it do to me?" Paulette wanted to know.

"It will make you go like this." The pilot fluttered his arms in a flying motion.

Paulette giggled into her oxygen mask.

"Give me some more." Then she looked down at the moonlit sinister beauty of the country below and thought of something else. "Do the Japs know we're here?"

The pilot nodded casually. Paulette swallowed hard. She grabbed the pencil again and wrote feverishly. "What did they say?"

"They're plotting our course. But relax, my dear Miss C, nothing will happen."

Oh sure, relax. Flying over the Hump, with the Japs plotting your course. The funny part was, Paulette did relax. Just because the pilot made with the nicknames and gagged about everything, and made her laugh.

Almost as much as Keenan, who was a walking Joe Miller joke book, having been brought up on gags from the cradle by his comedian father, Ed Wynn. Bill, too, knew plenty of comedy angles. Andy made the music. Paulette was just the stooge.

Keenan gagged off stage as well as on. But one time when they made a landing for fuel on a tiny island in the middle of the ocean, his gag blew up in his face. They had just gotten off the plane and had breakfast. (They were always having breakfast, because the time changed so fast as they flew that wherever they landed, everyone was just sitting down to powdered eggs and coffee.) Anyway, after breakfast, Keenan inquired the name of the officer in charge.

"Major so-and-so," he was told.

Keenan beamed. "Say, I know that guy. He's a hell of a good egg and an old friend of mine. What a chance for a gag!" He grabbed the phone, and was connected with the Major's office.

"Good morning, Major," said Wynn, in a deep Shakespearean voice. "This is Orson Welles speaking. I have just landed with a troop of forty to put on a show here. I need some props right away. I would like one marble bathtub, two white horses, three camels, a la-a-rg table complete with food—" There was a click at the other end.

"What do you know?" said Keenan. "The guy hung up. He must have recognized my voice. Guess he's on his way down here to say hello."

The major was indeed on his way down, but it is doubtful if he had on his mind included hello. He stalked

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into the mess hall looking like a khaki thunderstorm. Keenan took one look and buckled it up the key.

"Oh, my God! I never saw this character before in my life! There must be two majors by that name.

Paulette, who had been laughing like a lunatic up to now, held her breath. This could cause trouble. The major was not amused. Then Bill Gargan stepped in.

"How are you, Major? Remember me? We met in New York."

Fortunately, the major did remember. His granite countenance cracked around the edges. Everything was going to be all right, but Keenan didn't pull another gag for two whole days!

Anyone who has not been over the route the troupe took can't have much idea of what conditions are like. The poverty of those countries is almost incredible. There was great difficulty even in some of the large cities in getting the most ordinary necessities of life. Inflation has taken place; they pay the thousand Chinese dollars for a basin of water to wash in. Frequently she couldn't get water at all and had to use tea for her face instead, and brush her teeth in grapefruit. She ran out of cold cream and got a bottle of castor oil at an Army hospital to use instead. When there was water she shampooed her hair in two stages. The Major frowned that nice, shiny, clean-smelling hair. One day at a camp in India, Paulette was surrounded by a bunch of soldiers asking for autographs. They were crowded in so close that her large private's nose was pressed right into Paulette's freshly shampooed hair. He took a deep breath, then another.

"They take inches above the brow that will keep me going for another year."

One of the fighter pilots on the plane going over, used to brush Paulette's hair for her by the hour. As a reward she gave him a large bunch of plum blossoms. When at their first stop at a camp in India, the young pilot strutted around showing it off to everybody.

"My girl!" informed an Indian bearer, pointing to the picture.

"Not your girl," said the Indian coldly. "Paulette Goddard, Cinema."

Oh, sure, they'd all seen her in the movies. These Americans. But they were pretty curious about what she looked like in person. The plane would land at an installation, and every one would call and say, "Come!"

"Well, hello!" Paulette would say gayly to the crowd. But they were shy. They just went on staring silently, their eyes taking in the heavenly sight of a girl.

"Please, I beg, somebody say something. Can't you say hello?"

Then the storm would break. Everyone cheering and calling greetings and flocking around Paulette. The men grabbed with them all, and Paulette—always picking out one GI and kissing him.

The soldiers did odd, touching little things. Like the Joe who rushed up and danced jiving and said, "Here, Paulette!" He thrust a beautiful little ring into her hand and was gone. The plane took off, and she never saw him again. He knew her name. But she wears the ring now, always.

At one jungle post, Paulette was dressing for the show in an ambulance, as usual. Two snipers were around the place and a very GI hand appeared. It held a bouquet of orchids as big as her head. There were, in fact, exactly a thousand of them. The soldiers had been picking them for hours. Paulette promptly cut on a purple dress to match and arranged the flowers into an orchid hat that would have knocked Lilly Daché cold.

August 11

We know lotsa things, secrets 'n' stuff—and we're going to spill all in September's MODERN SCREEN. Interested? Well, better pick us up August 11 if you don't want to be let down—we're the hard-to-get kind.

Then there was the boy in China who brought her a bullet hollowed out and filled with water, and violet in it. Like a tiny vase. The violets were cool and lovely and seemed suddenly to make the grim reality of war recede a little. They were all the while thinking wishfully of home. The truck driver on the Burma road who wanted to finish the war in a hurry and get back to his girl in New York. The tall Texans who always yelled, "Take a nice tall glass of milk for me when you get back to the States." The boys who gave you a phone number and said, "Look, would you call Mom when you get back? You can't tell her where I am, but just say I'm okay."

Paulette had about five thousand of those messages.

She wore a uniform, traveling—a regular USO Camp Shows uniform. Because she had to wear high boots, she shortened the skirt to exactly four inches above her knee. And you know Paulette's knees! But she always changed out of the uniform before each show into an evening dress that would really put their eye out. Scarlet or purple or the white sequin number. She was there to give those kids as much glamour as she could manage in a jungle installation a million miles from nowhere.

Before she left for home, she gave away all her dresses and sweaters—everything but shoes and uniform, to the few girls she met out there. Flight nurses and Red Cross hostesses. The Red Cross is doing a tremendous job. This troupe saw the representatives at even the most remote outposts. Serving coffee and doughnuts, doing anything that had to be done.

"Darling!" she said. "Please come over here and sleep! And bring Keenan and Andy for lunch!"

They met a lot of exciting people on the trip. General Stillwell, who gave them a scroll calling them "Uncle Joe's Dead End Kids," because they had gone clear to the end of the line. General Chennault, who is myth and magic and inspiration to everyone who meets him. Lord Mountbatten who entertained them in New Delhi. There was a lot of funny things Paulette remembers oftenest. Instead she thinks of the GI Joe, who sweet and sweet and work like Army mules. The boys who waved good-by after every stop and said "Good luck, Paulette. And thanks for coming," Paulette thinks it should be the other way—"Thanks, boys for letting me come. It's been tops!"

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Your Figure—How to streamline it. Your Face—Photo-Revise, drawn by an expert over your own picture, shows you make-up secrets to bring out your beauty highlights. Your Style—Shows you how to be "best-dressed" yet save dollars! Your Grooming—Complete, time-saving beauty schedules. Your Voice—Exercises to make your speech more attractive. Yes—Mr. Powers' formula for charm and magnetism.

Clip the Coupon


John Robert Powers Home Course 247 Park Ave., Suite 64, New York 17, N. Y. Dear Mr. Powers: I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name. (PLEASE PRINT) Street.


Before Diane Parker's Photo-Revise gave her a new personality.
“ONE PUNCH” LUNDIGAN
(Continued from page 49)

Montezuma, Bill Lundigan was making
with the feet in boot camp. As this is writ-
ten, he is at Quantico, Virginia, enrolled in
the Photographic Section of the Cîné
School, taking training that the Marine
Corps puts to crucial combat use.

His family is of the opinion that he
should make an excellent fighting man.
Not, you understand, that he ever de-
liberately picked a fight, but from the time
he and his brothers were small fry, their
father encouraged them to learn how to
handle themselves.

bill, the battler . . .

When two of the boys got into a wrangle,
they were equipped with gloves and sent
out into the huge Lundigan back yard to
settle the difference of opinion. It usually
required only a few positive blows; the
Lundigans were too devoted to slug it out
with squared-circle venom.

Bill won his first fight when he was six.
The evidence was not on his face nor
skinned from his fists for this time his
clothes were the guilty instigators.

“What happened to your clean shirt,
Bill?” asked Mother Lundigan.

“A kid grabbed me and tore my shirt
so I hit him—hard,” said Bill. “Then he
hit me back, then I hit him real hard, and
he went away and left me alone.”

Sometime later, when he was going
through the Boy Scouts, knot by knot, he
earned his hundred yard swimming pin and
wore it proudly on his sweater. While pro-
ceeding innocently down the street one
evening, Bill was assailed by a newsboy
who saw the pin and made a flying tackle
at same, hoping to make the jewelry spoils
of war. He hadn’t calculated on the Lundi-
gan leather training. Bill’seducated fist
shot out once, twice, three times. The news-
boy lost interest in Boy Scout pins.

As practically every one of Bill’s fans
who has seen his work in pictures such as
“The Fighting Gaucho,” or “North West
Rangers,” or “Dr. Gillespie’s Criminal Case,”
“Back To God’s Country,” “Interna-
tional Squadron,” or “Salute To The
Marines”—is well aware, the Lundigans
are a family of six. Bob, pardon—nine.
They are Mr. and Mrs. Mike Lundigan,
the proud parents of four praiseworthy
sons, and the following line-up: Bill, the
oldest, Bob, who is an armored infantry
lieutenant now overseas, Jack, and Ted.
Bob is married to Muriel, and Jack is
married to Eugenia and is the father of
Miss Sharon Ann. That makes a total
family of nine.

It is a particularly well-integrated fam-
ily, about which the slogan “All for one
and one for all” suddenly seems simple
truth and never fraternal corn.

The sharing began when the boys were
little, and the best dressed—Lundigan was
the first one up in the morning. They
swapped clothes as fast as they became
the same size.

Bill was the tidiest of the boys. He didn’t
always hang up everything, but he cer-
tainly wanted his outfit to be spotless and
well-pressed the next morning. To this
deal he was frequently found working over
the ironing board despite a twisting from
Jack whose ensembles were strictly on
the foot-loose and fancy-free order.

This insociability sometimes came to
Bill’s attention. So did ears squashed too
firmly to the ground during football prac-
tice, or knuckles remembering too well the
black thumb encountered during a marble
game. A friend of the family once re-
marked, upon asking for Bill and being

“Guess My Age!”

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite
a bit older. Some people thought
she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an
unflattering face powder! It showed up
every tiny line in her face—accented
every little skin fault—even seemed to
exaggerate the size of her pores.

But look at her now! Can you guess
her age? Would you say she is 20-30–
35?

At last she has found a face powder
that flatters her skin—makes it look
younger, more enchanting!

Why Lady Esther Face Powder
Is So Flattering

Lady Esther Face Powder is extra flat-
tering because it’s made differently. It
isn’t just mixed, just sifted, in the usual
way. It’s blown by Twin Hurricanes—
blended with the speed and power of
hurricanes—to look clearer, smoother
and more flattering on your skin.

Because of this patented, exclusive
method of hurricane blending, the tex-
ture of Lady Esther Face Powder is
much smoother and finer than ordinary
powder. The first touch of your puff
spreads a delicate film of beauty on your
skin, hiding little lines, little blemishes.

And Lady Esther Face Powder clings
longer, too—clings four long hours!

But the most exciting difference is in
the shades. Lady Esther shades have a
subtle new quality—because the color
is blown in by hurricanes. Many women
say that the Lady Esther shades are so
fresh and alive that ordinary powder
shades seem dull and drab by com-
parison.

Try Lady Esther Face Powder! See
for yourself, in your own mirror, how
much smoother and younger it makes
your skin look. Get the small-size box
and try it today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther “Screen Guild Players”—Monday nights, CBS
NEVER TRIED MIDOL?

It's my "periodic pick-up!"

This month, give Midol a chance to keep you brighter ... more active ... enjoying life at the time when menstruation’s functional cramps, headache and blues might have you miserable.

Take Midol at the first twinge of pain. See how swiftly it acts to relieve your suffering. And trust these effective tablets; Midol’s comfort does not depend on opiates. Millions of girls and women rely on it regularly as a "periodic pickup." Ask for Midol at any drugstore.

Free illustrated booklet

"What Women Want to Know!" sent on request. Just write

General Drug Co., Dept.
M-84, 170 Varick St.,
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"MIDOL"

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A product of General Drug Company
gallantry, and when his mother commended him for it—after she had talked to Florence's mother—he blushed way up to his tousled blonde crop.

In the days that followed, Florence's measles gave way to spinal meningitis, and Florence—at nine—became a brown-eyed, dark-haired memory. As Bill grew up, he used to say to his mother occasionally, "Do you know who would fit into this gang of ours? Florence?"

In high school days, Bill had his quota of romances, one of which appeared to be quite serious. However, after he came to California, the girl married another man. For many months Bill and Columbia's Marguerite Chapman were a constant twosome, but this romance, too, seems ended.

During this formative period, Bill did most of his studying on the floor in front of the radio. During a particularly good program he would say, "That's where I'm going to be some day—handling a show like that." No one paid much attention.

Yet, after his second year in University, he secured a summer time job in the Syracuse radio station. He was doing commercials and gradually organized a series of daytime shows. When fall came, Bill had another of his heart-to-heart talks with his father. "I'm not going back to school, if you don't mind, Dad," he said.

contracts without contacts...

Mr. Lundigan had cherished a long-time ambition for his eldest son to study law. He felt that Bill could build a brilliant future for himself, not alone because of his abilities, but because the Lundigans knew many influential persons in politics. Mrs. Lundigan had long been Democratic State Committeewoman, and the Lundigan home had entertained such guests as Governor and Mrs. Al Smith, Governor and Mrs. Lehman and dozens of other celebrated politicians. On a radio occasion, a group of announcers were tried out for a job of emceeing a convention. When Bill won the competition, the sponsor said cheerfully that Fate had singled out, to introduce Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt over the air, the only contestant who knew—on personal terms—the Roosevelt family.

Despite his family contacts, Bill didn't want to study law. He had made his own opportunity in radio and had gone forward under his own power. He believed in the future of that industry and wanted to be a part of it. Yet, while he was on vacation in New York, the long arm of Universal Studios reached out and tapped him for a screen test. Bill, returning to Syracuse after the holiday, had a long talk with his parents, cosily draped over various items of kitchen furniture.

"If this goes through," said Bill dazedly, feeling as if he had bought a cheap ticket in an overseas Steeple Chase, "I'll hear on the fifteenth," and sure enough, on the morning of March fifteenth, Universal telephoned...not the New York office, but the Hollywood authorities themselves.

Bill had been in Hollywood only a few months when he began to be conscious of a serious lack: He missed his family as he had never missed anything before.

He wrote twice, three, and four times a week; occasionally he telephoned. The theme of this ardent literary effort, and the gist of all wired conversations was: "Please come to California." The Lundigans discussed it and decided that in union there was happiness.

Currently, whenever Bill gets leave, he makes a bee-line for a certain homelike apartment in Hollywood where his mother has (by dint of much point manipulation) a steak, chocolate cake and apple pie. M-G-M has a nice feast waiting for him too: A juicy contract going into effect the day the war is over. Great day.
when other people are sleeping. One day when things were looking pretty desperate, Lou Costello offered us his pine-panneled trailer. It was on the back of the studio, but who could be funny? Anyway, the river gurgled just 20 feet away, and the woods in back were thick and green. Lovely. Only trouble was, you couldn't stick your head out for air without find-
ing a pack of Zulus camping in the front yard. Well, Zulus are O.K. and so are Indians and Zombies. But the day I rolled out of bed and looked square into the face of that thing... hula, hula! It had two heads, both green, and hair on its cheeks and... Well, anyhow, that afternoon we moved. It was too bad though, except for those roving extras, it was just like Cen-
tral Park.

"Did I hear you say Central Park? And if you did, please say it again."

"Central Park."

The cop smiled. "I sure like the way that sounds."

"I like the way it looks," said Susie. "We rode through it one night in a buggy."

The subway rocketed through the tubes, and Van almost snapped his rubberneck off trying to make sense of the street names and numbers on the shiny tiled stations that flashed by. He rode for hours it seemed, although it was really minutes. It was Id at night before Van finally found his way to his mother's house and pounded on the door. It was raining, his hatless red mop of hair was plastered for-

lornly down on his face, his cheap rain-
cap was soaking, the trousers of his new brown suit were a soggy black and the straw suitcase no longer shiny. The only thing not wet about Van was his spirits. **new worlds to conquer...**

His mother opened the door—and almost fell over at the sight of her bedraggled son. But she made him dry off and told Van it was all right for him to stay there. In the morning she pressed ten dollars into his hand. "You can't go around New York without a hat," she told him. He ironed out his crinkled trousers, and Van set out for Broadway. He didn't buy the hat—but there were those actorish brown brogues.... **The only friends Van had in New York were two girls from Newport. Beth and Ann were daughters of U. S. Navy com-
mander, and they were both crazy about the theater. Like Van in Newport, they dreamed of coming down to New York and crashing Broadway. With him, too, they used to snog occasional walk-ons at the Casino in summer plays and stand around in awe of the great stars. The summer Van got his clam frying job at "The Barnacle" Beth and Ann left Newport. They told Van good-by. "We're going to New York all by ourselves," they exulted. "Mother has given us fifty dollars to join Equity. We're going to stay at the Rehearsal Club, where Margaret Sullivan and lots of famous stars have lived. It's the real theater atmosphere."

"Gosh—are you lucky!" Van had mar-
veled. He knew nobody would ever give him fifty dollars for anything, unless he earned it. At that point, getting out of Newport and living in New York seemed like a wild, impossible dream. And when Beth and Ann sent him back letters packed
with famous stage names and glamorous activities and even reports of real jobs in Broadway shows, Van's stomach squirmed with envy.

They had been on Broadway all summer. Van regarded Beth and Ann as veterans and authorities on what to do. He looked up the first day, as full of questions as a watermelon is seeds.

Beth and Ann had all the answers about the brave new world of the theater. They weren't really serious about Broadway like Van was. To them it was fun no end and a big lark. But they did have some good ideas. About whom to see and when and how to do it. About how to eat on pennies and where to go for lunch and what gyp-joints to stay away from. About the set-up of agents and the kind of front to put on. They taught him Broadway lingo and sharp talk. Van was a good listener and an eager beaver.

One thing Beth and Ann wised Van on was this: Beginners on Broadway have to sell themselves. Before they ever get near a real job on a stage, they have to convince an agent they've got personality. Beth and Ann had stories galore of how other youngsters had sold themselves, with this or that outstanding quirk or facet of their personalities; they related their own efforts to make an impression. "You've got a swell smile, Van," they told him. "Sell it! Use that smile until every agent on Broadway knows it. That's your selling point. Now remember."

Van didn't forget. His smile won him his first chance at a part—and within the first pavement-pounding week, too. Van started out cracking Broadway agents' offices like he used to crack clams. He'd make two dozen a day, shagging from one end of the bustling, bewildering street to the other, sitting and waiting, trying to warm up cold-eyed secretaries. But for four days he never got beyond the inevitable swinging gate that separated the sheep from the goats. He was just another starry-eyed kid, and nobody knew him from Adam. He'd come down town from Sheepshead Bay on an early subway, pound away at casting offices all morning, slip his nickles into the Automat at noon and burn up his suede shoes all afternoon. He had to catch the 6:40 express back to his mother's house or he wouldn't eat. Van liked to eat, so he usually quit at six sharp. But on the fifth night, hustling past the French Casino Building on Broadway on his way to the subway House, Van spotted a light burning in an office. He'd played musical chairs in that particular agent's office the day before for hours and never had got past the secretary. A bright thought struck him. Maybe at this hour the job hunters would be gone, but the agent would still be at work.

shot in the dark . . .

Sure enough, the office door was open, but the reception room was empty. The agent, Murray Phillips, was in his private office, but his wife was at the reception desk. She eyed Van.

"Mr. Phillips isn't in," she said. Van smiled. She looked at him again. "I remember you," she said.

"You DO?" Van turned on his smile.

"Yes," she said, "now that you smile. Wait a minute. She opened the private door and called to her husband. "Maybe this one is it." The gate swung open, and Van had his first interview. He kept smiling, and he lied glibly about all the experience he'd had. The job was a singing spot. Van, as Van let on like he was an undiscovered Sinatra. "Okay," Phillips finally said. "Be down at nine tomorrow morning, Cherry Lane Theater, for an audition.

Van never even missed the dinner he'd skipped that night. He spent the evening...
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"I lost 46 pounds without becoming wrenched orBaby," says Mrs. Gladys Tuley of Markham, Texas. "Can you blame me for having such faith in the Course? It has brought me such vibrant health and so much vitality that I not only do my own work but take my place in the Red Cross Motor Corps."

LOST
46 POUNDS
WAIST
6 1/2 IN. LESS
ABDOMEN
7 1/2 IN. LESS
hips
6 IN. LESS
THIGH
4 1/2 IN. LESS

van did. Then he sang a couple of other songs, and his voice came back to him. He kept smiling, too, bravely, although he was scared silly. But he got by. "Okay," said the director curtly. Then he turned his attention to the others. Maybe because Van's spot wasn't half as important to the show as it was to Van. "Ente Nous" was an end of Van Johnson's first stage job. It was a series of sketches and skits, blackouts, jokes and songs. Most of the cast were eager, anxious kids just like Van Johnson, pathetic kids who thought, like Van, "Ente Nous" would unlock Broadway's gates pronto. They all worked like beavers, hauling up the curtain, shifting scenery, doubling in the ensemble between their specialties. And all of them found themselves without a job in four quick weeks.

It didn't discourage him. Far from it. Looking back, Van can see what a small-time break it was how pathetic and struggling all the kids were, how tiny the tempest in a teacup. But he built it up in glowing terms to himself, and he wrote his Newport pals, Lois and Mary and Dorothy Gladding, and his father about his big "success." They thought it was wonderful, too, except his dad. He wrote, "I'll expect you home soon."

"Ente Nous" did something else for Van. It initiated him into a little crowd of ambitious kids just like himself. His happy knack of making friends eased him in at once. He became a member of "The Penn-Astor Club."

That's what the bunch who hung around the Penn-Astor Drug Store on Broadway called themselves. Every member was deep in the business of making Broadway budge. All toted little kits of their photographs and address books with agents' phone numbers, all were broke and all were hungry. They'd gather there at lunch time, pass on job tips, gossip, describe good news and bad breaks.

Smile... Smile. Smile... Van was to get that every way of the way to Hollywood. People liked him when he smiled. But sometimes it was hard to remember. Finally it got to be a habit, no matter how Van felt inside the show opened, even if you were scared white. Grin when it flopped and closed, even if you were leaning up and down Broadway looking for the Cherry Lane Theater. Somehow he pictured it, a glorious, splendid house, and he saw himself walking regally in the stage door while Broadway crowds gathered. A first crack at Broadway will do that to anyone—especially a romantic, head-in-the-clouds small town boy like Van Johnson was then. But it didn't turn out to be exactly a crack at Broadway. Finally, Van discovered that the Cherry Lane Theater wasn't on Broadway at all. It was down at Greenwich Village. And next morning when he showed up there, it was hard to mask his disappointment with that winning smile. The Theater—a favorite breaking-in place for intense Greenwich Village hopefuls (Jennifer Jones and husband Bob Walker used to act there in their hungry days), was a tiny, dark little box where cockroaches and rats chased around at will, it seemed to Van.

But the tiny stage was lighted, and the cast members were already rehearsing. All had been chosen except Van. When they stopped the rehearsals for his audition, Van felt curious eyes burn on him.

The piano player banged a chord. "Okay, kid," he said. "What will you sing?"

Van sang "I'm in the Mood for Love" with his hands awkwardly in his pockets. His throat felt dry and cracked, and he was sure he squeaked.

"Try it again."

tempest in a teacup...

Powder? Yes! Base? Yes! Tint? Yes! Delicate or sun-kissed at will! Clever camouflage for flaws! Yes! And, Campus gowns against drying, too!

Yes... something wonderful happens to you when you wear... CAMPUS MAKE-UP.

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stony broke. Smile when the agents said, "Sorry!" Van had to kick himself in the pants more than once to keep pressing forward, smiling, shoving his way in, being aggressive like you had to be on Broadway if you ever expected to get a foot in that fame door. He was breezy and brash with his pals. He still said, I’ll do it!" to every chance that popped anywhere. But underneath Van remained the shy country kid from Newport, and he’s still that way today. But he was lucky. On the rare times his nerve failed him, something would force his hand. Like his break in his first big show “New Faces.”

tap-happy . . .

He was back from Boston only a few days and out massaging the pavements again when the Penn-Astor Club grapevine came through with an important flash. They were looking for youngsters who could dance at the Vanderbilt Theater. And the show was strictly big-time, a Broadway production. Van hustled up there—but this time, instead of his builder-upper brown brogues he changed to a pair of tap-shoes with metal tips.

When Van arrived at the Vanderbilt, it looked as if every hungry young actor in New York was on hand for a try-out. The theater was dark inside and gloomy, Van found a seat on the front row and propped his feet disconsolately on the orchestra rail. "I can’t go up there and try out with all this mob," he told himself. "I haven’t a chance." He was sitting there, deep in the dumps and ready to call it off when the dance director stepped out on the stage. He looked over the candidates before he said a thing. His eyes traveled up and down the rows. A metal gleam caught his eye—Van’s tap-tips. They were the only ones visible. The director was in a hurry, and he had a big chorus to cast.

"Hey you!" he yelled. "You with the tap-shoes. Come up here!" Van found himself climbing on the stage, still dazed and surprised. "Do a time-step." Van did. "Okay," Van had a job—just like that. Because “New Faces” was a big show on Broadway. It ran nine long months, and every week Van Johnson drew his forty dollar equity minimum. It was another pot-pourri of sketches, blackouts and song and dance numbers. Van hoofed in the “ensemble,” which is polite for chorus; he stooged in a specialty number and helped out the stage manager.

But “New Faces” was more important to Van than just his first steady job on Broadway. It put him at last completely on his own. With a few frogskins in his wallet, he could afford to pull out from his mother’s house, because that welcome was wearing off. She really didn’t understand Van any more than his father did.

too busy for love . . .

Van found a room in a brownstone house on 45th Street—six dollars a week. Bed, bureau, basin and the bathroom down the hall. There wasn’t much closet space, but that didn’t bother him. He still had just his brown suit, a few theatrical costumes he’d had to buy, the straw suitcase and the red-and-black skullcap he wore in a college number for one of Dorothy Gladding’s Newport shows.

Van was still a rabid movie fan. After the evening’s performance in “New Faces,” he’d take in the midnite show at the Capitol, watching Lew Ayres in “Doctor Kildare” and a dozen others right after dancing before Broadway audiences. On odd afternoons sometimes he could squeeze in a matinee, look at other Broadway hits. Van hadn’t forgotten Newport. When ever he had the price of a ticket he would run up for the week-end. Each time his father thought certainly he’d come back to stay, he’d be surprised again when Van went back to New York. Van still saw Beth and Ann. But Lois had left Newport and it wasn’t until much later, when Van was doing all right in “Pal Joey,” that he found a note nestling in his hotel mail box one night.

“If you are red-headed and can fry clams,” it read, “call Such-and-Such.” Van called the number and took Lois to dinner. They spent the evening, Van recalls, talking about Lois’ husband and baby.

Romance had never entered Van Johnson’s life halfway seriously since he left Newport. Pretty girls were on all sides of Van every day, and their charms were well noted for future reference. But there were two good reasons why he paid them little mind. Girls cost money—and Van couldn’t afford them. They took time—and Van didn’t have any to spare. Because Van Johnson hadn’t forgotten that to get anywhere in show business you had to get better every day. He took dancing and singing lessons constantly, even when he had to put the fees on the cuff.

Van nursed no false pride about money. He’d take any salary if he needed the dough (and he usually did) or saw a chance to learn something. In lean periods he’d run off to a tank town and sing and dance with a pick-up unit for cakes and coffee, right after holding down a solid spot in a Broadway show. After “New Faces” his next New York job was at the Roxy Theater as a chorus boy at thirty dollars a week. He did a little stooging with Abbott and Costello, too, in a slapstick act. He wasn’t purse-proud. And by keeping circulating regardless of salary Van managed to make his own breaks.
At the Roxy, for instance, an acrobatic dancer named Lucille Page spied him in the "ensemble" and liked the way he looked and danced.

"How'd you like to work up a dance act with me?" she asked. Van would, definitely, as always. "Sure." Lucille was the wife of Buster West, the famous Follies specialty dancer. In no time flat Van was on the road touring with "Buster West Company," wearing a sailor suit, singing "September in the Rain" and learning plenty about dancing from Buster. He hopped from city to city—new ones he'd never seen before—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington at seventy-five dollars a week and expenses. But when Lucille discovered she was to have a baby, and the act broke up, Van was right back on Broadway scouting at a chance to join up with a new male harmony team at fifty dollars per. Work was work, and you could always learn something.

They opened at Buffalo, the Eight Men of Manhattan, as they called themselves. Van had a solo, and he was sharp in the swing arrangements. He stuck and came down with the outfit to the Big Town to be booked in the city's smartest sky club, the Rainbow Room. The Eight Men wore white dinner jackets and bow ties and followed a singing star named Mary Martin, who was then the toast of the town because she had sung "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in a Broadway show.

tip to toe...

Rainbow Room or not, he reverted right back to the chorus on his very next job. The Broadway producer, George Abbott, getting together "Too Many Girls," heard Van's inevitable audition and barked, "No—no—out!" That might have wilted anyone but Van Johnson. But what can you do with a guy who won't be licked and says, "All right—I'll try out for the chorus!"

It wasn't just a chorus job Van was after. But that was a way in to nab the understudy spot for Dick Kollmar, one of the stars. Van never let his chorus work slip an inch. He was the hardest worker in the ensemble, and he spent his spare time at rehearsals with Jerry Whyte, the stage manager, learning the script of the show and the Rodgers and Hart songs backwards. It was a long chance, but sometimes those are the babies that come through, even if they seem to pick the most awkward moments.

Because Van was stretched out in his hotel room with freight cars rolling across his tummy the day it happened. He'd hold of some poisoned food in a Broadway eatery, and he was as sick as a horse with the heavens. In fact, he reached for the phone to call up and report that he couldn't make the performance that night. Just as he grabbed the handle, the phone rang. "Dick Kollmar's sick," the stage manager told him. "You go on in his spot tonight."

"Sure!" Van promised bravely. He went on that night in a daze, singing, "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." Van wasn't kidding. He didn't. He was so hushed he could have bawled.

Later, when Dick Kollmar took off two weeks to marry Dorothy Kilgallen, Van snatched again, and for the first time he hit the Broadway columns and Big League publicity. People knew who he was. When Abbott got "Pal Joey," his next show, together, Van along in a song and lines. He pushed his luck with every tiny break that popped up, too. Like the time in rehearsal when Gene Kelly finished one of his wonderful fast dances and found himself self out of breath. Gene was supposed to go into a song next. "I'm too winded for that song right after the dance," he said. He looked at Van standing nearby, ache-

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going up...

Johnson took it. Johnson took everything anyone offered. "Sure—I'll do it," he said. He got a dance spot with June Havoc, too, and before "Pal Joey" had played a week on Broadway. Van Johnson was at last a name—a pretty small one, but still a name. Leland Hayward, the Hollywood agent, offered to manage him, along with Gene Kelly and June Havoc. Van knew he was going somewhere.

At last, too, he was making respectable money, a hundred and fifty a week. Van could afford to have a few friends and see a little life. Gene Kelly had taken a fancy to the eager, ambitious, personable Van. Gene was courting his wife, red-headed Betsy Blair, then and Gene and Betsy and June Havoc and Van were a foursome.

But now Leland Hayward got busy on his clients, ripe for Hollywood with a hit show on Broadway. Gene Kelly's offer came first, then June Havoc's. One Saturday morning Van's telephone rang.

"Can you take a plane to Hollywood tonight?" Hayward asked. "Columbia wants to make a test."

He flew out that night after the show. Van had never been in the air before, and it was rough. He was sick. They whisked him to a sound stage bright and early Monday. Van sang a song and did a dance and then he did a scene they handed him from "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" with Janet Blair.

That night Van was back on a plane headed for New York, and he played "Pal Joey" Tuesday night. He had barely had a quick glance at Hollywood. He had rolled around on airsick legs most of the time. But the soft whirr of the camera stayed in his brain, and he knew something mysterious had happened. When the news came that Columbia didn't think he was worth the price Hayward was asking, Van's spirits sagged. "Pal Joey" closed about that time, too, and Van didn't bother to start snagging another job. Instead, he went home to Newport to visit his dad. He had barely gotten there before the telephone in the big house on Ayrault street rang. "Long distance," the operator said. "Hollywood calling."

A businesslike voice came over the wire. "This is Warner Brothers. We've just looked at your Columbia test. Will you come out right away on a contract?"

Van took a train west this time. He plopped on at Grand Central lugging a brand new suitcase, a portable typewriter, a bag of apples and a book. The book was titled "The Sun Is My Undoing"—and there were plenty of times afterwards that Van Johnson wondered how he'd ever picked such prophetic reading matter.

Because the band wasn't exactly lined up to welcome Van to Hollywood.

When he strutted up the ramp into the blinding sunshine, the only crowd was a mob of anxious travelers who bumped the suitcase out of his hands. The only music was the organ in the patio. "That can't be for me," thought Van, "can it?" Van was just another forgotten man. He sat and he waited, and he haunted his mail box at the desk, and he asked the switchboard girl if there were any calls until she began to get nasty about it. Van knew his way around Broadway, but this Hollywood was something he had never run up against. It was like punching a feather pillow—nothing happened. All he got was a nice voice at the studio saying, "We'll let you know when we need you." His check came by mail right on time every week.

It was worse because Van didn't know a soul in Hollywood. Gene Kelly was on his way out to start at M-G-M, but he'd married Betsy Blair at last and was taking

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LION GOES TO WAR

(Continued from page 33)

Metro's legion of star soldiers have earned a lot of things—rapid promotions and responsible posts, campaign ribbons galore, and things like Distinguished Flying Crosses, too. Although when they went in, almost to a man they could agree with Clark Gable.

Clark stated it bluntly the day he signed up as an Air Corps private, got his long, black hair cropped GI style and his moustache obliterated. "I don't know beans about the Army," he said. And like Jimmy Stewart, he added, "I'm here to learn."

That's the attitude that has made first class fighting men out of most of M-G-M's silver screen variety. Take the case of Bob Montgomery, our piazza-striped Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery, U.S.N.R., Guadalcanal veteran, ex-PT boat commander, invalided home once, now back hunting Japs somewhere in the South Pacific. Commander Montgomery didn't get salty that way overnight or by rolling over in bed and calling up his favorite press-agent.

Jimmy Stewart—excuse—Major James Stewart, U.S. Army Air Corps, holds the "first to go" record at M-G-M. Jimmy signed up on March 22, 1941, nine months before Pearl Harbor. But actually, Bob

THey had started marriage with such high hopes... pretty Ellen and her handsome Don! They had known out that love is as fragile as it is precious. They had promised that even the slightest misunderstanding would be frankly talked over and cleared up. And they had kept that promise until now! But now, here was Ellen, in misery and despair... here was Don, aloof and silent... Something she couldn't even understand had come between... Something Don stubbornly refused to discuss... DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (See free book offer below.)

YOU should, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life. Second, the most serious odorization problem any woman has... one which you may not suspect. And what to use is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

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Montgomery got the first preview of World War II's triple feature horror bill. Bob was in England making a picture when Hitler's hordes swept like a bloody flood across France. By that time Sir Montgomery was at the wheel of an Allied ambulance, bounding over the shell-pitted roads hauling shattered French poilus back to base hospitals. He was bombed and wounded, and once the ambulance had taken him to a hospital, and leave Bob miraculously unharmed. Bob lived through the hell of the Fall of France.

What he'd seen made him fighting mad. What he craved to be was a fighting man. So in July, 1941, before Pearl Harbor drove America out of bed, Bob enlisted in the Navy. He didn't have to look far. You don't officer a U. S. fighting ship in war-time unless you know your Navy stuff from away back. Montgomery started looking around for ways to get in.

At the Embassy he uncovered an officer of the Montgom-

ery. He offered to put him in the Navy. Montgomery was transferred back to Washington, still in Naval Intelligence, he was a pretty fair stick sailor, but nobody suspected anything—yet. There was one thing the chief hadn't been able to teach Bob—navigation. That's pretty mathematical and technical stuff, but Bob knew what he wanted and how to get it. He boned on navigation at night, and when he knew he was ready, demanded the examination for a deck officer. It was a pretty brash thing for a green recruit to do. But Montgomery was a man with a destroyer. There was plenty of sly smiles among Bob's gold braid Annapolis colleagues, which vanished when he passed the stiff exam with high marks. Bob applied then for the spring session at Newport, R.I., got it—and at last he was a real fighting Navy officer.

By now Commander Robert Montgomery has a record any blue water sailor can be proud of. He has served on a British destroyer in the North Sea. He's acted as Liaison Officer between the British Admiral and Vice Admiral Robert Ghormley. He commanded a PT boat going into action aboard a U. S. cruiser in the South Pacific in the early days when the Japs had the upper hand there. He was operations officer with a destroyer that raised the Japs in Kula Gulf. And when malaria sent him back stateside, he had plenty of battle stars on his campaign ribbons and a mighty impatience to get back to see.

the human comedy ...

In fact, after he got better, Bob was put in charge of a naval shore unit in San Pedro, near Hollywood, and he quickly wangled a way to get back out where the guns roar. That's where Commander Montgomery is today, back hunting Japs—and you can bet as long as there's any war action going on in this war, he'll find a way to be in the middle of it. He tells one on himself when he was a shore skipper at San Pedro.

Among his duties there was the unpleasant job of instructing new pilots. One day a sailor was up on the carpet for some regulation rap. At the same time, one of Robert Montgomery's old M-G-M pictures was playing at the local Bijou. The sailor had seen it, and after Bob bawled him out in his best official manner, the sailor sighed, "Gee, Sir, I wish you were still funny like you used to be in pictures!" Bob had to laugh at that, which wasn't the thing to do.

Jimmy Stewart can match Robert Montgomery's rugged record card for card. Like Bob, Jimmy got the idea in his school days—realized his ambition, and was commissioned a B-17 bomber pilot. That's why this new film, "Stewart!" is being made. See it in a few weeks. You'll laugh and gasp and marvel at this man's story.
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coolness and skill” in bomber missions over Germany. An “exceptionally meritorious achievement,” the citation read.

Clark’s unit brought back some fifty thousand feet of film, taken in air combat. Editing that with the First Motion Picture Unit in Hollywood into a dramatic Air Corps record of their private invasion has been Clark’s job for the past few months, and aside from a few dates, he’s spent most nights huddled over the reels of film at the laboratory. Any day now the picture he brought back will be ready for theaters, and then Captain Clark Gable will be off to a new assignment.

When people ask him if he’ll be coming back to picture when his war job is done, Clark grins and shrugs his wide shoulders. “I haven’t even thought about it,” he replies. But you can bet his old alma mater, M-G-M, has.

It’s funny, looking back at the peace-time hobbies of these M-G-M stars, how they’ve paid off for America when the chips were down. Clark Gable’s gun, camera and rugged outdoor living. Jimmy Stewart’s putting around in his pleurea plane. A few years ago they were good for chuckles—like the time Jimmy cooked Katharine Hepburn aloft when they made “Philadelphia Story,” and got so nervous with his precious passenger that he skidded all over the Burbank field on one wheel when he landed, to give M-G-M big-shot heart failure. Robert Taylor, on one of his first solo flights, sat his buzzer job down in a watermelon patch and had to talk fast to keep an angry farmer from bearing him with a hoe.

the girl behind the guy...

There’s no joking about Lieutenant Robert Taylor’s flying today. It’s a dead serious matter, with both the Navy and Bob. His job is to teach naval air cadets their stuff at the Naval Air Station in Livermore, California. It’s a full time job and a pretty responsible one, and he hops into his bunk at bachelor officers’ quarters every night with the chickens, except every ten days when he draws forty-eight hours leave and a trip to Beverly Hills and Barbara. The Taylors are trimmed for wartime living as much as any Hollywood couple. Bob and Barbara used to live on a rolling ranch in Northbridge, surrounded by horses and all the comforts of country squire. Then they moved into a big Beverly Hills house, and when Bob left, Barbara closed most of it up, but she still rattles around that was left. Now that’s sold, and the home Lieut. Taylor visits is a mere matchbox as Beverly homes go, six rooms—so small that even the tourist bus drivers haven’t discovered it yet and would be ashamed to point it out if they did.

Barbara Stanwyck deserves a certain share of credit for Bob’s new career in Naval aviation, too. She always has been deathly afraid of planes. She took one ride with Bob years ago. It was a rocky ride on a bad weather day. Barbara remained frozen in her seat all the way and climbing out of the plane afterwards, said, “Thank goodness I’m on the ground and believe me I’m going to stay here!” She has never been up again.

But in spite of her almost pathological horror of heights, she never let out a peep of protest when Bob told her his service plans. Long before Robert Taylor got a crack at his commission, he spent all his vacation time at a private desert plane training school, adding up his hours until he had a total of 110 solo—nothing to get worked up about these days—but a solid start which came in handy. By the way, Bob Taylor’s air bug bit him away back in 1941 when he made “Flight Command” in San Diego at the Naval Aviation base.

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SCREENLAND RECORDERS
Playing a make-believe Navy pilot and skimming the waves in the Navy's fast fighters made him crave to fly. But he never dreamed that one day he'd be wearing Navy wings himself.

**commencement jitters...**

Bob had the right background—a degree from Pomona College, a college athletic record and a manly personality that long ago smeared down the "Beautiful Bob" stuff which his super good looks hung on him. In his thirties, Bob knew he was too old to zoom Hellcats around. But he hoped maybe to be a transport pilot or instructor. He had his bags all packed when he got orders to wait—the class at Dallas was filled, and it would be twelve weeks before he could get going.

That's when he made "Song of Russia"—after he was sworn in as a lieutenant (j.g.). Maybe it wasn't the best picture Robert Taylor ever starred in—but you have to remember Bob had other things on his mind then, and it had to be a hurry-up job. Anyway, what should happen but the picture ran over schedule, and Bob found himself behind the eight ball when he finally showed up. Not only was his class all youngsters right out of college and sharp as tacks, but starting late gave Taylor an extra handicap.

He made it at last with flying colors, but there was a time or two when the escapes were squeaky indeed. Not the least of which being the day his class graduated. They scheduled him for a speech at the exercises before the class. Newsreel cameras were on hand for the big events and Bob was all slicked, pressed and polished up.

A Navy captain, the guest of honor, spoke first. He'd spent a life in the regular Navy, remote from audiences, and he'd never seen a camera before. Just the same he gave a magnificent talk with perfect poise, and his stage personality was terrific. But when Bob climbed up on the stand he got the shakes, stammered, blew his lines and in general acted like a high school boy in the senior class play. The newreels had to ask him to do it over and was Bob's face red! One of them cracked, "Are you sure you're the same Robert Taylor who used to be in pictures?"

"N—no," answered Bob. "To tell you the truth, I'm not." He wasn't kidding, either, at that point.

**the hard way...**

Another of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Bobs—Bob Sterling—rates a special star on M-G-M's service honor roll, because of all the front-line stars in Hollywood who have earned their wings, he's the only one who made it from scratch as an air cadet along with the rest of Uncle Sam's raw nephews.

Bob left the lot quietly in November of that year, took his pre-flight training at the big Santa Ana Training center, which is just a jump from Hollywood, then his primary training at Thunderbird Field in Phoenix, Arizona, his basic at Pecos, Texas, and finally his advanced at Marfa in Lone Star land, where something new was added to his shoulder straps that made him Lieutenant Robert Hart (he uses his real name). That ate up a whole year of his young life, and now he's an instructor at the B-25 Transitional School, Mather Field, Sacramento, California, where he can run down to spend weekends with his wife, a perky blond gal you might know named Ann Sothern.

The year Bob Sterling spent remodeling himself from an actor to a pilot the hard way was rugged enough, but it was even tougher being a brand new bridget born without a bride practically all of that.

**LOST:** One husband's Heart

Another quarrel! Bill was drifting away from Kay. If only she could understand his coldness! Then she went to see Dr. S. Quite frankly, he told her about the "one neglected" most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene.

He advised Lysol, the method so many modern wives use. See what happened!

**FOUND:** A second Honeymoon

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time. Bob and Ann met on the lot at M-G-M, fell in love and had reached what the old folks used to call "an understanding" just when he felt duty call.

When he reported to Santa Ana for his pre-flight, he told Ann, "It's right close to home. I'll be up every other night or so." The minute he got himself processed, he found all that was just a rosy pipe-dream. Pre-fighters at Santa Ana didn't even get one step off the base in eight weeks.

Well, that's the way it went most of the time—although the minute he wound up that hitch, Bob and Ann didn't take any chances. They eloped to Ventura one Saturday after Ann finished work in "Crazy Havoc" and had a brief honeymoon, even if she had to act again on Monday and Bob had to fly off. Until her lieutenant husband finally settled down (for awhile) at Sacramento, Ann had those lonesome wartime widow blues, with brief peeks at her old man every third or fourth month.

With all their separations, however, Bob Sterling and Ann Seehorn have had a pretty cosy conmubial time of it, when you have a look at what a jinx war cooked up for Greer Garson and Richard Ney—there I go again—Lieutenant (j.g.) Richard Ney. From start to finish, their romance has been a no-decision tug-of-war between Cupid and Mars, ever since Dick, in De- troy with a "Life With Father" stage company in 1942, decided it was time to quit acting funny and act tough. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve then and went off to Notre Dame and then on to New York to become an ensign for a commission.

All that was after Richard Ney and Greer Garson made "Mrs. Miniver" together in Hollywood and discovered their feelings for each other weren't strictly mother-and-son like they played on the screen. When Dick finished his training and came to the West Coast for sea duty, he had about forty-eight hours in Hollywood which he used to excellent advantage in persuading Greer to become Mrs. Ney. So they went right down to take out a marriage license and the clerk said, "It's good for two days from now." Neither one had considered California's notorious "gin marriage," three-day-wait law. At that point Dick had one day. He left the next night, a single and very dejected ensign, for the Aleutians, which isn't exactly the kind of bright and cheery spot designed to improve a case of absent lover blues.

short order honeymoon . . .

Ensign Ney served ten months in the foggy Aleutians aboard a troop ship, he saw the bloody action of Attu, and when ten long, gray months had slipped by, En- sign Ney found himself on a second leave in Hollywood, and that's when he took Greer to a little church in Santa Monica and tied a sailor's knot. Right away—you might know it—he got orders to sail—so the happy bridal pair had a honeymoon of exactly twenty-four hours!

The next time they saw each other was in Boston, where Richard's ship was in port, and Greer was on a bond tour. It was Greer's last stop, and Dick had orders to ship out of San Pedro, next door to Hollywood office, in his next cruise, with ten days to report.

That trip together across the country and the few days left in Hollywood is all the happy life Richard and Greer Garson, have had. Dick earned his j.g. half-stripe on his next mission to the South Pacific although Greer had to learn that good news from the Navy post office return address on his letters—he forgot to mention it!

When he returned from the Pacific, Lieutenant Ney asked for duty on small stations, he thought it'd suit his action that way—so they shot him right on to the Naval Sub Chaser Training Center in
Miami, Florida. Dick isn't counting on any home life until after the Japs and Germans surrender—unless Greer Garson turns stowaway.

Of all these stars, perhaps the best prepared for hostilities was Van Heflin, who had lighted in Hollywood just long enough to win himself an Academy Award in his first year on the screen. Van didn't have to adapt civilian hobbies or start a brand new life from scratch. He was already a reserve officer in the Field Artillery—had been ever since he fired 75's down at the University of Oklahoma.

destination unknown...

He hadn't progressed much in all that time, it's true, because he thought we'd never be in another World War? So Van was still a second looney when the shooting started. But he remembered enough telepromptry to have his commission reactivated, and got back in uniform in November, 1942, rubbing off his cinema studio rust at Camp San Luis Obispo, and landing a spot instructing new troops at Camp Roberts. Then he got stung by that fatal Air Corps bug and wangled a transfer. It paid off right away because last year Van got sent on a foreign mission that's one of three military secrets, and his wife, Frances, kept the Christmas tree up even if it dripped needles all over the rug until Van got home in February. He'd never missed a Christmas celebration with his daughter, Vanette, before, and no war was going to ruin that record.

Van's still a second lieutenant in the Air Corps, at present sticking around in the States as a colonel officer replacement pool awaiting overseas orders, which he's pretty sure he'll have with the shooting going on in Europe, if he already isn't in there by the time you read this.

War has changed Van Heflin's easy amiability and swell sense of humor, or the friendly personality that won him popularity prizes in Hollywood overnight. On his last foreign mission, Van was greeted at his military destination by an Air Corps colonel. Van saluted, and the colonel returned it. Then he stuck out his hand. "Hello, Van," he said, "remember me?"

Van looked blank. "No, Sir."

"Well," chuckled the officer with the eagles. "You were my commanding officer in the ROTO at Oklahoma. Yep, I guess you started me on my Army career.

Seems he had gone on to West Point after college, entered the Air Corps, won his wings, and had risen to a full colonel while Van, who used to walk in uniform, was still only a shavetail. Nobody but a guy with Van Heflin's funnybone would ever tell one on himself—but so far it's Van's favorite war story.

Bill Lundigan had an even more embarrassing moment blit him in the Marine Corps. Bill's a corporal now, in training at Quantico, with the Marine Cineschool, photographic section. When he gets through there, he'll probably be getting action films in the can like the Tarawa-repeats. Bill's a captain Louis Hayward's marine camera unit brought back from bloody Betio and the Marines picked corporal Bill Lundigan to narrate.

But last June Bill Lundigan was a lovely "boot" at a recruit camp in San Diego. Marine boots hold the record for enduring the ruggedsmack-down treatment of any outfit, and Bill was doing all right as honor man of his platoon, a featured performer on the "Halls of Montezuma" radio show and a quick raise to a Private, First Class stripe, when a certain picture he had made in Hollywood came to the base theater, and—oomph!—up in a study of upper body, the picture was "Salute to the Marines." Bill
Offered think, i TOOTH pad and pounded COMFORT the MFG. with PASTE Sacred, invisible Magnesium chart.

stores S. tube exami- a1 u «J^ u... to tooth the 7 fuss Hedy Lamarr when make North American for action the have haеве-hо and put a tip on that the General would show up. Gawking his own neck, Bob heard one Londoner inquire, "I say, what's all the fuss?" "I think, old chap," said the other, "they're waiting to see Montgomery." The first Briton snorted. "Dashed stupid, if you ask me," he barked. "All this bloody fuss over a movie actor!"

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dressing room buildings on the M-G-M lot. One is for featured stars and the other is exclusively for the highest ranking women. When Lana went into "Marriage Is A Private Affair" she moved into a dressing room flanked by Greer Garson and Hedy Lamarr... Although this is John Hodiak's fifth picture, it will be the first time audiences will see his face on natural. Metro shaved off his beard, washed the oil and dirt from his face, dressed him in tailored clothes and presented him for the first time as he really is... John, incidentally, didn't test for the part of Lana's husband in this picture. Miss Turner happened to see the test he made for "Lifeboat"—suggested him for the role... Keenan Wynne, a close personal friend of Lana's, returned from his South Pacific tour and asked to see the picture. Lana took him to see it, told him it was complete except for the sequence in the jungle where a Marine acts as interpreter for the vocal love-making between Lana and John Hodiak. Keenan asked to see the script, saw great comedy possibilities in the small part and begged to be allowed to do it. As it turned out, it's one of the high spots in the picture and Keenan added much to his screen credit by doing it... Lana, noted on the Metro lot for her self-designed hair styles, models several glamorous new hair-dos in this one. Her hair has grown eight inches in the year she has been away from the screen. It was her own suggestion that Hodiak give her pig-tails a hard yank in one scene to prove to fans that all the luscious blond hair is really connected to Miss Turner... Lana also introduces the new short evening gown to the screen. Her wardrobe in the picture is entirely Irene-designed—even to the aprons... Cecelia Callejo, the castanet player, is world-famous for her clinkity-clack rhythms. Has played everything from Bach to Boogie-Woogie with them—appeared several times in the Philharmonic Auditorium. She's married to Robert Presnell, a Lt. Col. on General MacArthur's staff... Rope-twirling Dorothy Hackley was discovered by Lana Turner as she was doing her act in a Hollywood nightclub... Alex D'Arcy returns to the screen after an absence of a year and a half. Alex received his medical discharge from the Army just in time to go into this picture... Biggest task of the entire picture was teaching Lana to flip pancakes. Studio cook was brought to the set to demonstrate the art to Lana. She didn't think she had it mastered, the cameras would roll, Lana would begin her lines, throw the flapjack into the air—and invariably toss it into Director "Pop" Leonard's lap.

SORRY!

When we ran the beautiful kodalchrome of Linda Darnell in the May issue, we forgot to mention that she's starring with Dick Powell in "It Happened Tomorrow."
for both of us."

He called her a few days later. M-G-M wanted a girl to play in "Tish."

"Not me," said Susan.

"Look, honey, you're free as a bird. They've got no strings on you. Come along for the ride. Come along for the fun of telling 'em to go jump in the lake!"

So she went. LeRoy went to the fun of being signed for Tish. And the fun of playing opposite a big, cute, easy-going Irishman named Richard Quine, who showed her round the lot and made her feel at home and listened to her squawks. Because all through "Tish" she was terribly depressed by forebodings that her Warner history would repeat itself.

silver threads among the gold...

"I don't want to be under contract again. What I think I'll do, I'll go see Mr. Mayer. Mr. Mayer, I'll say, 'Do you think I can be an actress? If not, will you please let me go because I'm getting old?'

"That sounds like an excellent idea."

"I haven't got nerve enough to go see a bus boy, don't be.

But talking to Dick always left her a little less depressed.

One day came a message that Mervyn LeRoy wanted to see her. Despite two years at Warners', she was still a green-horn. "Who's Mervyn LeRoy?"

Having been enlightened, she toddled down to the "Random Harvest" set, couldn't find anybody. LeRoy couldn't see what he'd want with her if she did find him, concluded that the whole thing was a gag and went to lunch. On her return, people swooped. "Where have you been? Mervyn LeRoy had the kind for you."

"Look, if this is your idea of a joke—"

They convinced her it wasn't—half-convinced her, anyway. Still a little leery, she went off again, pushed through the heavy door, picked her way over cables and came face to face with a short, boyish-looking man. "Hello. You're going to play Kitty in 'Random Harvest'?

"I'm not Mervyn LeRoy's kind, don't be silly. What's Kitty anyway, and why am I going to play it?"

"I'm going to play it, you do." Her mouth opened—and shut.

Her color then turned normal to red, to green, just like a stoplight. "I'm Mervyn LeRoy," he grinned.

Susan bounced back. The first shock over, her natural skepticism reasserted itself.

"They've probably tested everybody from Ouspenskaya down, and now it's my turn—" (Actually LeRoy had had those desplasd Warner tests run off and picked her on the strength of what he saw in them. So the two years hadn't been wholly wasted.)

Her pretense of coolness lasted till she got the script home that night. Next morning, happily, she went flapping out to the set in search of Dick. His eyes looked heavy, but she was too full of her own affairs to wonder—just sat and chatted about the very pretty thing, and Dick responded the way he always did:

The assistant director came up. "You can leave for Detroit tomorrow, Mr. Quine—"

"You going to Detroit, Dick?"

"Yes." He looked away. "Just got word that Dad died."

"And here I've been— Oh Dick, why didn't you tell me?"

"It's all right, Susan. This is my trouble. Don't let it spoil your happy day—"

Falling in love with Dick was such a natural process that she doesn't remember

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SUSY-Q

(Continued from page 58)
when it started, and starting Kitty was another kind of milestone, one of the many pushing-ahead steps that in three years, found her being co-starred with Jean Pierre Aumont and Bob Taylor. The family continued to be amused, though less hilariously. Mom still thinks it's funny that Susan should be an actress, but yields to majority opinion. Bob alone refuses to be budged, won't even admit that his sister's in pictures. All that bothered him about entering the service was, suppose the fellows should track down a relationship between Susan Peters and Bob Carnahan. On his last leave, he was telling Susan about a girl he'd met—

"Kind of cute and blonde. Only—"

"Only what?"

"She found out I was your brother."

"So what happened?"

"So I never went back."

She made up a song for him, called, "I'm the Blot on Your Scutcheon—"

Meantime, love flourished along with the career. Up to then, Mom and Susan had never seen eye to eye on men. When daughter liked them, Mother didn't and vice versa. But Dick took an apartment in Mrs. Carnahan's house, and she fell in love with him. Asked him to breakfast, dinner and lunch till he was eating more meals at her table than Susan. He'd take them both driving and never left the house without bringing back some silly little thing. "Bless his heart," Mother'd croon. "Most kids his age don't know where to hang their hats." Susan would have suspected Ma of throwing Dick at her head, except she couldn't because he was there already—

"don't let him faint! . . ."

They were married last November in a Westwood church. For six days, Dick was in a daze. At the license bureau, he didn't have two dollars—at the wedding, he almost fainted. All Susan could see as she walked down the aisle was Dick's paper-white face and his pants-leg shaking in the breeze. She took his hand and felt all his weight against it. They knelt together, and he almost missed the step. Susan didn't have time to be nervous for herself. She was too busy praying, "Please God, don't let him faint—"

After the reception, Dick couldn't find the car keys. Susan had to go back and wait for an hour and a half, till the keys turned up in the middle of the street where he'd dropped them. They drove through a beautiful brushfire in Topanga Canyon to a beautiful week at Santa Barbara. Then six beautiful weeks in San Francisco, where Dick's Coast Guard unit was stationed, and they lived in a basement—pitch-black but divine. Then she had to go back to work—Dick's stationed nearer home now and gets in quite often. For a while they stayed with Susan's mother and spent all their spare time at auctions, gathering stuff for the French provincial farmhouse they plan to build after the war. This stuff they'd send home to Mom, who got a lot of healthy exercise climbing over chairs and tables to reach her front door.

**the mouths of babes . . .**

Dick was an old hand at auctions. Susan was new and all of a dither. Her business manager, who'd never let her spend any money, said she could buy anything she wanted for the house.

So the first thing she wanted, of course, was the first thing she saw. Service plates. "What am I bid for these twelve lovely service plates?"

"Fifty cents—" called a voice.

"A dollar—"

Susan blushed for them. Only a dollar, that was terrible. "Five," she chirped.

There was a long and painful pause, during which every head in the room turned to look at Susan. Dick's face was a ripe scarlet, and she couldn't be sure whether he was going to protect her or crown her.

"I'm sure you don't want to pay five dollars a piece for these plates," said the auctioneer, and was kind enough to let her have them for a dollar and a quarter. For the rest of the evening, Dick did the bidding, though Susan recovered sufficiently to poke him when she wanted something—

As for the plates, they're the worst-looking objects you ever set eyes on and repose on a pantry shelf. But every now and then when Dick's around, Susan ogles them ostentatiously. "Aren't they the most beautiful plates you ever saw?"

"If they're so damn beautiful, why don't you put 'em on the table?"

"Oh, I don't have the things to go with them yet."

Pretty soon she's going to start breaking them accidentally.

She calls Dick Ichabod Crane because he's so long, and he calls her Little Mother because she's always got the neighborhood kids underfoot. They also call each other "Dear," because it's such an expressive word, conveying all known emotions and any combination thereof. Like, "Dear, where did you dig up those cigarettes, they taste like tired shoes." Or, "Dear, you're an awful dope, but I love you.

Dick found their apartment while Susan was ill. It has an upstairs and a downstairs and a kitchen built by a man who couldn't cook, because you have to climb on a stepladder to reach the closets. Before she ever had a chance to set eyes on

---

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FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. CLEVELAND 13, OHIO
DUCKESS ON WHEELS

(Continued from page 43)

Greer Garson is a pedal veteran. She first began to ride when going to kindergarten at the age of five, her bright locks were the bane of her childhood and she ached under the taunting of her school mates who called her Copper Knob, or Rusty or Carrots.

Greer's profound consideration of this problem nearly cost her life some years later. She was cycling down the street when she caught sight of one of the boys who persisted in town-crying her coloring; quickly she wheeled behind a street car. In her haste to escape she failed to notice that her maneuver had placed her between two streetcars, traveling in opposite directions. She had presence of mind enough to lift herself, with a hand braced on either trolley, away from the bicycle, the handlebars of which were much wider than Miss Garson, and which were crunched in the collision.

Two horrified motormen, having applied emergency brakes, came swinging into the narrow breach, expecting to find at least mutilation and possibly death. The only casualties were Greer's bicycle, her books, and several square inches of skin scraped from the Garson arms and chin.

Despite almost having once lost her life she continued—but with less drastic action—avoid those who might mention her coloring, until she had reached a post-adolescent period.

One afternoon, walking past a group of laborers she noted that all work ceased as she appeared; then in scarlet she marched hurriedly on, eyes clinging to the distant horizon. "Now tell me," said a Cockney to the world, "what's wrong with that?"

Abruptly, a redhead came into her own.

Her struggle with the matter of natural coloring, however, may well go on forever. When preparations were being made to start her current picture, "Mrs. Parkinson," Greer suggested that, since Mrs. Parkinson must age from an extremely young girl to an ancient matriarch, she be allowed to wear a black wig. There was, she pointed out, a make-up problem presented by attempting to age red hair. Black hair was something else again; it could be changed clearly and drastically.

One of the men at the make-up conference shook his head. "But if you take away your hair, Miss Garson," he protested, "you take away everything!"

Miss Garson's eyes twinkled, a certain omen of a forthcoming wisecrack. "I resent very much," she retorted, "the suggestion that I am like Samson."

She won her point; she wears a black wig throughout the picture, and those who aren't afraid of being considered maudlin, stumble among the M-G-M lot uttering six syllable adjectives about the way Greer Garson looks in a brunette guise, Samson or no Samson.

The sport of cycling, long absent, returned to the life of Greer Garson when she was working in "Random Harvest," the picture that she describes as "proving that I wasn't born with a lustle."

She was so good on the little bicycle used in the picture that she bought herself a "skimmer" with three gears that Mervyn Le Roy presented her with a large white bicycle at the end of the picture which she promptly presented to Dick to use on those rare times when the Family Nye whisked off for a rationless ride.
colliepe comrades...

Greer has always been mad about the circus...the aerial acts, the wire walkers, jugglers and acrobats, Clyde Beatty's thrilling act with the great cats, and of course, the clowns. The clowns at Los Angeles' most recent circus were the best she had seen for some time. Greer told her husband, "They are really as funny as I think I am when I'm cutting up."

In one portion of the nonsense, one clown was being pursued by another carrying an outsize croquet mallet, clearly bent on mayhem. The escaping clown leaped through the windows of the train house which was being moved around the ring, and made for Miss Garson, who was excitedly leading the cheering section, calling, "Come, Horace, come on!" impartially to both pursuer and pursued.

It would be difficult to say whether the audience enjoyed the clowns as much as they did the sight of the allegedly alight Greer Garson mixing in with the fun.

As the Neys and Mrs. Garson had arrived somewhat late and without proper reservations, the indulgent management had placed chairs for them in the front row where neither they, nor the ogling audience, would miss anything.

Halfway through the performance, the manager fitted through three giant cones of cotton candy. Greer accepted with a juvenile's shout of delight and ate the final elusive wisp with pleasure. That finished, she turned her attention to the clown's burning house act, complete with buckets of water. One of the clowns rushed over, tilted his bucket and swung toward Greer, who leaned back, covered her face with her hands and shrieked. Of course the bucket was empty, but the whole thing was a wonderful gag, a gag almost as sure-fire shriek-producing as Lieut. Ney's asking, "When are you going to shear Gogo again?"

It seems that one day, Greer looked at her large white French poodle and decided that he needed a haircut, so she marched him out to the back yard and set to work with the clippers. Gogo kept seeing imaginary rabbits that he should chase, and Greer had to hold him very closely. At last she finished, and backed away to view the result. Gogo's appearance was sleek; so, unfortunately, was the left sleeve of Greer's white lambskin jacket; in her preoccupation with Gogo she had run the clippers from wrist to shoulder in one narrow, but hide-baring swath.

good samaritan...

Greer's love of animals of all kinds had a hectic beginning. As a small girl she used to be a consistent summertime guest at her grandfather's place in Ireland, and one day Greer decided—being naturally neat and anxious to be of assistance—that some new-born kittens needed a bath. She took the first, blind and meowing, to the trough where the horses were watered, and turned on the faucet. She was giving the small cat a thorough-going shower when she was caught by Mrs. Garson. Greer's mother explained a cat's attachment to water and the kitten jumped into the house where it was wrapped in heavy towels and placed behind the stove.

That night, Greer was ordered to include this sentence in her prayers. "And please, God, make me kind to animals."

Feeling, however, that her intentions had been misunderstood, she refused to repeat the supplication.

But whether she would repeat the sentence or not, since that time she has been too tender to kill even a beetle in her Victory Garden.
In addition to circuses and animals, Greer Garson has another love: parades. She arrived in Boston on a recent bond tour, and there without being quite sure that the gods would grant the benison—met her husband, whose ship had luckily put into port. They had just finished their first eager burst of conversational “catching-up”—when the blaze of bugles and the shrilling of fifes floated up to their twelfth story hotel suite. “A parade,” burred Mrs. Ney to her husband and made for the nearest window.

“But you've been the chief interest in dozens and dozens of parades during the past few weeks,” he protested in surprise. Miss Garson, by that time, was looking as far as possible out of the window, waving frantically. “Exactly,” she found a moment to call over her shoulder. “I've been in all the parades. I haven't been able to watch or to wave at them, and she hung there in extreme enjoyment until the last caisson, the last tank and the last straggling urchins had passed.

Those who know Greer Garson will grow lyrical about, not only her bounding enthusiasm and unfaltering good-sportsmanship, but about her spontaneous warm-heartedness. While on a bond tour last spring, the troupe appeared in a Canadian city which honored Miss Garson by presenting her—when she appeared upon the platform—with a corsage-spray of rare and lovely orchids.

Also on the platform were two elderly, work-worn women who had been introduced as gold star mothers. After having expressed her thanks for the flowers, Greer moved swiftly across the stage and pinned the corsages upon the mothers.

Incidents like this explain why the Connecticut Grand Duchess is referred to on her home lot as “just a swell girl.”

KELLY IS THE NAME

(Continued from page 41)

magic heels the way Kelly did in “Cover Girl,” they had to whip up one of those quick rivalry rumors between Gene and Fred Astaire. Hollywood has had to have a phony feud of some kind since the days of Pola Negri and Vilma B Leigh, and the Bing Crosby-Sinatra one was expiring for lack of legs to carry it along. Somebody asked Gene what he thought of Fred Astaire. (They're good friends, by the way, and right this minute Gene is working out a routine with Fred for the Ziegfeld Follies.)

Gene spoke right up: “Fred Astaire? I think he's a great artist. There's a lot of things in his dance I wish I had. And he added without a speck of false modesty, “I've got a lot of things Fred could use, too.” Just like that.

Gene Kelly can take some scaring to shake his faith in himself. Take that “Cover Girl” miracle dance. It's quite a story in itself: And it shows what brand of stuff this Kelly guy is made of.

Gene Kelly has been laying it just such a chance since away back. When he was dancing on Broadway and even before in his home town, Pittsburgh, his mind was decked with scenes of things he'd like to do some day on the screen with its swell possibilities for trick effects. Gene shoots at the moon in his dreams, and for his money the highest type of dancing is to express an inner struggle by active rhythm. All great balance dancers, Nijinsky and all the rest, have put across a mental or spiritual theme when they tied into the pinacles of their art. It is easy, even on a stage where there's a flesh and blood contact between a performer and his audience.

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It had never been done on the screen,
but Gene Kelly didn't see why not, being
a Kelly.

double-exposure . . .

When "Cover Girl" came up, Gene said,
"This is it!" He played a guy with a love
problem, and the script called for a dance.
Why not fight it out with his inner self
in a double-exposure dance?

"Because," said the Hollywood wise
men, "for one thing, you can't pan and
dolly in double exposure, so you can't
do this kind of it. It's never been done.
""About time, then," answered Gene.
But they had another argument: "Besides,
walking around with your shadow will
make audiences scream. They'll give you the old guffaw,
the belly laugh, the yack-yack."

"Not if it's artistic," argued Gene.

Gene Kelly found a big shot willing to
take a chance on Harry Cohn, Columbia's
boss. He went home and stayed up a
couple of nights until 5 A.M. sipping coffee
and working out his dance and his ideas
how to do it. He huddled and checked
with cameramen and technicians. And
he came up with a test that made Harry
Cohn say, "H-m-m-m-m. Well, okay,
Go ahead. Let's see what you can do."

From then on it was up to Kelly, and he
knew it.

It would take a scientific thesis on movie
camera and sound technique to explain
how Gene Kelly did it. How he
solved his problems like jumping over him-
sell, sliding down a fifteen-foot pole
with his shadow, dressing up and down stairs
with the little man who wasn't there and
with a camera showing all these things
with his alter ego, right on the off-beat.

But I can give you some idea of the
aspirin-quotient Gene Kelly tied into:
He had to match one scene with another on
a pre-recorded sound track, synchroniz-
ing every muscle he moved to beats of
music. Every time his toes hit the
stage, they had to light on a certain spot
marked on a chalk and tag to a
quarter-of-an-inch exactness! He had to
practice it all until he could do it blind-
folded. Because the stage Gene Marked
off person in a mask and let him
play with his geometricals which had to be covered with a
black velvet cloth when it came
time to shoot. There were a million technical
angles — split hair camera frames, scores
of critical points that had to line up
to a graf's whisker or the whole thing
would be ruined. When Gene tries to explain it,
he sounds like a Rube Goldberg wacky in
philosophy. But he makes it. He'd look
up at juicers and gaffers and veteran set
workers in the rafters, and see some of
them shake their heads like they thought
he was stark nuts! In the scene where
Gene and his shadow grab a lamp post
at exactly the same time, the cameraman
who filmed it said it was impossible to
get. And even when he saw Gene's tim-
ing was right right before his
eyes he gasped, "I still don't believe it!"

That's the kind of thing Gene Kelly put
across for the first time in movie history.
He never knew until three weeks after he
made it (his third weeks to develop and
print the Technicolor double-expo-
sure) whether any of it was worth a match
to burn it up, either. But I think the best
impact of "Cover Girl" was its big gay
'way on the very last moment of that master dance.

three strike homer . . .

If you saw "Cover Girl" — (and you'd
'd certainly benefit after all if this
haven't!) — you'll know that's when Gene
ends his dance tussle with his inner self
by hurling a garage:pump smashing through
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Gene stayed at the Algonquin, the small quiet, storied hotel far removed from the swanky Pierre, Sherry Netherlands or Waldorf Towers where most dazzling Hollywood stars rough it in New York. He didn’t feel he knew where he was. But no sooner had he registered than the room phone rang, and a voice said “Hello, Gene! This is Rita Hayworth.” Gene took it, straight, honest guy that he is. He chatted away telling Rita how glad he was she was in town—only to find out in the end it wasn’t Rita at all—tee-hee—but Mamie Schultz or somebody from Brooklyn or somewhere. His wife Evelyn fell for the same gag. A girl called saying she was Dorothy Kilgallen, the Broadway columnist, and both Gene and Betsy who know Kilgallen well, were fooled.

public property . . .

Of course, Gene Kelly has been a Hollywood celebrity only a short time, and he’ll probably get used to being public property and start having fun living under a magnifying glass—like he was when fans started writing and demanding, “Where did you get that scar on your face?” It’s just a tiny scar, left of his nose, and Gene got it very unglamorously when he fell on his face one kiddie time. He’d never thought much about it; in fact, in his first pictures he never bothered to cover it with makeup.

But it’s my guess that no matter how long it takes Gene Kelly to get used to odd acts of Hollywood movie fans, he’ll never start feeling like himself—this is away from the camera. The only time on record so far that Gene has been guilty was the day his daughter Kerry arrived. So today they call Kerry “Our $80,000 baby” (as a gag, of course, she really didn’t cost all of that). But it did so happen that the day she picked to make her entrance, Gene was lined up for a supper at Hollywood’s famous “Dubarry is a Lady” with a couple dozen chorus girls, a thousand extras, bands, and what am I offered, hanging around as a background for Gene’s cut-ups. Then at lunch he got the news from the doctor. Gene rushed out of the studio—extras, showgirls and dance bands notwithstanding—and he did all the things every hospital waiting-room B-picture papa ever did—like wringing hands, wearing out carpets, chain-smoking cigarettes, pestering nurses, turning green at the gills and getting palpitations of the heart.

But that’s what happens to the nastiest guy at a time like that. So even Gene Kelly is human, I’m happy to state, though serious about his work and in general on the cerebral side about his fun and outside interests.

Betsy and Gene Kelly are about as perfectly matched a pair as you can imagine. Betsy’s a slim strawberry blonde or gingery red head, not quite make up my mind. She has freckles and one of those wistfully sweet little girls that belle her brains. Betsy’s charm reminds you of Janet Gaynor’s in early “Heaven Knows...” By Heaven’s law, by the way, one of these days, if Gene goes off to war or something, and she decides to resume her career, you’re going to hear from Betsy. The moment he leaves, she’ll know the racket and already started in a Broadway play, “The Beautiful People,” and has a personality that is pie for the movies—and Technicolor—

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Gene burned the bulbs until 6 A.M. working out his big idea.

That's about the only vice Gene Kelly has—night-owling—and the reason he's that way is because somehow he's mentally sharper when the sun goes down. It's no dislocation complex, because, like I say, he really loathes gyp-joint night life. Gene sticks to beer generally and right now isn't smoking at all. He does, though, when he gets into a tough routine or picture. "Then," he explains, "when I need oxygen, I chain-smoke carbon monoxide!" The "Cover Girl" dance practically asphyxiated him, and ever since he has sworn off. But he's afraid of a backslide when the going gets tough on a set.

Being a dancer and a former athlete of no mean rank, Gene is always conscious of, and respects, his physique. It's a swell one—smallish, but muscled and bouncy. Gene played football, baseball, basketball and about everything else in school and made the teams with no trouble at all. He's always been a swell skater and hockey player and swam like a porpoise, before a tricky sinus kept him out of the water. Besides, the kind of dancing Kelly does is no easy-chair exercise. He goes through no health regime that way either—keeps in trim, oddly enough, by playing touch-football with the neighbor kids in his backyard and in the noon hours with the camera crew. The other day he disappeared and stayed away by himself all afternoon. Betsy asked where he'd been.

"Roller skating," replied Gene. He's pretty fancy on skates, so he'd been rolling happily for a public rink all by himself all afternoon.

dancing master . . .

Matter of fact, despite his keen noggin and adult thoughts, there's a lot of the kid about Gene Kelly. He likes kids, too, and spent much time with them in his dancing school in Pittsburgh which still bears the tag, "Gene Kelly School of the Dance." And this little rascal in the Smoky City. He has the patience and know-how of a born teacher, as Judy Garland found out on the set of "For Me and My Gal." And "Cover Girl" and "Silvers, the funny man, who had never ripped off a step in his life, found Gene talking him into something.

He kept shouting "No!" when Gene suggested that he do a dance.

"Make a sap out myself stacked against you and Hayworth—are you crazy?" protested Phil. But Gene had a reason—Phil was in a gay street scene where the rest of them danced merrily and dared if he was going to let Phil spoil it. Phil danced, even though Gene worked his legs off and almost sweated him into a collapse.

When the picture came out all Silvers' Hollywood chums expressed their amazement.

" Didn't know you were a dancer, Phil," they said.

"I'm not Kelly hypnotized me!"

Gene's always anxious to see youngsters get a break, too. When he made "Christmas Holiday," he spied talent in his stand-in, Joe Trotton, and promptly stalked him in tuition in the Actors' Laboratory, a swell dramatic training school in Hollywood, and talked Director Siodmak, too, into giving Joe a bit in the picture.

But about that kid-stuff and Kelly: Gene could double for Junior in plenty of ways around the house. He won't drink his milk, for instance, calls it a "boring drink," and can't understand why Betsy loves the stuff. He hates vegetables. His worst abomination is a tie, and when he goes to the city and has to wear a hat and a tie both, somebody almost has to get him down and put them on him. He hates to shave and dreams of living where he could grow a beard and get away with it. Gene's

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away is more like a blessed vision than an actuality.

Another thing that is keeping Maria busy is the sculpting of a bust of Jean Pierre. While she works, Maria's thoughts go over the letters he has written, the anecdotes he has told, the little things he says and does. She is very dear to him.

She Hollows the eyes of the clay: Jean Pierre has deep-set eyes, blue and penetrating, that can see through spirit as well as matter.

She pointed out to her husband in London, after he had arrived and conferred with both British and French officials, "I like these people very much because they are mentally clever and straight and in their ideals.

In person, she would have the mouth of the bust, Maria was careful to delineate the modesty of expression, a modestly continually being expressed in his letters.

reunion in Oran...

There was, for instance, the occasion when he reported to his commanding general at Oran. The general had heard a good deal about Jean Pierre Aumont.

He looked hard for a moment at Lieutenant Aumont, and then boomed, "If you are as good as your friends tell me, we will win this war very soon."

Jean Pierre swallowed hard, blushed scarlet at a warm voice whichwhispered, "Yes, mon général."

But on the whole, Jean escaped the "stigma" of his fame very well. The men in his outfit generously ignored his eminence past and treated him, from the beginning, like one of themselves.

With her palette knife, Maria was careful to mold the clay to the strong curve of human feature, to fill Pierre's mouth, to make that gay and whimsy he can find in any situation. A situation say, the likes, when lined up for general inspection in North Africa, he was recognized by a colonel who swooped down upon the modest lieutenant and embraced him with true French fervor.

That this was a violation of military regulations amused Jean Pierre; that it was a spontaneous act of warm friendship on the part of the colonel who touched him—the colonel had been a technical adviser on a French Aumont picture.

Then there was the case of the Misplaced Major. Lt. Aumont had been produced before this official who proved to be very cordial, inviting Jean Pierre to be his guest for dinner on a certain night. When the evening arrived, Jean Pierre—in pressed uniform and polished brass—presented himself at the major's door.

After he had recovered from what appeared to be a momentary astonishment, the major was obviously delighted. As the evening closed on a warm, comradely basis, Jean Pierre thanked his host for a lavish dinner and begged the opportunity to return the hospitality at an immediate date. The major was charming. "We were so honored that you were able to drop in on us," he said.

As Jean Pierre strode back to camp he said to the light—"he had called on the wrong major!"

The Aumont humor repeatedly slipped past the censor as, husband-like, Pierre tried to tell Maria how much he enjoyed himself. "I have just met someone—and-so," he wrote. "He is very very clever guy—or, should I say chap, eh?"

In one of her letters to her husband, Maria wrote that Jean had a hard time keeping his garden in thriving condition—when his moods allowed him to work.

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A softer, fresher, more captivating complexion—for you... with just one cake of Camay... when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Yes—doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions... on girls with skin like YOURS! And most complexions simply bloomed. They looked clearer, fresher... with the very first cake of Camay.

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If your tooth brush "shows pink", see your dentist! He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—denied natural exercise by soft, creamy foods. And he may, as many dentists do, suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the health of the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation steps up in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

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—Lea

MODERN SCREEN SPENDS A DAY WITH ALAN LADD

We snooped around and got you the low-down on a certain blonde guy with a three-ring circus for a house and a terrific knock for friendship.

"WILSON"

He saw his people through World War I. But it was after the last shot was fired that his biggest battle was to begin.

BOY WANTED

To hypo the fans overnight with his "Damien" in "North Star," to make Parley Granger more than just a name on a dog tag.

CANT' HELP LOVIN' THAT MAN

Presenting the other Errol Flynn—the art gallery owner who limbed out of the headlines into a million G.L. hearts.

THREE OF A KIND

Rich, glamorous Alice Faye once confided to a friend, "Some day I want a houseful of kids." That friend was Hedda Hopper, and here she tells us how that dream came true.

FRANK SINATRA

By day he was a regular jellah setting up the kids to a round of tootsie rolls in grandpa's store. But at night he was mama's sleepy little lamb. Life story, part 1.

THE GUY NEXT DOOR

He could be veryed-pinkied, but Dana Andrews is just a Joe with 11 hits behind him and a chock-full career ahead.

TERRIBLE TOMMY

Young Dix was an angel worshipping "Onward Christian Soldiers" in the church choir until the cherub on his right hissed "Pantywaist!"

COLOR PORTRAITS

"Alan Ladd in Paramount's "Two Years Before the Mast." (See above).

Dana Andrews in 20th Century-Fox's "Laura".

Janet Blair in Columbia's "Tonight and Every Night".

John Payne, 20th Century-Fox star.

FANNIE HURST looks at "Casanova Brown".

Editorial Page.

BEAUTY

Win With a Smile.

Check and Double Check Your Tooth Care.

PHASHION DEPARTMENTS

Modern Screen Fashion Guide.

Movie Reviews.

Scoreboard.

Co-Ed.

Super Coupon.

Good News.

What's Cookin' America?—Loraine Day's Favorite Recipes.

COVER: Frank Sinatra in RKO's "Step Lively." Photo by Pagano.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578, and copies of name under label "M-G-M" to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. 

Vol. 39 No. 4, September, 1944 Copyright, 1944, the Dell Publishing Co. Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York.

Published monthly. Printed in the United States of America at Washington and South Ave., Dunellon, N.J. Single copy price $1.00 in the United States and Canada, $1.25 elsewhere. Published by Modern Screen, Inc. 110 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N.Y. 

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Pearl Buck's best seller has become one of the truly fine motion pictures of our time...

The glorious story of a girl with a fighting heart and the man who fought by her side...

Katharine Hepburn as the brave and lovely "Jade" gives THE performance of her career...

For its tremendous drama and great tenderness, a triumph that exceeds even "The Good Earth"!

M-G-M's DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

Hurd Hatfield • J. Carrol Naish
Agnes Moorehead • Henry Travers
Robert Bice • Jacqueline de Wit
Frances Rafferty • Robert Lewis

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet • Produced by Pandro S. Berman

M-G-M Twenty Years Of Screen Leadership
"Casanova Brown" finds its way, straight as the crow flies, to your funny bone, and your approval.


Here is farce without doors, a house afire without bells, all accomplished without mirrors or hokum. It's a foamy, pleasantly light soufflé that doesn't bog down.

If possible, corral a seat in the loges and sink in deeply because you are going to have a good evening. But don't worry too much if there are only ordinary seats to be had. Anyway you look at it, you'll have a good time at "Casanova Brown."

Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell are the authors of the play from which this picture has so adroitly (Continued on page 8)
The most warmly human story... the mightiest panorama of thrills ever filmed!

Five women in love! Intrigue in Washington! Flaming passions at Versailles! Famous stars... 12,000 players... surging through 200 sets... echoing with 87 beloved songs!

Darryl F. Zanuck's Wilson

in Technicolor!

Alexander Knox • Charles Coburn
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Thomas Mitchell
Ruth Nelson • Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Vincent Price • William Eythe • Mary Anderson
And a huge cast of 12,000

The most important event in 50 years of motion picture entertainment!
emerged, with Sam Wood waving his expert directing finger. The cast is the sort which once in a blue-moon causes an author to mutter into his beard: "They bring to my lines a darned sight more than the ever-patient memory." An ancient disciple of astrology, she reads no good in the stars' version of her new son-in-law, and is instantly as opposed to him, and for the same as logical a reason as she is to cigarette smoke.

In his anxiety to propitiate his new mother-in-law, Casanova, caught smoking, inadvertently crams the lighted fag into his pocket. After a while his father-in-law leams sniffily forward to casually inquire, "Aren't you on fire, my boy?" Thereafter ensues...

We now emerge from the flashback to marriage number-one and catch up with Casanova Brown on the day of his impending second marriage.

Only a few movie hours back, at the altar, Casanova makes his hurried dash for Chicago to ex-wife and child.

His arrival at the maternity hospital; the bride number-one, who has lured him back to Chicago, lies on her hospital bed after having borne him a daughter; the processes by which father-love came to Casanova; the kidnaping of the ultimate bride of a so-called-off marriage while the infant daughter of these two reunited lovers gives an exultant little belly, tells in inadequately an actual card as the story tells brilliantly across the screen.

You've got to see it to appreciate it.

Never mind about lovely fiancée waiting at the church. You still like Casanova Brown, and you know that beautiful be- trothed number-one will find quick compensations.

Even in those rare moments when all this fasten widens and ever-so-slightly thins out, it is sustained above the danger line by consistently good direction and acting, which starts with Sam Wood, moves beyond, and despe- rately thus finds the shop principle of decency in the dream, in the dream, in the dim vision of Happy.

Swell-Trouper Teresa Wright, Applause for Patricia-Collinge, and for Sweetness-and-Light Anita Louise and so on down through a competent list that hasn't a black mark against it.

From all of which you will deduce that "Casanova Brown" is a honey of a movie. Which it is!—Int. Pictures released by RKO.
Preston Sturges... your favorite humorist... with LOVE and LAUGHTER gives you the greatest comedy to come out of this war!

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

Paramount's "Miracle" men are at it again

EDDIE BRACKEN
the unwilling father of "Morgan's Creek" becomes the unwilling hero of Oak Ridge

Ella Raines
Life's new candidate for a gal who'll go far!

William Demarest
Papa Kockenlocker becomes a Marine Sergeant—and on him it's becoming!

Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn
Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards

Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

The story of a man who didn't go to war... but became a hero to his home town!
MR. SKEFFINGTON

"Mr. Skeffington" is a long and elaborate picture founded on a very simple theme. The theme is one our grandparents were fond of stressing—"Beauty is as Beauty does." In this picture, beauty does very badly indeed. Skeffington is tactful as all get out, but she's an extremely unpleasant person. You want to hit her over the head with a vase of the flowers her admirers are always sending her. That is probably a tribute to the convincing intensity with which Bette Davis plays the part...

Fanny does have one person she cares about—her brother, Trippy (Richard Waring). It is to protect him and give him the wealth he has always taken for granted that she marries Job Skeffington (Claude Rains). Job is a clever, patient man, the head of a large Jewish brokerage firm. He knows Fanny has married him for his money, but he hopes to win her affection. Fanny, however, continues to have a string of adoring beaux and treats Job with casual indifference. She does have a daughter by him but is more annoyed than anything else by the event.

As time goes on, it becomes more and more difficult for Fanny to remain a great beauty. It takes more time and work, and she needs more admirers to bolster her ego. She has no time left at all for Job. Anyway, she blames him for the death of her brother and for the fact that she has a growing daughter. When she finds that he is unfaithful to her, she is genuinely surprised. But she promptly takes that chance to divorce him and even persuades him to take the child.

Eventually Fanny becomes something of an institution—"The Beautiful Fanny Skeffington. How ever does she do it?" Her taste in men runs to the very young, very athletic type now. Such as Johnny Mitchell (Charles Drake). Then her daughter (Marjorie Ried), a grown woman now, comes home. And at the same time, Fanny gets diphtheria and loses the beauty that has enabled her to get away with so much. The results of that loss are far reaching indeed.

"Mr. Skeffington" is a fascinating picture. Claude Rains, Walter Abel and young Richard Waring are particularly good—War.

P. S.

Bette Davis requested Vincent Sherman as director for this one. Argued with him intelligently and at great length, once production started, as to how Fanny Trelles should be played. If you'll take a good look at the picture of Bette that hangs over one of the mantel-pieces in the very formal home, you'll be seeing the very first picture Bette has ever commissioned to be done of herself. The role of Mrs. Skeffington interested her so much, she had the portrait painted, then loaned it to the studio. After the picture finished, she shipped the painting to her New Hampshire farm house... Claude Rains, nor

trayer of the title role, came close to the finger-nail chewing stage when production on the picture dragged out to twelve, finally fourteen weeks. Rains had a commitment to go to England for a picture with Vivien Leigh, and with every day that passed, chances for transportation to the British Isles grew slim. Finally made it, and will play half the title role this time, in "Caesar and Cleopatra"...

One of the most charming performances in the entire film is a small bit by a ten-year-old girl during a scene in a crowded dining room. She is Sylvia Arslan, who so impressed Director Sherman with her work in an earlier picture of his he had the little scene written in for her... Cameraman for "Skeffington" was Ernie Haller, one of the best cinematographers in the industry. Bette's hair-do and make-up took three, sometimes four hours to get ready, included sheets of facial rubber manipulated to form wrinkles and bags under her eyes. Extremely uncomfortable to wear, the harsh make-up nearly ruined the Davis complexion.

THE SEVENTH CROSS

This is the story of seven men, and of seven crosses in a concentration camp that wait for them. It is in particular, the story of one of these men—George Heisler (Spencer Tracy), a disillusioned idealist who was fighting for freedom.

Back in 1936 most of Germany was hell- ing Hitler with wild enthusiasm. But there were doubters, even then. Men, wiser than the rest, who foresaw the tragedy he would bring upon. These doubters, when discovered by the Gestapo, were put into concentration camps. Sometimes—not often—they escaped. Seven of them escape one foggy morning. George Heisler is one of them. The break is led by a strong and determined man, Wallau (Ray Collins). He knows that their chances of escape are slim, but death is better than the concentration camp. Wallau is especially anxious for George to escape. George was a brilliant idealist when he came to Westhofen. He has been tortured until his mind is almost a blank. Still, a spark remains. The seven men separate once they are outside prison walls. In that first breathless moment, they are hopeful. Then the sirens sound, dogs howl. George, lying half buried in the mud, hears a man scream. He knows that someone has been caught. But he doesn't know it's their leader, Wallau. Nor does he know that seven crosses are to be set up in the yard. Wallau is hung to the first one. The six others wait.

Day by dreadful day, George tries new avenues to freedom—and finds them blocked. Day by day, he reads of the capture of his comrades. Until only one cross remains empty. Leni (Karen Verne) whom he dreamed of in prison, has married. She refuses—flatly, angrily—to help him. Still, there are afternoon. At death is better than the concentration camp. Wallau is especially anxious for George to escape. George was a brilliant idealist when he came to Westhofen. He has been tortured until his mind is almost a blank. Still, a spark remains. The seven men separate once they are outside prison walls. In that first breathless moment, they are hopeful. Then the sirens sound, dogs howl. George, lying half buried in the mud, hears a man scream. He knows that someone has been caught. But he doesn't know it's their leader, Wallau. Nor does he know that seven crosses are to be set up in the yard. Wallau is hung to the first one. The six others wait.

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NOW YOU CAN SEE IT AT POPULAR PRICES!

If you like ROMANCE with your ADVENTURE - you'll love

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

WARNER BROS:
story of the man who made the Wild West wild with laughter and the girl he crossed a continent to find!

Starring FREDRIC MARCH • ALEXIS SMITH • DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE • C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE

BILL HENRY • WALTER HAMPDEN • ROBERT BARRAT • JOYCE REYNOLDS • Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandler • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by Mark Twain Co., and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer • Produced by Jesse L. Lasky • Directed by IRVING RAPPER
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 excellence, 3½★ very good, and 3★ good. C denotes that the picture’s recommended for children.

| Movie: A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Action in the North Atlantic (Warner’s) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Adventures of Don Juan (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Amazing Mr. Forrest, The (PRC) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Andy Hardy’s Blonde Trouble (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Around the World (RKO) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Bathing Beauty (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Best Foot Forward (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Between Two Worlds (Warner’s) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Black Panchute, The (Columbia) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Bomber’s Moon (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Casanova in Baltimore (Republic) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Christmas Holiday (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Claudia (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Cobra Woman (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Corvette K-255 (Universal) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Crazy House (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Cran of Lorraine, The (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Cry Havoc (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Days of Glory (RKO) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Desert Song, The (RKO) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Destination Tokyo (Warner’s) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Detective Kitty O’Day (Monogram) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Diary of a Nasty (Artalka Pictures) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Drifter, The (PRC) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Fire in the Street (Bosko-Levy Production) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Fired Wife (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Flesh and Fantasy (Universal) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Follow the Boys (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: 48 Hours (Michael Balcon-British Production) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Gang’s All Here, The (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Gaslight (M-G-M) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Ghost Ship, The (RKO) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Gildersleeve’s Ghost (RKO) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Girl Crazy (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Girl in the Case, The (Columbia) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Going My Way (Paramount) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Gyrovand of India (Probhat Studios) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Happy Land (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: His Butler’s Sister (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Hitler Gang, The (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Home in Indiana (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Hostages (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: I Dood It (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: In Old Oklahoma (Republic) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Invisible Man’s Return, The (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Jam Session (Columbia) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Johnny Come Lately (United Artists) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Kansas, The (United Artists) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Lasie Came Home (M-G-M) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Last of the Sioux (PRC) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Let’s Face It (Paramount) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Madame Curie (M-G-M) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Man From Frisco (Republic) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Mask of Dimitrios (Warner’s) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Men On Her Mind (PRC) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Moon Is Down, The (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Mummy’s Ghost (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Mystery Man (United Artists) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Navy Way, The (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: No Time for Love (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: North Star, The (RKO) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Northern Pursuit (Warner’s) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Old Acquaintance (Warner’s) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Once Upon A Time (Columbia) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Passport to Destiny (RKO) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: People’s Angels (Artalka) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Pin Up Girl (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Princess O’Rourke (Warner’s) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Riding High (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Russian Spy, The (Artalka Pictures) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Russians at War (Artalka Pictures) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Sahara (Warner’s) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Secret Command (Columbia) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Seven Days Ashore (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Shake Hands With Murder (PRC) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Show Business (RKO) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Siege of Leningrad (Lentil) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Silk Blood and Sun (Maya Pictures) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Silver Sun (Republic) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Someone to Remember (Republic) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Sons of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Sons of the Pioneers (United Artists) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Spider Woman, The (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Story of Dr. Wassell, The (Paramount) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Sweet Rosie O’Grady (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warner’s) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: They Met in Moscow (Moscow Film Studios) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: This Is the Army (Warner’s) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: This Is the Life (Universal) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Top Man (Universal) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: True to Life (Paramount) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Tyrill Kane (Triad Films) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Up in Mabel’s Room (United Artists) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Vi Hemslovinna (Swedish Film) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Vignacour Foro una Patra (Claro Film) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: What a Woman (Columbia) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: We’ve Come A Long Long Way (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Where Are Your Children? (Monogram) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Whipping Post (Republic) | Rating: 3★ |
| Movie: Whistle of the Columbia | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: White Cliffs of Dover, The (M-G-M) | Rating: 4★ |
| Movie: Wintertime (20th Century-Fox) | Rating: 3½★ |
| Movie: Youngest Profession The (M-G-M) | Rating: 3★ |
The McGees Un-Cap the Capital!

Fibber and Molly storm Washington to start a crusade in Congress! McGee raises voice in Senate... Senate raises McGee off the floor! Your top radio comics' funniest adventure!

Fibber McGee and Molly

in

Heavenly Days

with

Eugene PALLETTE - Gordon OLIVER - Raymond WALBURN
Barbara HALE - Don DOUGLAS - Irving BACON

Produced by Robert Fellows • Directed by Howard Estabrook

Screen Play by Howard Estabrook and Don Quinn

Original Story by Howard Estabrook
but finally helps anyway. And Toni (Signe Hasso), who risks her life for George, in the background is the Gestapo always searching. But searching, too, is George's best friend, Franz, who can get him out of the country if he can find him. Which will get to George first?

The extraordinary cast of this inspiring picture includes Agnes Moorehead, Jessica Tandy, Katherine Locke, and Felix Bressart. Spencer Tracy and Signe Hasso are superb.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Signe Hasso spent most of her spare time in front of a radio mike—broadcasting her mother's poems to Sweden via short-wave. Signe's mother is Helfrid Larsson, famous Swedish painter and poet. Signe has also been contributing Hollywood articles to "Veckojournalen," the Swedish equivalent of our "Life" Magazine... Hume Cronyn sold his second short story to a Canadian publication. Has been commissioned to do a picture-story of Alfred Hitchcock. After a tour of Army Camps with the "Seventh Cross," Hume returned to the New York stage... Ray Collins, veteran of more than 900 roles on stage and screen, is "the voice" in this... Miss Hasso had the honor of being the last star to pose on the famous white bear rug of photographer George Hurrell which has been the background for most of the women stars in Hollywood for many years—George gave Hurrell a new one star to picture called for the sound of laughter of children at play. Director Fred Zinneman searched for likely-looking child-

dren—then couldn't get so much as a smile from them. As a last resort he took one of them for a "horse ride" on his back, recorded the sound of the other three calling and laughing. Trouble came when he stopped—Fred had enough sound track, but the kids hadn't enough horse rides. He spent the rest of the day giving each of the four a ride in turn... Reproduction of the Cathedral of Mainz was the biggest task ever given the Metro prop department. Structure was 366 feet long, 150 feet wide, 89 feet high and was held up with 56 pillars. Was so real and awe-inspiring, cast went around the set on tip-toe, not speaking above a whisper.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN SOCIETY

If you're in search of an intellectual evening, this is not for you. But it's funny, and it doesn't involve any mental effort, and it has Marion Hutton as well as the Sultans of Slapstick.Abbott and Costello play a couple of plumbers who are let loose on Society. They aren't even very good plumbers. You ought to see Lou Costello trying to fix a leaky drain-pipe. He hits it with a hammer, the pipe breaks, water spurts over and starts filling up the bathtub. He cuts a hole in the side of the tub to keep it from overflowing. Final result: Abbott and Costello float triumphantly out of the bathroom in the tub, on something resembling the Johnstown flood. That gives you an idea of what to expect.

Their call to fix the drainpipe results in their being invited—by mistake, of course—to a week-end party at the home of Mrs. Roger Winthrop (Margaret Irving) veddy social. Their friend, Elsie Hammer-dingle (Marion Hutton), lacy taxi driver, is also invited—also by mistake. Young Peter Evans (Kirby Grant), who has more money than there is in the world, has fallen in love with Elsie, which irritates Mrs. Winthrop quote a lot. She had planned on marrying her daughter Gloria (Anne Gillis) to him and his bankroll. Abbott and Costello are not equipped sartorially for a country week-end in the grand manner. But there are a couple of other guests, about the size of Bud and Lou, who mysteriously lose their luggage on arrival. From then on, the plumbers are the best dressed men in the place.

The boys' delight at all this is dimmed by the arrival of a well-known thief named Dexter. What makes it awkward is that they owe him a thousand dollars, and he is blackmailing them into helping steal a valuable painting. The boys refuse to help, and Dexter's pal starts making with the knives. Bud and Lou escape for the moment, but by then the painting has disappeared, and they are accused of stealing it. It is probably revealing no great secret to tell you that the boys capture the thief and turn out to be heroes. After all, this isn't a mystery story—it's a comedy and a good one.—Univ.

P. S.

Abbott and Costello return to the screen

For IRRESISTIBLE LIPS
dare to wear the Divine Fire of RUBY RED

Love begins with your lips when you dare to wear IRRESISTIBLE's most ravishing lipstick shade... RUBY RED. Its enchantment is positively hypnotic... like a fire that flashes from a priceless ruby. The secret WHISPER TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer! Get this exquisite, exciting lipstick today.

10¢-25¢ SIZES

Irresistible LIPSTICK
after an absence of more than eighteen months. Costello was severely ill, and Abbott refused to make a picture without him. . . . Lou is the owner of a brand new producing company. His first contract actress was Anne Gillis (remember Becky in "Tom Sawyer"?) Lou, acting as Anne's agent, sold her contract to Universal so she could work with him in this picture.

. . . Two of the most famous gag-men in the funny business worked on this one: Sidney Fields and Hal Finberg. Sidney is the Mr. Gaffney of the Eddie Cantor program. . . . Dance director George Dobs spent weeks touring public swimming pools in California looking for eight beautiful girls. Wasn't necessary for them to be able to dance, sing or act—they were just to sit and look gorgeous in a bathing suit. . . . Cast and crew were taken on location for one week—to Pasadena, a half-hour's drive from Hollywood! In peace-time this is commuting distance. Gasoline shortage forced the studio to pack the whole gang into a bus and take them out for several days. . . . Arthur Treacher has competition in the person of Wm. C. David- son in this picture, with the two men attempting to out-battle one another. . . . Pay special attention to Kirby Grant, your romantic lead. Universal is grooming him for stardom—holds high hopes for his success in the movie world. . . . In case you didn't know, Marion Hutton—the gal who does such a terrific job on those three songs—is Betty's sister. . . . Villain Tom Gomez spent seven years on the New York stage with Lunt and Fontanne. . . . Edmund L. Hartmann was writer and co-producer, Jean Yarbrough directed.

**DRAGON SEED**

You probably read "Dragon Seed" by Pearl Buck, and thought it would make a wonderful picture. M-G-M thought so too, and assembled a top flight cast to do it justice. Katharine Hepburn has the fascinating role of Jade. Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff and Hurd Hatfield make amazingly effective Chinese. But the one you'll probably pin your gaze to is handsome Turhan Bey.

Can you imagine a household where a woman who can read is not only a novelty but a problem? Ling Tan (Walter Huston) and his wife (Aline MacMahon) regard the educated Jade, who is married to their second son, with both awe and concern. It is better that a woman cook and wash and bear children than play with words printed on paper. The oldest son, Lao Ta, looks at his own lazy wife, Orchid, and thinks that at least she knows her place in the household. The youngest son, Lao San, says "If I had a wife like Jade, I would beat her." Jade's husband, Lao Er, is ashamed of his wife's untrustworthiness, and yet he is proud of her also. One day, to show his love, he buys her a book. That brings happiness to them both, and soon Jade tells him that she is to bear a child.

But the quiet farm with its rice paddies and grain fields is not as remote as it seems from world events. The Japanese are heading that way. "We are men of peace," says Ling Tan. "Surely they will not molest us." Jade and her husband disagree, and go to join a group of rebels in the hills. Ling Tan is indeed sadly wrong. The Japs come through, taking their usual course of murder and rape. Orchid falls victim to them. The sons of the house escape, eventually, to the hills. Ling Tan and his wife remain, although starvation and death hover like vultures. Their daughter is married to a merchant, Wu Lien, who is friendly with the invaders. He spies upon his wife's family and their activities. But before he can report his discoveries to the Japs, Jade . . .

**In wartime as in peace**

**A special process keeps**

**KLEENEX**

luxuriously soft—dependably strong!

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

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

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

**In these days of shortages**

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

**There is only one KLEENEX**

It's a woman's privilege to change her mind

... so I changed to FIBS* the tampon that's easier to use!

I never dreamed there could be such a difference in tampons... that a tampon could be so easy to use—'til I tried Fibs, the Kotex® Tampon for internal sanitary protection!

Compare Fibs with any leading brand and you'll see that Fibs alone have rounded ends... smooth, gently tapered ends to make insertion easy. Compare the just-right size of Fibs: not too big, not too tiny.

And only Fibs, of all tampons, are quilted for greater comfort and safety in internal protection!

Yes, if you're tampon-minded—try Fibs. See for yourself why so many women are changing to the tampon that's extra safe... more comfortable... easier to use!

*(T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Of.)

P. S.

Walter Huston was so impressed with the set of the Ling Ten home, he plans to build one patterned after it on his 1000-acre ranch in Potterville, California, after the war. In place of the pond in the Ling Ten garden, Walter will build a swimming pool. While in production, Walter expected son John home from overseas duty, but John didn't get home till weeks later. .. . Wei Hseuh, technical advisor for the film, is a Chinese student. Came to America after the Japanese invasion of his homeland. .. . Frances Rafferty's fiancé, Lt. Dewey Barnes, came through 25 bombing missions over Germany without a scratch—was almost killed in a California bus crash on his way to see Frances at the studio. They'd planned a double wedding ceremony with another couple. Came the war, and the two men were sent to opposite sides of the world. Friend's fiancé returned home first so Frances acted as maid of honor instead of Bride No. 2. ... Prop department constructed an entire Chinese village on the desert near Calabasas, California, for earth searching scene. Tiny Winifred Woo (9 months old at the time) objected vociferously to chewing on machine-gun shell until bright prop boy (who used to be a baby himself) suggested coating it with sugar. .. . Katia Hepburn never misses having a swim every morning before breakfast. 6:30 a.m. studio calls didn't stop her. She was paddling around in the hotel pool some mornings as early as 5:00.

... Parents of Hurd Hatfield feared the movies might make a "sissy" out of Hurd—changed their minds when they came out from New York to watch their son work in "Dragon Seed." Happened on the set the day Hurd, surrounded by flames, was having great balls of plaster dropped on his head. Mother thought they were trying to kill him. Dad, a New York attorney, had only one comment, "Let me know if you decide to sue!"

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

Eddie Bracken in a picture directed by Preston Sturges is getting to be a major event. This one is even funnier than "Miracle at Morgan's Creek." Eddie is still the fall guy in a tough spot—bewildered, harassed and rebellious. Ella Raines plays his girl, and William Demarest is wonderful as a Marine sergeant. A comparative unknown named Freddie Steele turns in a superlative performance as a Marine with a "mother complex."

Woodrow Truesmith (Eddie Bracken) was a Marine himself for all of a month. Then he was given a medical discharge. Reason: Hay fever. For a lot of boys that would have been disappointing but not tragic. For Woodrow it's a catastrophe. You see, his dad was the town's biggest hero of World War I, and was killed at Belleau Wood. Everyone, including Woodrow's mother (Georgia Caine), expects Woodrow to follow in his footsteps. So when he's discharged from the Marines, he writes his mother that he has been sent overseas. He goes to work in a defense plant but manages to have letters mailed to her and his girl from Guadalcanal. He even writes Libby (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her any more, so she won't

FREE OFFER!

Want a super-scrumptious mag for free? We'd love mailing you a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES packed with stories of all the latest movies and colored portraits of the stars. All you have to do is fill out this questionnaire. The first 500 we get will rate a copy of SCREEN ROMANCES, so be sure your coupon is in the mail by the 20th of August.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day with Alan Ladd with "Wilson" Box office (Farley Granger) Can't Help Loving that Man (Errol Flynn) Three of a Kind (Alice Faye)—by Hedda Hopper Frank Sinatra, Life Story Part I. The Guy Next Door (Dana Andrews) Terrible Tommy (Tommy Dix) Dark Angel (Lena Horne) G.I. Johnny (John Payne) Tender Comrades (Donald O'Connor) 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 ____________________________

I am ________ years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN

149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
FOR almost two decades famous stage and screen stars have found Mar-o-Oil the perfect answer to their shampoo problems. Mar-o-Oil continues to be the world’s largest selling Oil Shampoo because it contains pure, bland, deftly blended oils which do so much more than just cleanse your hair. It brings out the alluring, dancing highlights which make hair truly beautiful. It anoints and soothes your scalp, removes dandruff flakes, and helps prevent abnormal dryness. You’ll find, too, that Mar-o-Oil washes out quickly with plain warm water—no lemon or vinegar rinse is needed. Start the Mar-o-Oil habit today and you’re sure to add sparkling romantic beauty to your hair. Get a bottle at your favorite beauty counter or ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-o-Oil Shampoo.
be sitting around waiting for him. Because that’s the thing—he can’t ever go home now and let them know he isn’t a Marine at all.

At least he thinks he can’t. But when he buys drinks one night for six Marines who are temporarily out of funds, they have a different idea. “You oughta go home,” Bugsy (Freddie Steele) tells him. “You got a swell mother. Go home and make her happy.” The Sergeant agrees with Bugsy. Before Woodrow knows what it all about, he is home, in a handsome Marine uniform, with a flock of medals and six devoted ladies (all of whom he loves), to tell everyone what a hero he was at Guadalcanal. Woodrow doesn’t like any part of it, but he’s outnumbered.

Only the thing gets out of hand. The whole town turns out with brass bands and flowers. They tear up the mortgage on his mother’s house and even decide to make Woodrow mayor. That does it! Woodrow’s got to get out of this mess, but fast. The trouble is, every time he tries there are six Marines to stop him. Until finally he thinks of a way...

You’ll have an elegant time at “Hail The Conquering Hero.”—Per.

P. S.

Eddie Bracken’s first solo-starring picture gives him the chance to hit the height all comedians dream of—making a long, poignant, tear-jerking speech. His, at the story climax, runs seven minutes, and Eddie did it in one “take” ...

It was during production of this picture that Ella Raines announced her year-old marriage to Captain Kenneth Trout. MODERN SCREEN, incidentally, may take a bow for discovering Miss Raines when the first came to Hollywood. Doyle Brentano, a member of the Hollywood staff of M. S., met Ella and recognized star potentialities in her, when others passed her by. Doyle introduced Ella to Hollywood and its ways, guided her to the right agents and through the portals of the motion picture studios. Miss Raines finally landed a contract and now is headed for certain stardom. Mr. B. is in the Navy for the duration—has been in the South Pacific for nearly three years ...

Production on the picture began with fifteen days’ location at the Paramount ranch. Setting for the town of Oakland, Calif., is the Morgan’s Creek town with $1700 worth of changes. Store fronts were changed, and a church was the Morgan’s Creek jail had been ...

Working during the heat of summer, the crew guzzled 65 five-gallon jugs of water, 60 gallons of lemonade, 40 gallons of milk, 20 gallons of coffee and ten gallons of tomato juice. It took 1900 pounds of ice to keep these beverages cool ...

Everyone rode to and from location in buses—sometimes as many as 15 were needed to transport the 175 extras ...

The theater where Betty Hutton and Bracken held their morning rendezvous in the Manga is still called the Rant. However, the bill has been changed from “The Lady Eve” to “The Palm Beach Story.” Notice the statue in the park. It’s supposed to represent Gen. Jacob Astor, erected in memory of Joel McCrea (The Great Man’s Lady), with a new plaster beard!

Universal seems very fond of a formula which combines opera with a “horror” plot. A sort of “Frankenstein at the Metropolitan” effect. Not that Frankenstein appears in this. The heroine is a pretty gal of St. Louis named Mary Jane (Turhan Bey), who is engaged in a turmoll of emotion. It is as though Marcella’s voice has come back to haunt her.

Other people, too, are impressed by the similarity in voices. Count Seerbrucc (Thomas Gomez) decides to star Angela. This delights the handsome music student, Richard (Bob Steele), for Angela is his love. But it infuriates the opera’s present star, Jarmila (Jane Farrar). Dr. Hohner hears of a plan which is to go into effect the following week. He tells Angela she needs delicate treatments and takes her to his home one night. There he shows her souvenirs of Marcella, including a long string of pearls she wore the night of her death, and of a piece of Angela’s pretty neck and would probably have strangled her there and then, had not his housekeeper Louise (Gale Sondergaard) appeared. He does succeed in hypnotizing Angela into thinking she has lost her voice. The first time she tries to rehearse the star part, her voice breaks completely. Young Franz knows something is very wrong but isn’t sure what. Then Dr. Hohner takes Angela home to “cure” her, and from that moment she is a bad insurance risk. The shudders are coming at regular intervals now—is everybody happy? If you like your creeps accompanied by music, this is your dish.—Univ.

P. S.

The mansion interiors may seem familiar to San Franciscans—the rooms and furnishings are actually part of the famous Mark Hopkins estate, formerly of Nob Hill, San Francisco. Universal Studios had the entire two-story building shipped to Los Angeles in sections. The furniture is priceless—hand-carved in France, shipped around the Horn to get to days of the California gold rush ... To make hypnotic scenes authentic, studio prop department rented the revolving disc, which hypnotizes Miss Foster, from a psychiatrist ... discovered it’s a dangerous instrument in the hands of an amateur when Susanna, after staring into it for several minutes, slumped in her chair. First Aid brought her out of the “spell” fast, but left her with a terrific headache for several hours ...

Edward Ward, musical director for the picture, was lavish with his praise when Susanna reached a climax, and Dot Lawrence, so anxious to make a success of her biggest role to date, kept hurrying herself in fainting scene during rehearsals. Director Wagner told her to read the script, but it left her feeling again until the final shooting. CAME the “take,” the lights were set, the cameras were ready, the actors took their places, and Wagner, heaving a deep sigh, got “roll ‘em” ...

Dorothy was cued, “You will sing tonight.” She picked up her line, “Tonight?” then slowly turning to the director, “Do I have to sing? I just think I am.”

Boris Karloff’s five-year-old daughter has never seen a picture of her daddy. She’s not allowed to see the spooky movies he makes, and all his stilts are so gruesome Mrs. Karloff won’t have them in the house ...

Production was held up a whole day when Boogy-man Karloff lost his teddy bear! Boris won’t go before the camera unless the ragged bear is sitting on the script in his dressing room. He left it home one morning and refused to work until it was brought to the studio!
One sure way to stay sweet—after every bath, use Mum!

Don't take chances with underarm odor. Guard your charm with Mum!

You'll step from your bath flower fresh! And right there . . . at that moment . . . you can begin to risk underarm odor. For underarms need special care. Too often a bath just isn't enough!

A bath removes past perspiration. But to prevent risk of future underarm odor—always use Mum!

Mum's a wonder for s-p-e-e-d! Only half a minute to smooth it on—and your charm is safe for hours! Use Mum any time—even after you're dressed. Mum's safe for fine fabrics. Safe for skin, too! Try Mum. You'll like it.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable. Use it this important way, too.

SWEETLY FRESH . . . at this moment!
But give your charm a future! Mum takes only 30 seconds—yet keeps bath-freshness lasting all evening long.

I LOVE A SOLDIER

Paulette Goddard and Sonny Tufts were a “natural” in “So Proudly We Hail.” You fans demanded that they be starred together, and here they are.

Sonny is still playing a big, lumbering, good-hearted guy. Paulette, as Eve Morgan, is the wise-cracking type who goes out with a different soldier every night, and has no intention of getting involved with any of them. But when she meets Dan Kilgore (that's Sonny), her resolutions weaken. Dan and his friend Stiff (Walter Sande) have come on a solemn mission. Their buddy has been killed, and he left his dog tag and watch to Eve. Dan is furious when he finds that she doesn't even remember the guy. He gets into quite an argument with her, but somehow it ends with their going dancing. When Dan finally gets on the train that's to take him East, Eve realizes that here is one soldier she won't forget.

Fine. It looks like a promising romance, doesn't it? But Stiff, who has gotten very friendly with Eve's pal, Sissy (Mary Treen), happens to mention that Dan has a wife in New York. So Eve decides to concentrate on her welding job and never think of Dan again. Even when he comes back from New York with word that his wife has started divorce proceedings, Eve isn't having any. A girl is a fool to get married in war time.

One reason she feels that way is because her roommate's husband is missing in action. The roommate is going to have a baby, and the whole thing. Eve reasons, is the result of letting your emotions run

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Here below are 20 clues. On pages 93 and 113 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 122 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score, you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 71's average this time, 78's good, 85 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at page 122 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1
1. Prexies 2 schools for la danse
2. Rooney's "Uncle Spence"
3. Husky-voiced good fairy
4. Oriental actor-artist
5. Warners' Walter
6. Headlined with "Dear Diary . . ."
7. Matinee idol of gay '90's
8. $15,000 a week teddy bear cuddler
9. Sepia songstress
10. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch
11. Jean supplanted Joan
12. Jilted gag man
13. 44-inch cover girl
14. 3rd generation genius
15. Comedian of the hour
16. Written, directed, acted by—
17. Switched from sax
18. The siren of San Domingo
19. Smartest of 3 smart girls
20. Mixes cauliflower with ham

(Continued on page 93)
Are You in the Know?

In WAVE slang, she's—
- A destroyer
- On see duty
- Being convoyed

WAVES have words of their own! For instance, "being convoyed" means being on a date. "See duty" means the movies. "Heart" was a destroyer (pretty WAVE) — and busy at her job. Any girl can sail through days or duty with confidence, on calendar days — when she chooses Kotex. Because Kotex is the word for protection in sanitary napkins. That special 4-ply safety-center gives extra protection where you need it most. And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause embarrassing accidents!

Is she headed for—
- "Heart" trouble
- A high date quota
- Complexion blues

Snacks at the hamburger hangout are fun! But too many "fries" and double deserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closup, too, on "those" days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit tell-tale lines — for those patented Kotex ends are pressed flat — they don't show, because, they're not thick, not stubby like some napkin ends. They're scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting...smoother!

Which is most likely to get the job?
- The girl on the left
- On the right
- In the center

Want to launch your life career, or land an after-school job? That first interview is important! Be alert, brief, frank. Show the boss you mean business, and look it — like the girl on the right. Then, stick to your job, every working day. You can, with the help of Kotex. Kotex is more comfortable — has enduring softness, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. No bunching, no roping, as ill-fitting napkins do. You'll find Kotex holds its shape ... actually stays soft while wearing!

Know your napkins —

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

IT'S A WISE GIRL who discovers that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex Deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

away with you. She sends Dan back to the camp where he's stationed and tells him she never wants to see him again.

Of course it's easier to say those things than to stick to them. Eve finally weakens and goes out to camp. She finds that Dan, broken-hearted, is drowning his sorrows in something alcoholic that's barely so she decides she'd better stay around and keep him out of trouble. But the only way she can get an apartment in a military area is to be the wife of a soldier. So she poses as Mrs. Daniel Kilgore, which leads to more complications than you can imagine.

Sonny will really get you in this one.—

P. S.

Director Mark Sandrich took his cast and crew to the Bay City (San Francisco) for seven weeks so all exterior shots would be authentic. For seven straight nights they worked in The Mole, famous transportation center where trains meet both the ferry boats and the Bay Bridge. Because the Mole is rushed during arrival and departure hours, work could not begin until 10:00 p.m., had to be finished before 5:00 a.m. Although a full house set was built at the studio for close-up work, background interiors were taken in San Francisco's own Playland. Sandrich had to use a cable car on a hill. It was impossible to use an actual one and hold up traffic. Studio obtained official permission to use an abandoned cable line on Clay Street, ran their own cable and operated it themselves. This is actually the site of the first cable line in the world. Several hundred University of California students were used as extras, playing men in uniform and their girl-friends. Sonny and his wife rented a small home in Stone Canyon, several miles from the studio. Because of war restrictions, they couldn't have a telephone installed. Company had to send telegrams for any changes in working schedule. Frank Albertson, playing a soldier, was allowed to wear his own uniform which he kept after being discharged from the Signal Corps. Sheila Anne Corrigan, age 21, who takes the part of Ann Doran's baby in the story, has a real soldier daddy in North Africa. At the time the pictures were being taken of small Sheila Anne, her own daddy didn't know of her existence — will see her for the first time when the picture plays the North African circuit.

SONG OF NEVADA

Here's a Roy Rogers' picture that opens in—of all places—a New York night club. But don't worry. It soon has you back riding trail with Roy and Trigger. It starts in New York because John Barabbee (Thurston Hall) has come there to get his pretty daughter Joan (Dale Evans). He wants her to come home to their ranch in Nevada. Joan, however, is engaged to a Park Avenue wolf named Rollo Bingham (John Eldredge) and wants no part of the great open spaces any more. Barabbee has to take the plane West without her.

Engine trouble forces them down in the desert. Barabbee goes for a walk and hears the haunting strains of an old cowboy song. That, plus the smell of frying bacon, brings him to Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers. As a result, Barabbee misses his plane, and joins forces with Roy for a ten-day trek through the Nevada mountains. When they get back to civilization, Barabbee finds that his plane had
crashed, and all the papers have carried accounts of his death. Joan and Rollo are at the ranch, grief-stricken, yet anxious to settle up his estate.

Barrabee at first intends to go and tell them that he is alive. Then he decides that perhaps being a little more subtle he can keep Joan in Nevada. So he sends Roy to see her, with a contract dated the day of Barrabee’s supposed death. A contract to drive the Barrabee horses in the big coach race that’s held at this time every year and which will have every other big cattle man out there do or die-ing.

Joan, suspicious at first, soon becomes very friendly with Roy. Far too friendly to suit Rollo. They go on rides and picnics together, leaving Rollo, who is not the athletic type, to bite his nails at home. But Rollo is no dope, and he pulls a trick out of his Park Avenue top hat that discredits Roy completely. Joan, disillusioned, agrees to marry Rollo and leave for New York immediately. Then Barrabee “comes back to life,” and things take another sudden turn—this time in the right direction. Roy’s homespun charm comes through to you in this picture more effectively than ever before. There are several big singing and dancing numbers, too, to help lift it above the level of the ordinary Western.—Rep.

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet
Well...
Fancy meeting you here! Or didn’t you know that I’m practically a native Hollywoodite? Well, I am—or was for the past two weeks. You see, here I was at my Information Desk, dripping with dirt (the gossip variety) and packed to the gills with odd items to soothe your fevered brows, but somehow I felt guilty—how could I be your Cinema-Snooper-In-Chief without ever having been THERE? So I went. And now I’m back. And, oh my, if you thought I was on the beam before, well, just you send in those toughies this minute—I’m so heaped with hep I feel like the granddaddy of all Encyclopedia Britannica’s!

Remember, the address: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Charles Shore . . . HOW CAN I OBTAIN PICTURES OF BAND-LEADERS AND BAND VOCALISTS? Oops, now that is a problem. If they are biggies as popular as Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Kay Kyser, etc., you just address your requests to the studio where your hero last appeared in a pic, or else to the network they broadcast from. However, if they are neither picture personalities nor radio headliners, then better watch Downbeat mag for their schedule, and write them at the theater at which they are appearing.

Arlene Krasnoff . . . ARE THERE FAN CLUBS FOR GENE KELLY AND VAN JOHNSON? Uh, huh—Dorothy Caton, 3317 Lake Avenue, Rochester, N. Y., has the Kelly Club and Renée Lee, 25 Lefferts Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., prexies the Van Johnson Club—and gosh, I think you may be interested in the swell organization for Bob Walker started by Joan Humphreys, 7 Porter Road, USNA, Annapolis, Md.

TRUSHAY* . . . THE “BEFOREHAND” LOTION
Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously different idea in lotions! Trushay, used before you wash undies—before you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps prevent soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it’s done. This rich, creamy lotion’s grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay’s economical, so you can use it all these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling but the same good stuff as before.
I SAW IT HAPPEN

Dear Gang:

I don’t know whether you’ll remember me or not, but I’m the gal in the mail room who used to drive you slightly bate when I went around moaning, “Roy Rogers... Roy Rogers.”

Well, about three months ago, I was in an auto smash-up that cracked the old cranium and laid me up for three weeks. I was feeling pretty down-in-the-dumps, wasn’t allowed to read or write, so all I could do was languish on my bed of pain and go over and over in my mind the two meetings I’d had with Roy—the one at the rodeo last October and the second time when you sent a squad to fetch me because Roy was in the building, and you didn’t want me to swoon if I bumbled into him accidentally.

One day, I was right in the middle of reel two of my Rogers memory movie, when the nurse came floating in with a huge, tremendous, colossal—well, big, bouquet of the reddest, longest-stemmed, most—well, beautiful, American Beauty Roses. You guessed it, Roy had heard of my accident (did the little bird that told him come from 149 Madison?) and sent over the flowers with a lovely card saying he hoped I’d be well soon and that well, the doctors still don’t know how I cut my expected four-week convalescence to two-and-a-half—but we do, don’t we?

So, thanks, Roy Rogers. I thought it was impossible, but you’re even sweller than I’d imagined.

Ann McVey
Springfield, L. I.

BRIDE BY MISTAKE

Suppose you were young, beautiful and had several million dollars. Good, eh? You like that. All right. Along comes a guy, very attractive, and apparently falls madly in love with you. You fall, too. Your heart goes bumpy bumpy and all the rest of it. You can see that he’s working up to a proposal. But then you think “Does he really love me? Or is it the money that’s putting that glow in his eyes?” And you have no way of finding out.

It’s to avoid just this situation that Norah Hunter (Laraine Day), lovely heiress, has her secretary Sylvia (Marsha Hunt) pose in public as Norah while she pretends to be Sylvia, thereby eliminating all fortune-hunters in a hurry. Of course, the whole thing is a bit hard on Sylvia’s new husband, Philip (Allyn Joslyn). He objects to having his wife act as a sort of amatory test tube. But Norah likes the arrange-ment for various reasons. One of them being that it leaves her free to shoot pool—her favorite pastime—instead of ap- pearing in public.

There’s an Air Force base near Norah’s home, and one day she has Sylvia invite some of the boys over. They are all nice guys—handsome and pleasant. There’s really no reason why it should be Tony (Alan Marshall), instead of one of the others, that Norah falls in love with. But since when has love needed reasons? She shoots pool with him, beating him very badly and then suggests a walk. Unfortunately, while she’s getting a coat, Tony meets Sylvia—“the rich Miss Hunter”—to him—and forgets about the walk entirely.

Norah invites him to their beach cottage for the weekend. He has eyes only for Sylvia. Norah is furious, and husband Phil is equally furious. “Tell him who you really are,” he says. “You can’t expect

Like mother - Like daughter
Both say
"GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

Yes! You say “Goodbye Dandruff” the very first time you use Fitch Shampoo, for Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. It’s the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee bears the backing of one of the world’s largest insurance firms. And when you use Fitch’s, you say “Hello” to radiant, sparkling hair because Fitch Shampoo brings out all the natural highlights, makes the hair antiseptically clean. Good for all colors and textures of hair... requires no after-rinse... economical. Try Fitch Shampoo TODAY. Sold at all drug counters
Available in 10c, 25c and 59c sizes.

The Truth about Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.

FITCH SHAMPOO

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

10c, 25c and 59c per size.
any guy to ignore twenty million bucks.”

“Then I don’t want him,” says Norah coldly. But she does want him. She wants him like hell. That’s why she decides to take a chance on a long shot... and you'll find yourself with your fingers crossed, hoping it works!

Alan Marshall is giving the downbeat to all the girls’ hearts lately. He’s so-o-o attractive—RKO.

P. S.

Set for the Hunter mansion covered virtually every square foot of one of the studio’s largest sound stages. Set was constructed right after Government ceiling on set costs was lifted—is the largest Hollywood set built since the regulations were imposed. First venture into the field of light comedy for both Alan Marshall and Lorraine Day. Veteran comedy star, Slim Summerville, returns to the screen in one of his most important roles to date. He and croony Harry Langdon, who worked as gag-writer on the picture, kept cast and crew giggling through entire production. Note to fishermen: Fish aren't so easily dragged from the Pacific as the surf-fishing sequence might lead you to believe. Live specimens were taken in tanks to the beach, hooked onto the lines and cast into the surf... The lawn sprinkler sequence was filmed at the famous Pickfair, home of Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford turned the entire rental fee over to charity. The dresses worn by Marshall Hunt and Lorraine, which shrunk so quickly to a mere eighteen inches, were treated with a special chemical. The material wasn’t harmed by use of this chemical until it came in contact with water.

THAT WASN'T YOU, WAS IT?

Saying you didn’t rightly care whether or not your Bill came home earlier than expected? Or came home at all?

No. No, couldn’t have been. It couldn’t have been because you and every other gal like you has somebody out there doing the dirty work. And let’s not kid ourselves and it is dirty work. Vicious, heart-breaking, lonely sacrifice.

But then, that isn’t news to you, is it? Maybe this is.

That if you’re between 20 and 36 years of age with a normal physical set-up and 2 years of business or high school behind you, you’re eligible to become a SPAR. We’d rather not go into the usual routine about Mainbocher uniforms or learning a profession or the glamour of being part of your country’s gce-at war effort—we’d rather not because we know that no inducement could make you do something which you weren’t sure, deep inside, was the right thing for you—and him.

So send in the coupon, won’t you? It means a three cent stamp and two seconds’ worth of scribbling.

It may even make sure that come V day, you’ll have Bill to hang on to—instead of a gold star.

Please send me free booklet—“Facts About SPARS.”

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ______________ State ___________

The above offer is free and does not obligate me in any way.

ADDRESS THIS TO: SPAR INFORMATION EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Ever hear the 3 secrets of daintiness?

Summer still has many a sultry day in store; many a stuffy, sticky night. So it’s good to know these 3 secrets of keeping cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. They’re 3 secrets you can depend upon.

1 HOW TO KEEP COOL—First, your bath! Then dry yourself gently. Next shower your body generously with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. It quickly dries up lingering moisture; makes your skin smooth as new satin; sets the stage for cool comfort.

2 HOW TO LOOK FRESH—Next, before you dress, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum over the trouble spots. You know, those places that chafe easily. You slip into your girdle slick as a wink... no chafing or rubbing.

3 HOW TO STAY FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—Finally, for dramatic climax, Cashmere Bouquet Talcum gives your whole person a haunting, sweet perfume... the “fragrance men love”. So—be sweet! Be fresh! It’s such an inexpensive luxury.

Cashmere Bouquet is the largest selling talc in America. Buy it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE
Is there a ban in your house on tobacco, men, make-up? If you're smart, you can get it lifted—peaceably!

- Have you a problem parent? Oh we know you wouldn't swap your Mom for a million all-wool sweaters, but frankly—occasionally isn't she a bit of a drool? And Pop—salt of the earth and all that—isn't he just a touch young about some things? From your letters we gather as much, and we decided it was time, but high, to discuss the situation. Draw up a chair, tot, while we draw up a plan of attack.

NO CAMOUFLAGE! We know, you're fourteen, and all the other gals look so smooth and grown-up, and you look like something out of 5-B with no lipstick, no zing, no nothin'. When is a girl old enough to use the stuff? Well, we've buzzed around and asked people, from math teachers to Marine Captains, and 13½ to 14 would seem to be the general consensus. We even got the leading magazine on child-rearing to agree with us, which makes it practically official. Now how to get Mom's okay? Explain to her that you don't want to look hussy-ish, but neither can you stand the peculiar looks your bare face is beginning to net you. Get her to put you on proba- (Continued on page 91)
THE CONSPIRATORS

Did you ever try to visualize the romantic feminine spy of fiction? If you did, it's ten to one your vision looked like Hedy Lamarr. And that's just the kind of part Hedy plays in "The Conspirators." The whole cast is terrific, with Paul Henreid doing the male lead and Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre in supporting roles. The scene is bustling, crowded Lisbon, where everyone waits for a plane to any place that's free from Nazi domination.

There is espionage and counter espionage. Perhaps the most powerful group is the Underground, led by an enormously fat and clever man, Quintanilla (Sydney Greenstreet). But the Nazi spies are powerful, too. As soon as Vincent Van Lyn (Paul Henreid) steps off the plane, they know he's the "Flying Dutchman," who has hunted the Nazis in Holland. They watch his accidental meeting with the beautiful Irene (Hedy Lamarr), with Quintanilla. They are amused at the conflict aroused in him by the discovery that Irene is the wife of Hugo Von Mohr (Victor Francen) of the German Embassy.

Vincent spends his first night in Lisbon at a nearby fishing village, where he meets wise old Miguel (Vladimir Sokoloff) and his lovely granddaughter, Rosa (Carol Thurston). The next day he sees Irene again and knows that he is really in love with her and that she loves him, too. But when he leaves her and returns to his hotel, he finds a member of the Underground in his room—murdered!

Vincent is taken to jail as the murderer. There his doubts of Irene grow. And outside, the Underground has doubts, too. The evidence against Vincent is almost conclusive. When he escapes from prison, they are sure the Nazis must have helped. And the Nazis are equally sure he was helped by the Underground. Vincent is in danger now from every direction. Only Irene believes in him. But Quintanilla discovers that one member of the Underground is a traitor—and it can't be Vincent.

The rest of the picture is equally divided between suspense and action, and you won't want to miss a moment of it.—War.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A boy walked into the photo lab at the Sam Goldwyn Studios, and on being told that the prints he was supposed to pick up wouldn't be ready for some fifteen minutes, he announced he'd wait around outside. Well, one hour passed and then two... and finally, in popped the boy, breathless and apologetic. After taking a severe reprimanding from the lab head "because boys are not allowed in the set during shooting," the boy responded with only a bowed head and a sheepish grin.

The moment he was gone, we turned to the supervisor and screamed, "In case someone should ask, that so-called messenger boy just bawled out happens to be California, who's been knocked off dead in "Stage Door Canteen." That happens to be Lon McCallister!"

We haven't been reprimanded for the past six months!

Muriel A. Rahms

Donna Reed
appearing in
"THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

See her beauty cream help your skin to film-star loveliness: Cleanses thoroughly. Freshens. Softens, smooths. Helps coax away tiny dry-skin lines. Holds powder. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Tonight, every night, take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then use as your night cream, for extra softening... Use for glamorizing daytime clean-ups, as well... Jars 10¢ to $1.25.

Woodbury COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

Formerly called Cold Cream. Cleanses as thoroughly as finest cold cream—does so much more besides! It's all you need if your skin is NORMAL or DRY... If EXTRA DRY, use also Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream at night... If OILY, cleanse with Woodbury Oily Skin Cleansing Cream...

For ANY SKIN, use Woodbury Cream Pouf Powder Base to give make-up extra-smoth, long-lasting glamour.
FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE • NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR GLAMOUR
Fashions for Tall Girls—by Marjorie Bailey .................................................................
Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What'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 ..................................................
Jam-packed with ideas on how to appear thinner or more curvaceous. The lines and styles that slendrize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to 
cover up that bony look. What's meant for you in coats, suits, dresses, hats, furs. Free. send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens ........................................................................................................
This is 'special'y for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. 
Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Be Beautiful ...........................................................................................................
For over 18's—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to 
your need. Free. send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair .................................................................................................
Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do'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 diets based on scientific calorie counts. Exercises for reducing 
every part of body, plus daily scoring chart to help keep tabs on your-
self. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Mind Your Manners ........................................................................................................
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave. 
Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

Handwriting Analysis (10c) ..............................................................................................
Send a sample of your or your boy's handwriting in ink (about 25 
words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, à MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) ...........................................................
Fill in your birthdate: Year . month . date . time .
Name . Street . City . State .
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required.

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

FOR ROMANCE

How to Tell If You're in Love (5c) ....................................................................................
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. 
Send 5c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Write a Love Letter ............................................................................................
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! 
Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry? ...................................................................................................
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. 
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 caguy to pull a "hard to get?" Write to our expert, Jean Kinkaid, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 93 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

Be a Better Dancer!—by Arthur Murray ........................................................................
How to be a floating vision on the dance floor. 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.

FOR FANS

Super * Stor Information Chart (10c) ..............................................................................
Here it is—our now, revised 32-page booklet that tells all about the 
stars. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, 
love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the 
Service and reams of other data everyone wants to know. Complete 
section on your favorite Western stars, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, 
self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bonds and Records (5c) ......................................................
New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone 
from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, 
lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hop cats. Send 
5c as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Join or Start o Fan Club . ...................................................................................
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free. 
just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk . Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. 
See box on page 21 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.
“Cabin in the Pines” bedspread with ready-to-hang matching draperies is woven with bright embroidery on a tan background.

Gail Russell’s Choice for Dreary Dorms

Getting ready to go back to school is a dress rehearsal for the kind of wife you will make in tomorrow’s world. GAIL RUSSELL, starring in “OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY,” a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, shows how Bates bedspreads with matching draperies do just about the entire decorating job quickly and inexpensively. Bates bedspreads are wrinkleproof, washable, rugged and right for all who face the problem of temporary residence. What’s more, the spreads serve as extra covering at night. War work comes first at Bates . . . that’s why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite bedspread or drapery pattern.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY
No other Shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

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

*Men notice* and remember the girl
with glamorous, shining locks! So don’t
let soap or soap shampoos dull the
lustrous beauty of your hair.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene
Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the
dramatic difference after your very first
shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals
all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the
natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene
containing hair conditioner now leaves
hair far silkier, smoother, easier to man-
age ... right after shampooing! Easier
to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair
Conditioner ... or ask your beauty shop
to use it.

And remember! Drene gets rid of all
flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner

Soap film dulls lustre—robs
hair of glamour!
All cake soaps and liquid soap shampoos
leave a dulling film on hair.
Drene never leaves any dulling film.
That’s why Drene reveals up to
33% more lustre!
An angel of mercy flew in from Hollywood the other day (by plane, of course), and asked me for a million dollars... angel by the name of Mrs. Darryl Zanuck. But the million is positively not for 20th Century-Fox. It's for Naval Aid Auxiliary, a warm-hearted gang out on the Coast that seems to have adopted the whole darned U. S. Navy.

To get on with my story—I must admit I was stunned. I reached dubiously into my pocket, wondering who the heck Mrs. Z. thought I was. Then she explained.

She broke out a list of stars’ names so long that I wore out two pairs of glasses going through it. Dozens and dozens of Hollywood’s biggest stars have autographed cute little cards with the Naval Aid emblem in color on them. Each card with a famous signature on it can be bought by a MODERN SCREEN reader for a quarter. And the supply is unlimited!

Your quarter will work like a dog for the Navy. Your quarter will buy milk for sailors’ babies, roll bandages, organize canteens and nurseries. Your quarter will do so much that you will be embarrassed to take any return for it.

But that’s the way the blessed Mrs. Z. wants it. Payment in full for each and every good deed. You can’t beat those angels! Anyway, here’s how I see it. Roughly, MODERN SCREEN has a circulation of a million. Roughly (or tenderly) four persons read each copy. And four million quarters makes up that million I was reaching for when Mrs. Zanuck so thoughtfully interrupted me.

All in all, it’s the best bet since the Fifth War Loan!

Executive Editor

P.S. Coupon and complete list of stars on p. 94 and 95.
modern screen spends

a day with Alan Ladd

Grand Central at rush hour is quiet by comparison with the Ladd menage. Alan was being kodaked by a passing G.I., and a lonesome looking guy with a lamp was wandering around the garden when Sue spied the M.S. gang. She shooed Laddie up to shift into his longies and then scurried off after an “atmosphere” slouch hat (which you won’t see, ’cause there’s wasn’t any). What with the outdoor shots having to come first to catch the sun ’n’ stuff, Photog Gus Gale was having a merry time chasing after Jezebel till Steve Brooks, of the Paramount publicity staff, gave out with some puppy noises—with the poor hound falling for the gag every time! Then there was the day-too-early interviewer and the kibitzing naval house guest on leave who popped out of dark corners and—well, the pix were shot, the info got—and Al and Sue send you all their love.

An ardent Victory Gardener, Laddie is slightly frustrated ’cause no matter what he plants—it comes up onions! He likes ’em, tho, plus 6 other courses!

Alana’s first disillusionment was learning Alan placed second on M.S. poll. She’s positive all pix of men are Alan, even to pointing to Crosby and yelping, “Dado!”

Home is swell, but Al’s still G.I.-ish, hoarding headlines and buying Alana bonds with his loot from a D-Day pool.
Alan got a sentimental urge to peek at his uniform, found a moth had once had same ideal. *Item:* The G.I. wardrobe will have to start from scratch comes the happy re-entrance day.

Alana, whose first word was "pretty," is a gold-digger from way back, makes a grab at anything as long as it glitters and thinks heaven means living to Daddy’s "Pistol Packin’ Mamma."

Patient to the point of (Sue's) exhaustion, Alan objects to questions on sleeping habits, thinks that's going too far. Admits he and Sue can and do talk till cock crow.
As a Poppa, Alan scares easy. Not so Mama, who had baby at 2:30, phoned friends at 3:00—and when her sec. called the next A.M., chirped, "Oh, I just had a baby."

modern screen spends
a day with Alan Ladd

Though Sue's bag-tied the "bad-man" into home front K.P., Alan keeps up with G.I. gossip, nearly blows a fuse each time a pal moves up a notch or gets himself be-medaled.
modern screen spends
a day with Alan Ladd

Alan had over 300 stills of Alana before she was a year old but though he's shot hundreds of feet of her with Sue's gift, a movie camera, he's never seen "the little animal"—no projector!

Two birds, one stone idea: In "Two Years Before The Mast," Bill Bendix beats the tar out of Al while the cameraman gets seasick and Donlevy, Dekker and Fitzgerald sing! A fella's gotta rest sometimes!
It's really big-time, the Ladd marriage, with, if it were possible, Sue being even more sociable than her better half. Save for Army interlude, they've missed just 3 luncheon dates in 5 years together, still haven't run out of dialogue.

Alan gets meemies at signs of swank so comes mess. Sue pretties dining room table, Al pronto shifts stuff to kitchen. Will give in though for formal dinners.
Sue's intent on padding the Laddie chassis, a wee bit on the willowy side since his illness. Those shoulders are the real stuff, though, developed from high school shot-putting and studio grip days.

About the only Ladd squabble to date has been on post-war plans, with Al holding out for a cross-country sightseeing tour against Sue's insistence on a shopping spree of the Scandinavian countries: Danish china, Swedish crystal, etc. Compromise may result in a flying jaunt to S. America.

That heavy ring Al sports is camouflage for the wedding band he refuses to remove. Completely relative-less, Al's whole life revolves about his "girls," so he's still crushed over Alana's first reaction to him—hysteresis—and discards idea they were due to fact he was first male she'd seen.

Though he's been angling for re-induction, Al's Army status is still uncertain. In the meantime, he's being coached by a prominent psychiatrist for his role of a paranoiac in the B'way hit, "Guest in the House," his next Par. pic.
Kay Kyser and the new and very umm Mrs. K., Georgia Carroll, are frequent guests, with Amateur Alan reducing gin rummy to strip poker. Kay insists that just a few intense sessions made it possible for him to afford a wife!

Well, it's been a good life and a long day. There's nothing to do and nothing to worry about. Will Cook's youngster pass her measles on to Alana? . . . Wonder if we'll find that house with 5 bedrooms? . . . Is Joel McCrea really going to find me a ranch? . . . zzzz . . .

modern screen spends
a day with Alan Ladd
2. He was completely appalled when three Jersey Democratic politicos, Ed Sullivan (J. M. Kerrigan), Senator Ed Jones (Thurston Hall) and Jim Booher (James Rennie), paid him a visit one evening, asked him to be state governor.

J. Wilson By Maris MacCullers

Twenty years ago this man fought so that we might have peace.

His is the story of a mighty soldier . . .

5. Tragedy struck when his wife died after a slow, painful illness. In the midst of torturous grief, he worked to keep us out of the European war. Happiness came when he met Edith Bolling Galt, whom he later wed.
6. In 1916 he was re-elected because he had kept us neutral. But he knew jig was up day Sec. of State Lansing (S. Logan) and German Ambassador (T. Selwart) came to him with Kaiser's orders for resumption of sub warfare.

7. War came, but Wilson continued his crusade for peace. Preached to soldiers his doctrine of post-war world league. All nationalities had blended here in America, why not in the world?

8. Out of peace conference with Lloyd George (C. Brooke), Orlando (A. Filauri), Clemenceau (M. Dalio) League was born.

9. He was convinced that success of League depended on American support, and against doctor's orders, he toured country begging people to join. At term's end, he was old and paralyzed and defeated in the election.

10. But his ideal still lived. "The fight's just begun. You and I may never live to see it finished. But that doesn't matter."

STORY: He was a slight man, thin and small boned, a quiet man. If you noticed anything at all about him, it was his eyes; there were lights in his eyes, a deep burning fire that sometimes flashed with all the sudden violence of summer lightning. He was no longer young, a man (Continued on page 97)

PRODUCTION: "How did you manage to borrow those paintings from the White House?"

It was Vice-President Henry A. Wallace speaking as he was conducted around a Technicolor set for Darryl F. Zanuck's production "Wilson." The set was an exact duplication of, the lavish East Room in the White House, the (Continued on page 86)
By Kaaren Pieck

**boy wanted**

Farley Granger's got a yen for pics and people

and a knack for answering the damnedest want ads.

Farley Earle Granger caroling with pals Roddy and Virgie MacDowall. One of Palladium gang, his only H'wood date so far has been co-star Jane Withers.

He'll be nineteen in July, he's an only child, he's full of boyish enthusiasm and Farley Granger's his real name. Graduated from high school on February fourth, he was inducted into the Navy twenty days later. After six weeks of boot camp in Idaho, he came home on furlough. The first person he looked up was Sam Levene, the second was Roddy MacDowall. Roddy's two years younger, and Sam's considerably older, but for different reasons they're his best friends. His dearest possession is the St. Christopher medal Sam gave him.

He's crazy about Anne Baxter, *(Continued on page 105)*

Apprentice Seaman Farley mourns storing super collection of "distinctive" ties, swing 'n' sweet discs; votes Mom's pies and N. H'wood H.S. battles with civics and math "most likely to be missed."

6 feet tall, 159 lbs., Farley is the Gable he-man type, is an ardent swimmer, skater and huntsman. Doesn't smoke partly because he doesn't relish the stuff, mostly due to parental objections.
Overnight a star, with a background of riches to rags, 18-year-old Farley formulated his own blueprint for happiness: "Have something to do, someone to love, something to hope far"—and followed it through.

Grange was slated for top spot in "Guest in the House" when "Greetings" arrived; was naturally disappointed yet eager to follow in steps of Dad, World War I vet.

Old wish to meet Bergman fiascoed when, upon introduction, he "blew up," was rescued by Ingrid. [With Hope and V. Mayo on "Princess and Pirate" set.]
can’t help lovin’ that man...

Errol Flynn gets his newspapers in the morning, with the movie gossip columns carefully extracted.

“I find,” he says gravely, “that I live more happily that way.”

Flynn has many disarming qualities. Not the least of them is the way he meets the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. No bitterness, no self-pity or bravado. Cool pride, mixed with plenty of grit and more than a dash of humor.

Having finished “Uncertain Glory,” he put himself at the disposal of the Hollywood Victory Committee and was sent, with four others, to entertain our troops in Alaska. “What about material?” they asked.

“Don’t worry about material. Just go through that file and take your pick.”

The file held nothing suitable for a combination of one romantic (Continued on page 114)
Even the gags had beards, but
when Errol kidded the pants off
himself, those GI's loved it!
At one time, Alice insisted she'd retire if career interfered with family life. Just decided she can combine both, intends to trek with Phil when he subs for overseas Kay Kysar.

4-months-old Phyllis was termed "Miss Harris" till Poppa Phil could meet her and okay choice of moniker. Gifts were practical, unlike gos-gows which greeted Alice, Jr.'s arrival.
We stood over the cradle in the pink and blue nursery at Alice Faye's home. Phyllis—Alice's second daughter, a three-week's old bundle from Heaven—fluttered her wee hand and stirred in her sleep.

"Every Alice Faye fan across the world would like to be in my shoes right now," I said, "they'd give their eye teeth to trade places with me."

"I wish they could all see her," said Alice. "All of them, from Australia to New York—all the fans that have written letters about her coming, sent gifts and made me feel they weren't impatient about my interrupted career. My fans have been perfectly wonderful! Why I've only made two pictures in the last three years, but their letters keep pouring in all the same."

"I'll tell them about her," I said, indicating the mite that has cost Twentieth Century-Fox a couple of millions at the box-office, to put it conservatively. "And I'll tell them about you, too," I told Alice, Jr.

This tow-headed riot who put the studio back another fortune, was having her second birthday. She was modeling a red bathing suit not much bigger than a postage stamp and hugging a huge doll to her chest.

"You're like two peas in a pod," I told Alice. "Junior has your hair and eyes and smile. Yes, and your coloring. She's what the past generation used to call the spittin' image of her ma."

Alice, slim and white and gold in a trailing chiffon negligee was lovely enough to (Continued on page 79)
Frank Sinatra

By Jean Kinkead

He'd had a drag on a cigarette, sworn a few times. At 4, he was a man—almost!

If you haven't heard of The Voice, you simply don't know. You're not "with it," as the kids say. You are, in a word, obsolete. At twenty-six, this skinny, big-eyed youngster with the ever-so-slightly Hoboken accent, is the biggest thing in the whole darn entertainment world. People talk about him in New York and Montreal and Mexico City. They talk about him in Italy and Australia and North Africa. They even talk about him on those tiny Pacific islands that are just specks in your Atlas, if you can believe this tale brought home by some Navy boys.

Seems replacements had just reached this one island, and one of the new lads had a vic and a stack of records. "Look guys," he said, "some swell Sinatra!" One of the kids who'd been on the islands for ages spoke without looking up from his magazine. "If it's anything like that lousy sherry your pal just tried to sell me, keep it, chum." The first boy stared at him, a long incredulous stare. "You've never heard of Frank
Sinatra, "he intoned in a low, awed voice. Then he banged his fist into his palm. "I wish I were home," he said. "I could exploit you." And don't think he couldn't.

Funny, you'd never have thought in the old days that Frankie Sinatra was eventually going to knock the world for a loop. In fact, one morning not so very many years ago, you wouldn't have thought he was ever going to brush with the world at all.

It was a little past midnight on December 12, 1917. The doctor wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked out of Nathalie Sinatra's bedroom window for a long time. Snowflakes swirled through the darkness, rested briefly on the window-pane and then were gone. A second of existence, then nothingness. How like this little boy, he thought, looking at the still face of the child he'd just delivered. A flicker of a heartbeat at the end of his stethoscope, then no sound at all. How to tell the (Continued on page 49)

At 2, with his mother on boat trip off Jersey shore. Every summer he stayed with an aunt at beach. Neither parent was musical, hoped Frank would become civil engineer.
Frank Sinatra

(Continued)

His Pal—197-lb. boxer Tomi Mauritello is his idol, with whom he'd gladly swap jobs. Tomi'd rather croon! Sinatra gives chums and family credit for his success.

His Job—Takes it seriously. Only fear is that voice will crack, visits throat specialist weekly. Gene Kelly's teaching him to dance for "Anchors Aweigh."

His Career—Took first crack at it in high school renting out orchestrations to local bands, provided he was hired to sing. Business grew with acquisition of public address system. Arrived when he joined T. Dorsey's Pied Pipers.
father who was waiting on the other side of the door; and the mother, the brave little mother, smiling now as she slept.

And then beautifully, incredibly, it happened. The still face puckered, and a yell heard all over Hoboken came out. Awed, the doctor picked him up again and looked him over. Sound as a dollar. It couldn't be, and yet it was. Science had no explanation for it; it remained for Frankie himself to grow up and give the answer. “Heck, any cluck can be born,” is how he figures it, “it takes a ham to do it dramatically.”

His dad heard the yell and dashed into the room, wild-eyed. “What was that?” he croaked hoarsely.

“Your son,” the doctor told him, placing the bundle in his arms.

“Our little boy,” Mr. Sinatra breathed, doting on him, “our beautiful little boy.”

Beautiful was stretching it a little. Frankie was not too smooth as an infant. It had been an extremely difficult birth, and his head was slightly battered. One of his earlobes was missing. In addition to which he was very fat—all of fifteen pounds—and very red. For his father’s dough, however, he was okay. He was handsome and good. He was the king. For the old man’s dough, he still is. (Continued on following page)
Frank Sinatra

Continued

In the months that followed, it was Mom who had to make with the discipline. Mom who no- introduction bric-a-brac tossing and ink-spilling. When she could keep a straight face that was.

One day before he was a year old, Nathalie was entertaining one of her cronies while Frankie was on the loose somewhere in the house. All breakable objects had been put out of reach, fire hazards had been removed, and he was quite safe. For thirty uninterrupted minutes the two gals chatted.

“Good child, isn’t he?” the friend mentioned eventually.

Nathalie expanded a little. “Good as gold,” she smiled. “Hardly know I have him half the time.” Whereupon Frankie entered on all fours, his face smeared with butter, bits of liverwurst and dill pickle. It developed that he’d just discovered he could pull himself up on the icebox and maneuver the catch.

“Ma-ma,” he beamed, reeking of garlic.

It was a moment for (Continued on page 110)
She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Ponds!

"Such a darling"—"and what a glorious complexion," you think when you see Suzanne Sherwood.

She's another engaged girl with that soft-smooth Pond's look.

"Pond's Cold Cream is the only cream in the world for me," she says. "I love everything about it—its softness, its whiteness, and the grand way it cleans my face and makes my skin so smoothed and refreshed."

**THIS IS SUZANNE'S BEAUTY CARE**

*She smooths* snowy-white Pond’s Cold Cream over her face and throat, and pats briskly to soften and take off dirt and make-up, Tissues off.

*She rinses with more Pond’s,* working her cream-coated fingers round in little whirls to extra-cleanse and soften every bit of her lovely face. Tissues off again.

It’s no accident engaged girls like Suzanne, society beauties like Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney and Britain’s Lady Morris love Pond’s Cold Cream. Ask for your big jar today. Use it night and morning, for daytime clean-ups, too!

**Suzanne Sherwood, engaged to Richard Roosevelt Callburn, Air Force Officer**

**Suzanne's Ring**—a handsome square-cut diamond set in platinum. Her romance started with a "chance" Suzanne sold Dick at the Officers’ Club in Buffalo.

In training as photographer’s assistant, doing special work in industrial photography, Suzanne spends exciting days on location at some of the biggest war plants in the country. Like so many Pond’s engaged girls, she is learning a job that plays a real part in America’s war program.

All kinds of jobs need women workers—in plants, stores, offices, transportation. Check help wanted ads in your local paper. Consult local U. S. Employment Service about how you can help.

**Ask for the Luxury-Size Jar** of Pond’s—help save glass. You’ll love the way the fingers of both your hands can dip into this wide-topped Pond’s jar.

**This is Suzanne** • Eyes, shining grey • Hair, chestnut • Skin, smooth as ivory
The star nobody knows, the heart throb with a Ty Power fan for a son—that's Dana Andrews!

One night recently, after a swank Hollywood premiere, a big, handsome, pleasant-looking fellow and his pretty blonde wife stood on the forecourt curb of Grauman's Chinese theater waiting for their car to be brought around. They listened to the loud speaker drone out the names of Hollywood's exalted big shots—"Mister Zanuck's car—Mr. Goldwyn!—Mr. Mayer—Mr. Cary Grant—Mr. Gary Cooper—Miss Greer Garson, please—" and on and on.

He had given the starter his name long before—"Dana Andrews." Then he waited and waited expecting every next name to be his. But the minutes ticked by, and nothing happened. Everybody got his car—everybody but Dana Andrews. Dana waited almost an hour, then he
Dana cracks he's been "discovered" about 10 times, never forgets that when he was under contract to Goldwyn, fattest roles came on 20th's lend-out.

Andy answered offer to rename Dana Point, Calif. "Dana Andrews" with, "It might have been different a year ago— for $1000 I'd have changed my name to Dana Point."

nabbed the starter. "Hey, how about my automobile? I was here before all these other people."

"Yeah, I know," said the starter. "But look, Buddy, this shindig is strictly for movie stars—not ordinary guys like you. Now, why don't you just go out to the lot like a good guy and get it yourself?"

So Dana went out to the parking lot and got it himself. He never told the starter that he was one of the stars of the picture.

Things like that are always happening to Dana Andrews. Hundreds of people still send him letters addressed "Miss Dana Andrews," not even being sure whether he's male or female. Movie-wise columnists tag him a "newcomer." When he walks around Hollywood, not even the tourists give him a tumble. And in the out-country, despite the recent hits he's bunched like (Continued on page 128)
Terrible Tommy

He’s a big boy now, this Dix fella, but the kid’s had a hunk o’ livin’—a movie star, a slugging boy soprano—almost a G.I. cantor!

Signed for one number in “Best Foot Forward,” Tommy was long-termed after first rushes. Dropping rôles on recent Major Bowes hour, he boomed "WAC drive, is still owed over hit reception of his song. "March of Dimes."

Sunday was tough on Tommy. Any other day you could race out of the house and find half a dozen guys around the front stoop pitching pennies or knocking each other’s heads off. Sundays you’d just sit on the steps all morning and watch the kids on their way to Sunday school, all pressed and starched and cleaner even than on promotion day. Yes, it was tough, all right. Ten times a morning, Tommy’d whine, “Why can’t I go to Sunday school, too, Ma, huh?”

“Because you’re still too young, Tommy.”

“Yeah? Then how come my friend Johnny goes, and he’s younger even than I am?”

“Maybe he’s brighter.”

When Tommy had finally worn his mother down, the choir master pounced on him for the soprano section because his voice was clear and high and wonderfully true. For a while it looked as though it was going to be all right. Tommy liked to sing. He also liked not being alone on Sundays. Mrs. Dix began thinking maybe she’d been wrong about Tommy being too young. Then, one Sunday, just as she was sticking the roast in the oven, Tommy burst into the kitchen.

“Hey, Ma! I quit!”

“What do you mean, you quit?”

“Sunday school. I quit. I told them today I wasn’t gonna be stuck in no soprano section with a bunch first-grade kids I could knock down with one finger. I told them if I couldn’t be a baritone, I wasn’t going to sing in their old choir. I’m not gonna have all the guys goin’ around calling me panty-waist.”

“And what did the choir master say to that?”

“He said I was a soprano and that’s how I was gonna sing.”

Mrs. Dix reached for the hairbrush. And Tommy, in spite of himself, went on being a soprano. “But of course,” says Mrs. Dix, “a boy soprano’s got (Continued on page 95)
The Greatest
Romantic Comedy
of All Time

If you think
Mr. Deeds
Went to town
Keep an eye on
Casanova Brown

International Pictures, Inc.,
presents

GARY	TERESA
COOPER · WRIGHT
in
Casanova Brown

"A great lover in spite of himself"

Directed by SAM WOOD
A NUNNALLY JOHNSON Production

with
FRANK MORGAN · Anita Louise

PATRICIA COLLINGE · Edmond Breon · Jill Esmond

Produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson · From a play by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell · Presented by International Pictures, Inc. · Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

"GOOD ENTERTAINMENT IS INTERNATIONAL"
Lena Horne stood in the wings at Carnegie Hall, waiting to go on. Café Society Downtown was giving its first big boogie-woogie concert, and Lena had been with the troupe for just a week. She was scared numb.

Somehow she found herself out on the stage, and first thing she saw was a face in the third or fourth row. It was soft with sympathy and alight with encouragement. The deep eyes smiled. “Come on,” the smile said. “We’re for you.” Throughout her four songs, Lena’s eyes clung to Marian Anderson—whom she’d never met—like a kid to its mother’s hand.

When it was safely over and no one had beaten her, the loveliest thing happened. Miss Anderson asked to meet her. She doesn’t remember what was said. Only the voice and the face and the heavenly kindness. “She’s like a queen,” breathes Lena softly.

It’s characteristic that the outstanding memory of that evening should be her meeting with Marian Anderson. Her own success? Of course it was important. But to say merely that she’s ambitious is to give the story false emphasis.

For herself, she’s pleased in a quiet way. “It was a beautiful engagement,” she’ll say. Or, “The kids are always good to me.” But for her people she exults. Any tribute paid her is a gift she can bring to them. Such gifts are her treasures, whoever makes them. That’s why her quietness blazes into excitement over Marian Anderson, over Paul Robeson playing “Othello,” over George Washington Carver, the great negro scientist in whose (Continued on page 73)

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Dark Angel

Wistful guys from Tuskegee Air Base, prim Plaza patrons—they all say the same wonderful things about Lena Horne!

By Rosemary Layng
A charming wife and mother who is in her "40's" (although she doesn't like to admit it) has lately found herself confronted with embarrassing symptoms due to the functional middle-age period peculiar to women (often designated as the menopause). What is she to do? This problem has bewildered many a woman!

In case you are annoyed by hot flashes and feel nervous, restless, irritable, highstrung, so tired, weak, and a bit moody at times—all due to this cause—why not try famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms?

For almost a century—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of grateful women—rich and poor alike—to go smiling thru such middle age distress. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. It helps nature! Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit! Follow label directions. Worth trying!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
You came through Summer on a shoe-string—that is, if you were stringing along with me, you did. So by now you should have a little extra to invest in a suit or topcoat. And if you also happen to have a housetop handy, I'd like to get up there and shout, "Plunge, pal, plunge!"

I mean it! Spend a little more here and save somewhere else—because when it comes to a suit or a coat, you just can't fake. Especially if you've been convoyed by a lad with an eye for tailoring. So please—when you're tempted by one of those floozy "here-today-gone-tomorrow" jobs—just close your eyes and count ten. You'll count savings in the long run if you hold out for stuff that stands by.

The first thing (Continued on page, 64)
YOU'RE SMART . . . 'cause you wear "flange fronts." Printress Deb, about $42. Beret by Brewster, about $4.

By Marjorie Bailey

It pays to shell out lavishly when

you're marketing for a suit 'n' topper

YOU'RE TOPS . . .
when a topper matches your suit even to the "new penny" buttons. About $29.75.

YOU'RE SAILOR-TAILORED . . .

YOU'RE YOURSELF . . .
“GI JOHNNY”

A juke box blares, a G.I. razes, "Icy showers, phooey!"—and Pilot Payne knows this is home.

You'll find John Payne at his favorite table in the corner by the juke box of the Service Club cafeteria at Buckley Field these evenings.

G.I. Johnny. Khaki cap sticking out of his pocket. Chair tilted back against the shiny red and chromium juke box. Tanned fingers softly drumming on the table in beat with the tune.

His usual cronies are with him. For like any other Joe, John Payne has his own buddies—his own G.I. gang. Privates Buddy Lawler, Hollywood dance director, Archie Hall, radio announcer, wiry little Tony Marano, Brooklyn welterweight, and Stanley Billingsley, often referred to politely by the rest of them as a "former civilian."

Through the door (Continued on page 119)
MODERN SCREEN'S
FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 60)

to remember is: read your tags. Today they always tell you what's in the fabric (it's the law). When it says "100% wool," you can be pretty sure it will hold its shape. Manufacturers don't put their labels on things unless they're proud of them. The Printtress people, for instance, make a big issue of "fashions that live in fabrics that last"—which just about sums up what I'm trying to put across.

About that suit of yours—maybe you and I are going to have an argument. But I still hold that those baggy jackets that reach down toward the knee department don't do right by your pretty curves. After all, who wants to be styled by a jude box? Mark my word, the fad's going to leave everybody high and dry before long.

This doesn't mean you have to go around looking like something left over from last year. Novelty pockets and fancy-pantsy skirts with unpressed pleats are here to stay for a while. So are trick buttons (and if I'm wrong about that, you can always switch next season). You can also do things for yourself by going for a new torso slip-over blouse.

Companion toppers are made to go over suits, so of course they're cut generously through the shoulders. But no matter what kind of coat you buy, be sure you get the same kind of "room service." I don't have to show you what Chesterfields look like, but I'd like to point out that they look better than ever in bright new colors, like kelly green, or fuchsia or purple.

The new fitted reefer is another good example. Its shoulders are cut "Adrian" style, and wool melton's the fabric for it. "Plunge" sounds like a $6 lawn but don't let it get you down. It simply means those front shoulder tucks that make you look wider up top and slim of waist.

In spite of all the furore over tunic-length coats, I'm scared of 'em for you. You see, I know you. When I'm not looking you'll be slinging one on over your full-skirted dirndl or somethin'. And nothing looks comier. But, if you can remember to keep a neat, slim hemline underneath, then take a whirl at the short pea-jacket. The one our candid camera caught for you is tailored by the same outfit that delivers to the United States Navy.

Of course, the best coat or suit in the world will start looking drippy if you don't give it the right kind of a break. So—once more—won't you wear at least a ghost of a party girdle to keep from "sitting this one out?" Also remember (the way men do) to unbutton your jacket or coat whenever you sit down. And look—\[I'll get down on my knees, if it'll influence you to put your outfits on hangers instead of on the chair—and to brush away all dust before it grinds in for keeps. One thing more—when your capes get rained on, just let then dry off by themselves in an airy place. If they're the right sort, you'll find they come out of it better than if you hung them by the radiator or made with the electric iron.

One of these days I'd like to do a whole chart about all the tricks there are for keeping wardrobes in condition. Meanwhile, write me if you want to know where to buy the reliable clothes I've shown here. Or, if you've got a clothes problem that's sort of special, write and I'll give it my sort of special attention. Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 143 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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LUCILLE BALL, STARRING IN "MEET THE PEOPLE" A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ it gives an exquisite ivory tone...

brings a heavenly clear, fresh look...

...and such smoothness!

Girls! Want to be loved? Be lovelier. Wear your Woodbury shade... Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for EACH skin type. And the Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even...

makes it stay color-fresh on your skin... creates clinging, velvet texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose your shade now from the 8 enchanting Woodbury Powder shades.
tender comrades

By Jeanne Karr

The Don O’Connors may sing and dance and

talk in jive, but they love in waltz time.

It was 5:30 on a February morning in San Pedro. A car
drew up at the camp gates, disgorged a boy and his bags
and drove away. His face looked older than his eighteen
years, as he stood watching the car till it disappeared. Then
he slung three pairs of shoes over his shoulders, picked up
grips and odds and ends, passed through the gate and
started down the hill toward camp. Loaded like an Army
mule, his progress was slow. The shoes kept slipping, and
he kept hoisting them up. Once he had to trudge back for
some stuff he’d dropped in the road. Finally the mists
swallowed him.

Meantime, the car was heading back to Los Angeles, a boy
at the wheel, a sleeping girl scrounged up like a kitten in her
white fur coat. Presently she stirred, and her head felt for
the shoulder on which she’d fallen (Continued on page 66)
See how effectively Fresh stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

**Fresh and stay fresher!**

- See how effectively Fresh stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

**NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR**

**Use Fresh and stay fresher!**

• See how effectively Fresh stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that Fresh is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50c—25c—10c

She burst into tears.

"He said he'd try, to call you before they leave," Joe put in hastily. The sobs only grew more convulsive. "Look, honey, that doesn't do any good. You'll just make yourself sick."

"I can't help it," she wailed. "Look—just look at these things I've got on—Don's placks, Don's old plaid shirt. He made me wear them this morning because I wouldn't be warm enough in my own clothes. He's so thoughtful and sweet—and I never even kissed him good-bye." Her head went down on her arms against the dashboard and Joe let her blubber in peace all the way home.

Lots of words, pro and con, have been written about youthful marriages, lots more about war marriages. Gwen and Don O'Connor have read none of them, and if they had, it wouldn't have made any difference. From the first, it was as though they'd been swept to some magic island that held only the two of them. Everything else was like the murmur of far-off waters. From the first, they were serenely sure of themselves and each other. So long as they went hand in hand, nothing could touch them.

Don had enlisted in the Army Air Corps and finished his last picture at Universal. He'd worked hard in order to roll up a backlog for the studio that had given him his break—which turned out to be a break for themselves as well. He left with "This Is the Life," "The Merry Monahans," and "Patrick the Great" still unreleased.

There was one more piece of unfinished business to attend to before he reported to Uncle Sam.

"Wait," urged the mothers. "Wait till you're older. Wait till after the war."

"Why?" asked the children, "when we're in love now, and always will be."

So they were married on February 6th, and parted a few days later at the camp gates. Don, eighteen, and a Volunteer Flight Trainee, was shipped to Amarillo. Gwen, seventeen, finally stopped crying and went back to school.

"Your eyes look funny," said her best pal. "What's wrong?"

"Don's gone," quavered Gwen, "and you may now call me Mrs."

"Really? Why?"

"Because I'm married, Stoop!"

It was funny, being married and having everything just the same except that Don wasn't there. Nothing was different at school, only once in a while as she passed through the hall, she'd hear a stage whisper: "That girl's married to Donald O'Connor." Nothing was different at home except, when the phone rang, she knew it wouldn't be Don. Every afternoon she'd race home to look for a letter. He wrote every day, she wrote twice a day. His letters were all about how much he missed her, and life down there, and how much he missed her. In her letters, she had to tell him exactly what she did from the minute she got up till the minute she went to bed. Those were his orders.

He said the worst of camp was waking up suddenly at 5:30, and she could well believe it, because waking up slow is his favorite sport. He said he generally fell in in his underwear and overcoat and never had his socks or shirt off for four weeks. But he passed the psychological test for pilots—only twenty-six passed—

(Continued on page 87)
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOD NEWS

• Paulette Goddard retains her title of the Queen of the Unpredictables in Hollywood.

There are plenty of people who believed Paulette would never marry any man who was not rich—or influential—or both.

They said: "There's a girl who knows what she wants. And she'll always get it."

Well, apparently, what Paulette wanted was the man she loved and has loved for several years—Burgess Meredith. He is a grand person—a wit and a gentleman. But "Buzz" is far from rich, and being in the Army for the past two years hasn't made him any richer.

He is a fine actor—but his name is far from being as important as Paulette's.

Yet, soon after the wedding, Paulette told me, "I know this marriage will last. We are so congenial, so happy and companionable. Both of us have had unhappy marital experiences in the past. This is the third marriage for both of us. But I think you will realize how deeply we feel when I tell you that this is the first religious ceremony for either of us."

* * *

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and most of the luncheon crowd had cleared out of the Brown Derby in Hollywood. There were still a few stragglers. Joan Fontaine was being interviewed for a newspaper story in a booth near the door. Gracie Allen and George Burns were having a snack following a broadcast rehearsal.

Port-picking Fran Neal sharing Lt. Van Hefflin's last leave at Mancamo before he goes overseas; is glad baby Vona's hair is red, proving own's real!

Sonny Tufts started work on garden before moving to new home—but solid rock. Sweats place is built over marble quarry! (At Ice-Capades.)

Gene is changing baby Antoinette's first name to Daria, will follow her Lt. Cassini to Fort Riley at finish of "Laura." (At Clover Club.)
You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement. Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture to be enlarged. Include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on 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 are limited.

GOOD NEWS

Continued

But suddenly—the little cigarette girl and the cashier behind the counter gave a gasp that couldn't have been more excited if a Robot bomb had ricocheted through. Coming through the door was a skinny young man wearing a bow tie—and perched precariously against his shoulder was a four-months old baby in a blue cap, wrapped in a pink blanket.

"Hi, girls," said Frank Sinatra, grinning. "Want to see him?"

Whereupon, Frankie sat his son on the counter and unbundled him so the girls could get a good look. You might think this would make Master Sinatra cross—but he just gave with the "goo's.

"That's enough of that," said Frankie, "who do you think you are—Frank Sinatra?"

By this time, Benny, the popular waiter at the Derby and himself the father of four (with a brand new baby boy), dashed up to join the adjoining group. "How about a quick plate of spaghetti for me?" asked Frankie, seating himself in a booth and parking the baby beside him on the seat.

"But Mr. Sinatra—don't you want one of us girls to hold the baby while you eat?"

"Don't be silly," said Benny, "We men know how to mind a baby, don't we?"

"Sure," agreed Frankie. "I'm minding him today."

Has the Lana Turner-John Hodiak romance dimmed before it ever got started? Everybody was sure "Hi" Hodick was Lana's secret heartbeart right after she and Steve Crane broke up.

Mebbe so. But he's stepping around lately with Judy Garland. Or is this just to throw the know-it-alls off the right track?

By the way—you Modern Screen fans who have written to us to show more interest in Hodiak than any other star. Where are you Alan Ladd devotees? * * *

Speaking of Judy—when my doctor husband and I were invited to dinner at her home, he said: "How come we're not married to create the younger set? I can't go because I can't find my bow tie!"

But did we live to eat those words! When we arrived at Judy's comfortable, rambling Brentwood home, there wasn't a jive hound in sight.

On the contrary—there was Charles Jackson, author of the best-seller "Lost Weekend"; Robert Nathan, who wrote "The Portrait of Jenny" and also Judy's latest picture, "The Clock"; Louis Brown, whose "See What I Mean" is much discussed; Marc Connolly and the Ira Gershwin, among other literary and musical lights.

But far from being:arty or high-brow—it turned out to be a wonderful evening. Judy sang all her new songs including the "Trolley Song." Donny Kaye gave with some brand new numbers and routines and was never funnier in his life.

I think Judy is happier than she has been in a long time. She certainly looks better—and what a hostess! The food was divine.

* * *

PURELY PERSONAL: Jorma Fontaine, I believe, inspires more "catty" remarks in other women than almost any other movie star. Maybe that is because she is young and beautiful and won an "Oscar." On the other hand, Joanie doesn't go out of her way to be cordial to women at parties. (And I don't mean me. I've always liked and admired her.)

Studio bosses haven't begun to realize the terrific popularity of Turhan Bey with girl fans. I sat next to an MGM executive at the sneak preview of "Dragon Seed," and he almost swallowed his gum at the demonstration that greeted Turhan's appearance. "And all along I had thought this picture would put him over," he grudgingly admitted.

Billy Wilder, Paramount's wonder boy director (he made "Double Indemnity") has an interesting theory. Either you agree or not, when he says: "No comedians under 35 years of age should ever win The Academy Award. She hasn't earned it until she is that old."

Mickey Rooney is head over heels in love again with—surprise, surprise—his ex-wife, Ava Gardner. Before he donned his uniform, they both admittedly they might re-marry. If they don't, it won't be Mickey's fault. * * *

Remember several months ago we printed in this column that Hutton was dying to fall in love? Well, Technical Sergeant Walter Diel is willing to be THE man in Betty's life and encloses the following original poem to prove it:

"I wish you'd miss me when you're at a bar,
And someone's humming "Journey to a Star,"
And someone's using Shalimar—
I wish you'd miss me.

I wish you'd miss me when you're One of Three,
And Two go dancing to a rhapsody,
And leaves you standing at a Daquiri.
I wish you'd miss me.

I wish you'd miss me when Sinatra sings,
And when they're playing any song of Bing's,
Or if they're singing "Holiday for Strings"
I wish you'd miss me.

For when the endless, friendless night is due
I want you to know—"I'm missing you, too."

Bill Eyth is such a nice boy, and he's carrying such a big torch for Anne Baxter that it is too bad that she won't change her mind about NOT marrying an actor.

Bill has other dates now and then, and there are other pretty girls in Hollywood. But Anne's is the only one for him—anyway, at THIS writing.

Never can quite figure out Helmut Dantine. He's a moody young man. One minute—walking in the clouds. The next, down in the dumps. But he is always honest.

When I asked him if he were having trouble with Warners' head office in the remake of "Petified Forest," he said frankly: "I'm not happy. I didn't want to do the former Humphrey Bogart role. It's part, but it's a typical Warners' part. I'm not putting—or remaining away from the set as some people have said. I'm trying to make the best of an unhappy situation."

Some say he is still carrying a torch for his wife, Gwen Anderson. One of his steadiest "dates" in Hollywood is Myrna Loy.

Now that Alexis Smith is married to Craig Stevens—her real and legal name is Mrs. Gail Hughes Shiktles, Jr. because that's Craig's real and legal name.

Steve Crane (he's Lena's ex) has been trying to date Betty Hutton. So far—not much luck.

Lon McCallister's back in town with the Army's new stuff in "Shanghaied Victory." But that didn't mean that Lon couldn't go back to his own nice, comfortable little home and take it easy. No, sir—he moved right out to the camp barracks and went back
on strict Army regulations with the 300 other soldiers of the “Winged Victory” unit.

Lori came over to my house one afternoon with two other boys from the “acting” Army. “They’re former New York press agents,” he explained, introducing Joe Heidt and Bill Doll. “They wanted to meet you.”

“Since we hit Los Angeles,” Bill and Joe told me, “Lori is the most popular guy in the outfit. He’s got all the good telephone numbers.”

“I suppose all the guys want to meet Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Olivia de Havilland,” I guessed. And believe me—the answer was a surprise! Seems the kids are out and out scared of the “glamour queens.”

In the order named— the boys want to meet and ask for a date:

Peggy Ryan
Jeanne Crain
Joan Leslie
Judy Garland—even if she is “big league.”

They used to say that the Frank Sinatra Bobby Socks opened their mouths and squealed. Now they call it “opening their big Booby Traps!”

Just about the time you’ll be reading this you will be seeing “Janie.” And I’m wagering a guess right now that it is going to be the favorite picture of 1944 for all ‘teenagers. This movie about a sub-deb who accidentally becomes hostess at a hotcha party for service men, is a lulu and a honey. It’s got everything including a “blanket party” which I wouldn’t advise you kids to try to copy without a chaperone—even if it is all just good harmless fun.

Come to think of it— “blanket parties” aren’t anything new. Back in the days of the Revolutionary War (no, I wasn’t there) they went in for “Bundling”—which meant that it was perfectly all right for various and assorted people to wrap up in blankets and snuggle into one bed to keep warm!

Just try that idea on your Maiden Aunt sometime!

But the bright particular star of “Janie” is Joyce Reynolds who looks about 16 but who is really 20. She’s as fresh and young and gay as the latest Dinah Shore song.

She was born in San Antonio, Texas, and came out to California two years ago to enroll in the University of California at Los Angeles. It was while she was playing in “Alice In Wonderland” on the campus, that a Warner talent scout saw her and signed her in a hurry.

Joyce worries about only one thing—bathing suit photographs. “I look so Dietrich,” she told a surprised publicity man who thought she looked like—just a young girl in a bathing suit.

The following letter comes from Larry Adler:

“Several weeks ago a young sailor in to see our show confided that he mightily liked to play the drums. Always one to take a hint, I called on the gob during my act, and while I played the harmonica, he beat the skins on a little madrigal of mine called “Hand to Mouth Boogie.”

The next day was “I Am An American Day” at Soldiers Field. I took the sailor out there with me, and before 50,000 people sitting under umbrellas, we conducted an intimate jam session. The crowd loved it, and when the gob took six choruses of the boogie for a ride, they whistled and screamed their approval. The kid undoubtedly stole the show.

Would you be more interested if you knew his name was JACKIE COOPER?”

Not since the day Maria Montez became the bride of Jean Pierre Aumont has she donned the beautiful, form-fitting white lace dress with the full skirt in which she was married.

But the other day she brought it out—and

---

**Hudson Hosiery**

**Sheer Witchery**

You know that “beautiful feeling”...

* a touch of your favorite fragrance...

* a wisp of veiling across your eyes...and sheer, clinging

Hudson Hosiery to make you beautiful. Full-fashioned.

extra-long lengths, no-seam styles. At leading department stores.
A new office worker

That all-important letter torn?
You feel you’re in a scrape?
Don’t worry—you can save the day—
Just use some Texcel Tape!

A chart to do? In yellows, greens
And reds and blacks and blues?
Use Texcel Tape in place of ink—
It comes in many hues.

A thousand office uses all
Commend this tape to you.
In fact, there’s just no end of things
That Texcel Tape can do.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose ‘stick-ums’ bonded on,
It won’t come off, it won’t dry out,
It holds with plenty of brawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that’s made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps ’til Victory
Returns it to your store.

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GOOD NEWS Continued

you will see it on her in the big love scene
in “Bowery to Broadway.”

“Just for Joan Pierre, I am wearing these,”
she said. “Maybe he will see the picture
somewhere in France or wherever her eyes—and
he will be happy because he will know
I am playing those love scenes with him again.” Sentimental? Sure. But typically
Monte.

There was something very heart-warming
and sweet about the baby shower Mrs. John
Wayne gave for Loretta Young, who is one of
the most ecstatic about-to-be mothers in Holly-
wood.

Everyone wanted to give Loretta a gift for
that baby because we all knew how hard
she had prayed that she and her husband,
Lt. Colonel Tom Lewis, would be blessed
with a child.

Joan Arthur, who so seldom goes any place,
showed up for this event, bringing beautiful
hand-embroidered pillow cases and sheets in
pink and blue. “No,” laughed Joan, “I didn’t
do them myself. Why, I can’t even darn a sock.”

But no one was more thrilled than Ann
Sothern as the big, exciting-looking pocketaes
were unwrapped. Annie is ‘travelling’ her-
sel—and she said she was getting lots of
good ideas. “I never dreamed a baby needed
so much,” she admitted.

But the gift that touched Loretta most was
the one from her husband, who was overseas.
He had cabled “Jo” Wayne to buy a hand-
made dress, and Loretta, with tears in her
eyes, said the baby will wear it when it is
baptized.

The Darryl Zanuck party honoring Walter
Winchell was tres gala. The bright colored
umbrella tables were set out on the sand at
the beach house, and a sumptuous dinner was
served while it was still daylight over the
Pacific Ocean.

Olivia de Havilland, who has put on a
little weight, I’m afraid, arrived with Major
John Huston. These two are together every-
where when he is on leave, and they seem
very much in love.

Gene Tierney, carrying a parasol in shock-
ing pink, to match her dress, came with Lt.
Oleg Cassini. They seem so happy, and it
is wonderful to be able to tell you that their
baby, who has been so ill, is getting better
and stronger.

Joan Blondell, with a wonderful suntan,
came with a well-known magazine editor.
Joan Bennett came direct from a broadcast,
and Myrna Loy, who is so slim these days,
was lovely in a flowered print.

I had a long talk with Barbara Hutton Grant,
who says that this time she is going to put
up a fight for her little boy, Lance. Cary was
on a hunting trip, so he wasn’t with Barbara.
On advice of her lawyer, Barbara is making
no comments about her ex-husband’s suit, but
she adores her little boy, and she’s determined
that nothing is going to take him away from her.
Cary is crazy about him, too, and calls
him “General.”

There were many other stars—but none
more attractive than Winchell’s own pretty
daughter, Walda.

Sonny Tufts swears its true:
Several months ago his Macaw bird got
a job in a Paramount picture at $25 for
a day’s work.

The other day, the casting office called
and asked if the bird could work again.
“We can’t pay $25 this time,” the casting
director explained. “Would you be willing to
take $29?”

“Well,” said Sonny—and lived to regret it!
The Macaw, perched on his shoulder while
he had talked over the ’phone, hit him!
Guess that’s one good way to take care of
a noisy agent who’s doing you dirt.
I have the greatest admiration for Ida Lupino. Whether it is a ladylike word or not, Ida has guts.

She has been worried almost out of her mind about her husband, Captain Louis Hayward, who came back from that nightmare at Tarawa. When his nerves collapsed, and he was sent to the Corona Naval Hospital for a long rest, many friends were afraid that Ida would collapse, as well.

Instead, she has gone about her work, kept her chin up and, what is doubly hard for any woman—she hasn’t talked about Louis’ illness. It is as though she were pretending that he was not ill at all. Whenever I ask her about him, she always smiles when she replies: “Louis is just fine, Louella—just fine!”

A dressing room to end all dressing rooms is the new suite Paramount is whipping up for Betty Hutton. Raoul Pine Du Bois, who did the out-of-this-world dream sets for “Lady In The Dark,” is the decorator. And believe me, girls, it’s something!

Step into the room, and it seems to be a golden and green bower (Betty’s favorite color scheme). But sections of the walls are on pivots and just by pressing a button, Betty can swing her golden bower into a complete wall of mirrors.

Hope the little bombshell star never starts swinging one of her songs in front of all those mirrors. WHAM!

If it turns out that you like Ross Hunter in Columbia movies, you can thank your boy friend, Frank Sinatra.

Maybe Frankle has never even heard of Ross, but he is indirectly responsible for his contract, and here is how it happened:
A talent scout was in Cleveland looking around for actors. He was bowled over one day when an entire parade of Bobby Sockers paraded past his hotel bearing placards: “DOWN WITH SINATRA! UP WITH HUNTER.”

Happily imagining there was a VOICE lurking somewhere, the scout investigated only to find out that the Hunter referred to was a school teacher! And what’s more—he’d never acted, and he couldn’t wrangle a note.

But he was good-looking, 23 years old and looked like a swell camera bet. The upshot was a test, and the result a long term contract with Columbia.

Listen, you 14 and 15 year old girls—don’t diet too strenuously. Remember little Ann Gillis who used to play child roles on the screen? Hadn’t heard anything about her for a couple of years until the other day I ran into her in the beauty parlor. She’s 17 now and a beauty. I asked her where she had been and what she was doing that she wasn’t in pictures?

“I got too fat to work,” Ann admitted honestly. “When I was about 12 I began to put on a lot of weight. I went straight up the scale to 135 pounds. I did everything I could to get it off. Almost starved myself and exercised violently—but still I stayed fat.

“Finally, about a year ago, the weight started to come off. Not all at once but a couple pounds a month. When I asked my doctor, he told me that what I had thought was excess fat in my early ‘teens was just ‘baby fat.’ It’s awfully hard to get off and seems to take forever!”

“But now that I am grown up Nature turned the trick and practically did reducing for me. Now I weigh 106,” and Ann pivoted to show me her new streamlined “ligger.” Wish Mother Nature would turn a trick like that for me!

---

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**Salv-x in Parker Quink safeguards all metal and rubber parts—actually cleans your pen as it writes!**

Give your pen the protection it deserves... help keep it out of the repair shop by filling it with Parker Quink today. Every drop of it contains salv-x to protect all makes of pens in 4 important ways:

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Yes, this brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying Parker Quink is more than just an ink. It’s a superb writing fluid—that does what no ink ever did before. Get a bottle today. You pay nothing extra for Parker Quink. Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

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Ice Chaps My Skin – Kleig lights Dry It...I’d be LOST without these Gloriously Rich Creams containing OLIVE OIL!

If you have dry, sensitive skin, you ought to do like famous Hollywood stars and use Lander’s Creams containing Olive Oil. These gloriously rich creams are made by exquisitely fine, pure special formulas.

For your face and neck, use Lander’s Cold Cream with Olive Oil. You’ll be simply amazed to see how it smooths away tiny dry lines...soothes...freshens—until your skin has that seductive, radiant peaches-and-cream look.

Use Lander’s Hand Cream with Olive Oil to give lovely velvet-softness to your hands, elbows, knees and ankles. Belita does! She and other famous Hollywood stars say they’d be lost without these rich creams. They’re a luxury you, too, can enjoy! At 10¢ stores—10¢, 25¢ and 50¢.

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10¢
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Young Up ‘n’ Comings at Palladium: Jane Withers, who GI hostesses with Beverly Hills bike tours, and Van Johnson, still shaken by Capt. Ted Lawson’s visit to “30 Sec. Over Tokya” set during amputation scene.

Gloria DeHaven Claver Clubbing with Ted Briskin. Gla’s the gal who’s been heart-shuttling between Dave Rose and Bob Mauch, of the “Prince and the Pauper” Mauches; will soon finish “Thin Man Goes Home.”

“Dee’s” recent jinx streak covered a bout with flu, a bruised jaw from a “Xmas Hal” too-real slugfest—and a pool dunking while chasing after a pet canary. (With Felix Jackson, rumor’s nominee for the Durbin hand.)
DARK ANGEL
(Continued from page 58)

honor she christened a ship last year, over her visit to the Tuskegee Air Field. These are all symbols of the achievements of her race. "If I'm getting to be a symbol, too, in my very small way, that makes me happy."

In New York a group of colored children from the Billy Rose show called on her. They brought her a box of dusting powder. They were terribly sorry, they'd meant to bring her a better present, but their rehearsal checks hadn't come through yet. Then they looked pointedly at a small boy, who cleared his throat, stepped forward and said, like the Lady in the Dark: "I want to make a speech. I want to tell you that we're all very proud of you, Miss Horne."

She'd never part with that box of dusting powder. There's nothing extravagant about her except her beauty. She has the gentleness and dignity of breeding. On her father's side, her people were educators—her grandfather was a high school principal, one of her uncles a college dean. She was brought up on books—still reads at the table. Her six-year-old daughter was going mad with excitement right now, because she's in the first grade and just learning to read. Lena feels for her, thinks there's no adventure quite like it.

Lena's parents separated when she was three. Part of her childhood was spent in boarding schools. At 11 she went back to Brooklyn to live with her father's parents. Her mother was an actress and, through her connections, Lena got a job at the Cotton Club when she was 15. Her grandparents, pretty old-fashioned folk, hit the ceiling. The kids she went to school with were terribly impressed. For two years her mother took her back and forth to the job, and she wasn't allowed to go to night clubs, though she worked in one. That was silly, she thought. She also thought it was silly that the Cotton Club should have taken her in the first place, since she could neither sing nor dance. The dainty steps she learned fast enough. And she'd sing in the dressing room, with the girls kidding her, but never in public. One evening Lyle Miller who, with Nickie Sisale, had produced "Shuffle Along," heard this voice coming through the transom. It had a quality he liked—"Noble's taking his band out on the road," he told Lena. "I'd like to talk to him about you."

That really made her giggle. "What would a band do with me? I can't sing."

"Are you willing to learn?"

"Oh—yes! But I don't think my mother'd let me go."

maestress borne...

There was an interview with Sisale—a very wonderful guy. He thought Lena had much to learn but was worth teaching. "I'm willing," said her mother, "but I'd have to go along. She's only 17." That suited Sisale, who's pretty old-fashioned himself.

He taught her how to walk onstage, how to wear evening gowns, how to use her speaking voice. For one number he put her into a full dress suit with sequined tailcoat and trouser-stripped, feminized by a high-ruff and a red jabot for the shirtfront. In white gloves and topper she did a tap dance routine while the boys sang. He went easy on her own singing—just two or three lines at first, with a boy singing behind her—then, as her confidence...
How do you like your smiles? Let's see ... there's Garland's pert grin, Durbin's gleeful chuckle or Turner's giggle. But however you take 'em, the Hollywood versions all come sunny-side up. Which is my way of letting you know that teeth out around Hollywood & Vine are strictly in the white, healthy and gleaming class.

What's your rating? I hope all you MODERN SCREENers are candidates for the "brilliant smile" class. But if not, begin now, this day, to help yourself to one of those grins that sparkle and glisten a girl right into good looks. Let's think a bit about teeth and why yours should have a four-star rating.

Poor molars are broken bearings which slow down the body machinery and can make it eligible for the junk heap. Cavities allow disease-bacteria to enter the blood stream ... then you're liable to different ills. So I'm practically saving your life by this warning. Too, when a neglected tooth is lost, digestion goes haywire. Your speech may get blurred and develop static. Or the loss can upset the position of the remaining teeth so that your pretty facial contours are thrown all awry.

To prevent these horrors, give a thought to tooth care. All dentists are agreed upon three pointers. (1) Clean your sparklers regularly. (2) Visit the dentist every six months, or better yet, every four months. (3) Eat properly. Which means that you'll place your menu accent on raw fruits and vegetables, whole grained breads and plain meats.

Now about cleaning. Dentifrices are not new ... only better. Egyptians mixed powders and paste. Ancient Hindus brushed their teeth with the frayed ends of twigs. The Arabs used the "siwak," a root of the "tooth-brush tree." And that completes our history lesson for today.

Step into the economics class, please. Ah, yes. We Americans spend over $50,000,000 yearly on dentifrices. Always ones
to get our money’s worth, too. Which decidedly proves that dentifrices are well worth the money. Take your choice of powder, liquid or paste tooth cleaners. Your dentifrice is an important protective against decay. And how it shines those molars!

A new broom sweeps clean . . . and so does a new tooth brush. Which means away with a brush whose bristles are broken or loose. Choose one with a small head and long, firm bristles that can get around all the “corners” of your mouth comfortably. The better to brush with, my dear. Never use anybody else’s brush; have one for each member of the family. It’s a bright idea to own two brushes, so one may dry while the other is in use.

When to wield your brush? Morning and night, and after every meal. And how’s your brushing technique? Judy Garland, who owns a devastating smile, gives us this routine: Teeth should be brushed from the gums toward the biting surfaces, not crosswise. This massages the gums and sweeps out all food particles from between the teeth. Hold your brush at a slanting angle and brush the inner surfaces thoroughly, too. Don’t cheat on time . . . a good job requires at least three minutes, taking three or four teeth at a time and doing right by each group.

Don’t stick your tongue out at me! Instead, every time you wash your teeth, stick it out at your mirrored image. Then, go ahead, brush your tongue, too. The tongue catches tiny food particles which need to be scraped off gently. If left on your tongue, they decay and cause bad breath.

Gargle for glamour! Yes, really. Mouthwashes are important; they’re cleansing, deodorizing and mildly germicidal. They help guard against unpleasant breath . . . ssh, we mean h-a-l-i-t-o-s-i-s! Don’t be one of those gals who think “It can’t happen to me.” Be wise, like the Hollywood smoothies, and guard against any possible trace of tainted breath by using a good mouthwash. You’ll like the refreshing, exhilarating tingle a fine mouthwash leaves. Take a good mouthful. Swirl it ’round and ’round and enjoy its pleasant effect!

About this (Continued on page 96)
Here's a quiz that's fun... ten guides to tip-top smile allure! See if you can team the half-a-rule at left with its matching half-a-rule at right. Place each letter next to its matching number. Answers on page 96.

1. One sure way to win strong, healthy teeth is to eat a portion of
   a. a good dentist at least three times every year.
2. After you've rinsed your mouth with antiseptic mouthwash, pour some of the mouthwash on your toothbrush, thereby leaving
   b. the teeth free of food particles that lurk in crevices and cause cavities to make their unwelcome appearance.
3. The alternate use of two toothbrushes morning and night will help in keeping
   c. green vegetables, whole grain breads and dairy products at all your daily meals.
4. Any possible cavities that develop will be nipped in the bud if you see
   d. that you do your oral daily dozen in private, not when boss or teacher is looking.
5. If your teeth are naturally dingy in color or tobacco-stained,
   e. brush round and round on the grinding surfaces of the molars.
6. After your teeth are brushed and your mouth feels mint-fresh, wield your lipstick deftly, but
   f. move it gently up and down to loosen any tidbits that were overlooked by the toothbrush.
7. Dentists agree that a paste, a powder or a liquid dentifrice is equally effective for keeping
   g. each toothbrush firmer. They'll last longer and there's less wear and tear on any one brush.
8. The proper way to brush your teeth is to stroke away from the gums when polishing the outside walls of the teeth, and
   h. remember to use cleansing tissue to remove any telltale traces of red on the teeth before you step away from the mirror.
9. After each scrub-a-dub session, insert dental floss between the teeth and
   i. a scientifically clean brush with all unfriendly microbes squelched.
10. A neat antidote for drooping jaw muscles is gum chewing, but make sure
    j. a dark lipstick is for you. It will whiten the shady spots by contrast.

By Carol Carter
Max Factor Hollywood
Face Powder!

1. It imparts a lovely color to the skin
2. It creates a satin-smooth make-up
3. It clings perfectly...really stays on

Here is the famous face powder created in Color Harmony Shades for each type...blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead...that will give your complexion a lovely, youthful-looking color tone. Try your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...one dollar.
“Lif’s a mess!” Marge said.

“Last night I met the nicest Navy Lieutenant at the club dance—then some glamour girl danced him away. Gee,” Marge said, pointing at me, “if I only had your baby’s radiant complexion!” Mommy winked. “That’s her Ivory Look,” she said. “You can have it, too—ask Doc.”

Doctor told her my beauty secret.

He just happened by in time to agree with Mommy. “Stop being careless about skin care,” he said. “Change to regular Ivory cleansing! Ivory Soap has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise it than all other brands combined!”

Now she’s getting all the breaks!

Yep, regular, gentle cleansings with my mild Ivory gave Marge that smoother, lovelier Ivory Look her Lieutenant loves. (He says every girl ought to know it’s easy to have that Ivory Look—with regular, gentle Ivory care.)

Look lovelier with Ivory

—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

99 3/4% pure
three of a kind

(continued from page 45)

step before the cameras. But cameras were a commodity, and from her there was no escape. "This is it, Hedda," she said seriously. "This is the real thing. I'd trade all the career stuff in the world for one of their smiles."

the bluebird...

A writer once called Alice Faye "the girl who has found what we're all looking for." If he meant happiness, he hit the nail on the head.

I'd driven to Alice Faye's home in the San Fernando Valley over winding Laurel Canyon Road, leaving studios and gossip and stories of scheming ambition far behind me with every mile. By the time I reached the tree-lined road which leads to Alice's and Phil's house, movies were forgotten completely. It was the sort of country-near-town spot we're all small-fry are as curious as grown-ups. You'll find it in Connecticut and in Michigan and in Virginia in its various forms. The city is just over the tree-tops—a twenty-minute plane ride away—and the little, white house is a whole room full of cars and tricycles and the all-but-tiny bicycles. Off the nursery is the children's dressing room with Junior's wardrobe hung neatly on racks—a whole wall of tocapots in pastel woollens—they couldn't be more than ten inches long.

"What do you want them to be when they grow up?" I asked Alice. She replied, surprisingly, "Well, since being an actress brought me all this—" her broad gesture included house, gardens, the picture of Phil on the baby's dresser and the nursery in which they all spent their babyhood. "I'd ask nothing better for them than to be what I've been. Being an actress has brought me a full and satisfactory life. It's hard work, but it's unselfish in one way: While earning your money, you know you're making other people happy."

It was having babies that made Alice realize she had been a bluebird. "I never knew what I represented to the people we call fans, Hedda, until before Alice, Jr. was born. Women in Austria had a baby called Alice, and the children from those countries would say, "'Regret the baby, it like Alice."

It's the sort of thing you've heard a hundred times."

I saw it happen

At the time this incident occurred, I was a student nurse at a New Jersey hospital, assigned to a very wonderful 17-year-old patient who was dying of an incurable disease. Vera had few friends and fewer interests, and during the eight months she was with us, we grew to love her and tried to gratify her every wish.

One day, she happened to mention that she'd like a picture with Frank Sinatra, and so the gang delegated me to get one for her in view of the fact that I was on night duty and therefore free to travel to New York.

Frank was appearing at the Paramount Theater for an hour until he came out, by which time there were over a hundred kids waiting with me. There was the natural reaction to his appearance, and in the showing I was thrown against him and nearly fell. I caught him and noticing my uniform, asked if I were a nurse. I replied that I was and hurried on to explain my mission. Before I was halfway through, he grabbed my arm and dragged me past the shrieking mob.

Once inside, he asked me about myself and about Vera, and after I'd told him, he looked at me sadly and said, "Why do swell kids like that have to die?" Then he gave me a beautiful picture inscribed, "To Vera, her devoted friend".

Two weeks later when Frank was in Newark, he called the hospital to inquire about Vera, and when she was told about it, she couldn't answer, just hugged the picture a little closer.

Vera was only one of the small group in this world, but it took a man with a bigger heart to make her leaving it a little easier.

Leah Kronick, R. N.,
New York City
dren will unequivocally win out every time.

But we talked about her career, too.

Alice had wanted to play a straight dramatic role and became interested in the part of Cindy in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." But the studio couldn't hold the picture up long enough to make this possible, so Joan Blondell went into the role Alice coveted.

"There'll be another part any day now," Alice said confidently. I felt that missing the part of Cindy was only a surface thing.

From time to time Alice has stepped out of her singing frame to play straight dramatic things, and she's been as successful in them as she has been in her musicals. The secret of this is the heart she puts into everything. She is a simple, direct, almost elemental person. Earthly, as have been so many of the world's great artists. She hasn't changed fundamentally from the girl who first came to Hollywood. At that time I met a quiet, big-eyed blonde kid who put a song over in a way that made you realize what a weapon words and music could be. Rudy Vallee, who seldom misses a trick when he comes to spotting genius, knew the value of her deep, vibrant voice and primitive approach. Much of her quick success came without any great struggle on her part. Things just fell into her lap. Lilian Harvey walked out on the "George White Scandals" and, although Alice was supposed to sing only a song or two with Rudy's band, she was given the lead role.

Alice was a nice, friendly girl from New York's Hell's Kitchen in those days—a girl who asked only to be given a chance to follow her singing career. She wanted everyone to like her, but she didn't intend to assume any fake manner to win them. She was what she was, and you could take it or leave it. She was cruelly hurt when she first encountered jealousy and competitive dislike, because she had none of that in her own make-up and wasn't sophisticated enough to project herself into the minds of others. When a battery of instructors moved in on her, people who wanted to teach her how to walk and how to talk and how to wear her fame in what Hollywood thought was the proper manner, Alice gave them a quick brush-off. She had her own notion of living just as she had her own idea of tempo and of selling a song. She became a sensation doing things her own way.

**Pluggers de luxe**

She became the girl George Gershwin and Cole Porter and Irving Berlin wanted to sing their songs. The first time she stopped singing was the time her father died suddenly and left her numb from shock and grief. Alice and her mother and father and brothers, Charlie and Bill, have always been a tight unit. Alice gave her care for that blow was to ask for a straight dramatic role—with Shirley Temple in "Poor Little Rich Girl," and the change to the type of conditioning that was demanded was good medicine at the time. It also proved to her that her talent had many angles.

So Alice Faye is what I call a "yes" and "no" girl—it's as elemental as that. Things either are right for her or she wants none of them. And she instinctively knows what's right for her. I recalled Alice's conversation with Phil when we passed the open door of the game room where Alice and Phil's saddles stood among the racquets and golf clubs and other sporting paraphernalia. She caught my eye, followed the trend of my thought:

"Phil and I used to ride all over these things for riding right now. We used to love the hills at dusk. But now I sing Junior to sleep instead. And when Phil's here, he tells her a bedtime story. Funny, how you change."

I don't really feel people change though; they progress into something that was always intended—something fundamental in their being from the day they were born. I was watching Alice Faye play the role of someone for herself. She'd always said, "Some day I want a houseful of kids." I reminded her of it:

"This is a pretty good start," was her smiling answer.

**Home-grown audience**

"Well, this is one role you've picked for yourself," I told her. "We're always yapping about that, we actresses. I did a spate of that kind of complaining when I was an actress, and I'm sure you do better in something you like and want than in some role a producer throws at you. You're certainly a star in this one, Baby, even if you're playing to a very small audience."

Then a nurse came along and dragged an unwilling two-year-old siren off to bed. The garden lay in shadow, and the birds had gone to the very top of the trees where they could still catch a bit of sun.

"I hope I'll be able to make your fans see you as you looked this afternoon," I told Alice as we said good-by. "By the way, what songs do you sing Junior to sleep with?"

Alice laughed: "You'd die," she said. "You'd simply die to hear us. I sing anything and everything that comes into my throat. Sometimes lullabies, but mostly old songs from my pictures—maybe that's a present to myself. And I sing things I hear on the radio—other people's songs. Junior tries to follow along at first; but pretty soon she's just to say 'more. Mummy, more' in a very sleepy little grunt. She's generally tucked out by the time we hit the old rocking chair."

On the homeward drive I found myself humming a tune Alice sang in "On the Avenue." She sat at a table, looking dreamily off into space as her husky, deep voice whispered: "My heart's on fire, the flame grows higher,

but I can weather the storm.

What do I care how much it may storm—I have my love to keep me warm."

So you'll be seeing Alice again when the story comes to mind. She'll have to be roused out of the contentment and happiness which is apt to make her feel there's no hurry about picking up a career again. If it weren't for the fan letters and the pictures that make her feel she has a responsibility to those friends she's never met—sometimes I think she might never go back at all. But she does go, with aプランミング for her. So are folk in the Mid-West—folks in little country towns who never get to see big musicals except on the screen. They have a couple of hours of her songs and be the better for it. They say so very frankly. They want to escape back into the days of romance that war and work have blunted for them. They call it into things, very early, before the birds begin hopping on the lawns, and while the swimming pool is chill in the shadows, Alice will tiptoe quietly into those two little sleep—tots good-by. She'll turn her car down the San Fernando Valley towards the studio. That day will be good news.
Do not ask what they look like. Or where they live.

We promised to keep their personal histories secret, for these 10,086 typical American women were kind enough to write truthful, revealing letters. They told why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins!

And the happy fact is that 8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So remarkably comfortable!"

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MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET—A DAILY LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS A WONDERFUL WAY TO MAKE SURE!

• This lovely screen star gives you a tip you'll want to follow! Without daintiness no other charm counts. The rich, creamy lather of Lux Toilet Soap caresses skin so gently, carries away every trace of dust and dirt. When you step out of a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath you're sure of perfect daintiness. You feel like a million, and you look it!

International's Technicolor Musical
"IT'S A PLEASURE"

Lux Toilet Soap L · A · S · T · S... It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it.
never pastry or pies. Just lots of chilled fresh fruit.

Lena used to wear a lot of red, but every time she goes to New York she falls in love with black all over again. Thinks she looks best in tailored clothes and awful in fussy ones—The war has curbed her two pet extravagances—perfume and shoes. Except for carnation, she prefers spicy odors to sweet.

Her greatest regret is that the family refused to have her ears pierced, and she can't wear the diamond earrings that have been handed down through several generations of Hornes. Her only hobby is collecting records, and that's a recent one. With her, music appreciation is strictly from the feeling. Her feelings respond to Ravel and Debussy, and her ear to the exotic patterns of Hindemith. Wagner's too heavy for her—give her "Tristan," and you can have the rest. Above all, she loves the Russians, modern or classic.

They live in a rented house off Sunset Boulevard. Lena likes California, but misses the pace and stimulation of New York and welcomes every chance to go back. Last winter the dream of her life came true. She sang with Duke Ellington's band at the Capitol. In Hollywood, she sings for servicemen at the Masquers and at the Canteen every week. But if it weren't for the camp shows, she'd find time hanging pretty heavy on her hands between pictures.

and the angel sang...

She entertains at both white and colored camps and prefers the colored only because they get fewer entertainers. At both, the boys are wonderful. They make her feel guilty. She's supposed to give them a good time, and they go out of their way to make things nice for her.

She's had her fair share of thrills. But nothing can ever top the three days she spent at the Tuskegee Army Air School last February.

First—to see those three or four thousand boys of her own race, from pre-flight cadets to near-graduates, so young and eager, rising so gloriously to their first opportunity to fly—as the record of the 99th Squadron over Anzio bears witness. Then, the welcome they gave her. She tried to talk to every one of them personally, ate every meal in a different messhall, crawled into planes, under and over them, gave a couple of shows at the hospital for kids who'd cracked up, saw the museum that memorializes Dr. Caryer's priceless work for his own people and the whole human race. She was up at 6 every morning and danced every night—one night with the enlisted men, one night with the non-coms, one night with the officers. She danced blisters under each shoe-strap, had to kick her shoes off whenever she got her feet under a table for a minute.

They gave a big formal retreat for her. As guest of honor, she stood one pace behind the C.O. while the squadrons paraded and the band played the song of each squadron. At a command, the biggest squadron halted in front of her, eyes right. An officer came up with a box of American beauty roses. She had to do something to release her pent-up emotions. She knew it was out of order, but she just couldn't help it. As they stepped smartly out again, her heart went up in a salute. The officer smiled, mumbled, "Thank you." That was out of order, too, but no one got disciplined for it.

The whole beautiful experience mounted to a super-duper climax at the graduating exercises of the class of February. An escort called for her and took her to the mothers and sweethearts were gathered. When she saw the arch of crossed sabers—the aisle of honor through which she was to pass to her table—she all but fainted. "This is the payoff," she thought. "I'll never be human again."

She was wrong, though. The command of the Field is shared by Lt. Col. Noel Parrish, white, and Lt. Col. Benjamin Davis, colored. Colonel Davis was away on a mission. Colonel Parrish got up to speak.

"I've given wings to a lot of you boys," he said. "You've proven that, granted the opportunity, by courage, gallantry, the will and the power to learn, aren't confined to one group of people. In her way, Miss Horn proves the same thing—that character and beauty and graciousness in women aren't confined to one group either." He turned to Lena. "Would you mind standing up, Miss Horn?" And he pinned the silver wings over her heart.

She couldn't trust herself to say more than "Thank you." After all, you can't blubber in front of a colonel and a whole mess hall full of brand-new lieutenants.

She was sure that some day the movies will present the story of a real negro—Carver or Toussaint L'Outouverture or Harriet Tubman, the slave who ran away and helped so many others through the underground. Whether or not she picked them doesn't matter. The point is to show them.

She would like to be an actress, though she's a little shy about saying so. "If you're a singer, people think you're kidding when you say you want to act.

There's talk at M-G-M about doing the life of Florence Mills, with Lena. So far it's just talk, but the very thought sets Lena's backbone tingling.

"Of course Miss Mills was a great natural artist," she says, "and I'm not. But how proud I'd be to play her, if only because my people loved and admired her so."

From that angle, no one's better qualified to take on the role than Lena Horn.
Make that precious shut-eye count! Most of us carry extra loads these days. We contribute after-hours to some war effort. (Or certainly, we should!) So every minute spent in rest must be one of complete relaxation...the kind you get on a Beautyrest mattress. If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. Those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those inside ventilators will see that you relax completely, sleep soundly. Take good care of your Beautyrest, because we don't know when you can buy another. Simmons' prewar Beautyrest facilities are deep in war production now! If you need a new mattress, we recommend WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! It's $39.50. NEWS!—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

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scene a brilliant reception at which President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson were playing hosts at a private concert by the famous Polish pianist, Paderewski.

Darryl Zanuck, who was escorting the noted visitor around the Hollywood studio, explained, "The Stuart painting and the other huge canvases were not the originals, but copies so faithfully rendered that many other folk who frequent the Executive Mansion like Vice-President Wallace, had been fooled. "Well," complimented Mr. Wallace with a smile. "You have really done something here!"

Hollywood agrees with Vice-President Wallace that Darryl Zanuck has "really done something!"

That "something" has turned out to be the costliest, longest and most elaborate production ever undertaken by Twentieth Century-Fox. The cost ran well over three million dollars. The film runs almost three hours. Here are a few of the fantastic figures:

The cast was the largest ever assembled in Hollywood, with 143 speaking parts and 12,874 players. The title role is the longest ever written, a total of 1,124 lines.

Almost forty acres and all seven of the studio's sound stages were required for the 162 sets. One set, depicting the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore in 1912, was the largest interior ever filmed. More than 1,500 extras, drilled like military platoons by a staff of fifty-three assistant directors, reenacted the almost hysterical hullabaloo of a political powwow. To light the scene required the greatest battery of lamps ever mobilized for a movie camera, enough power to supply a town of 100,000, and 108 electricians. In all, 6,238 technicians worked on "Wilson."

The wardrobe budget was a dressmaker's dream. Nearly 200 special costumes were created for the two Mrs. Wilsons and the three Wilson girls, who set the styles of their era. Geraldine Fitzgerald alone had forty-seven changes, the biggest closet-full of clothes ever stitched together for a movie matron. Each of them was a careful copy of an original Worth model.

The eighty-seven different melodies interwoven into the score of "Wilson" almost provide an index of the scene.

Zanuck set out to conduct a Technicolor tour of Washington in "Wilson," and before the film is over, you have seen as much of the nation's Capitol as you would on a week-end there, perhaps more, since the camera penetrates the private living rooms of the White House.

So exactly were the White House sets duplicated that Thomas Little, Twentieth Century-Fox property boss, figures the Hollywood replica of the White House cost more than the original building of the Executive Mansion when it was completed in 1800. The House of Representatives was duplicated for the screen for the first time for the dramatic scene in which President Wilson asks Congress for a declaration of war on Germany. Here the dais, the clock, the galleries, the paintings, the flags, and inlaid walls and even the chairs were all painstakingly reproduced.

Most difficult of all sets to build, according to Little, was the small President's Room in the Capitol because of the vaulted ceiling and the intricate wall decorations. In "Wilson," Darryl Zanuck has made more than a movie. He has created a
and was terribly disappointed when the order came through for no more pilots, because they had enough, and he was transferred to the Morale Division.

There'd been some talk about Gwen going down to Texas for the Easter holidays. Don was against it at first. Gwen's right about him. He's thoughtful and sweet. He missed her so he could hardly bear it, but what would she do by herself all day with him in camp? He didn't want her hanging around down there, bored and alone.

She took the decision into her own hands. After a couple of boys they knew came up and told her how lonely Don was, she just sat down and wrote she was coming.

Don went out of his mind. For five days and nights he couldn't eat or sleep. Gwen's train was due at 7:30 on a Sunday. He had the day off and was up at four. Somehow the hours passed. He reached the station, only to find that the train was late. Nine-thirty, said the bulletin board. Lots of trains arrive and depart in Amarillo these days, and every time he heard a tootle, Don went crazy. He might have the wrong train. And the wrong station! He scouted around to all the other stations and got back at 9:30. Eleven-ten, said the bulletin board. He figured how far he could walk in half an hour, doggedly he tramped to that point and back. Twelve-fifty, sneered the bulletin board—

By an effort, he kept from slugging it. Twelve-thirty, huh? Okay, he'd show 'em. He wouldn't come back till 12:45—

Twelve forty-five, and the train was in. People getting off. He had the funniest feeling, nervous and shy—as if Gwen weren't the girl he'd been seeing every day for a year, the girl he'd married two months ago—as if she were some faraway dream with a halo around her. His eyes kept searching, but he couldn't find her.

There was a girl who might have been Gwen—with the same kind of white fox coat—but she was carrying a baby—

Gwen and babies take to each other. This one belonged to the girl across the aisle in the train, but before they reached Texas, the baby wasn't sure which of the two pretty young things was his mother, and didn't much care. It was Gwen who carried him off the train, while his permanent ma followed with the bottles and stuff.

remote control poppa ... 

Don's heart turned over, and he raced down the platform. It was Gwen all right—Gwen in a turquoise suit under her white coat, Gwen laughing, with a baby in her arms. His eyes went from her to it, and down to her, and his voice stuck in his throat. "How long—?" he croaked and stalled and started again—"how long since I've been a father?"

By the time they were having lunch at the hotel, some of the strangeness had worn off, but none of the wonder. He couldn't take his eyes off her. "Because next time I look, you might not be here—"

They were having a show at the field that night. Gwen waited in the wings while Don went out to sing, and got the surprise of her life when he announced, "This is a number I wrote for an extra-special girl—"

It was called "Anywhere Is Heaven When I'm with You," and of course it sounded heavenly to her, but the fellows seemed to like it, too, because they yelled for more,
Miss Marjorie was Master Lt. in a minute, to.

"I can't imagine myself on the stage singing such romantic songs as 'Oh What a Beautiful Morning' or 'People Will Say We're in Love'... if I failed to have Arrid under-arm protection.

"Arrid gives a girl self-confidence... she's sure of herself when Arrid's on the job. You'll always find Arrid on my dressing table back-stage, as well as on my dressing table at home. All my friends—men as well as women—tell me they use Arrid regularly."

Joan Roberts
star of
"OKLAHOMA!"
The Theatre Guild's musical hit, says:

"I didn't know what to do—but leave it to Don! Above all the whistling, you could hear him holler, 'Quit howling, wolves. She's my wife.'

It was kind of embarrassing but awfully sweet in a way.

They had ten marvelous days, getting used to each other all over again. She could only see him evenings, of course, but she managed to keep herself busy during the day. Then they'd have dinner and dance or go to the movies or just talk their heads off. It was the first time they'd really been together since they were married, and the thought of parting again was even worse than before.

Gwen had wanted to spend their last night quietly, but Don said, "No, let's dance, you can't brood so good when you're dancing." Well, they were doing a pretty good job of both when some soldier danced by and said to Don, "You're leaving next week."

"I am?" he muttered—then suddenly they both stood stock still—just like a delayed take in the movies. "I am?" yelled Don, grabbed her hand and rushed over to the soldier. "Whaddaya mean, I'm leaving next week?"

"Just got your orders. You're being transferred to Palm Springs—"

Palm Springs! Three hours from home! For a minute, they couldn't take it in. Then, right in the middle of the dance floor, they hugged each other like a couple of fools.

Of course, that made saying good-by much easier, though it was still bad enough. They parted at midnight on the train platform, with a porter hovering over them. Gwen wanted to stay there and wave, but it was freezing cold, and Don wouldn't let her—

And this may be as good a time as any to reveal the fact that Don's a jealous guy. He says Gwen's just as jealous—the only difference is, he's frank about it. In the old days, for instance, before their engagement was official, any fellow who showed an interest in Gwen would sooner or later get a bid from Don. "How's about

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4th Prize...Mr. Jos. Henderson
Portland, Oreg.
5th Prize...Miss Marjorie Sessions
Bristol, Conn.
6th Prize...Master John Martin
Darby, Pa.

WINNERS OF MODERN SCREEN'S "IT HAPPENED TOMORROW" CONTEST
1st Prize...Mrs. Helen Smith
Green Island, N. Y.
2nd Prize...Mrs. D. Kronenberger
Pittsburgh, Pa.
boxing a couple of rounds at the Y?"

They'd spar for a while, then Don would casually bring up Gwen's name and hit the guy at the same time. He'd generally catch the drift, if not at the first sock, then at the second or third. "I see what you mean," he'd say, rubbing the spot, and that would fix that.

The O'Connors differ as to what happened on the train platform. Gwen says Don made her promise not to talk to anyone on the trip home. Don says he told her to use her own discretion.

to love, honor and . . .

"Are you kidding?" protests his indignant wife. "Come on, let's face facts, what did you say?"

"I said, use your own discretion, but don't talk to anybody."

When she got back, Gwen moved out to the valley to live with Effie, as everyone calls Don's mother. Now that her husband would be coming in on leave, his home was her place. Mabel, Don's sister-in-law, had brought Gary and Jack, aged six and eight respectively, to visit their grandmother, and the kids took possession of Gwen. For their money, Uncle Don was a swell picker. "I love God first," said Gary, "and my mother and you next. Will you marry me when I grow up?"

"But I can't, Gary. I'm married to Don."

"Say, with all the worries we have in the world, do we have to worry about him, too?"

surprise, surprise . . .

They were expecting to hear from Don any day now, but the day itself was a military secret. Late one afternoon, Gwen came in from a walk with her nephews-in-law and found Effie in the kitchen, looking flustered. "You just missed Don, he phoned from Palm Springs. Never mind now, honey, he'll call again soon. Look, would you run to the bathroom and fetch me an aspirin? What with all the excitement, I've got a headache coming on."

In the bathroom, the shower was going. "May I come in, Mabel? Effie wants an aspirin."

You guessed. The head that poked itself out from between the shower curtains, mouth puckered for a kiss, was Private O'Connor.

After dinner, they had an important point to settle. Gwen said she'd written twice as often as Don, Don said she hadn't. So she got his letters from the desk, and he poured hers out of his duffel bag, but instead of counting them, they spent a blissful evening reading them all over by firelight—which was hard on the eyes, but wonderful for morale.

Still more wonderful is the fact that Don's stationed at Long Beach, in on WAC recruiting detail, and gets home lots of evenings. They don't know where he'll be sent next, so they're making the very most of these few weeks. Almost the best part is being able to argue again. While they were separated, they vowed they never would, but think of all the fun they'd have missed. Because Gwen and Don don't feel normal unless they argue—

Over a tennis game, for instance. "You'd be great," coos Gwen, "if you'd just hit the ball over the net, for a change—"

"I'm learning from you. Over the net and into the nearest cow—"

"I'm a very good tennis player, if you care to know—almost excellent. In fact—"

"In fact, next time you're going to use a racket—"

"I happen to come of a long line of champions—"

"I say, my pet, haven't you been deliberately training?"
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WANTED: STORY TELLERS
Have you ever sat around your chintz boxer with the gang, sipping cold Pepsi with your legs curled under you and the room buzzing with your gab-gab-gab as you swapped yarns about your bunkings into your pet pix personalities?
Hit it on the head, eh? Well, why not share the wealth, you hoarders, you? Let us in on it. What's more— we'll contribute more than Pepsi dough to your hen party. Five tender, bee-ootiful bucks! Sound good? Then make with the letters, friends, give us food for thought, and we'll B-17 out to you with a fat little check.

Honeymoon house. Don's satisfied to leave the details to Gwen, all he asks is a den where he can be alone with his guns. He isn't any guns.

Wanted: a Little Hair.
CO-ED
(Continued from page 24)

tion for a week, and if you even once look burlesquey, promise to hand over your paint until you're grown-up enough to use it properly. We think she'll give you the green light; now take it easy, Joe!

no weeds! . . .

Dad smokes like a four-alarm fire himself, but tobacco-wise—to his way of thinking—it's strictly a man's world. The old meanie won't even give you a drag on one of his cigarettes. Okay, okay, so you're abused; but maybe in his own unsuble way the guy has something. Look! It costs a lot of money to smoke; at least fifteen cents a day when you reach the chimney stage of the game. That's $35 a year, which is the price of a knockout winter coat, eleven lush sweaters, fifty-five sheer-sheer pairs of stockings or 1,100 short cokes. That, bud, is money.

Furthermore, many many of the lads will that a girl with a cigarette in her mouth or a tobacco smell in her hair is about as feminine as an old tweed jacket, as love-inspiring as a top-sergeant—so much for your dad's side of the fence. From a practical angle, he's strictly solid, and for our dough there is no other angle. We have never been able to see smoking as a moral issue at all. If you just must smoke, then tell your dad you've weighed all the disadvantages, but they pale beside the lift that after-dinner puff gives you, the poised feeling you have with a cigarette in your hand. If it's an aesthetic thing with him, promise not to smoke within his eye-shot, but let him know you don't want to resort to behind-the-barn tactics. Talk to him man-to-man about it, and—if you're seventeen or thereabouts—we have a hunch he'll see it your way. Give him a hug when he says yes, and profit by his experience—smoke moderately.

no guys! . . .

There are all degrees of parental date-hating. Some thumbs-down dates in general; others disapprove of going steady; and some can't bear dates that keep you out after ten. Let's take 'em one at a time. Supposing they won't let you date at all. Well, if you can answer yes to all the following questions, you're grown up enough for dates, and your parents will have to be convinced. 1. Do the majority of your classmates date? 2. Has your family reason to have confidence in you? 3. Are you willing to settle for house dates and double-dates as a starter? Yes yes, yes? Good. We didn't ask you about your age, for there is no general beau age. Each locality has its own. The best way to bring your parents around to your viewpoint is to be soft-voiced and patient with them. Name the girls who have begun to go out, tell where they go and what fun they have. Explain to them that they needn't worry about you, on account of you'll only go out with the cream of the crop, and that each lad you date can come over and stand inspection first. Agreed to double-date for a while and to be home at a certain hour. Tell them that you think too much of them to want to date on the sly, and that it would be utterly sowy to have them approve of your various swains. If you keep calm and speak your piece intelligently, they'll just have to see it your way.

Now about going steady. You can't see anyone on earth but Ted, and they keep insisting that you continue to go out with Bill and John and all the rest of the also-

BUSY — BUT BEAUTIFUL

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN — HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Women everywhere these days are rushed for time—they've taken on war-activities in addition to their usual duties...and they just haven't got hours to spend on make-up anymore. That is why our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is such a boon...at last busy women have found a lipstick that smooths and flatters their lips for extra hours.

Neither too moist nor too dry, Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that well-groomed loveliness you've always wanted. In four exciting shades—Tangee Red—Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium—Red, and Tangee Natural. Remember, try one of the new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks. For complete beauty while you're on duty, match your new lipstick with Tangee Rouge and Petal-Finish Face Powder, the powder that stays and stays and stays.

TANGEE Lipsticks
with the new Satin-Finish
TANGEE Face Powder
with the new Petal-Finish

Buy That Extra War Bond Today

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE...Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P.M. (ET) Coast-to-Coast...Blue Network
And your leaves
and furloughs together!

Why be just "the girl he left behind?" Join the WAC ... and you join him in service to your country, you talk the same language—husbands and wives can spend glorious leaves and furloughs together, subject to service needs.

The Women's Army Corps needs you now. This vital branch of the service offers three great new opportunities! Under certain conditions, you may request—1. Your army job (from 239 types of work being done by Wacs) 2. Your branch of service (with Army Air Forces, Army Ground Forces or Army Service Forces) 3. The Army Post where you'll be assigned. Today get full information at any U. S. Army Recruiting Station or mail this coupon.

JOIN THE WAC NOW!
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR INFORMATION

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL, U. S. ARMY
Attention, Recruiting & Induction Section
4415 Michigan Bldg., Washington 25, D. C.
☐ Send complete illustrated literature about the WAC
☐ Send address of nearest recruiting office

Name______________________________________Age____________________
Address____________________________________City____________________
State______________________________________

Beech-Nut Gum
The yellow package ... with the red oval

Wacs—and all other women and men in the service—may obtain flavorful, quality Beech-Nut Gum at post exchanges and canteens. And whenever YOU need satisfying refreshment these busy days, try them. Let's be sensible. Are you going to marry Ted? Gosh, no! He's Mr. Big for now, but six months hence he'll just be a name in your diary and a lot of movie stubs in your scrap book. So, hon, bun, be smart. Let him take you to all the big things around town, save your sweetest smile for him, but deal the other boys in, too. Oh, we know lots of the kids go steady, and it's beautiful to see. Slave bracelets and twin sports coats. One coke and two straws. You envy them for a while, but if you've ever seen a combination break up, you know it's not all moonlight and sweet talk. Until you meet the boy you're going to marry, spread yourself a little thin. You and Mom and Pop will all be the happier for it.

What's a good curfew time? That, too, will vary in different localities, but if we had to give a general rule, we'd say eleven or eleven-thirty for fourteen and fifteen year olds; unless it's something super special; and twelve or one o'clock for the sixteen and seventeen-era, depending on the occasion. This, too, to be stretched once in a blue moon. If you agree to a certain hour, stick to it faithfully and phone if you're going to be delayed.

NO COOPERATION...

Maybe your family tolerates swains, but that's as far as it goes. Pop will just grunt a greeting at them when they come over, and Mom won't even bother to comb her hair on Saturday night. It's such a weird feeling to suddenly be embarrassed about your parents when you've always been so burstingly proud of them, but don't brood about it. Just a couple of words can fix things up. Instead of yapping, "For heaven's sake, Dad, be civil to Bob tonight!" try something like, "Dad, Bob Haines is coming over tonight. He's been crazy to meet you ever since he heard you were overseas in the last war," or "that you're a Dodger fan, too," or "that you used to play pro football." All Dad really needs is a topic, and he'll do you proud. Mom, she'll bloom under a wee bit of flattery. "Bill said you were awfully pretty, Mom. He wishes his mother had cute short hair like yours." Or, "Don't let this go to your feather cut, lady, but Johnny said he thought you were the smartest-looking mother he knew." She'll be running for a mirror and lipstick, you'll get ten. Don't ever, ever belittle your parents or make fun of them. You don't know how terribly unhappy some of your unthinking jive talk can make them feel. They'd rather be than admit it, but it's true. Be just as sweet and considerate as you can be, and you'll acquire the two staunchest allies a gal could possibly have.

QUESTION BOX

How can two nice gals meet some respectable guys without resorting to cheap flirting and pick-ups? A. and L, New Orleans, La.

Your best bet's would be dances or parties sponsored by your local USO, your church, theYWCA or some other reputable organization. Pick out a couple of nice, lonely-looking lads and ask them to dance. Be warm and friendly to them, as if they were guests in your own home, and watch them relax and have fun. You will too, kiddies.

I have been in love with a fellow for five years, but he doesn't know I'm alive. Should I swallow my pride and tell him how I feel? I'm heading for a nervous breakdown.

Susan T., Newark, New Jersey.
Pul yourself together, Susy. You have a really terrific crush there, but it isn't
Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

Her amber-eyed beauty and natural charm have made this young Navy wife an outstanding favorite with New York society. Her unerring taste is reflected in the smooth, casual perfection of her make-up. "When my skin seems the least bit rough or dull, I give my face a quick beauty 'pick-up' with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Whitney says.

"Right away my skin feels smoother—and looks so much clearer and brighter. Good make-up then is no problem at all!"

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney—one of the society beauties who loves the 1-Minute Mask

How to

"re-style"

your complexion

with the

1-Minute Mask

Smooth a fragrant, white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Leave this mask on for one full minute.

"Keratolytic" action of the cream will loosen and dissolve tiny powder-catching roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles.

After just one minute tissue the mask off—clean.

Your re-styled complexion looks lighter . . . fresher! Feels so heavenly . . . softer to touch, with a perfect finish for make-up!

Note for split-second make-up . . .

Just smooth on a very, very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . and leave it on.

A wonderful, un-greasy powder base!

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.
SHIRLEY TEMPLE speaking:

"I get miles of smiles with CALOX."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
one of the 7 stars in "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"
a David O. Selznick Production

A DENTIST’S DENTIFRICE
Calox was created by a dentist for people who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Calox offers you—

1. Scrupulous cleaning. Calox is a multiprice action powder. It contains fine cleansing and polishing ingredients.

2. Lustrous polishing. Calox brings out the high natural luster of teeth. It is a real beauty dentifrice!

3. Calox is gentle. Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screen.

4. No mouth puckering medicine taste. Even children like the cool, clean, refreshing flavor.

5. Made by a famous laboratory. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

Listen to "Stop Or Go" starring JOE E. BROWN
Thursday night, Blue Network.

3 MILLION OFF-TO-SEA MEN NEED 4 MILLION OF YOU

We’ve got ‘em on our list, we’ve got ‘em on our list . . . names, names, names! One hundred and forty-eight of them, to be exact, from glamorous gals to toughies, from funny mams to kidlets—all the Hollywood big-time big hearts who can’t wait to start swapping writer’s cramp for your quarters. Read Al’s editorial on page 39 before you make like a bunny to the nearest mail box—they may not be literally pennies from heaven, but oh, what a miracle they can work!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Don Adams
Lois Andrews
Heather Angel
Jean Arthur
Jane Ball
Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Constance Bennett
Jean Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Charles Bickford
Julie Bishop
Vivien Blaine
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Barbara Britton
Joe E. Brown
Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Laurel Cregar
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat
Helmut Dantine
Laraine Day
Gloria De Hara
Olivia De Havilland
Brian Donlevy
Jimmy Durante
William Eythe
Alice Faye
Fibber McGee and Molly
Gracie Fields
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Presley Walker
Kay Francis
Ava Gardner
Judith Geithart
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Gilda Grey
Pauline Goddard
Betty Grable
Peyton Grant
Cary Grant
Bella Grantville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet
Alan Hale
Dare Hayes
Siegfried Hauser
Jack Haver
Dick Haymes
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Walter Huston
Marsha Hunt
Betty Hutton
Richard Jaeckel
Harry James
Glenda Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce
Arlene Judge

DANNY KAYE
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser
ALAN LADD
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Frances Langford
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Lum 'n' Abner
Ida Lupino

Roddy McDowall
Lee McCloskey
Reyn McEvoy
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Martha Marzell
Doris Merrick
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy
Lloyd Nolan
Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O’Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maurice O'Hara
Dennis O’Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power
E. B. Pule

Frances Rafferty
George Raft
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Dona Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Shelley Winters

Randolph Scott
Ann Sothern
Ramsay Sherman
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Gaynor Simmons
Frank Sinatra
Erie Sinclair
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Gene Tierney
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
Cornell Woolrich
Warren William
Monty Woolley
June Wynn
Keenan Wynn

Loretta Young
Robert Young

And, by the way, if you can’t trace down your raves’ name, don’t fret. Just drop us a line, and if it’s all possible, we’ll see to it that he or she gets on our list—but pronto!

(Your coupon’s on page 95—use it now, won’t you?)
to be tough. In self-defense. One day Tommy came home with his hair clipped down to the scalp. Clean as a pin-ball. For more of the convict effect, probably. And of course if he could manage to make his clothes up so with dirt that they'd stand up in a corner by themselves, it helped. Still, she laughs, "he was a pretty mild-looking little man. I don't think he ever really fooled anybody."

One night, for instance, he was walking his girl, Teri Keane, down Broadway when they got into a slight squabble. Teri dashed over to the cop and asked, with well-controlled fright in her voice, whether he'd please see to the man who was following her. The officer, burly but gallant, swirled around, lunged toward Tommy and then stopped dead. "Hey, miss, this your dangerous character?"

"Yes," Teri told him.

"Ya mean this... this peanut with the school books? G'wan, you're kiddin'!"

He and Teri used to do the Aldrich radio show together. (Tommy was Homer.) And after work they'd ride home on the subway singing their heads off between steps. Or on hot nights they'd ride out to Coney Island for a hot dog and a couple of turns on the roller coaster. Uplift on the coaster they'd scream just for the joy of screaming. But coming down those mile-long dips, they'd sing 'cause then the noise was loudest, and nobody could possibly hear. But if they had, they'd have said it was the loudest, meanest, funniest harmonizing this side of Heaven.

Tommy's voice crawled down a couple of octaves practically over night. The trouble was, it left the rest of him behind. People just didn't expect this narrow, pint-sized kid to let go with that booming, pit-of-the-stomach voice. The day he tried out, nervously, for "Best Foot Forward" on Broadway, he sing "Buckle Down Winsocki," and before he'd gotten two notes out, they were laughing. After that, of course, he played it for laughs. Well, one night his Uncle Sid was in the audience... and you know the loyalty that runs in families. When Tommy started to sing, a ripple of laughter breezed through the audience. Uncle Sid, who knew right from wrong, jumped up and yelled, "Shut up! The kid's trying to sing! Quit the laughin'!"

When the cast of "Best Foot Forward" went to Hollywood, Tommy went with it. He'd been screen tested by a couple of Hollywood studios two years before. The two studios fought over him while Mrs. Dix

Enclosed please find 25c in stamps, paper-wrapped coin, for which please send me my NAA card autographed by

My name is
I live at
City
State

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

If I could live in an air-tight Mason jar, I might be safe from germs that cause skin rashes: but I can't, so Mommy protects me with baby powder that's antiseptic... Mennen.

Germs causes common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More antiseptic! Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, germs thrive; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented

Look how I always move my arms and legs around—like when I'm crying out loud! Boy, am I glad Mommy protects me from chafing with the powder that's smoothest... Mennen.

Which baby powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier.

Want the best for your baby?
I married for love... and at first George did love me. Then—I can’t explain when or how it began—George became more and more indifferent. Our marriage happiness began to fade away like a mirage.

I brooded so that I actually became ill. When I went to see my doctor, I started to cry and told him everything. It was then I learned how “one neglect”—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene—so often wrecks romance!

My doctor advised me to use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. “Thousands of modern wives use it,” he said, explaining how Lysol makes an effective germ-killing douche that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. “And Lysol won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues... just follow the directions,” he added. How right he was! I’ve found Lysol so pleasant to use—so easy and economical, too. It’s been working wonderfully!

Oh, yes—the happy ending! It’s about US, of course! George is mine again, with lots of love. That’s all...that’s everything!

I Spelled Marriage “M-I-R-A-G-E”

Listen to this wife’s story of marriage happiness rediscovered

went serenely about the moving job. For a couple of days the kitchen stove sat un-hinged in the middle of the floor while the studios bargained back and forth. In the end the whole thing fell through, and the Dixes sadly hitched the kitchen stove back to its old moorings.

Things are different now. M-G-M has him tied up for after the war. But meanwhile the infantry’s got him. The Jewish chaplain at his camp heard of the terrific work he’d been doing selling bonds during his furlough. Tremendously impressed, he approached Tommy cautiously one day and asked, “Son, how’d you like to be a cantor?”

“A what?”

“A cantor. We need one pretty badly for camp services.”

Tommy was flattered, but the only religious psalms he knew were the ones he’d learned at Sunday School. The cantor said they wouldn’t do, exactly, but it was really too bad because his voice would have been just fine for cantoring.

That’s funny when you think of it, because the same voice sold forty-eight thousand dollars in bonds at the Ansley High School in Birmingham. And the kids who heard it admitted right out that Sinatra wasn’t the only guy alive who counted. The next day, when Tommy was slated to sing at church, so many young faces smiled dreamily from the pews, the preacher had to change his sermon. Something a little lighter for the young folks.

WIN WITH A SMILE

(Continued from page 75)

business of visiting your dentist: Get to know him. Not only will he catch tiny holes and clean away any tartar, but he can also act as beautifier. Many a Hollywood star wears caps to glamorize her (or his!) smile. Dental workmanship can replace or straighten teeth. Your dentist will do his best to save the ones you have.

Chewing gum is a good exerciser of teeth and massager of gums. Too, it helps to keep teeth polished. “Maisy” Southern shouldn’t be the only gum chewer. Not with all these benefits, she shouldn’t! Gum helps sweeten the breath because of its flavor, keeps the mouth pliable and helps to develop the beauty and mobility of your lips.

Speaking of lip beauty... don’t be one of those unpleasant people who look as if the effort of a laugh is almost enough to break her in two. Practice these smile hints, then smile often—smile pretty—smile at every excuse.

Incidentally, would you like to bring a smile to someone at the other end of the world? Then reach for the pen and ink, sit right down and dash off a letter to that nice kid from next door who’s now serving in France or the South Pacific.

And just to check on your smile knowledge, test yourself on the super-duper quiz which you’ll find on page 76.

If you would know the names of any of these smile products, drop me a line. Twill make me happy to answer. And if any other beauty problem crops up, I have the solution! Carol Carter, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16.

Good-by until next month when I’m all set to chat about beautiful tresses.

ANSWERS TO TOOTH CARE QUIZ ON PAGE 76

1-c; 2-j; 3-g; 4-a; 5-j; 6-h; 7-b;
“WILSON” STORY
(Continued from page 39)

just past fifty; and he lived in a small New Jersey college town in a pleasant
house under green elms and arching oaks
old as he was, older perhaps, and he was
like them in some ways; the quiet power
was hidden, and the living sap ran deep,
and he built but never broke before the
storm. His name was Woodrow Wilson.

offer of office...

Just now he stood at his open door
looking out to the darkness. Three men
stood on the porch. They were three
strange men to find on the doorstep of
a college president in a sleepy New Jersey
town. One was Senator Edward (Big Ed)
Jones, boss of the Jersey Democratic
political machine; the other two were his
henchmen—Jim Beeker and Ed Sullivan.
Beeker wore a hard, round, black derby;
Sullivan puffed on a cigar.

“Mr. Wilson?” Jones said.

“Yes?”

“I’m Senator Edward Jones.”

recognized you.”

“May we come in? I’ve something I’d
like to talk over with you.”

Beeker and Sullivan sat uncomfortably
on the edges of the club chairs in the
comfortable study. Beeker’s eyes looked
with unbelieving amazement at the rows
of books that covered the walls; Sullivan
eyed the growing ash on the tip of his
cigar. Big Ed walked up and down in
the quiet room talking.

“You know, Mr. Wilson, you’ve had some
pretty favorable notice in the press of the
country. Your books. Your articles.
People like to read what you have to say
about democracy. Well, so do we, for
that matter. We’re Democrats, too.”

Beeker laughed.

“We like to give the people what they want,” Big Ed said. “We’re all for
good government, for honest government. Right
now there’s a strong liberal movement in
the country. We want to get the best
liberal of them all for New Jersey. After
all, that’s our job.” Big Ed paused and
then swung around facing Wilson; he said
flatly: “How would you like to be Gover-
nor of New Jersey, Mr. Wilson?”

Then they were gone. In the living
room, Ellen, his wife, looked up as Wilson
came in thoughtfully. His three daughters
—Jessie, Margaret and Nell—were
bunched around the piano; Nell was play-
ing “Chopsticks.” Wilson sat down next to
her and picked up the bass accompaniment.

“Wasn’t that Big Ed who came in?”

“Yes.”

“What do you think of enrolling for the Fall
semester?”

“Not quite.”

Nell said suddenly: “Hey, Dad, you
missed a beat there. It goes this way: bum
tee tee tee, BUM. You missed the
last BUM.”

“You mean Big Ed’s or Beeker?” Wilson
said, as he grinned. “No, I saw them both.”

“But did they want?” Ellen said
quietly.

Wilson hammered on the bass, raising
the beat of the rhythm, Nell squealed and
ripped a run of tinkling notes. Wilson
said: “Just politics, Ellen. They wanted
me to be Governor.”

Nell’s hand came down in a discordant
chord.

Ellen said: “What did you tell them.”

“I told them they were crazy.”

“Are they?” Ellen said softly. “Are
they? You’ve always wanted to try your
hand. You’ve always been interested in

Who else wants to say “Goodbye”
to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

Women say this new-texture
face powder makes their skin
look smoother, years younger!

There’s a thrilling new-texture face powder that
helps end all these 6 “face powder troubles”!

It’s Lady Esther Face Powder—and it’s different
because it’s made differently! It isn’t just mixed in
the usual way—it’s blown by TWIN HURRI-
CANES. This and the patented hurricane method of
blending not only makes the texture much smoother
and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the
shades richer—it makes your skin look younger!

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like
a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blem-
ishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest
size box, if you like—but try it! When you see how
much softer, smoother and younger it makes your
skin look—it’s time enough to get the largest and
most economical size. But for living proof in your
own mirror that this is the most flattering face pow-
der you have ever used, get the small-size box today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther “Screen Guild Players”
Monday nights, CBS.
What's Cookin', America?

The third in our series of Regional Recipes introduces lovely Laraine Day... representing UTAH

To make novel "Airy Nothings," Laraine Day uses a recipe handed down from maternal grandmother... who entered Salt Lake City, as a child, with the original pioneers!

In an historically fascinating and recipe-rewarding talk we had the other afternoon with Laraine Day—sweet young M-G-M star currently on loan to RKO—it was forcefully brought home to us that in many instances expediency plays quite as important a part as tradition in determining regional tastes in foods. Not only did our ancestors carry with them a liking for dishes favored by their forefathers but, of necessity, they learned to prepare and enjoy the foods they found, or could grow, in the regions in which they chose to live.

Not that the Mormons—the first white settlers of Utah—found anything much to eat when they arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, pointed out Laraine who is a native of that State and who can list several of these hardy pioneers among her direct ancestors. Nor did they have much to eat with them, when they finally reached their destination. For the dreary trek from Missouri in covered wagons—across prairies, mountains and treacherous streams—took 102 days and was beset by a lack of food all along the way. Then when Brigham Young indicated that this was the place where they were to live, the food prospects were still mighty grim.

Anything made with chocolate rates high with Laraine. Her Chocolate Cake recipe can be used, as shown here, for Surprise Cup Cakes filled with Mock Whipped Cream.

Deep-fat-frying is final step in the preparation of these yeast-raised specialties of Laraine's. You'll see her next starring in the RKO picture, "Bride by Mistake."
The planting of crops was, therefore, a matter of vital concern. As early as 1848—one short year after their arrival—a flour mill was in full operation to take care of the wheat which had grown amazingly well despite the general lack of water. In fact, by an ingenious method known as "dry farming," large wheat harvests have been produced in that state ever since.

This, coupled with the vast distances that lie between farms, ranches and towns, undoubtedly explains why Mormon women have always been excellent and enthusiastic home bakers. (In this respect both Laraine and her mother, Mrs. Johnson, are no exceptions, you'll discover.) However, since the early settlers were drawn from people of all nationalities, in other respects Utahans cook pretty much like Mrs. Suburbs everywhere, except that they continue to be notably thrifty. This stems from the fact that Brigham Young—a superb organizer and a great booster for home manufacture and locally grown products—believed that waste was not to be tolerated in a community which, at first, was entirely dependent upon its own resources.

History, proudly proclaims Laraine Day, records no greater achievement in the face of terrific suffering and great hardship than that of these determined people who literally made the desert "bloom as the rose."

No wonder Mormons look on the first settlers as their "immortals," that their biggest holiday is called "Pioneer Day" and that a section of the State Capitol is used for a museum which presents an excellent cross-section of their life in the early days.

And now for the recipes we're offering you this month. They feature outstanding favorites of Laraine's which she and her folks brought with them from Utah. (Laraine's parents now live in a lovely guest house on her estate in Santa Monica Canyon. But members of their family still live in Roosevelt, Utah, where Laraine was born. From them she gets regular supplies of Utah honey—thicker and somewhat less sweet than other types—and of holiday turkeys which she distributes as Christmas gifts to understandably appreciative friends.)

Laraine's recipes stress home baked specialties as you can well understand. First and foremost are "Airy Nothings" which are really Something! Also outstanding is Laraine's Chocolate Cake with the Mock Whipped Cream which tops it or fills it—according to whether you prefer to bake it in loaf or in cup cake form, as pictured at the left. Then, too, we were given directions for making homemade noodles by Laraine's mother. Noteworthy additions to this collection are: A Roquefort Cheese Dressing, always featured at the informal barbecues Laraine and her husband Ray Hendricks love to give; and an old-fashioned way to prepare steak—with Cream Gravy.

A leaflet containing all these—the cake, cream-like topping, noodles, salad dressing, steak and Airy Nothings—is ready to be sent out to you, so just mail your request to:

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
(Please be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

"WHITE"
—as in Fels-Naptha!

Take it from Junior—'there's nothing like a white shirt. It does something to a guy.' Surveying the immaculate expanse below his Adam's apple, who could say that Junior overstates the case?

Naturally, the washday labor that produces his snowy shirts, doesn't concern Junior. It's only one of the minor miracles that any boy with a doting Mother takes as a matter of course.

But we know a great many women who say that for turning out whiter washing—with less work—'there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.'

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP_banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
Complete Home Facial Works Wonders
For Tired Faded Faces and Necks!

Here's a remarkable 'beauty-lift' that any girl can help give her face and neck right at home. It's a complete facial and takes only 8 minutes with that justly famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

And the devastatingly lovely results — after even the first facial — should convince you that at any price — you simply can't beat Hopper's Facial Cream to lubricate dry, fading skin and to make skin appear firmer, smoother and fresher. Faithful use will help you maintain exquisitely lovely face and neck beauty through the years.

Here's What To Do —
Just pat Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream over your face and neck, always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Then gently press an extra amount of this amazing beauty cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes so that your skin can properly benefit by the homogenized beauty oils in Hopper's.

Notice how carelessly soft, marble smooth and glowing your skin appears.

The reason Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream is so active and lubricates the skin so expertly and evenly is because it's homogenized.

Get a jar today! Treat your face and neck every night to this thrilling 'beauty-lift'. At all cosmetic counters.

Helps Delfake Aging UNLOVELY 'TOP-SKIN'
Hopper's White Clay Pack is marvelous to help clear away faded 'top-skin' debris with its ugly dried up skin cells. Also very effective for enlarged pore openings and to loosen blackheads.

Politics. You’ve got some sound ideas. You’re old enough and secure enough not to be personally ambitious. You believe in democratic equality and the abolition of special privileges. Where can you better do your job now than in the Governor’s chair?”

Wilson turned to her soberly: “Do you really believe that, Ellen?”

“I do, dear.”

“Knowing what it means? That we’ll have to give up the kind of life we’ve always known. Our quiet. Our privacy. That I’ll have to fight and sacrifice, and it won’t always be pleasant. That I’ll have to turn on men like—like Big Ed, and they won’t quite easily. It’s going to be raw sometimes, and hard. Hard on me and hard on you and the girls—”

“I married you for better or worse,” Ellen said, she smiled. “I’ll admit being Governor is a comedy, but we might struggle through the disgrace.”

Wilson laughed. He turned to the piano again, and his hands hit the keys. “Come on Nell,” he said. “Let’s do it in march time.”

So the schoolteacher went out to tramp the byways of New Jersey. He spoke in the small towns and in the convention halls of the cities while the torchlight parades marched outside to the thump of the brass bands and jeering grimy-faced kids chanted:

Tammany, Tammany,
Politicians get positions.

But the people knew he wasn’t a politician, not in that sense. They could feel the flaming sincerity of his words, the burning passion he felt for the ways of democracy and America. The tide swung to him, and on election day they voted for him. They came out of the neat rows of houses in the suburbs, out of the terrible tumbledown shacks along the railroad right-of-way; the people who worked, the people who, each of them small and alone, together make up the country called the United States. They made him Governor of New Jersey.

It didn’t stop there. Word swept out across the country about the schoolteacher Governor. “He broke Big Ed,” they said. “He’s for us,” they said. “He’s square, he means what he says,” they said. Up and down the country, then, in the West and in the South, up in the New England states and in the corn raising states of the Middle-West they began to form Wilson-for-President Clubs.

So it happened that one day in March, 1912, a slight man who had once been a schoolteacher stood in the lobby of the White House. A new president was moving in. The staff of the White House was lined up in smiling welcome watching the man and his wife and the three bright-eyed girls who were his daughters. They walked through the spacious rooms where History had walked so often before them:

... the East Room ... the Blue Room ... Dolly Madison ... John Adams ... in this room Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation ... It took Nell to break the spell. Walking down one of the corridors she whispered in her father’s ear: “You know what, Dad. We get three automobiles, too!”

It’s a wise father ...
course he had seen them going out, to Washington Balls, to picnics on the Potowmac. He knew that his own Cabinet Officer, McAdoo, saw Nell with suspicious frequency, and he was somewhat aware that a tall young man used to come and ask about Jessie from time to time... what was that man’s name?

“Jesse out again?” he said to Ellen one night.

“Yes. Jesse’s out. Again.”

“Nell, too!”

“Nell, too.”

“Hope they enjoy themselves,” he said vaguely.

“Girls usually do when they’re in love.”

“Love!” he said. “Jessie? Nell?”

“You sound startled.”

“Startled?” he said. “I’m flabbergasted. With whom? Who are these men they’re in love with?”

“Come, dear,” Ellen said, smiling.

“Think hard. Try.”

“Mac of course. That’s Nell. He’s been in love with her ever since he first laid eyes on her. They’re really thinking of getting married?”

“I hope they are,” Ellen said. “It might create something of a scandal if they didn’t.”

Wilson laughed: “So she’s in love as all that. But Jessie’s beau? I know him, of course. The tall young man. Very pleasant. Schoolteacher, isn’t he? Sayre, that’s his name. Francis Sayre. Of course I know my daughter’s beau!” he said triumphantly.

“Remarkable,” Ellen agreed. And then they both laughed. They were joking about that one night—a lot of them, the whole family; how they were all running off to get married. In one corner of the room, reading Ellen was working on an invitation list to the marriages. Nell and Jessie were radiant in their love. Margaret was at the piano. Wilson looked around at them in mock disapproval.

“That’s all you’re using the White House for—a bait for marriage,” he said.

Nell giggled: “It’s all Jessie’s fault.”

“I like that,” Jessie said indignantly. “I suppose you don’t want to get married.”

“After all,” Nell said, “I have a perfect right to. Mac lives right here in Washing—It was just natural that we should meet. But you had to lure your man all the way out from ends of nowhere—”

“Nell—” Jessie said softly.

“Of course I want you to be happy, and I think Frank is wonderful. But do you have to go back with him? We’ve never been broken up before. It’s always been us, all of us together—”

Ellen was walking briskly across the room toward the piano: “I don’t see anything to be so blue about. We’ll still be seeing each other. Strike up a song, Margaret. Let’s see if we can still sing anyway. We have every right to be happy.”

alone with grief...

And just then, just before she reached the piano, they saw the sudden spasm of pain cross her face! She had only strength enough to reach for the piano and hold on to it, while in the sudden shocked silence, Wilson moved quickly across the room to her side.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

“Just a little—nothing,” she said.

But they knew it was more than nothing. And they knew it for sure when Dr. Grayson told them the full story. He said it kindly, but in the end it meant that it was only a question of time. Then, in one empty large and empty room, Wilson faced it. He watched Grayson walk out, and then he turned toward the windows. Just outside, he could see the rows of Ellen’s flower garden. He forced the word, the frightened, ugly word, out of his mind. But it always returned, and he had to face it: Ellen was going to die.

He heard some one come into the room. It was Margaret. He began to speak then, very softly, as though to himself. “If only she didn’t have to suffer,” he said. “If only there was something I could do about that. She’s always been so radiant, so full of life. She was always so willing to share everything. Even her life itself. If she dies, something of me dies with her—since the first time I ever saw her, she’s been part of me—”

Margaret said: “She’s always been happy, Father. She’s so proud of you— a world he never made...

He didn’t answer. He stood looking out at the rose garden, and then suddenly he buried his head in his hands. Proud of him? What was all the pomp, all the power compared to the bare touch of her living hand? Until she died, he walked about as a man in a haze, barely seeing those around him. It gave him a little time to steel himself; there was still a little time to share with Ellen as she grew thinner and weaker. And then on the last day, he knew it had to be, there was nothing more to be done. He stood alone in the huge room at the open window looking out at the faded rose garden. He heard Dr. Grayson come into the room, and he thought with a heavy sudden despair: She’s dead. Through the open window came the jangle of the discordant noises of Washington. Far off, somewhere, a newscaster was calling: “War! War! Read all about the War! Germany declares War!”

---

**THIS SUPERIORITY OF PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED by medical authorities**

This is what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers...

**PROVED**

far less irritating to the nose and throat

*When smokers changed to Philip Morris, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!*

These findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do prove Philip Morris far less irritating to nose and throat.

Before anything else, buy more War Bonds!

---

"Call for Philip!"
They said, then, about that First War, that we could keep out. They said it was one of Europe's wars and that it was none of our business. The sleek fat men and the experts ponderously prated that Germany had no designs whatever on the United States. In the White House, a man haggard with his own private tragedy grappled with the terrible problems of war and peace.

Once in a cabinet meeting, he said to the men who urged him to declare war immediately: "It is an awful power that a President has. It is easy to beat the drums and wave the sword. But I'm thinking of the boys who would have to do the actual fighting. If I must ask them to fight and die, I want them to know that I spared them no effort to preserve peace. I want them to be sure that they are fighting for something worthwhile, for security and for a world at peace." But the grinding wheel of history was not to be stopped. The shadow of the war in Europe crept across the waves of the Atlantic; it began to creep into the consciousness of America that all the world was one, that there were no barriers across the circle of the globe. And in the White House, through the long nights, a lonely man sifted the growing pile of reports that flowed across his desk, and in each one there was an undertone like the sound of distant thunder: War... War... War...

He was lonely. That was his own private hell. They tried—Margaret, Nell and Jessie—to keep him occupied, they tried to fill the dead void. But there was always the shadow of emptiness upon his face and in his heart. The days followed each other; the days and the weeks and the endless months. Winter passed, and then Spring came, and it was a little easier to soften the pangs of memory with the cushion of time.

It was raining one day as he came into the White House, a soft Spring rain that hinted at coming sunshine and cloudless skies. He came into the spacious lobby, shaking the rain from his hat, and looking up, he suddenly saw the woman who was standing there. For the first time in months, something touched him. In the brief moment that their eyes met some common chord seemed to leap the distance between them. She was a fair, slim woman with a mouth touched with gaiety and eyes that hinted at intensity.

He heard someone saying: "I'd like you to meet Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt—"

"Her voice was soft, pleasant with a hint of the South: "Mr. President..."

"Mrs. Galt," he said formally.

Later they were to laugh at the formality of that first conversation. Laughingly, he blamed it on Congress; she said that she felt vaguely like a Committee on Introductions as she talked to him that first time. It became a joke between them.

He found common laughter with Edith Bolling Galt that made him, for the first time in the long months, feel alive. He showed her about the city. They played golf together. He sent her a book. He sent her a corsage, an orchid. In the box there was a card.

"You are the only woman I know who can wear an orchid. Generally it's the orchid that wears the woman." W. W.

That night they dined together at the White House, and later in the living room that looked out on the wide spacious green of the lawns that faced the street, he spoke to her. It was just coming dusk, and the first stars were faint in the sky, sketched against the slowly deepening blue.
What makes Mary so Toothsome?

The man isn't born who could resist Mary's bright, seductive smile. And that's the way it's been ever since the day she discovered how much better super-fine Pebeco cleans her teeth. As she says, "Pebeco Powder doesn't wash right away when you start to brush. It stays on the job and polished!"

The trick is—the way Pebeco's micro-fine particles hold onto your brush, clinging to your teeth while you work. It's this special penetrating polishing agent, so fine it does a super job of gentle cleaning, that makes Mary's teeth so sweet and shining.

Pebeco Pete says:

60% more powder for your money, folks, than average of 6 other leading brands.

Never a dull molar for you either, dear Reader, if you leave it to Pebeco. Taste its bright, fresh flavor. Revel in that grand "polished" feel as you run your tongue over your teeth. Exclaim, as you admire their special sparkle—"Who? Me?"

Pebeco Tooth Powder

Super-fine for Super Shine

The election of 1916 exploded in the United States in a world slowly bleeding to death. Passions ran high. In the corridors of Congress some of their congressmen were bitter. They spoke contemptuously of Wilson: "Dictator . . . fool . . . ruining the country . . . making us the laughingstock of the world . . . incompetent . . . insincere . . ."

But the whole country went to the polls in that famous election. Wilson ran against Hughes. The early returns gave Hughes the election. Hughes went to sleep that night sure he was President of the United States. But the late returns from the West Coast brought California into Wilson's column, and in the morning, Hughes woke to find that the victory had slipped from his grasp. Wilson had been reelected.

The threat that had been hanging over the country so long fell during that second administration. Under provocation of Germany's unrestricted submarine campaign, the issue finally came to a head, and in 1917 the country went to war. There were flags and bands playing in the boulevards and the streets of the country. But the quiet man in the White House felt no exultation in the declaration of war. It was, in a way, a defeat. For he felt strongly that war was evil and that a time would come in the history of the world when nations would no longer have to resort to war in order to redress wrongs. The time was not yet, perhaps, but already there was forming in his mind the shadowy outlines of a plan that might, if the world adopted it in good heart, prevent the holocaust of war forever in the future.

Once, on a trip to one of the training camps, he spoke informally to the soldiers. They gathered around him, awed that their Commander-in-Chief, that the President of the United States, should be there among them, talking to them easily, talking as man to man. He asked them where they were from, he asked them their names.

"Vespucci . . ."

"I'm from Milwaukee, sir. My father was a German. I'm just plain American I guess."

"They just call me Mike. Irish."

"Don't know what I am except maybe Texas."

"Palemanski . . ."
He stood looking around at them, profoundly touched, trying to find the words to reach them. He felt that here in the proving ground of war, was the proof of America. Here all races and all creeds met in a common purpose, all together, all Americans. What could be done here, in one country, could perhaps be done for the world. He groped for words.

"I want you to know," he said, "that we are fighting not only for our own safety but for those who will come after us. There must be a way—if we all will— to guarantee peace. The world is large enough for all its nations. If we work together, hand together in common aim like a—like a League, perhaps ..."

He always remembered that. And when the time came for peace, he worked toward that great aim. He crossed to Paris to face the tortuous legalities of treaty making, hoping always to preserve that single aim in all its great simplicity. Even then, in Paris after the war, the doubts began to creep in. There was too much hatred left in the world. In Europe there were old scores, old wounds remembered; at home a group of men malign the, misinterpreted his every word.

As always, he had faith in the people. He always said that if they knew the issue, if they understood it completely, they would see the great need for America to share in the work and responsibility of a League of Nations. So he took the story to the country. Grayson, his doctor, told him he wasn't physically fit enough to undertake a trip of that length, speaking every night, sleeping in snatches, eating on the run. He insisted. That was what he had sworn to the soldiers he had asked to fight.

"There can be no united action—no League of Nations—in the true sense without America's participation," he said.

He spoke at crossroads. He spoke in the huge auditoriums of the cities of America. He spoke from the backs of trains. He spoke to the people wherever and whenever they would listen.

"Make no mistake," he said, "Germany wants us to remain isolated ..."

He grew weaker. You could see the strain in his face. He spoke through the pain; nothing stopped him. He spoke, in final appeal, to the men who had fought the war.

"You are betrayed," he said. "You fought for something you did not get . . . There will come a time in the vengeful providence of God . . . another struggle in which . . . many millions may be asked to give their lives to accomplish the final freedom of the people of the world ..."

After that speech he turned from the platform of the train. Behind him Edith was watching anxiously. Dr. Grayson came hurrying forward. Grayson caught his arm. His face was ashen white.

He took Edith's hand: "I'm so—tired."

As a soldier who does his duty and sometimes dies doing it, so Wilson did his duty. Despite pain and illness he carried on until the moment of collapse. He was a soldier in the cause of peace; he was one of the casualties in civilization's endless war against war. He was a paralyzed old man at the end of his term of office.

But there was nothing gone in his spirit. The fire still flashed in his eyes, and his great soul still fought on where the body had deserted. He tasted defeat. He saw his policies go down to defeat in the next election. He watched America spurn the League of Nations.

But the day he left the White House he still believed in all the principles that he had always believed in. He still believed in their eventual triumph. He still believed in the rightness and the justness of his ideas. He believed fervently and completely in the ideal of Peace through a League.

Standing in the White House on his last day there, with Edith, he said quietly: "The fight's just begun. You and I may never live to see it finished. But that doesn't matter. The League isn't dead . . . the dream of a world united against the awful wastes of war is too deeply embedded in the hearts of men everywhere."

He left the White House as he had entered it, a quiet man with flaming eyes. They walked out together, Wilson and Edith. Margaret and Jessie and Nell. Wilson walked out into the annals of America and into the hearts of Americans and into the soul of any man anywhere who dreams the word Peace.
and Ingrid Bergman's his favorite actress. He had the pleasure of meeting her when he was over at M-G-M one day, and doesn't know how he ever stumbled through it. She said, "Anne's told me all about you," and he stood like a goof with his tongue in a knot. All he could think was, "Gosh, you're so beautiful!" but he had just enough sense left not to say it.

Of course, Miss Bergman's like a goddess. Anne, now—well, he wishes he were about four years older. As it is, Anne's wonderful to him and treats him like her twelve-year-old brother.

He keeps his first fan letter pressed between the pages of a book, and thinks it must have come from a very little girl. "Dear Mr. Granger," it says, "I saw you in 'North Star' and I love you. You don't know who I am, but some day we will meet and we will kiss and we will marry—"

miracle man ...

He and his mother and dad used to talk about "if a miracle ever happens." If a miracle ever happened, they'd have the house painted or the couch re-covered. So when the miracle happened—a contract with Samuel Goldwyn Studios—he had the house painted and bought some new furniture and dishes. Oh, and another item—he paid off the mortgage. Knowing he'd be called into service shortly, he wanted the folks to have their home free and clear.

Clothes don't mean a lot to him, except you can't buy him loose from the sweater counter. There's no printed play that he hasn't read, and no Gershwin that he doesn't tag "out of this world." He could listen to "Porgy and Bess" all night, but can't carry a tune. Maybe you wondered why he was cut out of that cute song the other kids sang on the walking trip in "North Star."

"I can't sing," said Farley.

"Try it," they said.

He opened his mouth, and a sound came out. They were flabbergasted.

"You can't sing," they said.

"That's what I said," he said.

He doesn't drink—mainly because he doesn't want to. He never had a car of his own, and that never bothered him either. He got his job in "North Star" by answering an ad. And he's wanted to be a movie actor ever since he stopped wanting to be a vet.

The reason he wanted to be a vet was because then nobody'd care how many dogs he collected. In San José, where he was born, they had a pretty big yard, and his folks were pretty liberal about dogs. Still, there was a limit. After five or six, he had to go slow. The only rule was, if he wanted 'em that bad, it was up to him to earn their keep. So any time he needed dog food, the neighbors would cook up an errand for him to run.

The dog he remembers best is the one he didn't get—a German shepherd that was hanging around the place where his father sold cars. One day they went down to clean up the garage, and here was this pooch, looking wobegone the way dogs look when they don't belong anywhere. Farley ran out for a can of food and fed him.

"Can I keep him, Dad?"

You could see Dad wanted to say yes, but was torn two ways. "We've got more dogs now than we know what to do with. Maybe he's lost. Maybe his owner's looking for him—tell you what, son. If he's still
Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.

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**USERS SAY**

Physician's Wife: "I lost 35 pounds in 21 days."

Mrs. G. M., Thane, N. Y.: "My hips were 28 inches; now measure 26 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. My doctor says it was o.k."

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Miss H. Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 210 to 165 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear pretty dresses. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

**MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable success in losing weight easily. Many lost 25 pounds or more in 3 months.**

They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor. Former chief of a U. S. Military Hospital and a State Public Health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises, HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: for lunch take 2 teaspoons of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except one cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, hardy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily calorie intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hardship or sacrifice with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most important of all, your diet is adjusted under the direction of Dr. Parrish himself.

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special box containing 32 DAILY SUPPLEMENTS will rent you postpaid for only $1.00. This $1.00 can be used at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupons, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

**CAL-PAR, Dept. 72M**

566 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I received $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can, to be sent postpaid paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

**NAME**

**ADDRESS**

---

Farley fixed a bed for him that night, but next day the lonely dog was gone. To the end of his life, he'll always be "the lonely dog" to Farley.

There was only one dog to say good-by to when he left for camp last February. That was Boots, who has wirehair whiskers but is otherwise mixed in lineage but certainly not affectionate. The year they moved to Los Angeles, he found Boots's fuzzy head poking out of his Christmas stocking, to help make up for the dogs he'd left behind forever. That was kind of unfriendly somehow to shove 'em out—

They moved to Los Angeles because Dad lost his business in the depression. Or, at least of the last war, he managed to get a Civil Service job. The only thing they really craved was a house, because when you've always lived in a house and yard, apartments kind of get you down. So they got this place in North Hollywood and, to help out, Mother took a job in the Five-and-Ten. Farley helped out, too—mowed lawns, worked in markets, read his own book, and did the dishes. On his way from school, he'd stop at the Five-and Ten, and Mother'd tell him what to bring home from the market for dinner. She's nice enough to say he helped with the cooking, too, but all he remembers is turning the gas off and on while she rustled the food.

Some of the meals they gave Dad were pretty rugged, but they did the best they could, and there was always a laugh in it somewhere—

Even up in San Jose he was crazy about them. So, when he was making a show, he'd line up all the kids, sit 'em on the curb and act the whole thing out, ripping heroine and all. Sometimes they'd sit through it. Other times they'd say, "Nuts, we'd rather see the picture," and walk out on him. But he didn't discourage easy. A couple of agents lived in North Hollywood, and he’d pester them about how to bring them in.

"Get yourself into some play," they'd advise, like they said to every other stage-struck youngster. "Get some place where people can't see you."

Except for the war, he might have waited till after graduation. But he was bent on getting a couple of licks in before he was called. So he looked around and heard this rumors. He went up to "The Book of Life," at the Mary Stuart Playhouse. He walked in, a little green around the gills, and asked to see the director—

"I'd like to see Mr. Vivian."

"What have you done?"

"Well—not very much."

---

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

Two years ago, I attended a Bond Rally in Westerly, R. I., where vivacious Greer Garson was selling bonds—and selling them fast.

When she was putting "the accent" at the Mary Stuart Playhouse. He walked in, a little green around the gills, and asked to see the director—

"I'd like to see Mr. Vivian."

"What have you done?"

"Well—not very much."

Mrs. Doris C. Briggs, Pittsfield, Mass.
“Anything at all?”
“Well—no.”
“Could you play a Cockney?”
“Yes, sir.”
“Let’s hear you say a few words. Okay, come around tomorrow.”

*puttin’ on the dog*

Mother and Dad didn’t mind, but—what with school and the market—they couldn’t see how he’d manage. He worked it out fine by ignoring both school and the market and promising his conscience to make it up after the exams. Versatile, was the word for him. He played the Cockney, a voice on the radio, the crash of bombs and a dog’s bark. It was fine while it lasted, but it only lasted a week. If anybody saw him—outside of his loving friends—they overheard it.

Then fate took a hand. Producers don’t usually advertise for actors. But Sam Goldwyn’s an unusual man. They were desperate for a boy to play Dunblan in “North Star.” “Will it hurt to advertise?” Sam Goldwyn asked himself and answered himself, “No.”

Farley picked up the paper, ran an eye down the want ads and did a double take. “Boy wanted,” it read. “Must be seventeen, but not yet eighteen. Acting experience desirable but not essential. Write qualifications to Casting Director, Samuel Goldwyn Studios.”

He wrote, and they told him to come in. Bob McIntyre, the casting director, looked him over and sent him on to Mr. Goldwyn, who called in Miss Helfman, the author, and Mr. Milestone, the director. Farley was not unduly nervous. He has a philosophy to sustain him under stress. Whatever happens, even if it seems bad at the time, works out for the best. If you don’t get what you want, you won’t get it to give up. You keep on trying till your time comes. The only way you can lose out is by giving up.

They seemed to like his appearance, but—in spite of the ad—he’s lack of experience bothered them. He leaned heavily on “The Wooley,” but they weren’t impressed. Still, they promised to call him back for a test, and he took them at their word. Four weeks passed without a peep from the studio, but all that worried Farley was, maybe— they’d call too soon. Because during those four weeks, everything happened. Playing football at school, he was injured in the throat and couldn’t talk for three days. That was bad—they might call any minute. Then he broke out in a rash. Being susceptible to poison oak, he ran to the doctor. “Do something quick for this poison oak. Any minute they might phone me to come down for a test—”

“Poison oak nothing, that’s scarletina. You’d better go home and test your bed—”

/star light, star bright*

Evidently the part of Damian had been meant for Farley. He hadn’t been up two days before they phoned. He got the script on Thursday, was tested on Friday, called back on Saturday and told to appear with his mother on Monday. Mother cried. She’s very excited. At the drop of a hat she’ll cry—for instance, if she sees a train pulling out. Nobody has to be on the train that she knows—just show her a train pulling out, and Mother bawls. Farley has a terrible time with her.

At the studio they were all smiling. He could tell from the winks and nods that the news was good—even before Bob McIntyre broke it. Mother’s hand of shock when she signed the contract, but Farley was pretty calm considering. Happy but calm. He’d always meant to be in motion pictures anyway. Well, here he was. It seemed sort of natural—

**Before . . .**

**SELF-CONSCIOUS**

**Now . . .**

**SELF-CONFIDENT**

Here’s how Laine looks today with her Powers training. She was thrilled to be selected as “Miss United Nations.” Now she’s **SELF-CONFIDENT.**

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Why do girls think because they lack regular features, beauty is beyond their reach?

Why do women mistakenly practice starvation diets hoping to achieve a lovely figure?

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He celebrated by taking the folks out to dinner and a show. "It's got to be a Goldwyn picture," Farley said, "or I'd feel like a heel."

"You'd be practically Benedict Arnold," Dad agreed. So they went to see Bob Hope in "They've Got Me Covered," and they made Mother quit her job.

It's Farley's opinion that life began with "North Star." The cameras didn't scare him. You couldn't be scared with a man like Mr. Milestone. He'd made a test with Anne, he'd met Eric and Jane in the schoolroom, so they were all friends before work started. Remember the scene where they dabbled their feet in the brook? That was the first scene they shot, and it was just as though he were out on a hike with his gang.

"I can't call it work," he told Mother and Dad. "They pay you for having fun."

Of course, it did get tougher—especially the blind scenes. But from the way Mr. Milestone acted, he knew he couldn't have been too awful. And after the sneak previews, he understood his name was mentioned on some of the cards. (Hardly a card was turned in that didn't rave about the new Granger discovery.)

He saw the picture in a projection room with Mother and Dad and Jane and Mr. and Mrs. Withers. The first time that map of his showed on the screen, he couldn't get squeezed down deep enough in the chair. When he finally got up the nerve to raise his eyes, there was Mother crying—right in the happiest part of the story—

What made "North Star" so exciting, apart from the work, was the partnership on the set. And in "Purple Heart" it was even more so. As the youngest of the eight flyers, he was their butt. They kidded the shirt off him, and he loved it. "Hey, sub!" they'd call him, because he was going into the Navy. "Come on over here. Now do your deep breathing. Want to suffocate down in that submarine?"

They introduced him to a new world. Sam and Johnny Craven and Charlie Russell—they'd worked on Broadway. They tossed around names that were golden magic to Farley. He'd sit at their feet, with his mouth open, lapping it up. Sometimes he'd pinch himself.

He met Roddy at school and got himself a new family. First, Mrs. MacDowall asked him to dinner, then to stay over night. Which made it fine all round, because it took him forever to get back and forth to North Hollywood. Soon he was calling Mrs. Mac Baby, the way Vee and Roddy did, and she called him "Rooshia," on account of "North Star." Being an only child, he'd never known what it was to have a brother and sister could be. Roddy and Farley have their future all mapped out. Roddy will direct Farley's stories—he's got a whole slew of them, half finished, choking up his desk at home. Their studio's all ready—designed by Roddy on a huge square of cardboard. They can't decide whether to call it Farro or Rodley Studios. Baby suggested Mac-Rooshia as a nice international touch.

parting shot...

As for Sam Levene, he's friend and brother, father confessor and paragon rolled into one. Talking of Sam, Farley gibed. Sam's opened his mind and shown him far horizons—opened his own heart and taken Farley in. Call his feeling hero worship, and he cheerfully agrees. Sam's the kind of guy who's heavy but full of the old nick. In brief, Sam's the guy Farley would like to be—

"Here," said Sam, driving him home the day before Christmas—and kind of threw a little box at him.

"Gee, what is it?"
"A horse and buggy, but don't open it now."
It was a gold St. Christopher on a thin gold chain. Farley wore it over his sailor's blouse. In his wallet he kept the card on which Sam had written: "We'll both watch over you."
It was Sam who took Farley downtown the day he left for camp. Boy, was that something. He'd said good-bye to Mother and Dad the night before. They'd all agreed that a train—with Farley going away on it—was no place for Mother.
So he slept at Baby's. Only he didn't sleep much. Sam was coming at six. He was due to report at seven. They breakfasted at five.
Six o'clock. No Sam. They called his house. No answer. They called the taxi company. No taxis. Time was fleeting. He finally got some authority on the phone who said he could meet his troop at the station.

WE'RE SORRY!
Remember that gorgeous Koda-

chrome of Anne Baxter in the
July issue? We forgot to tell you
that you'll be seeing her soon in
Hunt Stromberg's "Guest in
the House."

Eight o'clock, and Sam walks in, whis-
tling. "All ready, kid?"
"Soon as I get through killing you."
Sam swore Farley said eight. Hims-

elf, he'd been up since five, just killing
time. Vee went down with them—and the train never left till twelve that night.

character builders . . .

Camp was okay, except all they gave
you to drink was coffee, and Farley loathed
coffee. At home he sits down with two
quarts of milk in front of him. One night they
showed "Purple Heart," but he wouldn't
go. Afraid he'd get homesick. He saw snow for the first time and could
live without it. It's pretty all right, but
not when you're marching in it for hours.

"Marching in snow's good for you," wrote Sam. "I'll build your character, make you a better actor."

Now when he marches or digs or does
physical fitness exercises that are just
murder, he puts Sam's words to the rhythm—"This'll—make you—better ac-

tor—this'll—make you—better—actor—"
He doesn't see how exactly, but he's taking
Sam's word for it. Meantime, it's mak-
ing him a better seaman, 2nd class.

There was no particular girl to leave
behind. He's never dated anyone regu-
larly, but he likes the unsophisticated type
who sticks pretty much to being feminine
doesn't use a lot of make-up. She
doesn't have to be glamorous, just trim,
and one thing he hates is hair that's all
mussed up. In a brotherly way his fa-
favorite girls are Jane Withers and Vee
MacDowell. He thinks it's all right for
his friend Don O'Connor to get married
at eighteen if he wants to, only Farley
doesn't.

Pictures are more on his mind than girls.
When the war's over, he wants to learn all
about movies—acting, writing, camera
angles, directing—the works. Along with
that he's got three main ambitions.

First, to go to New York. Sam's prom-
ised to take him. Second, to dramatize
and play the cartoon character of Prince Valiant.
With that off his chest, he thinks he'll be ripe
for his third ambition—to talk Mr. Gold-
wyn into re-making "Wuthering Heights"
—with himself as Heathcliff and Anne
Baxter as Cathy.

"You can't," says Farley, "kill a guy
for nothing."

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"Beauty isn't enough," says bewitching Bettina Bolegard

"My job takes more than beauty," says chic Bettina, whose cameo-perfect face appears so often on the magazine covers. "In a long 2-hour sitting, I have to stay picture-perfect before the hot, hot, studio lights and never, never risk underarm damage to the glamour clothes I model!"

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Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty but also for the reason that so many ladies want to wear pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. This exquisite, new and original locket is not only ornamental but provides a place for two pictures on the inside. No other locket that we know of today is quite so beautiful or stylish since this one is in 2-tone with red roses and the heart design in the color of yellow gold. The 16-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. You will be delighted to own and wear this lovely locket that is dainty, yet one inch in diameter, providing ample space for pictures of your loved ones so that you can look at them at any time.

FRANK SINATRA
(Continued from page 50)

"Watch me 'kim this 'tone,'" he said. The lads guffawed.

"Say it again, Shorty," one of them gasped, holding his sides. "That's the best yet." A couple of the fellows had to sit down for a minute they were so completely overcome with laughter. Big Frank stood solidly by for an instant, watching his cousin blush the way he always did when he'd said or done something that struck the big kids funny; watching him hold his underlip firm with his straight little teeth. What the heck did they always think they were doing, riding the kid?

"What's so darned funny, you guys," he blazed at them. "Tell me that, will you?"

"Him," howled one of the lads pointing at Frankie. "'Tones," he says. Oh boy, that's rich."

"He did not," said Big Frank hotly. "The
way back in his throat, and anyone that can’t hear it is a cross-eyed monkey. Say stones, squirt.”

"Tone." There was no sound whatever from the back of Frankie’s throat.

"There, hear it?"

The kids’ eyes were round as saucers.

"Yeah," they murmured as one man.

"Yeah, I heard it." No one picked on Frankie for a long time after that.

big shot small fry . . .

He lived a double life at that stage. By day he was one of the boys, swaggering across the baseball diamond, airing his views on Babe Ruth, setting the lads up to a round of tootsie rolls at his grandfather’s candy store. He was big stuff, by day. By night he was a little boy again, sleepy and loving. Clamoring for Mother Goose and Uncle Wiggily. Sometimes it was Mother who read to him before dinner. Sometimes when Mrs. Sinatra was off on a case—it was Grandma. The same old stories over and over, and the Lord help them if one syllable was skipped. He learned to pick out words in his story books. Cat and boy and house. It pleased him, recognizing words, and he kept asking everyone how soon he’d be old enough to read.

"Next year," they’d tell him. "When you go to school.” So school became a magic place.

And then he was five, going on six, and school turned out to be kind of a dreary joint after all. One from which one fled at the stroke of noon with never a backward look. His whole outlook changed. School was a chore to be endured, and the leisure he had hitherto scorned became the thing. Afternoon, that was the time. Anything could happen in the afternoon. Like going down to Grandpa’s candy store and discovering a brand new kind of penny candy. Stuff that looked like gumdrops but that had perfume inside. Or maybe, like walking home with Anne, his second grade sweetheart, and having her mother invite him for lunch. Or—best of all—discovering a stray dog or cat and bringing it home. That was his hobby. Some kids collected stamps or playing cards. Frankie collected animals.

Mrs. Sinatra put up with it, mostly because she couldn’t bear Frank’s face on the few occasions she remonstrated. "Oh, but, dear," she’d say, and his face would suddenly be nothing but eyes. "He’s strange, Mom."

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UH, UH—MUSTN’T TOUCH!

It would be sorta silly to drape Verbotes signs on the stove and the stairs and Pa’s cigarette lighter and Junior’s ball-bearings—and—gosh darn, on practically everything in the house. But if ya gotta, ya gotta—in your mind, anyhow. Cause according to the Red Cross, over 100,000 people a year are killed in the U.S. as the result of unnecessary accidents—and home accidents account for over one-third of these with falls, burns and poisons topping the list! Makes you shudderish, doesn’t it?

So, look, even if you don’t enroll in one of those swell Red Cross Home, Farm or Aquatic Accident Prevention courses, do try to spread the word about safety to your folks and friends.

Let’s save the gori-giving for where it can’t be helped. Main Street was never meant to be a beach hea...
"All right," she'd hear someone saying, and it always turned out to be herself. "All right, he can stay a while." Fortunately, the animals were usually transient. Hard-bitten gypsies they were, grateful for a square meal and a night's lodging, and then, tully-ho, they were off again. Frankie would dash home from school the day after he'd brought home a new one, eyes aglow. "Where's Dutchess?" he'd call. They all had names, even the one-night-standers.

"Gone," his mother would say, looking down. "She hit out around ten this morning and hasn't come back."

frankenstin in far . . .

Then one night he appeared with something that can only be described as a canine character. She was part Spitz, part Airedale, and after that it was anybody's guess. She was definitely not an attractive addition to the group, and as far as Mrs. Sinatra was concerned, the more transient she was the better. The day after her arrival Frankie raced home after school. "Where's Girlie?" he asked.

The reply from the kitchen was not enthusiastic. "Right under my feet."

Sometimes, in the ensuing years, Mrs. Sinatra would say to her husband, "Funny, Marty, with all the pretty dogs he's brought home, this little dog is the one to linger." Frankenstein in fur, that was Girlie, but she and Frank idolized each other. They were together from the minute school was out until it began again next day when it became necessary for Frank's mother to keep off the stairs somewhat on account of her heart. Girlie remained downstairs when Frank was up in his room in order to carry messages.

"Girlie," Nathalie would say. "The telephone for Frank." Whereupon Girlie would terrorize the stairs and bark at Frank's door. Down he'd come, the pup at his heels waggling and wagging with joy.

Came a day when Frank got into some slight scrape in school. His teacher phoned Mrs. Sinatra, and Girlie made it her business to eavesdrop on the conversation. "He did?" Frank's mother was saying in a horrified voice. "Frank did that?" There was a pause for explanation. Then, "Well, I most certainly will reprimand him. Severely." The receiver clicked, and Girlie tried to make herself invisible.

"Girlie," said Mrs. Sinatra. "Go get Frank." Girlie was busy with a flea and feigned deafness.

"Girlie!" Nathalie's voice was sharper. Girlie yawned a little and settled down. It had said. Eventually, it told her clearly and authoritatively, "go—get—Frank." To make a long story short, a shoe was thrown, and Girlie eventually sunk up the stairs, bakery was on its way, and Frank was home and gloomed down again. Later on, when that particular crisis was past, and Frank and his mother were buddies again, they got a big laugh out of that incident.

There were other changes after that, of course. Like when Frank set an alarm clock to go off in the middle of Assembly, Mr. Stover, the principal, phoned that time, and Marty and I called him through patiently, then he said, "Well, Mr. Stover, he's a boy." That was Marty's comeback anytime anyone said boo against Frankie. That and, "Well, we'd worry about him if he didn't go into mischief once in a while."

Just once did he spank his son, and he's never really forgiven himself for that. Some kind of country fair came to town, complete with merry-go-round. Nothing would do but Frankie ride on it, and his dad said okay, why not. So Frank and his buddies hoofed it over to the fairgrounds on a large, white steed and, in imagination, the steed was fiery, and Frank was Hoot Gibson. "Yippee, fella," he helped and, so saying, he leaped in his saddle and kicked his horse through the carousel roof. Pandemonium followed. In the course of time three facts became obvious. The roof would have to be removed, Frank's hair would have to be shaved off in order to treat the cut, and Frank's father would have to be apprised of the affair. Carousel roofs, it developed, came high, and the new one was on Papa Sinatra. That was immediately after getting the bill that Marty let his practically-bald son have it.

A typical American childhood was Frank's, with nothing in it anywhere to indicate the incredible career that was to come. He went to church every Sunday at St. Francis'. Made his First Communion and was confirmed there. He never was in the choir, but he was an altar boy for years, cherubic in the white robe. He had measles and mumps, chicken-pox and whooping cough; all the kids' diseases you can think of, and he was really sick with them. That's why he's such a fend on inoculations for his youngsters.

There was the inevitable ball club that all little boys belong to. The club that is as dear to their hearts as anything can ever be. Half secret handshakes, half baseball, it was, and the club's name was the Turk's Palace. They had flashy orange and black uniforms with a half moon, star and dagger on them. They were all called each other Turk. Confusing? Not to a foxy eight-year-old. The uniforms were donated by Frankie's family, and on the strength of that he was made manager as well as pitcher.

There was, in due time, that momentous business, the first date. It was with a girl named Marie, a grammar school graduation dance, and his fiancée never to forget it. The splashing in the tub; the slinking of the hair first one way, then another in the eventual appearance, shine-faced in the new suit, good and dark," he'd admonished Mom before the purchase, "to look like a tux.”

"Do I look okay?" he asked, hand casually on pocket, straining for nonchalance. "Wonderful." "Well, so long, then." And when the door closed on him, a look passed between Marty and Nathalie, a long misty look.

growing pain pang s . . .

Oh, it was a typical childhood, all right, followed by a typical adolescence. If you have a brother or a son, you can practically lock your fingers to your teeth and forget about it. The school dances and Mom's vigil at the window till she heard his key in the lock. The ukulele era, oh boy! Frankie in his early teens when the world went ukulele-mad. Remember? You just had to have one or you were a social zero. They got him one, just like they gave him a leg. The amazing voice, as his mother recalls, was "all right—nothing swanky." and if you'd told her then he would some day drive girls ma-ad with it, she would’ve very likely have given you the Sinatra special horse laugh.

One afternoon Mrs. Sinatra came home and saw an unbelievable-looking vehicle in front of the door. It was painted red, yellow, green and blue, and there was something about the set of the headlights that gave it a leering expression. "This," she thought, "gives the house an air.” That was moved by this time to their Laughlin Place.
But when. . .

"Isn't she a honey?" he grinned at her. "To be brutes with him," his mother said, "I dislike it. Why all the colors, and why all the scribbling on it?"

"Gee, Mother," he said, giving her that don't-you-know-anything look, "that's what gets 'em."

Who it got and why it was never observed, as the car collapsed shortly thereafter, never to rise again. Frankie, who now drives a Fleetwood Body Cadillac, looks back affectionately on that car.

Life at the Sinatra home was not dull, you see, any more than an Andy Hardy movie or a Henry Aldrich broadcast is dull. Things kept happening. There was the time Frank wanted one of his father's old fedoras. A play or something, Nathalie thought vaguely. He was always needing things for plays. A clown suit here, a pair of velvet draperies there. "In the top of the closet, hon," she told him. "Help yourself." In time his father discovered that his best drabon had been pinched. "Where the heck is it?" he boomed. Mrs. Sinatra was flustered, but not without hope of retrieving it.

"Oh, Frankie borrowed it for a play or something." Frankie had done no such thing. He had cut off the brim and pinned campaign buttons and fishing tackle and everything pinnable all over it.

buck-passing birds . . .

And then there were the pigeons. How

he got them up to his room remains a mystery, but Grandma discovered them one morning when she went in to make his bed. Hordes of them. When he came home from school, his mother nailed him. "It's the pigeons or me," she said. "The house isn't big enough for all of us."

Frank and another boy co-owned the birds and aspired to train them to be carriers. Frankie didn't want to fib about them—a kind of blazing honesty was one of the Imp's redeeming features)—but gee, he wanted to keep those pigeons.

"Gosh, Mom," he said, "I'm sort of minding them for a guy."

"For how long?"
"Oh, a few days, may be."

The co-owner gave his mother the same line, and the birds were shunted back and forth in a series of boxes a couple of times a week. Until the two mothers met by accident one day and got on the subject of the pigeons. You can imagine how it went. "My son's pigeons! Why they're your son's pigeons." "My son? Why, heavens, no."

And it seemed like just the next day that she and Marty were sitting side by side in the Demarest High auditorium watching him graduate, and they would have given their souls to have him fourteen again, instead of seventeen. Practically a man. Kid stuff was really behind him now. The champion basketball team he'd been so proud to be a part of, the swimming team he'd battled to make and did, the fun he's had singing with the school band. The lazy summers, the irresponsibility. All that was finished. There'd be a quick vacation at the shore, then a job that he'd lined up with the Jersey Observer. And in the fall, college at Stevens—New Jersey's big engineering school. He'd be an aviation engineer, earn about ten thousand dollars a year, get married when he was around thirty. He'd planned just how it would be, and life stretched before him as smooth and well-posted as Route No. 1. But he'd reckoned without Fate.

Less than a month after he graduated (with high honors, by the way), he met Nancy Barbato, the girl he was to marry before he was twenty-one. And that same momentous summer he realized that he'd never be happy in anything but music.

Part II of Frank Sinatra's life story will appear in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN.
actor, Flynn; one blonde glamour puss, Martha O’Driscoll; one magician, Harry Mendoza; one pair of new leaves, Ruth Carroll and Jimmy Dodd, who sang and played the guitar. They found themselves flying northward, with no idea of what they were going to do.

Luckily, they had one day to themselves in Seattle. Gathered round a table, they went to work, hunting first for a central theme round which to build the show. It was C., who supplied the theme.

“Will they expect of us? Laughs, okay, let’s give ‘em laughs.”

petrified pagliacci . . .

The first show was at Anchorage. Flynn, the poised, the imperturbable, was petrified. Ordinarily self-contained as an oyster, Flynn quaked in his number nine. It was years since he’d faced a live audience. What really got him down, though, was his over-painful consciousness that these boys were soldiers and he wasn’t. He remembered an old trick of John Barrymore’s. “A few slugs of bourbon,” Barrymore used to say, “slends you out in the proper to-hell-with-it spirit.”

Acting on that suggestion, he managed to get himself out on the stage and into his role, with a description of his departure from Hollywood—

“Gosh, what a sendoff! . . . You should have seen the crowds . . . hundreds of people at the airport.

The boys waited, dubious. What was this anyway? A Hollywood swellhead? A big-shot movie star telling ‘em he was great?

... hundreds of people waiting to see me off . . . all of ‘em lawyers . . .

That brought the first howl, and Errol relaxed. He mopped away the perspiration. “Nice that you’ve got here. It was getting a little hot for me in Hollywood. By the way, I brought my own legal adviser along . . .

A big buildup and Mendoza trotted on—“Meet my lawyer, boys, a swell pal who’s stuck to me through thick and thin—

Mendoza handed him a summons. “In the suit of Lena Ginsberg vs. Errol Flynn—

“But I never heard of her—

A maniacal chortle from Mendoza. “He never heard of her! Watch this, fellows. Do you happen to remember, Mr. Flynn, those five minutes at the airport before we left?—That was Lena Ginsberg.”

And so it went. Hearing the roars of laughter, Martha and Ruth hugged each other in the writers, and there had been Errol’s contribution. He’d offered his recent legal plight as the central theme of the show. They’d all been grateful for his good sportsmanship, and it turned out fine for him, too—

“Because the more he kidded himself,” Martha explained, “the better they liked him. I never saw anyone as scared as he was that first night, but he never had to be scared again. They went crazy over him—

Naturally, he was pleased by the warmth of his reception, but bewildered, too. Of the five, he considered his own position unique. The girls were girls, Jiminy was married, Mendoza was an older man. True, he himself had been turned down by the services, but you don’t wear a placard round your neck, saying so.

“I can’t understand it,” he said to an officer. To tell you the truth, I dredged this trip, expected resentment wouldn’t have blamed them either for thinking,

Do you habitually take the negative side when a change is suggested? Or do you say, “Let’s try it and find out if it’s better?” These two questions really furnish a very good test to find out how young you feel. Take the case of Tampax. It is certainly a sign of the times that this form of monthly sanitary protection (worn internally) is so popular among the students at the leading women’s colleges.

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3 Absorbencies
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SUPER JUNIOR

CAN’T HELP LOVIN’ THAT MAN
(Continued from page 43)

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What's this guy fooling around on the stage for? Why aren't the positions reversed? He looks as if he could do what we're doing."

"First of all," said the officer, "they're too darned appreciative of your coming up at all to resent anything. Besides, they know more than you think they do. You don't have to wear placards. They know why you're not down there with them."

Throughout the seven weeks of three and four and five shows a day, there was only one crack, and that was good natured—

"Hi, Errol! What've you got that I ain't?"

A porthole, Errol answered, deadpan, and the house came down.

In Hollywood, the troupe had been told by people who ought to know: "You can be sure of one thing. At the end of a week, you'll be deadly enemies." At the end of seven weeks they were fast friends, despite the abnormal conditions under which they lived—coped up together in planes, cooped up in little huts built in the snow—

"We had just one squawk," Errol observes. "That Martha girl laughed before breakfast—which drove us all insane. She'd wake up, feeling zestyful. Otherwise, she was straight from heaven. So were they all—"

If you want your eyes scratched out or your block knocked off, say a word in criticism of Flynn to any of the four. A natural leader, he became their manager. They flew through all sorts of weather. It got to be a gag. "We won't fly the mail," the pilots would say, "but we'll fly you—"

"Yes, I was manager," Errol agrees. "My duties consisted in doting out the bourbon when their feet got cold."

**IT HAPPENED TO ME**

A few years ago, I attended a matinee performance of a terrific hit, "Pal Joey." At the end of the show I waited backstage with one or two others to have the leads sign my program. While talking to "Pal Joey" himself, I remarked, "You shouldn't have been so excellent. Hollywood will be taking you away from us soon."

"Now," he answered, "what would they do with me? Now here comes a guy that they can't live without."

And he pointed to a tall, blonde fellow coming through the door.

The latter, at hearing this, remarked to me, "Don't listen to him, I'm just a chorus boy."—pointing to the girl he was standing with, said with a grin—"Here's the gal the movie bigwigs are really crazy about." Calmly, and with neat dispatch, she proceeded to hit him over the head with her pocketbook.

Well, you've guessed it, as fate would have it, all three have by now carved neat little places for themselves in the Hollywood Hall of Fame—the two young actors being signed by the same studio and appearing in their first movie together, "Pilot No. 5." The gal? Well, she finds the ever-thusastic audiences realize the difference between her and her versatile sister.


That's not how they tell it. If there was a way to make you more comfortable, Errol found it. If Martha laughed in the morning, Errol was always gay. And if you think there's any better combination for such a trip than thoughtfulness on the one hand and a sense of fun on the other, you're crazy—

Ruth had a birthday at Amchitka. Martha managed to find a compact to give her. Errol appeared with a long envelope, which he stuck into her coat pocket. It held a bond made out in the name of Jimmy Dodd, Junior. Jimmy, Junior's head isn't even peeking over the horizon yet, but Errol had to gag his gift box. Else somebody might think he was soft.

It was at Amchitka, too, that they celebrated Christmas, stealing a few minutes between shows to buy gifts for each other at the PX. An officer gave them a tiny tree, sent by his mother. Errol read a Christmas poem of his own composition, then from their single bottle of wine, poured a glass for each, and they drank a toast to Christmas. There were a few candles for the tree and a few cans of sardines they'd been saving up, and nothing in abundance but warm comradeship and good will, which made it a Christmas none of them will ever forget.

**cavaliers in khaki...**

Two things hit Errol hardest. One was the way our boys treated the girls—the innumerable little gifts and attentions—the souvenirs of Japs that you could tell meant a lot to those guys. Not only did they insist on handing their treasures over, but went to enormous pains doing them up to look pretty enough for the girls. For two years they'd been living under conditions you'd think might toughen their

---

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Nothing that has been shown in the shops on Fifth Avenue or in Hollywood has had such an instant, popular demand. Everybody agrees: the ring and earrings are the most perfect gift and true emblems of love and friendship.

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What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin Sterling Silver pendants that dangle from it. They are heart-shaped and charmingly set in tiny set diamonds. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. A heart-shaped line Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very latest design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials or loved ones. Both the ring and earrings become more attractive and sentimental the longer they are worn.

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I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

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Ring Size:

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root in a hospital, to which both were confined at the same time.

"Guess who's upstairs," he breathed a young little nurse to Decker.

"Beelzubab," guessed Decker.

"False—Errol Flynn!"

Decker went up to see him. They began talking pictures.

art and taxes . . .

"I don't know much about them," Errol said, "but I've always been fascinated by Gauguin the man, always wanted to own one of his paintings—"

That started it. Decker took him to exhibitions, painted his portrait. They found a Van Gogh that Flynn went mad over. He bought that and a Gauguin, too. He began to read and study, to look and understand, and he found in the contemplation of great pictures something that calmed his spirit.

Decker had long dreamed of opening an art gallery, and out of a clear sky the opportunity came. An artist friend, owner of a studio on Sunset, had to go to Mexico in a hurry. "I've got to sell this place overnight. Know anyone who'll buy it?"

"How about—Mr. Flynn turning cartwheels?"

"Yeah—or Mr. Flynn taking running jump in lake—"

He likes to play tennis in the early afternoon then come home and work an hour or so.

"If I can extract from my secretary, The reason for that crack being his secretary who happened to walk in just then. Being the perfect secretary, she didn't bat an eyelash. "Miss Eddington," he continued, "is generally to be found at the movies, when her services are required—"

"Will that be all, Mr. Flynn?" She moved toward the door. "And quite enough, too," she murmured, closing it firmly behind her.

Recently he's been absorbed in the details of a new and stimulating business venture. He and John Decker, the artist, have opened an art gallery.

Decker, John Barrymore's close friend, had met Errol with Barrymore on several occasions. But their friendship really took

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$2.75

Decker dashed up to Flynn's. He was in the bathroom, shaving. "Want to go into the art gallery business with me?"

"Are you nuts?"

"No more than usual. Come down and look at the place."

"I'm going to play tennis."

"This is on the way."

Ask Errol why he bought it, and he'll tell you: "I got paid up with my lawyers, and had a little loose change jingling around. Oh, I know it's not a money-making proposition, but that's where you're lucky nowadays. Taxes being what they are, you’re released from the tyranny of trying to get rich. That leaves you free to spend your money for fun, and an art gallery's fun. You can look at pictures without going way downtown—"

But in one of his rare tongue-out-of-cheek times, he said to Decker: "Whatever happens, I'll never stop being grateful."

Despite all these stories, he's rarely seen at nightclubs. He loathes dancing and buying clothes he considers a waste of time, so he covers six months at a spurt and forgets about them.

"That's the theory, anyway. In practice, I go over and borrow from the goodly McEvoy," the goodly McEvoy's his closest friend, but since no resemblance between their physical frames is nonexistent, you can take that as you please.

He still misses Arno. No dog can ever replace that little gray clown. He was a lamed crested but Errol's very fond of the little dachshund Mrs. McEvoy gave him and promptly tagged the weenie-waddler with a highly appropriate name—which we'll keep off the record, out of regard for her canine blushes.

He gives occasional dinner parties and, once or twice a year, a big one. Mostly he dines alone or with a close friend. When alone, he reads. He began his bachelor existence by consulting with Marie about menus, but found she got along much better without him. His favorite meal consists of a breast—only Marie knows how it's made—roast chicken, salad, cheese and very strong coffee. Two very's, in fact.

He always reads himself to sleep. Rather, he reads himself awake till two or three in the morning. His literary tastes follow no set patterns. His bookseller has a standing order for various items Errol remembers having enjoyed in the past, that he wants to re-read. Mostly he just dunks one book after another out of a cobwebby hole—"Ballads" of Banjo Patterson, an Australian poet. He re-reads "High Wind in Jamaica" every other month, loves anything by Bemelmans and got a couple of cold shudders out of "Lost Weekend," which sent three of his friends on the wagon. His dearest treasure is a copy of the personal journals of Gauguin which he unearthed after a long, fierce struggle. He devours books on art sent him by Decker.

"Then I go down and tell him things I forget he's already told me."

His gusto for life remains unimpaired. His mockery, as you've doubtless gathered by now, is a weapon against the hurts of living. But catch him off guard, as you can once in a blue moon, and another Flynn looks out of those grave eyes—

"Life sticks out a foot to trip us all up now and then. But I have no time to be bitter. I'm much too grateful for the good things—the kindness and friendliness of people I'd never have known except for dark periods. When I wake up in the morning and see a beautiful day and the green grass and know that I have friends, the rest doesn't matter."

His grin returns. "Sounds sentimental, doesn't it? Well, why not? I'm an Irishman. Who's got a better right to be?"

We're not an Irishman but mind if we get sentimental, too? We think you're okay, Flynn.
from the lobby of the club comes more music. A kid from Kansas is really battting out some beautiful boogie-woogie in there. Seated at writing desks up on the balcony, other boys are earnestly scribbling familiar words.

"Dear Mom," while below, bulky G.I. toes are beating it out on the Navajo rugs around the piano... stamping out boogie-woogie as the kid from Kansas really gets in the groove.

Boogie-woogie versus the juke box. Battle of the Buckley Baritones.

And over there in their usual corner, Johnny and his gang are having the usual juke session. Johnny, good-naturedly at each about the drums, calling for a play and who put the last nickel in, every tune bringing back memories...

The pretty girl dishing out sundries behind the counter--sight as she listens to Johnny backing up the juke box on "I Love You" Little knowing that his thoughts are flying right on the beam to Hollywood and his sweetheart, Julie Ann.

"Private Payne?" the polite Corporal will ask. "OH... H... H... JOHNNY! Oh yeah... sure... he's in there. You'll find him right over..." and he points to the corner table.

"I Couldn't Sleep a Wink La-a-a-st NI-i-i-g-h-t," the juke box is crooning softly, and Johnny is singing along with it when the Corporal yells, "Hey, Johnny... ya' got company!"

many a wink...

"I couldn't sleep a wink last night!"--he sings—but you know better. Darkly bronzed—clear of eye—Johnny looks like he's slept plenty a wink.

He leans around the edge of the juke box to see who's calling as he listens to Johnny now that he's a little surprised to see anybody from movie town. Then grins—the same familiar one-eyebrowed grin... glad to see somebody from back home.

We sit down. Somebody puts another nickel in.

He's a hundred per cent Army... a little more sober, serious—only getting enthusiastic when speaking of "the heart of a ship," or, say, the speed of some plane; but he's a former student pilot without a plane now. For since the abolishment of the War Training Service Program Johnny and his gang are awaiting reclassification at Buckley Field.

Johnny's about the most "Private" Pvt. there is, having been at seven different schools and bases—a record of some kind—he's not sure just what.

It's tough enough for any celebrity at best. But for a good-looking six-foot-three—er... with wavy dark brown hair... hazel eyes... and a dimple in the chin... oh BROTHER... it really means sweating it out.

Johnny's heart has always been "upstairs," ever since he was a kid cutting classes at Episcopal High School at Alexandria, Va., to keep a date with "Jennie," an old 1916 training plane, hanging together by sheer hope.

It was three miles from school to the field, and every week would find Johnny hanging around, waiting his turn to give up a $3 weekly allowance. Three bucks every week in the kitty for "Jen.

Later he bought fifty cent of a neat little job with a 440 H.P. motor.

He'd had some two hundred hours in his log when war broke out.

War... and Johnny, cutting cinema capers and singing love songs to Alice Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello," at Twentieth-Century-Fox and dreaming of getting into the
show in the air ... of flying.
But he was thirty years old. Too old to
fly, the Army, said. Only by enlisting in
the Army Reserve and becoming a stu-
dent under the Civil Aeronautics Asso-
ciation War Training Service Program
he could ever hope to fly. So what if he'd
rather pick off Zeros and Messerschmitts,
he wanted to help in any way Uncle Sam
thought best, and the WTS program
trained men to become instructors in pri-
mary flying schools. By heck, if they'd
have him.

The original nine months program blos-
comed out with more courses. Then two
weeks before he was to finish training and
be assigned as a primary instructor, the
entire WTS program was halted. Disap-
pointed? Of course he was, but knowing
why he was being held on the warmer's
bench made it easier, knowing that com-
bat airmen were as high as ex-
pected earlier and that there was
no real need for a lot more primary in-
structors.

So it was off to Buckley Field for Private
Payne. With fingers crossed.

They're mighty proud of G.I. Johnny.

Proud that he's never taken any "soft"
job his high I.Q. rates. Just sweated it out
along with them.

"If I'd gotten out of this outfit, even
if I'd had the chance to, it'd've
meant leaving the rest of the gang,"
Johnny, saluting a convoy. You
just don't do it. When you start out
... well ... you sorta like to
stay with your own bunch of Joes. That's
the nicest thing about Army life anyway,
meeting the finest bunch of guys you
probably wouldn't ever have known. Guys
like Tony here, or Stanley ... Archie ...
"Aw ... knock it off!" the boys say, a
little embarrassed.

"Knocking it off" meaning anything from
"Stop" or "Quit it," to the more rugged
"Shut . . . d . . . d . . . dup!"

He doesn't particularly want to be an
officer anyway. "All I care about is just
being up there," he goes on, thumbling
toward the heavens. "I just want to get
up there ... and fly 'em."

And he's still working at it here at
Buckley Field, the Army Air Forces Train-
ing Command School which boasts Colonel
Edward W. Raley as Commanding Officer.
Often you'll see the former Twentieth
Century-Fox star out there by the side
of the barracks whacking a volley ball
over the net. Or maybe playing a game of
catch. Or just indulging in a little horse-
play, like boxing with Tony.

During the day you may see him out
on the drill field drilling the aviation
students.

For Johnny's a Flight Leader here at
Buckley. "Sort of like a Drill Sergeant,"
he explains modestly. "You can hear me
fifteen miles—that's why I got it. I have
a loud voice."

"And the ability to throw it," somebody
else puts in.

"You had a loud voice at Yakima, too,"
another reminds him.

It seems he was a Student Adjutant in
Washington, also considered a position of
honor.

forward observers . . .

Of course there are a few girls working at
the Base who've heard rumors and who
do a little extra espionage duty on their
town. Dropping into the Service
Club, "passing by" the P.X. or "just hap-
pening" to go by around Mail Call time
hoping to see the former star. Using infil-
tration tactics all their own to get a better
and closer look.

But none of the regular Joes who do
know him ever think of him as a star.
"Johnny Payne? ... you'd find him
over in the corner by the juke box.
The bunch here at the table with him now are the "regulars." With the exception of Tony, who joined them at Buckley, they've come down the stretch together learning to "fly the Army way."

Take Buddy Lawler, for instance. Johnny's friendship with the tall, blond be-muscled buddy, is one of humor and easy-going ways, is a hold-over from Hollywood.

Buddy, a professional dance director and former instructor for Hermes Pen on Twentieth-Century Fox musicals, first bumped into Johnny seven years ago when both were starting out together at Paramount in a thing called "College Swing," with Betty Grable, Bob Hope, Jackie Coogan, Martha Raye and the handsome new lad called John Payne. Buddy was getting his first break at helping with dance routines.

Later after they had each become tops in their own fields, they hit their last civilian licks together in 20th-Century's "Hello, Princess." It was funny how they bumped into each other a little later in the Service.

They went to different Primary schools, Johnny to one in Arizona and Buddy to Baker, Calif. Then one day when both were reporting back to Santa Monica headquarters for further orders, they bumped smack into each other in the C.A.A. office.

Surprised, Johnny yelled, "BUDDY! What's cookin' with you? What are you doing here, fellow? And where to next?"

"That's what I'm here to find out," said Buddy. "Looks like it's back to Death Valley for me again ... HOT... oh brother—r-r-r—"

"Well ... let's go in and see if we can't get it changed so you can go whither I goest," Johnny said, grinning.

And they did.

**Buddy, Can You Spare a Million?**

Dollars, that is. Didn't think so—but how about one-fourth of one dollar? Two bits? To make the NAA go over the top with a bang? Page 94 tells you how.

---

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of asthma, bronchitis, hay fever and sinew, if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each breath for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the sneezing, sneezing, sneezing you feel the desire to slowly wear your life away, don't fail to send in once to the Frontier Ashmat Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

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DEFENDERS WORKERS' N U - NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives — women everywhere.

Artificial Fingernails

Quiz Answers (Continued from page 19)

1. Gene Kelly
2. Spencer Tracy
3. Margaret Sullivan
5. Walter Huston
6. Mary Astor
7. Lewis Stone
8. Betty Hutton
9. Lena Horne
10. Fay Bainter
11. Franchot Tone
12. Red Skelton
13. Margaret O'Brien
14. Ida Lupino
15. Mischa Auer
16. Orson Welles
17. Fred MacMurray
18. Maria Montez
19. Deanna Durbin
20. Maxie Rosenbloom
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Tuck Combs
Featherweight
Three-way grip
Non-spread teeth
Locks in securely
Hair does not bulk

NEW
Miracle Grip

Popular colors. Sold at beauty salons, chain stores, everywhere. 25¢ per card, two combs on each. PHILLIPS BRUSH COMPANY Dept. D, 7500 Stanton Ave, Cleveland 4, Ohio

puttin' on the dog...

They really put on the dog those Saturday nights in Denver. Reserve a suite at a leading hotel, order steaks and luscious green salads, with extra dressing "on the side." Then pick up a phone and try to coax some girl into giving them a date. (Editorial note: I'm just saying Johnny's word "coax" is his word.)

One Saturday night Johnny noticed that Tony seemed a little homesick, so he suggested that they put in a call and see what was cookin' at his mom's in Brooklyn. Johnny is no stranger to "Mom" Marano. Tony's letters are full of her. She can even tell you what he sings in the showers these days. A.M.'s. "Mom'd sure get a kick out of that. Talking to a movie star!" said Tony.

After the usual delay on calls there was "Mom" Marano's sleepy voice across the miles. "TONY . . . ee .. . eee . . . eee" then as he took the phone—"JOHN PAYNE? Johnny . . . ee . . . eee . . . eee."

But Saturday night at Buckeye like Saturday nights everywhere else, regrettably comes but once a week. And most of these evenings you'll find them as now, holding a juke box session and setting everything from world peace to whether or not they can get a bottle of bourbon by next Saturday. They reminisce about everything they've sweated out together on the way to wings. A certain Sarge, Their pet plane. Funny things that have happened.

For instance, the big show they put on when they were stationed at the Air Base near Independence.

The peaceful little town of Independence, located at the foot of beautiful Mt. Whitney, has 300 inhabitants. One of the 300 was a pretty girl named ... well ... let's call her Mary, who was very anxious to get into the war effort. She wanted to go to nursing school, but it cost three hundred dollars and she couldn't afford it.

It became the problem, Mary's and the rest of the world's problem. How to get her to that school. Everyone wanted to help her, but knew that she was too proud to accept donations, and they couldn't figure out how to raise the money.

"That's a cinch," Johnny and the boys said when they heard about it.

"How?" asked the folk's worriedly. Three hundred dollars was a lot of money.

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— and get all these
4 "extras" in your
SANITARY NAPKINS!

1. SAN-NAP-Pak is cotton-faced for extra comfort—stays soft as you wear it!

2. SAN-NAP-Pak is made with an extra "Pink Layer of Protection" that guards against embarrassing accidents!

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In many tropical countries 101 year old Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment is a favorite because SKIN SUCCESS works so fast to kill the fungi on contact, relieve the itching agony and help heal. For complete SKIN SUCCESS treatment bathe feet with the foaming medication of SKIN SUCCESS Soap 25¢, then apply Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment 25¢ (75c size contains 4 times as much) at drug and toiletry counters or from E. T. Browne Drug Co., 127 Water St., New York, N.Y.
got enthused. It began to look like an "A" production. So they went into a huddle with the local townsfolk to see if they couldn't charge a dollar admission instead of the fifty cents agreed upon.

After all, they argued, they always charged fifty cents for the Saturday night dances at the Legion with just a juke box. Surely they would win with the real live band... a chorus... a million dollar movie star... might be worth a dollar maybe.

But the folks said modestly that they thought "fifty cents would be better."

Johnny still grins at that.

And Buddy never lets him forget it. The time when, as Johnny's agent, all he could get for him was a buck. They were proud of that show. "We made five hundred and eighty dollars," Buddy says.

Six hundred, my friend," corrects Johnny, not wanting to be short-changed any further.

The first impression of the Japanese camp at Manzanar, everybody in Independence naturally, and hundreds more who came from somewhere. Nobody knew where. After sending Mary to school, they turned the rest of the profits over to the Red Cross.

Johnny's memories of the picturesque little town of Independence are so wonderful and peaceful that he says he's going back after the war to buy a cabin there.

He talks about the people... how swell they were... so friendly. How they'd meet the gang on the street, not even knowing them, and say, "Where are you going, boy?"

"Oh... nowhere much... just around." You're coming right home to supper with us," they'd say. And soon Johnny and the others would be sitting around little table in some kitchen. And loving it.

It was here at the Independence Air Base that he got his secondary academicities... more snap rolls... half-rolls... or simple little things like hanging upside down on a belly strap.

The boys still laugh about how John would go out on the field in the mornings, all slicked up in his coveralls, zippy-looking as a magazine cover. And come in later tired, face streaked with dirt and oil, looking a little like Al Jolson without the gloves.

The field was just across the road from Manzanar, and the traffic pattern went right over the big Japanese camp. And, as Johnny says, he's flown over more Japs than a lot of the boys in the South Pacific.

Buddy got a lot of extra flying time off the back of Johnny's motorcycle. He kept the dreaded instrument up there all the time he was stationed there and has been known to make the thirteen miles from Independence to Lone Pine (where they went on Saturday nights) in eleven minutes minus. Minus whoever started out with him behind.

"Worse than riding piggy-back in a P-38," Buddy says groaning, still remembering some of those emergency landings on the side of the road.

nicket serenade...

Somebody notices the juice box is dry. In goes a nickel.

Johnny whistles along with it and tells you about the time in Arizona when he had his closest call to washing out for keeps.

They had been in Arizona for cross-country trips and for night-flying.

"If you've ever flown by yourself at night, you just can't understand how you feel. You have an awful feeling, the ground seems to有些。"

He was coming in for a landing one night when the field and the lights in the ship just ahead of him were only...
out, and Johnny, who couldn’t see another plane above anywhere near, thought he was coming in okay.

He called his approach in to the girl in the control tower on the field.

“Two-hundred-forty-one coming in on final approach leg,” he said over his radio.

“Any planes around you?” came the answer.

Johnny peered into the black desert night. “None that I can see,” he said.

“Where’s 202? Where are you 202?” the girl said, searching the blackness for another ship that should be out there somewhere.

“On the final approach leg,” came the surprising answer.

Pilot Payne all but swooned at the controls. The other plane was just eight feet under his and banking just ahead of him.

“How far are you from the field?” the girl in the tower asked.

“A hundred yards,” he answered.

“Pull up!” she yelled, “for the love Pete... PULL UP!”

Johnny pulled up so fast he almost turned a flip himself inside the ship. Then he gave the motor the gun and circled around the field for another landing.

wrong-way payne...

A dual landing of both ships at the same time would have made quite a racket. “Of course, being on top—I'd've gotten the best deal,” he grins.

But there's still nothing romantic about a desert night to Johnny.

During those hot summer days when the desert sand stirred up towards the Heavens at around 120 degrees, Johnny kept 'em flying. Often in the wrong direction—but flying anyway.

Following the beam on a cross-country, he and Buddy—both often find themselves on the beam all right... but on the wrong end of it. Doing a regular Doug Corriigan.

On occasions one would be cross-country trying to be... but he'd thought, when he got a message, “Sure you're in your course?”

“Yes, sir,” he'd answer efficiently.

“Well... if you continue... you'll soon be in Mexico... at least,” the voice would say.

And there would be a quick about-face. Johnny tells one story about the time he landed on the wrong Base. He'd been flying along one day thinking about a lot of things when suddenly down below him was spread out the most beautiful landing strip he'd ever seen. Johnny floated downward. A perfect landing. Not a quiver. A beauty.

Then he looked around him at the broad paved runways, the unfamiliar surroundings.

“This wouldn’t be such-and-such field, would it?” he asked politely, naming the microscopic little field where he should have been landing.

“No, it wouldn't be,” came the answer.

“Where is it?”

“It MUST be some place near here,” said Johnny. Then added thoughtfully, “If it isn’t this one... then I haven’t any business here.”

It was a statement. Not a question.

“Norpe,” came the taciturn reply.

For Pilot Payne had landed on a prohibited Army Air Field, and takes an Act of Congress to get you off one you get on. He took off in a hurry... for Congress found out he was there. Somebody on the other side of the cafeteria comes over and carefully picks out a number, and the table by the juke box gets a free ride.

“My ideal...” it sings sweetly.

My ideal boy, and here Johnny was thinking aloud about the touch the Saxon.

**If Your Child CAN'T GAIN WEIGHT**

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren’t enough of them in a child’s food, serious things happen, such as poor appetite—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worse! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child’s full minimum requirement of appetizing Vitamin B, Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—and supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the basic food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

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**WAGNER**

Komb-Kleaned CARPET SWEEPER

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"
who really gave him a rough time at one Base. He was a long ways short of being John’s ideal. Or anybody else’s.

Not that the Sarge didn’t do a good job ... and he had a tough one to do.

Johnny and the other flies had been sent to this particular field for activation. Which meant they who had been considered “students” were activated from the Enlisted Reserve Corps to active status here. An “activation area,” some fondly call it. Some other things.

That it’s plenty active all agree. For this is the place where officers and noncoms do their best to prepare them for the grueling job they face ahead. Toughening them up. Really doing them a favor ... although it’s a trifle hard to be grateful at the time.

They were given (it seemed to them) the equivalent of Commando training. Running an infiltration course under fire. Running a tough obstacle course twice a day. Doing five hours of calisthenics, including 150 sit-ups and at least 70 push-ups, which thins pushing one self and abdomen from the ground up to the Heavens and back again. Or reasonable facsimile.

In short ... this is the place where you either put up or shut up. Private Payne put up.

As is sometimes the case with a bunch of G.I.’s, they expected a famous motion picture star to be among their muscles and or intestinal fortitude. The old celebrity deal again, with Johnny trying to prove to the others that if they could take it ... he could easily take the same.

There was one Sarge, who in the boys’ slightly biased opinion, seemed to be doing his best to fight the entire war all by himself ... on this side.

Johnny, Buddy, Archie and the rest pulled into the town nearest the Base on a troop train around two in the morning, then climbed sleepily into the bus that was to take them to the Field.

Reveille came with a roar at five a.m. Three hours sleep. And there they were out on the field, pushing their abdomens up to the skies, when a non-com approached their squadron.

“Who’s John Payne?” he asked, although he could see by looking around him that nobody else than John Payne was John Payne.

“I am,” admitted Johnny warily.

“Come with me,” said the other.

Johnny got up on a truck with others who’d drawn fatigue detail, and soon found himself fighting a pick and shovel, banking down the Parade ground, gouging out of a substance they called clay.

They filled nine trucks that day. And Johnny was prouder than if he’d made a doro perfect “take.”

Usually each barracks gets K.P. duty one day, than it makes the round until it revolves back to that barracks’ turn again. For some reason which nobody, including Johnny, could figure out, he kept showing up regularly as a member of the kitchen staff. Getting up at 3:00 a.m. and working until 10:00 at night. He poled so many potatoes he could spuds at night instead of sheep. And today any casual mention of the word “potato” will net you a slightly psychopathic stare.

But the boys will tell you that by the time Private Payne left this Base, all fellow admitted he was a good grizzly Joe.

Funny though, Johnny was commenting, about how you’ll beef and yell bloody murder about some routine job, and then go out and darn near kill yourself just playing G.I. football with your own gang just for fun.

He gives a reverent look down in the direction of his knee-cap, which still wears
M.S. DAY IS SEPTEMBER 12

We’re running on longer days and shorter newsprint quotas so make it a point to get to your newsdealer by September 12—later than that he’ll be all out of our October all-out issue.

Any resemblance between G.I. football and the regular kind is purely an accident. They play with no pads on hard ground and kick everything but the ball. Clipping is possible from both front and back—usually at the same time.

This all happened after Privates Payne et al. were shipped up to Yakima, Washington, where they got link and instrument training and blind flying.

G.I. football teams are divided into “A” and “B” flight. “A” flight being the one that flies in the mornings and takes ground school in the afternoons, and “B” vice-versa.

Sometimes they try to do everything on the ground in a football game that they do in the air. Often it doesn’t work.

On this occasion Johnny was playing left half-back, using an old-fashioned high-low block when the clipping started.

“I made three touchdowns in that darn game,” Johnny remembers. “We won.”

His team may have won, but Johnny didn’t. He broke the cartilage under his knee cap and was hospitalized for ten days. Just long enough to get behind his own gang and be left behind when the rest of them took off for the next field.

Left behind to sweat it out there alone until he too was able to ship out. In the opposite direction.

unholy night . . .

The night Johnny shipped out of Yakima for Carson City, Nevada, without any of his old gang is a night he’ll always remember. Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve on a jammed train. A little homesick, soloing it cross country to a new field and a strange bunch of new Joes.

Some cars were jammed with war wives and their six-weeks-old babies, hurryng to get to their husbands by Christmas Day. The troop cars packed with boys going home on leave, rushing to spend Christmas with Mom. Boys were sleeping four-deep in the aisles of the train, and John Payne was snoozing in the aisles with them on the bottom of the stack. Thinking nothing of it, because he knew that was nothing compared to what other guys over the world were going through.

But he’ll always remember that Christmas Eve—the fourteen colored troops softly singing Christmas carols as the blacked-out troop train whistled its way mournfully across the country.

No Twentieth Century-Fox extravaganda, no Grable, no Carmen Miranda, no Technicolor. Just the harmonizing of some lonely colored troops singing of Bethlehem and hope to Johnny and the other boys lying there in the aisles of a train moving across the miles.

This is Private Payne’s favorite memory. This, too, is his life now. Those boys are his buddies. The troop train his stage. This is G.I. Johnny’s life.

He hadn’t been in Carson City long before the WFS program was discontinued, and he was ordered here to Buckley Field, where he ran into all his old gang again.

And this is where you’ll find them these evenings. Sitting at their table in the Service Club . . . reminiscing and dropping in...
THE GUY NEXT DOOR
(Continued from page 54)

Murderer’s Row on the New York Yankees, Dana might as well be Joe the Jerk from Albuquerque.

Down in Georgia, where Dana was on location making “Swamp Water,” he roamed around every night with a local taxi-driver to pick up the Georgia cracker dwarf he had to use in the picture. He was there a couple of months, but the cabin never did catch on who his famous friend was. He thought Dana was a carpenter on the crew. And in a small Indiana town where Dana toured on a War Bond Rally, a local manager of ceremonies introduced him like this:

“Now we’ve got an actor who says he has been in Hollywood pictures. I don’t mean he’s famous. He says he’s still in ‘em. I never heard of him, myself—but anyway—here’s Dana Andrews.”

Before the next rally, Dana took the local yokel emcee aside. “Look,” he said, “so long as I sell War Bonds, why don’t you introduce me as somebody special? Give me a little build-up whether you’ve heard of me or not!” The emcee said sure. and Dana told him some of the pictures he’d made. So the next time Dana came on, he gave him this send-off.

“Now folks, I want you to meet Dana Andrews, the Hollywood star. He played in ‘The Ox Bond Incident’ that ran here in town the other night. Personally, I didn’t like the picture, but that doesn’t mean Dana Andrews isn’t any good. Can’t remember which part he played anyway!”

Dana Andrews likes to tell stories like that on himself because he’s got a funny bone built for a moose, and he thinks it’s a wonderful joke that a gent like himself could hang around Hollywood for seven or eight years, make sixteen pictures—a lot of them like “The Ox Bond Incident,” “The North Star,” “Up in Arms” and “The Purple Heart,” operate under a double-deal contract for two of the mightiest producers in Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck, and still remain almost as unidentifiable out in the great world as the Unknown Soldier.

Of course, the fiction is bound to be remedied sooner or later, and probably sooner. Because right now Dana is sprinting back and forth between “Wing and a Prayer” and “Laura,” his first two two-special-league all-Bette O‘Toole-Cary Grant vehicles. And there’s Goldwyn’s “Those Endearing Young Charms” coming up. He’s the Number One fair-haired boy in Zanuckland, and smart Samuel Goldwyn, his other boss, is not one to let a treasure like Dana hang around twiddling his thumbs.

solid hunk of humanity...

But even if Dan gets so grand and glamorous at long last that they have to escort him through the streets with an armed guard, I’ll bet something important—like a War Bond—that he’ll stay the same easy going, unaffected, down-to-earth regular guy he is today and always has been—and this through one of the toughest campaigns to make Hollywood yell “Uncle” on record.

Maybe the reason Dana never got the glamour treatment in Hollywood is because he looks like no popular portrait of a movie god—but like the guy next door or somebody’s big brother. Not that Dana isn’t several cut above the average Joe in looks. He’s plenty handsome in fact, with a strong, cleanly-shaven face, thick, wavy brown hair and friendly brown

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muscles and about the most honest grin in Hollywood. He's the kind of guy you'd sure like to have around when the going got tough. But he's not a bit elegant—and whenever he tries to be—he flops like a fish out of water.

For instance, up until a few weeks ago Dana had only two suits to his name. He owned enough sports and lounging rags to keep the sun and rain out, but for show, the two ancient ready-made numbers were his Wardrobe—capital's and period. He hadn't had any use for fancy suits on the sets, because for the past five years, believe it or not, they've had Dana in some kind of costume or other every time he ran up against a camera. Fact is, in his past ten pictures, he's been in a uniform. Then along came "Dana," his big break, which called for a smooth, modern get-up. In Hollywood, of course, gal stars get all the wardrobe breaks. Studios hire the greatest designers in the world to dream up creations for the movie queens, and it's all on the house. But mere males have to pony up with their own clothes—a "suitable wardrobe" as contracts call it.

tailor-made...

So Dana decided it was about time for him to get his shape draped in Park Avenue style. He went by himself to a tailor's, picked out swatches of fancy English woolens and ordered a half-dozen suits. He was pretty proud of himself when he showed up for the wardrobe tests — until he saw the dismayed frowns on everybody's faces. They hated to tell him, they said—but those suits! They just wouldn't do. In fact, they were terrible! Whoever picked them out—whoever in the world tailored them! Dana didn't dare say they were his idea of sartorial splendor. He just juniored inside in the dark recesses of his closet. Then he ordered a couple approved by the studio wardrobe expert. Now Dana has a dozen suits in all—and it will take him twenty years to wear these if he ever does.

Dana Andrews has stepped out to Hollywood's glitter gulches exactly four times in the past two years. On one of them, a visiting Elk friend, who wanted to see the movie stars dining and winning, practically forced Dana into Romanoff's for dinner. That time, Dana managed to forget the $50 and table his guest had to pay the check. Another time he took in a night spot where, by some rare freak of fate, the head waiter actually recognized Dana.

A mob of people were standing in line for tables, but the waiter bowed to Dana and his party, winked and said, "Your table is waiting Mr. Andrews." Since Dana had no table reservations, he knew he was getting the Hollywood treatment, and it made him so mad he walked out of the place!

I don't know of a star in Hollywood who is more fiercely resolved to be human though a screen star, than Dana Andrews. "Just because I have a job that ballyhoos me in the newspapers, I'm superior to anyone else!" he growls—and he's a good-natured guy, too—"I don't understand it and I don't like it!" He has a complex that way, and I suspect the reason is that Dana has never looked on Hollywood or the acting racket as anything out of this world by even a few feet. He hitch-hiked to Hollywood in quest of a career, and he had no table reservations, he knew he was getting the Hollywood treatment, and it made him so mad he walked out of the place!

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the nose knows...

Once Dana got inked at one of his brothers, picked up an iron pipe and lammed him over the head, knocking him cold. When he recovered, the Reverend Andrews took the wounded son aside. "How do you feel?" he asked. "Think you can take care of this situation with Dana yourself?"

"Sure," said the brother.

"All right," promised the Reverend. "Let's go in and find him. I'll be the referee."

He lined them up outside, they squared off and—Bam!—Dana's bud landed a haymaker on his nose, and the fight was over pronto, Dana justice done. Dana still has a little off-line spot on his head where moment he made up his mind to be a Hollywood actor as a youngsters back in Texas, did he harbor any phony illusions about himself or the thing he wanted to do. And now that he's clicked at long last, there's nary a delusion of grandeur hanging around anymore, maybe because of what he's been through—and maybe because Dana Andrews is the kind of right guy that he is.

It was back in his home town of Huntsville, Ala., that Dana and "Carroll" Davis Andrews had the time and opportunity to bend a keen and critical eye on movie actors and uncover their tricks. He was just about winding up high school then, and he had a part-time job at the only movie palace in Huntsville, a house that got caught short when talkies came in and couldn't afford the expensive dodo-dos to replace the now redundant pictures the public was yapping for. They did the next best thing, which was run phonograph records on the side to hop up the silents. It was Dana's job to key the records to the thrillers that he had to sit through every performance of every show and be quick on his needle and platter work.

Well, Dana noticed that the first time he saw the movies, all the actors seemed to stride and stride around like gods and goddesses strictly from Olympus. The next time—not so dazzling. After about ten or twelve performances of the same exact film, the Hollywood boys and girls had no secrets or tricks from Dana Andrews. "Nuts," he told himself, "that acting stuff is easy as rolling off an easy chair. I can do that, and I think I will."

Dana belonged to a family where you had to scramble for what you got, and where discipline was taken for granted. His mother had thirteen children with eight of them still living. His dad, the Reverend Charles Forrest Andrews, was the Baptist minister, so what the Andrew kids got was not panning—a preacher with thirteen kids doesn't have enough money for that—but character. He lived all around, from his birthplace in Collins, Mississippi, to Louisville, Kentucky; San Antonio, Uvalde and finally Huntsville, Texas. Dana had to crack a new gang of neighborhood kids periodically, and even in his own family he couldn't get by with any tricks. His dad was a strict disciplinarian, and stood for no monkey business.

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struck it rich in the movies he'd pay back twenty-four percent of his fabulous earnings for five years. Oddly enough, too, that deal went through as written, from both sides. Dana cashed fifty dollars each week, and when he did, finally hit the jackpot, he paid off. Only last month he wound up the payments and tore up the mortgage on himself. He was just in time, too. Right after he was paid off in full, one of Good Fairy partners died.

Of course, it was as no Bing Crosby that Dana Andrews finally made good. He boasted no war on his larynx like the Old Goof. He took his lessons dutifully and doubled up by enrolling at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, the famous cradle for Hollywood stars. By this time Dana had taken a wife, the Van Nuys girl, who'd steered him on to his service station job. But not long after she'd presented Dana with his son, David, she died tragically from pneumonia.

That autumn, Dana had a comprised existence, which for a while made him feel like a six-day bicycle rider. Every day he had singing lessons in Los Angeles, acting lessons in Pasadena and personal chores in Van Nuys—a fifty mile circuit. Fortunately, his late wife's folks helped out with the baby. His bass-baritone voice was okay, but nothing like Crosby's. Dana soon found himself concentrating on his acting lessons.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse has turned out scads of actors for Hollywood with this contract was never a bigger crop getting ready for the big league than when Dana broke into the charmed circle. Victor Mature, Laird Cregar, Bob Preston, Glynn Johnson, Loig Vigny, John Agar, Carlbrin and John Carradine were just a few of the now famous hopefuls scuffling for breaks where Hollywood agents always on the prowl would see and crown them with victory. Contract maybe he should have stood in Texas..."

That was plenty fast company for a gas pump job with David. But Dana, oddly enough, was one of the first of the lot to be crowned with a Hollywood contract, although not the first, by a long shot, to make it. A Hollywood scout had caught him in "Oh Evening Star," hailed him over to Sam Goldwyn's and got him all signed up in twenty minutes flat. But Dana, firmly but with the footlights at the Playhouse made him think maybe he should have stood in Texas. He'll never forget that one.

They put him in Shakespeare, of all things, homely scene of "Cymbeline," and when the curtain went up, Dana was supposed to be already onstage. All the dialogue that starts the play moving was about thirty pages. Dana was playing, but somehow, right before the play started, he got lost in the maze of the Playhouse and couldn't find his way backstage. So the curtain fell on him and the rest of the actors stumbled around ad libbing lines because the ones Will Shakespeare wrote didn't make sense with Dana on the stage. The audience never did know what was going on. And somehow the faculty didn't give Dana the old heave-ho. He kept right on acting there even after his contract was over.

Something else happened there that finally won Dana Andrews another kind of contract—the marriage kind. He met a tall, suave, student actress named Mary Todd, and a backstage romance blossomed into very serious intentions. Dana finally married the gal, but he had himself quite a time making the grade. Mary and Dana got warm on this love stuff when he was making his first movie, "The Westerner," with Gary Cooper. He didn't have much to do in that besides...
naturally he took it pretty seriously. When the casting director told him to let his hair and beard grow, Dana, who has plenty of both, looked like a Canadian beaver with his winter coat. Right about then Mary decided to say “Yes,” and invited Dana to meet her old friends at a party. She didn’t tell the family chums Dana was a struggling movie actor, so when he showed up with his wavy locks dusting his collar and whiskers sprouting from all angles, some of them fell in fright, and the others wondered if Mary had lost her girlish mind. The tag to that story is that when Dana at last went on location with “The Westerner,” the director took one look at the mob of rugged beavers standing around and cried, “There’s too darned many beards in this picture. Andrews,” he ordered, “shave yours off!”

wearing down goldwyn...

Another locksmith for love to laugh at with Mary and Dana was Sam Goldwyn’s hopes of building Dana up as a romantic threat. That meant no marriage. Sam, however, didn’t reckon on that; stubborn Andrews plain-Joe personality I’ve been talking about. When Dana tackled him about mating up, Sam asked him to wait until he’d whizzed around Hollywood with a few glamour girls and got himself gossiped to greatness in the columns. Weeks went by and months, with Dana pestering Sam to sanction the wedding, and Sam pestering Dana to get out and around and get himself a little glamour.

BUY YOUR SHARE IN THE WORLD

It’s preferred stock and the dividends are a baby’s smile, a bone-tired sailor’s “Thank you.” The how’s and what’s are on page 94.

Finally, one day Sam met his protégé on the lot.

“Mr. Goldwyn,” Dana began as usual, “are you going up to your office? I want to beard the lion in his den!”

“Beard me now,” said Sam. “What is it—that girl you want to marry?”

“Why, yes, I thought—”

“Oh, go ahead,” sighed Goldwyn. “You’re no good for glamour anyway. You might as well be married.”

Dana could have told him that in the first place.

Mary and Dana Andrews live in a modern-colonial house on a tidy dead-end street in Sherman Oaks that’s already too small although they just built it a couple of years ago. You see, they’d been married almost three years, and it looked like there wasn’t going to be any more to the Andrews family than Dana, Mary, and young David. So they built the house, and the minute it was finished, the stork started flapping his wings around the place. Daughter Cathy arrived soon after. No nursery, of course, what with a war on and no building allowed. That’s the way things usually work out with the Andrews—never a dull moment—but they take life in stride and are perfectly relaxed about everything. So, of course, they’re happy as larks.

Being an actress herself (although she thinks being a wife and mother is her top-priority job now), Mary is a perfect mate for Dana. Besides having a non-participating actress-wife’s slant on a movie star husband’s temperament, Dana thinks she’s the best critic he’s ever run up against. Mary’s also the perfect partner to talk over a new part. But they seldom do any rehearsing around the house.

"I’m sorry I invented the pocket!"

IF I HAD KNOWN that some Americans would be using pockets to hold all the extra money they’re making these days I never would have invented them.

Pockets are good places to keep hands warm.

Pockets are good places to hold keys... and loose change for carfare and newspapers.

But pockets are no place for any kind of money except actual expense money these days.

The place—the only place—for money above living expenses is in War Bonds.

Bonds buy security for your old age.

Bonds buy bullets for soldiers.

Bonds buy education for your kids.

Bonds buy things you’ll need later—that you can’t buy now.

Bonds buy peace of mind—knowing that your money is in the fight.

Reach into the pocket I invented. Take out all that extra cash. Invest it in interest-bearing War Bonds. You’ll make me very happy if you do.

You’ll be happy too.

WAR BONDS to Have and to Hold

MODERN SCREEN
Dana happens to have one of those photographic memories that can learn a complete script after a couple of glances. When he was shooting "The Purple Heart," Sam Levene—Charlie, the trouble with a particular speech, a long one, that strung itself out over a couple of days' shooting. Dana started kidding Sam about it, and as Levene takes his art pretty seriously, he was.

"Okay," he barked, "how would you like to learn it?"

"A clinch," scoffed Dana. "I could do it in five minutes.

That made Sam hop. "Fifty bucks you can't," he challenged. So they clocked him and Dana strode outside. In five minutes he came back and laid flat on the table, offering them the dialogue without one fluff. Sam Levene simply didn't believe that, even when he heard it. He paid off, but for a long time he thought he'd been the sucker for a framed picture. "I've spent all the night before learning his lines.

Maybe it's because Dana is just as easy and relaxed on a set as he is lounging around in his den, which is plenty relaxed. He can actually snooze right in front of a camera, and has. For instance, the morning after Baby Cathy arrived, Dana was knocked out from pacing the floor of the hospital. He went into its studio about us and found the director waiting for him with a scene where Dana was supposed to be asleep on the ground as a passe surprises him, or something. Anyway, the cameraman marked off the spot where he was to feign sleep, and Dana dropped down. He went right off to dreamland, but he was lighted just getting up the last afternoon. He never woke up until five o'clock in the afternoon when it was time to go.

"The most realistic performance I've ever seen," said the director. "Especially the sound effects."

**on the domestic front**

Around the house Dana is a pretty ideal husband and father, except for a tendency to stay up all hours of the night. He got in the night reading habit years ago when he had plenty of time but no money, and he showed no signs of wanting to give up the night life—if it's in his own home. He has a cozy little den and bar that's usually the center of things when his parents—Mary and I—are around. I heard of the Pasadena Playhouse days or members of the present group of acting laboratory addicts Dana belongs to—Eighteen Actors, Inc.—Dorothy Jory, Miss Emily Meriwether, Dorothy Andrews, Miss Ankrum, Bob Preston and Victor Master (before they went away to war) were regulars. They'd usually play parlor games and scenarios just off the five o'clock. Dana actually shows up at a cocktail party, but not often. His wife, Mary, is just as happy to be home, too, with the "stiller" problem with the neighbors. The day I visited Dana and Mary, they were due at a smart Hollywood social routine, but as the afternoon wore on Dana said to Mary, "What do we say to Uncle Morris when we get there?"

"Yes," said Mary as if she'd been expecting that, "lets," that usually happens. Don't get the idea Dana's a lazybones or a dunderhead, 'cause when he does go to work, he's in a hurry. He had the same amount of mules to drag him home. On that bond-touring trip I mentioned, Dana once got a balled-up billing as a comedian and writer. He was a bit of a trial on me, and I was to be the mob, a big one of about ten thousand. Panicked, he asked Charlie Ruggles, who was along, what in the world a comedian did. "It's easy," cracked Charlie, "tell jokes."

"What jokes?" Dana wanted to know. "Oh, I'll tell you some," said Charlie. Whereupon he rattled off a sackful.

So Dana went on and told the second-hand jokes, and they rolled in the aisle. Finally they had to drag the guy off the platform he liked it so much. And when Charlie finished, the authentic comic who had started Dana off—"the people were all laughed out and never gave him a tumble!"

And about the industry business: Dana's pretty handy around the house, especially in the garden, where he grew prize camellias before he got so busy he had to tend by flashlight. He makes kites for all the neighborhood kids. He hates money matters, gets along with fifteen bucks a week in his pocket; has a weakness for buying loud Argyle plaid shirts for his hands; and hates to shave and is nutty about dogs, although not the fancy, pedigreed kind. The Andrews family pooch, Michael, is a cocker of undefined lineage—"an entire family man. He'd like two or three more kids at least. With cooks and maids as scarce as old Bourbon, he still pitches in to help Mary in those departments. He worries at his work—about the only time these days that Dana sings, after all those lessons. He hasn't any ambitions in that direction any more; he's a man of his own size (he's 35) and he expresses it pronto when you ask him.

"I want to be an actor other actors respect," he says, "and I want to raise my family right so." Dana's dedication to family life springs from his worship of his own father, whom he calls "the best friend I ever had" and who died a short time after he started in Hollywood. That's always been one of his big regrets, and maybe that's why he concentrates on unusual energy on being a good father himself, especially with little David, whose own mother died so young.

David is a pretty good testimonial to Dana's paternal success. He's ten now, a strictly little clamp as a whip. He was a good four years younger. Of course, when Dana and Mary were married, but when the ceremony was over, David walked gravely up to the officiating minister and said, "I want to thank you, Sir," he said, "for what you've done for my Mother and Dad. Just like that. David sometimes makes medications for Daddy's mental confusions something that happened "before my mother and dad were married." It sounds funny, but it proves that as a stepmother Mary has done a lot.

David takes all Dana's movie roles straight—so much so that he can't sit through any where his old man gets it in the neck. In "The Swan," Walter Huston bawled the blazing out of Dana, and he didn't take what happened to his dad in "The Ox Bow Incident," either. He was all puffed up, though, when his pop played a real hero for Uncle Sam in "The Purple Heart." For a while Dana was certain that whether the rest of the field knew he was Adam or not, he'd always be the Favorite Movie Star of at least one fan—his son.

Then one night he made the mistake of taking David to the neighborhood movie house, and it was slightly out-of-date thrillers. One was "Crash Dive," the last picture Tyrone Power made before joining the Marines. Dana had a small part in it. He almost fainted when he saw his son as Adam in it, but David thought it was just "pretty good and all. But that Tyrone Power—wow! What a man!"

I guess all Dana Andrews can do about this glamour-hero stuff is keep hoping.
Maybelline lights the way to new eye beauty — Always Rush
Elyse Knox
For my Friends and Guests...

IT'S CHESTERFIELD

Yes Sir... Millions know Chesterfields always Satisfy... They’re Cooler, Milder and Better-Tasting. More smokers are finding this out every day... so next time, do justice to your taste... ask for Chesterfield’s RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD’S BEST TOBACCOS
WE ARE STILL THE WEAKER SEX

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

Many of us may be serving shoulder to shoulder with America's fighting men—but we're still the weaker sex... It's still up to us to appear as alluring and lovely as possible.

So remember, ask for the aids to beauty made by THE HOUSE OF TANGEE—TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder and Rouge and Satin-Finish Lipstick. You'll find you were never lovelier!

Whether you're in or out of uniform, you'll want to be completely appealing and feminine—you'll want delightful satin-smooth lips and all the glamour of a silky, petal-smooth complexion.

THE HOUSE OF TANGEE has created just what you need to keep you as lovely as you should be. For your lips, we have world-famous TANGEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks to give your lips long-lasting satiny smoothness. And with TANGEE Petal-Finish Rouge and the extraordinary new TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder, your complexion will take on a silky, radiant petal-smoothness that clings for many extra hours!

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE... Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network

Satin-Finish Your Lips
Petal-Finish Your Complexion
TANGEE
Smiles are brighter when gums are healthier. Guard against "pink tooth brush"...use Ipana and massage.

**After Hours—**
hearts are drawn to a bright, sparkling smile!

You'll celebrate Victory with a clear conscience. Because you're working hard toward it now. Good girl. After hours, you rate the best in fun and romance!

So powder your nose—and smile. Go out and have fun! That smile, now—how'd it look in the mirror? Did it sparkle? Was it bright and captivating?

That's the kind of smile that turns heads and hearts! If you'll notice, most popular girls aren't beautiful at all. But they all have a beautiful smile!

So see to it that your smile is at its radiant best. Remember, a sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with Ipana and massage

**Your Country needs you in a vital job!**

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are your jobs now. What can you do? More than you think!

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U.S. Employment Service.
Two great films await your attentive eyes and ears—"An American Romance" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Of "An American Romance", King Vidor's great epic of our soil, you have heard great praise. Watch for it while we pause to impress you with a current triumph.

"Mrs. Parkington".

Or, rather, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington".

This excellent film is a superb adaptation of Louis Bromfield's best-selling novel and gives that talented pair a vehicle that is more than a vehicle.

Many of our screen artists have looks, many can act, many have personality. Greer Garson is a triple threat. And "Mrs. P." gives her the chance to prove it again.

Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining-camp boardinghouse proprietor to a dynamic cosmopolitan is one for the book. Or better still, one for the screen.

Greer's "Suzy" finds an excellent dovecot in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. Ruthless, dashing and with a roving-eye.

The dream-like cast includes such stars as Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Selena Royle.

Tay Garnett, director of "Bataan", has also performed brilliantly—with the megaphone.

We suggest you park yourself in a seat at "Mrs. Parkington".

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- NUTTY BUT NICE
  Maureen Reagan eludes "Mummy you're a button-nose bunny. But look at Daddy and me, we're a couple of jerks!" (see below) 30

- TRIO "CON Brio"
  That triple-threat wisecrack club of Crosby, Hope and Sinatra is really the greatest Mutual Admiration Society in the world! 32

- MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY
  Guest-of-honor Van Johnson still can't sit down without stirring up some very tender memories! (see below) 34

- THIS WOMAN IN HIS LIFE
  The first taught Jess Barker how to make banana splits, and he fell in love. The second was Susan Hayward, and he married her! 38

- JAKE OF THE MARITIMES
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- WHAT IN HELL MAN!
  When they asked Ginger Rogers to play opposite Bob Ryan, she gasped, "Why, he wouldn't make love to me. He'd beat me up!" 58

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Lost Form 3578 and copies returned under
30-
15-
Published monthly. Printed in U. S. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Single
15-
copy price: 15c in U. S. and Canada; 25c, U. S. subscription price, $1.50 a year. Canadian subscription, $2.50 a year.
15-
Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1970. Addi-
15-
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MRS. PARKINGTON

EDWARD ARNOLD · AGNES MOOREHEAD · CECIL KELLAWAY

GLADYS COOPER · FRANCES RAFFERTY · TOM DRAKE · PETER LAWFORD · DAN DURYEA · HUGH MARLOWE and the Saint Luke's Choristers

Screen Play by Robert Theuten and Poll, Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield · Directed by TAY GARNETT · Produced by LEON GORDON · An M-G-M Picture
Fannie Hurst

SELECRS "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"

"Since You Went Away" takes life in its own hands and does quite well with it. It also takes its own life in its hands, and by being too diffuse, lengthy and emotionally extravagant, does not so well with it. Inherently, the theme is a natural. The ingredients are there. The pastry cook who goes into the kitchen and finds spread out before her all the rich materials necessary, cannot fail except by making too rich a cake.

And "Since You Went Away" is too rich. Two thirds through, the average spectator is not only going to open his belt, he is going to experience slight qualms of digestive unease.

Mr. Selznick, without having so intended, may find himself (Continued on page 8)
SURE, AND IT WILL STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY!!!

... with the love songs always at the top of America's list parade!

... with the romance of two hot-headed sweethearts who love as only the Irish can!

* * *

with the laughter and fun that's shamrocking the nation!

MONTY WOOLLEY
JUNE HAVER
DICK HAYMES

Damon Runyon's
Irish Eyes are Smiling

in TECHNICOLOR

ANTHONY WITH BEVERLY QUINN • WHITNEY MAXIE ROSENBOOM and The Metropolitan Opera Singers
Leonard Warren and Blanche Thebom

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF
Produced by DAMON RUNYON
Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and John Tucker Battle
Based on a story by E. A. Ellington

June Haver
... your beautiful blonde discovery.
... puts a smile in your eye!
the progenitor of a revolt against the indolent and self-hypnotized, the bit between his teeth as author, producer and reluctant wielder of the scissors, he is running riot. Resultantly, our era, which takes its bouillon in cubes, its reading predestined, and ably Antar's expenditure of time in every possible manner, is about to stage a revolt. The public has a pain in the neck.

Drown with over-long, over-stuffed motion pictures!

"Since You Went Away" is both. One hour shorter, one hour less of emotional redundancy, and this picture would come closer to what must have been Mr. Selznick's good dream of a cavalcade Americana.

Inherently, it is that imbedded in its themes, are concerns that lie close and contemporaneous to practically every American heart. The story rings a bell within our national soul.

Occasionally, aside from the crippling effect of its enormous footage, the roughed kiss of Hollywood descends upon the story. "Since You Went Away" concerns itself with an allegedly middle-class, average American family, but Hollywood insists upon putting them into too fine a house for their means and insists that they deport themselves à la the country club set.

The picture glitters with stars, some of whom are in strange firmament, indeed. Miss Nazimova and Lionel Barrymore are dragged in by their talented heels for this American epic. And once again Mr. Monty Woolley's highly personalized vindictiveness, vituperativeness and venom are in high fettle. Claudette Colbert is sweetness, lightness, barefootedness and light! Shirley Temple, charmingly Shirley Temple plus ten years; and that thar Jennifer Jones gal has what it takes.

Ladies from coast to coast, and their men, too, are going to weep. And honorable tears they will be. Wrung legitimately from those hearts that alas, will be sore and troubled with some of the anguish this picture brings home, these tears will be copious and too deep and too quiet to show, for every woman can know within her the loneliness of a house that is a prison, the pity of a husband, every girl the tragedy of a lover lost, every man the ache of being separated from his loved ones.

To treat so honorable an effort lightly would be to ignore dignity of concept and production. In spite of its ponderous, overweight body, "Since You Went Away" succeeds in being more than half as good as it could have been.

Synopsis

For all its length and production grandeur, "Since You Went Away" is a simple story about simple people, caught in a frustrating, complex age. It tells of the efforts of Anne Hilton to get along, both financially and emotionally, when her husband, Timothy, enlists. Lonely and worried about the effects of a woman-dominated home on her two daughters, Jane and Brig, she decides to accept crummy, middle-aged old Col. Smollett as a boarder, the Colonel, it would seem, has a grandson. Jane, it would seem, is quite ready to rebound at any suitable young man. Preferably a corporal. So she does—violently. And quite a rebound it is, too. For Jane has been calf-eyeding dashing Lieut. Willett, a hopeless, helpless and very much in love old admirer of Mother, who, while enjoying his banter and the nice feeling of feminine security it gives her to have him dogging around, is very strong and unsilkmable in her devotion to her Tim.

And then quickly, terrifyingly, the Hilton world spins, whirls and cascades heartache about. A telegram arrives.

"State Department... Timothy Hilton... inform... missing in action..." But these are Americans, so they weep their weep, then straighten up and hope. Until the other telegram. And this time it's not "missing in action"—it's "killed in the line of duty." And it's Bill, who is dead, and it's young Jane who must break her heart. And she does. But out of the weakness comes strength, and she becomes a Nurse's Aide in the psychiatric clinic of old Dr. Golden, dedicating herself to helping other Bills return to other Janes.

And so it goes. Nothing resolved, nothing solved. Mother takes a job welding, and Colonel Redrik redeems the purge of laughter, Brig goes about the difficult job of casting off the chrysalis of childhood for maturity, and the days fly past and the nights linger on. And again a third telegram. Tim is safe. Tim will be home. So much has happened, oh, how we've missed you, since you went away... U. A.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

You've done it before, and you can do it again—meaning this quiz, you Southerner! And a fine job, too, judging from some of your comments. So here goes. It's awfully simple, really. We've given you 3 sets of 20 clues each. First go over the first batch and see if you can identify the movie, personality referred to, and for each one you guess, give yourself 5 points. Then go on to the next group to catch up on the ones you've missed, and score yourself 4 points for your answers there. Now, if you're still shy a few names, on your go to Set 3, getting 3 points on those answers. Catch? And incidentally, if you put down an answer which you find on a later set of clues to be incorrect, it's perfectly O. K. to change, scoring yourself the number of points due on the particular set where you discover your error. Thus, if you put John Carradine as your answer on Set 1, and find in Set 3 that it should be Hedy Lamarr, give yourself 3 points for Hedy and forget about Johnny. We think maybe 80 should be par for you well-informed readers, you. And 75 isn't too bad, but lower? Why, shame!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. He never left home
2. Oversea-ing blue angel
3. Cherokee chick
4. Feudin' with Fred
5. Comeback since she went away
6. AWOL
7. Thousands cheer
8. Large-footed vegetarian
9. Love-affairing Minnie
10. Bowery to big-time
11. How green are his streets
12. Chip-ped off fame
13. Sloe-eyed fastie
15. Hep eat honey
16. Ran old man Cole (anagram)
17. Feather-curling long-hair
18. Casanova of the Casbah
19. Susanne Georgette Charpentier
20. Heller at heart

(Continued on page 105)
Just in Case

you've wondered why so many people are going around with large, happy SMILES and their hearts going bumpety-BOOM... it's because they've just seen the HAPPIEST picture ever!! It's the National JOY Show (why, even the star is named JOYce Reynolds!)...

it's from WARNER BROS....

it's...

Joyce Reynolds • ROBERT HUTTON • EDWARD ARNOLD • ANN HARDING • ROBERT BENCHLEY • ALAN HALE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston & Charles Hoffman • from the Play Produced by Brock Pemberton
JACK L WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB
You don't find de luxe dates falling from trees . . . So you make each one count . . . You wear your best dress, your slickest hair-do and jack up the feminine charm . . . Why not use the same common sense about Bob Pins? You can't count yours by the dozens, any more than you can count your men that way—for a while, anyway.

So use DeLong Bob Pins because they hold that line! They have a Stronger Grip, a longer life—and when you can't have quantity, you've got to have DeLong quality.

**Stronger Grip**

Won't Slip Out

---

**AMERICAN ROMANCE**

Do you believe in America? Of course you do, in a take-it—or-granted sort of way. But would you walk from New York City to Minnesota to prove your belief? That's what Steve Danagos, Czech immigrant, does in M-G-M's powerful Technicolor Techno. Brian Donlevy plays Steve with all the dynamic vitality that the part demands. This is an imagination-stirring picture of America, land of opportunity. I know you'll enjoy it.

Steve lands at Ellis Island in 1893 with four dollars in his pocket. Ordinarily, the authorities demand that you have $25 for admittance, but they are impressed by Steve. They let him in. Steve hikes all the way to Minnesota where his cousin Anton will get him a job as a miner. On the way he learns some broken English, is more convinced than ever that America is the country for him. He goes to work in the mine, but unlike most of the other miners, he has an intense curiosity about all its workings. Where does the ore go from here? he demands. "Chicago, me lad," an Irishman tells him. "Chee-car-go. Yah. I will go there some day," says Steve seriously.

And go he does, leaving pretty Annie O'Rourke (Ann Richards) to follow later and become Mrs. Steve Danagos. By then Steve is foreman in a steel mill. He is making enough to rent a tiny cottage. Enough so that the five children who arrive in rapid succession can go to school and pursue the careers they want.

Ambition drives Steve constantly, but he remains devoted to his family. It is a sad day when his oldest son is killed in World War I. But Steve squares his broad shoulders, and in memory of George, studies harder to become an American citizen.

The day of the automobile has arrived, and Steve does some complicated experimenting in that direction. He does with the help of Howard Clinton (Walter Abel). Together they evolve a car with a steel safety roof and a new body design. Soon they have their own company. Things have happened to the children, too. Abe has become a violinist as his father wished—but his act is a comic one, in vaudeville. Still, he's a success.

Teddy—well, Teddy is a problem to Steve. He is on the side of the factory workers in the strike against his father. It takes Pearl Harbor to show Steve that his son may be right after all—M-G-M.

**P. S.**

Brian Donlevy graciously offered to buy a small fire truck for the local Women's Defense Organization. Ladies were overjoyed—couldn't wait to try it out. Since no hydrant was available to them, they hooked the thing up to the Donlevy swimming pool—drained it completely day . . . Brian, who loves to make like a painter, carpenter or plumber on his days off, spent time between scenes building and painting Ann . . . Residents of Pomona, California, slowed down to a stop when they saw motorcycle officers stopping age-old relic for speeding at a reckless 20 miles per. Didn't know these were rebuilt replicas of the first automobiles built in this country, and that they were props being used for "American Romance" . . . Captain of these motorcyclists, incidentally, turned out to be Captain V. M. Moffett, a World War I buddy. Brian Twenty-four years ago they had lain side by side in a French hospital—neither of them expected to live. Hadn't seen each other since then until they met quite accidentally in Pomona that way. Steve Danagos, first birthday away from her family. Mrs. Richards is still in Australia, and Ann's brother is prisoner in a Jap concentration camp. Ann received a cake, baked by mama and shipped all the way across the Pacific . . . Another birthday celebrant was little Jackie Jenkins, who was six and thrilled at the thought of entering the Santa Monica Grammar school where his big brother is enrolled. Breathless moment occurred when King Vidor, returning to the set from lunch, found Jackie about to jump from a twelve-foot platform. He shouted a warning, but Jackie assured him it was all right. "I know how Superman does it, Mr. Vidor." Mrs. Jenkins, incidentally reminded him that Superman had powers far beyond those of Master Jenkins.

**JANIE**

Joyce Reynolds is a cute little chick who represents Warner Brothers' white hope for teen-age pictures. She gets off to a flying start in "Janie," as a sixteen-year-old heartbreaker. Clare Foley, who plays her kid sister, Elsbeth, provides most of the laughs. Elsbeth is terrific as a goggler, but if you had to live in the house with her, you'd probably commit murder. Someone asks her, "Why don't you run along and play with your little friends, Elsbeth?" "I have no friends," retorts the enfant terrible. "I'm anti-social." And she's not kidding.

Janie has trouble enough with her parents, without having to cope with Elsbeth, too. You know parents. They're those people that always want to know where you're going or have to use the phone just as you're telling something terribly important to your best friend. Probably, Janie admits, hers are no worse than most. Except for that editorial Dad (Edward Arnold) wrote for the town paper about how you should keep your young daughter from going out with the soldiers at the camp nearby. It is a good thing Janie has a bachelor friend of Dad's (Robert Benchley) to help her out now and then.

Janie's current guy is a down-the-block product called "Scooper." Scooper is nice, but he's nobody's dream man, and when Janie meets a good-looking soldier in a custom-tailored uniform, the romance is over. The new heart is named Dick, he's a college man, and sometimes Janie has a feeling he's a little advanced for her experience. She promises to spend an eve-
From the novel by Richard Llewellyn, author of "How Green Was My Valley"

CARY GRANT

IN

"None but the Lonely Heart"

WITH

ETHEL BARRYMORE

BARBARA FITZGERALD • JUNE DUPREZ • JANE WYATT

Produced by David Hempstead Directed by Clifford Odets
Screen Play by Clifford Odets

ANOTHER OF THE GREAT RKO FILMS
The most Toothy Ensign at Headquarters

As pretty a wave as ever released a fighting man for action. That’s Ensign K! Brayton, too. So naturally she noticed right away how much better super-fine Pebeco cleans her teeth. She was definitely impressed by the way Pebeco Powder keeps on polishing—doesn’t wash right away when you start brush.

How come Pebeco doesn’t wash right away? Because its particles are micro-fine . . . stay on your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. Pebeco’s special combination of polishing agents cleans teeth gently but efficiently—leaves them gleaming!

Pebeco Pete says:

60% More Powder for Your Money, folks than average of 6 other Leading Brands

That’s why people find Ensign K’s smile so irresistible. Try Pebeco! You’ll love its sparkling, zippy flavor. The immaculate polished feel of your teeth. The special luster of your smile after a brushing with super-fine Pebeco Tooth Powder!

Pebeco
TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

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Giant Size Only 25c
Big 10c size, 10c

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste—Clean, Refreshing Flavor—10c, 25c and 50c

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 10)

him, but maybe it’s just as well some of the other girls turn up. Janie’s family is out, and they decide to have a party. Scooper is the one who really turns the evening into bedlam incarnate. “If you like the Army so well, I’ll get you a lot of them,” he says nastily. And proceeds to call the camp and ask them to send over every man under 21 who isn’t on duty.

The result is the kind of party you dream about—only some of the dreams are nightmares. It takes the police, the mayor, some MPs and a couple of colonels to break it up. For the laugh of the season, catch Dad’s expression when he comes home and takes a look at the house. “Janie” is the kind of picture that chases your blues so far away they never come back.—War.

P. S.

Ninety-two teen-agers, employed as extras for this picture, almost took over the Warner Bros. Studio during the few weeks “Janie” was in production. The lot had the appearance of a college campus. For me, the closest glimpse inside a Hollywood studio, and they wanted to see it all . . . Commissary boys were burning till far into the night as buyers attempted to get enough milk to satisfy the mob . . . Dance director LeRoy Prinz worked for days trying to get the kids to rumba and conga without throwing in a bit of jitterbugging here and there . . . Prop department had its hands full when the gang decided to help “plant” the victory garden—150 square feet of artificial plants . . . French windows of the attractive home in which Joyce lives were smashed to bits when a jeep was driven through them. It was in the script, and the youngsters refused to allow the scene to be done in miniature . . . Director Curtiz handled them like a diplomat talking to representatives of another country. Displayed unusual patience and drew chuckles from the young players when he addressed them as “my kiddies.” . . . Nine-year-old Clare Foley was brought to Hollywood from New York to play the part she did in the original stage production . . . Take an extra look at the photographer in the picture who covers the big party. He’s really Peter Stackpole, life photographer, playing himself in the film. Peter’s just back from photographing the Yanks in Saipan . . . Because the wartime restrictions forbid traveling, the Connecticut village street was erected on Stage 22. More than 200 extras were used in shooting the scenes in the business section . . . Edward Arnold was writing letters during every spare moment. His son is a flight instructor for the Army, and his daughter is a student nurse.

DARK WATERS

Merle Oberon has a fascinating part to play in “Dark Waters.” Leslie Calvin is a beautiful girl who has suffered a terrific emotional shock in the sudden loss of her mother and father. The ship on which they were coming to America was torpedoed, and Leslie was one of the few survivors. She is put in a New Orleans hospital but refuses to make any effort toward recovering a normal outlook. At last the doctor persuades her to leave the hospital. She is to go and live with an aunt and uncle who have a sugar plan-

Pardon me a minute—

I feel a sunstroke coming on. I hope. Anyway, to get back to Leslie, Dr. Grover drives her out to her uncle's plantation, and on the way she tells him the story of her troubles. He is sympathetic and obviously attracted to Leslie. He says he'll try to help her.

The plantation is hauntingly beautiful, but it's a somber old place among the cypress trees and swamps of the sugar cane country. Aunt Emily (Fay Bainter) turns out to be a fluttering, ineffectual little woman. Uncle Norbert is absorbed in his books, completely unaware not only of his niece's problem but almost of her presence as well. The most important character in the house seems to be a large, elderly man named Sydney (Thomas Mitchell), who issues all the orders.

It gradually becomes apparent that something very mysterious is going on at the plantation. Leslie's friendship with Dr. Grover is discouraged, and soon her mental condition becomes worse. Lights go on and off, and she hears a ghostly voice calling her name from the bayou. Only through the help of a Negro (Rex Ingram) does she learn that a deliberate attempt is being made to drive her out of her mind. When she gets Dr. Grover to help her, they both become prisoners. The picture ends dramatically in the macabre bloom of a Louisiana swamp. You'll shudder in your chair.

The role of Sydney is quite a departure for Thomas Mitchell. You will be interested to see what he does with it. Franchot, of course, makes a charming wolf, reformed by love.—U.A.

P. S.

Producer Ben Bogeaus, searching for a mystery dealing with malicious minds and murder, discovered "Dark Waters" while it was still a galley picture. He quickly polished the galley and when it came out in a national magazine in serial form, Publicity Man Jerry Dale arranged to have each of the four issues it ran sent each week to all Hollywood correspondents, senator trick-of-the-month to capture their interest . . . Merle Oberon proved herself a rugged soul, earned the sobriquet "Iron Woman Oberon" because of the way she stood up under all the physical punishment during the swamp-water scenes . . . the bayou set took up three and a half solid acres, planted with 1500 water hyacinths, blue flags, special vines and Spanish moss. 500 trees were planted, included full-grown oaks, weeping willows . . . in spite of gloomy, depressing scenes and heavy tension induced by the mysterifying atmosphere, cast and crew had a gay time. Workers dubbed it a "happy" picture, and all were sorry to see it end after ten weeks of shooting . . .

Director Andre De Toth is one of the most camera-conscious megaphoners in the business. For one scene in Merle's bedroom, he placed the camera in the direct center of the room, had it make a complete 360 degree turn recording a period of twelve hours in the script. Four different mirrors, placed strategically in logical spots, recorded Merle's different expressions during the long scene . . . An "onga" was a six-and-a-half minute scene between Franchot Tone and Merle in which they perfectly completed seven pages of tricky dialogue . . .

A bath removes past perspiration—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor

"My shower sure makes me feel sweet and lovely—and a quick touch of Mum will keep me that way for hours!"

A bath removes past perspiration—Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor

"Speed's the word for Mum—and Mum's the word for charm—if a girl wants daintiness to last. And I mean ME!" Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum—guards charm for hours!

(Private thoughts of a happy girl.) "He's my dream come true—only more so! Already, he's hinting I'm the girl to wear his wings. Thank goodness I can depend on Mum to keep me fresh as a daisy all my life long."

Mum works—fast, yet gently—won't harm skin or injure the fabrics of your daintiest dresses. Use Mum anytime, every day—always before dates! Ask your druggist for Mum—today!
THE IMPATIENT YEARS

When you find a bright, funny comedy that has a lot of common sense built into it, you really have something. "The Impatient Years" is that kind of a picture, and it's definitely worth seeing. Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn—that tried and true combination—are at their best. So is Lee Bowman.

Andy (Lee Bowman), a staff sergeant somewhere in the South Pacific, always tells the guys he's from Sonora, California. Actually, he has never seen the place, but that's where his wife and son are, so he figures that's his town. He's never seen his baby son, either, and knew his wife only four days before they were married, and he left for overseas. But everything will work out fine when he gets back to Sonora.

Only it doesn't. The Janie (Jean Arthur) he finds when he gets home on furlough isn't a bit like the impulsive, delightful girl he picked up in a restaurant in San Francisco and married three days later. This Janie is formal, distant and very preoccupied with the care of their son and the household in general. She is, her father (Charles Coburn) admits, turning into an old maid, married or not. Andy is prepared to snap Janie out of this in a hurry with a little love-making, but the sync turns out to be another angle. The other angle is Henry (Phil Brown). Henry has boarded with the Smiths for a year now. He's walked the baby at night and changed its diapers and worried about it when it had the mumps. He is, he thinks, much more of a husband to Janie than Andy is.

Mr. Smith complicates matters by talking about the wrong time—with good intentions, to be sure—and Janie and Andy decide to get a divorce. But the judge refuses to give them one right off. He makes a condition. Janie and Andy are to go back to San Francisco where they met and live those first four days over again. They think it's ridiculous. They say they won't. They try. But they do. It leads, as you can imagine, to a lot of complications. And the complications lead to laughs. So go and see it and have fun.—Col.

P. S.

Since Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn hit the jackpot for Columbia with "The More the Merrier," studio execs have been looking for another story for them. This is it... So, 32-year-old Charles Graywork—does the youngest type of role of his career as the superannuated bellhop—the result of the modern manpower shortage. Charles, who classifies his roles in three categories—with teeth and without teeth—removed his upper and lowers, good-naturally adding more contrast to his part... Jean, a great believer in music as an aid to creating mood, brought a stack of her own records to the studio. A man was assigned to play them outside her dressing room between scenes... When production was completed, Charles Coburn headed for New York to arrange for his return to the stage. Broadway playwrights will be seeing him next year in "Master of the Rendezvous." A large part of the background for the picture was actually shot in Sonora, Calif. The town has played host to movie companies for years—this is the first time it's been filmed under its own name... This picture reunion Lee Bowman to his first star billing in a high-budget picture. It's only the beginning for Lee, who went immediately into another lead, opposite Rita Hayworth. The script of "The Impatient Years" was a one-woman job. The woman is Virginia Van Upp, who did all of the writing from the original idea to finished screenplay. As a reward, Vir-
Virginia was boosted to the post of producer. Tiny Vic Beaver (the ten-months-old baby) went temperamental every time the cameras began to roll. Even new papas, Phil Brown and Lee Bowman, couldn’t quiet him. Coburn discovered it was his monocle little Vic was crying for. Since Charles can’t wear the thing in close-ups, he had to be photographed from his left side in all scenes with the baby—so the camera eye couldn’t see the monocle but baby Vic could!

**THE GREAT MOMENT**

Suppose you had to have a leg amputated. And the surgeon said, “Give the patient a piece of wood to bite on—that helps a little.” Then took a saw and started to go to work. You’d scream your head off, wouldn’t you? You’d yell, “Where’s the ether?” But can you tell the name of the man who made it possible for people to sleep through operations instead of suffering unbearable pain? Don’t worry if you don’t know the name. In 1855 the U. S. Senate was in the same predicament. Any number of claimants to the honor had appeared, and they weren’t in the least sure which was the right one. While the Senate battled about it, Dr. William Morton sat in the gallery and remembered...

Morton (Joel McCrea) was studying dentistry when he married the lovely Liz Whitman (Betty Field). Liz’ father and mother were rather disturbed over her marrying a dentist. In those days a dentist went around the countryside extracting teeth while his wife beat on the dishpan to drown out the howls of the patient. Dr. Morton, however, had different ideas. He opened an office right in Boston, like a regular doctor’s office. And always in the back of his mind was the idea that there must be some way to make dentistry painless.

Morton experimented for years. Experimented while the Morton roof leaked, the Morton cook left in disgust, and the Morton children went around with holes in their shoes. He tried everything from hypnotism to laughing gas—almost killing himself with the latter. People said he was crazy. Only Liz kept her faith in him.

Then at last through a combination of stubborn perseverance and blind luck, Morton discovered that ether inhaled would put a man to sleep. A sound enough sleep so you could pull his tooth. Or maybe even cut his leg off...

Dr. Morton gave medical science the use of his discovery. But at first he refused to give them the formula. After all, the roof did need mending, the children did need shoes. For his humble attempt to patent his formula, he was castigated in every newspaper in the country. As usual, only Liz believed in him.

The story of his long struggle is a good one for all of us who need a lesson in perseverance. It is told in a fascinating way with the help of a cast which includes Harry Carey, William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn and J. Farrell MacDonald. —Fr.

PS.

Folks at Paramount moaned and groaned when memos came around to their office asking for suggestions for titles of the newest Preston Sturges movie. “How,” they wanted to know, “can you get ‘love’ or ‘oomph’ into the title of a picture that tells the story of the discovery of ether?”

... After several tentative tags were considered then rejected, “The Great Moment” was chosen to show up on theater marquees. Script is adapted from Rene Fulop Miller’s biographical novel, “Triumph Over Pain.” Originally owned by

In wartime as in peace

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

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

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

In these days of shortages

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

There is only one Kaleenex*

"WE GIRLS WHO ARE ALL-OUT CAN'T BE PERIODICALLY ALL-IN!"

M-G-M and purchased by Paramount on Myrna Loy's suggestion to Arthur Hornblow, producer and ex-hubby of Miss Loy... Sturges went into virtual hibernation for a couple of weeks, came out with brand new treatment of script using different writing devices he made famous... The dental and medical instruments used in the film are authentic hundred-year-old relics rented from the local Pony Express Museum. Censorship restrictions prevent the instruments and the operations performed from being shown in the British version. The instruments are not even mentioned in the dialogue... Bostilians will see exact replicas of such famous landmarks as Burnett's Pharmacy, the Harvard Medical School and the Massachusetts General Hospital... For the fight in the glassware shop between Joel McCrea and Emery Parnell, no doubles were used. Both camera and sound crews had protection from flying fragments by means of specially built shields. William Demarest was another who refused a double, preferring to do his own falls and leaps through windows. Bill, a former vaudevilleian, used to do similar stunts in his five-a-day routines that always wound up with one terrific dive into the theater's orchestra pit.

SWEET AND LOW-DOWN

This is the story of a boy from the slums of Chicago who suddenly gets a chance to join Benny Goodman's band. A boy who goes too far too fast and then has to learn all over again the hard way. Benny himself and his band are in the picture, and there's plenty of mellow jive for all the gates.

The boy, Johnny Birch, is played by a newcomer who will definitely send you, Name—James Cardwell, and you'd better get your fan mail in ahead of the rush. Linda Darnell and Lynn Bari take care of the femme half of the platter, and Jack Oakie is in there solid with the laughs.

Johnny isn't exactly a square when he joins the band but neither is he hepp to all the hot licks. Benny Goodman takes him on as a trombone player partly because he feels Johnny has talent and partly because he's an old Chicago boy himself from the same neighborhood. But Johnny has a chip on his shoulder from the beginning. He doesn't want advice from Benny, about music or anything else. The anything else being Pat (Lynn Bari), the girl singer with the band. Pat thinks Johnny is a comer, and she's always ready to hitch her wagon to a star, especially when the star's a handsome hunk of man. Popsy (Jack Oakie) tries to warn Johnny about that, but Johnny knows everything!

Then he meets Trudy (Linda Darnell), when he's playing with the band at a military school dance. Trudy, the aunt of one of the students, has dressed to look as young as possible at her nephew's request. She's so sure that Johnny is shocked when she asks him for a cigarette, and gives her a stern lecture on how fifteen-year-olds should behave. Then he pats her patronizingly on the head and tells her to look him up in New York when she grows up. She does—the next week. Johnny falls in love then, head over heels. But that makes him more difficult than ever. He's determined now to become a super-success right away, for Trudy. It takes some very hard knocks to teach him that success isn't something you can reach out and grab, as it goes by. (Continued on page 20)

FREE OFFER!

How'd you like a FREE copy of SCREEN ROMANCES? It's jam-packed with stories of all the latest movies and color portraits of all your very favorite stars. All you have to do to get your free mag is fill out the following QUESTIONNAIRE. The first 500 to send in their coupon will get their FREE SCREEN ROMANCES pronto. Be sure yours is in the mail by September 20th.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

Nutty but Nice (The Reagans) □ □ □
Trio "Con Brio" (Crosby, Hope, Sinatra) □ □ □
Jake of the Maritimes (Richard Jacek) □ □ □
MODERN SCREEN Goes to a Birthday Party (Van Johnson) □ □ □
The Women I Have Loved (Jess Barker) □ □ □

□ Frank Sinatra, Part II □ The James Girls (Betty Grable)
□ The Fighting Grants (Cary Grant) □ Hi, Monica! (Paul Henreid)
□ What a Man! (Bob Ryan) □ "The Merry Monahans"
□ Good News by Lewella 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 __________________ City ______ State ______

I am ______ years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Soft as a whisper ... your hands thrill him as they touch his face.

You vow to keep them lovely, even through these do-more days. And you can ... with Trushay to help you!

Trushay's the new "beforehand" idea in lotions. Smooth it on before everyday tasks ... before you tie mitts or do dishes.

It helps guard soft hands, even in hot, soapy water. Try lush, creamy Trushay today.
Pounds Off Hips, Etc.  
Positively Safe, Easy

Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except for a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely — without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.

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Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, programs, etc. — and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness — and without unnecessary exercise, nutrition, massage, etc.

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The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these scientifically reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from one-chiliad dysfunction, these measures will help you considerably in a few weeks. Just follow the simple directions on getting and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, legs, arms, thighs, etc., at once or your remarkable pounds will come down, down, down all over you until you are as small a person, with new pep and popularity.

Send No Money — Examine It FREE

Endorsed in Medical Journals

The Illinois State Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." Michigan State Medical Journal says: "Gives positive action and improvements." Medical World says: "Should be read over from cover to cover before starting any treatment." Mississippi Valley Medical Journal says: "Physicians recommend to their overflow patients.

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

Movie Scoreboard

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critics and newspaper critics the country over. 4★ means unsurpassed, 3★ excellent, 2★ very good, and 1★ poor. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

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<td>And The Angels Sing (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Destination Tokyo (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Detective Kilty O'Day (Monogram)</td>
<td>3★</td>
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<td>Diary of a Nazi (Artkino Pictures)</td>
<td>3★</td>
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<td>Dragon Seed (M-G-M)</td>
<td>4★</td>
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<td>Fired Wife (Universal)</td>
<td>3★</td>
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<td>Fire in the Shaw (Bennett-Levy Production)</td>
<td>3★</td>
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<td>Flesh and Fantasy (Universal)</td>
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<td>Follow the Boys (Universal)</td>
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<td>For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)</td>
<td>4★</td>
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<td>Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>3★</td>
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<td>Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO)</td>
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<td>Gaslight (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Ghost Ship, The (RKO)</td>
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<td>Girl Crazy (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Girl in the Case, The (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Giving My Way (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Hairy Ape, The (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Harry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Miss Butler's Sister (Universal)</td>
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<td>Hitler Gong, The (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Hostages (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount)</td>
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<td>I Dood It (Paramount)</td>
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<td>In Old Oklahoma (Republic)</td>
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<td>Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal)</td>
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<td>Jam Session (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Johnny Come Lately (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Jungle Woman (Universal)</td>
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<td>Kansan, The (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Lastie Come Home (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Let's Face It (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Madame Corie (M-G-M)</td>
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<td>Man From Down Under, The (Universal)</td>
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<td>Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic)</td>
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<td>Marine Raiders (RKO)</td>
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<td>Men On Her Mind (PRC)</td>
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<td>Minstrel Man (PRC)</td>
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<td>Mummy's Ghost (Universal)</td>
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<td>Mystery Man (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Navy Way, The (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Northern Pursuit (Warners)</td>
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<td>North Star, The (RKO)</td>
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<td>No Time For Love (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Old Acquaintance (Warners)</td>
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<td>Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal)</td>
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<td>Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Riding High (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Roger Toushy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Russians at War (Artkino Pictures)</td>
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<td>Russian Story, The (Artkino Pictures)</td>
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<td>Secret Command (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Sensation of 1945 (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Seven Days Ashore (Universal)</td>
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<td>Shake Hands With Murder (PRC)</td>
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<td>Show Business (RKO)</td>
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<td>Siege of Leningrad (Lesfilm)</td>
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<td>Silver Spur (Republic)</td>
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<td>Since You Went Away (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Someone to Remember (Republic)</td>
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<td>Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Song of the Open Road (United Artists)</td>
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<td>Spider Woman, The (Universal)</td>
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<td>Step Lively (RKO)</td>
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<td>Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Story of Dr. Wassell, The (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Take It Or Leave It (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners)</td>
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<td>They Met In Moscow (Mosfilm Studio)</td>
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<td>This Is the Army (Warners)</td>
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<td>This Is the Life (Universal)</td>
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<td>Top Man (Universal)</td>
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<td>True to Life (Paramount)</td>
<td>3½★</td>
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<td>Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)</td>
<td>4★</td>
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Up in Mabel's Room (United Artists) | 3★

What a Woman (Columbia) | 3★
Where Are Your Children? (Monogram) | 3★
Whisperingfootprints (Republic) | 3★
Whistler, The (Columbia) | 3½★
White Cliffs of Dover, The (M-G-M) | 4★
Wilson (20th Century-Fox) | 4★
Wintertime (20th Century-Fox) | 3½★

105 pictures rated this month
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For the first time, the screen brings you the story of marriage before combat...and combat after marriage!

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Irving Cummings
in
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A PREDICTION
With this picture, an exciting new star joins your favorite leading men. Lee Bowman is a name you’re going to look for...a star you’ll go for!

with EDGAR BUCHANAN • CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • JANE DARWELL
ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY by
VIRGINIA VAN UPP
PRODUCED and DIRECTED by IRVING CUMMINGS
Anyway, it all adds up to a good picture with a lot of music you'll really love—
20th-Fox.

P.S.

Two hundred five-happy keepees, drafted from dance halls in and around Los Angeles for dancing scenes in this picture, couldn't believe their good fortune. "Imagine," said the bewildered kids, "dancing on a smooth, roomy floor every day, all day, to the music of Benny Goodman and getting paid for it!" ... Benny (who calls swing "free speech in music") proves he's no stranger to the classics. With four fellow-keepees he interprets the Mozart Quintet which he once did with the Budapest String Quartet in New York's Town Hall... BG, hearing that Harvard University had set aside a fund of $250 a year for the purchase of swing classics, sent the college his entire collection—one of the most famous in the world... Gus Swayne, 60-year-old doorman on the "Sweet and Lowdown" set, was called to see Mr. Goodman one morning. It was Swayne's birthday. As he walked onto the stage, the Goodman band broke into "Happy Birthday to You," and the cast and crew joined in the chorus. There was an enormous birthday cake and a fine leather wallet from "the gang"... Gus left the set with tears in his eyes... Goodman went home for lunch every day to shoot movies of his nine-months-old daughter. Baby was just beginning to crawl, and Benny didn't want to miss getting pictures of her first steps... Lynn Bari was given a few days vacation in the middle of production to go to Texas to christen a new Flying Fortress, "The Lynn Bari"... One casualty while the picture was being filmed was Jack Oakie. Jack had a serious accident one noon, hit in the knee with a fast baseball while playing with the kids on the lot... Buddy Swen, juvenile lead in the picture, was given free clarinet lessons from "The King" himself. Benny heard Swen play the instrument—thinks he's terrific.

Gypsy Wildcat

Forget the fat, bedraggled gypsies you've seen at county fairs. They bear no resemblance to the romantic, glamorous variety in this picture. The most glamorous of all, of course, is Carla (Maria Montez). One look at her, and the villagers stare bemused while the rest of the gypsy band sell them broken-down horses or pick their pockets.

The catch is that Carla isn't really a gypsy at all. She's the daughter of the Count Orso, who has recently been found in the forest with an arrow through his heart. No one knows Carla is his heiress except old Anubi (Leo Carrillo), who has no intention of telling. However, Rhoda (Gale Sondergaard) seems to have an inkling that something of the sort is true. Maybe, being a fortune-teller, she saw it in the cards.

The gypsies are suspected of killing the Count. Another likely suspect is Michael (Jon Hall), a handsome stranger, who keeps turning up at odd moments, usually when Carla is around. This infuriates young Tonio (Peter Coe), Anubi's son, who is planning to marry Carla. It's especially infuriating because Carla shows far more interest in Michael than she does in Tonio. Before long, Baron Tovar (Douglas Dumbrille) imprisons the gypsy in his dungeon on suspicion of murder. He then discovers that Carla is wearing a silver pendant which he recognizes as belonging to the Orso family. Obviously, Carla is the long-lost daughter of the Count, and the thing for the Baron to do is marry her immediately. That way he can get possession of the Orso lands and fortune, which he's had his eye on for some time. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the Baron is not a very bright guy. He allows Michael to get into the castle through a water pipe from the most. Michael confronts him and accuses him of having murdered Count Orso himself. Quite a melee ensues, with everyone getting hit over the head, and the gypsies escaping their guards. They all straight out of the castle in mad pursuit of the Baron, who has grabbed Carla and a Justice to perform the marriage ceremony and escaped in a carriage. The chase that follows is really quite a thing, and you'll have to see it for yourself...—Unio.

P.S.

Wardrobe department discarded all of Maria's filmy sarongs and put her into seventeen petticoats for this one. However, in each of the wild gypsy dances performed by Miss Montez, her lovely legs are very much in evidence... The original song, "Gypsy Song of Freedom," was written by Edward Ward and producer George Waggner... The medieval castle in this film (the ancestral home of Baron Tovar) is an adaptation of the Tower of London set, a famous Universal Studio landmark. Prop department added a drawbridge, a moat and a bastion to the old site... During production, Jon Hall held up a few minutes shooting while he opened a package from Mrs. Hall (Frances Langford), who was overseas entertaining troops. Package contained two German revolvers for Jon to add to his extensive gun collection... Gale Sondergaard has one of her few sympathetic roles of her career. As a loving wife and mother she is instrumental in bringing Jon and Maria...
The choose Technicolor SELF-ADDRESSED, semi-comedy But powder turn Sycamore and stars way. The Million-Dollar was original of York departs (Brad ...). The boardwalks, PRODUCTION IN Cagney, O'Brien, tello, Marvin Ten? TORY?". Sonia Cohen, Woodmere, L. I.: WHO ARE GOING TO BE THE LEADS IN THE FORTHCOMING MOVIE PRODUCTION OF "WINGED VICTORY"?... Mark Daniels, Edmond O'Brien, Dick Hogan, Don Taylor and George Reeves will be hold-overs from the original cast, with Pvt. Lon McCallister and Jeanne Crain as extra added attractions. Marvin LeBoi, N. Y.: WHO PLAYED THE 5 SULLIVAN BOYS, BOTH AS KIDS AND AS GROWN-UPS? As a child As an adult

Al Matt Frank
Bobby Driscoll Billy Cummings Marvin Davis
Eddie Ryan John Arvin John Campbell
Johnny Calkins Buddy Swan
George Otherman

Are You in the Know?

If you were this junior hostess, would you say —

- "I hate games"
- "Let's join in"
- "I'd rather watch"

Everybody on the floor for the mixer! (Just when you're sharing that handsome Marine!) But a successful USO hostess forgets about herself — lets her guests have the fun. So you join in. At certain times, forgetting about yourself is easy when you trust your secret to Kotex. It's Kotex that has those patented ends — pressed flat — not thick, nor stubby. That's one important reason why Kotex is different from ordinary napkins. Skylark through a "calendar" evening, confidently. No outlines show . . . with Kotex sanitary napkins!

Tain't funny when falls cause 15,750 casualties a year! If your scatter rugs slip — blame yourself. Anchor them with rug cushions. And for safety's sake on difficult days, why not choose the only napkin with the 4-ply safety center . . . choose Kotex . . . and get plus protection? You'll like the dependable softness of Kotex. Unlike other pads, Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex stays soft while wearing — keeps its shape, keeps you more comfortable — longer!

Which do you need, for this "trim" effect?

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- Two weeks' allowance
- A milliner

You can do it yourself! Just cut out simple flower shapes from scraps of felt . . . tack 'em with snappers to your gloves and beanie. Vary the flower colors, and have matching accessories for every outfit! They go together. Like daintiness and smooth grooming. Like Quest and Kotex. For Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, answers the urgent need for a powder deodorant on "those" days. Used with sanitary napkins, safe, unscented Quest Powder banishes fear of offending.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

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Mrs. Ethel Mae Brown of Mt. Airy, Md., looks and feels like a new person.

"I was five feet three, weighed 188, wore a 42 dress and was all out of proportion," says Mrs. Brown. "My hips were 6½ inches larger than my bust, 1½ inches larger than my waist. But I thought I had taken the way. Then I gave the DuBarry Success Course a chance. In six weeks I lost 20 pounds, in six months 60! Now I weigh 128, wear size 14—have better health, better looks, more self-assurance and vitality than I ever thought I could possess."

"New knowledge of skin care and make-up," says Mrs. Brown, "brought new glamour into my life,"

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ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

Richmond, Virginia

DuBarry Success Course

DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your use.

Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead

Fun to have the stag line clamoring for you?

Making wallflowers blossom is our project this month!

Do you ever wonder frantically at what magic moment you will be transformed from a shy, gangling colt continually falling over yourself, to a smooth poised operator equal to any occasion? Sure, you've wondered. We can tell from your letters, from our chats with you, from the memory of us at fourteen and fifteen and sixteen. Chums, smoothness doesn't just hit you all of a sudden like a cold in the head. It comes slowly and painfully with experience.

Like golf or the rumba, you can't really get it from a printed page, but you can get a start on it. It helps to know how to introduce people, how to use your knife and fork, (Continued on page 99)
Hotel. Jake has hundreds of friends—all broke. They're mostly what Brad refers to as "vaudeville hams," and they come and live off Jake every time they're out of a job. It's not Brad's idea of how to run a hotel. Marilyn (Constance Moore) who had known Brad since they were kids, doesn't agree with his outlook on life, but she loves him anyway. So much that she gives up a chance to be in a Broadway show to stay in Atlantic City and marry him. Gradually she sees that she has made a mistake. Brad is completely engrossed in business. He continually pulls "fast ones" on his friends and business associates, till finally he has none left. Even Marilyn leaves him, convinced that he cares nothing for her. She becomes a star on Broadway and is seen everywhere with Carter Graham (Robert Castaine), but in her heart she still loves Brad.

Atlantic City attains all the popularity Brad has hoped for. Beauty pageants are held there regularly. But Brad overreaches himself financially, and he soon finds that even the city he has given his whole life to no longer wants him. That's when Jake and his "vaudeville hams" come to the rescue. And what rescuers they are! Sophie Tucker, Paul Whiteman, Belle Baker, Joe Frisco and Gallagher and Shean. No wonder the picture ends in a triumph of music, gaiety and happiness. Constance Moore is lovely as Marilyn, and you'll go for Republic's new discovery, Brad Taylor.—Rep.

P. S.
The seven-week original shooting schedule was raised to nine when Connie Moore was carried from the set for an emergency appendectomy. Luckily, most of her dancing scenes had been done . . . Connie has 24 costume changes in this picture. Universal costume designer, Adele Palmer, claimed one of the toughest jobs of her career. Seems the dresses for the post-World War I period are very much like those of today—round collars, low waistlines and side-drapes. Problem was to make the dresses look like period clothes . . . Cast and crew, talking together over cokes in the afternoon, were surprised to find how many were familiar with this colorful period in Atlantic City's history. Producer Albert Cohen, Charlie Grapewin, Ray Carey, Paul Whiteman, Belle Baker, Joe Frisco, Al Shepard (remember Gallagher and Shean and Gus Van and Scamp fame) all had beginnings on the Boardwalk . . . The gal who plays "Miss America" in this picture was once actually a bathing beauty. Won the California title at Venice in 1941. She's 20-year-old Elna Carroll. In case you girls want to check yourselves, she's 5'6" weighs 115 pounds . . . Brad Taylor, who plays the part of the same name in the picture, got his name from the script and not vice-versa. He's Stanley Brown, the guy who's died in thirteen Western pictures. Since this part takes him out of Westerns and puts him into big-time musicals, he took the name for luck . . . Paul Whiteman does the first singing of his screen career when he Varbels "On A Sunday Afternoon" with Miss Moore. Studio bought Connie the most beautiful pair of ball-bearing skates available for her production number with Jerry Colonna. She couldn't stay on her feet in the things—had to borrow a cheap pair from her small daughter . . . And wait'll you see Paul Whiteman (all 275 pounds of him) come down a kiddie slide in a play suit!

KISMET
Bagdad—city of enchantment! Gold and silk, Caliph and beggar, mingling in its narrow streets, weaving the magic of a thousand fairy tales. M-G-M has done

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From High School to Hollywood modern Cinderella

The recent announcement that beautiful Greta Christensen had won a Hollywood movie contract proves again that truth is stranger than fiction.

A year ago Greta was an obscure Chicago High School girl who occasionally modeled for photographers and artists. Her posing for the drawings of the Perma-Lift girl led to her discovery.

A talent scout, attracted by a Perma-Lift advertisement, found that Greta was not only beautiful but possessed unusual dramatic ability.

We all hope that Miss Christensen's career will parallel the meteoric rise to stardom enjoyed by the Perma-Lift brassiere she modeled. • A. Stein & Company Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto
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Use any pen to sign up for more WAR BONDS!

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some magic-weaving, too, with a story in Technicolor, and an exciting cast. Ronald Colman is a handsome Prince of Beggars. Marlene Dietrich is a queen who dances in a fabulous costume all of gold (you probably saw the pictures of it in Life magazine). James Craig, Edward Arnold and Joy Ann Page are also in the cast.

The most colorful character in Bagdad a thousand years ago, was a fantastic thief named Hafiz (Ronald Colman). Thief, yes, and beggar, too, but witty, dashing and the delight of every woman he meets. Hafiz lives in the slums with his lovely daughter, Marainsah (Joy Ann Page). He keeps her behind a high wall—no one but a prince is good enough for Marainsah. But the girl has other ideas about that. Unknown to her devoted father, she has met a young man and fallen in love. The fact that the young man says he's only a gardener's son doesn't bother her at all. Love in a garden sounds wonderful to Marainsah!

Actually, the "gardener's son" is the Caliph in disguise. Hafiz not knowing that, flies into a fury when he finds out Marainsah has been meeting him. Hafiz himself has been having a fine romance with a mysterious beauty named Jarmilla (Marlene Dietrich), but he takes time out from that to do something about Marainsah's future. He steals an elaborate costume from a bazaar, tricks a police captain into giving him an elephant and presents himself to the Grand Vizier (Edward Arnold) as a foreign prince. The Vizier is a thief and a scoundrel, but since Hafiz is a thief himself, he is not bothered by such details. He is bothered by the discovery that the Vizier is already married. Hafiz had planned to sell him on the idea that Marainsah would make an ideal wife. A further complication is Hafiz' unexpected meeting with Jarmilla, who turns out to be married to the Vizier. About that time, Hafiz is a thief, and the Caliph sends for the Vizier as an attempted murderer. The rest is sheer excitement, with sabers flashing in the sun and a harem full of beauties running for cover.—M.-G.-M.

P.S.

Production of "Kismet" started a nationwide search for—of all things—camels! Seems there were only six to be found in all Hollywood, and at least twelve were needed for the Caravan scene. They were finally rounded up from zoos and circuses all over the country... This was all to the displeasure of Mr. Colman, who was preparing the scenes where substitute wheelbarrows, Ronald had an unhappy experience with a camel while touring Egypt—the animal ran away with him. Since then he gets sensation each time he climbs up on one of the things... If you look closely, you will see an actual blush in Technicolor when Jimmy Craig kisses Joy Page. Scene was reshot a dozen times, but each time Joy would blush a more violent red. No number of rehearsals would help, so the scene finally had to be let with Miss Page's pink cheeks... Hard to believe when you see Miss Dietrich fanning hundred pounds of gold chains, a can of gold paint and little else, that she spent her spare time teaching the extras on the set to crochet afghans.

Miss Page didn't know Jimmy could sing until they heard him warble the Arabian love song to Joy. He was so good they added a scene to "Heavenly Body" so he could yodel a cowboy ballad. "Hedy Lamarr" 15 and some bruntal musical instruments for background music were borrowed from the famous Henry Eichler collection. Musical director, Herbert Stothart, had to add special clarinet and saxophone mouthpieces to the woodwinds and gaminol equipment before

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• Does not remove wave or curl
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Now, at home, you can quickly and easily dimsuit and stimulate streaks of gray to natural appearing shades—from lightest shade to darkest black. Brunswick and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thou- sands of women too. Brunswick is guaranteed harmless. No skill test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush on and comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply renews new gray appears. Easy to prove by taking a test look of four hair, before and $1.80 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

L U C K Y 1 N Nu M B E RS

Lucky

Lucky Love
his musicians could play them. Collection was insured for $100,000 dollars and was under constant police protection.

**RAINBOW ISLAND**

Somebody at Paramount must lie awake nights thinking up new excuses for Dorothy Lamour to wear a sarong. Not that this insomnia isn't in a good cause! In "Rainbow Island" she plays a white girl who was shipwrecked on the island as a child, and of course, dresses as a native. The picture is a comedy, with Eddie Bracken playing a sailor whom the natives think is a god.

They are prodled to this startling conclusion by Lona (Dorothy Lamour). When three stalwart representatives of the U. S. Navy land on the island in a disabled plane, Lona thinks it's too bad for them to have their heads chopped off. Particularly the handsome one named Ken (Barry Sullivan). So she suddenly detects this strong resemblance between Toby (Eddie Bracken) and Momo, the god of the island. The natives put away the execution axes and start worshipping Toby, who orders them to release Ken and Pete (Gil Lamb).

Toby thinks being a god is going to be a heck of a lot of fun. He is soon disillusioned. It seems gods don't eat, drink or have more than a purely academic interest in women. Pete and Ken, not being gods, aren't cramped by any such restrictions. But they have their troubles, too. Toby claims a god needs a slave, and in revenge for past rank-pulling, selects Pete. And Ken is constantly pursed by Lona, who plans to go back to America with him.

Ken's mind is on getting their plane fixed. That presents considerable difficulty, since the queen of the islands has taken all the spark plugs for a necklace. Furthermore, the natives are getting a little suspicious of Toby. He makes with the eyes at the girls, and in spite of some fancy leggerdomain by Ken and Pete, he doesn't make a very impressive god. In an attempt to get the spark plugs Toby gives the queen an overdose of sleeping powder. You'd better be there to see the rest!

Eddie Bracken is one of the funniest guys in pictures, and Gil Lamb gives him plenty of assistance. And of course there is Lamour, toujours Lamour.—Par.

**P. S.**

This time, at the request of servicemen from every fighting front, Dottie's torso drapes are scantier and more prettily colored than ever. They used to have zippers on them, but they created too much bulk for these, so Dottie had to come fifteen minutes earlier every day and be sewn into them. For one scene, a huge, carni-voorous plant was built by the studio and rigged up to operate by electricity. The day Eddie Bracken got swallowed up by the phoney plant, the power lines into Los Angeles went out of commission for two hours. Executives weighed comparative value of Brackens' comfort vs. complete destruction of delicate mechanism. In- decided to let Eddie stay inside the plant until the power went on. When lunch time came around, sympathetic pals passed sandwiches, Pepsi-colas through the plastic leaves to the luckless actor. Notice backgrounds in this one. Art Director Hal dane Douglas introduced a new type of South Sea Island architecture. Richer color, more traditional backgrounds. Leading Man Barry Sullivan spent the entire picture in most males' dream of perfect attire—dugarees, jacket and yachting cap. "Raffles," Coweth Wells' talking Mynah bird, has a prominent role. No truth to the report he was hired to write additional dialogue for some of the women.

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"**this One Complete Cream is all I need!**"

... says Deanna Durbin

Long hours of war work and film-making never dim her dawn-fresh loveliness. Adorable Deanna Durbin explains, "With satiny Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, I give my skin complete care—in seconds."

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**All you need is this one cream—to help make your skin film-star lovely. Cleanses. Softens. Smooths. Holds powder. Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.**

**Take** Hollywood's Beauty Night Cap: Every night cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, then use as a night cream for extra beautifying. Use also for freshening daytime clean-ups. 10¢ to $1.25.

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**Woodbury COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM**

FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. CLEANSES AS THOROUGHLY—DOES SO MUCH MORE BEIDES!
FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE • NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

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

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

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

★ Fashions for Teens—Fall and Winter
Hot tips for gals from 12 to 18. What to wear, when to wear it, how to match up your outfits. Dope to make your wardrobe look like an All-Adrian job. How to dress for your guy whether he's a gunner's mate or a handsome halfback. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens
This is specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Be Beautiful
For over 18's—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your need. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do'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 body, plus daily scoring chart. Free, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR ROMANCE

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c)
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Write a Love Letter
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win Prizes, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Whom Should I Marry?
Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. 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, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 101 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

Be a Better Dancer—by Arthur Murray
How to be a floating vision on the dance floor. 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.

FOR FANS
Super ★ Star Information Chart (10c)
Our new, revised 23-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bands and Records (5c)
Now and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra, 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hip cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

★ How to Join a Fan Club
Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fans clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite stars, club journals, chance for pen pals—even meet the stars themselves! Read about the new Modern Screen Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk
Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 21 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.
Handwriting Analysis (10c)
Send a sample of your or your guy's handwriting in ink (about 25 words). 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)

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
ONE WHIFF of a Karo breakfast is better’n an alarm clock at our house. Mom knows every day should start with a real energizin’ breakfast. So she whips up wheatcakes or waffles or hot biscuits... and serves them with hot buttered Karo. That saves butter, ’cause she doesn’t have to serve it at the table. And hot buttered Karo helps keep food hot, the way you like it. Take it from an expert... that’s me... you never tasted such rich flavor. Try it, won’t you?

the Karo Kid

HOT BUTTERED KARO...

Heat Karo, (about one cup for four people) melt a small amount of butter or margarine in it (1 or 2 tablespoons or pats—as your supply allows). Serve piping hot on pancakes, waffles, French toast, hot biscuits or fried mush. For flavor variations add a strip or two of fried and chopped bacon, or a little cooked, chopped ham (leftover if you like).

Karo is rich in dextrose... food-energy sugar.
Tests by doctors prove
Camay is really mild

How lovely it is—the softer, clearer complexion that comes with just one cake of Camay! Simply change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the very first cake of Camay, most complexions took on sparkling new radiance! Looked fresher, more delicate!

it cleanses
without irritation

With such dramatic proof of Camay’s mildness . . . proof it can benefit skin . . . don’t you want to try this tested beauty care? "Camay is really mild," said the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation." Get Camay today.

Go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—night and morning. Pat that mild Camay lather over your face—forehead, nose, chin. Rinse warm. And if your skin is oily, add a cold splash. With that first cake of Camay, you’ll see a lovelier bloom of beauty in your skin.

Mrs. Robert D. Backalmont, Montclair, N. J.
"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet worked magic for my skin," says this lovely bride. "Try it—see the softer, lovelier look that comes to your complexion . . . with just one cake of Camay!"

Treasure your Camay! Vital war materials go into soap, so make each cake L-A-S-T and L-A-S-T!
History gets made in the craziest ways.

I guess you noticed last issue that illustrious Fanny Hurst is now reviewing our picture of the month. For MODERN SCREEN, that is history.

Going behind the scenes, let's look at a pitifully palpitating young man (me), with awfully shiny shoes, riding in a mahogany elevator big enough for a concert.

"I understand," I said to the elevator girl, "that Miss Hurst is partial to animals."

"Well," said the girl, "she sold the monkeys."


Time marches on. Here I was in front of the door with my finger on the buzzer. A push would do the trick. Or a real hard tremble. I was groping desperately for a good opener. You couldn't simply say "Nice day" to Fanny Hurst.

She opened the door. "Nice day, isn't it, Mr. Delacorte?" she said. A tiny speck of a dog wagged an invisible speck of tail. Miss Hurst scooped him up and said, "Won't you have a cup of Turkish coffee?"

"Thank you, sir," I said calmly. I sat in the corner of a huge chair, sipping alertly because you never can tell when you'll come up with a fez between your teeth. Thinking, meanwhile, I gotta ask her to write for us, how shall I ask her to write for us, I gotta . . .

I think the inspiration came finally from Dunninger, the mind reading fellow. I wrote my question, real small: "How would you like to write for MODERN SCREEN?"

To which Miss Hurst said, "Why not?"
And that's how history was made.
Although Janie makes Maureen Toe the mark in important things like telling the truth and washing, she doesn't make any hard-and-fast rules. "She isn't going to be a slave to a clock or routine the way I was when I was a kid," she chirps.

Cherishing her maid, Janie indulges her every request, even to bringing her to studio to watch shooting on "The Doughgirls" set. That's Scotch and Soda with J. and M.

Maureen's nuts about Porky Pig book. Begs her mother to read story over and over again, until by now she can practically quote it word for word along with Janie!
Maureen and Janie are still Ronnie's favorite tomatoes, but boy! the competition from that vegetable patch!

nutty but nice

By Ida Zeitlin

"Sunday's a fine day," announced Maureen. "After the war, every day'll be Sunday."

"I think you've got something there," Jane agreed.

Her daughter knows when she's banged out a solid hit and makes the most of it. "Yes indeed," she chirped. "I've certainly got something there."

To Maureen, Sunday's the day for having fun with the people she loves. On Sunday, Nana—that's Grandma Reagan—comes to take her to Sunday school. On Sunday, Mother never goes to work. When Daddy comes home, it's mostly on Sunday—

When he takes off his uniform and comes down in his other clothes, slacks and shirtsleeves, up goes the glad old cry. "You're not Captain Reagan any more. Now you're plain Mr. Reagan, Daddy—"

Plain Gardener Reagan, Jane says, would be more like it. "Maureeny and I are still his favorite tomatoes, but we run into stiff competition from the vegetable garden!"

He can't wait to get out to the carrots and onions. He plays personal valet to every tree on the place. He calls one slope the Lower 40 and planted a deodar there as a Christmas tree—

Maureen follows at his heels. Jane sunbathes and watches. Gardening isn't her line, but she likes to contribute advice, which Ronnie treats with masculine loftiness. "Tend to your knitting, my good woman. Do I tell you how to dust ashtrays?" (Continued on page 96)
Hope took unmerciful robbing from Sinatra about his Weissmuller haircut for Sylvester Crosby role in "Princess and the Pirate." "I Never Left Home" proceeds go to Army, Navy relief.

Bing's never once turned down a Command Performance (above, with Frank, Judy Garland). Is staying on air this summer at G.I.'s request.

Bing averages camp show a week, and after next pic plans on overseas trek. This summer Bob toured S. Pacific bases with Colonna, Longford.

In music that means "with dash and noise," which suits Father

Bobby-Sox Crosby, Zoot-Snoot Hope and No-Blood Sinatra just dandy!
Coming back from his overseas Army entertainment tour a couple of years ago, Bob Hope landed in New York on his way to Hollywood and found himself with a night to relax. He looked up a pal of his and said how about an evening at the new late spots.

"Fine," said the pal. "We'll go over to the Waldorf and catch this new sensation, Frank Sinatra. He's terrific!"

"Sinatra?" Bob repeated blankly, "who's he—a juggler, or does he hoof?"

The pal gasped and asked if Bob was kidding. Then he remembered that Hope had been lost in a GI world for the last few months. Without further explanations he hauled him right over to the Waldorf-Astoria and a ringside table. After Frank Sinatra had crooned a few tunes and set the place on fire, Bob excused himself. "Pardon me while I make a phone call," he grinned.

He got Hollywood. He got a sleepy star out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, "Listen, Hips," Bob told him. "This is your favorite tack-up boy, Hope. I'm just calling to warn you. Look out! I'm in New York listening to a boy who's coming out to Hollywood and make you go to work."

"Bring him along," yawned Bing Crosby sleepily. "I'm getting fat and lazy anyway."

Bing Crosby didn't have to ask Bob Hope who the new boy was; he knew all about Frank Sinatra. And he wasn't kidding when he said, "Bring him along." Because above all the Old Groaner wanted a personal peek at the Swoon and a firsthand earful of his bent-notes. He was a Sinatra fan himself from the start, and there's a fairly ancient note on Bing's private stationery to testify to that in the possession of the Voice's leading fan-club (Continued on page 124)
The damn phone kept ringing. "Lo? Lana. Evie, I gotta tend Cherry . . ." "Hya, Van? Look, fella, I'm Hit Parading tonight, so . . ." But even so, the joint really jumped, jinx 'n' all—a slew of "no can do'ers," the hardware shortage, Jim Brown's baby being almost but not quite born. . . . Seems the Wynns had just moved into a shack that had, Item: 1 cot, 1 table, 2 wicker lounges! Which left it up to the gang to treasure hunt à la Sears Roebuck. And they dood it—scurried back with a dripolator, a set of chairs subbing as fugitives from an embalming emporium and tons of ice. Then, by gum, they sat—and gabbed: About tours and didies, war and peace, X's new pic and Y's induction and . . . Then Keenan whipped around some Jap mementoes till Neddy Poo woke up screaming. Whereupon the gang filed in and squatted near him making funny ha-ha faces till he fell off again. Could be Evie's still picking up after us and maybe Neddy's still yelping and Van probably can't sit down without some very tender—memories. But, oh brother, was it fun!

Once a B'way pro, Evie is agog over Metro's plan to feature her in "other woman" roles, will start soon now that Pap, just returned from overseas with Chennault, Stillwell congrats, has been I-A'd.
The fixin's were luscious, the music low, the spirit high, and the cracks corny. So here's hoping Van Johnson has many, many more of the same!

Van and the Master troossed over the huge grounds clippin' cosmos and honeysuckle to pretty up the party, kept track of Neddle by thos' bells Mamma ties on his shoes for that purpose.

Van looking happy-sloppy. Or could'be it's just that he's trying to hoard up a good heave to blitz thos' 21 candles. Should be 7 more, but that's tradition and he's stuck with it!
Coop took time out to dazzle Bob Walker with tales of the time he once de-gutted his Duesenberg, making 2 motors of origional. Bob's desolate. M-G-M's "grounded" him for duration—no more motor scooting!
Between checkings on car-confined pup, Judy told of thrill on learning her records had been aired on invasion boraxes, vowed gong with tale of 2 week vigil 'at mirror after nursing measles-bedded niece—'see, she'd never had 'em!

Beauty acting like the Beast. There was Van shuffling in slippers due to a tennis lesson Charlie Horse, and Evie birthday-whacked the wind out of him.

Well-known artist Dick Whorf had kids scribble 5 unrelated lines on blackboard, and presto, by finish of one chorus of "Gong's All Here"—a portrait!
It was Friday night at the Hollywood Canteen. Jess Barker was emceeing the usual topnotch show and looking around a bit on his own. Behind the snack bar was a slim, round-faced redhead, signing autographs and in general making the G.I.'s happy.

During a brief moment when his presence was not necessary on the platform, Mr. Barker stepped swiftly to the snack bar, leaned over to peer into Susan Hayward's astonished eyes and observe with all the seriousness of a Senator during an election year, "No, I don't think you are that brave a girl."

Then he returned to the platform. Susan blinked and stared after the tall blond gentleman with the devilish grin. Probably, she decided hazily, he had mistaken her for someone he knew.

Ten minutes later during an orchestral number. Jess suddenly bobbed into Susan's line of vision for the second unexplained time. "No," quoth he, "I'm certain you don't have that much courage." He studied her critically, shook his head and dashed back to the platform.

The third time this bewildering gentleman strode up to Susan, she was ready for him, as any properly curious girl would have been. "Just exactly what did you mean by those two remarks?" she demanded. "I'm not brave enough to what? I don't have enough courage to what?" (Continued on page 83)

As kid, set cap for baseball career; parents hoped for scientist. Once played semi-pro. Claims he'd turn to pitching if acting game doesn't pan out. Currently star-climbing in "Stalk the Hunter."

By Fredda Dudley
the women in his life

That first syrupy soda-fountain romance was just a prelude to the night Jess found Susie Hayward behind the counter!
Dick gladly swapped his $500-a-week film career at 20th Century-Fox for maritime service. He'd just finished work on "Wing and a Prayer." Home on first leave, he spent every available free second ogling movies!

Graduated from high school at 16, a star athlete. WON letter in basketball, swimming, played football. Claims this experience gave him stage presence later.

In one of his weekly letters home, he wrote rather wistfully, "Can't even wear my whites. But I tried 'em on, and gee, Mom, they really look sharp!"
To Dick Jaeckel, going to sea wasn’t just a whim. It was a passion, a crusade, the answer to a prayer . . .

It was 5 o’clock, and Dick had gone down for his physical at 7 that morning. Mrs. Jaeckel was beginning to worry. Heaven help them all if he hadn’t passed! But he must have passed—that hunk of healthy bone and muscle. Then what was keeping him so long?

The door blew open. “Whee! I’m a maritimer!”

“You did pass then? Did it take all this time?”

“Sure I passed. Otherwise, I’d have joined the Seamen’s Union and left for Murmansk in two days. Took them exactly 43 minutes to okay me. Went to a baseball game to celebrate. Here, Mom, sign these papers.”

She laughed a little shakily. “Couldn’t wait till after dinner, I suppose?”

“Nope.” She signed them. “Thanks. What’s for dinner?”

“Fried chicken, corn on the cob, cauliflower, salad, baked Alaska—”

“Very reasonable—” his current term of high approval.

“I’m definitely hungry. Passed on an empty stomach.”

It was good to see him. (Continued on page 79)
Frank has two ambitions. 1, large office with mahogany desk, push buttons. 2, retirement under tree in Hoboken! Below, with Lana Turner.

Frankie sighed with relief when he and Nancy moved into telephone-less H'wood home. "Now maybe I'll gain a pound!" He added five! Basking in reflected glory, Nancy has 14 fan clubs of her own in this country.

Twanged with CBS cowboy Cottonseed Clark on all-Western Command Performance. Scripters are dreaming up fall Sinatra television show.

Frank Sinatra

By Jean Kinkead:

Poverty was such a wee thing. What did Frank and Nancy want anyway—egg in their beer?

Frankie had finished a Hit Parade broadcast and was dashing out of the studio when two guys came toward him, a soldier and a sailor. They were smiling kind of tentatively, and he grinned back at them vaguely; and then they came nearer, and he saw their faces. He ran up to them and held out his hand. "Golly," he said, "It's swell to see you guys."

They were a couple of buddies from the old days. Two of the kids who used to think he could sing way back when he hardly thought so himself. He remembered their names and their brothers' names, and when they asked if he'd have his picture taken with them, he coralled the photographers and posed with them for five flash-bulb blinding (Continued on page 45)
Hies to Palm Springs on days off from "Step Lively." Columbia Record Co. proxy gifted him with spaniel, "Captain Buzz."
Frank Sinatra

CONTINUED

Gagsters gifted him with Crosby pipe, toupee, over a thousand Crooner platters. But he can give it right back as shown above, with Jerry Calonno’s mustache. Named new boat “Little Nancy.”


Editors Al and Henry had farewell chat with Frank just before he left for Coast. Proud papas swapped baby tales, and F. invited them to spaghetti and meatballs at his new house next time they’re in H’wood. After illness, he sent out printed thank-you cards to fans who wrote when he was hospitalized.

Got kick out of signing Short Snorter. When he “Sweet Adolined” with admiral, general, at Bonshoe meeting, toastmaster twittered, “—true democracy. Our boys are fighting for the right to stop singing like this!” Right, Coss Daley.
Just before Army induction, Rooney joined Frank in huge benefit for war wounded in H'wood Bowl before 18,000 fans. Mickey beseeched Voice to exploit numbers he'd composed.

minutes. A couple of days later when the pictures were developed, he took time out at lunch to scrawl a few sentences on each one and to put them in the mail for the kids. "Why the fuss over those two?" A fellow at his table in the commissary asked him. "Who the heck are they?"

Frank looked across the table at him coldly. "They're my pals," he said simply.

Tell that to the next dope who tries to say that Sinatra's gone Hollywood. Tell them that, and stick your tongue out at them for us. The Frankie Sinatra who lives in the lovely old house on Toluca Lake, who wears custom-made clothes and drives a long, lean Cadillac, is fundamentally the same little guy who used to sing for free with the Demarest High Band. That's not saying he hasn't developed a fondness for caviar and good tweeds which he could never afford before. Or that he hasn't switched from third balcony seats at the Stanley in Jersey City, to loges at Grauman's Chinese. But in his heart he hasn't changed, and that—considering the roller coaster ride of the past few years—is really something. (Continued on page 106)
If M.D.'s permit, Betty intends cross-countrying with Harry, was desolate 'cause she couldn't dance at Astor Roof where 2000 fans greeted James opening.

By Cynthia Miller

The James Girls

"And Vicki makes 3." Presenting the newest

James pin-upper—a wail, a grin, a tuft of fuzz.

Betty, Vicki and Punkin James were all gathered in Harry's music room and, of the three, only Vicki looked cheerful. Betty was forlorn because Harry had left that morning. The poodle's head was down on his paws, because he hadn't made up his mind about Vicki yet. On the recording machine, a platter was going—the James version of "I'm in the Market for You."

"We're lonesome," said Betty, "so we're listening to Daddy's music—"

Vicki didn't look lonesome. The couch was soft and wide, the blanket was soft and blue, her mother was sitting beside her, and she couldn't think of a thing she needed right then. So she kicked a leg, blew a bubble and guhhed.

From another couch, set at right angles, Punkin watched her moodily. If she hadn't been there, he'd have been nuzzling Betty. But he doesn't know quite what to make of her daughter. It's not that he's jealous of Vicki, just a little leery. Nobody ever told him to keep away from her, it's strictly his own idea. (Continued on page 132)
Joyce again, in Featherlite Persian lamb. In both pictures: Thornton hats, Emily Wilkens Young Originals, Wear-Right gloves.

Warners' "Janie," Joyce Reynolds, goes collegiate in a Hollandor mink-blended, lol-lout muskrat, made on classic lines.

FURS! When you see 'em on Joyce Reynolds

... it's love . . . love . . . love!
Joyce Reynolds was purring. But who wouldn't be? "Janie" had turned out to be the kind of a hit that puts star dust in stars' eyes. And, by way of celebration, here was Janie herself seeing New York for the first time. Besides, she found the coats she was modeling for us something to purr about. Said so.

"This is how furs should be. No trimmings, no fixings. Just . . . nice . . . fur."

Which proves that our Joyce is strictly on the beam in the gray matter department. Mink trimmed with sequins can happen, of course. You saw it yourself in "Lady in the Dark." But for real life, the better the fur, the fewer the gags. When "chiffon mink" (Continued on page 114)
Miriam's complexion makes you think of a Romney portrait—her skin has such soft delicacy. She's another bride-to-be with that soft-smooth "Pond's look."

"I really do adore Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so fluffy-light when you smooth it on—and it certainly makes your face feel gorgeously clean and soft as can be."

**This is Miriam's Daily Pond's—Beauty Creaming . . .**

She smooths on Pond's luscious Cold Cream and pats briskly over face and throat to soften and remove dirt, makeup. Then she tissue off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—sending her white-covered finger tips over her face in little whirls. Tissues off again. "It's this double creaming that makes my face feel extra special—so beautifully clean and soft," she says.

**Use Pond's Cold Cream Miriam's way—every night and every morning, for your in-between beauty clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.**

Ask for the big, luxurious jar—large sizes save glass. And, you'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.

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**Her Ring**—a handsome 2 1/2 carat diamond in an unusual platinum setting. Two small diamonds are set on either side of the center stone.

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**A Few of the Pond's Society Beauties**

- Mrs. Morgan Belmont
- Lady Louis Mountbatten
- Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps
- Mrs. John A. Roosevelt
- Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart
- The Countess of Radnor

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**She's Engaged!** She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!
"Boutonniere" bedspread and matching draperies shown here in rose. Available also with blue or green background.

LESLE BROOKS, featured in the new COLUMBIA technicolor production "TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT," suggests Bates bedsprades and matching draperies for the college girl or for anyone faced with the problem of living in temporary quarters. Cheerful surroundings are morale builders to both the college girl and her older sister living near war work or a service camp. Bates bedsprades with matching draperies do just about a complete decorating job quickly, inexpensively... and the spreads serve as extra covering at night. War work comes first at Bates...that's why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite pattern.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY
Paul Henreid's putty in the hands of
that new baby. If a smile doesn't
fix him, a kiss works wonders!

Paul Henreid's got another girl, and they're both pretty shameless about the whole thing. He calls her Schatzi, Viennese for sweetheart. She makes love to him in front of his own wife. He buys jewelry for her. She has breakfast with him in her pajamas. One thing she hasn't done is ask him to light two cigarettes for her. But then, she never did get a chance to see "Now, Voyager."

She's a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired charmer named Monica, fifteen months old, and the Henreids haven't been the same since she arrived.

"What was it like," asks Lisl, "before Monica came?"

"The world revolved." (Continued on page 89)
An Island of Fun
In a Sea of Laughs!

There just couldn’t be a heaven-on-earth like this... where the standard of living is fun, and you spend your life watching Sarongs go by!

"Rainbow Island"
IN TECHNICOLOR

Hear These Hit Songs:
"BELOVED"
"BOOGIE-WOOGIE BOOGIE MAN"
"WHAT A DAY"

Paramount's
Romantic
Musical Comedy
starring

DOROTHY LAMOUR
EDDIE BRACKEN
GIL LAMB

with BARRY SULLIVAN

Directed by RALPH MURPHY

Screen Play by Walter DeLeon and Arthur Phillips
by Hedda Hopper

Here, for the first time, is Barbara's and Cary's side of the tragic struggle, as revealed to Hedda Hopper

Barbara and Cary play host to wounded war vets from nearby Army hospital. During Fifth War Bond drive, Cary trudged miles peddling bonds door to door.

The Fighting Grants

Barbara Hutton Grant, the saddest little rich girl I've ever seen, is putting up the battle of her life. The old courage and fortitude that must have been always somewhere deep in the character of Frank Woolworth's granddaughter are coming to the front. For, after all, Barbara is an American of seasoned stock who just happens to have had the heritage of enormous wealth wished on her. Would she be a happier girl, a happier wife and mother, without those millions that her hard-nosed, hard-fisted Yankee forebears garnered and dropped into her small lap?

However that may be, and no one has the right to pass judgment, life and fate are giving her just as tough and bitter a lot as most of us have to put up with. Barbara was thirty years old, with two unhappy marriages behind her, before she learned to fight. Before she learned, perhaps, that an unlimited bankroll doesn't constitute in itself a certified passport to happiness.

When she made up her mind to put a stop, once and for all, to the inhuman actions imposed upon her as the price of a mother's right to raise her child, I asked to come and see her.

"Oh," she cried pathetically, "Cary and I would love to have a baby! Cary and I both love children. We'd like to (Continued on page 102)
Garden fresh all winter ... that's Starspun*. It's a canny scotch gingham that'll keep you as snappy as a green bean all winter long. And it washes in a plaid-happy way thanks to its permanent starchless finish. Here Starspun is styled for school days or kitchen capers ... and we've dittoed the dress in a pint-sized edition for the canning wizard of ten years hence. About $3 in sizes 3 to 6, and about $6 in sizes 10 to 16. Dan River Mills, Danville, Va.

New York Sales Office: 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.


Mrs. Henry Harper, Co., Dallas, and other leading stores.

IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC
what a man!  

That's hopeless!" But that ain't the way Bob Ryan heard it.

Among the souvenirs Robert Ryan keeps in his lock box is a crinkled scrap of paper with some large scribbles on it in an excited feminine hand. He pinched it a while back off the desk of an RKO producer right after Ginger Rogers said, “So nice to have met you, Mr. Ryan.”

Big Bob Ryan was in David Hempstead’s private office due to a frame-up. He didn’t know it, but he was there to get the very keen once-over by Ginger: Object—possible matrimony. On the screen, of course, in “Tender Comrade.” Although it wasn’t very possible in Ginger’s mind at that point. In fact, she had been saying “No” so steadily whenever anybody mentioned Robert Ryan’s name as the lead for her starring (Continued on page 117)
The slumbering fire of BLACK PANTHER attacks a man's heart—attacks a woman's—until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an unforgettable evening... but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. At all 10¢ stores.
“The Merry Monahans”

Nothing could split up that Oakie, O’Connor and Ryan song-and-dance act. Not even a woman.

1. In 1899 Pete Monahan (Jack Oakie), engaged to his vaudeville partner Lil (Rosemary DeCamp), is tricked into wedding conniving showgirl. She deserts him and children.

2. Pete and kids, Jimmy and Patsy (Don O’Connor, Peg Ryan), forge ahead in 3-a-day song and dance act, hit Keith bigtime.

3. En route to next stand, soapy Jimmy meets Sheila (Ann Blythe), is thrilled to learn she’s booked at same theater.

4. Her widowed mother is Lil. Pete plans to propose, but her partner, Pembroke (John Miljan), beats him to it.

PRODUCTION: This was Don’s last picture as a single man. He and Hollywood High School’s loveliest, Gwen Carter, were married shortly after the production closed. It was Don’s scene with his make-believe mother-in-law in the picture that gave him courage to speak to Gwen’s mother. In the story, he convinces (Continued on page 62)

By Maris MacCullers and Charis Zeigler

STORY: They were The Monahans—Songs, Dances and Patter—and they were Irish and funny and gifted and inseparable. There were three of them: Pete, Jimmy and Patsy. Once they had been four, but that was a long time ago when Jimmy and Patsy were still kids hardly able to take their bows. Pete never spoke (Continued on page 63)
9. When manager refuses to put their dad in show, kids quit and came back to him. They pretend they were flaps without him, but he's read rave notices, walks out of their lives. They trail him and join him in huge Liberty Loan rally with Lil and Sheila in N. Y. Agent catches act.

8. Pete goes on wagon, hurls brick thru window in celebration, is jailed. Jimmy and Patsy are B'way sensation.

6. Sheila, who dislikes and distrusts Pembroke, plans to run away if her mom weds him. She consults Jimmy who persuades her to elope instead!

7. Clerk SOS-es their families. Pete approves, but Lil and Pembroke forbid it. Back home Sheila shames Pembroke into admitting he is using her and her mother for his own selfish ends. He leaves.

5. Heartbroken, Pete goes off the wagon, misses cues right and left. One time when kids go on alone, B'way talent scout sees them, asks them to look him up.
Teacher's pet

In school a lot of things get torn
Besides a teacher's nerves.
But Texcel Tape can mend them all,
In jagged lines or curves.

For hefty maps, for little books,
For blotters, cards and such,
Smart teachers bank on Texcel Tape.
It mends with just a touch.

And when a pointer breaks in half
Or pencils snap in two,
A few quick wraps with Texcel Tape
Will make them good as new.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-ums" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
Until the judgment dawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is working in the war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

COOL HANDS, WARM HEART

You bought War Bonds in all the drives and donated to the Blood Bank twice so you feel that a bit of Cassino and Tarawa and Normandy belong to you. And they do.

But boys died there, even with your bullets and your blood. Maybe they would be coming home with the rest of the gang if there had been enough nurses to administer the blood plasma, soothe the wounds. But there weren't. And there still aren't.

And that is why we're asking for help again—but this time we're asking for you. To take a course in home nursing, not only to better protect your loved ones at home, but to prevent any illness from becoming so serious as to necessitate a nurse's services. To become a Nurse's Aide, thus releasing a graduate nurse for active duty. To join the Cadet Nurse Corps and become a graduate R.N. while having your complete tuition, living expenses and spending money provided by the government.

And if you're already a nurse, either retired or specializing in private cases, why not enlist in the Army or Navy Reserve?

Our boys need you desperately.
To soothe them, to save them. So write to the Red Cross today and ask how you can become a part of that vast network of help and hope that fights for the lives of our boys after they've fallen fighting for ours.
Wadsworth Personality Compacts
reflect a woman's good taste

Lynn Bari

The woman who carries a Wadsworth compact is a "marked" woman. Marked for her good taste...her sense of style and design...her love of quality. Exciting styles that never shout but barely whisper all the things you are.

LYNN BARI
20th Century-Fox Star
appearing in
"Sweet and Low-Down"

FIRST NIGHTER

"Victoria" for the young-in-heart and softly spoken... "First Nighter" for the suave cosmopolite... "Persian" for the dreamer. The makers of fine Wadsworth watch cases have utilized their metal handling skill to make these compacts not only lovely to look at, but as exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold by leading department and jewelry stores, from two dollars to three hundred dollars.

THE WADSWORTH
Makers of fine compact...fine watch cases...small precision parts

THE MERRY MONAHANS
(Continued from page 60)

about the woman he had married, the woman who had run off leaving a casual note of farewell, and the kids never asked. Pete was father and mother, teacher and boss of the act, and that was enough. There was never anyone like Pete.

It was because of Pete that they scrambled up through the ten-cent vaudeville houses of the turn of the century. He kept after them, teaching them all the subtle tricks of a performer: How to put over a song, how to sell a gag, how to pull an audience up in their seats until the applause was louder than the thump of the bass drum in the orchestra. Of course the kids had talent. But it was Pete who built the act until that fabulous day the man backstage had murmured the incredible words: Keith time.

So now they were on their way to Philadelphia, on the big time, on Keith time. The Monahans. Jimmy Monahan sauntered through the train feeling excited and pleased and bored. He wanted to celebrate. Back in the parlor car Pete and Patsy were whiling away the time playing checkers. He could find better things to do.

casanova in black face...

He wandered through the length of the (Continued on page 66)
When author Parsons visited Sinatra and Kelly on "Anchors Aweigh" set, they painted canvas chair, "Pen" for her. Tunesmiths Silvers and Van Husen wrote ballad "Nancy With the Laughing Face" for Nancy Sinatra's fourth birthday. Frank'll introduce it, and all royalties will go into annuity fund for her college tuition.

Nelson Eddy's and Jeanette MacDonald's appearance in "Naughty Marietta" on Lux Radio Theater marked their first reunion in more than a year. Audience gave them tremendous ovation.

Beautiful rumor has Shirley Temple engaged to pilot. Could be Roy Hotchkiss, U. S. Air Corps, who squired her to "Since You Went Away" premiere.

Just out of bed with sore throat, Gloria DeHaven partied at Mocambo with Dave Rose. Her new Brentwood apartment's envy of kids on Metro lot. Cuts 30 minutes driving time off her schedule.

Lana's WAC wardrobe for next pic includes new date dress. Bomber "Turner" has completed 112 missions over Germany. Above, with Pete Lawford.
Lt. Bruce Cabot welcomed home from wars . . .

Deanna Durbin now a long-haired blonde . . .

Lana Turner discovers Turhan Bey!

Let's face it! It's Turhan Bey, kid! He is the man of the hour. I have never seen anything like the demonstration for Turhan following the "sneak" preview of "Dragon Seed."

It was all I could do to get myself and my new hat through the mob of Bobby Sockers (ah, how fickle is youth) who were determined to see, touch or yell at their new idol as we left the theater.

Pushing along beside me in the jam was a beautiful blonde girl. I could only see the top of her head, but I could hear her sighing, "He's for me." It wasn't until a couple of seconds later I saw her face. It was Lana Turner.

P.S. The next night they were dining at a cozy table for two at the candle-lighted Beverly Tropics. So maybe Lana knew what she was talking about!


I was out watching The Feet, The Voice and The Body emit the day Frankie's four-year-old daughter Nancy, was paying her Papa a visit.

She sat like a little owl on the sidelines watching her old man and Gene run through a dance number, "What do you think of your father's singing?" I asked Nancy.

Without a word she went into a dead swoon.

After she had straightened herself again I said, "And now—what do you think of his dancing?"

With an equally dead pan Miss Nancy grasped the end of her nose between two small fingers, clothes-pin fashion, and held it a long time. There was no added comment.

The latest flash on the boy wonder, Richard Jaeckel, is that he has grown three inches in height since he's been in the Merchant Marine. Right now he is an assistant engineer on a boat in the Pacific, ferrying recruits to a nearby training island. It's a promotion for Dick because, before that, he had been a "stoker." As he wrote his mother:

"It was 'hot' stuff in more ways than one."

The "welcome home" party Errol Flynn gave for his pal, Lt. Bruce Cabot, was the prettiest party of the year. It was an evening long to remember. The night was balmy and warm for a change (we've had it cold out here all summer).

Errol had arranged the tables at his hilltop home on a terrace overlooking the swimming pool. The whole Valley of Beverly Hills and Los Angeles was spread out below us like a beautiful, lighted crescent-shaped fan.

Instead of dancers or the usual fortunetellers, Errol had provided some novel entertainment. There were six marvelous professional swimmers and (Continued on page 68)
train. He came finally to the observation platform, and he stood there watching the tracks unreeve like an endless skein under the wheels of the train. On either side the landscape rushed past, rounded hills and sudden plains, green in the summer. He watched it idly. Then his eye caught the ladder that rose from the back of the train to the roof.

Nonchalantly, he slipped over the rail of the car onto the ladder. He climbed until his head was level with the roof of the scudding train. His eyes narrowed a bit. And then in one swift movement he scrambled to the top, and he stood there on the roof of the train, leaning forward into the wind, grinning an impudent Irish grin. He broke into a little victory jig up there and chanted a few lines from the latest hit.

He waved with easy grace to a farmer plowing a field. The farmer waved back and then almost fell flat on his face in surprise. Jimmy laughed. This was more like it. He felt like a conquering hero. Well that was how an act on Keith time should feel. He jigged again.

And just then he saw the tunnel. It came rushing up like the open mouth of the biblical whale who swallowed Jonah. Jimmy said: "Twenty-three, skiddoo," and dropped flat on his face. The tunnel roared overhead in blackness. And then they were out in open countryside. Jimmy rose a little sheepishly. He brushed his clothes. They looked like something he'd stolen from a scarecrow. He rubbed his face reflectively, and his hand came away black. Well, live and learn, so Jimmy waved once more to the green hills and the pleasant plains. And climbed down.

The girl stared at him.

She was pretty as a rose in a field of thistles. She was fresh as a tumbling brook in a desert. Her eyes were like twin forget-me-nots, and the tilt of her nose was gay as an Irish tune. She was sitting on one of the chairs on the observation platform. And she was staring at Jimmy. She wasn't frightened. She wasn't surprised. Jimmy didn't move. It seemed like a pleasant idea to have her looking at him. He didn't mind how long it went on. As long as he could look back.

She said: "Do you always drop in on trains like that?"

"Oh, I've been on the train," Jimmy said.

"I was just out strolling."

"Strolling?"

"More fresh air up there."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"Not as crowded either."

"I'm sure of that."

"Are you on this train?" Jimmy said.

She smiled: "Guess," she said. "I mean are you going to Philadelphia?"

"Unless the engineer changes his mind."

"Live there?"

"No."

"Visiting?"

"No."

"I give up," Jimmy said.

The girl pointed to a script in her lap: "I'm on the stage. Our act is going to play Philadelphia."

"Act?"

"I'm with Arnold Pembroke's company. My mother, I and Mr. Pembroke."

"You're his daughter?"

"No. My name is De Royce. Sheila De Royce."

"And you're going to play Philadelphia. Keith's."

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I'm a fortuneteller in my spare time."

"Spare time! Her eyes were full on him now, the tattered clothes, the half-blackened face. "Isn't all your time spare time? It must be nice to be on the road. No worries. No troubles."

(Continued from page 63)
Jimmy said: “You mean you think—”

“Well, aren’t you?” she said.

“A hobo? A tramp?” He laughed and then added: “And don’t forget, Fortune-teller, too. Young lady, I can see your future. A young, dark—anyway he’s dark now—man is entering your life. You will see him again.”

“Anything else?” Sheila said.

“That’s all for now,” Jimmy said. “But it’s only part of my act.”

post performance . . .

It was in Keith’s Philadelphia Theater that Pete Monahan met Sheila De Royee’s mother. Jimmy arranged it. He brought them to the dressing room and knocked on the door. Pete cheery called “Come in,” and then they stood there facing each other. For a moment it was very quiet in the room. Then Pete was slowly getting to his feet and he said: “Lil.”

“Pete.”

Jimmy looked from one to the other: “You know each other?”

Know each other?

For Pete, time was reeling back through the years, swiftly as the silent slip of sands through an hour glass. He felt again all the press of emotion, and he could remember—how clearly he could remember it—the night in the Boston theater when Lil had promised to marry him.

But the rest of it was like a nightmare. He had never loved anyone but Lil, and he had been the happiest man in the world when she had said yes. He never dreamt it could go wrong. But it did go wrong. Another girl, Rose, said he had promised to marry her the night before, had promised. And he couldn’t remember. For the night before was shrouded in drink and gaity. And perhaps he had—

Lil believed it, and she had run from the theater, her footsteps echoing down the alleyway, the sound of it final and abrupt, and over it the sound of her tears. That was the last time he had ever seen Lil. And out of spite, out of heartless greed and despair, he had married Rose. And he remembered the note Rose left when she had walked out on him: “. . . you never promised to me at all. That night all you could talk about was Lil . . .”

Know her?

He had never forgotten her, never through all the years. He could remember the curve of her cheek and the sound of her laughter and the cool touch of her hand. So looking at her now, it was as if she had never left; because in memory she had always been with her. Life was funny, it ran in patterns. And now the pattern was repeating itself, and repeating itself in double. In a Philadelphia theater Lil and Pete stared at each other; and in the corridor just outside, their children, Jimmy and Sheila, were standing together.

Jimmy said quietly: “Hey, I think they can get along without me to push the conversation.”

Jimmy took Sheila’s hand, and they walked out of the room. They could hear Pete say again, in a tone of wonder and quiet tenderness: “Lil—”

From the doorway of a dressing room little further down the hall, a tall man was watching what happened. He was Arnold Pembroke. There was nothing in his eyes as he watched, only the faint glimmer of something indefinable. He was impassive; but still, perhaps in the pose of his body, there was something sinister. “Sheila”—he said softly.

There was almost fear in Sheila’s eyes as she looked up. Jimmy felt her hand go stiff in his. Pembroke hardly moved. He spoke quietly:

“May I see you a moment?”

(Continued on page 70)
divers who performed breathtaking stunts in the water. In the background a full orchestra played all the hit songs in a soft romantic mood.

I saw long, lanky Gary Cooper and his snazzy dressed wife, sitting at a pool-side table enthusiastically applauding the swimmers.

Boris Lukas forgot his dignity (and the fact that he is an Academy Award winner) and told some hilariously funny stories. Among the beauties in the crowd were Ava Gardner and Paulette Goddar.

The party happened simultaneously with good news from the battle fronts, so for the first time in over two years the women wore their best clothes and loveliest jewelry and the men were in dinner jackets.

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are living in an apartment with only a partially furnished bedroom, an ice box, a stove and one chair in the living room.

When one of their first visitors remarked that she didn’t see how they could get along without two chairs, the happy groom replied: “You don’t? In a honeymoon apartment?”

Dennis Morgan’s young six-year-old daughter, Kristin, is always being cautioned to “be quiet” around the house because “Daddy is reading his script.”

The other day, one of Kristin’s playmates asked her if her father was a movie actor.

“No,” said Kris solemnly, “He’s a script reader.”

Why all the secrecy when Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker have occasional dinner dates? They even attended the sneak preview of “Since You Went Away” together, but they always act as though they don’t want to be observed. Why? Certainly nothing would delight their fans more than to see these two reconciled. Wait til’ you see their love scenes in “Since You Went Away!”

Someone, for reasons of his or her own—is creating a lot of anxiety and unhappiness in Van Johnson’s life.

Van’s father, who raised him and who lives only for his boy, had a terrific shock recently when he received a telegram urging him to get in immediate touch with his son. The wire read:

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU CONTACT ME AT ONCE (SIGNED) VAN.

I received it on the same wire. Several other people received similar messages.

Van, who was perfectly well and in no trouble, has a hunch who has been sending the alarming wires, but he feels he cannot speak until he is sure.

The same trouble-maker started the rumor that Van and June Allyson were secretly married.

Margaret O’Brien very proudly showed me her autograph book the other day. “I guess,” sighed Margaret who has her practical side, “it’s worth a lot of money but I would never sell it.”

Walter Pidgeon wrote: “To Maggie O’Deir O’Brien.”

Katharine Hepburn’s was: “To an angel who isn’t lost.”

Robert Young penned: “No matter what anybody says, I saw you first.”

Speaking of autographs in stars’ "guest books" here are a few others:

George Cukor inscribed in Ingrid Bergman’s prized autograph book: To "the girl who rang the bell, and for whom the bell tolled."

Hedy Lamarr wrote to Ann Sothern at the time she married Robert Sterling (I mean Ann married Bob—not Hedy): “To the G"-den Girl—who turned out to be Sterling!”

I find in my mail from Modern Screen readers many requests for the latest news about Gene Autry. That proves how loyal you all are, for Gene, who is now a flight officer with the Ferry Command, hasn’t made a picture for over two years.

The most recent time I saw Gene, I had only a brief glimpse of the famous cowboy at Danny Denker’s wedding. It was just the loyal Andy Gabler of the Coast to attend the services for his friend and patron. It was Sunny, the young radio advertising man, who discovered Gene for the air and put him on the radio.

The story goes that Denker was on the train with P. Wrigley, the gum magnate. He told Wrigley just how popular Gene was.

“Should make a good gum salesman, then,” laughed P. K. and that was enough for Denker. He built the show that started Gene on his radio career.

All Hollywood lost a wonderful friend in the passing of Danny Denker. He was the guiding genius back of the famous Lux Theater of the Air.

In the nine years the Lux show has been on the air, every great star in Hollywood has appeared as maestro Cecil De Mille’s guest—there is, evening star, who is always a holder-out in everything.

There are a brilliant parade of memories connected with this radio show—but certainly one of the most amusing concerns the dignified C. B. De Mille.

Seems that after about five days of a typical California downpour, De Mille had attempted to drive from his ranch to the radio theatrical. But he was washed out, and there was nothing for him to do but to saddle one of his horses and gallop to town on horseback! And galloping right behind him was his press secretary.

Seven-year-old Margaret O’Brien set the record for a child actress when she starred in "Lost Angel"—the first time in radio history that a child had appeared in an hour of broadcasting. Not being able to read the script, the little girl not only learned her own role by heart—but also memorized the entire play including the other actors’ roles—and the radio policemen.

I remember Alan Ladd’s first appearance on the Lux hour. It was in February, 1939, and the play was "The Return of Peter Grimm." Alan was then unknown, but his voice had that compelling quality that is one of his vital assets today. His part was small, and his pay was $59, the minimum AFRA rate.

Recently when he returned to the Radio Theater for "The Great John L," De Mille was almost one hundred times as much as he earned for his first broadcast!

Bing Crosby’s protégé, the good looking Greg McQuire, revealed by Bing for "The Great John L," dropped by my house the other day. He’s a six-footer and is the spitting image of John L. himself in his youth.

I asked Greg if Bing had given him any advice after his recent marriage.

"Sure," he laughed. "One of the first things he did was to read me a temperance lecture. He said: ‘I’m not a Holler-than-thous.’ But if you want to do it during the making of the picture, this is your big chance. You have a twenty-months-old baby and a wife to support—and just remember that nothingphotographs well 'than hangover.'" Pretty sage words, I’d say, from the ole Mossa.

Maureen O’Hara has named her baby—Bronwein Fitz-Simmons Price! At this writing the infant is too young to do anything about the situation—but kick.

(Continued on page 116)
When battery of giggling femmes besieged Laddie at tie counter of a H'wood department store, he beat them to door, escaped into passing car that had stopped for light. Driver was glad to rescue him.

Reconciliation rumors between Jennifer Jones and her ex, Bob Walker, are false, but there's no divorce in the offing, either. She's currently romancing with Watson Webb, who took her to premiere, above.

The Jimmy Craigs, who never budge off their ranch for love or money, dolled up and came into town for "Since You Went Away" premiere. He's currently commuting to M-G-M to work in "Ziegfeld Follies."

No matter how young and pretty you are today, if you have sensitive skin—watch out! You must protect it from dryness.

Start right now using Lander's Creams containing Olive Oil. They're the equitably fine, rich creams Hollywood stars use and praise to the skies!

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil smooths away tiny dry lines and flakiness. Leaves your skin rose-petal fresh, radiant.

Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil is heavenly for hands! Use it before work for protection—afterwards to soothe away roughness and dryness . . . to give your hands the white velvet softness men adore.

Get both creams at your 10c store today.
This is a Victory Gardener...

Shouldn't she be proud?

She should indeed! And Uncle Sam is proud of her too for making food fight for freedom. She'll be prouder still when she sees her garden in sparkling Pyrex Ware!

This is Pyrex Ware...

Shouldn't we be proud?

You bet we are proud to offer such lovely Pyrex Ware at such low prices. (You can buy all 7 dishes shown here for only $1.95.) Won't they look nice on your shelf?

This is a Victory Gardener doing herself proud with PYREX WARE. Isn't it grand?

IT sure is grand! . . . just watch your family's eyes when your Victory Garden comes piping hot to the table in gleaming Pyrex Ware! You won't have to waste a single hard-won carrot, because leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same Pyrex dish. You'll save dishwashing . . . and you'll save precious time, because food bakes as much as one-third faster in Pyrex brand glass.

AND LOOK AT THIS FLAVOR SAVER . . . the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles to make serving easier. You never saw a love-lier dish! Fluted edge and extra depth keep all the flavor and juices inside the pie and out of your oven. 10-inch . . . only 45¢

HEY, GARDENIES! This Pyrex Double Duty Casserole is two dishes in one. Bottom is an open baking dish, just right for baked apples, scalloped potatoes, and tomatoes. Top comes in handy as an extra pie plate. Three sizes: 1½ quart . . . only 65¢

This is the Pyrex Trade-Mark

You can find the little one pressed into the bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the orange label both mean "A Product of Corning Research in Glass." Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.

(Continued from page 67)

"Of course. Excuse me, Jimmy."

She went in. Pembroke swung the door shut. Always, in the presence of Pembroke, she felt that tightening, the swift scurrying spasm of fear. There was no basis for it. For Pembroke had been kind, and Mother liked him. He had given them a chance in his act, brought them out of the cheap houses. Still—

"I don't like to find fault," Pembroke was saying in a suave voice. "You know that, Sheila, don't you? I realize that you are young and that you like this young man. This Monahan. You do, don't you?"

"Jimmy?" Sheila said. "Yes, I do like him."

"Still, while it may be pleasant to dally with him, there's still our act to be considered. We have to work on it, polish it. That takes rehearsal and effort. You mustn't let your mind be too occupied by—by other things, shall we say. You understand that, Sheila?"

"Yes, of course, I do want our act to be successful."

"I shouldn't like to have to replace any part of my act. That would be unfortunate, wouldn't it? You understand, don't you, my dear?"

"I understand," Sheila said flatly. Still it was one thing to say you understood quite another to be with Jimmy Monahan. For Jimmy was gay and free. Jimmy made her feel young and care-free. He made her feel almost—almost like what? Like a girl in love?

So they swung around the circuit. Out of Philadelphia, they swung across country. It was like a montage of a summer carnival, songs and laughter, dancing and music. They swung through the Keith circuit across the fat, laughing breadth of America. Pete and Lil, Jimmy and Sheila. And Arnold Pembroke.

Finally, they reached San Francisco. Pete Monahan was making up at the mirror in the dressing room at the Orpheum in San Francisco. Patsy and Jimmy were humming a number they did during the act, running through it swiftly. Through the thin door came the sounds of the show going through its paces out front, fast music, blaring with brass, for an animal act. The Monahans were due to go on in a little while.

Pete slapped some makeup on his face:

"Listen, kids," Pete said. "There's something I want to tell you."

"You're too late," Jimmy said. "We know about the stork."

"And the birds and bees, too," Patsy said.

"I'm not kidding," Pete said. "This is

IT'S NOT JUNE IN JANUARY

But it's practically Christmas in July. No, December 25th will still be Christmas home here, but if we want to make sure that our felias over here have a Merry Christmas with all the trimmin's, we'd better start thinking about it—and pronto! The Post Office Department is asking us to please, but please, make sure that all holiday gifts get sent out by September 15th and no later than October 15. The regulations on size, weight, packing, etc., are the same as always, but no need for a letter of request.

So lucky, if you think Bill is having enough of a show out there without being bothered with presents, o.k. But if he's just a plain joe homesick for the States and you, a carefully bought gift, well-wrapped and arriving at the Nick of time will do a heck of a lot to prove to him that we realize that it isn't always our morale that needs the boosting!
"Need some money, Pop?" Jimmy grimed. "I can spare twenty."
"It isn't money. It's—It's—"
Patsy said: "You're blushing!"
Pete blurted it out then: "It's about Lil. You like Lil, don't you kids?"
"She's swell."

"Well, I'm glad. Because I think she's swell, too. Always did. And now—Well, kids need a mother and—"
And you need a wife," Patsy said. "Is that what you're getting at?"
"O.K. Pop," Jimmy said airily. "You've got our permission."
"What does Lil say?" Patsy asked.
"She doesn't know," Pete said. "I don't think she knows I'm still in love with her. But I'm going to pop the question tonight."
He grimed. "Wish me luck."
"You can come live with us if things get tough," Jimmy said.
"Us?" Patsy said. "You didn't ask me."
"I meant Sheila and me," Jimmy said. There was a blare of music from out front. A buzzer sounded in the dressing room. Pete got up laughing. They walked to the door. The Three Monahans.
"We're on," Pete said. "There's our cue."

Arnold Pembroke watched the Monahans trot toward the stage. Then he closed his dressing room door. Another man was seated inside, puffing a cigarette. He was Osborne, Pembroke's agent.
"You heard me, didn't you?" Osborne rasped. "It's time you quit kidding yourself, Arnold. You're washed up in New York. You're washed up in vaudeville, too. Except for one thing."
"Yes?" Pembroke said.
"The girl. Sheila. That's why they're booking your act. And you know it. You can see what's going on. You've got to keep that kid in the act. And now with that Monahan kid making a play for her and his old man out for Lil—"
"Yes, I know," Pembroke said suavely. "I don't need you to do my thinking for me. Sheila won't leave as long as her mother stays with me."
"But if Lil marries Pete Monahan? They were in love once. And it looks as if history is repeating itself."
"Not quite," Pembroke said. "Lil doesn't know Pete is still in love with her. And she won't find out."
"Why not?"
"Because she's going to be my wife, just proposed to her, and she accepted," Osborne whistled. "You're a first grade stinker, aren't you, Pembroke?"

Pembroke shrugged: "Just a business man. I have to protect my investments."

Pete got drunk when he found out. And he stayed drunk. It was as if something had snapped in him, the thin taut rope of hope or love. There wasn't anything for Jimmy or Patsy to do except wait, hoping that time would heal it.
Pete missed shows. The kids had to go on alone. The crowd liked them. A New York scout invited them to look him up on Broadway. But they stuck by Pete. They always told him they flopped when he wasn't in the show."
"They sat on their hands," Jimmy said.
"They were reading papers," Patsy said. And Pete looked up at them with half sober eyes, knowing they lied. He always promised it was the last time. And then went out and got drunk again.

It was late one night in Salt Lake City that the phone rang in the hotel room the Monahans shared. Jimmy heard it. He got up rubbing his eyes, still half asleep, and stumbled to the ringing phone. He (Continued on page 74)
headlines for fall

by Carol Carter

- Taking time out from thinking up bigger and better ways to beautify MODERN SCREENers, I twirled the radio dial, and Jack Carson's show turned up. Someone was accusing him, "... you're jealous of Dennis Morgan's curly hair." Carson hooted, "Why shouldn't his hair be curly? He sleeps all night on a Venetian blind."

Which set me right back thinking about business. Kids, you realize, don't you, that sleeping on a Venetian blind is not the way to curl your hair? Jack's a fine fellow, but what he knows about beauty shouldn't happen to Venus. However, speaking of Venus just naturally brings Rita Hayworth to mind. Mrs. Orson Welles is one femme who knows practically everything there is to know about beauty. Recently "The Reet," as her pals call her, budded forth in a new and super Fall hair-do. MODERN SCREEN went to work to record this new coif in an exclusive pix. Nice work, eh? And, thinking of you as I always am, how about a new hair-do for you?

SHAMPOO SAGA. You can have fun deciding upon your new "do." There's Rita's up-business or you can take your pick of the collection on p. 76. But before you get busy with combs and curlers, give a thought to the condition of your hair. Summer's past, but are you sure the fierce summer sun hasn't left its mark? Hot sun, dust, perspiration and casual grooming methods conspire to leave it in a shabby state at the end of the season. Get busy on an intensive hair-conditioning program. Nothing fancy, just

Intriguing! Helen Hunt's the stylist.

La Hayworth shows us how 'tis done.

Her new pic, "Tonight and Every Night."
the good old reliables: proper shampoos, brushing and massaging, plus a few added helps, such as cream for brittle ends and a corrective scalp preparation.

All shampoos are not meant to be used alike. Read directions, my pets. Some are to be diluted, some not. Many of you pen me notes: "How often should I go through this shampooing business?" That depends upon whether you toil in clean country air or the sooty city variety. But one week to ten days is the safest shampoo-spacing, more often if necessary. And some of you want to know if frequent shampoos are havoc-making. Well, Rita Hayworth washes her hair almost every night. Is her hair lovely? I ask you!

About shampoo variety . . . there are several honeys on the market. A particularly good soapless liquid with hair-conditioner added that does a fine job in bringing out the luster of your tresses leaving them nicely manageable. An ocean-foam shampoo that whips up into a foamy lather, a delightful whipped-cream affair.

Comes your particular hair-washing day, you can thoroughly enjoy the delightful shampoo ritual. First, with a spanking clean brush, sweep out tangles and surface dirt. Then douse your locks with warm water. Next step is the application of a clean-making, fragrant shampoo. Massage the scalp briskly so that you stir the shampoo into a creamy, heaped-up lather. Rinse thoroughly and repeat the whole process a second time. Rita tells me that when she's shampooing she pays special attention to the areas just behind the ears and the hairline where powder clings. And she has learned that when you can see little water crystals on the hair, you know it has been thoroughly rinsed.

RINSE? REALLY! Oh, yes, you'll love the effect of an after-shampoo rinse. Cuts away soap film, it does. Besides leaving your hair Hayworth-soft and bringing it a colorful glow. You can dip your shampoo-fresh mane into the stuff, pour it on or brush it on; but use it you certainly will once you've experienced the delightful results. And, bright thought, the effect will last happily until your next shampoo, but is not dye-permanent. (Continued on page 113)
*heartbeat*

WHEN HEARTS ARE HIGH

FINE AMERICAN PERFUME AT AN AMERICAN PRICE

(Continued from page 71)

half expected it was Pete.

Sheila!

He hurried down to the lobby where Sheila was waiting. There was a half determined, half frightened look on her face. Then walking through the quiet streets of the city, she began to talk.

"I can't stand it any longer, Jimmy. I'm afraid of Pembroke. There's something cruel about him. Sometimes I can see his eyes on me, almost feel them, feel the evil in them. Maybe it's my imagination. I don't know. It's never anything you can put your finger on. But it's there. I don't want to stay any longer ..."

They were in a little park, and over the rim of the trees the moon hung fat and slack in the sky. A cluster of stars dimpled the sweep of heaven. The trees were friendly black shadows rimming the walk. They stopped, and Jimmy faced her, looking at her.

"Sheila," he said, "you always knew you could come to me—"

"I did, Jimmy. You're the only one now."

"Sheila, from the first, from the first time I saw you on the train, I knew—"

"Knew what, Jimmy?" she said softly.

"That I loved you, Sheila. That I always will."

"I love you, Jimmy," she said.

The Irish grin stole over his face then, and there was an impish glint in his eyes.

"Then your troubles are over, my lassie," he said. "For when the Irish love, it's action and movement and living happily ever after. Come on—"

"Come on, where?"

"To get married!"

They were the first ones at the Marriage License Bureau early that morning. The clerk eyed them as they stepped up to the counter. Then he read over their application. He looked up at them again.

"You'll have to wait a minute," he said.

He took more than a minute. And it wasn't until too late that they realized why. By then, he had called Pete and Pembroke. They came in almost together.

Pete came charging in with Patsy behind him, and there was a wide grin on his face. Pembroke was impeccable and cold-faced. Lillian was with him, and seeing Sheila, she ran to her.

"Well," Pete said, "you turned out to be a fine son."

"Pop," Jimmy said, "it was just—"

"Just what? Stealing off to get married? Do you think I wanted to miss it? Jimmy's marriage! We'll make this the best marriage that ever happened on the Keith Circuit. Right, Lil?"

Pembroke said: "What marriage? They're much too young to think of it."

Pete looked at Lil: "I was thinking of getting married when I wasn't much older. Remember that, Lil?"

"This is ridiculous," Pembroke said.

He reached toward Sheila. Pete stepped in front of him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "These kids are in love. They have a right to do what they want."

"And you're the man to tell them, aren't you?" Pembroke said. "A so! A drunkard! You're drunk now. Have been for weeks."

Pete reached for him then; he held him by the scruff of the collar. Then the anger flared in his eyes, and as Pembroke tried to pull away, Pete swung his fist, and Pembroke dropped to the floor in a sudden heap. It was Lil who bent to Pembroke, looking up at Pete.

"It's true, though, isn't it Pete?" she said.

Pembroke stopped the marriage that time. But it was the last chance he ever had. For it came out then, the fear Sheila had of him. And in their hotel Pembroke
felt the careful mask slipping from his face.

true confession . . .

"I hate her," he said to Lil. "I hate her, and she knows it. Do you think it's pleasant for me to have a chit of a girl support me? To know that I'm through? If I'm through, let's make a good job of it and end this farce. I'm walking out, Lillian. I never loved you. Pete loves you. I needed a meal ticket. This is the last act, last scene. You can ring down the curtain!

It was unfortunate that Pete picked just that time to get thrown into jail. With the peculiar logic of the Irish, Pete swore off liquor, and to seal the oath he heaved a brick through the nearest liquor store window, within plain sight of a policeman. Pete always said there was a moral hidden away somewhere that the day he swore off liquor he ended up in jail.

Jimmy and Patsy were waiting for him the day he got out. He looked fit, Pete did. He walked with a spring to his step, and there was a glint in his eye which didn't come out of a bottle.

"You're looking at the new Pete Monahan," he said.

"The old one was good enough for us," Jimmy murmured.

"I hear you've been off to the big city while I was in the pokey this month,"

"We had a tryout with The Manhattan Follies," Patsy answered.

"How did it go?"

"We're no good without you, Pop," Jimmy said.

"We fell flat on our faces. Not that it can do much harm to our Irish maps," Patsy giggled.

"I'll bet you did," Pete said.

Back at the hotel they waited for him while he showered and dressed. They waited until the suspicious silence in the room next door roused them, and they threw the door open. The room was empty. There was no sign of Pete. There was nothing in the room except an old copy of Variety. They saw the headline.

MONAHAH KIDS SCORE IN MANHATTAN FOLLIES.

So Pete knew. He knew they had made a hit, and this was his way of giving them a free hand. Patsy picked up the paper feverishly. On the back page something was missing, part of a column. Jimmy matched the paper with the copy he had. The missing column told of actors and actresses needed for a big volunteer show for the soldiers.

Patsy yelled: "Come on! What are we waiting for?"

"Who's waiting?" Jimmy said.

They ran to the door.

It was quite a show. Out front they thought it was all planned and rehearsed. They thought it was part of the show when Pete Monahan turned up alone and started his act. They thought it was a prop smile that lit his face when Jimmy and Patsy came dancing out. And they still thought it was part of the act when Lil and Sheila came from the opposite wing. It looked rehearsed—the way Pete took Lil in his arms, and the way Jimmy held Sheila. But it wasn't an act.

Not to Pete.

Or to Jimmy.

THE CAST

Jimmy Monahan........Donald O'Connor
Patsy Monahan.........Peggy Ryan
Pete Monahan.........Jack Oakie
Sheila.................Ann Blyth
Lillian..............Rosemary De Camp
Rose....................Isabel Jewell
Pembroke..............John Miljan
Weldon Laydon........Gavin Muir

For Sparkling Teeth

Use this super value brush
that anyone can afford!

For teeth that sparkle and a smile that charms, use the Dr. West's "25", a really good toothbrush that anyone can afford.

Because its Nylon bristles are so perfectly anchored, they can't shed in your mouth. And the tender gum tissues get the extra safeguard of smooth, precision-polished bristle ends. Not only that, but the specially designed head of this super-value brush makes it easy to reach the hard-to-get-at places in your mouth.

So, start now to use a Dr. West's "25". Or, if you want the finest toothbrush money can buy, select a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft, the only brush made with waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling!
... a windblown disarray is fun for your pixie moments. Here's Paramount's pet gamine, Paulette Goddard, to prove my point. Your daily social life, however, demands a neatly coiffured head. Here are some suggestions for hair-do’s to fit your particular facial type. And on p. 72 I’ve gathered together the low-down on how to shampoo and care for your own tresses, thus saving war-precious time and money.

SQUARE: Balance your resolute jaw with height and softness. You may gain height by a modified pomp, but it's even smarter today to keep your brow uncluttered. Brush hair into soft waves at the temples and draw it back over the ears. Avoid added width by keeping back hair neatly under control.

LONG: You have a happy choice of coifs. For sophisticated moments, part hair in the middle and sweep it up into wings over the temples. Weave back locks into a low bun or wear netted chignon. For less dressy occasions, brush your hair smooth on top and in loose waves that frame the face.

TRIANGULAR: The short, gamine cut is a youthful, all-season favorite with this type. Fluff the curls up at the temples and wear a feathery bang. Another style that accents heart-shaped faces is the upsweep. Swirl your curls up to one side and fasten them with split-tooth combs that prevent straggly ends.

ROUND: Your cherubic face will seem longer if you pile locks into an upsweep with a modified pomp. Keep hairline soft and varied to divert attention from rounded contours. You can wear the comfortable short cut, especially if you break the circular line with a deep wave at the forehead and a side part.

PERFECT OVAL: It's easy to wear any hair-do with an oval face, but fussy lines aren’t flattering. The serene, smooth-top is your best bet. Part hair in center, brush back from your brow and let the waves cascade loosely. To look chic in a half-hat, maneuver your flowing mane into a sleek page boy or netted chignon.
NEWS! To Get More Good from Vitamins try this DELICIOUS WAY!

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- More Vitamin A than 2 servings of peas
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- More Calcium & Phosphorus than 2 1/2 servings of American cheese
- More Vitamin B than 3 servings of oatmeal
- More Niacin than 3 slices of enriched bread
- More Iron than 3 servings of spinach
- More Food-Energy than 2 dishes of ice cream

Take them in combination with other food elements which authorities agree are necessary for best results!

All the world knows today that many people need extra vitamins for better health and keen vitality. It is also known today that vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements. Hence, more and more, authorities are insisting "Take your vitamins in food!"

One of the reasons vitamins are so effective in Ovaltine is that Ovaltine is a concentrated all-round building food. It contains other food elements that enable vitamins and minerals to work together effectively as a team.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as found in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B₃ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on. To get this important "teamwork", doctors urge "Take your vitamins in food!"

Ovaltine is also the most delicious way to take your vitamins! And it costs very little for all it gives you! So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, more delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!

3 out of every 4 people need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamins-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.

Ovaltine Plain & Chocolate Flavored
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...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Accent the appeal of your lips with an original color harmony shade for your type...glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood.

Original color harmony shades for every type

Blonde  Brunette  Brownette  Redhead

Max Factor - Hollywood
hungry again—and happy. With Dick, enlistment in the merchant marine wasn’t just a passion, a crusade, a cure to all ills and the answer to every prayer. When the lists closed down for a while, the world came to an end. When they re-opened for boys between 16 and 17½, he renewed. He had to be quick—17½ was right on top of him. A certain guy who knew the ropes said he’d try to help, and had cause to rue his kindness when he dragged him out of the bathtub and off the golf course. “How’s it coming?” he asked Henry Hathaway, director of “Wing and A Prayer,” crazy. Does this scene mean anything, or could I get off with the merchant marines?” At the enlistment station every time they looked up, there stood Dick Jaeckel, that lost-dog plea in his eyes.

I waited till he was 18? Not if he could help it! He wanted to be in a branch he liked, and at 18 you have no choice. Besides, all his friends were going in. Too darn lonely, hanging around by himself. He might even have to make another picture, which would be the last straw—

Yes, he definitely feels the same way about pictures. “Wing and A Prayer” wasn’t a success, and he thought he’d got the hang of things better, and he met a lot of nice guys like Bill Eythe and Murray Alper. But he doesn’t like acting. Acting’s not real. He’d love to be a sailor, but after the war, it all depends. He doesn’t know what it depends on—just depends. Maybe after the war they won’t want him back. Can’t understand why they wanted him in the first place.

If it had been his cousin now. Dick hadn’t seen his cousin in eight years. Just lately he was sent out to California—Ensign John Hanley, aged 26, good-looking as they come, the personality kid himself.

Dick’s first name is Hanley, only nobody uses it except his mother. They took John to dinner at LaRue’s. Lew Schreiber, 20th-Fox executive, came over to their table.

“I’d like you to meet Ensign Hanley,” said Dick, very proud. Then he nudged Mr. Schreiber. “Say, don’t you think you’d like to have him as the young star?”

He made “Wing and A Prayer” for two reasons—because Mom promised she’d sign his enlistment papers then, and because the fellows talked him into it. Doug Stahl, Tom Smith and Jay Richards are his closest pals. To them he’s Jake—and since it’s the name he prefers, let’s call him by it. They’re all JUGS—short for Just Us Guys, a club affiliated with the Y. And Jake’s life is bound up with the JUGS.

big jug . . .

At first they took his movie job as a joke. But it wasn’t so funny to Jake, because he was stuck with it. He hated talking about it. When they tried to bring up things out of him, he’d clam up. What bothered him most was the fellows’d kid about his being a millionaire. He hated being different from the other guys—having more money or more clothes or more anything—

So after “Guadalcanal” he quit the movies—got himself a job at Bireley’s with Doug and good riddance to acting. But by that time, the fellows’ attitude had changed, they were proud of the kid, so they cooked up this deal to surprise him—

He always spent a lot of time at Do Y’s. They’ve been friends for six years, and Mrs. Stahl’s the kind of mother you dream about. What she’d rather do than anything is feed boys. “If you don’t eat at our house,” she says, “I figure you don’t like the cooking, so you don’t get asked again.”

Well, “Guadalcanal” was previewed at Grauman’s Chinese Wednesday night. Naturally, they didn’t have the kind of money it takes for a preview, so they cooked up this deal for Thursday, which was club night. There were eighteen JUGS—left who weren’t in the Army yet, and each guy chipped in 35 cents and gave Mrs. Stahl so many ration points. Doug kept Jake out front, playing catch, and the fellows sneaked in over the back fence. You should have seen Jake’s face when Doug’s mom called them in. What tickled him most was, it showed how the guys really felt.

“I think he’d like the picture business,” says Doug, “if you got about five bucks a day like a truck driver. It’s the idea that you’re supposed to be famous and filthy rich—that’s what gets him down—”

There was a quart of milk at each place, and even Mom Stahl was satisfied with the way food disappeared down those young guilts—just part of the program was fine with Jake. The second half pleased him less. They were bound for the Chinese, bent on showing Jake off if it killed him. Dirty and conspicuous in blue jackets and white shirts, they paraded him along the aisle of the theater to a section down front. Heads turned. Look, that’s Dick Jaeckel—!” Boy, was his face red, and did they get a bang out of it! All through the show he’d be trying to get up, and they’d keep shoving him back.

gangway for tomorrow . . .

Well, that was all right for clowning, but on the side Doug and Tom Smith got serious with Jake. You’re a darn fool,” they told him, “if you don’t get another picture under your belt, regardless of the guys raising you. That doesn’t mean a thing, they’d all like to be in your boots. It’s not Jake, it’s you, so hate it. But you might feel different after the war, and you’ll stand a lot better chance to get back in, if more people know you. If you still feel the same, nobody can make you go back.”

“I’m scared,” said Jake. “I’m scared of getting caught some way—”

“How you gonna get caught? Your mom promised to sign the papers in April. She never went back on her word yet, did she? And another thing. If you don’t like the money angle—”

He was cleared to return. “Thanks, pal,
build a future—put it in War Bonds!"

So he did go back, and that’s where most of his money went—into War Bonds. The only time he kind of splurged for a while was when he started taking The Girls out. (We promised Jake not to give her name away.) He’d been at the same school with her for two years, but didn’t really get to know her till he was out. He was out a year ahead of his class, so had to go back to see the things Jake went through when it happened. She’s little—just the right size for him—and awfully pretty, with soft brown eyes and hair. He’d dash down to school, and lunch with Bireley’s, and she’d ditch class, and they’d sit under a tree munching an apple or a blade of grass and she’d tell him her troubles. Mr. Anthony, he called himself.

Pretty soon she didn’t seem to have any more troubles. But the fellows did. Because their girls made a point of telling them about the wonderful time Jake was having with the girl. So they had a little talk with him. “Better slow down, Jake. Our limit’s two bucks a night, and our women are giving us the needle.”

They didn’t have to tell him twice. By that time it didn’t matter anyway. The deal was cinched. The Girl liked him enough, so she didn’t care where he took her.

They’d dance at the Palladium or the Casa Manana. They’re both terrific dancers. Jake has a step all his own that the girls try to copy but can’t, his feet move too quick.

Sundays they’d all pile in Jake’s car or Doug’s and go down to the beach. Jake’s a swell body surfer. Good at all sports, or at least what matters—swimming, football, basketball. For his size, the guy really holds his own. Rainy Sundays, they’d sit around at Doug’s house with cookes and fritos, listening to records. Jake bought every King Cole and Dave Rose record the minute they came out. You know how most modern records have rides in them, taken by one instrument. Well, each fellow would take his instrument and take the ride as it came along. Jake picked the sax for King Cole, and the violin for Dave Rose. Shoulda seen him take that ride on “He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not”—he really went to town—

He spent a lot of time with Doug and Tom Smith that last month. Doug was good into music. They’d take BG guns and .22’s and go up the canyon to shoot frogs. Then back to Doug’s for dinner. Among the six of ’em—including Mom and Dad Stahl and Doug’s brother Charlie—they’d kill a leg of lamb and about a ton of mashed potatoes with gravy oozing out, and a huge lettuce and tomato salad and gallons of milk. Jake was always swapping everybody’s milk. He’d drink his down and switch glasses, then they’d all start switching and arguing till nobody knew whose glass was whose, and Mom’d bring another plate from the kitchen. “That’s it, boys,” she’d say, beaming from ear to ear, “beyond what I salvaged for breakfast.”

Then each guy’d have a pint of ice cream. They took it for granted that they had to eat themselves sick. Matter of fact, they’d eat the main course to the top and just stuff the rest into whatever space was left. Then they’d stagger up from the table and go play basketball.

Jake and his mom had a pact—they always spent Tuesday and Friday night together. She’s young and nice-looking and smart, and he treats her more like a sister than anything else. Take clothes, for instance. She had to be dressed a certain way, or he’d come right out with it. “You don’t look very glamorous, old lady,” he’d say, “but if you want me to take you out, you’ll have to change hats.” She did, too, and Jake always appreciated it. “You look sharp now, Mom.”

They’d go to dinner and movies, and then they’d go to roller coasters at Venice and pitching three balls for a nickel, giggling like crazy when they’d make a strike. Practically furnished their beach house with the corny stuff they’d buy. Jake is an expert bowler. He couldn’t get her to do was go roller skating. “I’d lose my dignity,” she’d say.

What’s a fall between friends? Be your age.

And she’d laugh and say, “That’s what I’m trying to be.”

Most ways, he could get around her though. She might fly off the handle, but it never amounted to much. Like here lately one night, she told him he had to be home at a certain time, or she wouldn’t sign his papers. Well, things came up, and he couldn’t make it, not by a good couple of hours—

“Guess I’m in the Army,” he sings out when he finally does walk in.

“Can I come in?” she calls back, and it sounds pretty grim.

So he grabs his leg and goes lumbering into her room and collapses on the bed like a man in unbroken—

Naturally she’s scared. “Oh, you poor boy, what happened? What’s wrong with your leg?”

“Nothing,” he grins, “that the merchant marine won’t fix.”

She pretends to be sore, but he knows she’s got her, practice has made perfect. You can’t poor-boy a guy one minute and whale him up next.

All kidding aside, Mom would never have stood in his way. She knew what it meant to him. Must’ve been pretty wearin’—he was always up and around, up today, down tomorrow. She’d prepare an extra-special nice dinner, and he wouldn’t eat. That’s no fun for a woman, but Jake couldn’t help it. Too nervous to eat.

Till that Monday the phone call came telling him to report for a physical Wednesday. First he yipped around, then he started planning on his again. Knew there couldn’t be anything wrong with him, keeping fit was a kind of mania with Jake. But you’re not really in till you’re in. So right he couldn’t sleep, kept watching the clock, was out at the crack of dawn—

smooth sailing . . .

Wednesday night was different. He ate like a horse and gobbled like a poll-parrot. “Mom, for being so nice and signing all my papers, I’ll leave you my car.”

“ ’That’s no way to talk to your dear—’ it’s a hopped-up jackaloo, ’especially when you know I wouldn’t be caught dead driving it—”

“Sure, you can pat it every once in a while. Yay, I’m a man of the maritime! Nothing wrong with this chicken.”

“First kind word you’ve thrown me in a week.”

“True, very true. One more day in town, two more nights, four more meals. Ah, the maritime!”

He was this don’t me any good, but—other boys stick around for a couple of weeks.”

“Sorry, Mom, can’t be done. If I go Friday, they’ll give me my shots, and I’ll have all day Sunday to jet over ’em. Then Monday morning I can start practising how to move in at those beachheads.

They went to a movie, but didn’t stay. Jake’s head began bobbing and weeping, so Mom got him home to bed where he slept the sleep of the just till 9 next morning. That was a day—haircut, business...
She's even prettier awake! Because she really rests while she sleeps—on her Beautyrest mattress! A rest she's earned, with a full day at the office, plus some after-hours as nurses' aide. (Our country needs after-hours war effort from all of us.) If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Simmons Company is deep in war production and don't know when they will be able to make Beautyrest again. Meanwhile, if you need a new mattress see about WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! Tops in wartime buys at $39.50! And here's NEWS—Beautyrest Box Springs are available in limited quantities at $39.50 each!

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?
(Continued from page 80)

affairs at the bank and studio, giving clothes away, buying a sleeping bag for a guy whose bag had been swiped out of Jake's car. Rushing home to get dressed, rushing down to pick up The Girl, taking her over to Ella Campbell's for dinner, taking her back to visit with Mom while he changed into other duds again—

Because it was club night, and you couldn't show yourself down there in anything but dirty corduroys and an old sweat shirt, for the JUGS, it's the thing. He took The Girl home first. She said, "Close your eyes, Jake," and when he opened them, there was a silver St. Christopher on a chain round his neck.

"Funny," she said, blinking her eyes very fast. "Till this minute I didn't really believe you were going."

Something in her voice made him feel panicky. "You—you're not going to cry, are you?"

She smiled instead. "Not now, anyway. The whole world's so sad. I think we should all take care of our own sadness. There's no sense in making it worse for somebody else."

All the way to the club he kept thinking how swell she was.

It was the last meeting. They were all breaking up to go into different branches of the service. Saturday night they were giving an Aloha dance. Jake was sorry he wouldn't be there, but not sorry enough to change his plans. Last meeting, Doug— who was president—said it would take about 200 dollars to put the dance on. He asked each guy who could to chip in five bucks. But they were still short dough— Jake said good-by to the boys. Then—

"Look, Doug, I'd like to give you a check for whatever you're short."

Doug couldn't help laughing. "You don't have to act so embarrassed about it. I think it's swell. So will the other guys—"

"They don't have to. It's just between you and me."

"Okay, brother, make it out for fifty-five bucks. If we sell enough tickets, you might get it back."

"If you sell enough tickets, buy a bond for the JUGS."

He left at nine Friday morning. A friend had enlisted with him, and another friend was driving them both down. He took only a little toilet kit along.

"What, no lotions?" teased Mom. He owns fifty-seven varieties, they're his one luxury.

"Not for a maritimer!"

"I know one maritimer who'll be buying the PX out next week."

At his own request, she'd given him two leather photo cases, the kind you can fold and slip into your pocket—one for her picture and that of his dead father, one for The Girl's. Now she brought out a long flat box. On its satin bed, lay one of those everything-proof wrist-watches—a beaux!

"Very, very reasonable," said Jake, nodding his head in solemn approval. He stuck his paw out. "You put it on." Their eyes met. It was a ticklish moment for a boy who doesn't like to show his feelings. "One wrist-watch," he grinned. "One silver St. Christopher. And my diamond tiara I'll only wear on formal occasions."

He grabbed her in a bear's hug. "So long, Mom. Keep the home fires burning—" and was gone.

Instead of practising how to take beachheads, he was stuck in the laundry that first week from six to five.

Later, he was sent to Alaska. By now he's undoubtedly somewhere else. X marks the spot. If you'd like to find it, go up and down the world with your ear to the ground. Sooner or later you'll hear an exultant, "Whew! I'm a maritimer!" That'll be Jake.
"To be impulsive," grinned the triumphant Jess. "To come to Mocambo with me after the show. No—I don't think you're that impulsive."

"I have another date," countered Susan. Jess lifted his shoulders and eyebrows in twin shrugs. "See. That's what I mean. You aren't impulsive enough to break your other date." And he walked away.

Susan bristled at the challenge. Of the girl working next to her she demanded, "Who is that man?"

"Are you kidding? That's Jess Barker, of course."

"I know that. But who is Jess Barker?" pursued Miss Hayward, growing more impulsive by the moment.

Who is Jess Barker? He was born in Greenville, South Carolina, next to last in a family of five boys, to wit: William, John, James, Jess and Joseph. No girls at all.

Their mother was a practical nurse, their father a railroad engineer—yard master, to be explicit—which automatically made the Barker kids the most envied characters in their set.

Jess, forbidden by his father to do such things, made it a Saturday night habit to slip down to the railroad yards and look wistfully (in his best Dutch manner) at all passing engineers. Engineers, being basically only boys grown tall, understood Jess' dearest desire. They gave him the wink, and the next thing anyone knew, Jess was pulling the whistle cord and chugging out of the yards, carefully concealed from his father's watchful eye. He saw a good deal of country from the cab of a locomotive. He would have seen more, but his business enterprises didn't allow him a surplus of time for traveling.

He hadn't yet started to school when he took on the responsibility of his first newspaper job: Delivering direct to the customer. The first time he was paid, he counted the silver over carefully—first grade arithmetic or no—and realized that he had made exactly one dollar and forty cents.

It was the riches of Araby. He jingled the coins in the pocket of his knickers, tasting the first jubilation of wealth. Like any generous man with dough in his doublet, he bestowed him of his lady fair. He wanted to buy a gift.

He stopped at the shop of his choice and made a purchase. "Fifty cents," said the salesgirl, beaming down on her solemn-eyed customer. Jess gulped, but manfully counted out the dimes.

lollipop heaven ...

Then he went home and banged the back door with unnecessary emphasis. After all, he was a wage earner and entitled to a demonstration of masculine authority. "Got paid," he said, before his mother could mention the slammed door. From his pockets he produced nineteen proud cents and dropped it into his mother's apron. Then he handed her a box of sweets—fifty cents' worth of lighthearted delight, bright red ribbon and in different chocolate—and said, clearing his throat, "Thought maybe you'd like some candy."

His mother said that he was a good boy and that she couldn't imagine what was wrong with her eyes—probably those onions she had been peeling for the stew.

Jess, having made le beau geste, managed to eat most of the candy himself although it actually wasn't his favorite...
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offers perfection in a heavier cream-type base. Fifty cents, plus tax.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

You may have heard that Toronto
audiences are never generous with
their applause, even when they ad-
mire a performer, so when Francis
Lederer, who was making a personal
appearance tour at Shean's for several
years ago, was accorded a very lukewarm
reception, I was terribly annoy-
ed. So annoyed, in fact, that
when I arrived home, I wrote him a note apologizing for our "reserved"
attitude, and had my brother deliver
it to him at the stage door the next
day, Saturday.

The following Monday found me in
bed with the flu so when the phone
rang in the late morning, it was
Mother who answered. I confess my
temperature rose several degrees
when I heard her exclaim, "Why,
Mr. Lederer, Joan will be so sur-
prised!" It was really he, calling to
thank me for my interest and invit-
ing me to visit him backstage the
following week.

I couldn't make it, but Mother did,
and in spite of the impatient secre-
tary hovering over him, he spent
precious time chatting with her (he
even kissed her hand) and inscribing
a large picture of himself, "To Joan,
I am very grateful, Frances Lederer."

It's nice to know that old-world
courtesy and graciousness hasn't com-
pletely died out.

Joan Kennedy,
Saltville, Va.
that Jess' half of the car had burned out its battery; a new one had to be purchased. Jess agreed. A partnership was a partnership.

But the more he peered into the misty distance of six years, at the termination of which he would come into operating possession of a car rapidly falling to pieces, the more convinced he became that Measures to Safeguard His Investment should be taken. Quietly, he slipped around to talk to Bill's wife. The conversation ended with Jess, patiently the possessor of true Barker persuasiveness, having borrowed back the full amount of his original loan to Bill from Bill's wife.

It is just as well that this involved financial transaction was completed long before maturity date. When Jess was only fourteen, he heard that a Shrine convention was to take place in Miami. Jess had heard—at who hasn't—a great deal about Shrine conventions.

As his gray-green glance watched the specials rolling down the main line, it occurred to him that here was a thing he shouldn't miss. He walked downtown slowly. At a haberdasher's he paused long enough to invest in a beige camel's hair cap; it came down over his ears, but it gave him a sense of touring. Next, he visited the bank and drew out enough money for transportation by Pullman.

Then he went home and made an announcement. "I'm going to Florida." He didn't know how much dissension to expect.

"Well, don't eat a lot of silly things and get an upset stomach," said his mother practically. "And write to me regularly."

He wandered the streets of Miami with "Gosh" engraved in smiles across his face. The boom was on. The convention was on. The city bulged at the seams. "There's money to be made here," surmised Mr. Barker. He wandered into a drugstore where a harassed manager, with too much business and not enough help, buttonholed him. "Looking for a job?" gasped the manager.

Jess said he was.

The manager rushed him into a white jacket, cap and apron and thrust him behind a counter where other employees were behaving like citizens of an ant heap trying to transport a watermelon. Jess helpfully began to wash dishes while keeping an eye on genuine soda clerks. He learned, between sudsing glasses, how to assemble a cherry coke and a chocolate sundae. He found out where various supplies were kept.

Thus educated, he decided that he was ready to graduate to faucets and spigots. When an excruciatingly pretty girl entered and sat down directly before him, Jess gave her the personality smile and asked, "May I serve you?"

"A chocolate malt with chocolate ice cream," said the Fascinating Face.

Jess felt his sawdust raining out through his heels. Just before the jacket, apron and cap collapsed with Mr. Barker, the girl said, "You're new, aren't you?"

He nodded. He moistened his lips and looked for the manager.

"Never mind," whispered the girl. "I'll tell you how to make the malt. Take that tall, shiny can and put in a dipper of milk, then . . ."

For an hour she sat there, sipping her malt and reciting recipes when customers appeared with appetites more elaborate than Jess had anticipated. She was there, on the same counter stool, at approximately the same hour the next day and the next.

Three years later, after having danced thousands of miles together, after having seen hundreds of movies, after having discussed everything from the stars in Orion's Belt to the new waitresses who filled all the

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NAME
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scent shakers with sugar, they got around to talking about themselves. "When are you going to get married?" the girl inquired academically.

"When I'm making a hundred dollars a week," he decided.

This shattering practicality smote heavily on a 17-year-old girl's romantic nature. She laughed in the Barker face. "You'll never be earning that much money," she chortled. "Never."

She should have known better than to challenge a Barker. Three days later, Jess told her, "I'll get in touch with you when I'm making a hundred dollars a week," and caught the next train out of Miami. Not, however, before he had given the source of his required weekly stipend some serious thought.

sold short...

Wall Street, he decided, was his pigeon. Every picture he had seen, every book he had read, contained references to boy wizards who were able to run a porter's tip into a trillion.

Briskly, he applied for a job at a famous brokerage house. Yes, they said, they actually did have an opening for a likely lad. He would start as a board boy, wearing earphones and chalking market quotations. The salary? The usual thing—a fifteen dollars a week.

Jess walked out of the establishment.

He had been earning twenty behind a soda fountain; he certainly wasn't going to trade customers chewing sandwiches, for customers chewing pencils—and sacrifice the dollars of a bargain. Promptly he looked over the local eatery situation, found what he considered one of the busiest intersections in the world and applied for the foot service job.

Before long he had parlayed a soda straw into sixty dollars a week—still forty short of his goal, but not bad at all under the circumstances. There were others in the same company who noticed that Jess was doing okay, so a meeting was held at which several co-workers suggested that at the end of each day all tips received be pooled, then divided evenly.

As Jess, by giving phenomenally good service, had worked himself into a condition of physique best described by the fact that he could have hidden behind a telephone post while carrying a sleeping bag, considered pooling unfair, and said so. He added that if the system were put into effect, he would quit. They would be able to send enough in the bank to tide himself over for quite a period, and—in addition—another opportunity was looming on the horizon; an opportunity that contained great promise, a hundred dollars a week, and the certain knowledge that he could be given a top managerial position at the expiration of a year.

A man living in the same building with him had suggested repeatedly that Jess read lines for a woman who was quite celebrated as a drama coach. The friend thought Jess possessed the indefinable stuff of which actors are made.

silence is silver...

From this particular school had come Clark Gable and Irene Dunne. Later students were Marsha Hunt, Jeffrey Lynn, John Sheppard and Marjorie Rhodes. By the time the first year of his course was over, he was a well-known name and wanted to know, "Can you read lines?"

Jess said he thought he could, he had been studying. The director supplied a script, and Jess did his best. Apparently the director was pleased, because he nodded vigorously. "Fine," he said.

So the first part Jess ever played was a hobo—a tall, rather like-looking man, who escaped...
had lost touch with his earliest critic, so his belated triumph was denied him.

After several more Broadway roles, Jess was cast in a play entitled "Magic." No one seems to have heard much about it, but a Columbia talent scout was in the audience opening night and—sight of Mr. Barker—uttered contract noises to the head office in an urgent telegram. The next thing Jess knew he was back again in Hollywood, keeping it a profound secret that this was his second trip.

He established himself in a small apartment amid a large circle of friends. Wherever he went, he encountered persons he had known in New York, many of them girls from the theater. Now, if Jess is one thing more than another, it's convivial. When he wasn't siring some lovely, he was showing up at the Canteen to act as emcee. So successful were his Friday night appearances that some bright mind asked him to introduce Tuesday night's entertainment, too. Which he promptly agreed to do.

Then, one Friday night last November, Susan Hayward was working at the Canteen when a tall, blond chap with an inimitable smile, abruptly appeared before

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

The youngest daughter-in-law of America's first family is gifted with a lovely complexion and exquisite taste. She likes her make-up to look very soft... very casual... but perfect. "I believe that the best possible base for make-up is a smoother, fresher skin," Mrs. Roosevelt says. "So—three or four times a week—I give myself a 1-Minute Mask."

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IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt—devotee of a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream

IT'S NOT JUNE IN JANUARY

But it's practically Christmas in July. No, December 25th will still be Christmas back home here, but if we want to make sure that our fellow overseas really have a Merry Christmas with all the trimmings, we'd better start thinking about it—and pronto! The Post Office Department is asking us to please, but please, make sure that all holiday gifts get sent out by September 15th and no later than October 15th. The regulations on size, weight, packing, etc., are the same as always, but no need for a letter of request.

So lucky, if you think Bill is having enough of a show out there without being bothered with presents, o.k. But if he's just a plain Joe homesick for the States and you, a carefully bought gift, well-wrapped and arriving at the Nick of time will do a heck of a lot to prove to him that we realize that it isn't always our morale that needs the boosting!
Susan decided that she was. She begged out of her "date"—not a difficult feat—by sitting in the telephone booth for a few minutes to give the proper impression—and was off to Mocamo with Jess.

She discovered that he was a phenomenal dancer and that he knew more people than a chatterbox could name in ninety minutes. She discovered also that he wanted her phone number. Not the number of her agent—the usual dodge practiced by stars—but her personal dial combo. "No," said Miss Hayward, being conservative, "I'll see you at the Canteen."

The next evening Miss Hayward's guarded private number rang loudly. "Hello," said Susan, "Hello," said Jess. "How about having dinner with me?"

The lady said no.

She said no for three days. The following Friday night at the Canteen, she looked up to see the same wistful pan staring at her. "I don't think you're that impulsive," she said persistently.

Susan laughed. "Oh, you!" she said. Jess knew then that he had won; they've been a love match ever since.

Before their marriage they used to hang out at Schwab's, where Jess observed the soda department with a connoisseur's eye; they went dancing; they visited friends. Susan had ample opportunity to get acquainted with Jess' spectacular sense of humor. At a party one night after "Cover Girl" had been released, Jess met Otto Kruger. As you remember, Jess played Mr. Kruger as a boy in the picture. "I want to congratulate you on your splendid performance," said Jess with a straight face. "The scenes in which you were a young man were my favorites." That brought down the house.

Early this summer they threw local columnists into a panic by pricing a ring displayed in a window; nothing serious, they were just curious about it. Some fanciful jeweler telephoned a daily paper with the announcement that Jess and Susan appeared to be contemplating matrimony. By three o'clock, this mild rumor had burgeoned into the wild statement that Jess and Susan had eloped over the week-end.

During the week of July twenty-third new marriage rumors cropped up. And this time they were true. The following Sunday they were married in a small church ceremony in Hollywood.

The best wishes of all Hollywood go to them, and well may they deserve them. Susan is a girl any man would be proud to take to an Ambassador's Ball, and that Barker Boy is strictly the gallant from Greenville.

## I SAW IT HAPPEN

Victor Mature was appearing in person at a Cleveland theater, and I was waiting outside the stage door to catch a glimpse of him. Having nothing else to do, I borrowed some chalk from my girl friend and started to write my name on the theater wall. Soon, I heard some clear hiss, and whispering around, I saw a tall, handsome Coast Guardsman—Mr. Mature! He'd been watching me all this time.

"Here's a dime, youngster," he grinned. "Buy some more chalk and start writing my name all over the place."

And I would have, too, if my hands could have stopped shaking!

Marilyn Rickert
Dayton, Ohio
HI, MONICA!

(Continued from page 54)

says Paul, striving for conviction.

"Strange. What did it revolve around?"

That's the only difference between them. Lisl worshipped unblushingly. Paul pretends to cling to a shred of masculine objectivity. Till his daughter appears, rosy and tumbled from her nap, stretching to get out of Lutzi's arms into his. Then all pretense crumbles. Then his face is flooded with such tenderness that you no longer even want to kid him about it.

"This," he says, "is one of her papa-days."

Like any mother, Lisl glories in the boy who she's reached the age of one. He can hold her in his arms.

"She's so tiny," said Paul, as Lisl laid her into his arms.

"You're frightened. You hold her like porcelain."

"I'm not frightened!"

"Then why is your forehead sweating?"

"Because it's hot."

He was working then and had worked almost constantly for over a year. Devotion, "In Our Time," "Between Two Worlds," "The Conspirators" followed each other in rapid succession. If he was lucky, he'd get home in time to see Monica bathed. Lisl did a good job, but Lutzi—who used to be Lisl's nurse—was the expert. It was something like a work of art—her sure, deft, gentle way with the squirming little body.

"Ach, it's nothing," she'd say. "Here, you can do it, too."

He'd back away. "I'm a spectator sport.

That was Lutzi's favorite joke. She'd chuckle as hard as the hundredth time as the first.

But if Paul couldn't bathe her, Lutzi couldn't take her picture. That's where papa shines. He's the kind of amateur who does professional work, and his pictures of Monica from the age of one week on till albums and albums. He could also buy her things. No girl's ever too young for that. A charming doll in crisp organdie—because it was called a Monica-doll. A violet-sprayed cup and saucer—because she was born in April, the month of violets. He's practical, too—heard Lisl complain of wartime safety pins and how they didn't hold, so he went out and ordered a couple dozen that did hold.

Another purchase was less inspired. One evening Lisl was bemoaning the rubber situation. It sounded terribly sad, and it made a deep impression on Paul. Next day he went into conference with a pal on the set, whose baby is about Monica's age.

"What does your wife do about rubber?"

"Pants, you mean? Say, there's a shop in the valley still carries that stuff. Want me to take you there?"

They dashed out during lunch hour. Paul in his make-up. Yes, they still had a few pair of pants and some sheeting. In black and pink. Better take the black.

porcelain and poppy . . .

There's not much a man can do for a girl before she's reached the age of one. He can hold her of course, but—

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"Ach, it's nothing," she'd say. "Here, you can do it, too."

He'd back away. "I'm a spectator sport."

That was Lutzi's favorite joke. She'd chuckle as hard as the hundredth time as the first.

But if Paul couldn't bathe her, Lutzi couldn't take her picture. That's where papa shines. He's the kind of amateur who does professional work, and his pictures of Monica from the age of one week on till albums and albums. He could also buy her things. No girl's ever too young for that. A charming doll in crisp organdie—because it was called a Monica-doll. A violet-sprayed cup and saucer—because she was born in April, the month of violets. He's practical, too—heard Lisl complain of wartime safety pins and how they didn't hold, so he went out and ordered a couple dozen that did hold.

Another purchase was less inspired. One evening Lisl was bemoaning the rubber situation. It sounded terribly sad, and it made a deep impression on Paul. Next day he went into conference with a pal on the set, whose baby is about Monica's age.

"What does your wife do about rubber?"

"Pants, you mean? Say, there's a shop in the valley still carries that stuff. Want me to take you there?"

They dashed out during lunch hour. Paul in his make-up. Yes, they still had a few pair of pants and some sheeting. In black and pink. Better take the black.

Young lady, remember, soft light is deceptively kind to your complexion. But, most of the time your skin is exposed to glaring daylight or harsh electric light. So it stands to reason that a face powder which flatters your skin at high noon . . .

will glorify it under soft light.

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So stop wishing . . . and start getting back your slender lines. Reduce the LAZY WAY. Without strain or nervous irritation. Look 10 years younger. Send $1.00 now for the KELP-I-DINE REDUCING PLAN and a full 30-day supply of KELP-I-DINE.

LOOK BETTER! FEEL BETTER! Regain your shapely figure. KELP-I-DINE is absolutely harmless.

Grateful users say: "Doctor approved." "Wonderful, lost weight ... gained pep." "Lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks." "Lost 21 pounds in 4 weeks."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
to Lutzi’s sketchy English, the baby’s bilingual. But she puts the cart before the horse. With her, danke means not thank you, but she’d like some of that, please. Paul gives her a scrap of bacon or buttered toast. Or he says, “Br-r-r!” Which means—it’s no good, you don’t want it.

“Br-r-r!” agrees Monica amiably and asks for something else.

Since he’s been on vacation, Paul’s placed himself largely at her disposal. They play the piano together and sing “Mary, Mary.” They go swimming in the pool or take a little drive to the beach or the corner drugstore—where Paul feeds her vanilla ice cream. Once he took her shopping.

He likes to give presents without a reason—because he feels like it, not because it’s a birthday. Something catches his eye in a shop window—“That would be a wonderful Christmas gift for Lisl.” But he can’t wait till Christmas, so he gives it to her in June. Special occasions are a club over your head. Gifts should be given by the heart, not the calendar—

So one day he felt like buying Monica a present. Lutzi went along. They did get the baby a car-seat, but Lutzi took one look and made like a stricken doe. “Laps are better for babies. I am Monica’s lap.” So the car-seat languishes in the garage.

“I want something for Monica,” Paul told the girl in the shop. “A little ring or brooch maybe.”

She brought out a tray. Lutzi’s eye lighted on a thin gold chain with three pearls—the kind you add to. “This is wonderful, Monica. You collect this.”

“Br-r-r!” said Monica.

Paul offered her a ring. She waved it away. He found a small bowknot brooch, exquisitely worked. “Will you have this?” he asked politely and asked any lady. “Wah-wah!” she cried, making a dive for a little dog-brooch.

“Br-r-r!” brrrd Lutzi, and dangled the chain. “See how beautiful, Monica.” But you couldn’t pry her loose from her dog-brooch.

(Continued on page 94)
In the door of their home, two of the Kellys greet us with a smile.

Gene, M-G-M's dancing, acting sensation; Kerry, his pride and joy.

Betsie, the third member of the trio, invites her husband to sample the cookies she's baked for Kerry. Gene starts next in "Ziegfeld Follies."

What's Cookin' America

By Nancy Wood

For the fourth in this food series of ours we proudly present THE 3 KELLYS

An emphatic and unequivocal "NO!" greeted the request with which we started our recent interview with Gene Kelly. You see—knowing that Gene originally came from the Keystone State—we had hoped he could tell us something about Pennsylvania Dutch food specialties for our series on the Regional Recipes of the Stars.

"Not me!" demurred Gene, side-stepping the issue with a degree of speed that reminded us of nothing so much as his agility in the "Alter Ego Dance" in Columbia's "Cover Girl."

"You forget," he went on, with an Irish twinkle in his eyes, "the name is K-E-double-L-Y. Of the Pittsburgh Kellys. And what would the likes of them be knowing about the Dutch?"

As for any dishes that are traditionally favored in Allegheny County, well the only one Gene could recall, off-hand, was Puff Balls! These grow wild in the woods of Pennsylvania and Ohio. It seems, and are eaten sliced and fried in butter. But since they must be chosen with utmost care, as some varieties are poisonous, we decided not to dwell on this subject but to proceed to other matters.
Fortunately for us, Gene subscribes to the oft-heard statement, "Never call an Irishman a quitter!" So, though professing to know nothing about the dishes preferred in the particular region from which he hails, Gene did go on to give us his all-round favorites which we know would get feature billing on food programs everywhere! In this culinary "act" he had the enthusiastic support of his charming wife, Betsy. Once a promising actress on the stage back in New York where they met and married, Mrs. Kelly is now more than content to devote herself to the welfare of her husband and their adored and adorable daughter, Kerry.

As to the foods of which they spoke and for which we secured the recipes, well, first and foremost there was Irish Stew. Naturally! Not that all Irishmen will necessarily like his version, Gene pointed out ... since there are almost as many types of Irish stew as there are of Irishmen who demand this dish as their inalienable right! The Kelly-style view calls for lamb, potatoes, carrots and frequently dumplings. No peas or parsnips, mind you, but plenty of turnips as they contend this vegetable is the most important flavoring adjunct in this famous dish. Mrs. Kelly also adds two large lamb bones to the pot to improve the flavor of the broth.

Kellyfornia Beans are another versatile main course feature at the Kelly dinner table, we were told. But where the Kelllys really went to town was on desserts. First Super Shells—which are special fruit tarts the size of coffee cups because Gene objects to "sample size" portions. Offered as a sort of culinary Patisserie of Deux, the pastry that goes into these shells is also used for Lattice Apple Pie which is Gene's favorite sweet—not only for dinner but also at breakfast! (A staunch believer in large breakfasts, anyway, Gene often tops off the first meal of the day with a couple of pieces of candy! He feels that candy is an important source of energy, which he realizes he needs for his Terpsichorean activities.)

A big favorite with this family are refrigerator cookies ... convenient to have on hand for quick cooking ... easy on ration points ... fine for Kerry in a simplified version ... therefore named in her honor.

* * *

Want to have a FREE copy of the attractive leaflet which contains tested recipes for all these grand food favorites of the Kellys? Then mail your request to:

The Modern Hostess
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149 Madison Avenue
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(please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

“How’s that again?”

Well, Miss Inquisitive, we weren’t talking to you, really. We were telling your Mother about Fels-Naptha Soap ... but you can listen too.

We were just reminding Mother that you’ll soon be big enough to toddle around and ‘get into things’. You’ll need a complete change of costume often—on short notice. And that’s when she’ll need Fels-Naptha Soap!

She’ll need it to get your washing done in a jiffy. To get all the dirt out without rubbing your little dresses into rags. To get them so white you look ‘sweet enough to eat’.

Does she have to use Fels-Naptha Soap? No, but if she takes the advice of a lot of Mothers we know—she will!

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes “Tattle-Tale Gray”
"Wah-wah!" sneered Lutzi riding home. "And you could have had pearls!"

But Monica knows what she wants all right. The same thing happened with Lisl, who took her along to buy Paul a key-chain for Father's Day. He really needed a key-chain. But Monica preferred a little silver frame, which now stands on her father's bedside table with her picture in it. "Love from Monica to Daddy," it says. He also carries her picture in a locket on his money-clip. Indeed he doesn't show it to people. Not unless they ask him.

**bountiful bunnies**

The upper floor of the house belongs to Lutzi and Monica. Paul risked life and limb to climb out on the roof and hang a bamboo shade over the big bedroom window for added coolness. He had an idea for the nursery, too. It's papered most of the way. "But let's paint it as high as a baby's arm can reach. Then she can make fingermarks, and it won't be a minor domestic tragedy." There's a shelf of honor for bunnies sent to Monica by kind friends all over the country. That's because Paul told an interviewer once that rabbits were his luck-bringers. They've made him, and Monica makes her own.

"Varva Powder," they've said. "It's his favorite toy."

They put it together, Monica in front. First, the duck just walks. Then you turn something, and he jumps. Then you turn something else, and he waddles. Monica screams with joy. Paul casts a sly sidelong glance at Lisl—"Ah yes, but you didn't see her wink at me behind your back."

On Lutzi's dresser stands a beautiful Viennese clock in the shape of a crystal sphere. Years ago, Lisl learned to tell time by it. Baby Monica will learn by the same old clock, and the same old nurse will teach her. A Rubens angel hangs over her bed between two silly-looking ducks. She can take her choice between art and comedy. In music, art lost out. She used to love Viennese waltzes. Now she's all for jazz. Her parents have discovered that she likes to sleep happy. When they used to just walk out on her, she'd whimper—"I couldn't bear to see them go. One night Paul grabbed Lisl, and just put her in bed. That's how she did the trick. Sorrow was drowned in glee. Now Monica gets her floor-show every night.

**h'ling henreid**

It must be admitted that at bedtime she behaves better for Lutzi than anyone else. But once a week Lutzi goes to the movies. Not till her darling's asleep, but it happens sometimes that she wakes up when Lutzi's gone—

There's one night the Henreids won't soon forget. The baby woke up, and she asked, "Who was the fastest thing from her mind. "Hi!" she kept calling. "Hi, hi, hi!"

Mama and papa were about to sit down to dinner with a guest. Papa went up. Monica knows what she wants. If she smiles, he'll fix her a kiss works wonders. Her arms went round his neck and clung, so naturally he had to pick her up. She reached toward the bathroom door, where her flannel robe hangs. That means she's ready to make a night of it. So No-Babies-at-the-Table Henreid got her into her robe and up to her downstairs.

"She couldn't sleep," he explained.

After dinner, Lisl took over. "Now she's got to be tired, she's got to sleep." Paul and his friend sat down to a game of chess. When you play chess, time passes unnoticed. At ten o'clock Paul's eye fell on his watch, which had in heaven's name was Lisl? He ran upstairs.

"Hi!" said her daughter brightly. His wife said nothing. She was crying. He felt terribly sorry for her. "You go down and relax, and I'll put her to sleep—"

"You'll never get her to sleep, and what will Lutzi say when she comes home?"

Paul summoned psychology to his aid. 

"Pauli," he said, "I've seen the three bars of the 'Brahms Lullaby' over and over and over again—"la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.—" She liked it—she liked it so much that she started singing it with him. "La-la-la," he said Paul. "Aa-aa-aaah," crooned Monica. His arms went stiff, because he was afraid to shift her, and his throat went dry. At last the obligato faltered—the lads fluttered—or was it a mirage? No, she was asleep. But would she stay asleep if he put her down? At this point, he was taking no chances.

"Up and down, back-and-forth, la-la-la, la-la-la—"

When he finally reappeared, Lisl offered to pin a medal on him—

"Just a little linitment for my arms instead. And do me a favor, Lisl. Next time you play the 'Brahms Lullaby,' skip the first three bars."

But even at the cost of singing her to sleep every night, he did say, "I'll do anything to keep her the way she is. "One year more and then they start to go away from you."

"Pauli," explains Lisl, "would like to skip 3 to 16, and then reappear when Monica will be very good-looking, and he can take her to the Mocamo. All the trouble in between I can handle."

Today is enough for Lisl. Paul plans for the future.

"When she's twelve or thirteen, she goes East to school. To broaden her outlook. To make her understand that Hollywood isn't the world."

"I don't listen," says Lisl tranquilly. "It looks only for the next eight days—or at most, three months."

He continues gazing into his crystal ball. "A year in Switzerland, maybe—"

"Certainly, if the whole family moves to Switzerland for a year."

This "whole-family" business brings up another question that he used to ask. "When Monica comes—" Lisl now says, "When we have Mimi." Paul's not so sure. He's so crazy about this one that he can't imagine giving his heart to another. Lisl has more imagination and a more realistic—but not to mention an unquenchable maternal spirit—

"It's not good for a child to be brought up alone. Anyway, you said it was wonderful when you saw that picture of a man with 23 children."

"Darling, your memory is poor. I said astonishingly."

"Well, I only want six. But," she adds hastily, "we'll settle now for two."

"What do you mean by now?"

"By now, I mean now. What will be in the world then?"

"Our bets are on Lisl. There's a third room upstairs that's going to be Monica's room, when Mimi comes along—"

Meantime, Monica rules the roost. "So much he's an arm thought we'd be silly about her," says Lisl.

"But we're completely normal," says Paul.

"Of course. You don't show people her picture. Unless they ask."

"And you sometimes talk about other things. If you must."

"Hi!" calls a voice from the garden. Lisl jumps up. Paul grins. "Let's be silly," he says, tucking her hand through his arm. And they go out together toward the sunlight and Monica.

**Her presence is dynamic**

...her attraction undeniable... her impression unforgettable. In a word—a new word—she's varvacious, with Varva's exciting perfumes

"Follow Me" and "Nonchalant."

They've made her very very...
Expect your lips to get attention (in a way you'll love) when you dress them in one of these elegant CHEN YU originals... "Golden Mauve"... "Flame Swept Red"... "Powder Blue Fuchsia"... "Exotic Pink"... "Dragon's Blood Ruby" and "Black Rose."

The automatic case is clever too! One dollar (tax extra).
NUTTY BUT NICE

(Continued from page 31)

He keeps at it till friends begin to drop in—intimates of the house like Betty Kaplan and the Ken Niles with their two nice youngsters. Scotch and soda go dashing round the pool, barking like mad every time someone dives off the board. Once, soda got too close to the edge and toppled in.

"Save him, save him!" yelled Jane.

Ronnie dropped a soothing hand on her shoulder. "Honey, that's a dog. He's not like you, he knows how to swim."

Preparations for supper get under way. A long table's set in the patio for the grown-ups, a small one for the three children. Jane runs in and out of the kitchen, helping Velma. "See to it that Maureen eats, will you, boys? She's not very good at it."

Wendell and Dennis, 11 and 9, take their responsibility seriously. "She couldn't eat all that dinner, a little girl like that.

"I should say not. Only a big girl could eat it. Or else a boy."

"I can too eat it!"

"Okay, we'll race you."

Jane would like to pin a decoration on the boys, or kiss them. When they see Maureen lagging, they drop some food back on their plates, so she can win the race. Presently, Ronnie passes the table. The boys are deep in a discussion of baseball. Chin in hand, Maureen listens rapidly without the vaguest idea of what they're talking about.

"What goes on over there?" Jane asks.

"Not a thing to worry about. Your daughter knows how to handle her men."

If it's Nanny's day off, Jane leaves her guests to get Maureen ready for bed. The big treat's a bubble bath in Mummy's tub. Then Ronnie comes up. One night for their child's diversion, he and Jane went into a corny old Foy routine—

"Hello, Joe, whaddayaknow?"

"Just got back from a vaudeville show."

"Can you sing and dance?"

"I'll take a chance."

"Well, all right, let's go—"

That went over, but big. Maureen elomared for it whenever Daddy came home. Now she does it for them, the little ham. Sits them down and takes both parts herself. "Just got back from a waterbill show," she carols. And when she goes into the dancing—a new one, she keeps herself in very odd moments—strangulated sounds issue from her parents' throats which they cover up with vigorous applause.

"My soul to keep..."

Then come prayers. Maureen bows her head, but keeps her eyes open so she can look at Grandpa Reagan's picture. Sometimes she holds it herself, sometimes she gives it to her doll to hold. Because Grandpa Reagan, who went to heaven when she was a tiny baby, loves her very much and always listens with God to her prayers. If she's good, that is. If she's been naughty, he feels sad and has to close the door.

Another good thing about Sunday is she can have breakfast with Daddy Monday morning.

"Daddy," she said, eying him fondly on one such occasion, "you're a jerk—"

Ronnie has his own inimitable way of handling such crises. "That's fine. Now I'll tell you something. You're a jerk, too. And I'll tell you another thing. Don't ever call anyone else a jerk. We'll be the only

---

Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco
in Dreamflower "Rachel"

Exotic and tremendously vivid—these are the words that seem to describe best the extraordinary beauty of Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco. Her features are fascinatingly unconventional. Her velvet-black eyes and hair contrast strikingly with the smooth ivory of her complexion—soft-misted and glorified by Pond's Dreamflower "Rachel" powder. "For girls with coloring like mine, Dreamflower 'Rachel' is simply unbelievable!" says the young American heiress. "I can't get over the lovely smooth creamy look it gives my face!"

New Pond's "Lips" Shade!
Super-exiting news about "Lips"! It's a gorgeous new shade—rich, round, rosy crimson. Its name—

"Beau-Bait"

Two sizes—
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THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!
When Jane came down—"Mummy, you know what? You're a button-nose bunny, and Nanny's little woolly lamb, and Velma's chickadee. But look at Daddy and me," she crowed. "We're a couple of jerks—"

Mother's Day was a special Sunday. In her blue and white dress and little straw hat, Maureen was presented to the church. The minister—who married Jane and Ronnie five years ago—gave her a certificate, and a pink rose for her mother.

"That's from the minister, not from me—" If she said it once, she said it five dozen times on the way home, blinking furiously at Daddy and giggling her head off. It was all very much fun.

She couldn't wait to scramble out of the car and up to her mother's bedroom. Jane found her standing breathless beside a package. "Here's your muzzer's day present from me—" When she's excited, it comes out muzzer.

Muzzer opened the box. A black nightgown. If there's anything Jane detests, it's a black nightgown. "Perfectly pink—" was the Fujik-silk pajama type, that Jane.

"My, you're going to look pretty in that," cooed Maureen.

Sifting a groan, muzzer went into the proper ecstatics. Ronnie's face came edging round the door and met a dirty look. "Don't look at me. She picked it with her own little hatchet."

**Three for one . . .**

Jane dislikes waste. A week or so later, she approached her daughter tactfully.

"That's a beautiful present you bought me, but you know what I would do with it? We could take it back and buy three presents instead—one for me, one for Daddy—"

"And one for Maureen."

Blithely unaware that her feelings should have been hurt, she was enchanted with the whole transaction. They bought robes and pajamas for themselves and pajamas for Daddy.

Jane and Ronnie feel strongly about teaching her the value of money. For services rendered, she gets a nickel—called a big penny—which she puts in her bank. But she shows that she has other an occasional windfall her way. Two cents clutched in her palm, she'll inquire wistfully: "How many little pennies does it take to make a big penny?"

That's generally good for a handout from Maureen or Daddy. She's not allowed to take money from anyone else.

But she's found that wealth entails responsibilities. "I want a new pair of shoes," she announced one day.

"Fine," said Jane, "if you've got the money to pay for them."

"I'll buy them."

"Daddy buys things you need, not things you just want."

"Nana's got money."

"Nana needs her own money to pay for her own shoes."

A long pause. "Oh, well—I'll pay for them."

That started it. She discovered that if saving was nice, spending was nicer. Now she saves with a purpose. "Guess I'll take my two pennies out to lunch," The bank disgorges three dollars. You can't cheat on Maureen. If she's taking you out to lunch, she forgets to ask the for-yourself question. Jane to the Tick-Tock, where the 75-cent table d'hote is so good that you have to wait on line for an hour. As hostess, Maureen keeps her grannies' spirits up. "Oh my," she burbles at two-minute intervals, "what a fine lunch we're going to have."

Part of her income's derived from housework—picking up toys, setting dolls' furniture blazing at Nancy's heels in a helpful way. Nancy takes care of her own room and Maureen's. Jane takes care of hers. Otherwise, Velma would have too much to do. Because Clif, Velma's husband, works only part time for the Reagans now. And part time for the railroad, doing his share to ease the labor shortage. He comes and goes, and they call him Casey Jones.

"You off now, Casey?"

"Casey's off now, Miss Maureen."

"Well, don't worry, I'll take care of the house."

For months now, Jane's been getting up at 5:30. A change has come over the status of Miss Wyman of Warner Brothers. There was a time when she hadn't enough to do, when she waited for work. Since "Animal Kingdom" she hasn't stopped working. Since "Make Your Own Bed" she's been a star. Ann Sheridan says she'll be the talk of the town when "The Doughgirls" comes out.

Of course she's pleased, who wouldn't be? Some reach stardom quickly. She made it the hard way. But Jane's not one to get excited over billing. "So they call you Miss Wyman instead of Jane. I'd rather be Jane."

What matters is that she's been promoted from "Sorry-Janie-there's-no-story-for-you-right-now" to "We've-bought-such-and-such—" to "We've-bought-such-and-such—a-story-for-Wyman."

What matters is the sense of breaking a stalemate, of being on her way at last—

"I wanted to move," says Jane. "Preferably up. But even down would have been something. Only if you're going down, go. It's sticking in one spot that drives you mad."

She wrote to Ronnie: "Don't look now, hon, but that little speck miles down the road behind you is me. Took me two and a half years by then we were in the service to get even that close.

They had to talk her into doing Vivian in "The Doughgirls." She made a test and thought it was horrible. Up in Mark Helgiger's office one afternoon, they all went to work on her. It was pressure, rather than conviction, that broke her down. "Ah, do it!" pleaded Annie Sheridan. "What can you lose? A lousy fortune?"

Now she shudders at the thought that she might have missed it. There'll never be another picture like "The Doughgirls" — so good and such fun to do. There'll never be three sweeter dames than Ann and Eve Arden and Alexis Smith. Or a director to beat Jimmie Kern—

Jane and Ann and Alexis wanted to give Jimmie something to remember them by. Something unique and original and different. For days they raked their brains, till Jane was finally smitten by inspiration.

"How's this for an idea? Our three minisunettes on ivory in a silver frame for his desk, inscribed, 'From The Doughgirls."

"Marvelous! I know the guy who does beautiful work," said Alexis. "He's right here at the studio. Let's get him down."

The guy came down. Yes, he'd be glad to do it. A charming idea! It should be done thus and so, and et cetera and so forth. The spiel went on and on, embracing every detail but one—one and on, while the girls listened fascinated, and no one dared mention anything so vulgar as money.

**Down to earth **

It was Jane who finally took the bull by the horns. This was all very ethereal, but somebody had to find out one of these days.

"Uh—what do you think it'll cost?"

"Cost?" He touched the word so disdainfully that she felt like a woman for having brought it up.

"That's what I want to know," said Jane. "It's putting the wrong accent on it."

"This one?"

"Yes, this one."
from 500 to 3000 dollars for my work.

You never saw tongues go down three throats so fast. They were afraid to look at each other. Ann’s resistance to laughter is low. All Jane has to do is go boo, and Annie breaks up—

Somehow they got rid of him before hysteria set in. By the time their shrieks had died away to moans, they decided it was too good a joke to keep to themselves. Jimmie had to come in and hear the whole story—

“That,” he said, “is the best 3000 dollars worth of pictures I never got.”

“At 3000 dollars,” Ann snorted, “I not only wouldn’t have my mug painted, I wouldn’t have it lifted.”

They gave Jimmie an un-unique, un-original and un-different cigarette lighter, with their names engraved on it. And they gave Alexis the name of I-Know-A-Guy Smith.

Naturally, it wasn’t all fun. Work as such can’t be fun to Jane. She takes it too hard. It’s Ronnie who’s Irish, but Jane who’s moody. Up in the clouds or down in the depths of gloom—never a happy medium, no matter how she tries, and she tries hard—

“My husband and I,” says Jane, “are like Scotch and Soda.”

Soda takes after Ronnie, Scotch after her. One day Scotch got mad and started snapping at Soda. For a moment, Soda watched him tolerantly—“Pipe down, brother, pipe down.” When that didn’t work, he lifted his paw and laid it quietly on his brother’s nose. It worked like a charm. Scotch subsided, Soda removed the paw, and they trotted off together in brotherly love.

“And if those aren’t my husband’s tactics, I’ll eat my hat,” remarked Jane out loud, though no one was around, to hear.

oil on the waters . . .

Few people are as honest with themselves as Jane. Few people see their faults so clearly. If things at the studio upset her, she grieves about them at home. She flies off the handle. She knows she shouldn’t, but she does. When Ronnie’s around, he tries to calm her down. But she doesn’t want to be calm, she wants to storm—

“You don’t know what things are like. You’ve been away too long.”

“Things like that don’t change. It’s just a question of diplomacy.”

Time passes, and she cools off—realizes that Ronnie has his own problems, that it can’t be much fun to come home on a week-end pass and listen to her beef. Her conscience smites her. Jane’s temper is warm, but not nearly so warm as her heart—

Only you can’t apologize to Ronnie. He doesn’t have that kind of self-righteousness. So she takes the indirect approach—

“Look, is it all right with you if I’m a jerk?”

“I don’t know—what—you’re—talking about.”

“I’m talking about me being a jerk last week.”

“You suit me, hon. If you didn’t blow up now and then, you’d be somebody else. What’s on for tonight?”

Only her’s on for tonight. Or a gin rummy game with Joan and Ken Niles. Or they’ll drop in on Gracie and George Burns. Jane’s admiration for Gracie knows no bounds. “You can’t imagine being anyone but yourself,” she says soberly. “But if I weren’t myself, the woman I’d like best to be is Gracie Allen. I’m not one to go off the deep end, as a rule, but to me Gracie represents a kind of ideal—as a wife, as a mother, as a friend, as a person.”
nothing but the war. If you talked about anything else, he was very polite, but he didn't really hear you. Now, as with most of us, the invasion has wrought a subtle change. The war remains all-important, the road remains long. But light glimmers on the horizon, and sometimes he lifts his eyes to it for a moment.

He and Jane had dinner out one Sunday. While he made a phone call for her, she ordered more coffee.

"For Mr. Wyman, too?" asked the waiter.

She choked. "Don't let him hear you say that, or he'll murder the two of us." But she was still grinning when he got back.

"What's funny?" She told him. "Wait," he said. "Just wait till I get out of this uniform." It was the first time he'd shown any spark of interest in what was going to happen after the war.

Since then, he's shown other sparks. Last Christmas, Jane gave him two lots adjoining their property. When the war's over, they'd remodel the house. Ronnie couldn't get worked up over the project. "The war's not over yet," he'd say.

Recently, he brought a big, cellophane-wrapped sheet of cardboard home from the post with him.

"What's that?"

"Something I'll show you after dinner."

It was a plan of their remodeled house and grounds, all drawn to scale. He'd cut out little trees and pasted them in such a way, that they could be laid flat against the board or made to stand up. A girl with a golf club, a tiny girl scampering behind her, chased two Scotties across the lawn.

Jane went out of her mind. "But where in the world are you?"

He pulled up a limb of a maple tree. Under it, smoking his pipe, lolled plain Mr. Reagan.

"But the war's not over yet," teased Jane.

"No, it's not. And I'll be in it till the last dog's out. Like any soldier." Then he looked down at the house and the girls and dogs. "But a guy can dream, can't he?"

CO-ED

(Continued from page 22)

how to dress to suit an occasion, how to make the very most of an unspectacular puss. (And our etiquette, beauty and fashion charts will be boons here. See page 26.) It helps to know what's going on in the world, so that you're not slavering on the outskirts of every conversation. (And your radio, newspapers and newsmagazines are the medicine for this.) It helps to have a couple of emergency measures up your sleeve. Stuff that you don't find in books, like how not to get stuck at a dance, how to invite a boy to a party, how to stop being a girl's girl or a lone wolf and become part of a guy co-ed throng. It's on these uncharted items that we're going to try to help.

We've collected data from gals who have been through all the teen-age nightmares. Wallflowers who've bloomed into beautiful things. And the answers they've learned the hard way are all yours for a quick look—see in this and subsequent Co-eds.

getting stuck...

The first step toward not getting stuck begins at home in the privacy of your own room. Dress with real care; apply your party face with skill; be lavish with the mouth-wash and non-perspirant. Be convinced when you greet your fella, that you couldn't possibly look better.

If the dance is being held at school or at the plant, where all the boys know you, b—m at them as you come in. Not
You, too, can help deflake that faded, coarse, aging 'TOP-SKIN'

Also Marvelous For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Loosen Blackheads!

Girls: A deflaking process of dried up, faded skin cells must constantly take place in the skin (even in young girls)—otherwise your complexion often appears drab, coarse, so lifeless looking.

And here's one of the most effective and quickest ways to help clear away this unlovely "top-skin" debris.

A Real Short Cut To Beauty

Just spread Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack over face and neck. Let dry. (Usually takes about 8 minutes.) Then wash off.

Yes! It's hard to believe but this petal fresh, radiant skin loveliness is really yours. Notice how that tired, faded look vanishes. The mild "blushing" action of Hopper's Clay Pack is what gives your skin such a youthful glow.

Hopper's White Clay Pack is also a marvelous quick beauty pick up. It helps you look your dazzling best on short notice. Used weekly—it helps maintain heavenly smooth, clear "top-skin" beauty.

Also, you, too, can help deflake that faded, coarse, aging 'TOP-SKIN'.

Choice of two textures—


WHICH IODENT DO YOU CHOOSE?

Iodent No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN

Iodent No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Iodent Paste

You, too, can help deflake that faded, coarse, aging 'TOP-SKIN'.

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See Gail Russell in
"OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY,"
a Paramount picture

"For a 'quick-up'
When I rest,
Royal Crown Cola
Sure tastes best!"

says

GAIL RUSSELL

"I was convinced by the famous
cola taste-test," says Gail. "I tried leading colas in paper cups
and picked the one that tasted
best. It was Royal Crown Cola!
Since then, I've discovered that
Royal Crown Cola is a grand
fresh start as well!"

ROYAL CROWN
COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

a registry. If so, have your name added
to the list of baby-sitters. Call the Cham-
ber of Commerce and list yourself with
them, stating the hours at which you are
free to work. If there's an Army camp
near you, Army wives would be thrilled
to know about your services, so put your-
self on file with the War Housing Com-
mittee or any comparable organization in
your locality. You might also advertise
in your community newspaper. It would
be worthwhile to keep an ad running all
the time giving your qualifications, avail-
able hours, rates, etc.

I am to be married soon and am simply
appalled at all the details connected with
the ceremony. Can you tell me the an-
swers to these questions: Is the bride
always given a white bible, and who gives
it? If it is a double ring ceremony, does
the bride buy the groom a ring? If the
bride's gown is formal, is it necessary for
the bridesmaids to wear formal dresses?

The bride often carries a white bible in
which there is a spray of white flowers,
but this is strictly up to the bride. A
bouquet of flowers (white, of course) is
perhaps more customary. The bride would
buy herself the bible. Yes, in a double
ring ceremony the bride gives the groom
a ring. Be sure to ascertain his finger
size and also consult him about style be-
fore buying it. When the bride wears a for-
amal wedding gown, the bridesmaids
usually wear long dresses, but they do't
absolutely have to. They may wear short,
aftnoon dresses in pastel colors and
carry small bouquets.

Is mail to servicemen censored? Betty
Marks, Grosse Point, Mich.

Not all of it. One out of every five
or six letters received at the Fleet or Army
Post Office is opened and censored. This
spot-checking on outgoing mail should in-
spire caution in all of us. Enclose no plans
of machines with which you work at the
war plant, give no statistical information
about production, refrain from demoral-
izing comments on the Government, the
rationing system, etc.

I received a letter from my husband—
he's with the Seabees in the Pacific—and
he says to stop dishing him sweetness and
light in my letters. He tells me to let him
in on the seamy side. Here I thought I
was being a morale-booster, and I get my-
self bawled out. What shall I do now?
Mrs. A. S. Harrison, Los Angeles, Calif.

The phoney cheer of some of our letters
to servicemen worries them. They think,
"Gee, things can't be that good." And they
begin imagining fictitious catastrophes.
There's a fine line between out-and-out
gripping and the sharing of small disap-
pointments and annoyances. Let him
know that you ran out of gas and had to
be pushed home, that the gal next door
continues to bore you stiff. Just don't wall
about it, though. Give it a humorous
slant, the way you would if you were
telling him about it. Don't burden him
with financial anguishings, with in-law
troubles. He's absolutely helpless to do
anything about these things, and it drives
him crazy to think of you coping with
them singlehanded.

Gosh, thanks for all the mail. We feel
like Hedy Lamarr or someone. Keep it
coming, won't you, gals? And boys, too.
If you're overseas and need a trouble-
shooter, that's us. If you want a line to
smear an Australian dream-puss, we've
got it. Here's where to write: Jean Kink-
head, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue,
I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was Tucson’s first premiere—and mine. I was terribly thrilled at the thought of seeing the famous stars who were due and especially my favorite, Melvyn Douglas.

It took a lot of persuasion to get my older sister to come with me to the airport, but finally she gave in and we arrived just as the huge silver bird glided in for a perfect landing.

Suddenly, the crowd started to surge forward and, as one person has very little say about the direction she’d like to move in with such a mob, I moved with it.

To steady myself, I reached out and took hold of what I thought was my sister’s arm. I stumbled along for awhile, and finally I turned to see that I just couldn’t take the pace. "Will you please slow down, " I asked. "Do you think you are a privileged character?"

Whereupon the pace slackened, the arm relaxed, and Melvyn Douglas draped, "Well, could he?"

Josephine Starker, Tucson, Arizona.

THE FIGHTING GRANTS
(Continued from page 56)
the legal fees aren't so important. But what it's going to cost her in overcoming the shyness that is her outstanding characteristic is a great deal. Most of our poor little rich movie girls are inveterate seekers after publicity, lovers of the limelight. Barbara is the shyest, most self-effacing little thing I've ever seen. She has shunned newspaper notoriety like the plague merely because she simply cannot bear to parade herself in public. I think it must hurt her physically, and I know it seems her soul. Maybe it hasn't been too wise a policy on Barbara's part, for there have been many times when the reporters were hounding her, and she shut herself away. The press may have thought her arrogant, wrong, she was only frightened to death.

The love of Barbara and Cary Grant is so deep that I think there's little likelihood of its ever coming to an end. I'm not saying that, knowing well that nearly every "ideal" Hollywood marriage has hit the rocks sooner or later. But with these two, that ol' devil career is no hazard. Barbara yearns only to be wife, mother and chatelaine. Their arrangement is ideal. For instance, the day I was at their house Cary was absent at Arrowhead having a five-day powwow with his agent, Frank Vincent.

Friday night was fight night in Hollywood, and Cary always goes to the Legion Stadium with some cronies. Barbara can't endure the fights. "They terrify me," she said, and I can sympathize with her. Years ago when I first came to Hollywood, I was told that everybody who was anybody had to be seen at the ringside. So I got myself all done up in a brand new gown to make my escort proud of me, and before the evening was over, it was ruined and even a couple of flying teeth fell in my lap.

Barbara misses Lance dreadfully when he's with his father. I asked her what she does with her time.

"I play tennis every morning," she said. "Afternoons, when Lance is home, we go to the beach to swim or ride—and in the evening I like nothing better, believe it or not, than to curl up with a good book. I read lots. When Cary is home, we often play gin rummy, and he usually wins. But he doesn't care for bridge. Most of the time we have a guest or two in the house. Just now Richard Owens, the art connoisseur, is with us—the father of a friend of ours. He's busy mending Lance's miniature boats so everything will be ready when he returns for the summer."

"Please show me the house, Barbara," I requested.

Lance's bedroom has windows on three sides—large and airy, done in cool green and yellow glazed chintz. He also has a playroom filled with maps, ships' models, ship prints and all that sort of thing. The younger has a definite yen for the sea.

Barbara sleeps in a huge oversized bed which sits on a dais. It fits snugly into one end of the room and was, in fact, built specially to fill the space. The décor is very soft and feminine, like a boudoir. There's an open fireplace and overstuffed sofas with lace pillows. And several excellent paintings on the walls. Rubin is represented by a number of works. Barbara went to that painter's first exhibition in America 10 years ago and his style was so much that she bought a number of his canvases.

Cary's room, reached only by passing through Barbara's, is a lot bigger than hers, with an enormous bath three times the size of hers. Observing my smile, she said:

"Well, you see, this room was built by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and he had lived a long time in Europe where we all know..."
Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"More than glamour needed," says exquisite BETTY RIBBLE

"Posing is hard, hot work, under blazing studio lights," insists beautiful, blonde Betty Ribble. "Yet I can't risk unglamorous 'wiltng' — and I can't damage the high-priced gowns I model. I have to have a deodorant I can rely on for both clothes and charm protection."

"The answer for me is cool, fragrant Odonor Cream!"

"Odonor Cream is so wonderfully effective because it contains a perspiration stopper that simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed up to 3 days. It controls perspiration and odor at the same time. And it's entirely safe for lovely delicate fabrics — I just follow directions.

"Safe for skin, too. It's non-irritating even after shaving. — It actually contains soothing emollients."

"I'm so enthusiastic about Odonor Cream I'd pay more if necessary — yet it's really economical. I get up to 21 more applications for 50¢ than other leading deodorants give."

"No fastidious girl today has to have an underarm problem! Just try my Cover Girl way of guarding daintiness and glamour with Odonor Cream. See if you aren't simply delighted!"
European capitals and New York as well, her playground, Cary was getting his start as a Coney Island barker. She was surrounded by nurses and governesses, allowed to play only with the right children; Cary was rubbing elbows with humanity's dregs and learning life in the raw.

and never the twain will meet... Not that the seamy side ever really touched him. It was a wonderful preparation for life for a man of Cary's qualities, for this handsome six feet plus of rawboned man who was to become the mate of one of our most famous women.

Their courtship and marriage was storybook stuff. If the war hadn't come along, it never would have happened. Barbara came to California because she couldn't go abroad anywhere. She was lonely, distraught. Acutely sensitive, she had long ago instinctively withdrawn into her shell of reserve as a protection against her deep feelings of insecurity in a world made too boundless by her money. That it was a foolish gesture, she realizes now, but to the young, overly-shielded girl, it was the only way she knew of warding off the humiliations and indignities to which she was subjected. At the time Barbara needed, above all else, sympathy and comradeship, and meeting Cary was the greatest thing that could have happened.

There's some of the charm of Valentino about Cary without Rudolph's ingratiating tenderness. Cary is, heaven knows, gentle as a kitten at times. On his bond tours women wait on the streets for a glance at him, and when he smiles at them, tears fill their eyes. Valentino had that effect on women. But Cary Grant never would permit the build-up for himself that Valentino received, and any studio publicity people who attempted it would feel the toe of his boot.

The lawsuit brought by Barbara's ex-husband has brought her and Cary closer together than ever. Incidentally, I can say from personal knowledge that his accusations against her were not only the summit of injustice but absurd to anyone who knows the gentle, shy sweet soul that she really is. Haugwitz-Reventlow is forcibly trying to take Lance away from the Grants, and keep him with him in Vancouver. What an atmosphere it would be in which to bring up a healthy, spirited boy, to forcibly alienate him from Cary, who is one of our most famous, loved and respected men—a man who lifted himself up by his own bootstraps to fame and wealth! "Now you understand," Barbara said to me, "why I'm fighting—right through to the bitter end."

**QUIZ CLUES**

Set 2

(Continued from page 8)

1. Pepsi saleswoman
2. Maria's momma
3. Mrs. Peakal Marley
4. Waukegan wonder
5. 16 and never been kissed
6. Latin from Manhattan
7. Shelton's shuddering
8. Camille
9. His master's voice
10. Stated lipstick fed
11. Conspirator in Casablanca
12. Poodle petter
13. Hertz hurts
14. Salt Lake City Sugar
15. Keen with O'Connor
16. 20 years' heartthrob
17. Mrs. Dr. Peter Lindstrom
18. Star of two cities
19. Jacobowsky and the Colonel's lady
20. Holiday with Halliday

(Continued on page 112)
FRANK SINATRA (Continued from page 42)

The events leading up to said ride have been told so many times you must know them by heart, but like all good legends, Frank's improves with the telling.

His mother, you know, was a nurse, and his dad a fireman (recently made a Captain), and Frank grew up unusually, in Hoboken, N. J. A skinny kid who loved a fight and frequently got one. A fiercely loyal, generous little demon who was in and out of more trouble than your kid brother or that raccoon down the street.

He outgrew a lot of the devilmanship, but fortunately not the loyalty or the general stupidity. The same open-heartedness that made him squander his life-savings at the age of five to get his mom a bottle of five- and-ten perfume for Mother's Day, is still with him knocking hell out of his bank account. He isn't going to a jewelry store, a toy shop, a florist, without getting something for someone. A musical doll for Nancy Sandra, silver foxtails for his mom, a new ring for Nancy, the gal he's been in love with for nearly ten years.

love in bloom . . .

He met her the summer he graduated from Demarest, and cornily enough, it was love at first sight. They were both valedictorians in this Branch, New Jersey—Frank with his mother and father; Nancy with her parents and six sisters. She had on a pink bathing suit, he remembers, the first time he saw her, her dark hair was down over her shoulders. She looked like a sea nymph or a cover girl. No, better than that. She was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

He wanted no time asking her out, and when she said, "yes," the angels sang.

They were together every day after that, and every evening. They swam, and they danced, and he spent hours talking and talking. Frank discovered he could tell her things he wouldn't have dared tell anybody else. The way he felt inside about the world, his haphazard seven-year-old philosophy, this crazy ambition he had to sing. And she listened and cared about what he thought. She listened to him sing, and she thought he was good. By the time he graduated, that summer, he decided that the engineering degree his parents so wanted him to have wasn't for him. He'd get a job and bide his time, and some day a good band would come along and sign him as vocalist.

He worked hard that fall and winter and all the next spring. He covered sports for the Jersey Observer by day, studied shorthand and journalism at Drake Institute by night. There was no time for women, and—more important—no money. So he put Nancy in a dark corner of his mind and tried to forget about her. It didn't work very well. He thought about her so much, he went around in a fog for half the time.

Finally, his cousin, Frank Sinatra (known now as Junior) lit him about it.

"What's with you?" he asked him bluntly one day.

"Nothing. What are you talking about?"

"That puce. Like a sick cow. C'mon, squirt, what does?"

"Okay, he asked for it. He got it. There was this babe who lived in Jersey City. He'd kidded himself that it was just a summer romance, but now he knew. Only she was such a queen. And imagine courting a gal by way of the Jackson Avenue trolley and then not having any dough to take her any place.

Junior soothed him instantly. "Take it

H E R mother is a marvelou mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter's modern point of view . . . Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of Tampax. Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of "Tampax age."

Isn't it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try Tampax, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it . . . Pure surgical cotton . . . Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in 3 different absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies

REGULAR

SUPER

JUNIOR

"How mother clings to habits already formed"
easy. Take it easy," he told him. "I've got a car, haven't I? We can take her for a ride, and you can stake her to a coke or something, can't you?"

So Frank and Nancy, and Big Frank and his wife became a foursome. They played poker at the Big Frank's apartment. Danced in their tiny living room. Ate spaghetti in their kitchen. On the nights Frankie took her out alone, there were long walks, ice cream sodas and an occasional movie. One night they saw a Bing Crosby picture, and on the way home, Frank told Nancy,

"That's for me, honey. I'll never be happy till I've got a singing job."

"Of course. I know you won't," she told him quietly. "What are you going to do about it?"

Next day he quit his job at the Observer. An audition with Major Bowes was the first step, and when he won First Prize for his "Night and Day," he thought, "Oh golly, this is it. I'm famous!" Only the tour with the Bowes unit took him thousands of miles from Nancy, and after three months, his loneliness was too big to bear, and he came home.

He got auditions with a number of radio stations and was eventually heard on eighteen sustaining shows, getting not a thin dime for any of it, except his seventy cents carfare. He was ashamed that he could never take Nancy any place, but now their love for each other was so deep and strong that a wee thing like poverty didn't really bother them. Nancy's family adored him, and he felt warm and relaxed in the big, noisy girl-jammed house. Nancy's younger sister Tina, was his greatest booster, and he was as fond of her as if she were his own sister. He kept wishing there was something big he could do for her, and eventually there was.

One summer, Tina saved enough money to go away to camp, and Frank and Nancy took her over to the train. At the actual moment of departure, all her enthusiasm forsaketh her, and she looked at them with great tragic eyes. She'd never been away from home before. She'd never wanted to be. Frank knew how she felt, and he knew if he said anything sympathetic, she'd have been lost. He just dug into the pocket of his slacks and came up with sixty-five cents. "Here," he said quickly, shoving it at her. "Have yourself a time on the train. You know, gum, magazines and stuff."

And then the train was moving, and Tina was waving at them and smiling and throwing a kiss to Frank. She's never forgotten him for that. Giving all the dough he had in the world to a scared, silly kid. She didn't know it then, but he was giving her, too, the things he'd learned the hard way—courtesy and the ability to stand on her own feet.

Walking away from the train, Nancy spoke. "What are you going to do for carfare tomorrow?" she asked him gently.

**WE'RE COMIN'**

Yes, we're coming October 10. But seeing as how MODERN SCREEN is the biggest, fastest seller in the field, better place your reservation for the big November issue today. You know that sinky feeling when you look forward to a thing and presto, it's all gone.

So remember, October 10!

---

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**frolic**

...by CHERAMY, perfumer

When he comes home on leave let frolic tell him of your happiness. It's a perfume made for joy and moonlight... an exhilarating sparkling fragrance to be worn with a light heart... and to be treasured to the lost devastating drop.

Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; debutante size, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75; Dusting Powder, 1.00;
Talcum Powder, 50c. (plus tax)
"Don't you worry about it," he told her brusquely, which was by way of saying "Shut up. Forget it. Pretend you didn't notice anything." To this day he's embarrassed if anyone catches him doing a good deed. He'd have you believe he's so tough. Such a mug. Oh, Frankie, we know better.

His break came at last in the winter of 1938 when he got a job at $3 a week singing at the Rustic Cabin, and on February 4, 1939, he and Nancy were married. There was a family tussle about it, believe it or not. You'd have thought after four long years their families would have seen the handwriting on the wall. But no. Both families threw their hands up in the air. They saw that Frank was too young, and the Barbaudios thought likewise about Nancy. They bowed to the inevitable, of course, and after the first shock, they were very happy about it. Even went so far as to furnish the newlyweds' three-room apartment in Jersey City.

When Frank and Nancy came back from their three-day honeymoon, they were like two kids living in a dream. Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Sinatra. They'd keep saying that over and over and giggling like fools at the wonderful sound of it. Nancy had a job in a store, and Frank had to be out at the Cabin at dinner time, so there were few evenings together. But there was all of Sunday, and an evening here and there. And what did they want? Egg in their beer? It was enough just to be married, and the magic of it grew and grew until it used to scare them, they were so happy.

One night while Frank was doing his stint at the Cabin, a long guy eased into the place and hung around for hours listening to him sing. It was Harry James, and when he offered him a spot with his band, Frank rocked back on his heels. "Who, me?" he said, incredulously.

"Hell, yes," boomed James. It was a deal.

this dream’s on us . . .

They were out of the woods at last. Frank and Nancy. Paying their light and gas bill on time and putting money in the bank just like regular people. That summer their little girl Nancy Sandra was born, and their cup of happiness ran, and their happiness ran, and their happiness ran.

It was only the beginning of good things, though. After James, came Tommy Dorsey, and after Dorsey, Frankie stuck out on his own. We all remember the way he would send those kids at the Paramount in the fall of ’42. How he was signed for two weeks and held over for eight, breaking a fifteen-year record at the theater. We remember the shrieks, the swoons, the scrawls on the Paramount wall. "I love you, Frankie," written a thousand times. And the predictions of the know-nothings that he couldn't last. That he was anotherfad like swimming the channel and walk-athons and the boyish bob.

Nancy knew he wasn't a fad, but when she'd tell him how good he was, he'd say, "You wouldn't be prejudiced, would you?" And of course she was a little, so she just shut up and gloated silently over each passing month that found him still Mr. Big with the kids and with an increasingly large number of adults.

We remember the way they loved him at the Wedgewood Room, and how he packed the place every night with names like Cole Porter and Ethel Merman. He took over Boston in one easy chorus of "Pistol Packin' Mama." We remember the way they lined up outside the RKO Theater at six in the red-ribbon December morning to get into his show. Not just the youngsters, either. The Back Bay matrons, no less. The bluebloods who regularly spoke only to God. And the place was Pittsburgh and Chicago and Hollywood, each one falling in turn like . . .
Prussian towns under a Red Army tank attack.
And the strange and wonderful phenomenon is this. Half the people came to hear him prepared to scoff, and they would go away converted. Like the cops who were detailed to guard his dressing room in Boston. Before he came, they used to gripe continuously among themselves. Who the hell cared if the kids busted the door down and clawed him to death? Not them.
Good riddance. But then he came, and they heard him, and heck, he was all right. Gentle with the kids who mobbed him, friendly with the stagehands and the press. And gee, he always had a big grin for the Law.

They'd had him wrong...

They'd had him wrong. Before Frank left, they were smuggling him in sandwiches and soft drinks so he wouldn't have to buff the throng at lunch and dinner time. They were triumphantly bearing home autographed pictures to their kids. When a week or so after he'd left Boston, they received a letter from him, thanking them and saying that Edgar Hoover couldn't have taken better care of him, they were completely sold.

The servicemen who jammed the Hollywood Canteen the night Frank appeared there came prepared to dislike him. They thought he'd be a patronizing little show-off, and when he turned out to be just a good guy who was willing to sing for them till his voice cracked, they couldn't believe it. They kept him singing for hours, and finally, when it was very late, they lifted him on their shoulders and paraded him around the Canteen cheering louder than anything in bobby-sox has ever cheered. No one at the Canteen has ever gotten an ovation like that before or since.

The even stranger phenomenon is that fame touches him so little. He's still amazed when newspapers carry pictures of Nancy and him at a premiere instead of people like Crosby or Gene Kelly. He's still just as wrapped up in his family as when he was not much of anybody. When he'd finally finished "Step Lively," and his cronies with whom he'd been living (Axel Stordahl, his musical arranger; Hank Sanicola, his manager—whom he christened Cordell Hull; Junior, his jack-of-all-trades) wanted him to scoot up to Palm Springs with them for a week or two, he just looked at them as if they were completely out of their heads. "Are you kidding?" he asked them, and began throwing clothes into a suitcase. "You think I want to prolong this-looking at you mugs when I could be looking at that?" He gestured toward a picture of Nancy. "Don't you know I'm going nuts to see my wife and kids?"

"Okay, okay," Axel said. "Forget we said anything. Confidentially, we can do very well indeed with no Sinatra for a while, too."

Frank paused in his packing, a pair of socks in one hand, a shirt in the other.

"What's wrong with Sinatra?"

"He snores," said Axel.

"And wants too damn many windows open."

"He makes too much fuss over those couple of little setting-up exercises he does in the morning."

"And he snores," reiterated Axel. Then they all began singing "Suitcase Packin' Papa" at the top of their lungs, and laughing so hard at themselves they couldn't stop.

What, no reverence at all in their dealings with The Voice? Well, no. And Frankie would die a thousand deaths if it were otherwise. Finally, when he could get his breath, he flung at them, "New Jersey was never like this, Sonny God."

You'll look and feel glamorous when you have Dura-Gloss on your fingernails. Use this superb polish which contains "Chrystallyne" for all important occasions and glamour moments. It's so satisfactory and right. The smooth way it goes on the nails, and the speed with which it dries, are well-known to all who use it. Get Dura-Gloss today—at cosmetic counters, 10¢ plus tax.
I SAW IT HAPPEN

Rosemary Lane was in town recently to appear at a Bond Rally. And while she may have "muffed" her act, she certainly won the love and respect of everyone who heard of the incident.

It seems that Miss Lane has a story which she always tells at patriotic assemblies, a "shocker" dealing with the sacrifice and heroism of the front-line combatants, and which she planned to deliver that evening. The lights were lowered, the spot focused; she stepped onstage, jumped into her opening lines, gulped—and stopped. Embarrassed, she murmured, "Pardon me, please," and ducked back to the orchestra leader and whispered to him.

A few moments later, she resumed the act—singing. It wasn't till much later that her behavior was explained. Miss Lane hadn't been told that her audience was to be composed of wounded soldiers recently returned from overseas, and fearing that her story might disturb them, she chose to ruin her act rather than risk a possible humiliation.

What a wonderful gesture that was!

Ann Merrin, Atlanta, Ga.
the Keenan Wynn, the Gene Kellys, gangs of servicemen Frankke had picked up in his travels that day.

They had only asked the people they really wanted. There was no mob of big shots, no frantic attempt to include the right people. When the newspapers got wind of the party and wanted to send over photographers, Frank begged off, "It's not going to be that sort of party at all," he told the editors. "Gosh, our pals would think I was an awful ham. Skip it, will you?" They skipped it, scratching their heads. Who ever heard of a movie star passing up a nice hunk of free publicity?

They photographers would have ruined its lovely un-Hollywood atmosphere. As it was—except for the abundance of the hospitality—they could have been any young couple entertaining their chums of a Saturday night. Nancy, in a sweet off-the-shoulder cotton dress, showed each new arrival over the place, beaming when they exclaimed over the lovely dubbonet and green living room with its deep couches flanking the fireplace, the gleaming concert grand, the lovely flowered wing chairs by the window.

"Do you really like it," she'd say. "I mean really. I've looked at it so much now I can hardly tell what it looks like." She was thrilled when they rhapsodized over the master bedroom with the enormous bed, the pale blue quilted headboard and spread to match. The soft blue chairs and the chaise longue.

"Who decorated it for you, Nan?" they'd ask her. For in Hollywood when you buy a house someone almost invariably "does" it for you.

"Us," she'd say with that kind of breathless little girl way she has of speaking. "Oh, we had help. I asked people at the stores a million questions. But we chose the actual colors and pieces of furniture. We just couldn't live in anything that was somebody else's idea of a house."

Just one room did Frank insist on showing the people himself, and that was his dressing room. He couldn't wait to let the guests do their own raving. "Isn't it terrific?" he'd asked them before he'd even gotten the door open. "How do you like the plaid wall-paper? Look at those built-in drawers. I designed it myself, you know."

"Obviously," George told him dryly. But he had to admit it was darned good-looking.

They were both so proud of their house that night that they couldn't stop grinning, and if anyone noticed a particularly lovely drum table or an especially striking picture, or the flowered draperies, they just about burst on the spot.

swinging on a star...

The party wound up in the small hours. No one wanted to go home as long as Frank's pal, the brilliant colored pianist Cal Jackson, could be induced to play one more song. Or while Frankie would give them just one last chorus of "Swinging on a Star." Or while their own voices held out on "Dinah" and "Casey Jones" and "Workin' on the Railroad" and the other oldies they all loved.

Now with the excitement of decorating the place and warming it behind them, life has settled down a bit. It is new and wonderful to have breakfast together every morning, even though six o'clock does come pretty early, and they aren't too chatty. It is marvelous, too, to have dinner together most nights, and Nancy Sandra doesn't know what to do with herself she's so thrilled to have a "regular father like the other kids." Frank, Jr., doesn't say much, but he's apparently thriving in his new surroundings. At six months, he was wearing little boy so we ud...
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"I haven't anything to feed them. Just a lot of odds and ends and junk!" "Swell," he told her. "We'll fix our own supper." They did, and the kids loved it, but the sight of them gorging on any old left-over aged Nancy twenty years.

There was the crisis when he almost didn't make the Hit Parade. He'd been doing a Command Performance with Bing Crosby one Saturday night, and it finished up at ten minutes to nine, giving Frank exactly ten minutes to get to the studio. He started to dash out, then he turned around and went into Bing's dressing-room.

"Hey, sit down, sit down," said Bing, who has no idea of time and didn't realize that Frank was practically on the air.

"Can't tonight, Bing," Frank said. "But I just had to tell you, it'll never stop being a thrill and I thanks a hell of a lot." He stuck out his hand, and Bing shook it hard. Then he streaked for his car and made the show by the skin of his teeth. But not before the studio had bouted the life out of poor Nancy about his whereabouts.

Oh it's not all fun, being Mrs. Sinatra, don't think it is. She'll sit around waiting for him to get home to dinner till she thinks she'll go mad, and then he'll come in and say, "Sorry, sweet. There was a gang of servicemen around the car, and hell, the least I can do is sign a couple of autographs." Or go over their bank book with Tina, she'll discover a check is missing and unaccounted for, upsetting the whole balance. She'll nail him at dinner.

"Oh that." He looks embarrassed about it. "I saw a little squirt in the paper that a soldier on a furlough lost his wallet with a hundred bucks in it. I figured maybe he'd want to go home or something, so I sent it to him. He'll probably think I'm an awful horse's neck."

And what can Nancy ever possibly say to that?

Maybe a benefit will come up on their anniversary, and their little bing will be cancelled. Maybe he'll have to do retakes the week-end they planned to whip off to Palm Springs. But what the heck? Once in a while there's a free Sunday. What do they want? Egg in their beer?

QUIZ CLUES
Set 3
(Continued from page 165)

1. While there's life, there's——
2. Mar-legs
3. Belleza Linda
4. Benny's from heaven
5. Temple of Fame
6. Rumba Caesar
7. High Hat Kathryn
8. She talks!
9. A rat in cheap clothing
10. Never too Tone-y
11. The Fat Man
12. Her "eats" life
13. The thin woman
14. The love life of Dr. Wassell
15. A Merry Monahan
16. Reaps a random harvest
17. Packed Saratoga trunk by gaslight
18. Pat's pet
19. Still tied to Ty
20. One of Venus

(Answers on page 119)

New—Hair Rinse safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
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   4. Golden Brown
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   6. Silver
   7. Tinted Blonde
   8. Golden Blonde
   9. Topaz Blonde
   10. Dark Blonde
   11. Light Blonde
   12. Lightest

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BECAUSE OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Jot too, but the embarrassment of a difficult superfluous hair problem on face and limbs. Fortunately I found a way to bring me happiness and I shall be glad to pass this knowledge on to you just for the asking.

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I offer you a miracle of hair control. It's simple, it's easy and it works.

Will you write me for your FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem," and the book, "The Bunk in Show Business," free gift limited time?"
HEADLINES FOR FALL
(Continued from page 72)

What color for you? For redheads, there are henna and auburn rinses. Blondes can keep their gold glistening by using a light golden blonde shade. Titan blonde rinse gives light hair a fascinating dash of red. Brunettes who want a really dark effect should try blue-black rinse. Emphasize natural reddish highlights with henna. Brownettes will like a warm chestnut brown rinse that adds a coppery luster. Auburn gives a rich glow.

SNOWFALL. A pretty sight, but not when it's dandruff snowing on your shoulders! Dandruff forms in the first days after washing when the scalp is temporarily oiled; so as soon as you've shampooed with a special dandruff-removing preparation, massage your scalp gently with an oily pomade. If you've been indulging in orgies of perfume-spraying directly on the hair, you have one clue to your trouble right there. Perfume's an aider and abettor of flaking. Substitute an elegantly-scented hair oil or tonic to perfume your curls. lubricate your scalp. Wash your comb daily to keep from re-infecting yourself. And don't lend it to a living soul!

HOW DRY I AM! Does your hair resemble a discontented haystack? Then its crying need is lubrication, plenty of it, to counteract brittle ends. Follow along with a special hot-oil treatment which, incidentally, is more effective right before your shampoo. Massage the warm oil well into your scalp. Wring a towel out in hot water and wind it around your head so that the oil can get in its best work. After the lubricating job, rinse your locks in cold water (that's so the shampoo on your oil-laden curls will lather easily) and proceed with your washing as usual.

WIELD YOUR BRUSH. Do your locks have that 100-stroke sheen? Take a tip from Rita Hayworth and brush not only the top layer, but underneath the hair, too. Hang your head and brush swiftly from the nape of the neck to the ends of your curls. Work hard, particularly around the back of the ears.

SET YOUR HAIR. Every girl her own. Antoine is my motto! Learn to set your own hair, and you'll be hitting in Hayworth's league. Touring Army camps and such, Hollywood girls must look their best, and they can't always bring along a hairdresser. The solution: They do their own! And so can you if you invest in some hair-setting lotion, some precious hair pins and curlers. A contribution to the sleek-as-a-kitten look is a lacquer that coaxes flyaway hairs into perfect order and provides them with a brilliant sheen. It's good to know, too, about rose hair oil that, faintly scented, adds luster to all shades of hair.

Featherweight, 3-way grip combs and comblike "hairtainers" are wonderful for all coils. Every tooth is split, making it just like a tiny spring exerting gentle tension. They can easily be inserted in rolls, puffs, curls or pomps. Presto, the hairdo is held securely. Too, they can't be beat at holding bows and flowers in place. Brides and bridesmaids (I'm incurably romantic) in current Fall weddings are using plenty of them. No bridal veil or orange blossom wreath can fly away when anchored with these clever little hair retainers.

Treat yourself to a permanent to revive lank and weary waves. Machine or hand-
was recently introduced to the Money Bag Set at $80,000 a throw, it was cut along lines very much like the ones you see here. Coat hanger shoulders, tuxedo fronts, armholes deep enough to slip over suits, convertible turn-back cuffs.

Aim for this simplicity if you want to look expensive. And don't try to be too individual about furs. Short tunics, for instance, can be pretty super on occasion. But—come Winter—when your knees go "knockety knock," it mayn't be love.

So think twice. Even about the shorties shown here.

You buy for looks and for keeps when you settle on mink-blended muskrat. Northern muskrats are the most durable and the best coats use only the backs of the animals. If you want a really solid job, ask for a "knockety coat." This means the fur has been cut in narrow strips and worked just like mink. Costs more when than the skins are simply pieced together. But, whatever you pay for muskrat, expert blending means permanent beauty. So focus on the hang tag before you buy. It if says "Hollander"—worry not.

Persian lamb? Still tops among the slimming black furs. Not quite the all-around sport that muskrat is, but with fair treatment, it will give you excellent wear. Your Persian will be good Persian ware: Soft leather, high luster, tight curls. The Hollander crowd is sorta wizard at making this fur lightweight, drapable and black-est black in the business.

Beavers and their ilk are hard-working casual furs—and beautiful! You spot a good beaver by its blue-brown cast and dim luster. Mendoza beaver-dyed corns presents a reasonable facsimile of the busy beastie itself. And I do mean reasonable. Coney, of course, is rabbit but not the Easter Bunny! The best fur con- breed comes from Australia or New Zealand. Sturdy as the ANZAC in its own peaceful way. You can have it seal black, too, but it's not in the running with beaver for greatness.

Strictly on the sports side—Laskin Mouton (lamb, lambie pie)! Scarcely as nylons last year, it's back in circulation and will circulate you plenty if you travel in school circles. Warm and hearty enough for Alaska? Satisfied?

Seem spots before your eyes? Like leopard spots on a spotted cat spotted? Per- feetly natural if you're young enough to crave gaiety in furs. The coat on hand here is leopard-stenciled calfskin and—surprise!—it comes with enough extra fur for a hat. This "Hatmatch" set-up in- cludes pictures and patterns for making...
six different swoony styles. Slick idea?
O. K. All this leaves you cold, because you're aching for glamour with a capital glam. How about stone marten then? Sure, the McCoy costs thousands. But look how cleverly raccoon impersonates this year. A new bleaching and blending treatment produces the identical shadings of precious marten. Terrific for afternoon and evening. Definitely not for the tweedy side of your life.
In case this is too rich for your diet, skunk stands ready and willing to oblige. Teams with everything from formals to tweeds and positively teems with wear-resistance. So it's not just luck that skunk's still the most popular long-haired fur.

But... time's up (paper shortage, you know), and now it's your turn. If you want to know where to buy these furry beauties, write and tell me where you live. If you want the low-down on a fur I haven't mentioned—or want advice of any kind about clothes—just take your pen in hand pronto.

G'bye fur now. Marjorie Bailey, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

THE PERMA-LIFT PRINCESS

Once upon a time, there was a fair maiden with cool blue eyes and a bewitching smile. One day... Cinderella story? Plus a fairy godmother, with the time being 1943, the place Chicago and the Cinderella slipper belonging to Greta Christensen, the starlet who has PKO wearing off the usual easy come, easy-go publicity campaigns for fear they may magic-wand her right out of the stardom they're sure she'll achieve!

Before her discovery, Greta was tops in the Chicago glamour clique, so when a friend of hers, famed magazine illustrator Pearl Frush, chose her to be the nationally publicized Perma-Lift Bra Girl, she accepted the job as a routine, if flattering, assignment.

Then came the deluge. A Hollywood talent scout spotted the ad in a State Street store, ferreted out her identity and telephoned to make arrangements for a screen test. Whereupon Greta promptly hung up! She knew that routine backwars!

But talent scouts are made of sterner stuff, and before she could say "Abacadabra," the G. I. pin-up pet was whisking off to the cinema city on her magic carpet of youth, talent—and Perma-Lifted figure!

I was ashamed to ask other women—

these intimate physical facts!

"There was so much about intimate feminine hygiene I wanted to know but didn't. And I was ashamed to let other women find out how ignorant I was.

How glad I am now I didn't ask them because I've learned since so many women know only "half-truths"—or misinformation as out-dated as that of their mothers and grandmothers.

Instead I went to my Doctor. He told me about a newer, modern, scientific method of douching with Zonite—the discovery of a world-famous surgeon and renowned chemist. He explained how feminine hygiene is so important to a woman's charm, beauty and health. And how Zonite helps solve one of woman's most serious deodorant problems."

Smart Women No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations—

Old-fashioned mixtures of soap, soda or vinegar do not and cannot give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. And don't let anyone tell you they do!

On the other hand don't use old-time over-strong solutions of harmful poisons (many with warning on label) which can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. Until misery may come from this. But with modern Zonite you take no such risky chance.

So Powerful Yet So Harmless

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.

Zonite actually destroys and removes offending odor-causing waste substances and helps to guard against infection by instantly killing all germs and bacteria it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract, but YOU can be sure of this! No other germicide kills germs any faster or more thoroughly than Zonite! Zonite kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so harmless, positively non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-burning. Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

Buy a bottle of Zonite today for "feminine daintiness" and charm.

FREE BOOK Gives Frank Intimate Details of Newer Feminine Hygiene

FREE!

Tear this coupon out and send to Zonite, Dept. 404, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and receive in plain wrapper, enlightening new book edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

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115
GOOD NEWS
(Continued from page 68)
Alan Ladd refused to have a double for the scene when he shimmies up a 92-foot mast in "Two Years Before the Mast." Before Alan became famous, he used to be a "grip" at Warners' and worked in the catwalks.

Betty Grable is certainly the original "tumor" victim girl. But here are a few you need NOT believe:

Betty is retiring from the screen to welcome the Stork again. She has her hands full with Victoria Elizabeth James and making her new movie "Billy Rose's Diamond Horsehoe." She and Harry are having "career" troubles. Harry will have open a night club of his own in order to remain in Hollywood with her and the baby.

She is on a strenuous diet to keep her weight down. Forget all that talk that she is starving herself. Betty has always been a gal who could put away a husky meal.

I've never seen more stars than turned out for the Hollywood preview of "Since You Went Away."

Shirley Temple was the darling of the evening, and I noticed for the first time that Shirley is wearing make-up. Oh, very discreetly—but she had on lipstick, a bit of rouge and a hint of brown mascara. Deanna Durbin is wearing her hair very long and very blonde.

Maria Montez had an enormous beaded shawl draped around her head and shoulders. Maria smiled constantly. Even when the lights dimmed and the picture went on.

Jean Crawford wore a salmon colored cocktail dress and with her heavy tan and russet colored hair, she was très chic, Salmon seems to be the smart new color.

There's no rivalry between June Allyson, the blonde, and Gloria De Haven, the brunette, even though the girls are forging along neck to neck on the M-G-M lot.

The gals even date the same heroes including the popular "Hill" Hodack. They dress their hair alike and wear the same color nail polish and lipstick.

"The days of feuds are over," June told me, "It's so silly for players to have to work together to be jealous. Gloria and I are friends, and we're going to remain that way."

That's all well and good—but as a newspaper woman, I think some of Hollywood's famous "feuds" have been very colorful. Remember Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer—and Crawford and Jean Harlow and Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins and Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri?

Guess those were "the good old days."

Rita Hayworth is hoping her baby will be a girl. But after the "arrival" she is not going to take a long vacation from the screen as Alice Faye and Betty Grable have done. Rita wants to make a movie as soon as possible. There's only one thing—she'll confine herself to emotional and absolutely no dancing; "I can't be a Dancing Mother too soon," laughs Rita.

I'm delighted with all the letters from you Modern Screen fans. Believe me, they are being seen on Billy's desk as fast as I can get them out. You're very helpful to me—not only in telling me the stars you want to read about in this magazine, but your interests and enthusiasm gives me vital tips for my Heart papers column. Thanks again—and keep on writing.—L. P.
picture, that people wondered if she could pronounce the words Y-E-S, or even M-A-Y-B-E if somebody wrote them up on a slate.

It was to take a long last chance at this that producer David Hempstead, who had been eagle-eyeing every available leading man in Hollywood at that point to find the right guy to make Ginger happy in her work, staged this Hollywood frame-up. Although they worked on the same lot, Mr. Hempstead knew the only time Ginger, had had a chance at Bob was in a movie called "Behind the Rising Sun" where about all Bob did was to smash and tear in little pieces a huge Hollywood wrestler named Mike Mazurki in a Jap-versus-American battle that was probably the brushest, goriest screen fight put on since the famous Farnum-Santschi scrap of the old silents. He also knew Ginger's reaction to this sluggy scene was one of horror.

"Why, that big bruise wouldn't make love to me," gasped Ginger. "He'd eat me up!"

"Have you ever met Bob Ryan?" inquired Mr. Hempstead.

"N-no," admitted Ginger.

"Will you?"

"Why,—of course."

"Drop by my office this afternoon, and I'll have him there," promised the producer. And there's how the trap was set. Well, right in the middle of one of those awkward-stranger conversations about the weather and how have you been, Ginger strolled over to Hempstead's desk and scribbled on this paper. Then she said she had to leave to pack for her ranch in Oregon and tripped airily out of the room. But when she left, everything was all settled—rosy-dosy, on the beam—just like that.

Because what Ginger wrote on the paper was: "Wow—What a man! This is the guy!"

exactly like you . . .

Now that may be a long, round-about way to get across the fact that Robert Ryan is something special in the male animal line. But if Ginger Rogers doesn't know a Grade-A article in that department when she meets one, who does? And the point is, it took a look at Bob in the flesh. But even from those scattered pictures where he was usually messing somebody up or getting bumped off himself, Robert Ryan's charm has seeped through to the world until the postman made his RKO bosses sit up and take notice.

It finally got around that a girl or two in the out-country could care for a man like Bob if he'd stop chunking other males around for a minute and relax. But still, like I say, it takes a personal look to convince thoroughly. 'Cause when you meet Bob Ryan, you know you've met somebody.

Like the sailor who came up to him at the premiere of "Lady in the Dark," right before Bob left to join up with Uncle Sam. At that point he wasn't too well advertised locally, and even though Bob and his pretty red-headed wife, Jessica, got all gussied up with evening clothes, they still drew no more notice at the gala event than a glass of milk at a cocktail party. In fact, they were standing with the crowd, gaping at all the glamorous stars when this sailor tagged Bob's sleeve.

"Can I have your autograph?" asked the sailor.

Bob said sure and wrote it.

Yes!...Underarm perspiration ruins many a beautiful dress, and 'underarm odors ruin many a girl's happiness, too. The action of perspiration will deteriorate and discolor even the finest fabrics. And the damage is permanent, because no amount of dry cleaning ever completely restores a fabric ruined by underarm odors. These odors spoil the gown and, socially, they make life wretched besides.

NONSPI freshness and freedom last from one to three days. This liquid anti-perspirant does more than conceal odors. It prevents them. Stops them before they start. NONSPI protects your charm, your social assurance and your clothes. Feel free, feel fresh, this safe, swift, certain way.

Use NONSPI . . . 35¢ • 60¢ Sizes (plus tax)

“Darn it,” said the gob. “My mistake. I thought you meant somebody. You look like you ought to be somebody.” Bob didn’t dare tell him that he was sort of somebody. He just got a good laugh out of it.

When he joined the Marines last February and entered boot camp down in San Diego, Bob Ryan could have claimed a couple—dozen home towns if he’d wanted to and got by with it. But his buddies in boot training all were sure they had known him somewhere. Every day he got, “Say, aren’t you from Birmingham?” “Ain’t I seen you around?” “Ain’t you from Atlanta, or Kansas City or Peoria?”

For a while he thought it was because they’d glimpsed him in a picture, and sometimes they had. But usually it was just because the face and figure of Big Bob struck a familiar chord somewhere. He stood out.

**timber-topper...**

It isn’t all because he’s so tall—although Bob is a moose of six feet three in his socks, and his 195 pounds are tailored to size. He was such a timber-topper, in fact, that the cost RKO some expensive re-takes on “The Sky’s the Limit," where they had injudiciously shipped him in a couple of scenes with Fred Astaire, the star. When the picture was run off, poor Fred, alongside Ryan, looked like a midget. In the new scenes the director kept shouting at Bob, “Stop down, Ryan! Bend over! Bend over!” Bob did, and even if he looked a little like a chimpanzee taking a stroll, it was easier on Fred Astaire, which is what counted then.

But Bob Ryan has a lot more than mere altitude to keep his personality warm. It takes no slide-rule to figure out from his name—which is his right tag—that he’s Irish, all on his dad’s side and half on his mother’s. His face is one of those pleasingly rugged maps, not pretty, but like Gary Cooper’s, easy to look at, especially when he cracks a wide grin and dimples—just like Coop’s—pop out. His curly hedged of brown hair sticks up a little too far, and his ears wind with fur—a bit beyond regulations, but nuts—if you took Gable apart you wouldn’t end up with Adonis. Let’s say Bob’s a handsome hunk of rugged man from all angles and let it go at that. What’s better, he’s a popular guy, easy going as an Alabama freight train, and like most big bruisers, blessed with a Lincolnesque sense of humor and a disposition like an angel cake.

He proved that one night at a Frank Sinatra broadcast. Bob’s a great pal of Frankie’s. They got to know each other on the RKO lot, and despite his wafer size, Frankie is fast on his feet and nutty about boxing. In fact, as you know, Sinatra owns a part interest in a professional fighter and would rather be around the smell of sweaty leather, aroma and resin than the fragrance of all those sweet things who make life one perpetual mob scene. So Bob, who’s an expert at the manly art, and Frankie put on a few bouts for exercise at the Hollywood Athletic Club between jobs, and it got in the papers.

Well, this night, Bob was on his way to the broadcast studio to catch Frank at his swoon work when he waded into a mob of boy-sockers milling around the gate, and one of them recognized him. She rushed up with fanatical fire in her eye.

“Isn’t you Robert Ryan, the fellow who boxes with Frank Sinatra?” she cried. “That’s right,” admitted Bob. The filly sighed. “Can I touch you?” “Why—uh—I guess so.” The fervent girl pressed his arm. Then

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she turned triumphantly to the mob of Sweet Hysteras behind her.

"Girls—look," she exulted triumphantly, "I just touched the man who touched Frankie!"

That wasn't such a compliment, especially since by that time Robert Ryan had done a few things himself, like "Bombardier," "Rising Sun" and "Tender Comrade." But he just grinned amiably and promised with a twinkle in his eye "not to touch Frankie too hard."

Bob just doesn't rile easy. Right now, for instance, he's assigned to physical instruction at the San Diego Marine Base and spends most of every day teaching raw rookies how to handle their dukes in case they get close enough to a Kraut or a Nip to use some knuckle dusting. Judo, alley scrapping—or what is required. Most of them are strictly from arms and elbows, and it's a case of the elemental. But sometimes a wise guy who knows more than he lets on steps up sweet and innocent and inquires naively, "Is this the way you stand?" "Is this the way you put up your fists?" And then takes a professional poke at teacher aimed at a haymaker and a certain prestige among his pals. Twice ever thus with pupils and teachers, of course, and Bob is wary. "Some of them are good," he admits candidly. "But usually not good enough to do it more than once."

That's because Bob Ryan has studied boxing and practiced same ever since he was a nipper. He was heavyweight champ at Dartmouth College from his freshman year on and the only battler in college history to hold the school title four straight years. He got started in Chicago early, oddly enough, because his mother made him take violin lessons. Chicago, then as now, was rugged. "H-m-m-m," mused Bob's Irish dad, "if the kid's going to lug a violin case through these streets, he'll get 'sissy' tossed at him every two blocks. If he gets that, he'll have to fight. He'd better know how." So before he hung up his knee pants, Robert Ryan could feint and jab and Bob and weave with the best of them. He still can at the age of thirty-four.

I cover the water front...

Bob looks like he hails from the Hills of Old Wyoming or at least from somewhere West of the Pecos, but fact is, he's strictly a city boy—always has been. A couple of years ago he and Jessica went in hock for a Hollywood house, the first bona fide house Bob had ever lived in.

They rattled around, and it didn't last long. Right now the Ryans are camping in a seaside 'villa' at Pacific Beach, a bleak strand a few miles above San Diego. It's built out on a pier, and the attractions, if any, are bathing and fishing. Bob gets a bad sinus when he swims, and he's so allergic to fish that he turns green at the sight of a fin. But still he thinks at 25 bucks a week the candy box place is a bargain. "Real homey," he sighs, adjusting his long frame to the sharp angles. You see, for years Bob and his Bob and Jessica too, dwelt in rooming houses, dinky hotels, cracker-box apartments, in attics, basements, over garages and under delicatessans. Pursuing art they were, and fame—and as any dope knows, that's no formula for creature comforts—especially when you're busted, as Bob Ryan usually was.

He didn't start out that way. In fact, the Ryans were pretty well fixed in Chicago when Bob grew up. His dad was a successful contractor, and Bob went to a good Chicago school, Loyola, where he not only starred in football, baseball and track, but even scribbled poetry and decided he'd be a writer of some kind someday. His pop still had enough sugar to pack him off East when college time arrived, and Bob chose Princeton but got touted off at the last minute to Dartmouth, and like all Dartmouth grads, he regards that nowadays as a holy place, slightly up the hill from heaven.

That's an occupational disease of Dartmouth grads, but still Bob Ryan had good cause to like his college setup. He joined a good fraternity, Psi Upsilon, made the football varsity until he wrecked his knee in the Columbia game, wrote some more poetry (which was very ripe, Bob admits) and did progress on that writer

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Ambition knocking out some essays and theses which are still called models of this and that back in Hanover. One was artistically titled, "Alice and the Toilet Bowl!" and kidded the hard-boiled vogue of gutsy writers like Hemingway and Faulkner. They say it was pretty cute.

career—corpses 'n' cowboys...

Vacation times, the youth Ryan got around plenty earning a dollar here and there—once even as a fake cowboy (his first actual acting job) on a Montana dude ranch (maybe that's where he got that Cooper cowboy look). Incidentally, he took an incognito flyer at the prize ring out West under the alias of Kid Flanagan. Next summer he peddled cemetery lots and did all right, too. And working back from there, Bob wound up his between-the-semesters career in his home town signing on as a "chauffeur-secretary" to a swarthy gent with big diamonds and black cigars and a suspicious bulge over his hip. Turned out to be a bootlegger who wanted a muscle man around in case of trouble.

So by the time they dressed Bob up in a mortar board and a black nightgown and handed him his B.A. at Dartmouth, he knew a thing or two about what made the world tick—or so he thought. Only the world wasn't ticking when Bob emerged, all wound up for action. There was a slight Depression—remember? From then on he became the Depression Kid—and no kidding. He had to earn his cakes, and the going was rugged. But the scads of lowly depression chores he waded through in those years added up to a big fat break later on—but that was later on.

First off, Bob Ryan swallowed his Dartmouth pride and education to lean on his big muscles as a "human mule" pushing barges of rock and slag in a Chicago sewer tunnel project. It wasn't exactly elevating work, and a time or two Bob almost got his beautiful body crushed and mangled to hamburger. But to show you how a guy can dream in the depths even, of a sewer—

Once, Bob recalls, he was parked alongside of the big ditch with some hunky sandhog colleagues of his, gnawing a sandwich at lunch, and the conversation turned, as it usually does in ditches, foxholes or exclusive clubs, to women. Especially movie women. Specifically, the topic was, "What Hollywood dame would you rather kiss?" There were lots of candidates among the starry-eyed sewer gang; Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce. Came Bob's turn. He sighed. "The girl I'd rather kiss" (and he meant it) "is Ginger Rogers." It sounds like a corny press-agent gag to report that the first Hollywood "movie dame" Bob Ryan did play opposite, did hug and did kiss (even if he had to pinch himself at the time) was Ginger Rogers. But that's gospel. And incidentally, that kiss has been good for a lot of extensive masculine conversation a second time.

About ninety per cent of Bob's Marine buddies want to know first thing, "How does it feel to kiss a movie star?" Bob has to tell them he's only kissed one—Ginger. "How does it feel to kiss her?" they press.

Bob always gives them the same reply. "Ever kiss a girl?"

"Sure out (a bit indignantly)."

"Well" snaps Bob. That goes on a dozen times a day.

But back to Our Hero's sad saga as Busted Bob, The Depression Wait:

I could rattle off the up and downs of Robert Ryan until next Christmas if the paper shortage okayed it. He did about everything you can think of. He tried gold mining in Montana, sold maps, and wrote a script right...
bucks in five months of back-breaking toil. He tried New York for a newspaper job, but instead of holding the presses, Bob ended up holding the torso of some strange tootsie and leering at her in confession magazine illustrations; posing his rugged map for dandruff ads, cigarettes and foot-eases. He signed on the black-gang of a freighter bound for Africa and got himself drenched in sweat stoking his way through the tropics. He came back to the States and peddled this and that, slaved as a mucker in another sewer gang, drilled with a dynamite crew, dug a ditch here and there. Ups and downs, mostly downs.

But there was one strictly-from-hunger job Bob Ryan had that tips off the kind of fellow he was throughout all that big league loop of lousy luck. He didn't mind breaking his back or tearing his big arms out by the roots, or even prostituting his manly beauty for sensational sheets. But—well, once he tied into what looked like a soft touch in Chicago—a white collar job as collector of bad loans.

**heart-on-his-sleeves legree** ...

Bob spent a week shagging through the dismal slums of Chicago trying to pull pennies out of down-and-outers. What he saw made him sick at the stomach and sicker still when he realized he was working for a loan shark outfit. When he got his check, he hustled right back down to the places he'd put the bite on. There he doled out every cent of his pay to the underprivileged. He doesn't see red very often—but if you'd like some fireworks, just start picking phlegmatically on the common man—but choose a quick exit.

How Robert Ryan ever hoisted himself out of that slough of shabby existences is a miracle. Isn't it a miracle when you shoot your only savings—$300 bucks—in a Michigan wildcat oil well and the darned thing comes in? Maybe even more miraculous was a pose he got by with in Chicago—at a girl's school, of all places. You wouldn't think Bob's activities then would have led him within a country mile of a young lad's finishing school. But for one thing, he'd never lost that literary ambition and dabbled at night with plays and things, and for two, he still had plenty of nerve that even a Depression couldn't tame.

So the minute Bob read that the Stickney School for girls was staging its annual play, he showed up and snapped the job directing it. "New York experience," he lied slyly and got by with it. Bob built the scenery and made the schoolgirls get to work, and ended up with a "Dear Brutus" production that wowed the mamas and papas. Right about then in came this $2,000 profit from the wildcat well. Guys and gals have climbed off the train in Hollywood with a lot less encouragement and very much less cash. Robert Ryan was going to be a great director. He figured the place to learn was with Max Reinhardt, who had a school in Hollywood. So there he was, in no time at all.

**love in gloom** ...

On the care and feeding, past and prospects of Bob Ryan, Actor, there's no better authority in the world than his wife, Jessica. Bob met her the first day he came cramming at Max Reinhardt's, and that minute he knew he was a gone goose.

Jessica is a tall, pert redhead with shiny, brown eyes and a frank and breezy personality. She was just down from San Francisco where, as Jessica Cadwallader, she'd been exposed to the Anna Head School in Berkeley which usually turns out girl tennis champs (Helen Wills, Helen Jacobs and Alice Marble all went there), but in Jessica's case the place brewed acting ambitions. By the time they met at Reinhardt's, she'd already played two years with a San Francisco acting group and taken a crack at Broadway and Hollywood, too, which made her several up on Bob.

How they ever managed to become one is a mystery to both; and a tribute, maybe, to Bob Ryan's Irish bullheadedness. Because they got off to several flying wrong starts. As Bob recalls, he made a date the first day he met Jessica and decided he ought to take her somewhere fancy to make an impression. He was ready to blow a small wad of hoarded cash all right, but his knowledge of Hollywood night life was limited. He thought he was taking Jess to a swank place, but the joint turned out to have a reputation lower than a snake in a swamp, which Jess knew, but Bob didn't. He couldn't figure out why he wasn't making much time. Then, he tried dancing, and at terpsichore Rob Ryan is no star. He hates it and—funny part—Jess hates it, too. So it turned out to be a rather grim evening.

Incidentally, Bob Ryan's still a bit backward on his cafe society, especially about what is what, where and when in Hollywood. Some weeks ago an old Dartmouth pal of his came to town and wanted to make the rounds. Bob rallied, and not to let his pal down, boasted, "Sure—I'll show you all the hot spots. Know the town like a book! First," he stated recklessly, "we'll do Ciro's."

With a fine, devil-may-care aplomb, he got on the phone for a reservation, but somehow he couldn't locate Ciro's. Finally
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To the head operator gave him the news. "Ciro's?" she repeated, as if talking to a small boy who doesn't know any better. "Why, Ciro's has been closed up for two years!"

When he's in the market for fun, however, Bob Ryan can do it up right—as RKO's cashier found out last year. After "Tender Comrade," the studio sent Bob and Jessic on a trip East, via his old hometown, Chicago. Bill expenses paid. They told him to enjoy himself and not bother about money. Bob didn't. He took the best suite at the Ambassador East, Chicago's swankiest inn, and tossed a party for 200 old pals in the Pump Room, with cocktails, with caviar, with guinea hen, and champagne. The bill went to the studio, and the studie wired Bob, "Bill paid. Now do we own the hotel?"

Jess and Bob were pretty close to the late directing genius, Max Reinhardt, and when they got hitched, he gave them a book inscribed thus, "Your nuptial hour draws on space, with pomp, with triumph and with revelling"—a nifty from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and signed it. It was nice—but for a long time Bob was inclined to ask "What pomp, what revelling?" His stake then was $100 cash. He and Jess also picked up a German acting charm from Max when they use each time Bob goes into a picture. At that point, Jess pretends to spit on him and yelps, "Halsundbeinbruch!" which means "I hope you break both your neck and legs!" It's a quaint German way of wishing you the worst so you'll get the best.

Anyway, the charm and Reinhardt's revelling prophecy took a long time to work, because after they left the drama school, the Robert Ryan embarked on a stretch of concentrated acting and starving. To eat, Jess did some commercial modelling, and Bob gave boxing lessons to Hollywood kids at a buck a lesson, and at his first Los Angeles stage bow a reviewer cracked, "Mr. Ryan used to be a boxer. Last night he talked like he'd forgotten to take out his mouthpiece!"

But Bob got sharp and sober, especially in the East where he and Jessica attacked the "boorish" summer stock circuit at various "shat hat" stops, including the Cape Cod Playhouse, the Millpond Theater on Long Island and the Robin Hood in Delaware. The rewards ranged from $2 a week and room, such as it was, all the way up to $40 a week, for a couple of weeks. Anyway, they managed to live, and Jess, who had never fried an egg successfully, learned how to cook an eight-course dinner over a Bunsen Burner. And eventually, Bob rubbed up against big timers like Luise Rainer, Katherine Cornell and Tallulah Bankhead, and almost landed in Tallulah's play, "Clash By Night." On Broadway, only the Bankhead caught a fli bug, and his big break was canceled. Then, while Bob sat about biting his nails, that big break the Depression brewed caught him by the collar.

Fare Loretta, the progressive film fol low, who made all those articulate documentaries, had a gigantic opus on the string for RKO called "Name, Age, Occupation," dramatizing an American guy's struggle to lick the Depression. Hipped on realism, he wanted a rugged, sweat-off his-brow actor who had been through the Depression mill for the lead. Somebody steered him to Bob, and one look at Ryan's record was enough for Lorentz. Bob couldn't miss, he figured. Maybe not, but "Name, Age and Occupation," after filming for months, did miss. A studio shuffle took place at RKO, and the artistic epic lit on the shelf. But out of the wreckage, somehow, Robert Ryan found himself with a contract at RKO, to that studio's surprise. 
and confusion. "Frankly," Bob confesses, "they were stuck with me."

His rugged body caught their eye and so Robert Ryan became a muscle man about the lot, in such hairy-cheaters as "The Iron Major," "Bombardier" and climaxed by that bit of movie mayhem in "Behind the Rising Sun" where Bob re-enacted Captain Clear's historic fight to the finish with a mammoth Jap Judo killer.

Bob lost ten pounds the first day, got himself knocked colder than a pickle three times and chipped bones in half his knuckles. But that was his line of work at RKO. He wasn't in one solitary scene with a girl until—well I've told you about Ginger and the Great Discovery.

Offstage, Bob Ryan is probably the most unglamorous, unactorish star around.

Around Hollywood, before he put on a Marine uniform, he usually needed a shoe-shine, and some of his leisure clothes horrified even his wife. She had to hide one rig he fancied, a canvas coat, denim pants and sneakers. He's a guy of simple tastes in about everything—goes for beefsteak and lots of beer and cigarettes, hasn't a speck of jewelry, except a thick gold wedding ring and a wrist watch the studio gave him when he left for service, which refuses to run. His idea of fun is to stay up late drinking suds and talking weighty world problems with his friends, mostly writers, and a lot of Russians he's met through dallling with the U.S. representatives of the Moscow Art Theater. Or reading weighty philosophical tomes and the lives of great men. He and Jess are both stickers for movies, and where they live now, that's all the excitement there is, so they're catching up on their movie misses about every night.

_bury me not in the lonely files..._

Kay Kyser brought his radio Kollege of Musical Knowledge to the San Diego Marine Base a while back, and as Bob and Kay had known each other at RKO, the old professor practically drafted him up on the stage to answer one of those five quizzes.

Bob was never so embarrassed in his life. All he could say was, "I don't know," and he flunked every question, to the bitter disillusion of his solid supporters. One girl wrote him sadly, "I am disappointed in you. You look so nice on the screen. I can't understand why you're so dumb!"

Jessica is my authority for some other facts and figures about Bob. To wit: That he hates to shave, gets his pajama tops and bottoms all mixed up, talks in his sleep, breaks out in hives if he touches mustard, fish or eggs, averages 15 cups of coffee a day and stubbornly messes up their joint bank account writing indiscriminate checks.

In spite of these failings, Private Robert Ryan, U.S.M.C., passed his Leatherneck tests with a 4-rating, which is doing o.k. in a mighty tough league. He thinks he's lucky to be with a rugged outfit, but it's purely and simply an example of good casting. Bob Ryan is a rugged guy, as you might have gathered by now. Of course, he's a mere private—no marine captain has been landed in "Marine Raiders," finished, incidentally, three days before he entered boot camp. But I wouldn't sell Bob short in the service—or anywhere else.

And when the shooting is over, Bob's ambition is to be right back in Hollywood where he left off. He made that plain to me and also to a certain young lady at RKO studios who handles the stacks and stacks of pictures of RKO stars. Over her desk hangs a grinning portrait of Bob with his gay good-by crack:

"Oh, bury me not in the lonely files!"

After the hit Bob has made, there's some fat chance of that, war or no war.
TRIO "CON Brio"  
(Continued from page 33)

secretary. It says, "Please enroll me as a member of your Frank Sinatra Club. I think Frankie's great. Bing Crosby." But that midnight telephone conversation marks the first time on record that Bob Hope ever harpooned his chum, Bing Crosby, about the up-and-coming Crown Prince of Swoon. And it set off with a cross-country bang what has since become the greatest three-ring, electrified, running gag, knockout punch nightmares and free—for—all fun that a trio of upstarts stars ever put on in the Big Tent of Hollywood. No holds are barred, and there hasn't been any time out called yet. It has rollicked and raged all over the radio and in the newspapers, in Army camps and hospitals, on golf course, studio sets, dressing rooms, club houses and cafes. It's been beamed out to Saipan, Siena and St. Lo. But, if some sad people who had their Sense of Humor stunted at an early age, can call it a Feud with a straight face, well—they just aren't hok, that's all.

triple-threat wisecrack club . . .

Because what the triple-threat wisecrack club of Crosby, Hope and Sinatra cover up is really the greatest Mutual Admiration Society in the world. Bob can call Bing "Hips" and "Flabby" and "Father Bobby-Socks" and brand him publicly, as he often has, "The Frank Sinatra of the Gay Nineties." And Bing can label Bob "Zoot-Snoot," "Jangle-Jaw" and "Hopeless" and shoot a dozen other off-the-cuff slurs at his looks, his acting ability, his golf failings, his ignomious canvassback past in the prize ring. He can expose Bing's best jokes as a Joe Miller jumble from a stable of gag writers, while Bob baldly points out the hairless state of Bing's noggin, the spindled gait of his race horses and the wild-Indian traits of his offspring. He can rag Bing's blinding crazy-quit shirts and the chest that occasionally slips down to his middle, and Bing can come back with a gag as asparagus cast at the froggy tones of Bob's crooning attempts.

That had been going on for years, rapid fire, before Frank Sinatra joined the Socko Society. The rubber bricks that Bing and Bob have heaved at each other would shoe half the cars on the highways by now—if they were real.

Over the door of Bob Hope's dinky dressing room, which he started in at Paramount and which he's kept ever since because he's superstitious about moving to more glamorous quarters, hangs a picture of Bing Crosby. It's about the dizziest looking portrait of the Old Baoper you'll ever see, if you're ever lucky enough to see it. Bing's double zero eyes seem to float in a shiny mist of soulful surrender, and they're crossed happily. His ears are three times as large as Gable's and stick out like handles on a chamber. The picture says "My Ideal," and Bob spent a long time cooking it up with a trick photographer he knows. He's got another that he says he'd have heard he had awhile back, faked on to a lovely young lady screaming in terror and a dozen other poses of the Crosby, tricked to make him look all the way from a Mongolian Idiot to Little Boy Blue.

And in Bing's gorgeous interior decorated Paramout hangout, which Bing loves to razz Bingo about and call "the Palladium," Bing comes right back with a picture set of Hope looking like the dogcatcher should be after him, and cartoons

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even for War Bonds, seem to demand around Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Al- though afterwards, Frank sighed, "Whew! Next time I go out with those guys I'm gonna wave a flag or blow a horn or something to get a little attention. Boy, were they laying for me!"

He was right as a rabbit there. That pair certainly were laying for the Swoon King. But after they'd laid for him and got him, they liked him—plenty. And when Frankie Sinatra moved out to Bob and Bing's home territory around Tolucan Lake, going in hock for a house right off the eighteenth tee at Lakeside, who do you think proposed a business membership in the exclusive club? Why, Mr. Harry Lillis Crosby, of course.

Frankie Sinatra is one of Bing's firm friends. Frank, even though he knows him well. Frankie's attitude toward the Great Groaner is still one of humble reverence. He's a Crosby man, as he was at the start, and even now after all the fame that's dashed into, he still regards Bing with awe. It shows in all sorts of ways. Frankie, for instance, calls Bing, "the King." The other day, he confessed to a close pal about his, Hugh Daniel, that the biggest thrill he's had since he came to Hollywood was to watch Bing record a song that he, Frankie, had discovered and made famous. "There'll Be a Hot Time in Old Town of Berlin" is the num- ber. Frankie has already asked Bing for an autographed platter to add to his col- lection of Crosbyana. And you should get a load of the way Frankie, in a recent column, wrote on "Sunday, Monday and Al- ways." Chances are you won't, because Frank uses the little ditty just at Army cump shows and sometimes now and then to warm up a radio studio audience, but never over the air. So I'll have to slip you a look at the lyrics. You can see right off the bat with whom Frank Sinatra brackets himself in crooner ratings. The first verse starts like this:

"I'll soon become a wreck. They're breathing down my neck—

Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como—

They're really breathing fast. Who knows, I may be passed—

By Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como.

The fact that gilders screams, they say will cause me to jump ship—

But if they ever stop, I'll find that I'm back on relief—

I'll mean the end of me, good news for Tommy D—

And Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como!"

There's a stack of verses. But Frankie ends with this:

"I'll never sing like Bing, I know I don't compare, I'll grant he's got a voice, if they'll grant that I've got hair. But then why all the fuss? There's room for us all—

Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como!"

crooner humor

And he always winds up with an extra line, "That's "Lil Crosby!"

Oddly enough, although it's a lyric built strictly for laughs, that's just about how Frank Sinatra really feels about Bing. He worships the guy like Lil Abner worships the "Hed." For his part, Dick, always has, Frankie was practically weaned on Crosby, like a million other boys and girls his age. And if Bing should start cracking his voice tomorrow and singing sour notes in Frank Sinatra's ears, he would still be Bing the Great. That's what happens when you get a kid crash on a

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Frankie has learned to be quick on the uptake and handy with the touchy retort, too. He's had to with those worldy wolves, Crosby and Hope, snapping happily at him. One place where the trio let themselves go is on "Command Performance," the G1 radio show. The insults and lowerations flow fast and furious. Bing and Frank were warbling off a duet, for instance, the other day for the soldiers. Cole Porter's "You're the Top." Suddenly Bing heard Frank change the lyrics. "You're the top," Frank sang, "you're the head canary!" Bing thought that was pretty nice. But the next line showed Frank was just sucking him. "You're the top," he chanted, "thoroughly your top ain't hairy!" That's Bing's real weakness, his shiny head of vanishing fuzz. Another time Frankie played on the same theme. Bing had just thrown in a snide remark about Frank's emaciated frame. Frank got through bending his notes on "This Love of Mine."

"My, my," whispered Bing, "to think that such beautiful music can come out of a rag, a bone and a hank of hair."

"Anywhere I've got hair," cracked Frank. They go on like that for hours. "Just call me Bing," pleads Bing in mock friendliness. "I wouldn't dream of calling a man your age by his first name," Frank comes back. Whoever is hanging around those battles of wit and words has to join in or go under. Once Judy Garland came in to break it up with a little feminine song and charm. Bob Hope immediately pounced on her. "Where's Frank Sinatra, Judy? I thought you were coming together—or did you swoon?"

"Oh, no," said Judy, "we were coming together. But I couldn't carry Frank another block!"

Maybe the most telling wisecrack Frank ever got off at Bing's expense, was delivered in the warm-up before Bing's very own show at NBC studios in Hollywood. Even today one of the most apt audience members of Bing Crosby's at the Kraft Music Hall is a certain F. Sinatra. He likes to watch Bing work. Well, this evening Bing went back stage, before the show, and Bing dragged him out on the stage to help jolly up the audience. Naturally, those two together didn't need to say a word; the studio went wild. But Ukie was standing around, Ukie is one who always stimulates Bing's razz glands. He started raving him, and in self-defense Ukie finally burst out with:

"Oh, Crosby, why don't you give up?"

Then where Frank stepped in with his Sunday punch:

"You heard what the man said, Bing. You heard what he said!"

It's not at all hard to prove, though, that Frank and Bing have a genuine regard for each other which all the comic duets of the world could never completely. Bing showed that way back the very first time the news camera caught him and

What happens when your hat comes down?

Some day the War will be over.

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But what about the day after?

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To protect your Country, your family, and your job after the War—buy War Bonds now!
Frank together. That happened at the NBC studios, where Frank, a CBS man, was visiting on Joan Davis’s show. Right before it came Bing’s half hour. The NBC and CBS press agents got their little heads together and decided here was the Big Chance. The programs overlapped—that is, Bing would be leaving just as Frank started on the air. But there were three whole pages in the first part of the Davis show where Sinatra wasn’t needed. They set it up with Bing to shoot the picture then and with Frank to run off the stage, take off ‘em and get back for his lines. Both Frank and Bing, approached separately, said “Sure!”

Frankie was so eager to make the shots that out on the broadcasting stage he kept circling his new over to the wings, looking for Bing, and Joan Davis, who hadn’t been told, wondered what the heck went on. When she saw Frankie trot off the stage when his empty spot came, she thought he’d gone crazy! So as he whizzed by, she grabbed him by the coat collar and hung on. That ruined the plans, but to everyone’s surprise, Bing Crosby laughed and said, “I’ll bet people will round about after the show, and we’ll make the pictures then.”

speech is silver...

In the past ten years Bing had never been known to wait on anyone anywhere, he’s that relaxed and indifferent. Nor has he ever given a hoot whether or not he ever had a say in an article written about him or anything else. But the next morning bright and early, Bing was on the phone in person calling the publicity boys at NBC and CBS. He said he’d like to see the pick of those pictures of, as he said, “the two vocalists.”

As for Frank Sinatra—how he feels about Crosby, comes later, and this time, Bing was a guest on Bob Burns’ show not long ago, and as Robin and Bing are pals of long standing, the Grooner dropped around backstage before the show for a chat and ran into Sinatra. Then he left, Frank thought. But during the program, where Frank and Bob Burns were rattling off some repartee about Bing, Frank tossed in a line of his own on the spur of the moment. “No kidding,” he said feelingly, “he’s the best there is.”

Whereupon, to his surprise Bing himself, who had been on the sidelines watching, cut in and out on the stage, smashed Frank with a big, loud kiss and slipped him a brand new, shiny silver dollar!

Frankie and Bing and Bop Hope are three of a kind in a lot of other ways, of course, besides snappy comebacks, cut-ups and respect for one another. All three have a tremendous and unique talent that cut in and out on the stage, blasted Frank with a big, loud kiss and slipped him a brand new, shiny silver dollar!

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night, Linda and Tony' right over the air."

"All right," agreed Linda. "But you'd better write it in the script now!"

Another time Bob's wife, Dolores, was scolding Linda for some cut-up or other.

"Okay, okay," retorted Linda, "I'll let Daddy get all the laughs around here!"

lullaby lane . . .

Frank's babies are still too much on the small side to pester their pop, but it's a cinch that when they get big enough, he'll be putty in their hands. When Frank came out to Hollywood and had to leave his wife, Nancy, and the new baby back East, he shipped Sinatra-crowned lullaby records back by the case loads to set the baby, two weeks old, off on the right sound track. And when there isn't one of his own around to make happy, some other kid gets the Sinatra sunshine. Frank can't help himself that way. Little Dean Stockwell, who plays with Frank in "Anchors Aweigh," found himself with a swell imported music-box the other day that plays Brahms' lullaby when you lift the lid. And when the sound man on that same picture announced that his new daughter had just arrived, he went home that night with a $100 war bond for the baby. That's Frankie, all the time.

The Hope, Crosby and Sinatra families don't see an awful lot of each other, so the fellows' friendship is mostly a work-a-day one. All of them are so busy these days that home is mostly a place to grab a quick bite and expire on a hardy bed. And all the wives, too, are tied down with growing kids. But Frank Sinatra has bought Nancy a home on the shores of Toluka Lake, and already he has a couple of row-boats and some bikes to go visiting when he has the time. Bob Hope already lives there, and while the Crosbys are temporarily in absentia, they have rented two apartments in the Wrangler Hills, and the residents of the Wrangler Hills, don't like it, and it's a safe guess that come V-Day, Bing will be building himself a chateau and making the Wrangler Hills a kind of Monaco, somewhere comfortably near the first tee at Lakeside Country Club, his home away from home.

Then the Three Jokers can carry on their slick-bang palship over the back fence, and maybe then somebody can dream up a triple Hatfield-McCoy family feud—which you can bet right now it will be a phone.

Matter of fact, the only real jealousy I can uncover so far in the friendship of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope is the rankling envy of those two first guys for "the last one"—with a pretty good reason. Both Bing and Frank are a-pea-green because Bob has been out wowing GI's where the bullets fly and they'd give their gravel larynx and their best bow-tie, respetively, for the many unforgettable experiences Bob has collected up front with our fighting Yanks.

Perhaps the one serious wisecrack Bing ever made about his dad, Bob Hoan, was when Bob's book about his front-line Army tours hit the stands the other day. It's called, "I Never Left Home," and when Bingo got his copy, he cracked ruefully, "It's a great book, Bob. But by the title maybe I should have written it."

Bing will be fixing that up, he hopes, as you read this. He's booked for a tour of Army bases when he winds up his summer movie and radio jobs about a month from now, and he's hoping to get overseas where the big show is playing. The same goes for Frank Sinatra, if he can ever wiggle off the hook of all his movie and radio contracts long enough to pack his bag and a kit of songs.

The way they figure, when they're old and gray, why should "Thanks for the Memories" be an exclusive Bob Hope tune?
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THE JAMES GIRLS
(Continued from page 47)

Ordinarily, Harry's word is law. But when he says, "Come see the baby, punk," protesters push back between Harry's legs, under the illusion that he's an ostrich, and you can't see him. He's improving a little though—getting so he'll rush out once in a while and take a quick look, then run back to Betty or Harry and push with his nose, to make sure everything's the way it used to be, that they love him just the same.

Sure of that, Betty comforts him. "You're the best dog we have, and Vicki's the best baby—"

between two loves...

Harry'd left on a tour of one-nighters, to be followed by an engagement at the Astor Roof, in fulfillment of an old contract. Except for the contract, he'd never have gone. Married almost a year, it's as hard for the Jameses to see groom-as it was in those first months when Betty was working at Twentieth and Harry at Metro, and they'd meet halfway every day for lunch.

Harry was to be gone two months, and Betty'd been torn between her two loves. She just couldn't leave Vicki for all that time—being away from Harry was going to be terrible. But if she went with Harry, how could she stand not seeing Vicki? Like a sensible girl, she compromised. A month with the baby while Harry was on the road, then a month with Harry in New York.

She looked down at her daughter. "You won't miss me, honey, but I'll miss a whole month out of your life, and that's bad. But I'll bring you to you, and that'll be good—see?" Vicki winked at me, which means, "Go ahead, Mom. Just leave Noony and Granny and my bottle, and I'll be fine—"

May we pause here to make a point? Because she's blonde and luscious, because she breezes around on the screen, because she's our No. 1 pin-up idol, people get the notion that Betty's a dizzy young thing, that she conga's through life, snapping her fingers and cracking wise. Nothing's farther from the truth. She's reserved, she's a fastidious girl, and she just can't know how to bubble or gush or put herself on exhibition. Her voice is low, her manner composed, and she rates as high in sound common sense as in curves. So you can total it up for yourself—and now that that's off our chest—

In her quiet way, she's breathless with happiness. Like a child tip-toeing round a Christmas tree, afraid to step on it, and almost afraid to look. Talk about fairy godmothers waving magic wands! Why, even the house they live in was a miracle—

When she bought the house in Stone Canyon where her parents live, Mildred Lahr heard she was looking for a decorator. "Come over and see if you like our place," said Mrs. Lahr. "Then if you do, you can own it—"

Betty thought it was perfect, inside and out, and did get the same. Then, what happens? While she and Harry were hunting like mad for a house, she heard one day that Old Harry wanted to buy the place. She rushed Harry out there, and he bought it that same night—lovely furniture and all. All they did was change one room to a music-room for Harry and re-decorate the nursery.

From the first, Betty wanted a girl. Harry said he didn't care, but she felt a little guilty, because she knows men would rather have a boy. "You're sure you don't
mind if I wish for a girl, Harry? It'll be whatever it wants to be anyway—"

Girl or no girl, the nursery was going to be blue, because that's the favorite color of both. It was decked up and painted and wallpapered, with little capering lambs and a little lace edge running round the ceiling like a valentine. But Betty didn't hurry the decoration. Plenty of time for the furniture, she said. The baby wasn't expected till the middle of March. She wanted to put all the little diapers away herself, and all the shower presents that had piled up, but she'd rather keep that for the last, like dessert. Then, boom! she was in the hospital, and not even a stick of furniture moved in. She could handle it. Her brother and sister had the fun of putting the diapers away.

You've read about the tough time she had. According to her, she deserved a little trouble. "Because I had such an easy time beforehand." Up to the last, she'd been going to the Palladium with Harry, going to his broadcasts, driving the car and eating too much. She was ravenous the whole time—weighed 144 when she went in. It's okay, kids. Betty's herself again now.

She got to the hospital at 2 P.M. on Thursday. The baby was born 4:45 Friday morning. She was unconscious—they gave her a spinal for the operation—but her memories are hazy. Except for dashing to his broadcast and back, Harry never left her—she couldn't bear to have him out of her sight. She remembers his walking in with a stack of the crossword puzzles she's crazy about—and she remembers laughing in spite of the pains, which were two minutes each. She remembers being shown a string of blue-and-white beads, tagged B. James, that would go round the baby's neck the minute it was born.

After that, she doesn't remember much but pain till she heard a cry, and saw the doctor leaning over her. "What did you say she wanted?"

So she started crying like a sissy. For a few minutes, everything broke her up. Somebody said, "Vick's a big girl," and Betty cried. They wheeled her out into the hall where I was waiting with her mother and dad. "You've got a beautiful little girl," said Harry, and Betty cried. But she managed to whisper, "Next time we'll have a little boy—"

a promise is a promise . . .

Then she remembered it was Friday. She promised not to have the baby on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, Harry's broadcast days. "I kept my promise," she murmured weakly to him.

After that, she did a lot of sleeping and, when she woke up, they brought the baby in and laid her in the crook of Betty's arm. And there she was—Victoria Elizabeth—not a hope, not a dream, but a warm pink morsel with fuzz on her head and blue and white beads round her neck. She stirred a little and made a face, and Betty looked up at Harry as if he had opened.

"She grinned at me. And don't let any-one tell you it was a bubble."

Two weeks at the hospital, with no visitors but the family. One day Harry said: "I'm having the house fixed up."

She couldn't quite decide that one out. "For instance?"

"Sent the curtains out to be laundered, so they'd be nice and fresh when you get back. Well, I had to do something."

The only thing wrong with a hospital is having your baby doled out to you in snippets. Here she comes, and there she goes. It's necessary, but unsatisfying. Betty couldn't wait to get home, where she could see Vicki any time she liked—"
So the great day came. Harry and Mrs. Grable and the nurse arrived with Vicki's customary basket. No one dressed in her own little clothes and diaper. Betty, with hot and cold prickles running up and down her spine, was wheeled out to the desk, where she had to claim her child the way you would an automobile.

"Is your name James? Is this your baby?" It sounded silly, but wonderful. Whose baby did they think she was? They delivered Vicki first in the family station wagon. Betty went home in an ambulance.

The doctor's orders were for her to go to bed and stay there. Well, first she had to find out whether there was a reasonable enough—she hadn't seen it since the furniture was in. So they wheeled her across the threshold, over the floor of robin's-egg blue to the barracks that had once been a slave cradle. The first thing she'd seen it at the decorator's, it was full of flowers—

"Now it's full of Vicki." She saw the marvelous high chair Alice Faye had sent, that collapsed into a low chair with a playpen in front. She saw the wide, chin-up-covered window seat that looks out on the playground. After that she thought, "What a lovely place for a little girl to read." She saw the fuzzy animals on the shelf and the dresses in the wardrobe, and they opened the drawers to show her the diapers that she hadn't been able to put away herself.

Then they stuck her in bed, where she stayed a full half hour before she started wheedling. "Look, honey, I'm too excited to stay. I want you to go to the nursery once more." But when she got there, she almost fell flat on her face. Betty carried her back, and that time she stayed.

It was a heavenly interval. She had the baby, and she had Harry all to herself. His broadcasts were over, and he took almost a month off, just to be with her. It was then that they decided he hadn't worked steadily, and the first time for Betty since she was thirteen. Convalescing might have been tiresome under other circumstances, but this one was easy with Harry's help. They had their meals together in the bedroom. They listened to records and played backgammon and gin rummy. Harry'd bring the baby in his arms or set her in her high chair around the room, and after a while he became very accomplished at changing her and burping her and giving her the bottle. His first present to Vicki was a musical lamb with a blue ribbon round its neck. He came in with it the day after they got home, and wound it up and held it to Vicki's face, while he played "Merrily We Roll Along."

"So she'll like music," he grinned. "But if she doesn't like music, she doesn't have to." That's one thing they'd agreed on. Because Betty, the tone dancer and Harry, the musician didn't mean that Vicki has to be either. She can be an elephant-trainer, if she wants to.

She does like music, however. Betty flatly refuses to believe that Vicki will choose another, and that her favorite's "Sweet Lellani." Her father was singing it to her one day, and held a note, and Vicki came running over to him and at the very sound of that song, just like one of those mothers, and nobody will believe it, but it's true.

They have no fancy names for their offspring. It's Vicki or Baby or Honey. Or, if he's in the mood, "Hi, Child." If he's not, "Hi, Shoog." She's crazy about her baby. Keeps her eyes glued to his face from the minute he walks in, and when he walks out, they follow him all the way. "Nothing strange about it," Betty remarks, "just shows how very intelligent she is."
As Betty grew stronger, Harry'd carry her out to a deckchair beside the pool, and they'd have breakfast there. Harry eats enormous breakfasts. He's gained twenty pounds since their marriages, and if he doesn't look fatter, it's because he works off the calories playing baseball. If he hadn't been a musician, he'd have been a ballplayer. Who knows what he'd be now? He'll never say, "If it's a boy—" Either, "If it's a girl or, "If it's a baseball player—"

Six weeks after they got home, the James girls went out for two hours to see their fathers. Vicki looked simply beautiful in her fancy pants—soakers to you—and a little white dress and a white silk bonnet and coat. She waited with Noony while Daddy took Mother to see her doctor, and then they went over to Vicki's doctor, and he said she was a fine specimen. Her parents knew it, but they thought it was sensible of the doctor to agree with them.

Now, on Noony's day off, Betty takes care of the baby. She was scared to death the first time—"You'd better do it," she told her mother, and "I'll watch—"

But it wasn't two minutes before she was telling her mother what to do. "That's a new kind of diaper. You fold it square—"

Mrs. Grable's very tactful. "Goodness," she murmured, "what'll they think up next?" Having seen two daughters and a grandson through infancy, however, she couldn't quite take it all lying down.

"You're supposed to hold her head," said Betty the mamma.

"Look, honey," said grandma, "did your head ever roll off?"

Betty's an expert now. When the baby's awake, she lays her round the house like a doll. Vicki never cries except when she's hungry or wants water. Noony fixes the formula before she leaves, and all Betty has to do is warm it up and give the baby her bottle. Oh, and bathe her—she's so cute in the tub. And stick her out on the nursery porch for her sunbath. And pop her into for her "time.

It's a pleasant picture—Betty in the blue nursery, a yellow ribbon round her hair, laying her baby into the cradle, rocking it gently.

"This doesn't spoil her—much. I know it's against the rules, but I don't care. I'm going to spoil her—up to a point."

It's a subject on which she has firm ideas. No books on child psychology for Betty. Just common sense. Common sense tells you not to disturb her when she's resting. Common sense tells you not to over indulge her, so she gets false ideas of her own importance and grows up to be a pain in the neck. But this notion of never picking a baby up or cuddling her doesn't sit well with Betty.

"We're not going to give her to the nurse and say, 'raise her for us.' That's what's so nice about Noony. She's not one of those mothers, the ones who don't know in—now—the baby's asleep. As if she didn't even belong to you. We don't moo and goo over her, but it's good for babies to be talked to and hugged, so she has them know they're part of your life."

Betty's not planning to stop at one baby. She hopes to have that baseball player yet, but not for a couple of years. On July 31st she's scheduled to return to work in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe." Harry'll be starting a picture around that date, too, so at least they'll be busy at the same time.

She's given a lot of thought to the marriage-and-career problem. Betty's too sober-minded to brush it off with a careless, "Oh, it can't happen to us." They're in love, she doesn't see how it could, but believe us, she's going to keep her eyes open, and any time the career threatens their happiness, she'll quit.

Not that she doesn't enjoy her work. She does. And she's grateful for all it's brought her. But she's not one of those who must have a career or die. It was quite by accident that Buddy de Sylva discovered those diamonds in her feet, and built up her role in "DuBarry"—the role that skyrocketed her. At Twenty-four, she's never made demands. She's been satisfied to let the studio pick her parts, and they've done plenty all right by her. She's worked hard, she's had fun, she'd like to go on. But while her responsibility used to be only to the studio, now she has a greater one to her husband and child.

Right now, there's a special reason why she wants to continue. Letters pour in from servicemen, begging her not to quit. Don't get her wrong. She knows the war will be won even if she never dances another step. But the boys seem to like the kind of pictures she makes and, as long as they get a kick out of them, she thinks it's up to her to make them happy.

Harry's never asked her to give up her work. He knows she's got it, so it's all right with him. In being show business himself, he understands the headaches. And Betty has this advantage—she's married to a man who's as well known as she is—at least—and who makes a lot more money. He'll never be Mr. Grable.

and baby makes three...

So she thinks it'll work out, because there's just one point she's sure of. Harry and Vicki come first. If she finds that working means being away from six in the morning till six at night, coming home dead tired, not seeing enough of her family, not being able to give them enough of herself—well, they'll get along without her, and the career will go on.

Sometimes she turns to Harry in a kind of bewilderment. "I don't deserve to have everything work out—first the movies, then you, now the baby and a girl at that. No one deserves to be so lucky—"

Harry doesn't like to hear her call herself lucky. "Say fortunate—"

"What's the difference?"

"I can't put my finger on it exactly. Lots of people have luck, but they're not all happy. It's what you do with your luck that counts, and that depends on something inside yourself. Character, maybe."

And that's where we think Harry did put his finger on it. Exactly.
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STORIES

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  The bank book wouldn't balance, Kerry wouldn't grin, and the
  photograph was out of focus, but 'long about Gene's third tutti-frutti,
  a wonderful time was had by all. 

JUDY GARLAND
  It was the same old story. She was either too young or too old or
  too 'at or her hands dangled. The awkward age, they said. Life
  story, part 1. 

LON McCALLISTER'S PRAYER
  It's a simple prayer for everyday things like a letter from home. 

YOUNG MAN WITH A TORSO
  His left eye was closed, and his mouth looked like Bloody Gulch.
  In the middle of the prize ring, Dick Crane decided he'd rather
  laugh than die. 

SIXTEEN'S WISDOM
  Gone are bobby sox and ruffles and gangbusters—and here's
  Shirley in long white crepe with a Man! 

JUNE BUG
  June Allyson landed in H'wood with just 14 bucks. Twelve went
  on a bottle of perfume. The $10-a-day room was footed with
  feathers. 

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  A sweetheart in Paris, a Rolls-Royce in Vienna, a villa in Istanbul—
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  Take your pick—Jennifer Jones, Anne Baxter, Jeanne Crain, Bob
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  His rival was a millionaire with a Rolls-Royce and orchids. But
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  John Barrymore viewed Anne Baxter's performance with alarm.
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Jennifer Jones in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away" 

Anne Baxter in Hunt Stromberg's "Guest in the House" and
  20th-Fox's "Sundown Dinner for a Soldier" 

Jennifer Jones in 20th-Fox's "Winged Victory" 

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under
          Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

Vol. 39 No. 6, November, 1944. Copyright, 1944, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc. 149 Madison Ave., New York.
Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Davenport, N. J. Single
issue price, 15c in U. S. and Canada; U. S. subscription price, $1.20 a year. Canadian subscription, $2.00 a year.
foreign subscription, $2.70 a year. Issued as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Davenport, N. J.
under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional second class entries at Seattle, Wash., San Francisco, Calif., Dallas, Texas,
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BRIAN DONLEVY

with
ANN RICHARDS · WALTER ABEL · JOHN QUALEN · HORACE McNALLY

Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig · Produced and Directed by KING Vidor · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
It simply isn't done—this hauling a guy off by a bank of hair. There are far subtler ways of dragging a man to our lairs these days!
20th Century-Fox...
The company that has everything in entertainment!

The Most Acclaimed Picture in 50 Years of Screen Entertainment!

Darryl F. Zanuck's

Wilson

in Technicolor

Directed by Henry King
Written by Lamar Trotti

"Greenwich Village" in Technicolor

"Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in Technicolor

A. J. Cronin's

"The Keys of the Kingdom"

"Winged Victory" by Moss Hart

Betty Smith's

"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"
The Story of the World's Favorite Playground
IN THE YEAR'S TOP MUSICAL HIT!
The romance and spectacle of the boardwalk and beach...songs galore, stars without number and hundreds of beautiful girls!

ATLANTIC CITY
STARRING
CONSTANCE MOORE * BRAD TAYLOR
featuring
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN + JERRY COLONNA
and ROBERT B. CASTAINE + STANLEY ANDREWS
and PAUL WHITEMAN & ORCHESTRA
LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA
with BUCK AND BUBBLES + DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
BELLE BAKER + JOE FRISCO
GALLAGHER & SHEAN (Jack Kenny & Al Shean)
VAN & SCHENCK (Gus Van & Charles Marsh)
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS
By Virginia Wilson

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

This hilarious story of two amiable old ladies whose hobby is poisoning equally amiable old gentlemen will provide you with more laughs than you've had in years. It's completely mad—and completely wonderful! Josephine Hull and Jean Adair, who starred in the Broadway version, continue their career of crime in the picture. Cary Grant plays their bewildered nephew, and Priscilla Lane is his un kissed bride. Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre handle the menace department.

The Brewster family of Brooklyn is as much of an institution there as the Brooklyn bridge. Miss Abby (Josephine Hull) and Miss Martha (Jean Adair) are known for their old-fashioned kindness and charity. Their nephew, Mortimer (Cary Grant) is a famous dramatic critic. He has just married the Brewster's next-door neighbor, Elaine Harper (Priscilla Lane), and they are to leave that night on their honeymoon.

Perhaps they would have, too, if an elderly waif named Mr. Hoskins hadn't stopped at the Brewster house to inquire about a room. But Abby's and Martha's kind hearts are always touched by poor old men with no place to go. They have long since worked out a plan to take care of these unfortunates. Just one sip of Abby's delicious elderberry wine (one teaspoonful of arsenic and a little strychnine to each (Continued on page 10)

One sip of the Brewster sisters' (Josephine Hull, Jean Adair) elderberry wine (teaspoonful of arsenic and a little strychnine per gallon), and their careworn guests are peaceful forever. Nephew Mortimer (Cary Grant) rebels, almost comes to a heavenly rest himself.
Could a strange guest destroy your home...?

She came into their lives as she might come into yours—a charming and welcomed visitor—but as deadly as a cobra. Deep within her flamed strange, sinister, neurotic desires—she would stop at nothing to destroy those who loved her! Hunt Stromberg has made a daring motion picture from the daring play—the boldest love story that the screen has ever told—the most unusual entertainment of the year!

HUNT STROMBERG presents

GUEST IN THE HOUSE

starring

ANNE BAXTER

with

RALPH BELLAMY

ALINE MacMAHON • RUTH WARRICK • SCOTT McKay • JEROME COWAN

MARIE McDonald • PERCY KILBRIDGE • MARGARET HAMILTON • CONNIE LAIRD

From the Stage Play by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson • Adaptation by Elliot Paul • Screen Play by Ketti Frings • Director of Photography, Lee Garmes, A.S.C.

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
Now I can wear tampons, too.

Rounded ends make Fibs' Tampons easier to use!

Do you envy those other girls ... who find internal sanitary protection so easy to use? Why not learn their secret? See what a difference there is between Fibs, the Kotex tampon, and other tampons you've tried!

Fibs have rounded ends, gently tapered for easier insertion. The just-right size of Fibs means this tampon is not too big, not too tiny. And Fibs alone are "quilted" to give you greater safety, greater comfort. These features, important to every woman, which only Fibs, of all leading tampons, give you!

So, try Fibs. Once you've tried them you'll find Fibs so comfortable and safe ... so easy to use ... you'll never go back to other kinds.

P. S.

Took two solid months of intensive shooting to capture this play on film, but everyone from stand-in to producer had fun. . . . The trio of happy lunatics—the two older ladies or that little mother—were imported from the New York stage. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair and John Alexander did their parts so well no one could be found in Hollywood to replace them. . . . Every available inch of Warner's huge stage seven, the largest sound stage in Hollywood, was jammed with buildings and backdrops to represent the section of Brooklyn. Artists and technicians spared neither time nor expense to duplicate the Dutch dwellings found in Brooklyn in the eighteen sixties. The houses had real grooved flooring, beamed ceilings and fireplaces that really worked. The main house boasted a large old kitchen with a Dutch oven and real closeboard with real preserves. A solid acre of canvas was used for the cyclorama which completely circled the setting. On it was depicted dwellings, the towering buildings of lower N. Y., and the vastness of the city proper in the distance was made felt by tiny lights which looked like traffic on the bridge and along the parkway. . . . Cary saw none of the $12,000 he was paid for the role. Half of the sum went to British charities and the remaining half to American causes. . . .

Frank Capra, who served in World War I, volunteered during the closing days of the film to serve again with the armed forces. He's now a major in the Signal Corps. . . . Capra's only difficulty in filming the picture was keeping the actors from giggling through the thing. Cary, a veteran on the screen, broke up about fifty scenes—couldn't check loud guffaws when he was supposed to be seriously concerned about his imaginary aunt and their elderberry wine.

Three is a Family

I'll bet there's a family right in your block where the married daughter and her baby have come back to live with Mother and Dad "for the duration." It's happening all over the country, so a picture built around this situation is bound to be timely. The play was a success on Broadway, and the picture will undoubtedly be one at the box-office. It's a very light comedy with most of its humor revolving around diapers, obstetrics and the maid shortage. "Mother" (Charlie Ruggles) is an optimistic character who always thinks his next "deal" is going to make him a million dollars. Meanwhile he runs the house, while his wife, Frances (Fay Bainter) supports the family. Her acutely sarcastic sister, Irma (Helen Broderick), lives with them. When Kitty and the baby appear, Irma has to give up her comfortable room and slum it in the living room couch. "Even with a war on," says Irma, "no one should be asked to sleep on that couch. I'd take a fox hole in preference any time." And the baby yells all night, which doesn't help.

Other people beside Irma object. The cook leaves. The manager of the apartment house points out that the lease said very definitely "No children or pets." This last difficulty worries Archie, Kitty's brother (Arthur Lake), too. His wife, Hazel (Jeff Donnell), is going to have a baby, and where will they go if they have to give up their apartment? The Army settles the question of where he will go by inducting (Continued on page 12)

Who . . . Me?

"What do I know that would help our enemies?" Remember saying that at Mabel's hen party or that night at Joe's place? Look, Lady, we're not asking you to forget there's a war on. We're telling you that even one unimportant, silly little remark you may make about Hank's typoid shots or the new two-inch thingamabob the plant's producing can j-j-faw in with the 10,000 other unimportant, silly little remarks being passed half a continent away from you into a bloody blueprint of invasion plans that will rip the Axis.

And don't think that just because you're with friends or family, you're free to talk. A leak of information which led to one of the greatest disasters of the whole Pacific campaign is suspected of having come from a town 300 miles away from the nearest known enemy agent! And from people who got their news third and fourth hand and rejected their responsibility to break the chain.

You can be in the Armed Forces or in war work of any kind such as transportation, you can be a clerk in a government agency or a G.I.'s wife or girl friend or mother and be guilty of sabotage! Remember, you don't have to say anything, just think. You may give a big secret away. And Lady, you won't be stifling freedom of speech by keeping quiet—just pressing.

So here's a little guide that'll prevent you from popping at the seams and squawking, 'Can't we talk about anything?' No one, if you'll just remember these 3 rules: If you HEAR it from someone, don't repeat it. If you SEE it yourself, don't repeat it. But, if you READ it in newspapers or magazines or hear it on radio, then it's public property—and you can go ahead and talk about it as much as you like.

Pretty simple, eh? Simpler, at any rate, than trying all the rest of your life to forget that telegram— "State Department regrets to inform you . . .

* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 0
“Paramount’s ‘TILL WE MEET AGAIN’ is a lovely romantic story that is so realistic it could be happening to your soldier boy in France this very minute!” — says MELISSE

“Till we meet again”

starring

RAY MILLAND and
BARBARA BRITTON

with WALTER SLEZAK - LUCILE WATSON

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Screen Play by LENORE COFFEE

Meet Barbara Britton in “Till We Meet Again”

“Well, Paramount does it again! This time they picked a budding young star out of the Pasadena tournament of roses, and blossomed her into a beautiful leading lady. Some people have all the luck—but not so quick! Barbara waited over two years for the Big Break.

“This young lady is something to write about. Remember the pretty girl in ‘So Proudly We Hail’ who tries on the big straw hat with the cherries? . . . Well, that’s HER!

“She starts out in this picture wearing a nun’s robe, from then on wears nothing but a plain blouse and skirt, but still looks like an angel! For hers is a natural sort of beauty . . . soft blond hair, baby blue eyes, with the longest eyelashes— and they’re real!

“It’s no wonder that in this past year she’s been the cover girl on eight issues of the greatest women’s magazines!”
Film debut for Donna and Elissa Lambertson, nine-months-old twin girls. Casting list called for only one baby, and producer Sol Lesser saw 478 applicants before the Lambertson babies. When he saw them, he ordered the script to be rewritten around them. . . Marjorie Reynolds, in a new romantic combination with newcomer Fred Brady, plays her first mother role as the proud parent of the two babies. Charlie Ruggles and Fay Bainter play their first roles as grandparents. . . of the most goggle-provoking scenes are those depicting the baby's relations with the maid, Hattie McDaniel. Situation offers countless chuckles from the time she is hired in a crowded subway from under the noses of a carful of 18 less people with the same idea in mind, through the trials of the family afraid to ask her name for fear of offending her . . . Members of the cast and crew swear it wasn't power of suggestion, but a strangely large number of them increased their families while the picture was in production. Hattie McDaniel announced she was to become a mother in the fall. Arthur Lake told friends he was to be a father for the second time, Authors, Henry and Phoebe Ephron, become parents of a third child during production. . . As the aged, nearly blind, family doctor, you are introduced to. . . because of wartime shortages of doctors, John Philibber (whose screen career began at the age of seventy-two), plays his largest film role to date. . . This is one of the first pictures to be shot in sequence. Usually a motion picture is made in sections, depending on location trip conveniences and expenses available. . . Ninety percent of the action takes place in a small New York apartment, the four rooms were constructed on one sound stage at R.K.O., and the script was done from start to finish as written.

LAURA

For sheer suspense "Laura" rates a couple of Oscars. And why not, with a fine, tight plot and a cast that is definitely all-star? Gene Tierney and Bette Davis make a well-matched romantic team. Clifton Webb, Vincent Price and Judith Anderson handle their parts with the assurance of old-timers on Broadway. "Laura" might be called either a mystery thriller or a psychological study, but whatever you call it, be sure to see it.

One character in it will probably give you the creeps. He is Waldo Lydecker (Clifton Webb), columnist, collector, eccentric. The kind of man who is hated by almost everyone he knows. He has a venomous tongue, a priceless collection of antique glass and love for just one person in the world besides himself.

That person is Laura Hunt (Gene Tierney). Waldo discovers Laura when she is an unknown young copywriter for an advertising firm. Somehow her charm and beauty pierce his selfish nature, and he falls in love. From then on, Laura's career (Continued on page 14)
is assured. Through Waldo she meets everyone worth knowing. Her own talent does the rest.

But one of the people she meets is Shelby Carpenter, and that ends Waldo's chances. Shelby is handsome, amusing—and a heel. He has been having a useful romance with Anne Treadwell (Judith Anderson), who is wealthy enough to afford him and who has no illusions as to his character. Then he and Laura fall in love, and one night Death rings the doorbell of Laura's apartment.

Mark McPherson (Dana Andrews), the detective assigned to the murder case which follows, falls in love with Laura. Which is a very odd thing for him to do, since it's her murder he is investigating. Or perhaps Laura isn't really dead. Perhaps it was another beautiful girl who answered the doorbell's ring that night and was killed by a shotgun blast in her face.

Dana Andrews, as the hardened detective in love for the first time, will start you writing fan letters like mad. And Gene Tierney is prettier than ever, but top acting honors go to Clifton Webb for his eerie impersonation of Lydecker.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Since "Laura" is an escape story of a new type—escape into the mad luxury of pre-war New York cafe society life—Gene was provided with adequate wardrobe. Clifton Webb has forty years in the theater behind him (he made his debut at seven), was once one of the greatest living dancers, stepped into dramatic roles where he couldn't find a dance partner fast enough to keep up with him... The sequence in Waldo's New York penthouse bathroom out—DeMille's any bathroom scene done on the screen. The room itself is of sea green tile with a chaise lounge of leopard skin among the other gay accessories. Those of the audience who like to look away hours in the tub will get a laugh when they see a typewriter shelf which permits Waldo to work in the tub. A telephone and a...

Bob Walker

(See page 62)

The slick chicks and the melting matrons were gnashing their teeth. The lights were flooding, the fans milling, the reporters rowing—and Bob and Pete Lawford strolled into the premiere of "White Cliffs"—stag! It was too much. "But heck," grinned Bob, "we're celebrating. This is Pete's first American movie and me, well, the studio just announced that I'm getting star billing in 'The Clock.' " Private Hargrove's been backing it for quite a while now, ever since he and "Bernadette" split up. Not that it's a question of torch toin' or anything, but Bob's been playing the field and liking it. Our "Good Neaver," Louella Parsons, was go-between for a date 'tween him and a very willing Diana Lynn, GIO DeHaven was in the running for a time, and then there was 'la'ffaire topaz ring with which he gifted Jimmy Garland, Judy's sister. He's a busy fella, Bob, outgoring his two kids at the circus, young 'cause M-G-M "grounded" him be- cause he was risking life and contract on those two fiendish motorcycles of his, desolate because he simply can't get a promotion. He was a corporal in "Since You Went Away," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" and "The Clock," and now, he's on the downgrade for sure. Bobbie's a bell boy in his next flicker—with Lumarr!
In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps KLEENEX luxuriously soft - dependably strong!

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

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

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

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

There is only one KLEENEX*


---

Trench coat worn by Barbara Britton is one Frank Borzage has carried in the storage compartment of his car for years (in case he ever leaves California and gets caught in the rain). Coat came from England with Frank in 1926, and since the wardrobe department didn’t have a Euro-pean type trench coat, this was donated to
The picture... Walter Slezak, son of the late great tenor, Leo Slezak, has made only four previous films. This is a new type role for him. In other four pictures he was a German so-and-so; in this he is a French so-and-so. Cast has a strong international flavor Shayne and Sokoloff are Russian, Slezak is half Czech, Lucille Watson is a Canadian, Roy Milland was born in Wales, John Wengraf is a Viennese as is Talia Birell, and Marguerite D'Alvarez is a Persian. Two-weeks-old Javanese Rice Birds were only two inches long from tail to beak. Survived their mute debut only because between takes they were wraped in a soft towel and kept on an electric heating pad. More than 200 doses and pigeons were used in convent garden scenes. They were loosed on a sound stage and had the run of the place for a week. The Democratic way of life was so dear to many of the birds, they defied all attempts to recapture them and set up housekeeping on the back lot. The convent garden background scenes were made in the garden of the San Juan Capistrano mission—the same historical garden where the swallows return year after year on the same day. Shouldn't spoil your enjoyment of the picture to know the bombing raid on the German held air field was done in miniature. Required eighteen days to construct the set, and it occupied the entire area of a big stage. Exactly how this is done must remain a mystery since the studios lock the stage doors and admit no one while miniature work is being done. Will admit, however, that the scale for this particular special effect was one inch to the yard.

**IRISH EYES ARE SMILING**

Monty Woolley seems to be softening up. In “The Man Who Came to Dinner” he exhibited the most virulent disposition ever seen on celluloid. In “The Pied Piper” he started out as a very crotchety old gentleman indeed, but soon followed into one who loved the patter of tiny feet. Now, in “Irish Eyes Are Smiling” he is only mildly sarcastic and plays Cupid all over the place. It seems rather a pity! However, he remains one of the most fascinating characters on the screen. And this is a good picture, with pretty June Haver and that alleged-threat-to-Sinatra, Dick Haymes, furnishing the love interest. Maxie Rosenbloom, Beverly Whitney, Veda Ann Borg and Anthony Quinn are included in the cast.

The story is written by Damon Runyon and is based on the life of Ernest Ball, who wrote “Mother Machree” and various other sentimental Irish ballads. Ernest (Dick Haymes) is fired from his job of teaching a course in music because he “wastes” too much time composing songs. The same day he is fired he meets “Irish” O’Brien (June Haver) who is in the chorus of a local burlesque show. Quite unintentionally, he manages to get “Irish” fired from her job. He falls in love with her, too, but “Irish” goes off to New York to be an actress—she hopes. Ernest is so broke that he accepts the challenge of a prizefighter, Stanley Ketchel, who offers twenty-five dollars to any man who can stay in the ring with him one whole round. Ernest stays three, but only because Stanley and his manager, Edgar Brawley (Monty Woolley), are sorry for him. Later they all meet in New York. Ernest then is a successful songwriter. “Irish” is a hatchet girl, and Edgar is in the money as a result of some lucky (Continued on page 18)

**FREE OFFER!**

’Tisn’t every day that we give another mag a plug like this—but honestly, SCREEN ROMANCES is worth every bit of our lavish praise. We think it’s so wonderful that we want you to have a copy absolutely free. And all you have to do to get yours is fill out the following Questionnaire and whip it off to us. We’ve got 500 FREE SCREEN ROMANCES to send out, so fill in this coupon quick-like, ‘cause the mags won’t last long. We know how anxious you are to read the stories of all the latest movies and see the wonderful color portraits in the mag. Be sure to send in your coupon before the 20th of September.

**QUESTIONNAIRE**

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

- **MODERN SCREEN** Spends a Day with Gene Kelly
- Judy Garland, Life Story, Part I
- Lon McCallister’s Prayer
- Young Man with a Torso (Richard Crane)
- Sixteen’s Okay (Shirley Temple)
- June Bug (June Allyson)
- Turks Are No Jerks! (Turhan Bey)
- For Wolves... For Swooners (Jennifer Jones, Bob Walker, Joanne Crain, Mickey Rooney)
- Slick Mick (George Murphy)
- Slick Mick (George Murphy)
- Dream Dish (Anne Baxter)
- We Want Rogers (Roy Rogers)
- Good News by Lowella 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 the order of preference.

- Name
- Address
- City...

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Let a liberal FREE trial convince you there’s no better dentifrice. Then see how much more you get for your money in the giant tube pictured full-size above. It’s only 25c in 5c and 10c stores everywhere, and it’s check-full of a grand refreshing toothpaste—compounded with Magnesium Hydroxide, the active ingredient in Milk of Magnesia. Mail your FREE TEST COUPON at once.

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**Here’s a Low-Cost HIGH QUALITY ECONOMICAL TOOTH PASTE**

Millions of packages are being used by Men and Women of Our Armed Forces.

**Compounded with MAGNESIUM HYDROXIDE**

the active ingredient in MILK OF MAGNESIA

**FREE! GIANT 25c TUBE SHOWN FULL SIZE Sold at 50c and 10c Stores**

**COMFORT MANUFACTURING COMPANY 500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Illinois**

Your liberal trial-size tube of Craig-Martin Toothpaste fully prepaid—FREE of all cost.

**Name...**

**Address...**

**City...**

**Address this to: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**
It was the look in her eyes that did it!

How could he resist?
How could he know it meant MURDER?

EXPERTS BAFFLED!
Five minutes before the close of this suspenseful picture we stopped the screening...
and CHALLENGED THE LEADING MYSTERY EXPERTS to solve the story!

Not one could give the answer to the Greatest Mystery Ever Filmed!

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC., presents

"The Woman in the Window"

DIRECTED BY FRITZ LANG
A NUNNALLY JOHNSON PRODUCTION
Betty talks to herself!

Betty: I wonder if this Tampax really is the marvelous improvement they say it is for monthly sanitary protection...

Herself: Why not try it and find out? Your reasoning mind says O.K. It appeals to your common sense... Are you hesitating only because it seems so different?

Betty: Perhaps you're right... Come to think of it, the more alert and progressive among my friends are the ones who use Tampax!

Herself: Anyway, how can all those millions of Tampax users be wrong? Especially with a doctor-invented product like this?

Betty: That's a challenge! Why should I be the one to hang back from adopting a modern, scientific improvement? I'm going to use Tampax this very month!

Tampax is worn internally and absorbs internally. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty applicators. Tampax is extremely compact, handy and comfortable. No belts, no pins, no external pads. Causes no bulges or ridges under even the sheerest dress. Quick to change. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal... Sold in 3 sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug stores and notion counters. Whole month's supply will go into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

JEANNE CRAIN
(See page 32)

Jeanne's not talking. But everybody else is. About her glorious red hair—or is it blonde? About the way she was discovered in a little theater production—or was it while bowling? About having been a cover girl—or was it a typist? Y'see, Jeanne's something new in ficker fashions—a beauscious babe, every inch a movie star. At any rate, reports have it that she was bowling in a local Hollywood 15c-a-stringer, all glamoured up in slacks, plaid boy's shirt and two skinny pig tails, when a talent scout spotted her quietly reposing on the slick, shiny surface of the alley—flat on her face! Her scout's hope to have yielded "Erreka!" scurred over, dusted her off and presented her the next A.M. to the 20th Century-Fox powers that be with that broad grin that comes from having cornered a particularly photogenic mouse. But then there's this version. That after having just missed polling in as "Miss America" in the 1940 Beauty Contest she was dubbed "Miss Long Beach," handed a couple dozen modeling assignments and left to stagnate in a pool of panchromatic make-up at 15 dollars on a doorknob. How Miss Crain at all! Because seeing as how her cherished future as an artist had crashed, she was intent on being an artist, and being an artist. Which was discouraging enough to make her want to go back home to her 25-dollar-a-week typing job in Texas and live herself outside of her beloved Raphael and Shakespeare and Litz. And then she bethought herself to join a little theater. Which she did. Whereupon, after months of slogging white-wash all over sets and doctoring scripts, the director handed the plum role of the season to another girl who'd never even seen a type-writer or a burn herself inside of her store window! But plucky Jeanne hied herself to the opening performance and sat there, grimly intent on learning to act, and after she was soused not to let it happen again. Then all the Cinderella stuff happened. A scout saw her, shoved her card in her face, told her to report to Darryl Zanuck. She said she'd be happy to play the part, but she was tested for a part, outdid the other 6 aspirants, and bingo—"Home In Diana!" So you have yer choice, and you bet you've got a real beauty when a name Crain was discovered—not that it really matters. Just as long as she got here.

STRANGE AFFAIR

Did you ever discover a murder? Or catch a spy? Probably not. Most of our lives run in quieter channels. That's why we get such a kick out of seeing a nice young couple like Bill Harrison (Allyn Joslyn) and his wife Jacqueline (Evelyn Keyes) do those things on the screen. The story, it seems to Bill, Bill gets into more jams than Dick Tracy. He loves to play detective, but the results are often unexpected. Jacqueline, his adoring and trusting wife, can't mind being a Junior G-Man if there wasn't always a beautiful girl somewhere in the case. Jack thinks Bill carries that old saying about "Cherchez la femme" too far. This time the case is Marie Korsakoff (Marguerite Chapman), who sits beside Bill at a refugee benefit where a man is murdered. The victim, a Doctor Baumler, leaves him a different direction and the police at first attribute his death to natural causes. Bill is sure it's murder, and finally gets Lt. Washburn (Edgar Buchanan) to follow his hunch. This success goes to his head, and he decides to

must be one of half a dozen people who were sitting at the table with the doctor. It was minutes after, and he heard Bill say to Bill that a girl as beautiful as Marie Karsakoff would go around murdering people. But when he finds that Marie was secretly married to her brother-in-law, he inherits his fortune, Bill begins to wonder.

Of course there are other suspects. Look at the odd way that refugee, Czerny, acts. How about Leslie Christopher? (Tommy Sayers) is Marie Korsakoff's brother—maybe he's guilty. Or Domino (Hugo Haas), the doorman with the queer accent. There are lots of clues, but unfortunately for Bill, they all point in entirely different directions. He does get on the right track eventually, and comes too close to the truth for the murderer's liking. Only the fact that Blakes, an extras who truly saves him from ending up in the morgue,
Laughs HO on the Horizon
Tropical islands, treasure, Adventure, and Pirates too, beautiful Goldwyn girls, and Hope with a cargo of roaring comedy!

Samuel Goldwyn presents
Bob Hope in
"The Princess and the Pirate"
in
TECHNICOLOR

with
Virginia Mayo
and
Walter Slezak
Walter Brennan
Victor McLaglen

Directed by Dave Butler

Screen Play by Don Hartman
Mervin Shavelson and Everett Freeman

Released thru
R.K.O. Radio Pictures, Inc.
This is a fast, funny mystery, with Allyn Joslyn making an attractive amateur detective. I think you'll like it.—Col.

P. S.

Ed Dearing, veteran of more than fifty "cop" roles, has been beat up by some of the screen's toughest characters. Sweats he'd take 'em all on at once rather than have Lou de K新技术 as an opponent. . . . Allyn Joslyn got a taste of the strength of the "weaker sex," too, when Ruth Warren knocked him cold with an umbrella. Director had told Ruth that Allyn's hat was too big, so she had to get her man alone to enough to make it look good. It looks good. Allyn is actually knocked out. . . .

Evelyn got her coaching for her part as a telephone operator from Marguerite Chapman. Marguerite was once an operator in Mount Vernon, New York. . . .

Povret talks on the set one morning, idly picked up a newspaper and saw the headlines of Georgia Carroll's marriage to Ken Gargan. Her scream could be heard on the back lot. Georgia was Marguerite's-room-mate, and she knew nothing about the wedding until she saw the paper. . . . Evelyn can vouch for the effectiveness of exercises. She lost the two pounds at every rehearsal of the scene where she "rides the bicycle" on the floor. . . . Allyn begged a few days off from picture to go Marlin fishing in Guaymas, Mexico. Came back with stories about the one that got away but no fish. Two days later he received a wire from the captain of the boat he had used saying they had caught six Marlin that morning. . . . Wardrobe department fastened tiny ball bearings into the soles of Allyn's shoes for his scene with Ingrid Bergman in "Dane. Dog wasn't strong enough to pull him without them. . . .

Director Al Green has only one superstition—he wears the same suit to work every day until a scene has to be reshoot, then he changes and suits up all over again. On production of "Strange Affair" he spent long hours in the cleaners waiting for his suit—wore the same one throughout the entire shooting.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

You've whistled the tune for months. Now you can hear Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers sing it, in a picture named after it. Trigger, of course, keeps the tune for the picture helps Roy out in both a fight and a romance. What a horse!

The action in "San Fernando Valley" doesn't take place there at all, but Roy plays a rancher from there who is looking for an ex-employee. The employee is also a friend, Keno (Edward Gargan), who has left his job to run a traveling shooting gallery. Roy finds him in a little town called Pendleford, and puts the shooting gallery out of business by winning all Keno's money. They are set to go back to the town where two things happen. A—Roy is held up by two men who steal his, and Keno's, money. B—He meets Dale Keyon (Dale Evans). So, instead of working with Keno, Roy takes a job as cooks on a ranch that belongs to Dale's grandfather.

Their cooking is terrible, but old "Cyclone" (Allyn Joslyn) makes them anyway.

Dale is quite willing—she and Roy fight a lot, but they both know the fighting is only on the surface. Dale's kid sister, Betty Lou (Betty Lou Isley), who has been hanging around bow and arrow, has seen her (Dale?).

Dale has been having trouble with Betty Lou and I'm sure lately. Betty Lou has grown up in a hurry, and she fails for every man she sees. As a result Dale has to fire all the ranch hands and hire cowgirls in their place. Now here is Betty Lou going overboard for the new cook. "Maybe," Dale suggests to Roy, "we should make her think you and I are in love. That would fix things." It certainly would, Roy agrees, with a cat-looking-at-dish-of-oatmeal expression. It does fix some things, but it makes others more complicated, for it sends Betty Lou off on a new tangent. One that leads to stolen horses, a wild ride across the prairie—and finally—the recovery of Roy's money. Credit Trigger with an assist.—Rep.

P. S.

Although Republic Studio is located front and center in the "Valley" itself, huge replicas of it had to be built on sound stages for the musical numbers. This was done to avoid the noise of traffic, airplanes, and a knew-kenyon. Half of the cast are residents, mostly ranchers, of the San Fernando Valley. Even city-gal Dale Evans moved to the Valley. Eight new songs in the picture include "Tim Spence-her's burlesque on the western, "They Went That Way." . . . Edward Gargan, who directed his career in opera in New York, sings the song "Blindfold" on the screen. Gargan entertained visitors to the (Continued on page 22)
In your heart... a love song.
In your hands... smooth feminine magic.

Keep them lovely, all through these busier days. Before every household task, smooth on Trushay.

It's a new-idea lotion. The "beforehand" lotion. A luscious... so creamy-rich it guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

You'll love Trushay... its fragrance... the way it helps keep your hands romantic. Try it today.
set with the story of his first appearance at the “Met.” His family came on masse, paid seven bucks apiece for seats and couldn’t see Ed as he stood in the crowd on the stage behind a six-foot-two character who reached up more even when pinched. . . . Roy, who pretends to be a cook in the picture, surprised the gang on the set by whipping up some luscious “paprika creamed snittens” (phone-covers to you dudes) which were mighty good eatin’. . . Trigger gets a little horse—

**GUEST IN THE HOUSE**

Anne Baxter has the top role of her career in this story of a beautiful young girl who wrecks the happiness of an entire family. In less skilful hands, the character of Evelyn would be unbelievable. Anne makes her real and understandable but so hateful that you will breathe a sigh of relief at the fate that eventually overtakes her.

Evelyn has heart trouble, but she has something else far worse—a mind stupefied by that it poisons everyone with whom it comes in contact. Young Doctor Dan Proctor (Scott McKay) fails in love with her pretty face and doesn’t realize how deep the neuroticism of his patient has gone. Hopefully he sends her to spend the summer with his brother and his wife. Surely in those charming surroundings, she will get well enough so they can be married.

Within a week after she arrives, Evelyn has lost all desire ever to marry Dan. Instead, she becomes wildly infatuated with his brother, Douglas (Ralph Bellamy). Douglas is a successful painter, happily in love with his wife (Ruth Warrick). But there are always ways to start trouble in a marriage, and Evelyn wastes no time in beginning. Her first step is to charm the entire household into trusting her. Then she gradually begins her insidious revenge. Before she has persuaded Douglas that he is doing the wrong kind of painting, because he isn’t properly “understood.” Then she convinces his wife that he has been having an affair with his model (Miriam Blake). This serves the double purpose of getting rid of the model and causing the wife to change her attitude of love to one of suspicion. Everything is going fine, and Evelyn is sure that she soon will be able to cause a divorce and get Douglas for herself.

As time passes, however, it becomes apparent that they have a problem. So the kindly therapist from the guest in the house. In spite of her sweet, sympathetic manner, Evelyn is obviously a wickedly selfish and cruel young woman. Her Aunt Martha (Aline McMahon), who has the courage to provide a nerve-shattering climax to this tense, emotional drama.—U.A.

**P. S.**

Art director, Nikolai Romisoff, was dispatched to Maine to gather material and sketches on Maine homes so the house (the one set used for the picture) would be authentic in every detail.Rooms were built on rollers so that the house could be “dissected” for easy lighting and camera manipulation. Put together the house is a live building. A matter of fact, that screen-writer Ketti Frings plans to build a post-war home based on the plans.

... Romisoff came back from his trip to Maine loaded with ideas and odds and ends to give the house color and warmth. The wallpaper was discovered in the cellar of a small town country store; Romisoff had a “real face” of the trip. . . . The authenticity of the house was just a headache to cameraman Lee Garmes for the Romisoff ceilings are seven feet high and beamy. Garmes claimed it was the most difficult set he’s ever worked with. . . . Before actual shooting began on the picture, director Lewis Milestone, Romisoff and Garmes, using “live dummy” and musical scripts. Accompanying them was a sketch artist, Les Thomas, who drew sketches of scenes and camera positions as Milestone envisioned them. When the sketches were completed, Milestone had a good reference of the picture with full exposition of camera angles, set-ups and character movement. This is called “pre-production designing,” and will certainly make the psychological “feeling” of the picture, a good deal of the credit should go to musical director, Werner Janssen.
BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTIONS presents

"Dark Waters"

...from The Saturday Evening Post's most thrilling story success, starring

MERLE OBERON

FRANCHOT TONE

THOMAS MITCHELL

with FAY BAINTER JONH QUALEN - ELISHA COOK, JR.
Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS
Directed by ANDRE DETOTH
Original Story by FRANK and MARIAN COCKRELL - Screenplay by JOAN HARRISON and MARIAN COCKRELL
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
For IRRESISTIBLE LIPS

WEAR the season's most exciting shade, deep luxurious FUCHSIA PLUM

Velvet enchantment for your lips when you wear Irresistible's most fascinating Lipstick shade FUCHSIA PLUM... a deep, rich plum tone, to lend that look of tender fullness that is so inviting to romance. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious, creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer. Try this exquisite lipstick today. Complete your make-up with Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder.

10c-25c SIZES

Irresistible LIPSTICK

A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME Assures Glamour

24
Say, friends . . .

Isn't it swell, the trees getting all green and russety and clothes looking svelte and sweet again and everything going back to its nice, cozy routine? So now that your mad dirndl and dripping frenzy is over, start shooting the questions at me! I imagine you're going to have lots of 'em now that you're going to the movies 'cause you're interested in them rather than because the houses are air-cooled!

All you do is get yourself a stickler and send it out with your stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Mrs. Elinor Nelkin, Tenn: Who played "Andy," "Alabam" and "Johnny" in "Dr. Wassell"? Elliot Reid played Andy, Olivier Thordyke was Alabam, and Renny McEvoy did Johnny.

Sylvia Gold, B'klyn, N. Y.: Wasn't Helmut Dantine supposed to play in "Mask of Dimitrios"? Yes, but during the shooting, there was a disagreement 'tween him and Warner Brothers, and Zachary Scott was substituted.

Kitty Molinaro, Verona, N. J.: May I have the addresses of the Jaeckel, Hutton and Lynn Fan Clubs? For Richard Jaeckel, it's Pat Lawrence at 585 W. End Ave., N.Y.C. Bob Hutton's proxy is Pat Smith, 6116 Cornell, Chicago, and Diana Lynn's club is headed by Peggy McShane, 621 East 161 Street, N.Y.C.

Eda Field, Long Branch, N. J.: Was Bob Walker "Davy" in the Air Show, "Maudie's Diary"? Yup—that was his first real break.

How to take a Hero's mind off his Medals!

Guard charm—prevent underarm odor with Mum!

WANT to win his praises? Want his love to linger? Then make sure of your charm first—and always! Be certain you never offend—use Mum every day, before every date. Your bath removes only past perspiration. To prevent risk of future underarm odor—use Mum regularly!

Mum works quickly—dependably! Smoothes on in half a minute—keeps you bath-fresh for hours.

Remember, it's the dainty girl who wins hearts! Let Mum help you stay dainty. Ask your druggist for Mum—today!

- Mum's easy to use—takes only half a minute to apply.
- Mum guards charm for hours—through busy day or gala date.
- Mum prevents underarm odor, does not stop perspiration.
- Mum won't irritate skin, even after underarm shaving.
- Mum won't harm clothes. Get Mum—today!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration
**FOR GLAMOUR**

**Fashions for Tall Girls—by Marjorie Bailey**

Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What'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 slenderness hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

**Fashions for Teens—Fall and Winter**

Hot tips for gals from 12 to 18. What to wear, when to wear it, how to match up your outfits. Dope to make your wardrobe look like an All-Adrian job. How to dress for your guy whether he's a Pfc. or a juke-box king. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

**Glamour for the Teens**

This is specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

**How to Be Beautiful**

For over 18's—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your need. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do'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. Easy-to-follow scientific diet. Exercises for reducing every part of body, plus scoring chart. Free, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

**Gloria De Haven's Glamour—for you.** Turn to page 48 for complete details on how you can get the very same dresses Gloria's wearing.

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**FOR ROMANCE**

**Please Behave!**

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

**How to Write a Love Letter**

How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! 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 cagy to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Joan Kinkead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 25 for details. 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.

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**FOR FANS**

**Super ★ Star Information Chart (10c)**

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

**Music Makers, their Lives, Bands and Records (5c)**

New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hip cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

**How to Join a Fan Club**

Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite stars, club journals, chance for pan-pals—even meet the stars themselves! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

**Information Desk**

Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 25 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.
Bates "Picture Frames" bedspread with matching draperies, shown here in blue, is available also in rose, green, and tan.

Dolores Moran's Favorite Fashion

Dolores Moran, featured in "The Horn Blows at Midnight," a Warner Bros. picture, shows how college girls can make a comfortable home in temporary quarters. Bates bedspreads and matching draperies do just about the entire decorating job quickly, inexpensively. Bates bedspreads are wrinkleproof, washable, packable for traveling, shed no lint. What's more, the spreads serve as extra covering at night. War work comes first at Bates . . . that's why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite bedspread or drapery pattern.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY
"Why can't I be Lovely instead of Lonely?"

"Why not try my beauty secret."

Now she's got that Ivory Look...

YOU can have a Lovelier Complexion, too...

You can have softer, smoother skin... that Ivory Look that makes a man's heart march double-time. How? Just change from on-and-off skin care to regular, gentle cleansings with baby-gentle Ivory Soap. You can't buy a purer soap—a surer way to a clearer, naturally radiant complexion. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate even babies' tender skin. No wonder more doctors advise it for them—and you—than all other brands put together. 99\% Pure

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

SOAP CONSERVATION IS IMPORTANT... because soap is a necessity and it's made of vital war materials. Don't waste your Ivory. Make it last—use it up.
TO OUR READERS...

The gang is glaring dangerously over my shoulder as I write. There are NINE PAGES OF FULL COLOR in this fascinating issue of MODERN SCREEN. And they insist that I shift into verse and give you the choruses to the tune of ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-dee-ay. All right, all right. But that takes time, and we're celebrating.

Before you can say "nine pages," I'm taking my watch off and plunging into a tub of Pepsi. NINE PAGES OF COLOR! Out of this world, isn't it? But then, of course, trust M.S. to always do things by higs, not by littles. It's meant more work for all of us. It's cost oodles of money.


I see where I've got to stop right here. Henry Malmgreen is doing a dead-man's float in the Pepsi—with his watch on. And the staff has already tortured five Hershey bars to death. Got to watch those kids!

See you next month. And have a swell time!

Al (nine-page) Delacorte
LIFE Magazine had been wandering around all morning, and the Kellys were dead. Betsy, keeper of the cash, was moaning over the non-balancing checkbook with one breath and now-now’ing Kerry with the other. Gene was gnawing at a chocolate bar and mumbling “... so the lawn isn’t photogenic ... bet I had more fun wearing it down playing kickball than I would’ve gardening. ...” Everyone was feeling gay as a goon when presto!—Gus Gale was stowing his Speed Graphic, Betsy had gooey mounds of vanilla ice cream with caramel sauce (there’s always gobs of it ready for Gene’s Dagwood snacks) on the kitchen table, and everybody was dangling from the high red leather stools discussing Adolf and Gene’s anti-vegetablitis and pic posings and life while Betsy tried to put the snatch on Gene’s candy bar. We left with a last slap-happy glimpse of Kerry, her tummy supported by Gene’s brawny southpaw, floating in mid-air, drooling down at Daddy’s third tutti-frutti special.

Sundays are for snoozing till 12, then kickball with the local kids. Gene whips up the eggs ‘n’ wienies, then dashes off with Terry and the Pirates.

Evenings, the gals wait for Gene with Kerry flying into his arms at the first horn toot. Her new strip tease routine has Dad hoarding pins so she won’t be caught with her pants down! Strictly a sock ‘n’ stubble guy, Gene treasures his lucky “Pal Joey” shirt, abhors men’s jewelry. He likes Betsy in sports clothes and can discuss femme togs by their right names!
day with Gene Kelly

Meet the Kellys—tap-happy Gene, wife "Sweeney,"

and their Kerry, dancing along in Daddy's footsteps.
Save for Gene's rare brogue'ing, the Kellys will crown anyone who baby-talks Kerry, whose sudden shift from silence to speech upped her prestige to 5 parties a week!

Kerry's past the slop 'n' spill stage, so Gene often tries his ladling technique. He and "Sweeney" nixed a nurse, but they may get one for Daniel, if and when he comes along.

Phones used to give Kerry the jitters till Betsy, gradually breaking her in, hit on dialing the time signal to let her hear the voice and bell. K. now giggles and jabbers back.
Members of the "Writer's Set," the Kellys hold open house, breaking up the weighty gab fests with sprints around the block, sweet Adoline-ings—and fast rounds of Anagrams!

"Sweeney" and "Genee" can jabber in 6 tongues, picked from school and tutors. Betsy's angling for a 3 months' overseas jaunt with an ex-B-way dram group, while Gene's just beginning work in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies."

Gene begs rides from pals to save gas, but whips out the convertible for those Thurs. eve baseball sprees with the Garfield, Barry Sullivan gang.
young man with a torso

Nine mastoids, two broken eardrums, three fractured ribs—Dick Crane's battered but beautiful!

While Dick Crane was reading his fan mail recently (it now runs into many hundreds of letters a month) he opened a fold of pink paper to disclose the following communication:

"Dear Mr. Crane:
You are the healthiest looking zombie I have ever seen. However, you MUST be a zombie because I have seen you die four times in four different pictures. First I saw you in a Hopalong Cassidy picture, and you got perforated in a most fatal manner. Then I saw you in 'Happy Land,' a picture from which you didn't escape vertically. After that you gave your all in 'None Shall Escape,' and last night I saw you get liquidated again in 'Wing And A Prayer.' This is too much.
I am going to start a LET RICHARD CRANE LIVE club.

Yours devotedly,
Jean T. . . ."

To hear from a fan who had seen all FOUR of his decent-part pictures represented a milestone in Dick's life . . . frequent and violent death aside.
As a matter of fact there are few men as much alive as Dick Crane is. He consists of five feet ten and one-half inches of brawn that weighs about 170 pounds. He would like to trim that down (Continued on page 89)

First few years in films were tough sledding. Between pics took jobs as dishwasher, hasher, truckdriver. Ambitious to cop Oscar, he sees every new film to study technique of stars. His latest, "Wing and a Prayer."

Dick's superstitious about just one item—ring his mom gave him one birthday. Wears it as good luck charm on his left hand in every picture. Goes for Harry James and all shades of blue.

By Nancy Winslow Squire
Way last Dec., her sidekick proclaimed she wouldn't be surprised if Shirley and Andy Hotchkiss took it to a preacher. They've got it that bad! Next movie's "I'll Be Seeing You."

Cynthia Miller

June of English folk song, she penned lyrics for "Mother couldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow," hit of "Since You Want Roy." She's added verses for its broadcast by name bands.

At Canteen she modestly claims boys would rather talk to her than dance. "Most of them have sisters at home, and I seem to take their place." On one of her rare radio stints, she guested on War Dept.'s "Visiting Hour," aired from service hospitals.
sixteen's okay

It means powder 'n' lipstick, buying your own clothes—

having a MAN! To Shirley it's strictly "er ker"!

Sixteen's a nice age, but not very different from fifteen. Shirley guesses no age is very different from the one right in front or behind. You have to go pretty far back to tell the difference—

Like the night of the preview of "Since You Went Away." It was one of those gala previews that they hardly ever have any more on account of the war—with grandstands and flashbulbs and everybody dressed up. The girls, that is. Most of the men were in uniform—

Anyway, walking along under that marquee-thing, she couldn't help feeling pretty grown-up. Because last time she was wearing bobby socks and a white wool coat. That was for "The Little Princess" when she was eleven. And here she was now with a long white crepe dress and an ermine jacket and a gentleman. Of course Mom and Dad were there, too, but they were strictly a party by themselves, and so were she and Andy—Private Andrew Hotchkiss of the U.S. Army Air Force, that's his official title. But he's the same Andy she used to play hopscotch with.

No, she didn't feel important—just excited. If heroes can come back from shooting millions of enemies without feeling important, wouldn't it be silly for people who just shoot pictures to get that way? Yes, of course she was glad the fans remembered her. And she thinks it was pretty swell of them, seeing as how she hadn't done anything in such ages. (Continued on page 94)
Graduated from high school with highest average in class—97.3%. "I wasn't a bright kid. I had to work far every grade I got. I was so afraid I'd fail I guess I overstudied."

During production of "Music for Millions," fragile 99-pound, five-foot-one June crashed thru platform and had to be sawed out! Everybody, including Errol Flynn, kidded her to death.

By Jeanne Karr
She was little and scrawny and had no oomph. The guys
in high school never asked June Allyson to go out.

Her real name's Jan Allyson. George Abbott changed it to June, because Jan sounds like a boy's name. Her mother wasn't too happy about her going on the stage. Now she says, "That's my daughter"—with a spark in her eye—when she sees people looking at June's picture in theater lobbies.

Recently she sent June a classic letter: "Just saw 'Two Girls and A Sailor.' Please take care of yourself and get lots of rest. Love. Mother." June doesn't know exactly what it means, and she's sort of afraid to ask. As long as she doesn't ask, she can go right on hoping that mother just wrote in a terrible hurry.

She's amazed by what's happened to her. Being asked for an autograph makes her feel silly, but wonderful. When people say, "I liked you in the picture," she gets embarrassed. It's hard to be casual and just say thank you very much. Her impulse is to hug them, ask them to dinner and inquire about the health of their families.

The biggest thrill was going to the Mocambo after "Two Girls and A Sailor." Darling Emil Coleman, the orchestra leader, caught sight of her and stopped what they were playing and started "Young Man with a Horn." Roman candles exploded in her head, and her knees went weak, and she (Continued on page 111)
turks are no jerks  By Kirtley Baskette

"Bey" means Mister and vodka at the Scheherazade and a rider without a horse and flivvers and orchids and laughs.

One afternoon, a few weeks ago, Katharine Hepburn and Turhan Bey sat on a prop log in a Hollywood version of a Chinese rice field and waited tensely for the camera to roll.

They were about to tackle a terrific love scene in "Dragon Seed," and the ordinarily cool and cocky Katie was nervous as a witch—with good reason. Being the star of the picture, she knew this key scene had to sizzle with the right high voltage or the picture might flunk dismally.

It was up to her to make it sizzle and practically melt away with love at the end, and, frankly, Hepburn was not so sure this Turhan Bey fellow, whom she'd never met before, had the stuff on the ball to handle (Continued on page 99)
By Marjorie Bailey

Gloria DeHaven shows how he'd like to have his dream girl look. Dress from Miss America in Cohoma's supple new fabric, "5 P.M."

Does the sight of Gloria DeHaven send your fella into ecstasies? Here's how you can step right into her clothes!

Same wonderful girl, some wonderful fabric. New mood in a J. L. F. original with fluted peplum and epaulette lines.
Of course you’re not Gloria De Haven. But, with one very tiny exception, who on earth is? There’s only one, and you’ll soon be seeing her in “The Thin Man Goes Home.” I still say it could be you, wearing the date dresses that are so agleam here with color. Because—while our Gloria did happen to be way up front when they were handing out looks—nobody can call her “grabby.” None of this nonsense about “I couldn’t dream of letting anybody know where this little number came from.” What’s hers is yours. At least in this particular case it is.

If you’re headed for something formal and want to be very much “this year” about it, the fashion of cap sleeves is definitely yours. By the way, I’m not saying your shoulders are kinda scrawny. But if you think they are, this new line supplies wonderful cover-uppage. And nobody’s been hinting that your waistline needs slimming, either. But, just in case it should, the shoulder breadth will help balance it. Do I have to explain again? All that width up top simply makes the mid-area seem smaller in comparison.

Rumor has it around fashion circles that hips today are more than something to be concealed by a two-way stretch. While I still say yours would appear more haven-ly if you controlled them a bit with a panty girdle, this is your year to talk (Continued on page 80)
Engaged to West Point Cadet

Mary Alice Maxwell of Columbus, Ohio, fiancée of Cadet Robert Northrup Ives of the prominent Army family.

BUY ANOTHER BOND—Mary Alice has been active in every one of Uncle Sam’s War Bond Drives. The soft-smooth look of her Pond’s complexion proves a magnet to sales! Selling bonds is a war service many girls are proudly giving.

She’s Engaged!
She’s Lovely!
She uses Pond’s!

She has a rare sculptured beauty—this auburn-haired girl with breathtaking eyes and a complexion smooth, cool and fine as alabaster.

Mary Alice is still another engaged girl with that delightful “Pond’s look.”

“I’m certainly keen about Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. “It’s so exactly right for me—and it leaves my face with such a clean smooth feeling.”

She slips the soft, snowy cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond’s Cold Cream—with little spiral whirls of her white-coated fingers—for extra cleansing—extra softening. Tissues off again.

Give your face Pond’s beauty care, every night, every morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It’s no accident so many more girls and women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the big luxury jar—it helps save glass. And, it’s so pleasant to be able to dip the fingers of both your hands in this wide-topped Pond’s jar.

A few of the Pond’s Society Beauties: Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle—Lady Newcross, Mrs. Pierpoint Morgan Hamilton—Mrs. Allan A. Ryan—Viscountess Milton.
FOR WOLVES

Was she picked up from a bowling alley? (Story on page 18)

June Baxter
At school she imitated a mashed potato—(Story on page 56)

Jennifer Jones
"Jennie made her mind up . . ." And she did it! (Story on page 20)
FOR SWOONERS

Richard Crane "I'm starting a LET DICK CRANE LIVE Club," penned a fan. (Story on page 40)

Richard Crane Even his Chinese houseboy didn't know about it—(Story on page 95)

Bob Walling "Pvt. Hargrove's" on the downgrade—he's been demoted to bell boy. (Story on page 14)
The other day George Murphy got a letter from a U.S. Leatherneck in the blazing South Pacific. “Dear George,” he read, “Your cousin, Bill Murphy, went to glory next to me in battle last week. He was my buddy, and he always spoke about how proud he was of being your cousin. I thought you’d like to know he died like a brave soldier and a Marine.”

George sat right down to answer the note. He told how sorry he was to hear the news but how proud he was of Bill. He hoped the buddy who’d written him would visit him in Hollywood on his way back from Tokyo.

Then George blew his nose, dabbed his eyes and made a mental note about an item to bring up in his next confession at church. “I guess though,” he sighed to himself, “that’s one lie for which the Good Lord will forgive me!”

Because George Murphy never had any cousin Bill who was a U.S. Marine. But he figured he couldn’t let a fellow down who had liked him well enough to claim kinship.

Of course, being a Murphy and an Irishman, it’s only natural that George should (Continued on page 118)
Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother
has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the right start.

As "her baby" grows older—mother helps select that thrilling "first party dress", the new wall paper for
that "very own" bedroom—she consoles about braces on teeth, runs in stockings—lost hockey games.
And then comes an eventful day—a day when mother explains how many girls and women on "certain days" of the
month often suffer distress from female functional monthly disturbances and how Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound is so effective to help relieve monthly pain and accompanying
tired, nervous, restless feelings—due to this cause.

She tells her daughter to try Pinkham's Compound to relieve such symptoms. Taken regularly it helps build up
resistance against such distress. A wonderful suggestion which daughters everywhere should pass on to their daughters.
Buy Lydia Pinkham's Compound today. Follow
label directions. It's well worth trying. *Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND*
Top psychiatrist cued Anne for her "Guest in the House" paranoiac role. Preview guest card commented, "I hate A.B. more than my mother-in-law."

**Dream Dish**

By Fredda Dudley

"I'll never marry an actor!" vows Anne Baxter. Does that mean John Hodiak?

As Anne Baxter tripped into the 20th Century Commissary one noon, having come from the set where she was working opposite John Hodiak in "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier," a bemused onlooker confided to his luncheon guest, "If they ever send Anne Baxter overseas on an entertainment tour, the war will be over immediately."

The straight man wanted to know how the commentator doped it. "The enemy would be entirely destroyed by concussion caused by the prolonged whistling of American troops," was the answer. "That Baxter is a dream dish."

Ask any six people at Fox, and they will tell you that Anne Baxter is a terrific tomato; that she has the ideal face, the ideal figure and the ideal background to be successful in pictures. To date, they will add, she has lived an ideal life. Practically everything that has happened to her has had a definite bearing upon her cinematic career.

Take, for instance, her childhood. She didn't think so very much of it as a guide for the
rearing of future generations. She seldom remained in one school over a year. Because of her father's work (he was sales manager for a national corporation) the family moved a great deal.

Dig back in memory and recall your own first day at school when you were six. The teacher was a tall, strange creature who explained the local rules. The kids conned one another suspiciously. The room was filled with the typically school-days odor of chalk dust, floor oil and the odd aroma of glazed paper and printer's ink on new text books. You felt as conspicuous as a Ubangi in the Clover Club. And as perplexed as that same Ubangi, confronted by corn on the cob.

Your second year was different, of course. You knew practically everyone in your class. Those you didn't know, you gave the old double-barreled ogle and ignored.

Anne was always one of the newbies. Each year, and sometimes each semester, she became the recruit in some new school. The first time this happened, she tried to orient herself; she tried to make friends by a frontal attack of cordiality. "What's your name?" she would ask some little girl.

"Nonayourbusiness. What's yours?"

"Annie, Annie, she's a granny. Annie, granny nanny: goat, goat, Annie."

The kids laughed at the nonsensical chant. Sometimes they took it up and repeated it at recess. It was a very painful initiation process.

But Anne got hep. To protect herself, she developed Rule 1 in the Baxter code of self-protection: She learned to let the other person make the overtures. She found that there was great strength in silence. When she went to a new school, she paid no attention to anyone. She arrived on the school grounds barely in time to answer the bell, and she left the vicinity without loitering in the instant school was dismissed. This self-sufficiency intrigued the natives. Instead of regarding her as foreign, hence funny (a common human weakness), she seemed mysterious and exciting. When the established leaders in school became suppliants for her attention, Anne could select as friends those who seemed to be compatible.

It is a system she uses to this day. She lets people approach her first. And, from those hectic days of adapting herself to a series of different school customs and local traditions, she has brought a pliability of mind that makes it possible for her to understand almost any type of human being. A very handy trait to be developed by an actress.

During this strenuous period of carving out a succession of comfortable environments for herself, Anne developed a talent. She had to excel in some respect. She wasn't so Euclid with figures, nor very Marco Polo in geography. Natural history seemed as complicated as a Burbank experimental garden, and literature (although a favorite subject) sometimes got awfully Gertrude Stein. But she could SPELL. She won matches faster than a pyromaniac could strike them.

At one time she triumphed in a Spell Down with the word "Occasion." At another time her winning word, spelled with assurance, was "harass." (She was perfect in pronunciation, too, as she called it "harris" as in Phil, which is proper.)

Only twice did she ground loop her vocabulary. Once she crash-landed the word "restaurant." At another time she jumbled the vowels in "lieutenant." To this day, when she addresses a letter to such an officer, she gives him the abbreviated treatment. They are all (Continued on page 76)
By George Benjamin

Proud of his Indian Princess grandmother, Roy will soon be seen in "San Fernando Valley," his 40th pic. (Piggy-back with "Lil. Brown Jug.")

A whiz at the harmonica, trumpet, piano—and guitar, Ray's a chow mein, ravioli fiend. Paid $82,000 in prizes at N. Y. Rodeo. (With Bing.)

Under his hotel window in Dakota, outside the Astor in Times Square... wherever he goes, you'll hear the familiar chant!

Last Fall, Roy Rogers strolled into the Yankee Stadium to see the opening game of the World's Series between the St. Louis Cards and the New York Yankees. As usual, Roy looked like a Western sunset going East. He sported a ten-gallon dove-colored sombrero, pink and white butterfly boots, skin tight breeches with barberpole stitches, darts, pipings, filigrees and fancy frills here and there against the blues, greens and assorted color clashes of his movie cowboy rig. On exposed places, like fingers; silver, turquoise and gold sparkled in the sun.

There were sixty-nine thousand people at the Stadium that day, and about all of them except a few near-sighted old folk rubber-necked, awestruck, as he pushed, grinning amiably, through the mob. Roy shook hands with Jim Farley, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Connie Mack and assorted celebrities, picking up fans like a rolling snowball picks up snow.

Ray caught "Oklahoma!" white in N. Y., came out raging, "Phantos, they can't lasso and their accents ain't right!" (With C. Landis and Frankie at "Cam. Performance.")

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Finally, Roy climbed into his box, and the crowd of Rogers rooters swarmed after him like bees, knocking over chairs and sending pop bottles skittering along the aisles. They spilled over into the adjoining boxes, yipping for autographs, and in the right behind Roy, a chubby, dignified gentleman with graying hair got considerably mussed up. The cigar was knocked from his mouth, his hat sent flying, his chair almost tipped over. Nobody paid any attention to him. Maybe Roy wouldn’t have noticed either, except the crush of fans spun him around, and what he saw almost made him topple over.

The dignified gentleman behind him, getting bumped around by the fervent fans of Roy Rogers, movie cowboy, was the Honorable Herbert Hoover, ex-President of the United States.

Of course, Roy Rogers would never stack himself up against Herbert Hoover in the Hall of Fame, or against a few hundred other great men for that matter. Besides, Roy knows by now that mob scenes are no measure of greatness, and he’s not impressed. He gets them where he goes, whether it’s breaking records with his Rodeo at Madison Square Garden or zooming the population of a tiny hamlet from 300 to 17,000 (as he once did in Virginia) just by paying it a visit. He’s been kept awake all night in small towns by crowds yelling under his hotel window, “We want Rogers!” and in the really large cities when he ventures out on the streets almost anything is likely to happen—and frequently does.

Like the time in Pittsburgh when he sneaked into a famous cafe and walked out to face 500 kids blocking the doorway. The only way the cops could rescue him, after Roy had almost worn off his trigger finger writing his name, was to back up the Black Maria and haul him off to jail! Or like New York last year, when Roy got restless in his room at the Astor Hotel and clomped his high heels up Broadway for a drink of his favorite brew, pinacolada, at one of those sidewalk stands. Roy didn’t realize that while he sipped his fruit juice, the bright lights were spotlighting him. The minute he stepped outside, they had him, and the cops had to blow their whistles again. When he got back to the Astor about everything was ripped off except Roy’s smile.

**king by acclaim...**

That smile would be hard to erase under any condition right now, because what Roy Rogers does know, and for sure, is that his King of the Cowboys tag is a case of no kidding.

There’s not a Hollywood cow-waddy who can come within lasso-length of Roy in the popularity poll. One recent month no less than 130,000 letters, more than any Hollywood star ever mailed, practically pushed Roy right out of his office. The “Corrals,” into which Rogers’ fan armies divide themselves, cover the United States and the United Nations, too, and if Roy wanted to make a foreign stamp collection from all the mail he gets from service guys and gals, he could set up a booming philatelist’s shop as a sideline.

Not only are Roy’s rootin’, tootin’ Republic pictures standing them in the aisles all around the globe, but they’re playing right in the same movie palaces where million-dollar epics play. “Song of Nevada,” the latest Roy Rogers movie, has just been booked for the Carthay Circle and Grauman’s Chinese, Holly-

**LIKE A COMPACT...TELLS WHAT YOU’RE REALLY LIKE”...says Veronica Lake**

The quiet elegance, the depth of design, the powdertight construction of Wadsworth compacts have made them the choice of fastidious women everywhere.

Each style is a symphony in skillfully wrought metal and is as exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold at department and jewelry stores, priced from two dollars to three hundred dollars.

**WADSWORTH PERSONALITY COMPACTS**

**VERONICA LAKE**

star of the new Paramount picture, “Bring on the Girls”

“INTRIGUE” for the subtly sophisticated with the knowing glance.

“LIVELY LADY” for the little lady with the bewitching wrinkle.

**“BLACK MAGIC”** for the spell-binder, the girl who causes constant hearts to falter.

**“LONDON”**

for the little thing...

**LIKE A COMPACT...TELLS WHAT YOU’RE REALLY LIKE”...says Veronica Lake**

The quiet elegance, the depth of design, the powdertight construction of Wadsworth compacts have made them the choice of fastidious women everywhere. Each style is a symphony in skillfully wrought metal and is as exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold at department and jewelry stores, priced from two dollars to three hundred dollars.

**WADSWORTH**

**Watch Case Company, Inc., Dayton, Kentucky**

“Black Magic” $7.50... “Lively Lady” $5.00... “Intrigue” $3.00... Others up to $7.00.

Markets of fine compacts, fine watch cases, small precious parts.

(Continued on page 82)
Van Johnson has certainly had his wings clipped—but it takes Van to tell this one on himself:

A couple of weeks ago Van went with his pals, the Keenan Wynns, down to Casino Gardens—a big dance hall on the pier. They watched the jitterbugs for awhile when suddenly an enterprising Junior Miss came up and asked Van if he would dance.

Very much flattered (because he's a nice guy), Van skidded out on the floor with the girl and enjoyed himself immensely. She was a darn good dancer, and Van politely said, "If you would like to dance again—"

"No" said the girl, surprisingly, "I'm going to be sorta busy."

Van took that one standing up, and when the music started again, he was approached by an entirely new jitterbug. "This is my dance" she said, practically leading him onto the floor. The same thing happened.
Good News

Lynn Bari had returned from bond-selling tour just shortly before premiere. Her husband Sid Luft, a test pilot for aircraft plant, has Hollywood aspirations.

Privately long-hair, Frankie (above, with Gloria DeHaven) plays Rachmaninoff by hour in dressing room between scenes. Soon's his commitments permit, he'll tour orthopedic hospitals.

Ronnie and Janie Wyman welcomed 10-day loll on his furlough last summer. During N.Y. jaunt when she recruited for WAC, taxi driver dropped her at hotel, dreamily sighed, "Well, good-by now."

Bill Eythe and Mrs. Peter VonEske came to "Wilson" premiere with Mary Anderson. Hubby Bohrens, stationed nearby, can get in only on weekends.
for the next five or six numbers—each dance brought a new doll who just up and claimed Van without so much as a by-your-leave.

"And then what do you think I found out?" he told me almost bent double with laughter as he related the incident, "The first girl was out behind the seats selling dances with me at a dollar apiece! No wonder she said she was going to be 'sorta busy.' She ought to be an agent!"

Ann Sheridan writes about a funny thing that happened to her in India—or should I say when she was trying to get out of India, on her recent camp tour abroad.

"A plane was expected to pick us up at (censored) and fly us to (censored). All day long we had waited at the airfield at this spot in India—and still no plane came.

"Finally, one of the officers who had been escorting us went to send a wire to headquarters to find out why we had not been picked up.

"The answer came back that such a plane had not been ordered.

"Our friend immediately asked: What shall I do with Ann Sheridan?

"The reply was: If you don't know what to do with Ann Sheridan we can't help you. BUT DON'T GIVE HER BACK TO THE INDIANS!"

It's been a month of parties, parties, PARTIES!
The little Queen of the Ice, Sonja Henie, certainly looked the part at the big affair she gave at her home. She wore a beautiful new dress made of bugle beads, and she's lost so much weight that her figure is out of this world.

Sonja planned everything on an elaborate scale because she knew her husband, Captain Dan Topping, was due to go overseas—and the party was in his honor. But Marine regulations wait for no man, and Dan left the night before!

The bright stars overhead had to vie with the stars on hand for brilliance. Mary Benny, Jack's wife, got a lot of ribbon over a dress she was wearing completely embroidered in brilliants. Several months ago, a columnist had said that Mary had a million dollars worth of jewels. "Are those your jewels?" she was asked.

It was a warm balmy night and flower bedecked tables were set around the swimming pool. A striped blue and white tent had been set up for supper and dancing.

Rox Russell said she was so tired after finishing "Roughly Speaking" that she was going to take the baby and go into retirement. (Don't believe it. Rox is one of the most energetic women in Hollywood.)

An "entrance" that was an entrance was staged by Joan Crawford accompanied by her bridesgroom, Phil Terry. She was the Joan of the lush days, done up in all-white with a garland of gardenias in her hair.

Sonja's mother, who is a culinary expert, was beaming over all the compliments she was getting on her Norwegian pudding—

---

**Getting the hang of it**

When hanging pictures on a wall, Nails won't leave plaster cracked If first you use some Texcel Tape To hold the wall intact.

And if your clothing should get caught On parts of desks or chairs, Just shield rough spots with Texcel Tape— No snags, no runs, no tears.

For keeping licenses unsoiled, For keeping passes sealed, You'll find in sturdy Texcel Tape A safe, transparent shield.

For Texcel is an improved tape Whose "stick-ums" bonded on. It won't come off, it won't dry out. It's one, like grass and lawn.

Since all the Texcel Tape that's made Is being used for war, Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory Returns it to your store.

---

**Texcel Tape**

CELLOPHANE TAPE—STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.
matchless dish I can heartily recommend.

As for Yours Truly, I had the time of my life doing rumba after rumba with Clark Gable!

Between numbers—Clark and I sat at one of the bright little tables and had a long talk. Gable has been going to all the parties—perhaps because he wants to forget all that he saw overseas. It is certainly something new for him because he isn’t a party man and enjoys far more being with a crowd of his pals and hunting and fishing.

Kay Williams, his favorite girl, and I also let down our hair. "These big parties are grand, Louella," Kay told me, "but the birthday celebration that touched me most was the dinner party for just the two of us that Clark had for me last night.

"It was at his home in the Valley, and at my place he had a cake with eighteen candles—which were sheer flattery," she laughed, "and my presents. He gave me a beautiful watch and an Alligator bag, and he had wrapped them himself!"

Another social event that brought out the town was the Jack Warner birthday party and the unveiling of Mrs. Warner’s portrait by Salvador Dali. Not only was it Jack’s birthday but also Lt. Robert Taylor’s, Mrs. Otto Preminger’s, Kay Williams’ and LOP’s (me). We all had birthday cakes—so everybody sang "Happy Birthday" to everybody else.

Barbara Stanwyck was so happy she was radiant because Bob was able to get home for his birthday celebration. Of course, the Navy didn’t arrange it that way. It just happened.

Jane Wyman was also celebrating. She had just had her contract torn up and had been given a new one, and Janie was a vision in white with her Captain husband, Ronald Reagan.

Errol Flynn came alone, as usual. But I overheard him making a date to take Joan Blondell out to dinner. Joan is so witty and amusing she always has a crowd around her.

The Warner home is the loveliest in California. I say that without fear of contradiction, for treasures have been collected from all over the world, and the grounds are landscaped with beautiful fountains and Old World statues.

Everyone viewed Ann Warner’s portrait by Dalí, and comment was divided. To those of us who know her well, the artist seemed to make Ann too sad and missed her sparkling vivacity. Yet art critics say it is a masterpiece—who am I to think differently?

Private Mickey Rooney blew back into town on a furlough and lost no time dating Gloria DeHaven. However, he showed up at the premiere of "Dragon Seed" with his Ma.

Mickey is writing a book about his Army experiences which he is calling "Wise Up." I suppose it is along the general lines of a "See Here, Private Rooney."

Frank Sinatra is indulging in a terrific feud with a Los Angeles newspaper columnist (male) who recently has ceased referring
Since divorce Lana's put her Bel Air mansion up for sale, lives in rented house. Turhan Bey's grandma doesn't know word of English, bewilders phone callers by wordlessly taking up receiver, just as quietly hanging up.

Good News

Continued

to Frankie as the "Voice." He calls him the "Head."
"So that's the tale!" cracked Sinatra when he heard of the switch.

And something tells me there's more to that observation than meets the spelling!

The Alan Ladds have acquired a new dog—that is, the pooch was given to them by Brian Donlevy. The animal is no aristocrat. The most polite thing that can be said about its ancestry is that it is "mixed." But it has the cutest name of any dog in town.
They call it "Laddie-Come-Home."

Don't think for a minute that Betty Grable took lightly those brickbats from several small town papers in the East. The editors and some of the fans roasted Betty to a brown because she had failed to appear and "take a bow" on a recent band tour of Harry James'.
"I certainly never intended to be rude, Louella," Betty told me after I had shown her several of the clippings. "The point was that it was Harry's show, and I was just traveling along as his wife.
"It was dreadfully hot. I wasn't feeling any too well, and half the time I didn't even bother to wear make-up or to have my hair dressed.
"I have been in the business long enough to know that people expect movie stars to be dressed to the hilt at all times. If I had appeared not looking my best—for I had just taken plain suits and simple little dresses along—I would have been roundly criticized for my appearance.
"They would have said, That Grable! She looks terrible unless she's all fixed up by Hollywood camera magic.' It has taught me a lesson, though. I've learned that I can't travel in the future just as Mrs. Harry James. If I ever go out with Harry again, I'll be prepared to appear any hour of the day or night because I'm terribly hurt over these stories."

* * *

In my long career, as a columnist I've found that you can say or print almost anything about a star, and they very seldom say anything. But it's another story when stars' relatives are concerned.

Not long ago I wrote that the reason Mrs. Gene Kelly did not wear make-up or even face powder was because she was allergic to cosmetics.

About a week later I received a long and indignant letter from her mother in the East. "My daughter's skin is wonderful," wrote Gene's mother-in-law. "She could use make-up if she wanted to without any harmful effects. Her skin is so good she used to be a model. I am terribly upset about your statement."

* * *

Never let it be said that Betty Hutton isn't an effective gal. She knows her type and dresses it. Right now Betty is definitely the "champagne girl." Her hair is champagne colored, and she is going in for champagne colored suits, dresses and formal gowns.

The other night she dropped by my house wearing a champagne satin dress that exactly matched her hair. Even her bag and shoes were of that color. It's very striking. Not since Jean Harlow's all-white lab has there been a mode of dress more effective.

For her personal appearance tour she'll get $10,000 a week for six weeks in the East. Betty is taking along a champagne sequin gown with which she will wear sequin shoes and champagne colored brilliants sprinkled in her hair. That should be something! In the spotlight she should sparkle and sizzle just like a bottle of the rare old vintage she's imitating.

* * *

Close-up surprises of the month:

Lana Turner and Turhan Bey, who have been sooooo secretive about their romance, holding hands all through dinner at Romanoff's and not caring who looked.

Alexander Knox, of "Wilson" fame, temporarily forgetting all telephone numbers but—Judy Garland's!

Claudette Colbert's surprisingly homely bedroom with its deep easy chairs and convenient reading lamps—not at all the typical movie star's boudoir. Claudette's a wise wife who knows that men hate fripperies and to consider the taste of her husband, Lt. Commander Joel Pressman.

The "island" that Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles have built in the middle of a small lake on their property. Or does somebody expect to get "marooned"?

Lucille Ball's (Continued on page 110)
HURRAY FOR LIPSTICK

Read on to gather all the latest Hollywood facts about choosing colors and applying lip glamour.

Joyce Reynolds is a gal just chock full of enthusiasms. She's mad for Texas, the nation of her birth, for California (well, Hollywood's there), for New York, just because... and for lipstick! Fact is, she's quite an authority on the stuff. Believes that the tiny red baton is the most important make-up item. In the course of her twenty eventful years, she's learned how to apply it smoothly; how to pick the best colors to do right by her creamy skin and red-gold hair. Now what could I do, but corner Joyce for an interview so that all you Modern Screen beauties could share her lip glamour? And here's the information.

LIPSTICK MAESTRO Speaking of ways and means to achieve lovely lips, Joyce tells me, "It's plain to see that beauty-sellers

Joyce wields her lipstick with practiced skill.

Cleansing-tissue makes a neat lipstick blotter.

A smart lip-painting job! You'll be seeing Joyce in "Hollywood Canteen."
are the maestros of the lipstick!” They have as many lip-wands spread out on the cosmetic counter as Harry James has tunes. Your own mouth should be colored bewitchingly. “And it’s easy!” adds Joyce. For today, manufacturers whip up a delectable rainbow collection of lipstick reds, everything from a dainty, young Shirley Temple-ish natural pink, to a deep, intense, throbbing Dot Lamour purple . . . take your pick.

COLOR CUE  Check on the simple ABC’s of color-blending and lipstick application. Result? The phone ringing in a steady buzz, you’ll be that popular. “But don’t be a one-lipstick woman,” warns Joyce. Hollywood stars who, you must admit, are beauty experts, collect whole wardrobes of lipsticks, a shade to match every mood and costume change. And, with only a few coins necessary for a really wonderful lipstick, it’s possible for you to begin your own collection.

Have fun experimenting with color. Annie Sheridan (one of Joyce’s screen favorites) looks luscious in Technicolor, doesn’t she? But some of you seem to forget that your public is always getting a Technicolor view of you! Match finger-tip polish to lipstick shade, and see that your rouge belongs to the same color family. Pick a red that blends with your skin coloring. Remember that team-work makes for perfect color harmony; a bright gal won’t wear orange-red nail enamel that screams at her red-violet lipstick.

Here are a few color pointers: Dark, autumny greens, rusts, browns and smoky grays team happily with a russet, orange-toned red. Ruddy wine colors, purples, violets, blue-greens and navy are at their best with a muted, blue-red lipsick. Black, white, multi-color prints and stripes, all respond to the stimulating note of a true red-red. A crimson dress calls for special care in choosing a lipstick . . . dark shades of red with blue predominating need a bluish-red lipstick, orange-red dresses need bright, tawny lip rouge to look their best.

On the whole, brunettes, brownettes and ash blondes with creamy or medium complexions are flattered by blue-red. Golden blondes, (Continued on page 109)
Coming up: one cold, bitter, skin-chapping winter. But read "Lotion Lore"
and learn to combat Jack Frost's worst blows!

LOTION LORE  Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

- Must be the nip of frost in the autumn air and the threat of stinging blasts to come that make me lotion-conscious. Time was when a lady did one of two things if she wanted to keep her pretty cheeks unchapped, come winter. She ventured outdoors swathed in mufflers to the eyelashes. Or she buttered her face with protective creams and looked like an animated grease spot. But you don’t catch women doing that today! Not with all the wonderful lotions available on the market... 'creamy lotions that dry on the skin in a wink and lend maximum protection at the same time. Listed below are a few ailments that are liable to turn up and plague your poor unsuspecting epidermis. Some are cold weather bugaboos, some may appear any old time of the year. But lotions are balm to all.

WINDBURN—Seems that winter blasts have an unmerciful habit of drying out your tender skin. So the thing to do is dabble a lotion over your face before you dash out on a windy day. A bit of timely lubrication will save your dainty complexion from painful chafing. Incidentally, if you’d do your hero a favor, slip a bottle into his next overseas package. Be he in the stormy Aleutians or sunny Oahu, he’ll sniff it and slap it on his stubby chin with pleasure. (Continued on page 108)
Authorities agree — vitamins do you more good in combination with certain other food elements!

If taking vitamins doesn’t seem to be doing you as much good as you hoped — this may be the reason! Authorities now know Vitamins do not work alone! They work as a team with certain other food elements. Therefore, scientists, doctors, nutritionists are urging “Take your vitamins in food — for best results!”

For this reason, thousands are switching to Ovaltine. Unlike mere “vitamin carriers” — Ovaltine contains not only extra vitamins, but nearly all the precious food elements necessary for peak vitality. Especially those food elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

For example, Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus must work together — and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A and Protein act together in cell-building — and they’re both in Ovaltine. Vitamin B1 and fuel-food are both necessary for sparkling vitality — and they’re combined in Ovaltine.

Another advantage — the elements in Ovaltine do not vary. They are accurately measured in every ounce. That is why it is an ideal supplement to ordinary foods which lose vitamin-values, sometimes sharply, in cooking.

So turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy way to get the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals you need.
“Rosy Powders Flatter
—and Dreamflower Rose Cream most of all!”

“Never doubt the flattery of a rose-tinted powder shade!” advises charming Antonia Drexel Earle, shown in the portrait above wearing her favorite powder—Pond’s Dreamflower Rose Cream.

“Rosy tones in a powder are sure to give a clearer, brighter look to the skin—and I want my rosy shade to have creamy tones, too, for smooth blending. That’s why I think Pond’s Dreamflower ‘Rose Cream’ is so exceptionally flattering—because it brings out my freshest, clearest skin tones in such a soft, natural way!”

Pond’s Dreamflower Powder
Six sweet shades to choose from—flatters all!
BRUNETTE ROSE CREAM RACHEL
NATURAL DARK ROSE DARK RACHEL
49¢, 25¢ and 10¢ (plus tax)

Pond’s FLIPS
Pond’s “FLIPS” stay on longer! Five warm, exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—49¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

LON MCCAULISTER’S PRAYER
(Continued from page 39)

hand was on his shoulder. “It’s 6 o’clock, Bud—”

He ate a big breakfast, which was un-
usual with him—scrambled eggs and cin-
mamon toast and hot chocolate. Mother,
Granny and Mac took him down to the
station. They didn’t cry—which was won-
derful. Just acted as if he were going off
to school. That’s what it felt like, too.
When he used to go to Whittier, they’d
drive him down to the same little red car
that was waiting now to take him to Fort
MacArthur.

Bill Johnstone was there, and that
helped. In civilian life Bill was The
Shadow on the radio. They’d met the
day they took their physicals, been ac-
ccepted together and sent to the office of
a WAC recruiting sergeant. “No sense sit-
ing around,” the sergeant said. “Here
—sweep out the office—”

like father, like son...

That was their first detail, and until
Lon was transferred to “Winged Victory,”
he and Bill were together all the time.
Father-and-son team, the guys used to
call them, “Here come the old man and
his baby,” they’d yell. Bill’s 37 and dis-
tinguished looking, with prematurely white
hair, while Lon’s GI haircut made him
look more kiddish than ever. That first
day the fellows stared uncertainly—his
face was familiar, but not quite familiar
enough. “Don’t I know you from some-
where?—Didn’t you go to school with me—?”

Fort MacArthur reminded Lon of “The
Human Comedy”—all the guys talking
about home, showing each other snapshots.
Lon had some pictures that were taken
by Modern Screen—the one with Mac
went over big with the boys. There’s no
getting away from it, an induction camp’s
a sad place. The breaking of ties is so
fresh, the change so sharp—you’ve still
got one foot and most of your heart in
the other world. It’s hardest on the older
men like Bill Johnstone, whose life is
wrapped up in his wife and little boy.
Lon felt the sadness, but he also felt an
undercurrent of strangeness and excite-
ment. That came from the sense of being
part of something too big to grasp—the
ting kind of you read about in history but
never expected to happen to you. To be of
like coming face to face with yourself in
a textbook—

By the time they were shipped to Camp
Crowder, he’d been too swinging into the
tempo of Army life—though he still can’t
get used to calling chow, chow. And either
the movies have hit it all wrong, or Com-
pacy C, 31st Training Battalion, was lucky.
At MacArthur, they’d built up mental
images of whizpopping sergeants and non-
coms all roaring, “See here, Private Nin-
compoop!” Well, they couldn’t have had
a sweller toplipick than Sergeant Jimmy
Hudgins. He maintained discipline all
right, but he was nice about it. As for
Lt. Edward Allen, their c.o., they’d have
jumped through hoops for him. Nothing
brass hat about him—gave you the feel-
ing he knew just what you were going
through.

The only thing wrong with Camp Crow-
der was its location in the middle of no-
where. When a GI has a pass, he wants
to get as far away from GI as possible.
All you could do there was go sit in the
park at Neosho with a lot of other sol-
diers and watch the fantastic and listen

to the birds. So if you weren’t in a bird-and-fountain mood, you stayed at camp and waited for the mail.

Lon lived from mail to mail. He’d like to tell anyone reading this that one thing can’t be repeated too often—write to your soldier at least once a day. What you write doesn’t matter—tell him there was a knot in your shoelace that morning, tell him the baby said awk!—he’ll eat it up. Nobody but the man who’s felt it knows the desolation of going for mail and not finding any. Three days went by once, without any letters for Lon. He knew perfectly well that he hadn’t been forgotten, that something must have held the mail up, but boy! did he go round feeling sorry for himself!

On the fourth day, there were ten letters—including three from Mom and one from Granny. Granny told him about weeding and planting the garden. Mom wrote about Mac—how she’d shown him her favorite picture of Lon, and said, “Where’s Bud, Mac?”—and how Mac looked up at her, then went and lay down in front of the fire where they always romp when Bud’s at home.

“And it was almost as though I’d been with them all for a little while.”

The company threw a party to celebrate the end of basic training. Lon’s no song-and-dance man, but—purely for soldier audiences—he does a deadpan imitation of a burlesque queen, complete with bumps and grinds. He did it that night, a few appropriate accessories dangling from his uniform, and a guy at the piano banging out a spirited rendition of “Take It Off.”

A short time later, he made his public debut as a singer. The Army needed WACs—especially girls with trained skills to qualify for camouflage and laboratory work. So certain members of Company C were transferred to Headquarters Company to prepare a WAC recruiting show. Russell Gleason and Ted Key wrote it, Bill Johnstone produced it, Lon was one of the cast. Starting at St. Louis, they toured the Seventh Service Command, playing mostly at colleges and universities.

At St. Louis the house was so jammed, they had to give a second performance for the overflow.

Bill called Lon over. “We’ll only have time to repeat the second act, and all you do in that is sit around. I think you ought to sing a song or something.”

“You’ve got hold of the wrong guy. Not only am I no Sinatra—I just can’t sing.”

“Anyone can sing. You’re not tone-deaf, are you?”

“No, but I might as well be—”

“You sing,” said Bill.

Orders are orders. Lon sang “I’ll Be Seeing You.” There were seven curtain calls, and they certainly weren’t for his voice. Bill finally had to go out and tell the gals that Private McCallister couldn’t take any more bows, by order of the Army.

shades of sinatra . . .

And talking of Sinatra, he had Frankie hurled at his head in Kansas City. Ordinarily, time was allowed for autographs after the show. But in Kansas City, they were whisked straight off to the train, and Lon received his first unkind letter. The writer was very upset. No time for autographs, huh? That was just too bad. “Frankie never treated us girls that way,” she scolded—forgetting that Frankie’s time is still his own, and that Lon’s belongs to Uncle Sam.

One grand thing about Army life is the comradeship. Lon drew very close to the boys he traveled with—Corporal Nat Lund and Bill Lawless, Ted Key and Hal Hedrick, Kathryn Grayson’s brother. There was a silly running gag he and Nat used to pull on each other, known
as the movie-star or delusions-of-grandeur routine.

"Private McCallister, Miss Garbo's waiting outside. Will you see her now?"

"No, I'm not in the mood—let her wait for a couple of hours."

Or, "Corporal Lund, may I remind you that you have a luncheon engagement with Cary Grant?"

"Oh, tell him to go soak his head, I'm busy reading."

Nat caught his buddy off guard once.

"Lon McCallister wishes a word with you."

"Tell him to go to the devil," said Lon absent.

**'Hie little fishes . . .**

Then there was the night in Northfield, Minnesota, when they had a whole apartment to themselves, and for a coin to see who'd get the bedroom. Lon and Bill Lawless won. But the room overlooked a beautiful little river, and sleep seemed a waste of time, so they sat up talking and watching the river till Johnstone and Gleason, who'd been out fishing, broke in on their lyric mood with two half-dead catfish. This, Lon and Bill decided, was no night for death. They filled the bathtub, revived the fish, left them swimming peacefully and went to bed.

Their own peace was shattered next morning by a howl from Nat, who'd been tearing in with a tale of fish in the bathtub—

"Poor little fish," murmured Lon, half asleep. "We put 'em there—"

Nat hauled them both out by an ear and made them clean the tub.

One morning—they were about to leave Omaha for Denver—Lon came in, to be greeted by a chorus of wisecracks—

"Well, nice to have known you, Bud."

"Hope we can get together after the war."

He, of course, didn't know what they were talking about. And didn't believe it when they told him that a phone call had come in, saying that Private McCallister had been requested for "Winged Victory."

At first he shrugged the whole thing off as a routine joke. But the boys persuaded him that they weren't kidding, he still shrugged it off. In the Army, you learn not to believe anything till the orders come through.

So they went to Denver and Colorado Springs and Laramie, and back to Omaha again. And in Omaha, on the afternoon of June 2nd, Lon saw Nat nearly through him. He was to leave by plane that night.

If anyone had told him in February that he'd be going back to California four months later with a certain sadness of heart, he'd have said simply and feelingly, "You're crazy." But that's what happened. That's another thing you learn in the Army—to make friends and lose them suddenly—to serve with men like brothers, then swiftly and sharply to be cut off from that life of shared experience and emotion, and find yourself a thousand miles away.

"I read about a guy in Italy," said Lon.

"He was leaning against a rock after a fight, looking awfully tired. A doctor spoke to him. "Yeah, I'm tired," he said. "I don't want any more buddies, I'm tired of trying 'em.' It's all over the two experiences, his was so much more poignant, but in a lesser degree I know how he felt."

He'd phoned home to tell them he was coming. Mother said, "We'll be waiting at the airport." Granny said: "Whether you arrive for breakfast, lunch or dinner, we'll have lemon meringue pie."

The fellows went out to the Omaha airport with him. They dropped in at the Centennial and signed their names on the curtain—Lon found Vic Mature's name among others. They exchanged addresses, then stood around in that last-minute tension of parting, trying to bridge the approaching gulf with smarteracks.

That was the worst moment. Boarding the plane was a kind of relief. Having flown only once before, he stayed up all night, thinking his thoughts and taking everything in.

Lon's done a lot of traveling in the past year or two, and a little tradition's grown up around his homecoming. He likes to meet Mac alone. So the folks take the dog to the little apartment they've kept in Hollywood. Iya, as Lon calls his grandfather, uses it most—works at RKO and doesn't always feel like taking the long trip to Malibu.

Mother and Granny were at the airport. They drove to the apartment, and Lon went up alone to where Mac was waiting. It was fifteen or twenty minutes before they came down. "First we make love and then we roughhouse," grins Lon. "I know lots of people can't stand dogs kissing them. I'm sorry if they disapprove, but I love it."

**those foolish things . . .**

He reported to the "Winged Victory" camp at Santa Monica and got a pass to go home for the week-end. Everything was just as he'd left it. Lon's folks are sentimental, which is fine with him, because he's sentimental, too. Instead of dismantling his bed, they'd made it up fresh. At morn he went away, to be ready for him whenever he got back.

He'd been reading "Goodnight, Sweet Prince," and had left it open, face down, on the bookstand beside his bed. That's how he found it. On the dresser lay some change he'd removed from his trousers (Continued on page 74)

**MODERN SCREEN QUIZ**

Say, you're not that pooched out from that winter woolen shopping spree! And anyway, snooping out the identities of our quizquills is fun, guaranteed to relax the muscles and make the hair curl. You remember the routine, don't you? Trying to guess the name of the actor or actress on the front cover, and then—oomph!—going on to the second and finally, the third and last? You jackpot with 5 points if you guess on the first try, 4 points for the second, and 3 points if ya gotta slink on to the last set. We think maybe 84% should be average for this month. Of course, if you hit below 70%, you're a faint brain, but if you score in the 90's, you're just a well-informed MODERN SCREEN fan, that's all.

**QUIZ CLUES**

Set I

1. A Son of the Pioneers
2. From campus to contract
3. Talks Turkey
4. Cork County colleen
5. Beuming Britisher
6. Maureen's mamma
7. 3 of a kind
8. Men, drag in son (anagram)
9. Kidded for Kruger
10. Abbey Players alunos
11. Tops in tear-jerkers
12. Holing heartbreaker
13. Man mountain
14. Boy wanted
15. Walked into Batsan
16. Frank Lloyd Wright's granddaughter
17. Talks awhile for a Camel
18. Mrs. Ejner Pedersen
19. Triple threat jokester
20. Blitzed Fritz

(Continued on page 110)
She'll do a man-sized job tomorrow! She'll be completely rested—ready for her full-time regular job, her after-hours' war work. And, no wonder! She's sleeping on a Beautyrest mattress! If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky, because we don't know when it will be made again. Simmons is roof-deep in war production. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators that keep your Beautyrest clean and fresh! Some of you may need a new mattress now. If you do, look into WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layers and layers of durable, resilient cotton! White Knight is $39.50. If you need a Box Spring too, and you're alert, you'll catch one of the Beautyrest Box Springs that are on sale in limited quantities. $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!
Next morning he reported back to the Post, to resume GI life under the military discipline of a regular AAF organization. He sent his orders to the studio, where his heart warmed to the welcome of old friends and to good lunch with the "Home In Indiana" gang. He knew George Cukor, who's directing "Winged Victory." He directed the first picture I was ever in, Mr. Cukor."

"Are you kidding? Or did I direct Stage Door Canteen in my sleep?"

Lion grinned. "I was a page boy in Romeo and Juliet."

On evenings off and an occasional weekend pass, he picks up the threads of his personal life. With his friends and Bill Eythe and Bill's wife, he's been to see "Home In Indiana." He's through his own pictures with mixed feelings—naturally, yet deeply embarrassed to watch himself on the screen. His grandmother's reaction tickled him. He doesn't commit himself in words. He has the reserve of his British forebears and a dry sense of humor.

"How did you like it?" asked Granny. "Wonderful horses. Liked those colored boys, too—reminded me of the boys that used to work for me down in Arkansas—"

"And you happened to notice that your grandson was in it too?

What did you think of him?"

He patted her hand. "Exactly what you thought."

girls of his dreams . . .

Jeanne Crain plays one of the girls in "Winged Victory." Since their first picture together, rumors of an off-screen romance between the two have been floating around. As a rule, you don't put too much stock in rumors in any denial of them. Lon's the exception. What Lon tells you, you believe. He says he's been out with Jeanne only once. And once she can down Malibu with another girl, and they all ran around the beach together in blue jeans. For the rest—well, he feels about her the way Sparkle feels about Grant. In Indiana."

All through the picture he thinks of her as just a pal—till the end, when it begins to dawn on him that she's a very charming girl. That's how Lon feels about a smiling blonde in the last scene.

It can't be too serious, since there are two other girls he'd like very much to go out with. One's Gloria De Haven, who was a sophomore at high school when he was a senior. He hasn't seen her in a couple of years, and they've probably both changed, but he's never forgotten her. The other girl's Shirley Temple, whom he hasn't even met. Just thought she was wonderful ever since he started seeing her in pictures when she was five, and he was a ripe ten.

He's 21 now—a thoughtful 21, living in an age that calls for sober thought. He returned to find home the same, but himself different. He no longer takes anything for granted, however small or ever routine. Everyday commonplace are touched with magic—like walking down Hollywood Boulevard at lunchtime, having a malt at Melody Lane, watching play to the sea go by, the ocean, lying in bed at the Post and hearing the surf pound the Santa Monica Beach—all with a quickened perception of the minor details of living that in normal times he never thought about twice—

Where his next mission may take him, nobody knows—overseas perhaps. In the Army again, one day as it comes. You don't plan, though sometimes you dream, as he and his friends dream round the fire one night. It happened unexpectedly—his three college roommate's returns from the war. They were all in town at the same time—which called for one of their traditional get-togethers—"The Mall at Malibu. After dinner they went to the beach to watch the war. Three were in uniform. One had brought his wife along. Before breaking up, they pledged themselves to a reunion at Malibu in six weeks. But six days from the day of victory. Then, with Bill's wife at the piano, the four young voices rose in their fraternity song—"We pledge allegiance to thee, That thou and I may ever be, As now, though time and duty part, Possessors of a common heart."

For your next parcement, ask for an Odeon Creme Was, by Nestle—original nature of permanent waving.

**KEEP THE HOME F l E R I S B U R N I N G**

Her voice floated over the phone. "Could I visit my boy friend's a prisoner of war?" "You mean in Germany?" asked the Home Service volunteer, astonished. "Oh, no, he's in this country!" Then he's a captured Italian named Campana, and I'm the worker. "My boy friend is an American," answered the girl. "But he's a prisoner of war—he's in the guardhouse."

But the work of the trained volunteers of the Home Service Corps isn't usually that simple. Or so much fun. The Red Cross Charter reads, "they are to act as a medium of communication between the people of the United States and their Army and Navy." Which is the nutshell way of telling about the kid who was saved from nearly a week of misery, how plunked into a nest of Nazis when Field Service found out that his mother hadn't died just because he hadn't gotten mail. You, I mean. I mean the bride who followed her about-to-be commissioned husband across country and found herself with no money, no job, a husband shipped overseas and a baby on the way. The Red Cross fixed that one up. The way they fixed up the father with a son dying in a prison camp in Japan or the younger brother who had to reverse in Greece or the G.I. and his motherless baby.

Call your local chapter today. Ask if they can use you in this vital service. And if they can, what a lucky, lucky gal you'll be!
In recent tests of Hollywood's beauty care, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

"Here's how I take my daily Active-Lather Facial," says Ida Lupino. "I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold—then pat to dry. Now my skin feels smoother!"

You want the loveliness that wins romance! See what this gentle care can do for your skin!

★ ★ ★ FIGHT WASTE ★ ★
Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely, for soap contains material vital to the war effort. Never waste it.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
What Happened
WHEN HER HUSBAND JOINED THE NAVY!

"This is my chance to make myself over," said Mrs. Lila Eddy, of Oklahoma City—and she did! "When you're only 24 and weigh 164, you're not happy! I had been considering the Dullbarry Success Course, and when my husband left for camp, I enrolled. "When I'd lost 20 pounds, he had his first leave. Meeting him was a thrill! I was so proud of my new figure and make-up. And the look on his face was my reward!" Today Mrs. Eddy weighs only 139, ideal for her 5 ft. 7 in. Her skin is radiant.

"The Dullbarry Success Course is a wonderful thing for every woman, overweight or not," says Mrs. Eddy. "I'm really a different person, and life is far rosier! Now all my friends want to take the Course!"

At left—Mrs. Lila Eddy when her husband joined the Navy. Above—The charming, glamorous Mrs. Eddy of today, slim, trim, and beautiful.

DREAM DISH
(Continued from page 57)

Lts., as far as Anne is concerned.

In addition to her schooling the next ideal condition in Anne's life was the fact that she came from a liberal-minded family. As you undoubtedly know, is Frank Lloyd Wright, our era's most ingenious and pioneering architect. He believed, more daringly than most other men (or professions, in trying new things. His daughter (and Anne's mother) inherited his able and open mind.

When, at age 13, Anne made the statement that she didn't want to go to high school—saying that she was too educated for the stage instead, her parents didn't laugh at her. They discussed the matter and reached a conclusion: She could go to school if she made success of it, if the teachers really thought she had talent, then she could continue.

But she had been guilty of a sliperoo from excellence, and at that time they viewed with alarm the Awful State of her music lessons—she had to go to high school, then to college.

If Anne ever has children of her own, she thinks she will be a school teacher. And she feels she will be applied. They will be allowed to try anything; if they succeed, they may continue. If their efforts are not so good, something new must be started.

So she was enrolled in the Theodore Irving School of Drama in New York, and from there she went into the training classes of Madame Maria Ouspenskaya.

role of steel wire...

Madame's methods are as unorthodox as they are successful. In order to stimulate imagination's most valuable asset she asked her students to pretend to be some inanimate object. Sounds complicated. Works like this: For instance, how would you reflect the mannequins and basic character of a blue bowl filled with mashed potatoes? Or could you pretend to be a grey chiffon shawl so pliant that at the first gust of wind you would slide in flowing lines from a chair to a floor? Or could you be a pale lavender envelope, left unopened on a mantel?

One of Anne's best characterizations was that of a raw steel wire. She was always strung as tight as fiddle strings in torrid weather, anyhow.

Work of this kind is inclined to call for such concentration that the amateur Thespians is inclined to develop habits having nothing to do with the desired performance.

After Anne had finished a scene one day, Madame Ouspenskaya complimented Anne's partner in the play, saying that she had never once fallen out of character. Then she turned to Miss Baxter and asked in her deep richly slightly accented English, "Anne, tell me very briefly what is keptling oop and down on your toes? Vy?"

Anne couldn't think of a good reason at the time, but afterward the trick came in handy when she had to represent a rocking chair.

Another benefit to be reaped from these exercises was the habit of looking at, and playing to, the camera in a given scene. Beginners are likely to be so concerned with themselves and the audience that they forget the essential ingredient of drama: the play of character. One of the first things the talent scout, who eventually recommended a test for Anne, noticed about the budding actress was her spontaneous absorption in the other persons on the stage to the exclusion of, apparently, everyone else in the world.

During her training period Anne appeared in two Broadway productions, "Seen But Not Heard" and "There's Always a Breeze." She was so young that her chief claim to success was a great weariness. In the first play, she, Frankie Thomas and two other children had very few responsibilities. All they had to do was sit on the stage and react. But from the end of the first play on, they were driven of their dynamic stamina and sense of theater to stay awake. They were bored to death.

In the summer of 1938 and again in 1939 Anne worked in a stock company at Dennis, Massachusetts, where she lost her last vestige of awe for the stage as such. Her stock is always a rugged enterprise in which every dress to script does; in which an audience audience at a melancholy drama, is likely to be of only inches later A the appearance of a vagrant cat on stage; in which a high wind is likely to blow down the back drop. Great stuff.

Anne decided to go to Hollywood to start her 20th Century-Fox contract by playing opposite, of all impressive leading men on earth, John Barrymore. She was scared to death. If Madame Ouspenskaya was Anne's instructor in school the bale of wire, she would have thought Anne's first days on the set were a barbed wire entanglement. Anne was doing the role of an eager young playwright whose play Barrymore had, according to the script, promised at first to produce, then had changed his mind. At which point Miss Baxter was supposed to die and not be dead for her play. They went through a rehearsal.

"no swimming" allowed.

Mr. Barrymore was slumped deeply into a canvas set chair. His chin rested upon his chest, his hands dangled limply over the chair arms, his eyelids were at half-mast, and barely visible eyes contem - plated a distant speck on the floor, not— to judge by his expression—entirely pleasant.

Anne, diffident and dread of throat, re - named her lines. "Oh please," she said with great feeling, bringing her arms forward in a twin sweeping gesture and clasping them before her. "Oh please don't kill me now." Her arms swept backward. Then, with the beginning of the next sentence, "You promised me. Don't break your promise," her arms swept forward again, clasped and swept backward again.

Sometime later, Anne decided to deliver her last phrase and turned to the director. It sounds fine to me," he said. He became aware of the pained Barrymore who slowly turning a face even more pained.

"Please," intoned the magnificent voice, "does the young woman have to SWIM?"

Anne dispensed with the gestures. Her next brush with genius and her own inhibition occurred when she was working in "Swamp Water." In this little epic she was supposed to be a wild creature, entirely at ease with beasts, the field and the vegetation they munched.

Handicap one: Anne had always been violently afraid of cows. To her, a bovine was a big, belligerent animal with a voice like a ghost groaning down a wall, a slimy snout and a husband entirely lacking in social sense. Handicap two: She was supposed to run

(Continued on page 78)
Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.

19

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

19

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios...crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.

19

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.

19

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dipped uneven hemlines...began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered...perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.

19

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting...increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!

19

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

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

*T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Office
barefooted across a field covered with clobs and wheat stubble, a gruesome task for feet hardened to nothing rougher than satin bedroom slippers.

The picture was being directed by Jean Renoir, son of the celebrated painter and himself a stickler for artistic realism. When he saw the rushes at the end of the first day's pastoral shooting, he froze with dismay. In all his many famous films, he has never seen a scene as preposterous as the one in which Anne appeared with the barnyard brethren, she slunk! Instead of giving the impression that she was a bucolic belle entirely at home with beef, she was as out of place as a curate at a crap game.

It required days and days of getting acquainted with Holsteins and getting the sows of her hardened before the perfect take of her. And from the enormous height with stock and leaping nimbly over furrows and roots, was secured. Anne regards "Swamp Water" as her toughest assignment thus far.

Having worked with Barrymore and Renoir, Anne then had the ideal experience of working with two of the most colorful characters in the motion picture or any other industry: Orson Welles and his dependant friend, Joe Cotten. Anne was cast as the ingenue in "The Magnificent Ambersons." One of the first things she learned about Mr. Welles was that he might be arbitrary with the special effects men, with the cameramen and with other technicians from whom he expected miracles of inventive departure from the ordinary, but with actors and actresses he was always courteous, helpful and understanding. If he didn't get a reaction he wanted, he figured out means of appealing to the imagination and eliciting the mood desired.

Much of "Ambersons" was shot in a huge ice house in downtown Los Angeles. She propelled a large sled up and down over the snow scenes complete with frosted breath and a certain ruddy aspect of the players' faces, even in black and white. In the sequence where a cavalier arm, the sleigh in which she was riding around a hill was supposed to be flung out of the narrow, snow-clogged ruts of the road, and to overturn, was to roll over and over down the drifted embankment.

They started to work on the scene early one morning, but by dinner time that evening they hadn't achieved a take that Mr. Welles considered to be his ideal. He even suggested that the actress didn't look natural," she said. "We'll have dinner, then shoot it again."

They went to Mike Lyman's (on Hill Street) to eat and to discuss the problem, "You're too stiff, Anne. Can't you relax?" he asked.

"I guess I'm scared," Anne admitted. "You know I don't care much for animals even if I do ride a horseback. That's the first trouble. Then I don't like that breakaway sleigh."

One of the girls in the group suggested that Anne take a sedative to relax the nerves. Anne had never touched nematicbol before in her life, although dentists frequently use it to calm nervous patients. "It's harmless," everyone said. "Go ahead."

Jill with a JAG . . .

It had a terrific effect. Anne's smile grew distant and misty, and her gestures were gently lachadacissical. Her eyelids hung solemnly over sleep-laden eyes and she didn't worry about anything. No one in the group had ever seen such contended-baby calm descend upon a high-strung, dynamic bit of nerve tissue like Anne.

On the first take the sled slipped over, Anne out-tumbled Jill and loafed Merrily down the hill. When she reached the bottom she sat, brushed the snow out of her face, and laughed "Fum!" she said. The take was perfect the first try.

And so to romance. There, too, Anne's life has been perfect. She had her first heavy crush at age 11, when she was spending the summer in a mountain camp. Nearby was a boys' camp; arrangements were usually made that a sunset party was to be attended on a co-educational basis. Anne knew from her mother's letters that the son of Mrs. Baxter's dearest friend was going to the other camp, but she didn't think he recognized her even if he saw her.

Probably the pictures that Anne's family had missed of her were better than those the Baxter boys had of the boy. At any rate, he came striding in one night, looked over the giggle aggregation, then made straight for Anne. "I know you," he said, beaming down at the group and the step and the steps found only in adolescent boys and giraffes.

"You're Kirk—I know you, too," said Anne, wondering how on earth it happened that a family friend could turn out to be so super.

"Well . . . let's dance," suggested Kirk. Anne hesitated. "I can't . . . that is, I don't know how to dance," she admitted.

"Neither do I," said Kirk happily. "Let's try it anyhow."

So they did. They found that they weren't bad. Each had a natural sense of rhythm, and—after the steps tossed off by other dancers—they ad libbed in a hurry. After that they had a standing date for any occasion on which they got together.

That fall he went off to prep school, and Anne went back to Broadway. They exchanged letters enthusiastically until An found himself in the idol. This Older Man was an actor, or, rather, a type about 45. Anne was 14. When she was not required to be onstage, she haunted the wings, watching her dream boat sail in and out of the --. She never went to dinner at the table, and every kiss he bestowed upon the leading lady, and her imagination devised scenes in which she was the object of his dramatic emphasis. She didn't dare say anything about her shoulder (or was it really so casual, her hopes suggested), and said, "You certainly look pretty tonight, darling."

All closed for the purpose of going on that sentence. As days wore on, and he failed to enlarge on this observation, Anne came to the conclusion that all men were blind. She had compensatory day dreams in which she saw herself, the idol, and herself being interviewed. When she was asked why she had never married, she imagined how delicately she would allow a fleeting, world-weary smile to cross her face. "I do not wish to discuss it," she would say, half-revealing her Great Wound.

A year later Miss Baxter was healing her aches in a summer stock company and had developed a crush on a boy in the same company. This romance was like a summer's bloom—beautiful while it lasted and ended by a natural. She was plucked out of one hand and a lively anticipation of fall football games on the other.

Since that time there have been a dozen girls, in consequence of the Baxter life, which is the inalienable right of a smoothie. Currently, the rumor boys and girls have been blowing full force in a tug of war to interest in rugged "Hi" Hodik, the sensational over-six footer who, after being discovered in "Lifeboat," went on his romantic exploration. In conversation among others, Turner and Judy Garland Fact is, just the other day, when our "Good News" penner, Louella Parsons, asked Anne about "Hi," and said that he was very much in love with her, Anne's quiet reply was, "I hope what John says is true." Which called for rejoicing till she blew cold on everyone's warm hopes by re-
The very first time you use Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil, you'll see, too, that it is truly the only perfect three-purpose shampoo. It has (1) the unique benefits of an oil shampoo; (2) but at the same time it cleanses easily and quickly with oceans of light, rich, bubbly foam; (3) yet it leaves no dull, soapy film—in fact it leaves your hair exquisitely clean, gleaming, soft and easy to manage.

Easy to understand then, isn't it, why Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil is preferred by so many stage and screen beauties? They know that it brings out the true, shimmering, romantic high-lights and leaves the hair gloriously clean and easy to arrange. Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil is a gentle, mild shampoo with a fast cleansing action, but contains no harsh chemicals, alcohol, or caustics. It removes loose dandruff and requires no lemon or vinegar rinse. Get a bottle today at your favorite beauty counter, or ask your hairdresser for a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil shampoo. You, too, will be more than delighted to find that it really brings out the true, radiant beauty in your hair.
peating her now-famous motto, "I'll never marry an actor." Mebbe she's trying to keep 'em guessing, but the consensus of opinion is, that if those two aren't very much in love, they should win an Academy Award for the good job of acting they're putting on.

The final ideal condition in Anne's life is the fact that she lives in a dream of a Southern California home with her parents whom she particularly adores. Only once has this housing arrangement seemed less than perfect. Last New Year's Eve when Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were away briefly she came home from a watch party at 2 A.M. She was to leave with a group of friends for Palm Springs at 4 A.M.

Anne decided that a nap of two hours duration was not sufficient justification for getting undressed and into bed, so she spread a blanket before the fireplace, touched a match to the wood already laid in the grate and prepared to nap. First, she wanted a drink of water. She hopped into the kitchen and had just finished the final swallow when she heard a sound that tightened her scalp, scraped her throat and moistened her hands. It was a steady, furtive sound. She tried to identify it ... what on earth? Then she knew. It was the sound made by two sections of cor

durco rubbing together ... the sound made by a man moving with great caution.

Weeks, months, tons went by while Anne grew roots, and her ears stretched toward the sound like ivy toward the sun. The sound was intermittent; there was another odd thing about it—it seemed to remain where it was when Anne first heard it. It hadn't moved about the room, hadn't grown louder nor softer.

It was then that Anne thought of the huge brass fire tongs; if she could get them, she could protect herself. Cautiously she slipped into the living room. There was no one there except that one terrible noise.

She had set up her Christmas tree in front of the air vent so that the pine fragrance would permeate the room. The forced air came up each time it billowed into the room, it rubbed the bristling branches of the tree against the resounding stucco walls.

Anne knew that there must be some way of relief. If she is ever cast in a horror picture, she will be able to give a superb performance, so—one again—it is apparent that Anne Baxter's is an ideal life. A list of those who would like to share it with her would be added at this time, but there's a paper shortage—remember?

The moment she enters, all else stops; she wins eyes and hearts effortlessly, without seeking them ... for she is varacious! Varva's perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons she's so very very ... Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1 Face Powder, 6 guest pofts, $1 • Bubble Room, $1 Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Tale, 55c (plus tax)

NONCHALANT
(Your Secret Weapon)
The Devil-May-Care Perfume

FOLLOW ME
(Snazaroo Mos)
The Perfume That Leads and Lures

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE
(Continued from page 49)

me down and play them up. The street-length dress Gloria wears does it with a peplum. Even so, you'll notice that the curves, wear downward, not outward. This dress, too, gives you plenty of shoulder width. Makes your waistline seem plenty slim by contrast.

If you want to be sure your deadliest rival won't outline you, it's pick colors like these. Aquamarine and parma violet. Or fuchsia, chartreuse, royal blue or almond green. If your bankroll says "no" about expenses, go for a contrast color in a set for a long pair in fabric. I dare your date to tell from two feet away (that's where you keep him, of course) that you aren't wearing costly, precious sueded. And, of course, when he gets closer, he won't know the difference, anyway!

To twinkle is the newest wrinkle. (I heard somebody say it at the New York dress show.) If you want to accomplish this via sequins, I've no argument. I've seen enough of them to launch a thousand fake mermaids. But, if I were you, I think I'd be a bit more subtle and advanced.

The black dress photographed, for example, uses jet and pastel embroidery. Your family should approve of that very respectful high and neck—e'en if it is the filmiest chiffon way down to a deep, deep oval. If you want to be specially bedecked, wear a feather cap like the one shown here. Or track down a quaint black jet comb or barrette for your hair. But please—as you trust me—don't litter up this nice throat line with a bead choker or anything.

Now about longer waistlines. Remember, I promised to take a stand on the subject several months back? The answer today is "yes." But only provided the dress you buy doesn't have to be shortened to fit you. The one I've shown here is a junior size, which means that it's cut for short figures. But you can see what would happen if you had to slice any more off the skirt section. While your eyes are in focus where they are, it's a good time to mention that square necks are mighty good for you. Nail studs, too. They'll match the gleam of your engraved silver barrette.

This particular wool dress has more points than the normal ration book. The color, for example, is gray. I know I said to go after brilliant, but you won't wear gray. And, besides, it isn't the most effective attention-getter in the world. But if you have vivid coloring and feel sure of yourself, why not a snooty color.

Are you one of the gals who wrote me asking "how to catch a boy's eye"? Even if you weren't, better sit down and listen. Wear stripes! Wherely, I think I just make things up out of my own head—why do you think they paint stripes on the highways to get the attention of traffic-ears? I've shown you just one example of the many ways that fashion has used stripes this year. A cap sleeve formal—and if you don't know by now what this shoulder line does, I'm just wasting my time. The tones of green and red shine almost like neon lights. You can carry this creation if you wear a junior size—no matter how many sodas and sundances you've been doting lately. That middrift section does an extra bit about slimming down the frame. But, a dress like this, makes the frothy stuff look like something left over from last year's Christmas tree.

No secrets, as I said. If you want to know where to get these dresses, including the ones Gloria de Haven wore for us, Write: Or if you want to tell me all about you and ask what to do without clothes in general, I'll be listening. Write: Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

TIE A STRING AROUND YOUR FINGER
Or place your order way ahead. Because the December MODERN SCREEN will be on the stands November 10, and you may be out your copy unless you get there early. By November 11, at the very latest....
I REMEMBER a struggling young clerk who fell in love ... and who dreamed of giving his bride diamonds and limousines and fine furs.

I REMEMBER a patient wife who stood by her husband when the going was tough ... who never complained that other women had more.

I REMEMBER a self-sacrificing mother who gave her children every advantage ... who laughed and said her new Spring wardrobe was Junior’s trip to camp ... who wore her much-worn clothes cheerfully, proudly, beautifully.

It’s been a long time, dearest, too many years of scrimping and saving and doing without.

But this is one anniversary I can celebrate the way I want to ... one dream I can make come true ... with the very fur coat I saw you admire that day we went “window shopping.”

And so, my dear ... with all my love ... here’s your HOLLANDER PERSIAN LAMB!

John

HOLLANDER

Furs

KEEP THEIR BEAUTY ... LONGER

YOUR FAVORITE FUR RETAILER HAS THEM

Better stores will be glad to show you this tag on Hollander-dyed feathersite Persian lamb.
wood’s two holiest premiere temples where no mere horse opera has ever
gotten a hoof inside before. On top of all this, five or six big businessmen are
bidding for Roy to yodel on a radio show this fall, and if Boss Caesar Petrolio
wasn’t such a meanie about letting people make records these days, you’d find Roy
right there in the jule-brown royal family, too. The day his Roy Rogers Comic Book
came out, the million copies went like hot cakes—in 24 hours.

So you can see that Mrs. Rogers’ boy is
doing all right for himself. And while
all of this means exactly $12.50 a week
personally for spending money (that’s
absolutely all his manager lets him toe
around in his jeans), he’s as rich as
Croesus in a commodity that Roy sets
distinct store by—friendly fans. Many’s
the month he’s shelled out $500 or more
just for stamps to paste on letters to his pen
pals, boys and girls he has never seen.

Many’s the stranger who asked for Roy’s
autograph and struck up a solid palship.
Because Roy, who at heart is just a grass
roots guy from the Old West, has a knack
of liking everybody. And usually
it’s a case of vice-versa, too—although
sometimes there are exceptions.

price of fame...

A few months ago, for instance, Roy
was rattling along toward New York on
the Twentieth Century Limited when he
noticed a beefy passenger glaring at him
with a perplexed frown. Roy had had his
sky-blue cowboy suit that day with all
the terrific trimmings, and he looked like
the painted desert. Every time he grinned,
the glaring man scowled deeper. Well,
they went into the diner before the train
neared New York, and Roy, who has ears
sharp as an Indian’s, heard the gruff
gent talking to his wife, like this—

"Can’t figure that guy out. What do
you suppose he does—sell Indian snake
root medicine?"

"S—h—h—h," said his wife. "He’ll hear
you say that.

"Or is he out of a circus?"

"Stop staring," hissed his wife.

"I can’t help it," growled the man.

"He gets me."

Well, the scowler-growler never let off
glares and grunting at Roy until they
pulled into Grand Central Station. Then
he saw photographers and reporters
swarm around Roy, now in his ten gallon
hat. The mob hemmed in the beady
gentleman like a Nazi in deepest Russia.
That made him boil all the more, but at
last he realized who Roy was.

"Well, I’ll be damned," he bellowed to
his embarrassed wife. "Is that damned
wild cowboy guy in the movies. What
do you know about that? Lemme out of
here!"

Roy loves to tell stories about himself
like that because he has a funny bone
built for an Elk, and also because he
realizes, like anyone else, that he’s no
Roy Rogers, but a stringy-beaked rough
rider. In fact, Roy’s favorite story on
the subject of his riotous rig is the time
he was highballing along on the Santa Fe’s
Super Chief through the vast and
empty lands of Arizona, and a bronzed old man with
white whiskers came over and tapped
him on the shoulder.

"Son," said the oldster, "what’s that
uniform you got on? What branch of
the service are you in?"

Roy said he wasn’t in the service at
all. He explained amiably to the old
man that he was a cowboy in the movies
in Hollywood and that he always dressed
like that.

"W-a-al, now," marveled the man.
"Ain’t that interesting? I never in all my
born days saw a get-up exactly like the
one you got."

Roy chinned a while more, then he
asked his inquisitor what he did.

"Well, boy," he said, "I call me a cow
hand,"

grinned the old man. "I’ve got me
a cattle ranch back in the hills here!"

Sometimes, after episodes like that or
a Manhattan mob nailing, Roy seriously
considers lugging along his suit of civvies
to wear as a disguise. He’s got "a store
suit and a new pair of shoes I used to
get married in," explains Roy, but each
time he gets them on and tries them on,
he feels downright conspicuous.

There’s only one time on record, though,
that his rainbow rig ever got him into
any trouble. Oddly enough, that time
the difficulty was that he got taken for
what he was dressed up to be! That was
in Manhattan, where they don’t know much
about cowboys anyway, in fact, it was
at the Cinema Club. Roy was prone to
skip the bright lights when he hits
the big cities, because, for one thing, he
doesn’t drink, like to dance or hanker to
stay up and greet the dawn, not when he
has to put on a rip-roaring show the
next day, as he usually does on tour. But
on one trip to New York, Sherman Billingsley,
the owner-host of the Stork, called Roy
up to his office and invited him to pay a visit to the
Stork. Roy thought that was right hospitable and friendly so
he said sure enough, he’d amble over right
and the Rodeo was over at the Garden
that night.

Now, the real buckaroos from West of
the Pecos who swarm into New York for
prizes at the annual Rodeo are sometimes
pretty rough, and personally a hard-drinking,
wild-acting, rip-snorting bunch. Most of
them stop at the Belvedere and other
hotels around the Garden, and every
year when they swarm in, the management
discreetly hauls out the good furniture
in the cowboys rooms and drags in some
sturdy stuff that can stand the kicking
around. There’s generally a rough-and
tumble fight going on somewhere, and a
couple of times the hell-raising cowpokes
have even gotten themselves killed. You
wouldn’t say their reputations for being
little gentlemen in caf society were ex
actly Grade-A.

So when Roy Rogers ambled up to the
Stork Club, the doorman took one look
at his Stetson and spurs and other marks
of what he considered the real McCoy
ranch clothes.

"Beat it, cowboy!" he said.

"Ain’t no harm in this," began Roy.
dropped by the stork...

The doorman had visions of the Stork’s
famous mirrors being shot up, the chairs
splintered, and all the swank guests run
screaming out into the night without
paying for their drinks. So, a card was
left in the place and gave Roy the
bum’s rush right out to the pavement!
Sherman Billingsley called up the next
day, invited Roy to give the
Stork another chance, but Roy said
he reckoned he just wasn’t interested.

But all of this I’ve been telling you is
very definitely an exception to the rule.
Most times, Roy collects pals wherever
he goes—and that’s a lot of places. Last
year, for instance, he traveled around
50,000 miles on his rodeo circuit. His movie
(Continued on page 54)
Glamour Then: In 1919, at the time of her greatest role in the MIRACLE MAN, Betty Compson was acclaimed one of Hollywood’s foremost beauties.

Glamour Now: More fascinating today than ever, Betty Compson’s striking loveliness is glamorized to perfection by Filmton’s extra rich Lanolin base. Smoother as it goes on...non-drying as it stays on. Filmton delights your skin with its gentle texture. Helps to conceal tiny skin faults and gives you that sleek close-up confidence.

25 cents at Drug and Dime Stores

House of Hollywood
LOS ANGELES NEW YORK

Lip glamour calls for the radiant tones of Filmton Lipstick...In smart plastic case...only 10 cents.
High road to ease...

- Discover a new freedom . . . step along with light-hearted ease any day of the month.

It's simple—when others show you the way . . .

Look! 49,701 women who recently switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins gave as their reasons "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"

What's true for them will be equally true for you.

Modess is far, far softer—with its gentle, soft-spun filler. Far, far safer—with its triple, full-length safety shield at the back, giving full-way protection!

Says Mrs. P. C. D. "Modess' extra protection gives me the peace of mind I've dreamed of"—and you'll feel the same way.

Now—more than ever—you should try Modess! It costs no more.

Discover the Difference—Switch to

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

personal appearances and his Bond Rally tours. He played the Army hospitals and camps wherever he happened to be in-between stands.

As a result, Roy has plenty of pals in all corners of the fighting fronts today, but there are a couple of kids he keeps in touch with particularly, because in a way they're almost like his own boys. Both are in the Air Corps now, but only a few years back they were a couple of neighbor kids to Roy, just Gary and Dick, who used to wander over to Roy's house looking kind of lonesome and sometimes hungry, especially when Roy's wife, Arlene, was putting some of her famous pies out to cool. Gary and Dick didn't feel very comfortable at home—there was some stepmother trouble—and before he knew it, Roy was getting them to help him out around the place. Seemed like after that they were usually eating a meal or two every day at Roy's house, and he began to look on them as kin-folks.

Then came the war and Roy was surprised to find both Gary and Dick had grown up enough to enlist as Air Cadets. Gary's still in school, but first thing Roy knew, Dick was all graduated and wearing his gold bar and wings, and then he was over in India, writing to his favorite good neighbor and movie star. But at first what Dick had to write wasn't so good. In fact, he was pretty disgusted. He hadn't gotten himself a Zero yet, and some of his pilot buddies had.

"Wonder if you'd care," Dick wrote, "if I name my plane 'Trigger' after your horse, I've got a hunch I might get going then."

dead-eye Trigger...

Roy wrote back, "Dee-lighted!" and the next note he got from Dick, things were looking up. "Trigger and I got two Zeros," Dick exulted. The next letter raised the ante, "Now we've got five!" Last time Roy heard from Dick he wrote, "Trigger and me are just c'lin' here with our guns cocked, waitin' for more Japs!" You can imagine how good that made Roy feel and why he spends so much time writing all the Hollywood news to that particular scrapper for Uncle Sam.

Most of Roy Rogers' real chums are people like that—boys he has taken an interest in, people he has met on his travels, friends of people who work for him, just plain folks that Roy has taken a fancy to here and there. He's not a speck Social in the Hollywood Capital Society way; in fact, at playing Society he's a total flop. Roy meets Big Shots galore everywhere he goes, and on his Army tours he has rubbed up against bestarrered royalty as well as lowly GIs—but rank or moneybags or Blue Book standings don't click with Roy at all. He's always running across someone he just happens to cotton to, and from then on they're usually in Rogers' pal.

Like the time in St. Louis when Roy was on a personal appearance tour and theater tycoons there staged an elaborate press party for him. That afternoon at a baseball game he'd sat next to a fellow ball-fan. They got along fine, and the fellow asked Roy out to a roadhouse he ran over in Illinois, for a spaghetti dinner. Roy said he'd come right after the press party. But like a lot of those whoop-te-doodoos, it went on and on, and as the newspapermen got more and more oiled up, the later they stayed. Came seven, eight and then nine o'clock. Roy hated to leave his own party, but he'd also promised a pal to show up. So he left the reporters to their highballs and drove clear over to Belleville, Illinois, and made it, true to his word, better late than never. His new friend fed Roy and his guests
ELYSE KNOX, FEATURED IN MONOGRAM'S
"A WAVE, A WAC AND A MARINE," A BILTMORE PRODUCTION

Object Romance

Say Elyse Knox's Hands

INVITING, they are—such consoling soft hands.

"Possible for any girl," says Elyse Knox. "My hand care is so easy, but so 'special.'"

Elyse uses Jergens Lotion. Loves the almost-professional care Jergens gives a girl's hands.

Your hands look neglected, feel a little harsh? Jergens helps them to gracious smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe for skin-beautifying. No annoying stickiness when you use Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle for favorite hand care of the Stars. Just be sure and use Jergens Lotion.

Personal Hand Care of the Stars; they use Jergens Lotion

7 to 1

Jergens Lotion
For Soft, Adorable Hands

royally, and that night introduced Roy to Mort Cooper, the Big St. Louis Cardinal pitching ace. Roy and Mort got along fine, too. He took Roy duck hunting up on the Missouri River, and they've been pals ever since. That's the way Roy Rogers is always making new friends.
Hunting and baseball both are top items in Roy Rogers' fun book. He used to pitch a little as a youngster, and he's got a gold baseball at home in his den to show he hurled a winning game when the Hollywood Leading Men walloped the Comedians one season. One of the biggest thrills Roy ever had was in Cincinnati, where he was born, when the Cincy Reds invited him to come and work out with them, gave him a suit and let him bat and field with the big fellers. He has baseballs at home signed by every player on the Cincinnati squad and one from the Pittsburgh Pirates, too, and if anybody hooked those, he'd sure be in bad trouble with Rogers.

Roy has always hunted a lot, from his farm boy days up until war came. He used to specialize in wildcats around Hollywood. You can see the results of some all-night mountain strolls with his dogs right in that same den with a stuffed fox that he once ran over with his car! But when Uncle Sam started shooting, shotgun shells vanished like nylons at a bargain sale, so Roy had to lay off.

Then a friend of his horse trainer, Glenn, back in Nebraska, heard about Roy's sad plight. He shipped him out a case of shotgun shells he had and with it an invitation to stop there on his next trip East for some pheasant shooting. Roy has marked that a "must" stop on his schedule this fall, because he has more of a thank-you call to make than for just the shells. The man also sent Roy's baby girl, Cheryl, a pony. That cinched him with Roy Rogers as a friend for keeps. Because if there's one thing the Cowboy King is nutty about, besides beans and baseball, it's horses.

In fact, one reason he can plan a Midwest bird-shooting visit this year is because Roy aims to travel the highways from now on with his horse, Trigger. A while back, Roy had Trigger shipped across the country by train. He met him at the station, and poor Trigger stumbled off the boxcar like he was on his last legs. Roy was hopping mad when he sleuthed around and found out that Trigger had been kept on his feet, swaying and jolting for four days without any attention at all, except a bucket of water now and then. Right away he vowed he'd never ship him anywhere again. Roy's really piqued about Trigger. In San Antonio, Texas, they built a stall for his horse right in the hotel lobby so Roy could be near him, and sentimental Roy has even tossed a birthday party for Trigger with an oats and barley cake and guests and everything. He's that foolish about him.

in trigger's trail ...

In fact, Roy knows as well as anyone, that his biggest rival isn't another screen cowpoke, but his own horse. A story Roy chuckles about is the time he got a wire from a big department store in Pittsburgh. He was set to play the rodeo there, and the store wanted to stage a Roy Rogers stunt. But in their wire they weren't a bit bashful about whom they considered the top attraction. "Please advise if we can have horse, Trigger," it read. "We don't want Rogers!"

Roy has scurried around and found himself a big, luxurious horse van, with hot and cold running oats and all equine conveniences, to carry Trigger around the country from now on. He aims to ride right with him, even if it does take
longer. And when Trigger gets old and rickety, he’ll take it easy in clover while Trigger II carries Roy along on his movie career. Trigger Number Two is already picked out, by the way, and that again is because Roy Rogers is handy at making friends. It was while he had his rodeo up at the Maple Leaf Garden in Toronto, Canada, that he met Charlie McVey and who runs a dude ranch near there and raises Palominos and other ranch horses. Visiting Charlie one day between shows, Roy spotted a colt just four days old. "Doggone!" exclaimed Roy, "he’s marked just like my Trigger! Say—how about my buying this colt to take over Trigger’s job later on?"

Charlie said that was okay, only to make it an option to buy, and then if the grown horse turned out right, Roy could have him. Roy was so thrilled about that and so grateful, that before he left Toronto he took off the hand-made silver spurs and handed them over to his new friend, “I can get me another pair when we get back to Hollywood,” Roy explained.

But when he did get back to Hollywood, darned if Roy could find himself a pair of fancy spurs anywhere, not for love or money. He’d forgotten about the war and the metal and craftsmen shortage. So now he hasn’t a pair to his name, but he’s not worried. He figures his spurs are a fair swap for a new and good friend like Charlie any day in the week.

Strange fruit...

Roy’s champion fan is Leo Khoury, a middle-aged Arab, of all people. Leo saw Roy in one of his movies and swore by the Prophet’s beard or something that he was going to know the cowboy king, or else. He was living down at the beach at that point and doing all right in the restaurant business. But he promptly pulled up his stakes and moved out to the San Fernando Valley, only a whoop and a holler from Roy’s Encino country place. Not only that, but Leo notified Roy that he, Roy Rogers, was now half owner of the restaurant, a thriving, busy Valley highway spot. Roy said he couldn’t accept a free partnership—he has enough interests now—but Leo calls him “Boss” just the same, and Roy always manages to take the people he likes over to Leo’s place to feed them when he’s pitching a party. Some day after the war Leo wears, he’s going back to Arabia and bring home a string of Arabian nags for Roy to gallop around on in Hollywood.

Roy Rogers, being the pal’s sort of guy he is, reacts to his sensational fan worship with an honest friendship that other stars sometimes try to fake, but seldom feel. He usually toasts a party of some sort for his regional fan “corral” wherever he is. Last year he held a big banquet at the Astor Hotel for the New York get-togethers of Rogers’ rooters. He’s made a trip or two to Hammond, Indiana, just to meet Gene Ernst, who’s national “Ranch Boss” of all his clubs, and more than once Roy has met a fan, liked him and had him come out and stay at the house for days at a time. One kid who hitch-hiked clear out from Rhode Island just to see Roy, stayed with the Rogers family until his mother wired Roy to send him home.

Of course, like all Hollywood stars, Roy gets his share of nutty notes, and a few fantastic things have happened to make even Roy scratch his head and wonder at the strange fruit fame hatches.

There’s the usual quota of absurd mass letters from girls who can’t seem to savvy that Roy is happily married and has a family. One star-struck sweet thing wrote him a while back, “I want you to fly here...
and get me in an airplane, just like Clark Gable did Myrna Loy in "Test Pilot." I want you to be my secretary and be everything to you—I mean everything! Roy hates to have to let them down with the fact that he has enough secretaries and also a wife who is everything to him.

Then, too, he feels embarrassed about some of the stunts fervent fans pull on him. One boy in Chicago, for instance, called Roy long distance three times in one day, got him every time and hung on chattering for long minutes. Finally Roy asked him, "Say, son—who's going to pay for this call? You're using up valuable time there—you know that?"

"Oh, sure," breezed the kid. "But my folks are out of the house. They won't know till the bill comes in. I'll worry about that later." Roy made him hang up pronto then. But that's the kind of thing he's always running into because he's so good-natured.

Maybe the oddest thing that ever happened to Roy because of his movie fame was a fracas out in Colorado that almost duplicated one of the wild and woolly plots of his own pictures. A man with a big hunk of land in the cattle country took a shine to Roy on the screen, and being along in years, decided he'd like to turn over his vast holdings to the King of the Cowboys—at a price, of course. So he wrote an offer to Roy wanting to sell him the stretch of Colorado cattle land and a whole town to boot, complete with post-office, general store, town hall and jailhouse.

Well, to Roy Rogers it was just another freak offer. But somehow the news got around the town, and it got around as a fact that Roy was going to buy up all this property. That upset a lot of apple-carts. Cattlemen's interests clashed, there was pistol-packin', skullduggery, lawsuits and about everything else that makes up a picture plot. The darned thing finally ended in a good old-fashioned Western range war. And all the time Roy hadn't the faintest idea of gobbling up all that land.

Matter of fact, land is something Roy doesn't want any part of until his picture-making days are over. He just sold his rambling Encino hilltop home and moved in closer to the studios in a house on a city street, with neighbors all around him. One reason was the gas shortage, another the servant shortage, but the main reason was the safety of Roy Rogers' number one fan—his four-year-old daughter, Cheryl.

The old place had a swimming pool that was seldom used, and both Roy and Arlene were scared to death Cheryl would tumble in some day. First Roy built a fence around it, but when he found that Cheryl could unlatch the gate and get in anyway, he decided the risk was too great. It got so Arlene, without even a cook to help her, didn't dare let Cheryl out of the house alone.

fruit salad al fresco . . .

The servant problem hasn't been notably improved since the Roy Rogers moved closer to town. In fact, Arlene is still doing all the household chores, aided by Roy on his time off—because that's one thing he doesn't mind a bit. His favorite exercise is hammering and sawing and digging in the dirt. In no time flat after he moved in his new house, Roy had built a whole new set of lofts for his 200 racing pigeons and transformed the badminton court (Roy considers all games like tennis, golf and badminton a waste of time) into a pigeon city. And even though his new home is no farm, it has a hillside grove of lemons, limes, oranges, grapefruit, figs, avocados and five or six other kinds of California specialties which
Roy’s green thumb has made spread all over the place like an outdoor fruit salad. But he could still use some hired help, and if things don’t improve, he may even take up one fan’s offer.

That was the one made right after Roy and Arlene had lost their lone wartime cook (she lasted a week) and had interviewed a colored couple who said they were looking for a job. Roy asked them how much they wanted, and they said $500 a month. He almost fainted, thinking of the $12.50 a week he jingles in his jeans and the income tax he pays. “You take my movie contract,” Roy grinned to the high priced pair, “and I’ll take the job—at those prices!”

So he was about at his wit’s end to find somebody to help out Arlene when he got a phone call from a fan in North Carolina.

“Say, Roy,” spoke up this kid, “I want to work for you in Hollywood.”

Roy had an idea. “Why, I sure could use somebody to help around the house.”

“I’m fine at housework,” came back the kid. And darned if Roy wouldn’t have hired him, right there over the phone, sight unseen, if Arlene, who had been listening to the conversation, shook her head firmly. She wasn’t going to have some mother’s son come clear across the country and maybe turn out to be another one to cook and care for?

“I’ll keep singing a song” ...

Of course, half the time these days, Roy Rogers is away from home—another reason he moved Arlene and the babies in closer to civilization. Because Roy doesn’t come right back home from his show business tours these days—most times he sets right out on a junket to Army camps or hospitals. He rode Trigger right in the wards at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington last year and danced him in and around the beds. Roy made himself a marathon record, too, last winter down in Texas, staging 136 Army camp shows inside 20 days and a lot of them in the cold and rain. When he finally couldn’t sing and couldn’t talk either, he allowed as how something might be wrong with him. Something was—a strep throat which landed him in the hospital. The last thing Roy did about his private war effort was to stage his Rodeo in the Los Angeles Coliseum one Sunday and turn over the whole chunk of profits, $13,000, to Joe E. Brown’s Army recreational fund to buy athletic equipment for GI’s overseas.

Roy Rogers hasn’t had himself a vacation for three years. He thinks he might get in a few days before the Fall Rodeo tour starts up at Big Bear or some near-Hollywood mountain resort, if Arlene can hold on behind him on his motorcycle, and if his folks will take care of the kids. But Roy has thought that a thousand times before in the last few years, and generally something comes along to bust it up. Some of his hundreds of pals want him to do something, or an overseas soldier requests a radio recording or an Army hospital needs a show.

A while back, after a strenuous day and night Army camp and Rodeo tour, Roy found himself in a hospital, a plenty sick hombre with pneumonia in both lungs. He almost died—and maybe he would have—not from the pneumonia, but from boredom. But, with a raging fever of 104 degrees, Roy got busy and dashed off a whole set of lyrics and melody for a new song, which you’ll be hearing one of these days soon. He figures that job is what let him walk out of the hospital instead of being lugged out feet first.

By the way, the name of the tune Roy wrote was “I’ll Keep Singing A Song.” As any one of his hundreds of pals will tell you, that’s Roy Rogers, all over.
to around 160 by hard training, but his unbridled hunger for fancy steaks and French fries crosses him up. Incidentally, despite the fact that most guys and gals consider 70½ inches of height to be satisfactorily tall, Dick's studio has him wear shoes with built-in lifts which make him an even six feet tall on the screen. This burns the boy considerably.

**retreat in glory**...

He doesn't burn fast, but he burns thoroughly. For instance, he decided in the fall of 1941—several months before Pearl Harbor—that the U. S. was going to be in the war before another year had passed, so he smouldered to get into uniform. He had a tradition to embrace, a fighting family name to decorate. Dick's father was killed in action in March, 1918.

The recruiting sergeant looked Dick over and assumed an expression of cautious approval. "S'pose you got an eye on the Air Corps, huh?" he suggested.

"I had sort of thought Infantry," demurred Dick. "I've done some boxing, —I can handle myself fairly well. Thought it might come in handy in the ground forces."

The sergeant glowed. "Right in there," he said heartily.

The doctors failed to glow. "You have two punctured ear drums," they said. And because they were professional men, hence curious about human mishaps, they quizzed him. Dick told them his story frankly. When he was three, he had developed a mastoid abscess and undergone surgery.

His mother had told him about this, but she had never dwelt on it. It was still too painful an ordeal to remember. She had sat beside him hour after hour, anguish to see him in such misery. And there was nothing, absolutely nothing, she could do to help. There had been one frightful morning when the doctor warned her that the small, sturdy heart could not carry on; it skipped a beat. Another. A third. And then, with the unbeatable constitution of a lucky child, he had rallied.

Between that siege, and the time he was fully grown, Dick underwent five major mastoid and nine minor operations. No one, to look at this rugged fellow, would suspect such a past.

He always refused to admit to anyone that there was any reason for him to be careful, of course. One afternoon he was sparring, open-handed, with a pal and accidentally caught a fast one on his bad ear. That finished that ear drum. A few months later he dived off a high platform into a pool whose depths he had miscalculated and tried to leave his headprint in cement in the best Grauman manner. End of second ear drum.

As a result of these accidents, years later Dick trudged out of the recruiting office, thoroughly crestfallen. It was the first major setback in a life singularly filled with accomplishment.

Dick was born in Newcastle, Indiana, which makes him about as typically Usaman (new word meaning Man From the U. S. A.) as one can get without being chiseled out of the base of the Goddess of Liberty.

About the time he became Marbles Champion of Newcastle, his mother decided to move to Los Angeles, so Dick grew up in the shadow of a forest of motion picture cameras and klieg lights, a fact of which he was blissfully unaware. He had too much on his mind always to think of the future. That bicycle, for instance.
He was manager, critic and .37 batter on his sandlot team when he decided that it would be much easier on his aching dogs after a hard afternoon on the diamond if he could ride home instead of walking. Being the resourceful type he went down to a local newspaper and made a deal to deliver nightly gazettes. Each week he put aside 90% of his take. He used that other 10% for current expenses.

His mother accompanied him to the local bank and assisted him in establishing a savings account that he still has, although it has been through a fluctuating history. When he had amassed $19.00, he withdrew $18.75 and bought a bicycle.

The ownership of a bicycle opened a wide new world to Dick. It enabled him to journey often to the Hollywood YMCA where he leisurely watched the big boys diving off the 75-foot tower. In bathing trunks (which hadn’t yet been baptized because he was afraid to go in) Dick was swimming around the pool one day when the life guard asked him why he wasn’t swimming. “Because I don’t know how,” Dick said logically.

“Sure you do,” laughed the guard, lifting Mr. Crane and tossing him in. Dick learned to swim in ten easy strokes. Somehow he got back to the rail that borders the pool and clung there, dripping and gasping.

“What is this?” the life guard asked. “Your form isn’t much, of course. Now watch . . .” and Dick learned three methods of swimming that afternoon.

At the end of summer vacation, the YMCA staged a swimming meet. Dick told his mother about it. “Some of those guys can really porpoise around, Mom,” he said eagerly. “I want to see the meet.”

So his mother, smiling indulgently, went to the event without knowing that Dick was to compete in each of the free-style races. When she saw Dick line up with the other contestants, she arose in her place and started to call out because she had no idea he could swim. He rapidly splashed away her doubts by winning three races. Dripping, he brought the trophy ribbons to her. “Keep them for me, huh?”

She tucked them in her purse and drew out her handkerchief. “You’d think I’d been peeling onions,” she laughed, half-annoyed at her tears of pride. Somehow, she always managed—in the years that ensued—to be in the stands when Dick went into action. She saw practically all of his high school football games and suffered with him when the team lost. Celebrated, too, when they won, which was often. Luckily she was nowhere around when Dick fractured three ribs; it happened during practice.

something to remember . . .

His senior year, Dick was captain. It was a great year; they went through their opponents like fire through dried meadow grass. The whole team was getting more and more keyed up, tightening to the final effort of the big game. On Friday night there was the usual rally. Everyone made speeches. Everyone cheered until he was hoarse. The Booster Club had gathered firewood for days, so the light fete was finished by a monster snake dance around the bonfire. Then, in cracked voices, the entire student body sang school songs. It was achingly exciting and wonderful . . . something to remember forever. Something to send a team into action with the power of a flight of B-29s and the cunning of a cover of F-38s.

The following morning the principal called Dick into his office. “I’m sorry to say that I have VERY bad news for you!”
he announced, patting Dick's shoulder.

"It has been called to our attention that you're a mid-year student, so you're ineligible to play. You've already played your quota of high school football games."

Dick wanted to bawl like a baby. "Isn't there anyway we can fix it?"

No. He was ineligible. That was final. He thought of all the studying he had done, the boning over quizzes and the agonizing over notebooks—just to stay scholastically eligible for this game. And now he was ruled out on a technicality.

Heartick, he haggled out to the tech to tell the team. They couldn't believe it. They said there must be some mistake . . . and, throwing their helmets down hard, they said it was a lousy, rotten break.

"You'll get along swell without me," he said, trying to be casual. "This guy is a better back than I'll ever be." He patted his sub, who looked determined but doubtful.

gory grief...

When the whistle blew, Dick took up his place on the bench and played four hundred tough games without moving more than two square yards. His team, their morale shot, couldn't make anything click. Their passes were intercepted, their punts blocked, and their line plays fumbled. Oh, brother, but they got trounced.

Mighty blue. Mighty blue. And Dick sat there during the endless moments, thinking that this was his last game.

He was wrong about that. At the end of the season the first team played the second; this was usually a wild scramble, bitterly fought by both sides. And that afternoon Dick was suited up and in there with both hands. He couldn't miss.

He caught passes that started out like lightening and flitted off like butterflies. It made no difference. He ran all over the field, making touchdowns, intercepting his opponents' passes, messing up their carefully rehearsed secret plays. He spent the afternoon having an intensely pleasant time.

After school was out, Dick got a job with an automobile agency. His job was to ride a motorbike out to the home of a car owner whose bus needed service, fasten the motorbike to the back of the car and drive back to the agency. This all happened before the war, you dig.

This gave him a taste for handsome automobiles; an appetite that he intends to gratify when a person can once again purchase a long, low, super-souped-up mechanical job.

After working all day, he liked to go down to the gym at night and work out. Gradually he got into the habit of putting on the gloves and going a few tooth-licking rounds with one of his friends. Bystanders began to comment on how well he handled himself. "Hot right hook," they said. And, "That left is strictly from alderman."

Dick got the idea that an occasional go in the preliminaries at one of the Hollywood arenas might be a satisfactory way of adding to his bank account . . . in addition to keeping him out of the "Sinew Went Away" class. He inquired here and there and was given reluctant answers. The prestige boys who had seen him work out didn't care much to Waltz a few with him on canvas.

One day the manager of a boy who had done pretty well in his first few fights approached Dick and asked how about it? "They tell me that you've never had a pro fight, but that you're spoiling for one and you look good."

So Dick, feeling elated over his forthcoming prowess (he hoped) as a leatherpusher, went home, told his mother and ate a hearty dinner complete with a steak as heavy as his boxing gloves.

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His mother looked at him unhappily. "Oh Dick, please be careful—for my sake!"
And she added, "This time I won't be in the stands to watch you."
"Don't worry about me, Mom," he grinned. "One—two, the fight's through.
Three, four, he'll want no more."

The first thing that bothered him when he climbed into the ring, was the smoke.
Walking down the chute, crawling under the ropes and making one's way to the corner was like trying to break through a series of giant spider webs. The stuff hung in clusters, making Dick's eyes smart and his eyes burn. Excitement was thick in his throat. He blinked against the hot, blinding lights; he had never dreamed they would be so brilliant.

courage and confusion...

All around him were crowd noises. The roar of voices, the shouts of vendors, the scraping and shuffleing of thousands of feet. The loud speaker Dick's name to the center of the ring where he shook hands with the big-muscled, hard-jawed man who was his opponent. The referee recalled the rules. The bell rang.

Dick felt swell. He came out alertly and on his toes. He sparred, conscious of the nimbleness of his foot work. Just then a rambrod shot out and opened Dick's cheek. It made him mad all the way to the canvas. He swung hard. It landed with a snap of leather upon flesh. The other's head snapped back. He went down with a grunt. And Dick, too surprised to move, stood there wasting precious seconds staring down at the sweat-covered head slowly shaking itself.

After that nothing was very clear to Dick. He remembered being against the ropes, upright and angry because the ropes were burning his back. It didn't occur to him to resent the punishment his face and body were taking. He was having trouble seeing out of that left eye, and his mouth kept bleeding. The bell rang. He sat down.

Time went on. The smoke grew thicker. It was a fog now—impenetrable. Faces beyond the ropes were a surf upon a dark sea. The sea spoke in a rumbling voice; it said: "Stop da fight. Ya wanna kill that kid. He's game. He'll fight 'till he drops. Stop da fight."

Dick was astonished. He felt fine. He floated. He knew no pain. The referee separated Dick and the bleeding pug. Dick tried to say something, but his puffed lips trembled away from words. He was astonished that, when he tried uncertainly to leave the ring, there was applause. How come? He had lost. He knew because he had heard that over the loud-speaker; yet the surf and the dark sea boomed with approbation. Funnily.

Somehow he got to the dressing room where he was rather thoroughly sick. The medicos patched him up and said he'd get over the sense of confusion and chaos after some sleep.

So Dick went home. His mother was waiting for him. She looked at him and started to cry. "Oh your poor eye!" she said, but she didn't scold. She didn't tell him that he could never do that again. "You're a man, Dick, so you have to make your own decisions about things like this," she said, turning her head away because she couldn't bear the pain of seeing him so battered.

Dick never went into a pro arena again. After that his sparring was done strictly in fun with men he knew.

He had always been crazy about movies, so it occurred to him one day that the motion picture business might not be a bad racket for an ambitious young man. He went up to the Bliss-Hayden Theater and...
enrolled. Luck kissed him on the forehead and arranged for a Metro talent scout to see the first play in which Dick had the lead. The next thing he knew, he was working in "Susan and God" with Joan Crawford and Fredric March. Dick had the part of their daughter’s boy friend. Miss Crawford was charming; she was generous with camera angles and gave him several tips on timing.

From a drawing room comedy of manners, he leaped lightly into a Hopalong Cassidy picture. He had done some "military" riding in an Army training school, so he thought he could make friends with the local horses. What he didn’t calculate upon was the difference between a military and a Western saddle. He was told that in one scene he was to take his horse over a jump.

The horse had other ideas. The next scene revealed Mr. Richard Crane lying flat on his back on the grassy award while the horse loped calmly away, uttering derisive sounds.

This caused Mr. Crane to return to the automobile industry for a time. Through a friend who was a mechanic, Dick was sent to the office of Bert Morris, one of the town’s most perspicacious agents. That did it. The next thing Dick knew, he had a thriving career sprouting faster than devil grass in a victory garden.

Comes now romance. Not too serious a romance, you understand, but a nice pleasant companionship that makes the moon rest her head on the hill’s dark shoulder. While in Bert Morris’ office one day, Dick observed a beautiful girl who was also a Morris client. Name: Kay Morley.

That was eleven months ago, and they are still going steady.

When Dick moved into lodgings that used to be a guest house on an estate in Laurel Canyon, Kay added the deft touch to the furnishings. She pointed out lonely spots on the walls that cried for pictures. She went shopping with him and helped to select scatter rugs and draperies. Then she moved into the kitchen department.

cook Kay and Crane . . .

Seems that Dick planned to prepare his own breakfast each morning. Only catch was that he didn’t want to live on toast, and that was the only recipe he had memorized. So Kay taught him how to prepare a fresh tomato omelet the like of which would make Henry VIII drool even after a duck dinner. She also taught him how to make GOOD coffee.

When Dick entertains guests for dinner, which is often, he broils the steaks (Cranie Specialty when he has the points), but he leaves the planning and preparation for all other items of the dinner, strictly up to Kay.

For Dick’s birthday, Kay gave him a white Maltese Terrier named Muffins. Muffins wasn’t secured from a swanky kennel nor from the litter of a hoity-toity registered private family. She came from the city pound. Kay had noticed an article in a Los Angeles newspaper, describing the available dogs and stressing their need for homes—otherwise they were faced with destruction. So she drove down and selected the most ingratiating animal available.

Not for several weeks did Dick suspect that his gift was not on solo flight. He looked at Muffins fixedly and decided that she was carrying quite a crew. Clearly, the small dog house with which his back yard was equipped would not be adequate housing for the future. "As soon as my back gets better," he told Muffins, "I’ll build you a barracks." He had sprung his back while bowling. A masseur, an osteopath and a chiropractor had been unable to return one particular vertebra to its proper groove.

Muffins became more uncomfortable by the hour, and so did Dick. Finally he decided that Muffins’ problem was greater than his own, so he started to build a canine apartment house. And just to prove that kindness to animals pays: As Dick leaned down to pick up the hammer, his cranky cog snapped back into place.

Muffins promptly presented him with five puppies. Scandalous fact: two of white Muffins’ puppies are coal black.

So serious are Dick and Kay (who is a Goldwyn Girl) about their careers that they frequently spend evenings reading plays aloud. They like the highly dramatic one-acters frequently used in little theaters, and they register emotions enough to burst the canvass off hermetically sealed wings.

This attention to business has stood Dick in good stead because he has made tremendous strides in a short time. While "Wing and a Prayer" was being filmed, Dick was scheduled to do a difficult scene early one morning. He knew that he was better in lines, and he thought he had accomplished a good characterization. Under the brilliant lights he went through rehearsal. Then the director called, "This will be a take." The cameras ground. Dick gave. As a precaution the director had two long shots made, then closed in for the close-ups. When it was over, Dick emerged from the scene in time to see the production head of the studio walking away. "Was he here all the time?" he gasped.

"Sure was. And he seemed pleased." You will be, too, when you get acquainted with the work of a great actor and a nice guy named Crane.

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**THIS IS KNOWN BY**

**Medical Authorities**

**about PHILIP MORRIS**

 WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS,

SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION

OF NOSE OR THROAT — DUE TO SMOKING

CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY

IMPROVED!

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors... Proving this finer cigarette is less irritating!
Shirley likes to work. Not that she'd pine away otherwise, she's not the piney type. Besides, she's crazy about Westlake, and when you're working, you have to go to school on the set. If you gave her the choice, she'd make it half-and-half, the way it was this year.

She and Mary Lou had loads of fun on "Since You Went Away." Mary Lou Isleib's been her stand-in for ages, and one of her very best friends. At first Mary Lou kept pretty busy writing letters to a certain sailor, and Shirley was supposed to help. Only she did more kibitzing (the Temple version of kibitz) than helping. Anyway, it didn't matter, because Mary Lou kind of lost interest in the sailor, poor dear.

They did quite a lot of giggling, which was rather hard on the others who'd sometimes look pained. But it must be a disease at sixteen that you can't do very much about. For instance, Jennifer had to kiss Joseph Cotten, and he came off with lipstick all over him. Well, who wouldn't laugh? Of course she'll admit they didn't have to yell, "Yah! Yah! Joseph got kissed!" That was more like ten maybe, but you get a reprieve now and then.

Monty Woolley was the one who really broke Shirley up. Once she was supposed to be feeding a turtle in the bathtub and looking up at him wide-eyed. Mr. Woolley, not the turtle. He was standing out of the scene, and when she looked up, he was making this horrible face at her, and she burst out laughing. Naturally the director got peeved. Probably rued the day he ever got Monty Woolley and Shirley Temple together—

And another thing. Mr. Woolley had this accomplishment. He could talk without moving his beard, so nobody knew he was talking but the person right next to him. They couldn't see the scene together, and out of this perfectly quiet beard would come some quaint remark, and no matter how hard she tried not to, she'd simply explode.
The director thought she was just being silly, for which she can't blame him—

She'd try to get back at Mr. Woolley by singing "Mairry Deats" just before he went into a scene. That worked at first, because he couldn't fathom it, and he couldn't stand it, but he grew on him the way it does on most people, and by the end of the picture, he was singing it himself. He's an awfully nice man—

hooky pays off...

Then the picture was finished, and they went to Palm Springs for a vacation, and all of a sudden "I'll Be Seeing You" popped up. The studio called them Saturday morning and said to come right back, not even to go home first. They thought it must be a joke, but they got to Mr. O'Shea's office, he said it was a part in "I'll Be Seeing You," and they called wardrobe and make-up, and she did a test with Ginger Rogers, and they gave her a script, and she started working the next Tuesday. That was really a surprise. In "I'll Be Seeing You" she's seventeen—quite a difference from fourteen in "Since You Went Away." She plays Miss Rogers' cousin, and Miss Rogers plays a girl who has to go to jail because a man got fresh, and she pushed him away and he fell out of a window. It wasn't her fault that the window happened to be low—

Then, when "I'll Be Seeing You" was finished, Shirley went back to Westlake. From what happened a week or so later, you might think she wasn't glad to go back. But she was, she's always glad to go back. Only it happened to be a very beautiful day, and Shirley and this other girl got to school, and the chapel had started. They stood in plain sight at the door for a minute, and then they just couldn't bear it—the day was so beautiful, and besides, they felt they sick friend in Westwood and felt sorry for her. So they turned around and headed for Westwood. On the street, Shirley wears dark glasses. It's a kind of disguise.

They found their sick friend able to sit up, so they went out again and bought her some nourishment—chocolate cake and cookies and a bottle of milk—which made her feel even better. Then they ambled back to school, conversing about things in general and dishing in particular—

"We missed a big English test." "Yes, that was pretty foolish." "Think they'll know we dished?" "Maybe, but notice how short. "My goodness, of course they'll know. We just stood right there in the chapel door, that's all—with just about two hundred and fifty girls staring right at us!" "That means we'll be reported!" "Then we'd better go report ourselves first!"

So they wrote a letter to the principal, and got called up in front of the student council—my, that was embarrassing. They had to stay in school three extra hours, and they got points off all over the place, and Shirley drew a conclusion. Ditching's not worthwhile—not when they catch you.
At home things are pretty much the same, except she has a new Peke—Ching Two. When the first Chingie died, she thought she’d never want another, but after a while she did. The kennels sent out a white one and a blonde one, and the blonde came running up and jumped into Shirley’s lap, so naturally that’s the one she took. The white one was a little bit too sophisticated for her, anyway—he sort of sat and looked down at everybody.

The nice thing about Two is, she’s so sociable. Ching One never looked at Shirley very much, but Two never stops looking at her—even sits on a chair in the dressing room and watches her comb her hair. She’s glamorous, too—especially round the ears, which have a glamorous flop. And she’s a natural blonde, never touches peroxide. Of course all her blondness is at the wrong end—when they want to photograph her, they have to powder her face to make it show up, it’s so black. On top of everything else, she’s smart. When Shirley’s writing a letter, Ching grabs her arm and shakes it to make her pay attention. If that doesn’t work, she climbs into Shirley’s lap, and let anyone try to get her out. The way she growsl, you’d think she was a Great Dane...

Right now, the parrot’s their only other animal, but Shirley more or less ignores him. All he wants to do is fight and talk back, which would be all right if he talked any sense, but it’s just idle chatter. Though sometimes she wonders. Sometimes she and her friends’ll be talking, and Polly’ll sit there, looking kind of wise and sneery, and she wonders if their talk sounds the same way to him. Could be—

RICHARD JAECKEL—
(See page 53)

Mom wouldn’t come right out with it and ask where he’d been. So she prepared the apple pie and the fried chicken quietly, just the way January Ma’s do, the ones without their names in the Blue Book and the Jaeckel fur fortune and the swanky Beverly Hills address. So finally, he told her. He’d been to Mexico. As a trucker. At 6 pesos a day. Which was exactly the sort of thing she’d gotten used to. After he’d finished “Guardian of the Inn,” he’d hired out to an orange juice bottling concern as a packer, and after “Wing and a Prayer,” he became a Maritimer. That was some swap! If Mom would sign the consent papers, he’d do just this last film. Of course, it had taken two months of a steady diet of Mom’s pie and a heck of a lot of rough-housing from the JUGS (Just Us Guys) to make him even consider doing it. As one of the fellas said, “If he got paid about 5 bucks a day, betcha he wouldn’t be so scared of acting. That guy just doesn’t like money!” Which is true. He hates being Hanley Jaeckel the 3rd and having a Chinese houseboy to screw on the caps of those umpteen bottles of lotion. And he doesn’t like acting! Doesn’t see how come they picked him to do the “Baby Marine,” doesn’t see how he avoids smelling up the place when he emotes. Unless it’s on account of the System. The one he developed whereby he studied every little quirk of every big ham—and then did the exact opposite! Chicken Jake’s a Maritimer now down Alaska way, 3 inches taller, a whole year older—and membe a little bit flicker hungry, too.

Bracelets and Pretty Hands
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Use a BRIGHT IDEA to show off your CAMPANA LOVELY HANDS

It’s fun to be tied in velvet when your hands are Campana-lovely. For Campana Cream Balm is the creamy, lanolin-rich lotion that helps keep your hands so silken-surfaced you’ll be proud to show them off!

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25¢, 50¢ and $1

Campana Cream Balm
RICH IN LANOLIN

Hands badly CHAPPED? Use ORIGINAL CAMPANA BALM for instant relief!

Original Campana Balm is the richer, heavier Campana lotion that thousands change to in chapped-skin weather. Ask for Original Campana Balm in the green and white package.
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NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which Safely helps
STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot
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Laundering for being harmless to fabric.
Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar
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Also 59¢ jars
At any store which sells toilet goods

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Sundays, they have the same old gath-
erings, down at the playhouse—with the
soda fountain and the phonograph and the
fireplace and the duckpin alley. It might
start with about six people, and usually
goes up to about twelve or fourteen. Then
around six they have a buffet supper—
salad and cake and milk.

After supper, they dance. Shirley thinks
the boys are beginning to want her. For a
while, they just used to rock back and
forth, but lately they’re turning into very
good dancers. She never did care for
jitterbugging. Rumbas and sambas are nice,
but her true love’s a slow fox trot—with
Tommy Dorsey or Freddie Slack or Claude
Thornhill playing. And for singers, she’ll
take Dick Haymes or Johnny Johnston—
she thinks he’s awfully cute. His “Black
Magic” will always be one of her favor-
ites. She can’t understand why pieces as
pretty as that have to go out so soon.
Frankie? Yes. His voice is awfully nice,
but she doesn’t swoon.

Weeknights she stays home and does her
homework—or learns her lines, if she’s
working. It’s funny—she does her home-
work with the radio on, but the minute
she has lines to learn, it gets turned off.
Guess that proves she takes work more
seriously than school—which she wouldn’t
care to have broadcast at Westlake. Then
she might listen to the radio—especially
thrillers like “Suspense” and “Lights Out.”
Not “Gangbusters” any more—she’s out-
grown that—though she caught Dad listen-
ing one night—

“That’s all right,” she told him. “You’re
younger than I am.”

Oh yes, and she finally got him inter-
ested in gin rummy. He’s really a golf
man, but he plays with her now and gets
rather mad because he doesn’t win very
often. It’s fun to hear him get mad—he
growls in his throat just about the way
Ching does.

Saturdays she helps Katie in the kitch-
en. For a while she lost interest in cooking,
but now she’s all enthused again. Did
pretty well on an angel-food cake the
other day. How she knows it was good is,
the family ate it. Ner, they didn’t make a
fuss. They don’t make a fuss about any-
ting she does—when it’s good. When
it’s bad, they tell her right away. If not
sooner. She has more trouble with her
family—

Ner, that ner up above is no typographi-
cal error. It’s Shirley’s Es-er-language,
in which okay becomes er-ker and stuff like
that. You use it when you want to say
something about somebody. At first it
drove her family frantic. Mom said it
was just about the silliest thing she ever
heard, and why didn’t Shirley grow up?
Then suddenly they all started talking it,
only you have to do it very fast to get the
right effect, and Shirley’s the champ.
She can terk abert the fermlly erl the
treme and they hardly ever know what
she’s terking about.

To get back to Saturdays though—
Johnny always comes over. Johnny’s her
nephew, and he’s getting so cute. You
can really do things with him now. For
instance Shirley holds his hands from be-
hind and he walks, kind of wobbling from
side to side, then he’ll turn and smile at
her and gooly! you could eat him up. He
likes her lipstick, too—puts his hand out
to touches it. Or—it just occurred to her—maybe he doesn’t like it. Maybe he’s
trying to get it off—the way Mr. Selznick
did—

in the “brig”...

When she played Brig, Mr. Selznick
wouldn’t let her wear any make-up, not
even powder. She tried to talk him out of
it because fourteen is all different, some
of them grow up quite fast. But he said,
The Word for the Sergeant is "Toothsome!"

One look at that dazzling grin and the girls are putty in his hands. And don’t think the Sarge doesn’t know why! He writes poetry about it:

"O Pobeco, to thee I owe—my standing as a Romeo.
Wash right away? Not Pobeco. It’s super-fine to make teeth glow!"

What he means is: Pobeco cleans teeth better because its micro-fine particles stick with your brush, cling to your teeth while you polish. Contains a special combination of polishing agents—cleans teeth thoroughly but gently, leaves them gleaming.

Pebeco Pete says:

| 60% More Powder for Your Money, Folks, Than Average of 6 Other Leading Brands |

So any Romeo (or Juliet) can have a brighter, fresher smile with super-fine Pebeco. See how super its flavor is, too. See what a kick you get out of that extra clean, polished feeling. How popular you are with that delectable Pebeco smile!

PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

I SAW IT HAPPEN
We were in the street after Allan Jones’ broadcast, when we noticed a taxicab and a motorcycle parked in front of the studio. We waited, thinking that we might see the handsome singing star enter the cab and whirl away with his police escort. In about five minutes Mr. Jones emerged from the building, sat himself down on the motorcycle—and nonchalantly scooted down Seventh Avenue!

Sylvia Griller
New York City

not in this type of family. He said Brig would be naturally good and not think about powder, no matter how gruesome she looked—

Personally, Shirley uses powder and lipstick. For a while she used pretty dark lipstick—now she can’t stand it. No, the family didn’t stop her. Their attitude is, if she wants to look awful, that’s her own hard luck. She just happened to catch sight of it suddenly in the mirror one day and decided she must have been out of her mind.

She wears her nails natural—doesn’t like colored nails on a girl her age. And all she does about her hair is wash it once a week and brush it about three times a day—no special times and no special number of strokes—just when the mood seizes her and until she thinks it’s shiny enough. She does love nice shiny hair—

Her usual hairdo is a long bob, with something you could call either a high wave or a low pompadour, depending on whether you like waves or pompadours best. And she simply adores pig-tails with ribbons braided in at the end. Hers generally comes out cockeyed, but they sure feel cool. Only it was so cold in Los Angeles this summer that mostly she wore it round her neck like a fur-piece.

She buys her own clothes now. Mom thinks she’s old enough to have the responsibility. But you can’t tell the difference; her taste is plain, like Mom’s. She can’t stand a lot of ruffles. Usually she goes with a couple of the girls and tries something on, and usually they don’t like it and usually she does, so she buys it and then they think it—being polite. Lately, Mom did go along once, and they bought a dress she’d never have had the nerve to buy alone—white silk with a cowl neckline and a midriff. Now she hasn’t the nerve to wear it—especially after hearing that Gene Tierney had one like it. What if she ran into Gene Tierney, looking so wonderful? My, she’d feel silly—

lady in the dark . . .

Jewelry’s er-ker, as long as it’s pretty inconspicuous. She likes earrings on girls who wear their hair back sleek, but not on herself. She just wears these two thin gold bracelets—one i. d. and one link—and a little forget-me-not ring on her left pinky. No, she’d rather not say whom they came from if it’s all the same to you, but if you’d like to know who gave her the anklet, it was Mary Lou.

During vacation, she sees lots of movies. Doesn’t care much for historical pictures. Once in a while they’re interesting, but on the whole, she avoids them. Still loves horror shows, though they don’t scare her any more. Except “The Uninvited.” That really gave her goose pimples. There was one part where she and the boy she was with jumped so hard they hit their heads together and both had headaches all the way home. And the minute she got into the garden, she smelt mimosa.

It was funny that night. Two little girls were sitting beside her, and while the news...
was on, they were looking all over the audience. Finally, one of them leaned over and said, "Hey, you know Shirley Temple's in the audience?"

"She is?" said Shirley. "Well, gosh, I'd like to get her autograph. Why don't you try to find her?"

"I did, but it's so dark you can't see a thing!"

"Look down there. Doesn't that look like Shirley?"

So she walked down the aisle and came back and said, "You must be crazy. That's a lady with gray hair—"

Shirley was having a wonderful time, but after the picture started, it slipped her mind. Then when the lights went on, the girls almost killed her, they were so mad. But she told them she dearly loved a joke and gave them her autograph, so they were nice enough to forgive and forget.

In her spare time, she knits scarfs and afghans squares for soldiers. And writes letters. For her birthday she got quite a lot of stationary, because she has so many friends in the service to write to. She sticks to it pretty faithfully, because they say mail's so important to soldiers.

A few weeks ago she went to San Francisco for a Bond rally. At the Stage Door Canteen they wanted her to make a speech, but she can't give speeches. So she got up and said, "This is certainly a pretty canteen." Later she cut a serviceman's birthday cake on the stage and had a dance with him.

Afterwards, she visited several hospitals. No, there's nothing hard about it. Except when a photographer walks in with you—she thinks that's awful. Sometimes you can't do anything about it, except apologize to the boys and hope they know it's not your fault. But if you go in alone with cigarettes or something and just talk to them—just say anything silly that comes in your head, it's all right. Most of the fellows are cheery.

One boy did get her down though. The doctor told her beforehand he couldn't live very long, and did she mind going in? He had only blonde hair and looked terribly young and came from New York, so she said she thought she'd be going to New York soon. "I'll be going back myself pretty soon, they tell me," he said. "Can I show you the town?" And he told her all the places he'd take her to, and if she ever acted in her life, she did that day, because she had to pretend she was all excited, when really what she wanted was to crawl off in a hole and cry—

After seeing those boys, everything else seemed not important for a while. But life went on.

For instance, Shirley'll be a senior at Westlake this fall. She'll get to initiate the freshmen. Has it all figured out exactly what she'll do to them—make them bring her flowers and something to eat and carry her books. Goodness, it seems hardly any time since she was a freshman herself. Never will she forget what they did to her. Get her up on the platform and told her to sing "Baby, Take A Bow" the way Shirley Temple used to sing it—"I never heard Shirley Temple," said Shirley. "How did she sing it?"

So the senior had to show her, and she imitated the senior—which was slightly less foolish than imitating herself.

It's funny-looking back, the time goes so fast—looking forward, it doesn't. Not that Shirley wants to push it—that's the last thing she wants to do. It bothers her to see girls try to act older than they are—pulling out their cigarettes and stuff. There are lots of ages where you can be old and sophisticated, but sixteen only comes once, and what's the sense of trying to get over it quick, as if it were measles. As long as she's sixteen, she'd rather be sixteen. Shirley.
the job. After all, he'd been a more villain-around-Hollywood and a sinister Oriental in a flock of B's, and that's about all, unless you counted the slightly elevated assignments with Marla Monteze in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Arabian Nights." Hepburn knew he'd landed the "Dragon Seed" lead mainly because he looked the part to a T with his slightly slanted eyes, his swell build and the voice that registered like a young Charles Boyer's without the toupee touch.

Katie Hepburn's jitters were shared by Director Jack Conway and everyone else on the set that day except Turhan Bey. The only thing that bothered Turhan was whether Hepburn would like him or not. Because, long before he'd ever set his almond eyes on Hollywood, he had tagged her as his dream actress. Once he'd sat through eight straight performances of "Woman of the Year"—just to worship silently at her image. It didn't make sense that he was here in Hollywood, of all places, and about to caress his very best idol for all the world to see in one of her greatest triumphs. But Turhan at twenty-five knows life has many surprises, and his poise was not seriously disturbed. Still he was thrilled.

turkish delight . . .

It was a long scene and a torrid one—about as torrid as Chinese lovers ever get—involving a cross-country kiss starting on Katie's arm and traveling over her shoulder and cheek right up to a shell pink ear. Hepburn had to react all the way, and, like I say, she had built up beaucoup sales resistance.

We're hearing next few minutes after Director Conway whispered "Action!" and the Turk went to work, they say the log turned into a charred cinder, the rice fields withered, and the scorched earth policy brought the M-G-M fire department to Sound Stage 10 with hoses, axes and clanging bells. That's just gossip, of course. But what I know for a fact is that when the scene was over, Katherine Hepburn had got back her breath, she turned to Turhan Bey and spoke thus:

"There isn't any other man in the world who could have played that scene better!"

Which thrilled Turhan Bey from his handsome head right down to his well-traveled toes and sent him scurrying right out—after a discreet hand kiss—to load Hepburn's dressing room with roses from that day on, as Turhan Bey would—but naturally, Madame.

Of course, nobody needs Katharine Hepburn to tell the world that Turhan Bey is something new and special in the Hollywood male lover line. You and you and you discovered that the hard way quite a spell back through a fog of pretty sticky parts wherein he usually got his neck sliced or his hide fried. And those leerings through reels and reels of dirty work obvious, he has very little to do with it.

Playing Jap rats, Hindu heavies, menaces for Monteze and such, is no royal road to Hollywood romance, but just the same Turhan (you pronounce it Toor, young- ing both syllables the same break) couldn't ward off the mash notes no matter how much black business he wallowed in. The minute Turhan opened his Turkish trap and let that low velvet voice out, the deed was done; when he gave just a lazy glance into the camera with his sloe eyes, the hypnotics got going, even if Turhan was about to chop the heroine into filet...
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It is common knowledge that nothing undermines health so quickly as loss of sleep. You know how just one or two sleepless nights can drag you down. Who is the "robber" that creeps upon you in the middle of the night and keeps you awake? Is it "NERVES" that rob you of the sleep you need? Nervous Tension can be responsible for so many Wakeful Nights as well as Crankiness, Restlessness, Nervous Headache and Indigestion. When you feel Nervous and Jittery — when you can't sleep at night, why don't you try Dr. Miles Nervine? For over 50 years Dr. Miles Nervine has been a mild but effective sedative, that helps to quiet your nerves, relieve Nervous Tension, and permit Refreshing Sleep. Get Dr. Miles Nervine at your Drug Store. It comes in two forms: Liquid 25c and $1.00 sizes, Effervescent Tablets 35c and 75c sizes. Read directions and use only as directed. See what it can do for you to relax tense nerves and help you get your sleep and rest. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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BRENTWOOD Dept. N5 1133 Broadway New York 10, N.Y.

With solid backing from the hobby sock brigade to the corset circle, he's "Sailing along on Turhan Bey," as Jack Oakie cracks, panicking the post office with 10,000 or more sweet sentiments a month, set to start next in his own Valentino-esque super-doofer, "The Return of the Sheik," and, as Universal's Oriental Love Dream, proving that Turks are no jerks—definitely. Of course, Mister Bey is not all Turk. Just on his nobleman father's side. He was born in Vienna, and his mother, who keeps house for Turhan in Hollywood, is a Czech. Tagging Turhan "Mister Bey," by the way, is double talk, just like saying Mister Master. Because that's what Bey means roughly, "Mister"—only a very high class mister, which is right and proper because Turhan is very definitely a high class guy. In fact, it's not very often that Hollywood sees a sentimental gentleman quite like him. That's why, startling as his success story is, I'm prepared to skip it. It's Turhan Selahettin Schultavy Bey himself who's out of this Hollywood world.

It's not his looks that dood it; there are plenty prettier boys around Hollywood than Turhan Bey, although he isn't exactly rough on the eyes, either. His head is large and nicely modeled, and his face full with a generous nose and a swell smile that's usually working. He is wrapped up in a bad Bey mood. His long hair is blue-black and shiny like silk, and his skin just faintly olive. The eyes are what get you—they're smoky dark, of course, and just tilted enough to suggest the East, but according to Turhan's deadpan explanation, that's more because he got snow-blinded once on an expedition in Siberia, than due to his Oriental blood. Which reasoning makes for too tough.

His tall body is as ripply-muscled as a swimmer's and graceful as a cat's. But outside his velvet voice and mesmerizing accent, Turhan's championship charms are his personality, his Continental wit, his suave, gracious manner, his unruffled poise and his polish that shines like a cavalry colonel's boots.

Turhan wears all these sophisticated virtues as easily and naturally as a duck wears feathers. Few things are a mystery to him. He understands and knows what's what in fine food, horses, guns, clothes, music, art, languages—and women, too. He likes nothing but the best. He's accustomed to service and luxury, and he admits he's been. He's called the "MATED HEART" on several occasions, and in any situation, and the touch of the East in his make-up gives him a fatalistic, sometimes superstitious outlook. He doesn't exactly croak "Kismet!" every now and then, but what's to be is in his book. And he doesn't tempt Fate.

pieces of luck . . .

For instance, Turhan's nutty about the symphonies at the Hollywood Bowl. When the season ticket sale went on a few weeks ago, he sent his secretary and shadow, Pat McNair, over to get some. "But don't reserve them in my name," he ordered. Paul wanted to know why not.

"If I counted on being there that far in advance, something would probably happen to me to prevent it," so Paul bought them under a phony name.

Turhan doesn't go in for hocus-pocus charms or anything mystical, but when he does have a good luck piece he trusts, he clings to it like a bulldog. He doesn't wear exotic jewelry like Rudy Valentino (he's tried them, always comparing him) did. The only cherished gimmick he sports is a solid gold ring with his family crest. The reason he owns the ring is because he was warned he couldn’t take gold out of Europe. So in Switzerland he had some gold pieces hammered into the ring. But he did acquire a
St. Christopher medal, supposed to protect all travelers, here in America, which he promptly fastened to the dashboard of his automobile. He had a few narrow escapes driving across the country to Hollywood, but the St. Christopher carried him through safely every time. So Turhan was sure it was strong medicine.

Then, about a year ago, Turhan saw a car he liked better than the one he had. That’s his big weakness, automobiles. He drives a sporty, light gray Lincoln Continental now, which he calls “my second hand Ford.” That’s because, as a young blade in Europe, he indulged his motor urge to the fullest, and today he has deluxe custom-made buggies sitting in storage (he hopes) in half the cities of Europe. There’s a Lancia in Turin, for instance, a Mercedes in Paris and a Rolls-Royce in Vienna that Turhan could certainly use in Hollywood. None of those are exactly flivvers, and Turhan used to cut a fancy figure at the wheel on the boulevards of Europe.

Anyway, when he saw this new car, Turhan promptly traded in his old one and drove it off, forgetting all about the St. Christopher fixed on the trade-in’s dashboard. Well, believe it or not, he’d hardly had the new car a day when everything began to happen. Three tires went flat a few miles from Hollywood. Then he skidded off the road and banged the fenders into accordion pleats. For a while Turhan couldn’t understand it, then suddenly he knew. The St. Christopher medal wasn’t around.

**Sherlock Holmes Bey**

He rushed down to the used car place. His old car, they said, was gone. Somebody had snatched it up like a pair of nylons on a bargain counter. That didn’t daunt the Bey. He pulled a Sherlock Holmes, and even if it did take him a week, he traced the old car and got his good luck medal back. He hasn’t had any car trouble since.

Of course, it’s just one of the many contradictions of Turhan Bey’s existence that he should tote around a St. Christopher medal in the first place. He isn’t a Christian, but a Mohammedan, although he doesn’t work much at it. In fact, he has been inside a mosque only once in his life—at St. Sophia’s in Istanbul, his dad’s home town. That was when he was a moppet. Since then he has traveled around so much that Turhan doesn’t know what religion he is at heart. But still certain Moslem hangovers grip him. One even threatened to nip his first picture part right in the bud.

That’s when Warner Brothers spied Turhan in a Ben Bard School drama and tagged him as the type to play a Hindu servant in an Errol Flynn picture. But when Turhan heard he had to be a Hindu, he said, “No” very firmly. Mohammedans and Hindus just aren’t a bit chummy, that’s all, and Turhan regarded such a deal as a disgrace. However, in the end they managed to tag the character as some other kind of Indian servant that wasn’t too icky for a Moslem to take.

Turhan’s movie break, by the way, has been painted as “just a lark.” But it wasn’t at all. Turhan took a fling at acting when they invited him, not because he wanted to show his dad and grandma that, like the Americans all around him, it was possible for him, too, to earn an honest dollar. Up until that moment, he had never scratched together a dime by his own efforts in his entire life. And that explains much about Turhan Bey today. Why he likes the best that money can buy, why he likes service and leisure and wit and sophisticated surroundings. Because that’s all he’s had from the time he was in dailies. I’ll just skim through this briefly.
to give you a rough idea—only it's not very rough. On the contrary.

Turhan’s dad was a Turkish army officer. When baby Bey chose to arrive, Bey, Sr., was stationed in Vienna at the Turkish Embassy as military attaché. Most of Turhan’s childhood was spent traveling here and there to the great capitals of Europe—Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Madrid, Petrograd, Budapest and so on.

Schultavy Bey, Sr., wasn’t exactly poor. He came from an old aristocratic Turkish family, and when he was in Istanbul, which was rarely, Turhan lived in his father’s immense villa “Nacchautash” in a suburb of the Turkish city, a giant place spreading over hundreds of acres and boasting more rooms than a resort hotel. Often all the relatives on his father’s side parked there, too—an old Turkish custom—and once Turhan remembers fifty cousins, aunts, uncles and in-laws roaming around the mansion all under his father’s absolute rule another Turkish custom.

But if his father was well in the chips, Turhan’s mother’s side of the house was even more on Easy Street. Her family owned vast holdings in Czechoslovakia, a big hunk of which was a factory manufacturing fine crystal glass. Luckily, before Hitler and his gang marched in, she managed to sell out her holdings. But the point is, as a kid Turhan never knew what money meant. The stuff was always around, and every whim he had was satisfied—whether it was guns, autos, trips or hi-jinks.

Chasing around like he did, exposed to the glamour and intrigue of the elite, Turhan picked up his polish and poise. He never had any formal education, never went to school in his life. Always a private tutor stuck around to teach Turhan his manners, his readin’, writin’ and arithmetic. They’d change whenever he went to a new capital. So that today Turhan can rattle off French, Spanish, Italian, German and now English—although he didn’t know a word of that until he came to America. Oddly enough, he can just barely stumble along in his native Turkish, because the upper crust of Istanbul stuck to French.

being fastidious with lucre, Turhan had his own horses now and then, when he was in a place long enough to have a stable. He got to be slick in a saddle, as he is today. They taught him the Turkish way of putting up his dukes, knife throwing, and while he’s a little rusty today, he can still hurl a frog-sticker uncomfortably close when he wants to. Judo and wrestling probably helped develop that streamlined, silky-muscled build he has. It certainly is not the result of any training program.

“I’m much too lazy for that,” Turhan will confess charmingly. He found himself getting a little chubby about a year ago in Hollywood and signed up for a few work-outs at Terry Hunt’s. He went to just one workout. Then he forgot to remember to go any more.

Skipping around Europe’s capitals gave Turhan a taste for sophisticated living that shows up today. Before he was 16 he learned, for instance, what the right wines were and how to order in a half dozen languages. Today he’s a gourmet supreme. He’ll make tracks clear across town just to discover some restaurant where a sauce is right on the beam. Russian Bubushikle, the Villa Nova Italian restaurant and an obscure Turkish spot in Los Angeles are among his favorite lunch stands. He keeps a Turkish coffee pot, a brass and silver thing, in his studio dressing room to brew the dark strong stuff that can float a fleet of battleships and knock out an uninitiated American with one cup.
Turhan doesn’t drink any more—not a drop—but when he was a young boulevardier in Europe he took a turn at the vin rouge. He used to smoke strong Turkish cigarettes, too, but he gave that up and sticks to pipes now. The reason for this and his slowed-down athletic life, too, is an overstrained heart he got somewhere or other, possibly from looking at Parisian bright lights too long in his youth.

Of course, it wasn’t all fun and frolic that Turhan Bey grew up on. His mother, separated from his father, was sensible about getting him exposed to good sense, and at twenty-one Turhan knew his history, science and politics, being surrounded by the last all his young life. He and his mother both were able, by the way, to see the war coming in Europe and make tracks for the Land of the Free in time.

One of Turhan’s serious interests tipped him off early about German plans for world fireworks, too. That was when he trekked off on an expedition to Siberia—financing most of it himself, too—supposedly to uncover archeological secrets. A German professor headed the junket, and it turned out he was more interested in uncovering deposits of uranium for war-making purposes than he was in the bones of extinct mammals! At one time in his life Turhan worked up a big interest in uncovering ancient ruins and relics, going once into Tibet and another time digging all around Egypt and India. He was never any mere addle-headed young playboy, even if he did like his fun where he found it.

no time for money

You might think all that wealth and easy upbringing would have spoiled Turhan like milk in July and made him so money-conscious that he’d vibrate every time a dollar bill went by. However, outside of giving him an absolutely charming courtliness of manner and worldly wisdom, the damage from the first is absolutely negligible, and as for money—the guy just doesn’t consider the stuff worth setting a match to. It’s nice, of course, but he just can’t be bothered about it.

For instance, last year Turhan paid his income tax without claiming a single deduction! He has pushed all mere money matters off on his secretary, Paul Richards. He’ll even take Paul along when he’s going to have an expensive evening, just so Paul can pay the check, a tiresome act which distresses Turhan immeasurably. Paul has talked him into an allowance by now, because with that auto weakness of his, Turhan was quite likely to stroll down Hollywood Boulevard for some pipe cleaners and come back with a couple of motor cars he fancied. But Turhan’s disdain of heavy sugar can’t really be cured. He vetoed all involved investment plans to get rich the minute his salary went up to respectable figures. He told Paul just to pay all the bills—without bothering him with them, please—and to sock all the rest in War Bonds.

On top of this high scorn of riches, Turhan is generally a fault. When he first hit on the Universal lot, he caused a mild sensation by practically stripping himself naked every time somebody paid him a compliment. First off, a casual acquaintance admired a lovely gold and ostrich-skin cigarette case he was totting.

“You like it?” beamed Turhan. “Then please accept it.” And he slipped it in the astonished guy’s coat pocket. Next someone who wasn’t hep at all, complimented him on a wrist watch. Off it came. Gloria Jean made the mistake of praising a Paisley scarf Turhan wore. He promptly untied it and put it around her neck. He dished out pipes, ties, coats—everything anyone happened to compliment. By now

Mrs. Alexander Williams Biddle

Two distinguished American families dating back to Colonial times were united when Elizabeth Onderdonck Simms married Alexander W. Biddle. There is aristocracy about Mrs. Biddle’s looks, too—her complexion is so delicate, her care of it so fastidious. “I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream regularly—three or four times a week,” she says. “The Mask has a genius for making my skin look clearer, fresher—and even lighter!”

Mrs. Biddle is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream

How to make your skin look fresher and smoother

First—Cover your face generously—except near the eyes—with cool, silky Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Time this Mask—leaving on one minute for the cream’s "keratolytic" action to work. Then tissue off.

Unflattering, powder-catching little roughnesses and stubborn dirt particles are loosened and dissolved!

Ponds’ Vanishing Cream Foundation

The more women at work—the sooner we win!
the studio hired help have learned not to build up anything the Bey wants, or they'll find themselves with it in their hands, embarrassed and protesting while Turhan purrs happily, "But I want you to have it!"

Turhan’s the thoughtful type as well as being generous—especially when he's entertaining a girl friend. He never takes a girl out for the first time without sending her a present the next day and always one that’s personal, exactly in the right taste, and top quality. First time he took out Susanna Foster, she got an album of symphony records. After Ramsay Ames had dinner with him, a messenger brought her her favorite perfume—how Turhan knew that she never guessed until she realized he'd snifed it on her and being the old smoothie he is, recognized what it was at once. Turhan has given out with first editions, lovely jewelry and all kinds of nice things to various ladies he has squired. Hepburn’s roses, by the way, were nothing sentimental. They were just a tribute—the kind that Turhan Bey invariably makes.

In fact, one thing that baffles and engages him is Hollywood’s habit of suggesting romance when he’s seen anywhere with a lady. Turhan rebels at the bad taste it shows and gets sore as a boil. When some gossiper suggested that there was a rivalry over him between Ramsay Ames and Katharine Hepburn, Turhan blew up, “That’s not only absurd,” he stormed, “it’s malicious.” He’s touchy as all get-out that way. He was raised to consider all affaires de coeur strictly private matters. Even when his secretary makes the arrangements for an evening, ordering theater tickets or night club reservations, he doesn’t dare ask who the lady is to be. If he does, Turhan growls, “None of your business.”

wall around nothing

This gallant crook, of course, has pushed Turhan Bey right into the role of a mystery man in Hollywood, which insists on knowing every muscular, mental and moral move of its stars, from breakfast to midnight. Actually, there’s nothing at all mysterious about the Bey. Nor is he the stand-offish, snooty gent he’s been cracked up to be. That rep came about because once or twice Turhan has refused bids to big Hollywood parties, simply by saying, “I don’t feel like going.” Then he says that he means it. He hates parties and chit chat, gossip and small talk. He doesn’t like big crowds, he doesn’t like to be chummy with people he doesn’t know, and he hates to be stared at. He won’t attend premieres or even his own previews. He has a few pals in the picture business—Bob Lewis, Lubin, the one on "Dragon Seed," for instance, and Arthur Lubin, who really discovered Turhan, but most of his chums are Turkish students and European emigrés settled in Los Angeles or other Continental countries driven here by the war. Turhan admits he’s not the most sociable guy in the world, and he would rather be flayed alive than talk about this subject. He’s nothing mysterious about him. In fact, he’ll grin, “People say I have a wall of reserve. But what they don’t know is that there’s nothing behind the wall!”

One of Turhan’s wall of reserve is his home in Los Angeles, where he lives with his 80-year-old grandmother and mother, a, brother and one or two me and one or two maids. They bought it about four years ago, after coming to California to live, without any thought that Turhan would end up in the movies.

How that came about was by purest chance, but like most everything else in Turhan Bey’s life, it stems from his Continental capers. He was in Paris living at
the Grand Hotel right before the blitz when a young American doctor at the same hotel was looking for someone to show him the sights. The sights of Paris were right down Turhan’s alley, so they did the town and the doctor was impressed. He said, "You know, you ought to be in movies, you look like Rudolph Valentino." That phrase makes Turhan sore as a wet owl these days, because he hates to think he’s a carbon copy of anybody—and he isn’t at all. But at that time it flattered him a little, and he and his mother were already thinking about coming to America anyway. They could sniff the tough times that were bound to strike sooner or later in France. So the doctor gave Turhan a note to a friend of his who later turned out to be Arthur Lubin, a big shot director at Universal Studios.

However, at that time, Turhan didn’t bother to look at the name or address. He was interested in seeing America and that was all. He’d seen about everything else, and there wasn’t any future for him back in Turkey because he’d had a spat with his father, and he’d been around so much he didn’t feel very Turkish anyway. So he soon found himself in New York, unable to speak a word of English and with plenty of no plans. He just hung around feeding the squirrels in Central Park, sitting in Translux newsreel movies and crooking his neck at the tall buildings until he got hold of a Chrysler convertible. Then the Beys went up to New Hampshire for the summer and planned to go to Florida for the winter season. But some Chamber of Commerce Californian they met got hold of them first. He said Florida was a place something like Devil’s Island, whereas California was the garden spot of the world, with beautiful bathing beauties all over the place and hot and cold running orange juice in every room. As for climate—the Californian burst into tears of ecstasy as he warmed up on that subject. Climate was exactly what Turhan’s mother was looking for at that point, so they set out right away, driving cross-country, and when they saw Hollywood, they liked it so much they bought their house the first week.

About the only problem Turhan had on his mind when he arrived was to learn to speak English. So, to learn the name of a good teacher, he dug out his doctor friend’s letter and called up Arthur Lubin, who steered him on to Ben Bard’s drama school as a good place to get glib with American as she is spoken, and have fun, too. Pretty soon Turhan was intelligible enough to act in a Playhouse production—a weird part it was, of course, one of those exotic roles, but that was practically required with the thick accent he had then.

That’s when the Warners’ scout saw him and offered him $350 a week to play the Hindu. Turhan got such a kick out of actually earning a salary and had such fun with Brol Flynn, Alan Hale, Director Lloyd Bacon and the Warner gang of jesters that he thought studios must be all right. Of course, Arthur Lubin took a peek at the picture and agreed with his doctor friend that Bey was future box-office. Lubin had a talk on his hands at Universal about signing up a Turk, but fortunately the studio was going in heavy for all sorts of jungle and Oriental epics, so that’s how Turhan got his contract. And because Sabu is in the Army and because M-G-M thought enough of Turhan to trade Gene Kelly and several thousand bucks for his work in “Dragon Seed,” you’re going to see him starred next in “Return of the Sheik.”

All this success and Hollywood furor

A lovely quotation, but did “dear Juliet” ever wrestle a nice Black Pot?

Is housework making your hands look "OLDER" than you?

Nobody argues that romance and white, smooth, "young-looking" hands go together like Cupid and arrows. But...

But what’s the best way to be sure they stay white and "young-looking" in spite of abuse?

Well, try Pacquins Hand Cream. See for yourself if it doesn’t make your hands smooth out faster and feel smoother longer.

It’s creamy... non-greasy... fragrant... delightful. Let your hands be your age—with Pacquins.

Pacquins Hand Cream

Originaly formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubblings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
Even if jive isn’t your dish—even if you don’t dance at all—you still have to worry about underarm perspiration and odor! If you’ve found that ordinary deodorant creams let you down—switch to Fresh! Sets your mind at ease about moisture and odor—completely! Harmlessly! And Fresh is pleasanter—not gritty, greasy, or sticky! Won’t dry out in the jar!

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely!

- Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science—in a gentle cream that won’t irritate any normal skin!
- Using Fresh, you avoid stains and odor in your dresses, too.
- Smooth and creamy. Doesn’t dry out in the jar. Never gets gritty. Won’t rot delicate fabrics.
- “Year’s-Supply-Free” Guarantee! If you don’t agree Fresh is the best underarm cream you’ve ever used, we’ll give you, free, a year’s supply of any other deodorant you name! The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

Even if jive isn’t your dish—even if you don’t dance at all—you still have to worry about underarm perspiration and odor! If you’ve found that ordinary deodorant creams let you down—switch to Fresh! Sets your mind at ease about moisture and odor—completely! Harmlessly! And Fresh is pleasanter—not gritty, greasy, or sticky! Won’t dry out in the jar!
moustache that makes him look fresh out of a Doctor Fu Manchu. The Oriental touch to his toilette is that Turhan's a sucker for scents. He daubs himself with cologne before he goes out and perfumes up his handkerchiefs. He has all his dress ties made with a special little square patch for his pearl stickpin. His favorite color is green, he hates bulges in his clothes, and he's always pulling up pipe.

If you pay heed to Turhan on the subject of his night life, he's strictly a home boy. He had his twenty-fifth birthday a few weeks ago, and although sometimes he looks about eighteen, sometimes he acts about fifty. He'll casually infer, when you bring up the subject, that all that café playboy business is far, far in the past and, in a slightly jaded voice, he dismisses the subject.

He is very close to his mother, who, like Turhan, is six feet tall and the epitome of Continental charm. Often they step out to dine, leaving Turhan's black cocker poodle, Koo-Koo, to keep his grandmother company. For a long time the Scheherazade, a night club next to Beverly Hills on the Sunset strip, was their favorite stepping-out place because of its subdued Continental, intimate atmosphere. The Boys —I mean Slultayevs—gab to each other in German or French when they're alone. Considering this, it's a small miracle almost that Turhan can stick in the groove with American slang. But linguistically, he's like a blower. Always he has his ear out for a new station-house nifty, and when he catches it, repeats and catches it again, he beams and cries, "WON-der-ful! WON-der-ful!"

Susanna Foster is one of Turhan's current heartbeats. They met at the radio while making "The Climax" and then "Bowery to Broadway" and have been chumming around on sets and off ever since. That fact, by the way, is one of the nicest tributes Turhan could possibly have. Because Susanna is just about the most independent, outspoken young lady in Hollywood and has no time whatever for the Hollywood world pack. Turhan is the only movie actor she'll go out with. And she's my authority for this enlightening fact—that Turhan Bey is the only guy in Hollywood who can "kiss a girl's hand without making her feel silly!"

Turhan refuses to date around. If he goes with a girl, he goes until it p-h-h-ts. He bends over backwards, too, to play absolutely square with the conventions, sometimes to what seems an absurd degree.

For instance, he's a great pal of Jean Pierre Aumont's and also of his wife, Maria Montez, with whom naturally Turhan is very friendly, what with all the Universal thrillers they've made together, the newest one being, incidentally, "Queen of the Nile." Turhan used to see a lot of the Aumonts when Jean Pierre was in Hollywood. But the minute he left to rejoin the Fighting French, Turhan hasn't been out to the house nor taken Maria out. It's just not done in his book of rules.

There are a million little things about the Terrible Turk that make him a very rare bird indeed to be found nesting in the Holly-woods. Maybe after he's around a while longer, he'll slip more into the mould and become just another movie star. But right now he's out of this world, and it's a shame if he doesn't stay right there.

On the last day of "Dragon Seed" retakes, it came time for Turhan to dress to go over to the studio Hepburn whom he unashamedly calls "the most exciting woman I have ever met." Said Turhan frankly, "You know, Katharine, I feel very upset. This is the last day of shooting, and I don't know you one bit better than I did the first day of the picture."

To which Kathe replied, "I was just about to say the same thing to you!"

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Alice's "Photo-Revise" (above) Just one of 60 individualized helps from the Powers Home Course. See how it helped Alice reveal her true loveliness.

"Most every time Johnny looks at me now he tells me how beautiful I am. That's all I ask... coming from the man I expect to marry!" says Alice. "And my sister, a mother of two children, is so envious of my size-12, Powers Model figure that she too, is enrolling in your wonderful Powers Home Course."

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx—The new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushion-
ing, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly
relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender
spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or
rigid shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore
spots and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx to any size or shape and apply it
ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on
the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx to any size or shape and apply it
ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on
the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.
carrot tops and bronzed brunettes are more fetching in tawny, orange lip tones.

APPLICATION TRICKS Once you've decided upon your pet color, how are you going to apply your lipstick to look your prettiest? One thing, says Joyce, you certainly won't do: That is, slather on yourself a lipstick in the general direction of your mouth and hope that the finished product will suggest Hedy Lamarr.

For the natural effect the boys are clamoring for, take time to do a good job. The trick is to keep your mouth composed and bright, no matter how many boys you kiss good-by, regiment by regiment. Thickly smeared lipstick that leaves a flaming imprint on coffee cups, glasses of "Pepsi" or uniform collars is strictly taboo. Another thing the darlings don't like to see is a red-dyed fingertip. If you use your pinlike as a lip-rouge spreader, be sure to clean it thoroughly.

The correct procedure in Hollywood or Hoboken is to begin every lip-painting job with a perfectly clean mouth. First apply cream to help remove old lipstick. Use a soft cleansing-tissue to wipe away both cream and stale make-up. Tissues are handy to carry in your purse and leave a nice, fresh surface to decorate with lip art.

Now for the lipstick outline. If you feel that Nature has slipped up when it came to creating your mouth, do something about it! Design a new one that flatters the rest of your features. If your mouth is a thin slash, bring your lip rouge out to the extreme edge. If your mouth is a bit too generous for your peace of mind, work well within the natural outline. Only thing you have to avoid is imposing a square Bette Davis form on your own rosebuds, if they're the full, curving Rita Hayworth type.

Take a lip from Joyce and use a lip pencil or brush to draw the perfect mouth. Fill in your deftly drawn outline with lipstick and carry the color well beyond the point where your two lips meet in order to avoid any abrupt dividing line. For a longer-lasting job, powder your lips and allow the powder-impregnated color to set for a moment. Flick off the excess powder with a tissue and apply a second layer of lipstick. Blot with a folded tissue, and you'll have an indelible "mouth" that will defy the inroads of the hottest of days.

PROTECTION PLUS In the daytime, be sure your lips are protected with lipstick or lip pomade, because exposure to the elements makes them chapped and rough. Joyce is particular about this. Until she was fifteen, she lived in Texas where the elements can be pretty brutal. To keep your lips always in the pink of condition, apply a soothing lotion or cream every night before resting your weary head on the pillow. This simple care will prevent harsh, cracked lips. And, of course, you know that lipstick itself is a protective against the elements!

Before signing off until December, I have more news. The return of a reasonably priced, quality metal compact after an absence of several years! There are such smooth numbers as "cocktail hour," "pinwheel" and "parade." With that happy thought about compacts (metal ones!) I'll say good-by.

Your letters have been piling in. All I can say is... keep them coming! If you have any puzzler, from what shade of rouge to use to how your tresses should be worn, I'll be glad to help. Write to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 140 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

There's a thrilling new-texture face powder that helps end all these 6 "face powder troubles"!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's made differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by TWIN HURRICANES. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look younger!

The lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror! Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but try it! When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most economical size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players" Monday nights, CBS.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER
Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor
'(and save up to 50%)"

"My career is glamour," says enchanting DANA JENNEY

"Being a Cover Girl is a dream job," - says alluring, successful Dana Jenney. "But I have to be right down to earth about keeping exquisite under the torrid heat of photographers' 1000-watt lamps.

"So I was thrilled when I found a deodorant that really did keep my underarms dry—Odo-ro-no Cream! I can trust it under the most trying conditions. It's a wonderful way to keep freshness from wilting—and a perfect safeguard for the expensive dresses and furs I model.

"Every girl will like the things I like about Odo-ro-no Cream. First, it contains a really effective perspiration stopper that closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed up for 3 days! That's why it ends perspiration nuisance so satisfactorily.

"It's safe for fabrics too—just follow directions. And you can tell it contains soothing emollients because it's non-irritating even after shaving.

"Another thing—each jar gives you up to 21 more applications for 99c than other leading deodorants—a war stamp saving.

"Won't you try velvety, fragrant Odo-ro-no Cream—see if you don't agree with me and other Cover Girls that it's a marvelous help in guarding precious glamour!"

(Price 99c plus 20% Federal Tax)

Odo-ro-no Cream—petal-soft to the last application because it's packed in new air-tight jars!

GOOD NEWS
(Continued from page 65)

"hair-do" at the premiere of "Dragon Seed." Her hair is now decidedly pink in color, and she had red do-dads (that's all I can think to call them) dangling from her coiffure.

Alexis Smith told me a cute thing about the way her romance with her bridegroom, Craig Stevens, started. "You're responsible," she laughed. "You printed in your column that Craig and I, who had never met at the time, had had dinner together.

"The next night he called me up and said, 'Do you like Louella Parsons?'

"I said, 'Of course'.

"'Well,' he laughed, 'you had better have dinner with me tonight unless you want to make an awful liar of her.'"

Robert Walker came over to my house for dinner and did an awful lot of talking about Diana Lynn. The funny part of it is he has never met her. Just a fan. "She looks like an awfully nice gal," Bob said, "I wonder if she would like to have a date with me. Maybe dinner and a picture show?"

I couldn't let that good opening pass. So the next day I called Dana and told her what Bob had said. "Would I like a date with him?" she laughed, "What girl wouldn't?"

But the sequel is even funnier. In spite of my fine matchmaking, Bob still hasn't gotten his courage in hand to ask her.

When Bob Hope's plane was forced down in the South Pacific, and two cases of whiskey had to be tossed overboard—well, that was just too much for his pal Bing Crosby, to let pass unnoticed. These two devote half their lives to ribbing each other.

The day after the story hit the front pages, Bing sent Bob the following cable:

"Would send condolences on the loss of your hair tonic and joke book, but cannot ounce carrying such contrabands. I'm on the road to Berlin with a good cast. You're on the road to Tokyo with pretty good talent. What odds do you lay—who gets there first? Your guide and mentor—CROSBY."

QUIZ CLUES
Set 2
(Continued from page 72)

1. Crooner—cowboy
2. Curvacious in Corvette
3. Learner from Turner
4. Lady courageous
5. Serious in serials
6. Dumb doughgirl
7. Christmas caroler
8. Keeps even tenor with 4 kids
9. Lost his cover girl
10. Arthur Shields' brother
11. Prexy's H'wood Cantée
12. Follows the girls
13. Laird of the Pasadena Playhouse
14. Had a gob of Whoppers
15. Jennie made her mind up
16. Huddling with "Hi"
17. Jack of all trades
18. Grandpa's the "Poor Man's Sinatra"
19. Diga, diga, does
20. Smolders with Loder

(Continued on page 119)
JUNE BUG
(Continued from page 45)

wanted to sit down on the floor and laugh and cry.
She's haunted by a crime she committed at the age of nine. A little boy proposed to her on the sunporch of a hospital. He had a bank, and people who came to see him put money into it. So when he asked her to be his girl, she said, "all right, if you'll give me your bank." He said, "All right, if you'll give it back when I go home." He went home first and forgot to ask for it, and she forgot to remind him. On purpose. She knew she was being awfully bad, but wasn't it wonderful to have that beautiful bank and all that money? Now she'd like to find the little boy. Maybe they could figure out how much she owes him.

He was her last beau for years. In high school the boys never asked her to go out. She was little and thin and had no sex appeal. Not till she was playing in "Best Foot Forward" did she have a real beau. They were even engaged for a while, but nothing came of it. He was the nicest boy. Used to tell her what to do and not to do, like "You shouldn't drink." Of course she didn't drink anyway, but she let him go right on telling her, it made him feel so good.

She attributes her success to everything but herself—to Fred Astaire's dancing, Betty Hutton's measles, George Abbott's kindness, wonderful Joe Pasternak, and an accident that all but killed her at the age of nine.

She was on a bike playing cops and robbers with the kids when a big beat-up old tree, loosened by a thunderstorm, fell on top of June and Teddy—her French poodle who was racing alongside. For a week, they thought she wouldn't live. For months, they thought she wouldn't walk again. For five years she wore a brace on her back. As recently as three years ago, when she danced in the chorus, her legs would sometimes buckle and down she'd go. The other kids laughed and called her clumsy. She laughed back and said, "I sure am." She didn't want them feeling sorry for her. There was nothing to feel sorry about. She was doing fine.

growing pains...

The accident happened in Westchester, where she lived with her grandmother, because her mother and dad were separated, and mother worked in New York. All she kept asking about, when her senses came back, was Teddy. Mother finally told her he'd been hurt so badly that they'd thought it best to send him to heaven with the other little dogs. That was her first great sorrow. She still carries Teddy's picture around with her.

When she was 12, her grandmother died, and June went to New York to live with Mother in a little cold-water flat under the elevated tracks. Their only heat came from the kitchen stove, so on winter mornings she'd get up at five and go downtown to the stores to get wooden boxes to burn.

Two years later all that changed. Mother married again. They moved to Fordham, and June had a room all her own. At first, she just sat and looked at the room. She'd even go sit in the closet, it was so big. But the miracle of the world was getting four pairs of shoes all at once. Every night she'd set them up in a row, so they'd be the first thing she'd see when she woke in the morning. Otherwise, she'd have thought she'd dreamt them.

All through school she kept pretty much...
By Nancy Wood

Son Stan assiduously avoids K. P. Prefers to help his Dad in their Victory Garden... hopes Baby Jimmy will soon learn to weed!

When Daddy does the dishes daughter Kristin loves to help... but solemnly inspects each and every one! "The Very Thought of You" is next Morgan starrer.

Here's where Dennis Morgan proves that folks like good plain food and plenty of it when they hail, as he does, from WISCONSIN

What's Cookin' America

WHEN we learned, recently, that both Dennis Morgan and his wife, Lillian, were born and brought up in Wisconsin, we decided that here indeed was a golden opportunity to find out the sort of fare preferred by folks from "The Beaver State.

This happens to be the very first of the Middle Western States to be featured in this series. We think you'll agree that the choice was a fortunate one when you learn about the many fine recipes we collected from the Morgans for you to try.

To begin with, as this Warner Bros. star pointed out, hearty foods are favored back where he came from. This derives in no small measure from the fact that Wisconsin was extensively settled by groups which escaped from Germany after the revolutionary uprising of 1848... and by others who came from Scandinavian countries and from Switzerland—among whom are included Dennis' ancestors. Naturally these people all brought with them not only their cheese and beer making skills but also their liking for substantial dishes, together with their knowledge of how to prepare them. Couple this with the bountiful harvests produced by the outstanding fertility of the Wisconsin soil, and you'll readily understand why natives of that State establish, early in life, the habit of eating plenty—and well!

In this respect Dennis is certainly no exception. The head of the house of Morgan likes to begin his busy day with a big breakfast. Starts off with a large glass of orange juice; invariably includes toast, coffee and boysenberry jam—this last whipped up for his special delectation by Mrs. Morgan herself. Frequently in-

Roast of pork goes festive when sauerkraut is cooked and served with it, and paper frills top each chop. Spiced crabapples are used here to garnish this Wisconsin specialty of the Morgans.
The fourth in our
Regional Recipe series

includes on his breakfast menu "Eggs à la Morgan"—a concoction which he proudly claims to have originated.

A great dinner favorite with the entire family is Pork and Sauerkrout—cooked together for delectable results. Plain boiled potatoes accompany this combination. Pickled beets and onions are served as a salad—while rye bread and beer are musts in Mr. M.'s opinion.

Naturally, since Wisconsin has countless well-stocked streams and, around two thousand lakes, Dennis has always been an enthusiastic fisherman with a marked preference for the fresh-water variety of fish—the kind he used to catch in the northern part of Wisconsin where he spent his boyhood vacations. Likes nothing better than to cook his own catch, on the spot, frying the small ones in deep fat, after dipping them in cornmeal. However when it comes to big fellows, like "Muskrats" (the wily Muskellunge which often weigh around 33 pounds), Dennis recommends planking and baking at home, in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.)—allowing 15 minutes to the pound. You serve this sportsman's special right on the plank—with a garnish of radishes, green onions, lemon slices and parsley and a large red apple in the critter's mouth. (Wisconsin here we come!) With planked fish of all kinds, Lillian Morgan serves cole slaw and her Special French Fries. "No dessert afterwards, except fresh fruit and cheese," specified her handsome husband. "Wisconsin cheese, of course," he added with understandable loyalty!

Speaking of cheese, once again, Dennis also likes to cook up a tangy rarebit, occasionally. Claims he has worked out a method that assures unusual smoothness and mellowness of flavor. And we agree!

Where desserts are concerned, we did not find our host overly enthusiastic. True, he can never say "no" to one of his wife's Angel Food Cakes. And no wonder, for Lillian turns out an Angel Food that is not only as white as the driven snows on Wisconsin pines but is surprisingly moist in the bargain—this last being a noteworthy feature when you think how dry such cakes often are. Excellent bakers, these Wisconsin women. You see we tried her recipe so we know whereof we speak.

Occasionally, however, Mr. M. can be persuaded to eat a portion of a colorful Fruit Whip which Mrs. M. fixes especially for their three kids, who adore it! Nice part about this dessert is that you can make it with any kind of canned fruit.

"So What?"

This curious character isn’t any one you know. It certainly isn’t any one we know. In fact we don’t believe the man exists who wouldn’t prefer a crisp, white shirt to one that looks dingy and gray.

But we have known women who acted as though their husbands couldn’t tell the difference. Not deliberately, mind you! They just didn’t know how to get all the dirt out of shirts—or any badly soiled garment.

We get to know these women because a lot of them write to us—when they try Fels-Naptha Soap. They say this mild, golden soap, blended with naptha, makes washing quicker and easier. That it gets things sweeter and cleaner. They say they’ll never use anything else.

These women are housekeepers—just like you. So we’re passing the tip along.
to herself, being sort of embarrassed about her brace. You couldn't notice it unless you touched her, so she figured if she didn't play with anybody, they wouldn't know. At Roosevelt High School she did make some friends—exclusively girls—and won scholastic honors. She had to be smart, says June, because there was nothing else to do. Of course she'd rather have been popular, but boys never knew she was there. To hide the hurt, she'd brag. "Oh, I could have gone to the dance, but I'm too busy studying to be a doctor." Having spent so much time in hospitals, she worshipped doctors.

One afternoon she went to see "The Gay Divorcee" and, as Fred Astaire danced, something went bong! in her head, the way it does when you get a bright idea. She stayed all day and played hookey from school to go back the next day and the next. Eighteen times she sat through "The Gay Divorcee," and in her room she practised Astaire's routine. Well, anyway, it was based on his routine.

Now she really had something to brag about. "I can dance like Fred Astaire," she told the girls.

So they ganged up on her—cut out a newspaper ad for chorus girls and stuck it under her nose. "Why don't you go down and audition? We dare you!"

She couldn't very well back down, after all that bragging. Next morning, a small figure in bobby socks, flat heels and no make-up stood shaking in the shadow of the theater where "Sing Out the Night" was in preparation. Beautiful girls, looking as if they'd stepped out of Vogue, swung gaily through the doors. June turned to go home.

the lesser evil...

Am the kids say you weren't good enough? You're going in!

But I'm not good enough.

You bet you're not. But you're going in and let them tell you so.

She pushed herself in and up to a table, where a man took her name. She saw that the other girls had brought their own music. When her name was called, she said, "I do a different kind of dancing. Without music..." and she went into the Astaire version of the Astaire routine. They hired her at thirty-five a week, and she had to suppress an impulse to tell the man he'd made an awful mistake, and didn't he want to change his mind?

Instead she flew home and called all the girls. "I'm a big Broadway actress!"

They sent her orchids and put their opening night and even forgave her for being in the last row, where they couldn't see her. At the end of two months Mother put her foot down. June was to finish high school. Then, if she still wanted to, she could go back.

She finished at 16 and got a job in the chorus of "Very Warm for May." To hear her tell it, they took her because she danced so badly, they thought it was a new style. And they gave her a specialty number to get her out of the chorus, because she, gummed things up by never doing the same step twice. Why, they let her understand the lead in "Higher and Higher," she hasn't figured out yet—unless it was to keep her from singing in the dressing room and driving the other girls crazy.

Be that as it may, the principal came down with pneumonia just before they opened in New Haven, and June stepped in on three hours' notice. Net result: a specialty dance in "Panama Hattie," plus the job of understudying Betty Hutton.

She roomed with Claire Montefiore and Betsy Blair—who's married to Gene Kelly now—at the American Women's Club, and they never had enough money for carfare. Till Betty got the meacles. June wouldn't
wish the measles on anyone, but as long as Betty had to have them, she's terribly grateful that it happened when it did. Because she kind of stopped the show with "All I Got to Get Now is My Man." And when it was over, somebody knocked at her dressing-room door.

"It's George Abbott. May I come in?" "Oh, go away." It was such a tired rib. The kids knew she'd tried to crash Abbott's office a dozen times, and never got past the office boy. "I'm really George Abbott, and I'd really like to talk to you." What started her heart pounding was the smile in his voice. It sounded real. She pulled the door open, and there stood this regal-looking man. All she remembers of the next fifteen minutes is, he offered her a featured role in "Best Foot Forward," and she kept gasping "No!" meaning it couldn't be true, but he thought she meant the other kind of no and kept upping the salary, till she collected her wits enough to say yes.

It would be nice to make a good story of her first Broadway opening—with people going wild and a star born overnight, the way it happens in the movies. Only it didn't happen that way. June was up in knots and never gave a worse performance. Even Mr. Abbott said so. At time went on though, she relaxed and improved. M-G-M offered her a contract. She felt terribly flattered, but decided she wasn't ready for the movies yet. Besides, New York was such fun—with her own apartment in Tudor City and enough carfare and the nice boy. She'd be glad to go to Hollywood after the run of the show—if they still wanted her.

They did. One day she stepped off the train in Los Angeles, all scared and thrilled because there'd be a reception committee and flowers and cameramen and a big to-do—anyone who reads the fan magazines knows that. Well, two hours later, honey, she was still standing there. Of course she'd arrived four days ahead of time and neglected to let the studio know. But that slipped her mind for the moment.

She felt very sad—and kept getting sadder by the minute as she climbed into taxi and drove to the Beverly Wilshire—the only hotel whose name she knew. In her room, she plunged the depths of sadness. Then dollars a day said the card tacked to the door said fourteen left, of the fifty she'd started out with.

livin' on nothin'...

She couldn't stand the sadness. She had to do something to make herself happy again. So she went for a walk and dropped in at a drug store and bought a bottle of farts. Then she'd never been able to afford. This left her with two dollars, but she smelled pretty anyway.

The air must have cleared her head. It dawned on her that nothing but a phone call stood between her and the studio. M-G-M gathered the lost sheep in and put her to work. Pretty soon she was paying dividends.

From a spot in "Girl Crazy" to "Best Foot Forward" to "Two Girls and a Sailor." That's when June began feeling the difference. Nothing you could put your finger on—just a gradual change in atmosphere. Like smiles instead of frowns. Like people taking you in, instead of letting you stand like furniture. Joe Pasternak produced the picture. She thanks him for everything. He's magic. Without him, she'd just be another girl. She says—He said he wanted her for "Brighton Beach," his next musical. That was enough to make her delirious, but she got more. Pneumonia, first of all. Joe'd come over and see her, while she was convalescing. Just sit and look at her. "How do you

How can you tell your daughter if...

You, yourself DON'T

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Shaving Irritation. Noxzema Specially Prepared for shaving gives a grand, smooth easy shave; leaves the skin soft and soothed afterward.

Three Wishes...
Long ago she decided that when she was grown up she'd have a gray Persian lamb coat, a blue convertible with the top down and breakfast in bed. After saving up for the coat and the car, she told Bess one day about the three wishes. She truly didn't mean it as a hint, but next morning Bess brought her breakfast in one tray. "In fairytales," she said, "all the wishes come true, Bess is June's housekeeper, but she's more like a mother. She leaves messages on the phone-pad. "So-and-so wants to take you to dinner. I think you should go."

"I think you've felt so bad. You want you to call back. I'd advise against it." June never has to ask whom she likes and doesn't. If she goes to the kitchen and puts on a white apron, that means you don't rate. No apron means you're okay with Bess. Richard Powell and David Rose are no-apron people. These two may be Dick and Dave to all the world, but they're Richard and David to June. Nicknames rub her the wrong way.

She thinks the marriage gossip about Richard and herself is silly. How can you talk about marriage when the man won't be free to marry for almost a year? In a year, anything can happen. Of course they're good friends, else they wouldn't see so much of each other. But she goes out with other men, too—Van Johnson, John Hodiak, David Rose. Her best girl friends are Lucille Ball and Dorothy Cooper, a script clerk. She can tell the time she was seeing you by the way she likes to like you—by your eyes and the way you smile.

Her favorite date's a nice quiet dinner and dancing afterwards. Her favorite dance is the rumba—to Harry James' music or Cugat's or David's. She hates big parties, everything's so confusing. It's always just one party put together when you know where you are. She's twenty now and still doesn't like to drink and expects to feel the same way when she's thirty. Hot coffee's her passion—the smell more than the taste. She can't stand it in big cups, so she orders one demitasse after another and sets them where the whirl hits her nose. She'd rather eat with...
The woman who thinks she's a good wife

Tom is moody, strange. He seems to avoid Sue deliberately. Over and over, Sue seeks a clue. Tom was once proud of her looks, of the way she managed their home. That hasn't changed. Why has he changed? Poor Sue. She doesn't dream that carelessness about feminine hygiene is the "one neglect" few husbands can forgive. If only she knew about Lysol!...

The woman who knows she is!

Lysol is so gentle, used in the douche, that it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues . . . just follow easy directions. "So simple and inexpensive to use!" says Joan. Try Lysol for feminine hygiene.

Check these facts with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-poisonous — gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective — a powerful germicide, active in the presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading — Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical — small bottle makes almost a gallons of solution for the douche. Cleansly odor — Lysol deodorizes completely. No odor of its own remains after use. Lasting — keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncooked.

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol Disinfectant

Joan and Les are perfect marriage partners. Wise Joan, like so many modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Her doctor told her it is an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. Yet
have a sentimental soft streak as wide as a barn door. He's not the kind of Mick who sings "Mavourneen" at the drop of a prattle and weeps in his beer or anything, but—well—when the war first broke, and the Army scattered its skinny Coast Artillery in the hills back of George's Beverly Hills Home, he spent his evenings lugging coffee and sandwiches to the soldiers shivering in the winter nights at their exposed posts. As a result, George has a couple dozen red hot GI correspondents scattered all over Uncle Sam's far flung fighting posts, and he stays up nights writing them everything he does with his Hollywood pals. And he gets paid back when he receives notes like the one from a Corporal Sid Levine, along with the Samurai sword of a Makin Island Jap captain.

"Dear Molph," scribbled the Corp, "right in the middle of a battle comes a mail guy from headquarters and guess what—a letter from my pal! It makes me feel so good, Molph, that I knock off a few extra Jap bums with my tommy-gun, and one won't be needing this carving knife no more, so I'm sending it along to you."

Well, that in turn made George feel so good that he drove right off across country that night, although he was dead tired, put on two shows in an out-of-the-way Army camp, and before he passed out cold from exhaustion!

But if George Murphy is a tender Harp at heart, he's also loaded with the other rugged virtues that make an Irishman the greatest collection of contradictions on the face of the earth. He's got spunk and energy and drive and cockiness. He's got good humor and friendliness, the knack of getting what he goes after and a healthy portion of good old Irish luck, too. It's the combination, I suspect, that has made George Murphy what he is today—Hollywood's busiest and about its most personally popular star.

This past movie semester, for instance, George knocked out five straight pictures without a day off in between. He headlined the Red Cross Hollywood Speakers Bureau plugging the Blood Bank, Bonds and other war efforts. He managed to stock his Oregon ranch with pigs and cows and things. He made a whirlwind entertainment tour of all the Army hospitals in the Southeast U. S. He served as Vice-President of the Screen Actors Guild and was requested to join the nomination for its next preside. And along the way somehow, George managed to become a proud papa for the second time.

something for the дicks...

The other night, George was working off his surplus energy jogging along the streets of Beverly Hills after dusk, toggled out in an old pair of pants, sneakers and a sweat shirt to work up a steam. He was pounding along when a police patrol car pulled up. Two cops jumped out. They were green officers, and they didn't know George Murphy from Adam.

They grabbed him. "Now where do you think you're runnin' off to, Bud?" they inquired. "What second story job did you just pull off?"

George told them who he was. "Oh, yeah?" barked one cop. "Well, I'm Clark Gable. Suppose you tell us just what you've been up to now in the last few hours."

So George rattled off what he'd been doing: Working at the studio all day. A Command Performance radio show after that, home for dinner, then the workout.

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118
George, "I've got a meeting of the Screen Actors Guild in Hollywood."

"Then what are you running around for?" one asked. "Why aren't you taking a snooze?"

The cops scratched their heads. "I guess you ain't any burglar," the other sighed. "Looks to me like you're just plain nuts!"

George is always getting something like that. But when people shake their heads and infer he is nutty to knock himself out, it turns out he's nutty like a few foxes. When George made "Bataan," Bob Walker, who played in that rugged epic with him, caught George pumping himself up and down off the floor one afternoon right before George, Lloyd Nolan and Bob were to go into the most strenuous scene in the script. It was one where they had to come up over a rock cliff, worn out, panting and out of breath. The climb was bad enough. But here was Murphy knocking himself out doing push-ups as fast as he could!

Bob Walker tapped him on the back. "Will you kindly tell me, Murph, why you're doing that?"

"Or have you lost your mind?"

George just grinned. "Try it, kid," he suggested. "And take a tip from an old timer. When you're supposed to be out of breath, get yourself that way. Then you won't have to worry about it when you shoot the scene. Listen, in this acting racket, the fewer things you have to think about in a scene, the better you'll do what's left."

Pretty soon Bob Walker was down on the floor wearing himself out, too. He found it worked.

smack-in-one . . .

Luckily, one look at Murph and you can tell in a minute that the strenuous life isn't going to get him down much longer than it takes to get back his wind. Beneath George's long chin and twinkling gray eyes, he packs the lean and wiry build of an athlete. It's no accident. For one thing, George's dad was Mike Murphy, the most famous athletic coach the University of Pennsylvania ever had. Mike died when George was just a shaver, but his spirit lived on in George. At Pawling, Peddie and Yale, too, George Murphy was a crack athlete—baseball, football, track. Once, against his rival school, Taft, he won a track meet all by himself with five first places and one second. Even today he looks as if he could step right out to the gridiron, the diamond or a cinder path and get going at a moment's notice.

His best friend is Bob Montgomery—pardon, Commander Robert Montgomery, USNR, whom he met at school at Pawling, N. Y. (Thomas Dewey's home town). In fact, it was Bob Montgomery who started George off on golf, his favorite way of keeping trim today. As George recalls, he wasn't too interested in what he considered an old man's game at that point.

But Bob, who was a links nut, dragged him out on the course one day and said, "So George slammed a two-iron over a hill, and a man came running back yelling and waving his clubs angrily. He'd smashed a professor, who didn't like Murphy anyway, right in the seat of his pants!"

Bob Montgomery is still George's best friend. Every time Bob comes back from sea duty, they get together and laugh over old times, and George listens enviously to Bob's new naval adventures. He swears Commander Montgomery will be right there when the Yanks capture Hirohito. Last time Bob was home, he and his wife and George and his better half, Julie, stepped out for an evening at the Mocambo. They had a benefit whisky raffle that night, and George walked off with the case of Scotch, something like stumbling on to a drawer full of nylon's these days in war-dry Hollywood. "You lucky Irishman!" Commander Montgomery kidded.

"Look who's talking about being lucky," retorted George, and he wasn't kidding. Because the one thing that burns Murph up is the fact that he's missed two wars—a guy with the name of Murphy, too. In 1918 George was a nippur, more or less, but tall enough to fool the recruiting officers in Canada. He was staying in Detroit then with his sister, when he slipped over the border one day with another chum and enlisted in the Canadian Army. Things might have worked out okay, ex-

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**Quiz Clues**

Set 3

(Continued from page 110)

1. Quick on his Trigger
2. Bright when it rains
3. Turhan Selahettin Schultary
4. Won Wilson
5. Dr. Watson
6. Ronnie's C. O.
7. Dr. Gillespie
8. Jack Norworth
9. Barkers don't bite
10. Father Fitzgibbon
11. Soured Skeffington
12. Split "Killer" Gray (worsome
13. The hard-ons Lodged
14. North star, lucky star
15. Private Harrgrove
16. Led the Pied Piper
17. Made his own bed
18. What a woman's a momma
19. Nosed out by Umbrago
20. Heavenly body

(Continued on page 134)

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George's best efforts were walks along Riverside Drive and a bench shared with sailors and their gals. Sometimes they went roller skating in Central Park, when the cops didn’t chase them off. The height of dining luxury was Child’s, more often the Automat.

swinging for their supper . . .

But when they would have enough sugar to go dancing somewhere, Julie, who knew her stuff, told George he was light as a feather. She suggested they work out some routines together. George liked the bright lights and color, the gals and the quick-punching life of show business. He didn’t know beans about it, but he could always dance and clown a little from kidhood on, and no one ever accused him of being a shrinking violet.

Once, for instance, when George’s wallet was flatter than a pancake, and he was itching for a dance, but particularly one somewhere around Broadway, he dropped into a little beer joint where he could get a glass of suds and sometimes a steak on the cuff. The proprietor was the blues, "Wouldn’t you know it, Murph," he wailed. "The guitar slapper I got is home sick in bed. And in the upstairs room is a bunch of hit-shot customers yelling for entertainment."

"That's tough," sympathized George. "But say, I know four chords on the ukulele, and I can sing a couple. I'll sing for 'em!" He did, too, and made such a solid hit that the customers, who were going on to Philadelphia that night, wanted to lug him along with them. But George had ducked out of the party, later kicking himself soundly. Because one of the merrymakers, he found out, was William Powell, a now You-know-who that later became president of CBS.

George and his wife, Julie, have lots of memories to look back on today, most of them good for laughter. They worked up their first dance routines, for instance, in a room above a Chinese Chop Suey joint at 96th & Broadway, because that was the only place they could find. They made a deal with the proprietor, a cantankerous Oriental, to dance for his customers free to pay for the room, and sometimes if they were pretty sharp and his customers clapped, he gave a little chop suey. And George will never forget the time they got good for their first crack at a professional job. The place was called "Villa Valle" then, and it was the "Villa Valle" later on, and today it's the "Copacabana." The hight for George was that he and Julie had to dance at teatime, and the job required a cutaway coat and all the trimming. The George had no dough but plenty of cultivated tastes. He went to the best tailor he could find, ordered his expensive outfit and timed the final fitting so the suit would be ready a few minutes before he and Julie went on at the cafe.

Then he sent the tailor to the back room of the establishment, and he escaped out the door. He thinks the race he made from Fifth Avenue to the tea dance joint tearing along like the bannoshees were after him with his cutaway flying in the faces of automation New Yorkers. He was just about the most spectacular race he ever won. Because George won it all right. The tailor couldn’t catch up with him, and two hours later, after he had eaten his duck and clinched it, George called and made arrangements to pay off his cutaway suit on time. Funny thing too, the tailor became a pal, and George has been getting his suits made there ever since!

Of course, it’s pretty hard to get mad at George Murphy, no matter what he does, a fact Julie discovered in the year...
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George, on the contrary, is always on the look-out for laughs and circulates like a phonograph needle. His good Irish nature is always right there with a wisecrack or a joke to keep things moving, at work or play. For instance, at RKO Studio "Step Lively" didn't have a title for a long time, so it was agreed to call it "Einstein Number Two," since Frank had made one RKO picture before. It began to irk George, who was also in the opus, so he slipped up the doorman for one day. "From now on," said George, "this picture is 'Murphy Number Two'—get it?" The doorman got it. George kept brining him until finally everybody on the lot began calling it "Murphy Number Two"—even Frankie, although the first time he heard it, he almost swooned.

The one George pulled on his pal, Pat O'Brien, is almost a Hollywood classic by now. Murphy is uncanny at impersonations, and when the swanky surrealist king, Salvador Dali, was in Hollywood, he called up Pat and asked out-of-the-world accent claimed to be Dali and said he was calling because he simply couldn't help it. He, Dali, considered Pat O'Brien his favorite movie star and one of the world's great actors. All in dialect.

Pat fell for it like a load of coal and was touched. He replied gallantly that he considered Dali the greatest painter in the world. Well, the next day in a Hollywood cafe where Pat was busy, Dali, so he went over and started thanking Pat for his tributes and all he got was a blank stare. Finally, Dali called a waiter. "Who is this man?" he asked. "Is he crazy?" Pat almost blew up.

Wherever you trail around the studio lots after George Murphy, you find evidence of his enlarged funny bone. A while back one day on the set of "Having Wonderfull Crime," George drew an old overcoat from the wardrobe department for a certain scene. This was done, and in the pocket accidentally, he pulled out a sheaf of ancient raffle tickets marked "Take a Chance on a Grand Piano-$1." Instantly he had an idea. In no time at all he had sold every raffle ticket around the set at a buck a throw. Pianos are something you just can't get these days, and the chances didn't come like hot cakes.

But finally a sucker got suspicious. "Where is this grand piano?" he demanded. Luckily, there was one on the next set. That saved the gas for a while until another sleuth found out talking to the studio business manager that the piano was not for sale, raffle or hire. So George hustled out before he got mobbed and bought a toy piano for the picture. The money went to the GI "Buy-a-Phone-Call" fund. And a couple of lucky soldiers got to talk to their folks back home because of George's cut-up.

Both George and Julie love to dance, like to dress up and step out. George helped organize the Westside Tennis Club. He also belonged to the Beverly Hills Yachting Club. And in Hollywood—a which never saw a yacht or a polo pony—but was strictly a stag club meeting in a sound-proof room every two weeks for all-night sessions of poker and gin rummy. And especially when George wasn't work-
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ing. the Murphys were either having their house full of noise or car off somewhere being the same themselves.

One of Murphy's favorite rendezvous used to be the Jimmy Cagney shack out back of his house. There Cagney, O'Brien, Murphy, Spencer Tracy, Frank McHugh, and assorted movie Irishmen with or without their wives, would stage impromptu vaudeville shows and star impersonations worth thousands if a movie hundred could ever catch them. Everybody in Hollywood and on Broadway from years back was lampooned, the beer flowed freely, and the nights were long.

house of murphy...

At George's house, what with having neighbors around, the fun had to be a bit more refined at that the apartment, he has away from his movie and war morale jobs. The house of Murphy sits up near the hills beyond Beverly. It's not a showplace, but it's big enough cornered out home, with pine-panelled walls, antiques and chintzy chairs here and there. No interior decorator got near it; George and Julie, mostly Julie, knew what they wanted, and they waited to get it, all this for the first couple of years they lived in the place with hardly a stick of furniture. Their first Christmas, for instance, all the furniture to the front room was George's Christmas tree. Now it's rich with the rare antiques and special pieces that George and Julie had in mind from the start but not to wait.

George is fastidious that way. He likes good furniture, good clothes, good food and drink. Although he has been in Hollywood almost a decade now, he still buys his haberdashery at Brooks Brothers, New York's smart men's store, and has his suits tailored by Earl Benham—the self-same tailor who fashioned George's futile getaway away back when George's pen extravagance is linen handkerchiefs. He has stacks of them. But while whatever he gets is usually the best he can buy, Murphy takes good care of them.

He has a Cadilac, for instance, that he has nursed like a baby and today the speedometer reads 200,000 miles. He has some Dun-

hill pipes so old and well-smoked that they're black.

George is neat as a pin around the house—likes to keep dressed up, and if guests are coming, always puts on a coat and tie—something that's seldom done in the relaxed movie colony. When he steps out, too, he always wears a stiff collar, which makes Southern Californians stare. The only casual slip Murphy permits himself alone at home is bare feet. He thinks walking around without shoes keeps his dancing dogs healthy. When he does slip on his new red shoes, he always puts the right shoe on first, it's his major superstition. He showers and shaves twice a day, keeps his clothes hung up neatly, always slips the detective stories he likes tadily back on the shelves, and never dips a cigarette ash on Julie's rugs or spills a table with his favorite Scotch-and-plain after dinner. In short, he's a model spouse around the house.

But the minute he hits the studio, George doesn't pick up a thing, tosses clothes, phonograph records, fan mail, old cigarette

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