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THE STRANGE CASE OF LANA TURNER!

A DELL MAGAZINE
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Plain Girl,
Smile..

...the Crowd will follow a Lovely Smile!

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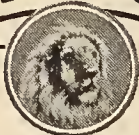
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this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Playing at the Astor Theatre, the motion picture showcase of Broadway, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film that—even as we go to press—is shaking the grapes on the vine with tremulous excitement.

It has a big title—"The Human Comedy"—and it is a big picture.

No—it isn't a "Gone With The Wind". It's physically smaller but humanly larger. It isn't about who kissed who or who stole the papers.

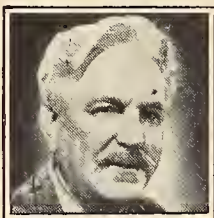
It's about people—real people—human people—American people—all people.

Involved are adventure, romance, feeling, beauty, decency, understanding and all the words like that in the thesaurus.

This leads us to that curious phenomenon of the arts—William Saroyan who wrote "The Human Comedy".

He is the man who baffled and entertained Broadway with such unusual plays as "My Heart's in the Highlands", "The Beautiful People" and "The Time of Your Life". "The Human Comedy" is better than all his plays, better than all the Saroyan stories.

Clarence Brown produced and directed the film with loving care. He says that the picture is inherently his best. Clarence doesn't boast. He meant that the picture's content inspired him.



Mickey Rooney gives an artist's performance as Homer Macauley, the messenger boy. Frank Morgan as Willie Grogan, the telegraph operator, is perfection itself.

One could tell about the entire cast; tell about every single episode in the film. It's that interesting and true

May we suggest that you write this column a letter after you've seen the film. We hope it is playing in your town today so that we'll hear from you soon.

Someone once criticized the films for not giving the true picture of the best side of American life. We'd like to hear from that chap after he sees "The Human Comedy".

We laughed—we cried—we cheered.

Even a lion is human.

—Lea



MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

THE STRANGE CASE OF LANA TURNER

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FEATURES

BEAUTY

FASHION

DEPARTMENTS



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Dangerous Curves Ahead!

Lana
TURNER

"Cinderella came out from behind her soda counter! She'll look adorable in satins and sables!"

Robert
YOUNG

Slightly
DANGEROUS

WITH

WALTER BRENNAN

DAME MAY WHITTY • EUGENE PALLETTE • ALAN MOWBRAY

Screen Play by Charles Lederer and George Oppenheimer

Based Upon a Story by Ian McLellan Hunter and Aileen Hamilton

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

**OF COURSE — IT'S
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**



MOVIE REVIEWS



Dixie opens door of her dressingroom closet and torch-singer rolls out dead. She and Biff notice she's been strangled by her own G-string. Attempts have already been made on Dixie's life.



During Biff Brannigan's act, he hears piercing scream from sarcophagus used as stage prop, finds the show's dancer similarly strangled. (That's famed Pinky Lee between Stany and Michael.)



Tap stripper Dixie Daisy (Barbara Stanwyck) and grinning Biff Brannigan (Michael O'Shea) go into a mild clinch between acts. But Dixie's mind, at this point, is strictly on business.

LADY OF BURLESQUE

Certainly one of the strangest professions is the one practiced by what Broadway calls the *stripeuse*. These are the generously endowed ladies of burlesque who mince and prance across stage and—in time to slow, dreamy music—disrobe artistically before a pop-eyed audience. Gypsy Rose Lee, Queen of the Strippers, helped develop this fine art into Big Business—making it pay off at the rate of \$3,000 a week—which isn't hay even to the hayseed from Seattle. Nobody knows the backstage burlesque routine better than Gypsy, and it is to be expected, therefore, that her first book should set its locale in a Broadway burlesque house.

The story begins in Columbus, Ohio, where Dixie (Barbara Stanwyck) is playing the Gaiety theater. A telegram arrives from the famous "Belasco of Bumps," producer S. B. Foss (J. Edward Bromberg), inviting her to come to New York. Though Foss asks only for her, the loyal Dixie insists on taking along her fellow performer, Gee Gee Graham (Iris Adrian), and arrives prepared to tell Foss, "No Gee Gee, no Dixie." But Foss likes her, likes Gee Gee and engages them both. Dixie's sensational act sets the Main Stem steaming; she gets the star spot in the show. The cast is divided between admiration and envy.

Boss Foss is delighted (Continued on page 9)

"I HAVE A HUNCH I'VE STARTED SOMETHING"

says

Hunt Stromberg

THE first few pages of Gypsy Rose Lee's "THE G STRING MURDERS" convinced me that here was something new in screen material. The farther I read, the more excited I became. The story had pace, excitement, and a robust humor. Above all, it had colorful characters that were made to live on the screen. The burlesque background was different, intriguing, and lustily alive.

Wait till you hear her sing "Take it off the E-string, play it on the G-string".



Newcomer to watch
MICHAEL O'SHEA
as the Burlesque
Comedian

SO I've made the picture and you'll be seeing it soon under the title "LADY OF BURLESQUE".

THE mystery murder plot has something of the quality that made Nick and Nora Charles your favorite people in "The Thin Man." When I produced that picture I had a hunch you'd want more "Thin Man" pictures—and you did. And now when you see Barbara Stanwyck as Dixie Daisy I think you'll want more of the same. Also there's a newcomer named Michael O'Shea who looks like a find to me. As a matter of fact, there are three or four who'll bear watching.

OF course every producer gets enthusiastic about his latest picture—but please take my word for it—"I have a hunch I've started something".

MURDERER'S ROW?



HUNT STROMBERG presents

BARBARA STANWYCK

in

*Lady OF
BURLESQUE*

with **MICHAEL O'SHEA** and

J. EDWARD BROMBERG • CHARLES DINGLE • FRANK CONROY
GLORIA DICKSON • MARION MARTIN • IRIS ADRIAN • VICTORIA FAUST
PINKY LEE • FRANK FENTON • JANIS CARTER • EDDIE GORDON

Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

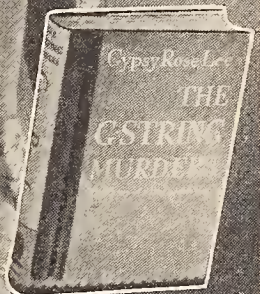
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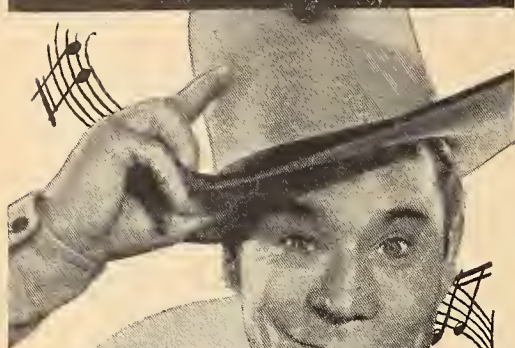
MUSIC...MYSTERY...MURDER!

TIME MAGAZINE RAVES ABOUT
GYPSY ROSE LEE'S BOOK:

"...lurid, witty...rich show business vocabulary and stage door gags...builds up to a hair-raising climax."



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SHOOTIN' WESTERNERS
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JUDY CANOVA**

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JOHN HUBBARD
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**THE MILLS BROTHERS and
SPADE COOLEY and HIS BOYS**

**BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**

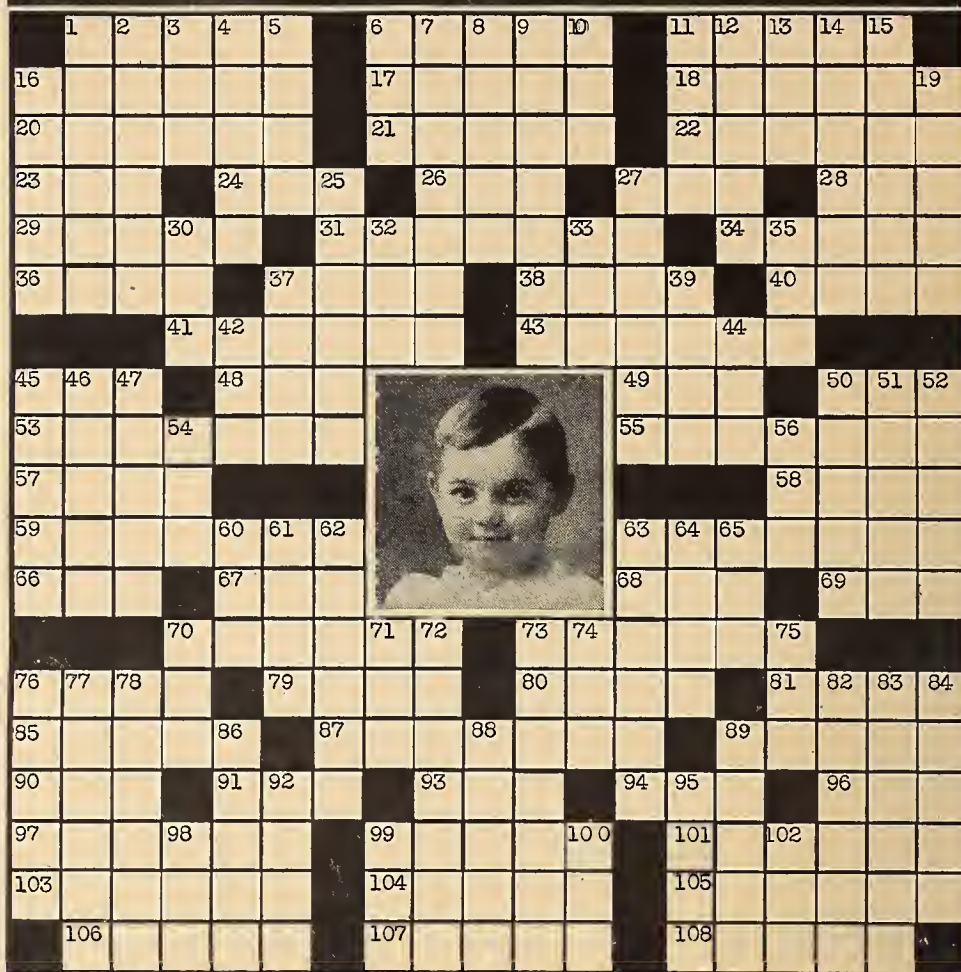


SONGS!

"Mad About Him, Sad Without
Him Blues"
"Welcome to Victory Ranch"—and more

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 92

ACROSS

- 1 & 6. Popular star in Uncle Sam's service
11. Star of "Sherlock Holmes and The Secret Weapon"
16. "Princess O'Rourke"
17. Mohammedan official
18. Placed in a row
20. Learned man
21. Huge pieces of ice
22. A Western star
23. 102: Rom. num.
24. Wife of Joel McCrea
26. Portuguese coin
27. Facial twitching
28. Before
29. Binnie B.....
31. What every star is "All Out" for
34. Sea Eagles
36. Ginger's ranch is in O.....n
37. "China Girl"
38. Myrna's role in "Thin Man" series
40. Sums up
41. Stems
43. Republic studio starlet
45. "Maise"
48. English cathedral city
49. Bo---a Granville
50. Eddie ---ert
53. Heroine in "The Black Swan"
55. M-G-M dancing star
57. Light
58. "P.... Of The Yankees"
59. Hanging ornaments
63. Subdue
66. "They All Kissed The Br..."
67. College yell
68. Swiss river
69. Craft
70. Popular character actor
73. Tunesmith for "Holiday Inn"
76. "Lucky Jordan"
79. Range
80. Absent without leave: abbr.
81. State where 1 Across was born
85. Mountain nymph
87. Tambourine
89. Begin
90. Wine chalice
91. Life in the abstract
93. Weep
94. Consume
96. A studio's grounds
97. Closing scene of an opera
99. Belonging to Priscilla's sis
101. Re-cover the inside of
103. Pertaining to old age
104. Inactive
105. Click beetle
106. Vegetable dish
107. Theme
108. Stitched

DOWN

1. Miss Trevor
2. "Among The"
3. Mrs. Mickey Rooney
4. Peels
5. Hepburn's nickname
6. Chatter
7. Punishes by fines
8. A Hollywood director's headgear
9. Multitudes
10. Jane With ---
11. Captain Fifi in "China Girl"
12. 20th Century-Fox singing star
13. Pose for a picture
14. To purpose
15. Ogled
16. Our star won this for "It Happened One Night"
19. An Orry Kelly specialty
25. Heroine in "The Desperadoes"
27. Hero of "Crash Dive"
30. Dawn goddess
32. Writing fluid
33. Spoil
35. Male lead in "Crystal Ball"
37. Actress Sondergaard
39. Seed covering
42. Small mound
44. "Summer" to Michele Morgan
45. Violin maker
46. Sea nymph
47. One who cares for the sick
50. Mrs. Buddy Adler
51. An English actor
52. Lead in "Silver Queen"
54. Railways: abbr.
56. M-G-M's by-line: --- Gratia Artis
60. Blunder
61. With our star in "Somewhere I'll Find You"
62. Newsreels, cartoons, etc.
63. Beloved deceased wife of our star
64. Hero in "Arabian Nights"
65. M---s Wrixon
70. Girl's name
71. Hawaiian wreath
72. Plums
73. Star of "Ball Of Fire"
74. Female sheep
75. "They Dare --- Love"
76. Wastes time
77. Divisions of soldiers
78. Star of "Forever Yours"
82. Rock salt
83. Pressed
84. Valuable fur-bearing animal
86. Feminine name
88. He was in "Between Us Girls"
89. A milestone
92. Require
95. God of war
98. Be sick
99. "The Great ---"
100. Pen
102. Edict

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

with the act; Moey (Lou Lubin) the Candy Butcher ("Get your candy now, folks, and chew while you view!"), is excited about the prospective increase in his business. Sixty feet above the stage level, high up in the shadows of the flies and ropes, "The Hermit" (Lew Kelly), a strange, morose old man, peers down like an ominous bat at the performers below. Over by the stage door, the doorman Stacchi, (Frank Conroy), an elderly ex-opera singer, sits at his post, smoking silently, eyes gleaming.

As Dixie goes through her act, she watches the other performers in the wings. There is pathetic Dolly Baxter (Gloria Dixon), who has long since seen her best days; Sandra Slade (Claire Carleton), a tough and hardened performer; across the stage Lolita La Verne (Victoria Faust), a fading beauty, is coyly whispering to a comic named Rogers (Frank Fenton). Poor Dolly, who is "gone" on Rogers, is obviously burning up with jealousy—and if looks could kill, Lolita would be dead right now. Meanwhile, a good-natured comic named Biff Brannigan (Michael O'Shea), is kidding Dixie from the wings as she goes through her act. He is making her laugh off-cue, and is she furious! But he is delighted.

There is a strange and ominous air in the theater that day. When the girls get together in the common dressing room, they squabble and quarrel and fight.

That night, someone tips off the police, and they raid the show while Dixie is on stage. A signal lamp, supposed to warn the cast backstage, fails to light up. Someone douses the house lights, and, amid screams of terror, everybody races for the exits. As Dixie passes a door in the dark, long, thin, powerful hands reach out, grab her by the throat and begin to strangle her. She manages to get out one loud, piercing scream. A policeman rushes up, flashlight swinging, as the hands let go, and Dixie falls unconscious to the floor.

That night producer Foss takes them all to dinner in a fancy night club, and here they meet Louie the Grin (Gerald Mohr), gangster and killer. Louie picks a quarrel with Lolita and Rogers. He warns them both that Lolita is his girl, and she'd better watch her step—or else.

Next day Dixie goes upstairs to the women's dressing room. As she opens the door, Lolita tumbles out dead. She has been strangled by her own G-string. At least half a dozen persons had every reason to wish her dead. The police question everybody and get nowhere. Meanwhile, Princess Nirvena (Stephanie Bachelor), a newcomer, is suddenly

YOU DON'T WANT TO WIN A FUR COAT?

Then don't look at page 74 because MODERN SCREEN is offering an irresistibly luscious I. J. Fox white Russian Wolf fur coat. It's a tempting bundle of soft, furry glamour, and some pretty lass is going to be mighty proud wearing it in the Easter Parade.

*The name
of their love
was Mary Ann!*

HOW THEY LOVED HER
AND HOW PROUD OF
THEIR LOVE THEY WERE
—THE NINE MEN OF
THE FLYING FORTRESS
CALLED 'MARY ANN'...



"As whopping a story
as ever you're likely
to see!"

—NEW YORK TIMES

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"Yankee Doodle
Dandy" and
"Casablanca"

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given Dixie's star spot in the show.

As the second number curtain rises Biff Brannigan is revealed against an Egyptian backdrop with a huge sarcophagus in front. As Biff begins his spiel, a terrifying scream comes from inside the big box. Biff leaps to open it, and the body of the Princess tumbles out. She is still clad in the costume she wore a few minutes before in her act—and she, too, has been strangled by her own G-string . . .

But, my frightened friends, that isn't the end of the G-String murders. When you go to see it, be sure to sit deep in your seat, for there's a m-u-r-d-e-r-e-r abroad—and you'd better shiver out of sight. . . . Of course, there's beauty and romance, too, and plenty of snappy gags and hilarious comedy. Don't miss it.—U.A.

P. S.

The words "strip," "strip-tease" and "stripper" were taken right out of the script before production began. Not because of the Hays Office. A six-city survey proved that less than 29% of all the men and women queried knew what such words meant. And to most of them, a G-String was something on a violin! . . . The picture runs for 1 hour, 30 minutes, takes up 8,532 feet of film . . . Producer Hunt Stromberg chose Gypsy Rose Lee's book because it afforded a new background for a murder mystery, had the added advantage of unusual language, the lingo of burly-cue houses . . . He picked his cast carefully, introduces some brand new faces: Leading man Michael O'Shea has had stage and radio experience. Victoria Faust is well known in Hollywood for her beauty and lovely singing voice. Pinky Lee, the guy with the wistful lisp, is head clown at Earl Carroll's Theater Restaurant between pictures . . . Star Stanwyck had to be in good condition for the strenuous dancing she does. Got her voice in warbling shape to introduce "Take It Off the E String, Play It On the G-String" . . . All the Hollywood wolves were on the prowl for the six six-foot show girls Stromberg rounded up: Elinor Troy, Virginia Gardner, Mary Gail, Barbara Slater, Claire Carleton and Dallas Worth . . . Watch Janis Carter, who plays Janine, a show-girl. Stromberg has big plans for her, will launch a concentrated campaign when he finds a good role that will showcase all her talents . . . The only changes in the script were made to give the picture a wider appeal. Twenty-two-year-old scripter James Gunn had a tough job retaining the spice and, at the same time, making it digestible for moppets.

THE HUMAN COMEDY

People are wonderful. People are good. Nobody is really bad at heart. If you'll just extend a friendly hand, they'll go more than half way to meet you. So says William Saroyan.

The Macauley family is very like the people down the block. They are simple, nice, friendly. Mr. Macauley (Ray Collins) is dead, but from up in heaven he watches over his widow (Fay Bainter) and their four children. It's through his voice that the story is told.

The eldest son, Marcus (Van Johnson), is away in the Army. The eldest daughter, Bess (Donna Reed), is going to college. The second son, Homer (Mickey Rooney), is going to high school, and now that Marcus is away, Homer is the man of the family. After school he works in the telegraph office. Ulysses (Jack Jenkins), aged 5, is the baby of the fam-

ily, and Ulysses, as the story commences, is just beginning to find out about the world.

Homer's the messenger in the telegraph office, and Mr. Grogan (Frank Morgan), the old telegrapher, loves him like a son. Homer rides his bicycle, bringing happiness and sorrow in the little yellow envelopes he delivers. This afternoon he carries a telegram to Mrs. Sandoval (Ann Ayars), the poor Mexican woman whose boy is fighting with the Americans in Manila. The telegram begins: "The War Department regrets to inform you that your son, Juan—" Mrs. Sandoval cannot read English, so Homer must tell her that her son has been killed in action. It is not an easy task for a 16-year-old, and that night when Homer gets home, he feels years older. He left home a boy and returns a man.

Far away in camp, Marcus is writing a letter to his mother, sister, brothers and his sweetheart. He loves them all. He wants to know the news in Ithaca. Is his mother well? How is his sister doing in school? Homer must be feeling the burden, and Ulysses is probably discovering the world. Marcus sits and chats quietly with his buddy, Tobey (John Craven); tells him all about his family until Tobey feels he's a part of them. Tobey is an orphan, never knew who his mother or father was. He is hungry for a family. Marcus says: "When this war is over, you're coming home with me." That makes Tobey feel grand.

And so the picture continues, telling of the small, real things, the long-remembered things that make up most of our lives: The kids playing baseball in empty corner lots, Homer falling into puppy love with the girl in his class, and Spangler (James Craig), the manager of the telegraph office, courting and being courted by that nice Diana Steed (Marsha Hunt).

One night when Grogan is taking a message over the telegraph "bug," he collapses. Homer runs to him, tries to revive him, cannot. He looks at the telegram the old man was typing. It is addressed to Homer's mother. It reads: "The War Department regrets to inform you that your son Marcus—" and there it has stopped. Homer knows now that Grogan who loved him and knew a lot about Marcus and the family, died of a heart attack when that shocking news came over the wires to him.

Spangler, his pal, as well as boss, walks home with Homer. The boy doesn't know how to break the news to his mother. They pass a soldier limping along. Homer seems to know him though they've never seen each other before. Finally Homer nears his house. The door is open, and the soldier is limping up the steps. He speaks to Bess. It is Tobey whom Marcus wrote about in his letters. Tobey has come to tell the family that they have lost one son, but if they will let him, he will be a new son to them. For Tobey is already in love with Bess, and it looks as if she will be with him. Homer, whose heart was bitter, feels strangely soothed. Marcus has just gone to join his father. The music rises and swells around the Macauley family circle. Father and son, reunited in another life, watch and smile. For life is here and must go on. This is another day to be lived. And people are good.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Between scenes, Lionel Barrymore studied his lessons in Mandarin Chinese. Learned them from Keye Luke. Wants to be able to read Chinese music, so he can arrange some of the themes for

orchestration . . . 30 of Ann Ayar's 145 pounds are by courtesy of the wardrobe and make-up depts. Usually a portrayer of glamour girls, Ann asked for a "weighty character role" and got it . . . Five-year-old Butch Dudley is the son of Actress Doris Dudley and Captain Jack Jenkins of the U. S. Ferry Command . . . Quote by Clarence Brown, producer and director: "It's like a jigsaw puzzle. Piece by piece the picture gradually fits together into a whole. But not until the last piece is in place is the entire picture seen or understood. With addition of the final piece, the deep thoughtfulness of the entire story becomes clear" . . . Metro is reported to have paid close to \$100,000 to Wm. Saroyan for his script, but if true, that figure probably included his salary while working on the lot. Saroyan later turned out the story in book form, left the studio in a huff when they wouldn't let him direct the picture according to his own ideas, which were too costly from the time angle . . . The musical score is original, written especially for the film by Herbert Stothart . . . A mention in print of Donna Reed's moving from the Studio Club to an unfurnished apartment yielded a harvest of gifts from service men all over the world: Grass skirt from Hawaii, sealskin blanket from Alaska, leopard skin rug from Africa, set of walrus-tusk needles from Iceland. The soldiers and sailors didn't know it, but they were sending wedding pres-

"If I waited for a dinner date—I'd starve!"



Joan: The only dates in my life are those on the calendar . . . but the fellows stand in line to take *you* out! What's missing in my bag of tricks?

Alice: You *should* have plenty of come-hither, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don't even know what it is!

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 73 and 94 there are two more sets of clues, and on pg. 101 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 5 points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 78 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Daffy over Detlie
2. Heady over Hayworth
3. Benny's Man Friday
4. Tarzana
5. All Ty-ed up
6. Zany duo
7. "The Maltese Falcon"
8. Ya feet's too big
9. At random
10. Off-Tone
11. O, Oli!
12. A Jinx
13. Possible daughter-in-law: Livvie de Havilland
14. Mr. Bell
15. "How Green"
16. Cried in "Camille"
17. "My Gal"
18. Champion
19. Fringed hair-do
20. The ghoul of Transylvania

(Next set of clues on pg. 73)



Alice: That's the way underarm odor fools you, Joan—you can offend and *never know it!* Even with a daily bath, you can't be *sure*—that's why I use Mum!



(Later) Alice is right—and I'm through taking chances! From now on—it's a bath to remove past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.



Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You'll like Mum for—

Speed—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even *after* you're dressed.

Safety—Gentle Mum won't irritate underarms, even after shaving. Mum won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Sureness—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

The first
4 STAR
LEG
MAKE-UP

WON'T
RUB
OFF

BLENDS
SMOOTHLY

WATER
PROOF

LOOKS
LIKE
SILK

Gaby

NU-NATURAL
LEG MAKE-UP



New! Sensational!
Improved, remarkable creamy lotion that blends smoothly... leaves no streaks—never smears or rubs off! Two Nu-Natural hasiery shades.

25c • 50c

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF

Gaby

GREASELESS SUNTAN LOTION

Never greasy—never sticky!
Prevents sunburn—promotes a beautiful tan.

10c • 25c • 50c • \$1.00

ents. Donna married make-up man Bill Tuttle the day she finished "Human Comedy" and moved into the now-furnished apartment.

DESTROYER

The ship a sailor loves must be a lady. *Jonesy* was a lady, and "Destroyer" is the tale of Jonesey's adventures from the day of her launching until she settled down to the serious business of blasting Japanese submarines out of the water.

And since a ship is no better than its crew, this is also the tale of Chief Bo'sun's Mate Boleslavski (Edward G. Robinson) and of the sizzling romance between Boleslavski's daughter Mary (Marguerite Chapman) and that likable sailor lad, Mickey Donohue (Glenn Ford).

Boleslavski, or Boley, as his mates in the Navy called him, helped build the destroyer, U.S.S. *John Paul Jones II*, (*Jonesy* for short). He had served on the first *Jones* in the first World War, but had long since retired to civil life. Now that another *Jones* was going to be built, Boley got a shipyard's job as welder and was busy seeing that the *Jonesy* got the best of attention from every worker in the docks. Later on, Boley got himself shipped aboard the ship he helped to build, under command of his old friend and shipmate, Lieut. Comdr. Clark (Regis Toomey).

Aboard the *Jonesy*, Boley runs afoul of trouble. He supplants young Mickey Donohue, and Mickey doesn't like it, because Boley is Old Navy and doesn't know the ropes, and Mickey is New Navy and does.

The *Jonesy* sets sail out of San Francisco for a shake-down cruise. Everything goes wrong, and most of it is Boley's fault. He means well, but Old Navy methods just don't work in the new U. S. streamlined warships. Mickey tries to help, but Boley won't accept it. Meanwhile, Mary and Mickey try to straighten things out, but love and seamanship find it hard getting together. A second cruise is set, this time northward toward the Aleutian Islands. In the middle of the cruise, the *Jonesy* is signaled to be on the alert for subs and enemy bombers.

But she has sprung a leak and is taking a terrific pounding from the heavy seas. Suddenly, a Japanese submarine surfaces and starts firing. A lucky hit followed by a torpedo smashes amidships, and an explosion rocks the ship. The order is given to abandon, and the men take to the lifeboats. But Boley is positive he can repair the ship. It is already listing dangerously, and the submarine, having seen the lifeboats take off, has gone hunting another victim. Boley persuades his commander to let him have four men back aboard. They descend into the bowels of the ship, burn out a piece of steel and patch up the hole in its belly. The ship can't make speed, but it can limp home under its own power. Cheering wildly, the men return.

Jap planes, circling in reconnaissance, spy the ship making headway and fly in for the kill. They do considerable damage, but the sailors man their ack-ack with enthusiasm and yell with delight when they bring down one, two, three, four, five enemy planes. Now the submarine has returned. The *Jonesy* is disabled, its heavy guns are out of action, and as the sub comes closer, Lieut. Comdr. Clark decides to ram her. The crew throw themselves flat on deck to lessen the shock, and the *Jonesy* heads for the partially submerged sub, full speed ahead. It hits the iron fish, tears

through the shell, and there is an explosion that lifts and splits the back of the *Jonesy*...

Back in Frisco, the destroyer limps painfully into port. She has upheld the Navy tradition. But Boley has gone back regretfully to shore duty. He will teach the youngsters to fight. But the youngsters will have to do the fighting. Fine young lads like Mickey Donohue. Mickey who is certainly going to marry Mary. A pair of fine kids. Deserving of the best in the world, guarded and protected by the finest Navy in the world... the U. S. Navy—Col.

P. S.

100 enlistees in the United States Navy had their arrival at the Training Station recorded on celluloid as part of the picture. Two busloads were chosen at random, and as the men piled out and went through the preliminary receiving formalities, Edgar Buchanan, Leo Gorcey and Craig Woods mingled with them and were photographed for actual scenes in the film... Regis Toomey, in uniform as Lieutenant Commander Clark, got saluted right and left by all Navy men visiting Columbia Studios. Regis decided it would be less complicated returning the salutes than explaining, and got a big kick out of the men's reactions when they recognized him and realized why he looked so familiar... There were seven Eddies in the cast, so Director Bill Seiter numbered them. Eddie One was Edw. G. Robinson, Eddie Two was Edgar Buchanan, etc... The oldest and youngest member of the troupe enlisted for service two days after production halted. Sixty-year-old William Kahn, who has already served 20 years aboard freighters, entered the Merchant Marine; 16-year-old David Holt enlisted in the Naval Cadet School under sponsorship of Lt. Comdr. Donald Smith, who was technical adviser on the picture... To get some of the men to volunteer for skin-short Navy hair-cuts, Director Seiter offered extra money. Eight University of Southern California boys submitted to the barber's shears, collected their bonus, then told their fellow cast members they were going into the real Navy the following week anyway... Last day of work, Eddie Robinson balked at having grease-paint applied until he was allowed to make up the make-up man, Bob Cowan. Cowan emerged from the ordeal looking like a cross between Rochester and Charlie McCarthy.

DU BARRY WAS A LADY

What would you do if you had two offers of marriage—one from a very rich man whom you did not love and one from a very poor man whom you did (Continued on page 14)

WRITE OR YOU'RE WRONG

Sorry we can't hand out halos. Certainly you deserve them, the way you've been tossing off those slews of letters each week to guys in the service. We love you for it... and so do they. Some of you brighties have sent in this inspiration: Throw a letter-writing orgy and get the mob to write 'em as they munch peanuts and sip pepsis. That way you'll have a riotous time writing your own letters to service beaux, and you'll be getting the other gals to scribble off the notes they might otherwise neglect.

AMERICA'S BEST LOVED NAIL ENAMEL AND LIPSTICK.

IT'S THE SUPERB STAY-ON QUALITY

BEHIND WINDSOR, MRS. MINIVER ROSE, ROSY FUTURE, CHERRY COKE

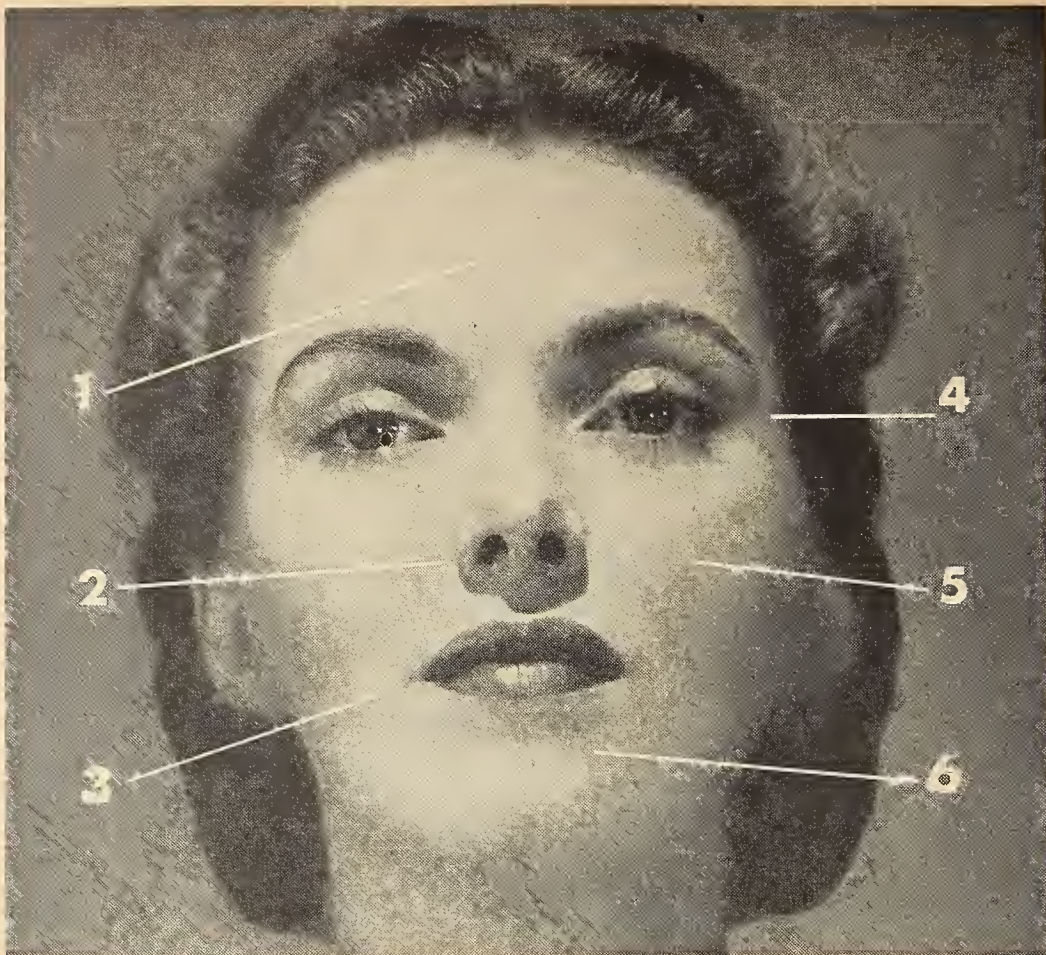
Revlon

AND OTHER THRILLING REVLOX COLORS THAT MAKES

AMERICA'S BEST LOVED NAIL ENAMEL AND LIPSTICK



nail enamel 60¢
lipstick 60¢, also \$1 size



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

- 1 Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?
- 2 Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?
- 3 Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?
- 4 Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?
- 5 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?
- 6 Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!

THERE'S a thrilling *new-texture* powder that helps end the 6 "face powder troubles" listed at left. 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 hurricane method makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—makes the shades richer. Lady Esther Face Powder helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles. *Try it!* See how it gives instant new freshness to your skin—makes it look younger and lovelier.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and find the one shade that's most flattering to your skin.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



LADY ESTHER, 7110 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (85)

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Fans, be a MODERN SCREEN REPORTER! See your name in print and win \$1!

All you have to do is write us an entertaining *true* story about some Hollywood star whom you've known or made faces at or met—a story which we in Movietown will never hear unless you tell it to us. Send as many as you like, and FOR EVERY ANECDOTE WE USE, WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE DOLLAR.

Of course, we reserve the right to edit and revise all stories we use, and no contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail your inside story TODAY to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 12)

love? The rich lug has dough, but the empty-pocket lad has that certain something that makes your heart do a beat-me-daddy-eight-to-the-bar.

Well, what *would* you do? But, perhaps, on second thought, you'd better not answer. Because *we know!* . . .

Louie, the Hat Check Boy (Red Skelton), is employed to gather up the skimmers in a high class Broadway clip joint. Louie is the dream-love of Dead Pan Ginny (Virginia O'Brien), the cigarette girl who peddles cigars and cigarettes at \$20 the pack, but Louie has pop-eyes only for the splendiferous May Daly (Lucille Ball), who is queen of the bistro and scintillating star in the club's musical revue, "Du Barry Was a Lady." Now Love is a strange thing—and though May likes Louie (he's *such* a lot of fun), she's really ga-ga-gone on Alec Howe (Gene Kelly) who dances fast and fancy in the show. And Alec is pitching woo to her, too.

Alec, alas, can't make with the check book—and there's a fellow hanging around May who can, and how! That's Willie the Playboy (Douglass Dumbrille), known up and down the Gay White Way as Broadway's Wolf in a Dress Suit. Alec knows about this plush-lined playboy, and he gets discouraged because May won't say "yes," even though she sizzles him kisses that seem to mean "yes." Alec's pal, Rami the Swami (Zero Mostel), gives out with advice. He peers into his crystal ball, shuffles his marked cards and prognosticates that, "Never mind, Alec, you'll get the girl of your heart—some day." That's the cue for the slow music, professor, and Tommy Dorsey and his band make jive—sweet, sizzling and scrumptious.

So that's the set-up. Louie has eyes for May, not for Dead Pan Ginny; Alec has eyes for May, too, and she for him, but she's tired of hoofing in smoke-filled dives and wants a man with a mint—that's Willie. Or it might be any other chap with a check. Even Louie. And that's not funny, because Louie wins a sweepstakes, proposes to May who has just had a quarrel with Alec, and, believe it or not, May accepts. Of course, it's more in anger at Alec than in love with Louie, but the nuptials are ready to be tied, nevertheless. Louie, now a big shot, decides to throw an engagement party in the swanky Club Petite. At the party Alec kicks up such a row that Louie fixes it with his pal Charlie, the Messenger Boy (Rags Ragland), to slip Alec a Mickey Finn powerful enough

to put that unhappy lover to sleep for a long time. But Chump Charlie gets the drinks mixed. Louie swallows the knockout cocktail, and he slips dizzily off into a beautiful, beautiful Dream-land. . . .

You'll hardly believe that dream when you see it, but anyway, it all ends happily enough. May gets Alec (bet you knew all along!); Louie gets Dead Pan; and the audience gets fun! . . . The sweepstakes money? Well, Uncle Sam's taxes took good care of that!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Lucille Ball got to use Norma Shearer's dressing room, because her hoop skirt costumes kept her out of average-size trailers. Miss Shearer's portable has triple width doors (15 x 19 feet) . . . Under the glam-glam gowns, Lucille wears 30c bobby socks, saves her nylons for use when they'll be seen . . . The concerto written especially for Tommy Dorsey has one note in it only Tommy can play. It's a combination musical tone, with Tommy playing the first note and humming the second . . . Signs of the times: 95 out of the 220 male extras were definitely grey around the temples . . . Lana Turner spent two hours getting a complete change of hairdress, make-up and costume for one scene—lasting exactly one minute, 20 seconds. When it was over, she had to change all over again and go back to work on "Slightly Dangerous" . . . After preview of pic, M-G-M executives decided they were wasting half of Red Skelton's talents, confining him to comedy roles. From here on, he gets a chance to do romantic and serious parts . . . Varga was transported from the East Coast to sketch the composite American Beauty, using the DuBarry girls as models . . . Inez Cooper modeled the hands . . . Hazel Brooks won in the leg department . . . 5-foot-8-inch Eve Whitney had the most beau-

6 easy rules to help keep colds away



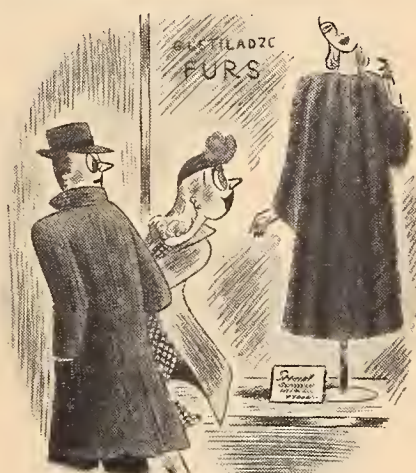
1. Stay out of drafts



2. Get plenty of rest—eat the right foods



3. Avoid people with colds



4. Dress warmly

WE'LL MATCH YOU, \$10 for 10%

The letters we've been getting have been brimming with such spritely schemes, we've had a heck of a time deciding which one to award this month's prize to. Have you sent us your soulful confession, yet? . . . and if not, shame, 'cause the prize, you know, is \$10 in war stamps. First, we want to know how you're managing to give 10% of your weekly stipend to war bonds. Is it by one swinging sacrifice each week or by dozens of midget economies? Second, we want to know exactly why you're knocking yourself out to buy these stamps and bonds. Got a brother in boot camp? A lieutenant for a beau? Or is it something altogether different that's shoving you onward?

I belong to a Sunday school class of about 80 members. We conceived the idea of paying our dues for each meeting in 10c war stamps. We meet twice a month, and each member must pay whether he's present or not. So you see, it quickly mounts up to a tidy sum. When we have enough stamps, we convert them into bonds and give them to the church.

This plan seems to have stimulated so much interest that the attendance at our meetings is larger than ever.

Mrs. J. K. Swiger,
430 North 8 Street,
Martins Ferry, Ohio



5. Drink liquids often



6. Guard your throat



An effective antiseptic
for mouth and throat

Gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

tiful waist, a mere 21-inch span . . . Other anatomy "bests": Kay Williams' arms, Georgia Carroll's eyes, Natalie Draper's lips, Mary Jane French's hair, Eileen Haley's bust, Ruth Owenby's hips, Marilyn Maxwell's ankles, Theo Coffman's feet . . . Varga said the most perfect model of all was Kay Aldridge. He says, "She has everything. She not only is beautiful but has poise, litheness, health, perfect features, joy of life and, most important of all, intelligence" . . . Kay turned down his offer of any amount of money if she would model for him exclusively.

IDAHO

Roy's latest picture, "Idaho," is different from most of the Westerns you'll run across. The story is based upon newspaper headlines in recent months, and you may have seen them yourself. A man commits a crime in his youth. He goes to prison, pays his debt to society and, years later, when he has proved by exemplary conduct that he can be a fine and honorable citizen, someone crawls out of the shadow of his past and threatens to reveal his true identity—unless.

When Judge Grey (Harry J. Shannon), who has lived down his prison past, is faced with that dilemma, he calls upon his young friend Roy (Roy Rogers) for help. He tells his story, and Roy believes it. Not merely because Roy is in love with the Judge's beautiful daughter Terry (Virginia Grey), but because when you know a man all your life, you know he's not going to give up the rewards of hard labor and decency at the behest of a couple of cheap thugs.

But the hard-boiled Belle Bonner (Ona

INSPIRATION DEPT.

I read your story "Woman in White" a while back and, as the result, have joined the Nurse's Aides. Joan Fontaine's words on how desperately Aides were needed in our hospitals because of trained nurses being drafted were an inspiration. I realized that staying at home saving kitchen fats and tin cans while my husband was away in the Air Corps just wasn't enough. I will finish my training soon and want to thank you for printing Joan's story and making me feel a lot more useful to my country.

Mrs. William Dillman,
1622 South Argyle Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Munson) who ran the biggest dive in that part of the state, had other ideas. The Judge had told her to get out of town and stay out. Belle was tough, and when bribes and threats failed to move the Judge, she resorted to blackmail. Two thugs (Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl) who knew the Judge in the old days had fixed evidence to show that he was at the bank the night it was robbed and the watchman killed. Then Belle wrote the papers suggesting they dig up information on the notorious Tom Alison, famous bank robber of three decades ago, knowing this would expose the Judge's past.

But Roy, like the knights of old, was not easily daunted. He had a trick or two up his sleeve, too. Together with good old Frog Millhouse (Smiley Burnette), Roy saw that the two bandits

learned about the payroll coming through the valley the next night. He got his friend the sheriff (Onslow Stevens) to send a posse down by Hairpin Canyon.

Just as Roy expected, the rats nibbled at the bait. But just as they stopped the stage and laid hands on the money bags, out step Roy, the Sheriff and the posse and catch the bandits red-handed. That busted up the gang and Belle Bonner's gambling joint as well. That part of Idaho was a better and more decent place to live in from then on—to get married in and raise a family, for instance.

Because you know who got Terry. We should have liked to, but drat it all, Roy got there first!—Rep.

P. S.

Republic Studios bought "Idaho" when it was on the Hit Parade, built a movie around the song . . . Plans were made down to the last cowboy for a location trek to the state of the same name, but Government regulations on travel stiffened about that time, and the studio had to settle for the scenery around Kern County . . . Roy Rogers, Ona Munson, Virginia Grey and the rest of the gang arrived there to find plenty of meat and coffee, but no water! You can't have everything, they decided, and gorged themselves against the time they would have to return to meat-less, coffee-less Los Angeles . . . Roy hit the jackpot on the meat situation. The day he finished work and started home, a friend of his from Texas sent him a whole side of beef! . . . Ona Munson's character name is "Belle" as in "Gone With The Wind," but she's respectable, almost, in this one. Plays the owner of a gambling house and balked at only one part of

GOODBYE DANDRUFF

Don't let dandruff spoil your beauty! Keep your hair shining with natural life and color, antiseptically clean, AND COMPLETELY FREE OF DANDRUFF by using Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application, and it is the ONLY shampoo whose guarantee is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms.

Results Are Different—Because Fitch Shampoo Is Different!

And you apply it differently, too—right to the DRY hair and scalp. That's when it dissolves the dandruff. Next add hard or soft water. Fitch Shampoo foams into a rich abundant lather that carries away all dirt and dandruff without the aid of an after-rinse, leaving your hair soft, manageable and lustrous. Good for all colors and textures of hair—so mild that it's recommended for even a baby's tender scalp. Economical—no wonder Fitch Shampoo is the largest selling shampoo in the world! Barbers and beauticians testify that it reconditions as it cleanses.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SOAP SHAMPOOS



Soap Shampoo

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



Fitch Shampoo

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

Fitch's

**DANDRUFF
REMOVER**

Des Moines, Iowa

SHAMPOO

Bayonne, N. J.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Copr. 1943
F. W. Fitch Co.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



the script. Refused to shoot Roy, 'cause she knew the kids would never forgive her . . . Smiley Burnette, formerly teamed with Gene Autry, plays Roy's side-kick now. He never reads the script before starting a picture, so when his wife found him scanning it carefully after three days of shooting, she wanted to know how come. "I want to find out," replied Smiley, "why they kept pushing me in the river all day today" . . . A prankster (there's one on every trip) set Virginia Grey's alarm clock two hours ahead one night, which set the bell to ringing in the cold, ashy dawn. Virginia, unaware of the rib, began to worry because everyone else was late, went around pulling off blankets to wake up the rest of the troupe.

MR. LUCKY

Can you imagine the charming, irresistible Cary Grant as a ruthless racketeer and creating gambler? And to top that, a draft evader? Well, listen . . .

Joe the Greek (Cary Grant) and a fellow named Zepp (Paul Stewart) are

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The naturalness of Helen Hayes has been highly publicized. But my experience will lend credulity to her publicity. Last year, when Miss Hayes was appearing in "Candle in the Wind," she gave me a splendid interview for my local paper. On the surface she was a lovely, poised person receiving a member of the press.

Backstage, at the same time, was a local stock actress who'd been visiting with Miss Hayes before I got there. According to her, Helen Hayes had been seated at a small table having toast and coffee. When the secretary announced me, her face was sticky with jelly and buttered toast. "Just a minute, 'til I get a little more presentable," she cautioned the secretary. Then she did a quick repair job, smiled and winked at my friend, the stock company actress, and turned to greet me.

June Streibig,
1055 Sunset Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

owners of a gambling ship, *Fortuna*. Uncle Sam at the moment has the ship padlocked. Joe raises \$10,000 to lift the ban, and he's all ready now to sail the ship to Cuba where gambling's wide open. But—there's always a but—two things are holding him back. One: Joe Bascopolous, member of his crew, is dying; and two, Joe the Greek needs a fat bank roll to get the games started when he is ready to operate. What to do?

Joe figures he can raise the money in town, and he's just about to go over the gangplank when the mail man arrives with three *billet-doux* from Uncle Sam. It's the draft board sure enough. Joe and Zepp are classed 1-A and are ordered to report; and Joe Bascopolous, dying over there in his bunk, gets a lucky 4-F. Now, Zepp and Joe the Greek get the same idea at the same time. Why waste 4-F on a guy who can't use it? Poor Joe B. breathes his last in a little while, and Joe the Greek and Zepp gamble for the deceased's draft card. Lucky Joe wins it. Zepp goes off to the Army, and Joe goes ashore now to try to raise enough money to get his gambling business going again. With him goes his dumb, but hilariously

(Continued on page 20)



In this jar . . .

A POSITIVE POWER TO BENEFIT AND BEAUTIFY through *Special Ingredients*

TODAY women want a cream that will *do* something for their skin . . . something constructive, transforming. It's not enough for it to be just a lovely, luxurious cosmetic. It must contain ingredients that do needed work.

That's why so many women are turning to Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. It contains *special* beneficial ingredients that *do* something . . . like controlling oiliness, dulling shine . . . helping to ease out blackheads and prevent enlarged pore openings . . . keeping dry flaky skin supplied with needed moisture and oils.

Phillips' Skin Cream contains an ingredient no other cream contains—fine genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It contains moisture-holding cholesterol. And it contains softening, suppling oils.

Let it Work at Night! Give these ingredients a chance to do their beneficial beautifying work at night—to soften, to neutralize any acid accumulations found in the external pore openings, to supply moisture and oils.

Use it as a Foundation! Phillips' Skin Cream acts in its own remarkable way as a base for make-up that women find almost perfect. Powder and rouge go on so evenly and keep that freshly-applied look for hours!

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream is helping many thousands of women to achieve and keep a fresh, dewy, delicate skin. Its power to benefit and beautify is ready at hand to help *your* skin.

PHILLIPS' *Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream*

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM
Cleanses and softens the skin. Not only loosens surface dirt but penetrates outer pore openings and floats away accumulations. Makes the skin feel so soft and fresh!



THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES



The Fighting French

By Marjorie Deen



Susan Peters adds Burgundy to Chicken à la Bourguignonne.



As directed, bastes it frequently while it bakes in the oven.



Meanwhile she fixes a vegetable salad, to serve along with it.



And now everything is ready for a fine French style dinner.

French cooking—always a favorite subject with gourmets the world over—came in for considerable discussion on and around the sets of "Assignment in Brittany." Which was quite to be expected since France is the locale of this film's exciting story and Pierre Aumont its male star.

Pierre, as you doubtless already know—or will certainly wish to know after seeing him in this exciting dual role—is as French as they come. Holder of the Croix de Guerre, demobilized when France fell, he managed to escape over here. But he intends to return abroad soon, to join the forces of the Fighting French who are dedicated to the purpose of bringing about the "Jour de Gloire" when their beloved country once more will be free!

In this, his first starring part in America, Mr. Aumont plays a Frenchman "assigned" by the British Intelligence Office to an important secret mission in conquered France. At the completion of the picture, Susan Peters—who stars opposite him—gave an all-French dinner in his honor. She also invited other members of the cast who, by now, subscribed with her to the belief that the French must indeed excel in the culinary arts, to hear Pierre wax so eloquent on the subject at the slightest excuse!

Before trying to swing a special dinner party such as this, Susan decided she had to do some "boning up." In the process, Susan informed me, she discovered some worthwhile food facts and recipes that should be of interest to us all in times like these when we must make the best use of every scrap of food we buy.

To begin with, the French, proverbially thrifty, would be horrified at the waste that is still taken for granted in the average American home. They have been known to claim that a French family could live comfortably on what we throw away!

They excel in the preparation of egg and poultry dishes, know countless ways to cook them, serve them constantly—in which we would do well to copy them, these meat-scarce days!

The sauces for which they are famous are the product of loving care and imagination as well as of the things that go into them. French cooks would not dream of using salt and pepper as the only seasoning, even in the simplest sort of sauce. Instead they make judicious use of wine and wine vinegar, of lemon juice, capers and mushrooms, of onions or their stronger cousin, garlic (which they employ with far more discretion than do the Italians) or shallots (which have a mild onion flavor and may therefore be used with a freer hand). They use meat, fish and poultry stock extensively in sauce making—or, lacking these, add a bouillon cube or a beef-flavored extract. Their devotion of long standing to herbs makes it apparent that our recent excess of enthusiasm on this subject, should be encouraged.

But above all, we should bear in mind that fine sauces, such as those for which the French are famous, are prize *extenders* of flavor—which make it possible to purchase and serve smaller amounts of scarce or higher cost items in combination with other filling foods that are more plentiful. And who's to say, these days, that we shouldn't also copy the French in taking up, with a crust of bread, every last vestige of flavorful gravy that remains on the plate! But be sure to note that important word,

"flavorful"—which you'll find exemplified in the Chicken Bourguignonne, given here as prepared by Susan Peters in honor of her co-star, Pierre Aumont.

CHICKEN BOURGUIGNONNE

- 1 young chicken
- flour, salt, pepper
- 4 tablespoons melted fat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound mushrooms, sliced
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Burgundy wine
- 8 mild white onions, parboiled

Have chicken cut in pieces as for frying. Use only the "meaty" ones—legs, second joints, breast and lower part of wings. (Reserve other parts of bird for use in making soup stock.) Singe chicken and wipe with damp cloth. Sprinkle lightly with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown chicken pieces in the melted fat (preferably chicken fat) in a heavy skillet. Remove chicken when brown and sauté sliced mushrooms in the same skillet, adding more fat or butter, if necessary, to prevent burning. Add the wine and cook down until liquid is reduced by one half. Return chicken pieces to skillet, add onions which have been parboiled 10 minutes and thoroughly drained. Cover tightly and continue cooking in moderately hot oven (375°F.) until chicken is tender, basting frequently with juices in skillet. Serve on heated platter, accompanied by French Style green peas and a big bowl of salad. Follow with a simple dessert—such as a "compôte" of fresh fruit.

PETITS POIS À LA FRANCAISE

(French Style Peas)

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 6 small white onions
- 2 cups shelled peas
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 6 outside leaves of lettuce
- 2 tablespoons water or chicken broth

Melt butter in a heavy waterless cooker or Dutch oven. Add onions, whole, and cook until slightly browned. Add peas, sprinkle with combined salt and sugar, cover with lettuce leaves. Add water or broth, cover tightly and simmer gently until peas are tender. French cooks like to add a little minced parsley and chervil, also, or a pinch of mixed herbs. They also much prefer to use broth instead of water. The liquid remaining in the pan, after cooking, may be slightly thickened with a very little flour moistened to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Thickened or not thickened, this liquor should be served with the peas as its flavor will be found to be delicious.

MIXED SALAD BOWL, VINAIGRETTE

Into a large salad bowl, which has been lightly rubbed with a cut clove of garlic, place green pepper rings, tomatoes cut in eighths, quartered hard-cooked eggs and radish roses. Add crisp salad greens—preferably of two or more varieties, with escarolle and watercress ranking high among possible choices. Just before serving add enough of the following dressing to moisten salad, without however "drenching" it. Toss together lightly. Serve from the same bowl, at the table, onto well-chilled salad plates.

Vinaigrette Dressing:

- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika
- a dash of pepper
- 6 tablespoons oil
- 3 tablespoons tarragon or wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon minced chives or shallot
- 1 teaspoon finely minced gherkins

Combine dry ingredients, beat in the oil and vinegar with a fork—or place in a bottle, as does Susan Peters, and shake well. Add remaining ingredients just before you are ready to add the dressing to the salad.

MOM WON'T MIND
—WE USE
FELS-NAPTHA



Junior is a little optimistic, we're afraid . . . though it's true the ever-present evidence of dirt is less menacing to Mothers who have Fels-Naptha handy.

Take those two Turkish towels, for example—the Pride of the Linen Closet—to tell the awful truth. In some homes they'd cause a first-class 'conniption'. But not here.

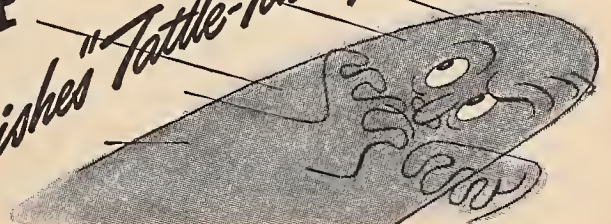
This Mother knows that no youngster can grind dirt in too deep for Fels-Naptha Soap to reach it. She'll soak those towels in rich Fels-Naptha suds. She'll let this grand, mild soap and gentle naptha go to work. Then, a light rub, a quick swish—and out they'll come, as fresh and white as the day they went in her hope chest.

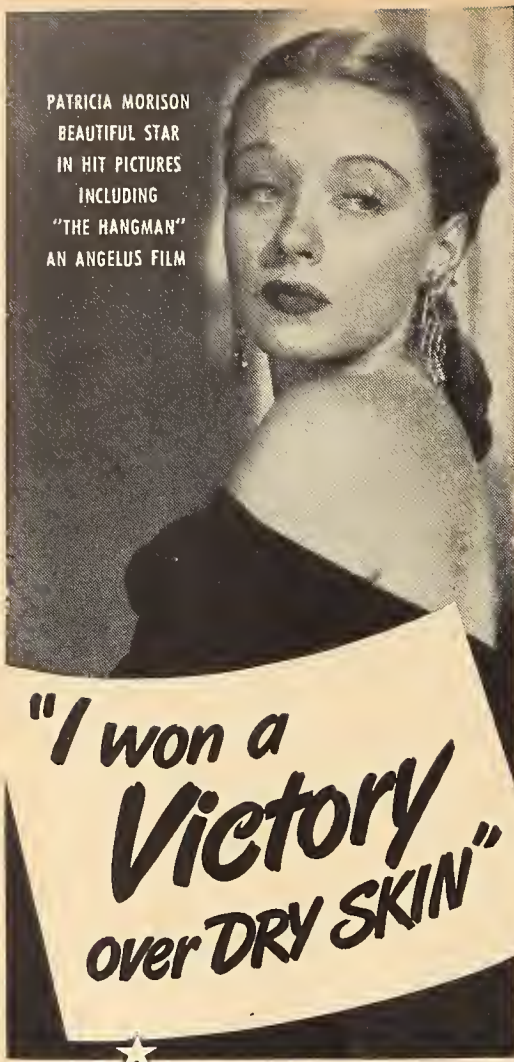
Mother—have you a little 'Junior' in your home? Then you need a *lot* of Fels-Naptha, too!



Fels-Naptha Soap

Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





PATRICIA MORISON
BEAUTIFUL STAR
IN HIT PICTURES
INCLUDING
"THE HANGMAN"
AN ANGELUS FILM

"I won a
Victory
over DRY SKIN"

SAYS PATRICIA MORISON

"I use LANDER'S COLD CREAM with OLIVE OIL—a rich *special formula* accepted for advertising by AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N"

You may *think* you have trouble with dry sensitive skin but movie stars who work under hot drying lights, have a *real* battle!

So why don't you take a tip from beautiful Patricia Morison and other famous stars of stage and screen who use and endorse Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil?

It's a wonderful rich *special formula* that has been awarded professional approval. Read how the American Medical Association regards it. Then you'll *trust* its quality.

You're thrilled by the soft, fluffy texture of this dainty, white cream. It melts at once and spreads gently on your thirsty dry skin.

It's an all-purpose marvel! Cleans exquisitely. Smooths away dry lines. Grand overnight! Leaves skin soft and satiny with that tempting peaches and cream look. Big jar only 10c at your 10c store. Ask for other fine Lander beauty aids.

★THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N accepts this cream for advertising in their Journal because it is fine and pure... and because our advertising tells the truth.

LANDER'S COLD CREAM

WITH
Olive Oil
ONLY 10¢



FOR VICTORY
Buy War Bonds and Stamps

(Continued from page 17)
funny bodyguard, the Crunk (Alan Carney).

On Park Avenue, Joe meets pretty Lieut. Dorothy Bryant (Laraine Day), selling tickets for a Greek War Relief bazaar. After trying to flirt with the lady lieutenant and getting just nowhere, Joe goes to the organization's headquarters. He informs the astounded Capt. Steadman (Gladys Cooper) that he would like to contribute \$70,000 or so if they will permit him to run the gambling concession at the bazaar. He is positive he can collect that much, and will turn in the full amount. The plight of the refugees, says Joe, touches him deeply. Of course, Lucky Joe really plans to skip with the dough. They agree.

Meanwhile, Joe visits the headquarters regularly. His real purpose is to try to get through the icy exterior of Laraine Day. But he meets with a discouraging response. He gets shunted over to the nice ladies of the organization who teach him to knit socks, hem-stitch and model for nightgowns. Joe has fallen solidly for Lieut. Dorothy, and she likes him more than she should. He gives his blood to the blood bank; he risks his life to get a relief ship off to Greece with supplies, and he is getting to be a little uncomfortable, too. Joe

is beginning to wonder if he ought to go through with it.

Complications ensue. Dorothy's grandfather (Henry Stephenson), who is a banker, has long been suspicious of Joe. And Zepp, turned down by the draft board, has come back to town. He demands his share of the prospective haul. Joe tries to talk his way out of these jams, but it's none too easy.

Right up until the day of the bazaar, Joe expected to go through with his plans and steal that relief money. But on that day, something happened. Zepp hands him a letter that came to the dead Joe Bascopolous from his native, war-torn Greece. Joe reads it. It tells about the massacre of Joe's two brothers by the Germans. It tells of the terrible, heart-rending misery of those left alive—to starve, to die like animals.

That does it. That shakes Joe to the bottom of his soul. Joe sees in his mind's eye the flaming ruins of one of the great nations of history, and he is filled with a blind fury. Now he really gets to work. He throws every ounce of his energy into making the "take" at the bazaar as big as he can, determined, too, to turn over every cent to the Relief Fund.

But Joe has Zepp to reckon with.

MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER COUPON

● There they are, proudly thumb-tacked to the wall above our desk... and all day long our eyes keeps straying toward them. FOUR simply lush NEW CHARTS on beauty, on manners, on snagging a war job or keeping a beau in tow. A couple of months ago, we blithely stated that MODERN SCREEN meant to enlarge its services to become a buying guide, fashion bible and general "can't-do-without." And our writers are doing a perfectly swish job of following through. What's more, you can get any one of these charts for practically buttons. Beauty Chart No. 2, Fashion Chart No. 2, "How to get a War Job" and "Mind Your Manners," are a nickel each. Your Individually Compiled Horoscope and the Super Star Information Chart are a dime each. Just check the boxes indicating the charts you'd like, write your name and address clearly and pop the coupon into an envelope with the correct amount of money in stamps or coins. Easy, huh? Address the envelope MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

Co-ed Beauty Chart No. 2 (5c) ☐

Beauty primer... Spring tonic for face and figure... sure-fire ammunition for lassoing the lads on leave.

Co-Ed Fashion Chart No. 2 (5c) ☐

How to wrestle with a midget fashion budget... what to wear and where to buy. Stacks of Springy new fashion ideas.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) ☐

Would you like both your future and your personality analyzed. Fill in your birthdate here. Year..... Month..... Day.....

How to Get a War Job (5c) ☐

What a chance to help Uncle Sam and carve out a new career! Here's how to hunt a new job or climb up from the one you have.

Mind Your Manners (5c) ☐

Wanna do the proper thing, don't you? This snappy etiquette guide ranges all the way from Canteen-meetings to altar-trekking.

Super-Star Information Chart (10c) ☐

Vital statistics and last-second dope on 500 most popular stars... i. e. marriages, likes, dislikes, sh! sh! stuff by the yard.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was hiking with a friend along the Champlain Bridges connecting Ontario and Quebec, we saw the cutest little baby boy being wheeled by a lovely girl in slacks and kerchief. I couldn't resist going over to play with him. His vocabulary consisted of one word, "Bath," which, I gathered from his excited gestures, meant the river. After walking a few blocks chatting, I found that the baby's name was Michael Damien, and the mother was Maureen O'Sullivan.

Later, I dazedly accepted when Maureen offered me a lift into Ottawa as far as the grocery store. I hounded her place for an autographed picture of her and found her not only amazingly unaffected but twice as lovely off screen as on.

Shirley H. Pickthorne,
402 O'Connor St.,
Ottawa, Canada.

P. S.—Maureen O'Sullivan was in Ottawa to be with her husband stationed near here.

Zepp tries to rob the till that night, and Joe fights to defend it. Joe is shot, but he manages to grab the money. To save himself from exposure, he escapes through a window, planning to send the money back. But Dorothy is disgraced, and he is meanwhile stamped as a thief.

It all comes right, of course, in the end. The relief fund gets its money and the ship to send supplies across to war-stricken Greece. Joe joins the Merchant Marine and gets a couple of U-boats. Dorothy waits down by the pier, day after day, and finally gets her reward.

You know what that would be. The initials are C. G.—R.K.O.

P. S.

Milton Holmes, author of the original story, is a tennis pro turned writer. Interested Grant in the plot of his yarn between sets at the Westside Tennis Club, sold it to RKO for \$35,000 . . . Al Rhein, professional gambler-about-town, acted as technical adviser, taught members of the cast fancy card raffles and shuffles . . . One sequence features Australian rhyming slang (a wife is a storm-and-strife, feet are plates-of-meat). Not new, the slang started over 100 years ago in England; was brought to Australia via the penal colonies, came into the U. S. by way of the Barbary Coast . . . Picture has had two previous titles—"Bundles for Freedom" was its tag the first day of shooting, then it was switched to "From Here To Victory" . . . Cary had to have a special wardrobe made. His own clothes were too conservative. And the ties were so wild, he automatically covered the one he was wearing whenever visitors appeared on the set . . . Lorraine Day gets her first chance away from Nice-nelly clothes, plays a debutante and wears slick Creations . . . Barbara Hutton Grant's little son Lance paid his first visit to Papa Cary's set during the third week of production. Stayed for half an hour and completely charmed everyone he met . . . Asked why he was so anxious to play the part of a distinctly inferior (at first) person, Cary said: "The story shows the reaction of a man with a lot of personal failings to the great thing that's in the air. I think people will be interested in that. Joe's no cut-and-dried figure, but a man so darned human I look on him as real."

and I promised Mom—

WHO would have thought you'd be a deserter from a dustmop . . . when Mom's counting on you? When your country's counting on you? . . .

As Mom explained—it's girls like you taking on "homework" who release a whole army of mothers for rolling bandages and selling war bonds and driving drill presses.

That's how important you are . . . but look at you now! Wondering why you're different from other girls who manage to do their part every day of the month.

Because if they can whisk through dusting and dishes . . . then dash out for a late "skate-date" . . . so can you!

How? . . . well, why not learn their secret? See for yourself how many girls simply shrug their shoulders and say it's no secret at all . . . it's just that Kotex sanitary napkins give more comfort!



Keep your promises—and your dates!

Actually, it's because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a far cry from pads that only feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And when you're truly comfortable, your confidence goes zooming! You'll see pesky little worries vanish because Kotex has flat, pressed ends! And remember—no other leading brand offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby.

Then, for your added protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center. And—no wrong side to cause accidents!

So now you know how to join the Keep-Going Corps. And why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

Keep going in comfort—with Kotex!



TIPS FOR TEENS! What every girl should know about what to do and not to do on trying days is contained in the bright little booklet "As One Girl To Another". Write today to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-5, Chicago, for a copy **FREE!**

For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!



(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Co-ed



By JEAN KINKEAD

Didja ever realize you can save a doughboy's

life just staying in your own backyard?

A pint of blood to the Red Cross will do it!

● Guess all of us have somebody in the war. A brother in the tank corps in Africa, a cousin bombardier-ing in Australia, a beau on a PT boat in the Solomons. We brag about him and worry about him, and let it go at that. Would you stop there if you knew it was in your power to save his life? If you're between the ages of 18 and 60 and in good health, you can send your blood to war, and it might be the very pint of blood you give that will mean the difference between life and death to your soldier.

We know you'd give if you realized how great is the need. If you'd seen some of the wounded . . . The young Marine officer at Guadalcanal. They brought him in gray as ashes, cold. There was a wound big as your hand in his chest, and his blond hair was matted with blood and sweat. In the black-out tent, the doctor injected some blood plasma. The first pint brought him out of his coma. By the time the second one was in, he could speak. Next morning, he was able to stand the jeep-ride to the hospital. When you read this, he'll be in action again. Somebody, somewhere, took an hour off one day and gave the blood that saved him. Wouldn't you be proud if it were you? There was another boy. He was a chief boatswain's mate on a destroyer, and one morning a German torpedo ripped its side. A lifeboat came loose and crashed into

him. When they picked him up, he was almost pulseless. His brown eyes had the varnished-over look of the mortally hurt. In World War I, he'd have been given up for lost. But—he lived. It took three pints of blood to restore him to consciousness. Three pints before the slow smile spread over the tanned face. Before he could whisper, "Hi, doc. Got a cigarette?" Somewhere, three people had made appointments to give their blood. They had kidded about it. Boasted a little afterwards. And because of them, a lean, iron-jawed gob is at sea again.

We know you'd give if you'd seen the kids stumbling back to camp out of the jungles in New Guinea, some with their arms in makeshift slings, with bloody scraps of cloth covering their wounds. Some dragging a wounded pal. And the same line of talk everywhere. "I'm okay, Doc. Do something for Joe." You'd give if you'd seen the sergeant in Libya die because there was no plasma. Heard his funny little-boy last words. "I'd sure like a piece of apple pie." Somewhere, someone had been too busy one afternoon to give blood when the gang went. And in an African hospital there wasn't enough to go round. You're not too busy, are you?

Here's how to go about giving your blood for victory. Chances are the main department store or your local movie house is recruiting donors. (In New York City, the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry campaigned with wonderful results for donors in theater lobbies, and it's planned to take this method all over the country.) If nothing like this goes on where you live, call your local Red Cross chapter and see if you are living in one of the 31 zones in (Continued on page 26)



*To win his heart, campaign with care
Arm yourself with shining hair!*

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



DAY OR NIGHT, for work or play, you'll love this adorable but practical new hair-do! The braids (made from back hair, parted in center) are two parts hair and one velvet ribbon. Bow is separate. Hair washed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

If you want his eyes to linger lovingly on your hair . . . If you want his fingers to smooth it tenderly . . . then keep it alluringly shining, lustrous! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of glamour!

Instead, use Special Drene! 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!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings.

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let the beauty magic of this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

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

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



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

A STORY FROM THE HEART OF AMERICA ...TO THRILL AMERICA'S HEART!

America's best loved best-seller comes to the screen! The mighty story of fierce dreams, proud courage, fighting love in today's West! Great as the red-blooded, warm-hearted people who inspired it!

Mary O'Hara's

MY FRIEND FLICKA

IN Technicolor

40,000,000
hailed it in
REDBOOK
READER'S DIGEST
and as a runaway
best-seller!



with
RODDY PRESTON RITA
McDOWALL • FOSTER • JOHNSON

Directed by HAROLD SCHUSTER • Produced by RALPH DIETRICH
Screen Play by Lillie Hayward • Adaptation by Francis Edwards Faragoh

20th
CENTURY FOX
PICTURE



Donna Reed laughingly echoed Lionel Barrymore's furious snort! "I can too milk a cow," she said . . . and promptly proved it! Donna's also proven that a girl can bowl and skate and go to bed nightly at nine without losing a smitch of glamour. Anyway glamour's of little interest to Donna. What does interest her is copping an Oscar, getting married and buying the best darn farm in Iowa. Current business, M-G-M's "The Human Comedy."

the country which has the facilities to take blood donations. If you live in an outlying area (northwest of Portland, Oregon, for instance, or south of Savannah, Georgia),* don't brood about it. Continue doing your regular war work, and make up your mind you'll look into blood-donating when you visit a town with proper facilities.

If you learn there are facilities right in your city, make an appointment and—if you are under 21—ask them to send you the form which your parents must sign before you can be a donor. About that appointment, make one you know you can keep. Don't just pull one out of the blue and have to call it off because you're in a swimming meet or something. A broken appointment can never be made up.

Perhaps you'll be told that your town hasn't the necessary equipment to take blood donations, but that it is served by a "mobile blood unit." "Well, swell," you'll say and make an appointment—meanwhile wondering what the heck that is. It sounds dangerous. It's not a bit. A mobile unit is a miniature hospital ward on wheels. It looks like an ambulance and is big enough to hold folding cots, tables, medical equipment, all of which is set up in some convenient building—the high school, hospital or church recreation hall.

Having made your appointment, a million gremlins begin to put scarey

ideas in your head. "I suppose it'll hurt something awful. What if I faint. Maybe it's bad for you . . ." Five minutes of that, and you'll feel that you could use a transfusion yourself. Nicely. So we'll set you straight.

It's painless. The spot on your arm that is pricked by the transfusion needle is numbed with novocaine. If you're the fainting kind, you're not expected to give blood, and if you're not, this won't bring on an attack. Anyway, there's a nurse hovering with smelling salts and spirits of ammonia, should anyone get the least bit woozy. Nope—it's not bad for you. Preliminary precautions are taken to be sure that no one in impaired physical condition gives blood. They ask you a million questions, take your temperature, pulse and blood pressure, give you a hemoglobin test. There's never a speck of risk. Some doctors even claim it does you good. The small loss of blood tunes up all the blood-making machinery, and in a few days you feel better than ever. Don't let squeamishness keep you away. You don't have to see a thing. If you keep your eyes closed, you won't even know anything's happening to you, except the slight discomfort of the tourniquet. It takes only about five minutes to draw the blood, and afterwards you rest on your cot a while and then drink coffee and eat sandwiches supplied by the Red Cross. You feel kind of uplifted and queen bee-ish, and when they give you your bronze pin, you're so proud of yourself you can hardly stand it. And you should be. You've just saved a man's life. Maybe your man's.

Having once given, don't rest on your laurels. Make an appointment to give again in two months, and meanwhile spread the gospel. Get as many people as you can interested in giving. Start on your own family and talk them into going en masse next time you go. Plan a spree after your session—a steak dinner if you can find one, a movie. Make it a standing date every two months. Talk your club into giving as a group just as often as the Red Cross will let them (that's every eight weeks, but not more often than five times a year). If you're in an office, propagandize the whole gang into going together. If you're in a war plant, try to get the Red Cross to send over a mobile unit so that the entire personnel may be canvassed. Talk it up everywhere, everywhere. The need is desperate.

In case you're curious about what happens to your blood after they've got it, here's the story. It is sent in a refrigerated box to the nearest laboratory where a small amount of it is Wasserman-tested. If it is found to be all right (and only 3% of all blood taken has to be rejected), it is put into a machine with quantities of other blood and whirled at a tremendous speed. The red and white corpuscles settle to the bottom, leaving a clear liquid on top, called plasma. This is siphoned into pint bottles where it is frozen and then dehydrated into a golden flaky substance like soap chips. This is packaged and put in a tin kit with a pint of sterile water, a transfusion needle and some rubber tubing. Months from now the plasma will still work like magic. When mixed with the sterile water and injected into a soldier's arm, it will bring the color pouring into his cheeks, the glint back in his eyes. It'll bring back his wide, slow smile and his gruff, good-natured voice. "How're you fixed for butts, Doc?" . . . Recognize him? Maybe it's your guy we're talking about.

How're you fixed for blood?

FREE OFFER!

Want a nice, fat copy of Dell's SCREEN ROMANCES—packed to the hilt with fascinating fictionizations of the best current movies? Well, just fill out the questionnaire below and mail it in no later than April 15. We've got copies of SCREEN ROMANCES just waiting for those first 500 replies!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>The Strange Case of Lana Turner</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>"Mamatchka's" Boy</i> (George Montgomery) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>So Long, Johnny</i> (Johnny Payne) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Tall, Thin and Terrific</i> (Gig Young) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"Slightly Dangerous"</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Her Heart Wears Khaki</i> (Ty and Annabella) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Modern Screen Goes Easter Shopping</i> (Tierney-Joyce) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Meet the Baron</i> (Paul Henreid) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"To Laddie with Love"</i> (Alan Ladd) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Good News</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Bringing Up Mother</i> (Jane Wyman) <input type="checkbox"/> | |

Which one 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 of age.

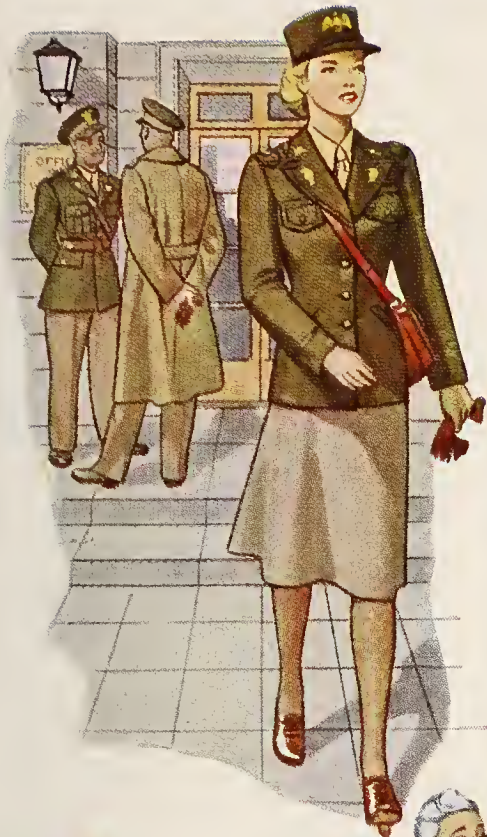
**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Co-Ed Bulletin Board

MODERN SCREEN has just whipped you up four elegant new charts. If you've ever fumbled an introduction or groped for the right words in a thank-you note, Mind Your Manners Chart No. 1 is your baby. The second chart does everything but hand you a war job. Tells where to apply, qualifications needed, dough involved. Another new chart makes you gorgeous for the Easter Parade. You and Hedy, kids! The fourth's a wonderful gossip little item re lives, loves, etc., of 500 Hollywood stars. They're all a nickel a throw, except The Star Chart which is a dime. Can you lose? Just check the coupon on page 20, mail it in with the small change, and whee! You learn manners, get employed, flash a new face and shimmy your flicker I.Q. way up to there!

Have you tried our new contest on page 74? It's an awful lot of fun, and it's not hard, x our hearts. Some 511 people are going to be incredibly lucky this month. Ever see a more lush list of prizes? Stop drooling and get busy. Maybe one of 'em'll be you!

Busy?—Stay lovely, too!



Here's how ... 3 Ivory beauty recipes ... for 3 complexion types

WAAC OFFICER . . . TYPE: Height, 5' 7";
weight, 129; eyes, blue; hair, honey-blonde;
SKIN, fine-textured, tending to be DRY.

"I have precious little time to fuss with my face these days. Yet I know my skin has never been lovelier.

"Goodness knows my new routine is simple enough. Just gentle *Ivory* lather, a soft washcloth, and lukewarm water. Then I pat on a little cold cream, for my skin is naturally dry.

"It's sensitive, too. That's why I love pure, mild *Ivory*. It obviously contains no coloring or medication or strong perfume that might irritate my skin.

"'Velvet-suds' *Ivory* certainly has helped give me a glorious new complexion!"



HAT DESIGNER . . . TYPE: Height, 5' 5";
weight, 118; eyes, gray-green; hair, titian;
SKIN, creamy, with both DRY
and OILY tendencies.

"My face is oily down the middle; dry on the sides. No soap seemed right for both areas . . . until I tried *Ivory*.

"The dry, sensitive areas that used to balk at strongly scented soaps, respond beautifully to *Ivory's* 'babying.'

"And with lots of mild *Ivory* lather, I can safely concentrate on the oilier areas like hairline, forehead, nose, and chin.

"Now my complexion looks so marvelously fresh and smooth.

"I think too many women judge a soap by its price. For my money, *Ivory* could be worth a dollar a cake!"

99⁴/₁₀₀ % pure . . . It floats.

HOMEMAKER . . .
TYPE: Height, 5' 3";
weight, 112; eyes, brown;
hair, chestnut;
SKIN, olive, tending to be OILY.

"I was afraid to give my oily skin vigorous soap-and-water cleansing.

"But when Doctor advised *Ivory* Soap for bathing the baby, I thought, 'If *Ivory's* that mild, I'll try it!'

"It's perfect! A fingertip massage with lots of *Ivory's* safe, mild lather makes me feel as if I'd had a facial.

"I don't hesitate to give my face a thorough *Ivory* cleansing as often as 3 times a day. And my complexion's getting lovelier all the time!"



**Look lovelier . . . use pure, mild IVORY . . .
the soap advised by more doctors
than all other brands together!**



Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .

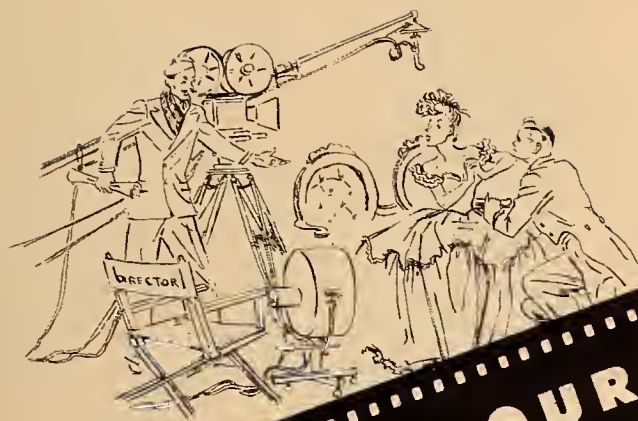


Do your nails with Dura-Gloss. It picks you up. Puts you on the bright side. It goes on so nicely, each firm stroke makes you feel better. When you're finished, you can see you've accomplished something! For Dura-Gloss achieves a beauty and radiance that's in a class by itself. It has a special ingredient that brings this about — Chrystallyne. And this ingredient makes it stay on your nails better, too — a big help these busy days. So get DURA-GLOSS now.



10¢ PLUS TAX

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish* Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Duro-Coat



TO OUR READERS...

● IT HAPPENED six months ago. Without too much warning, MODERN SCREEN'S circulation climbed to a million. In the whole, wide world, there aren't two dozen other magazines with a million circulation. So Henry Malmgreen and I reached for the sleeping pills. We were sure it was a dream. And we didn't want to wake up—ever!

But month after month—the same old success story. Today, what with government paper restrictions, there are hardly enough MODERN SCREENS to go around!

I suppose it's high time we took our feet off the desk and started fretting about our sacred duty to "the great army of MODERN SCREEN readers." But you can't fret and beam all at once. And sisters, we're beaming!

Right in the middle of a beam, let me explain how we're working off our excess gratitude for all this good fortune. If you haven't yet noticed our

monthly contest or our bright new service dept., turn to pages 74 and 20.

Look like Christmas to you? Well it's always Christmas in MODERN SCREEN! Twelve contests every year. Thousands of dollars in war bonds. Six perfectly lovely fur coats. At least 600 dreamy fashion match-mates. And each contest so simple, it's harder to lose than to win!

Or, if you're afraid of getting rich—there's our growing service dept. Want to know *anything* about *anything*? Then the dept.'s Super-Coupon (p. 20) is your ticket. Want to start or join a fan club? Write a love letter? Make yourself twice as kissable? Dress like a Powers model on a war-bobbed budget? Cook like his mother? Our staff of experts is working like mad to help you do all this and more. Just keep your eye on the Super-Coupon!

Al DeLaCorte

EDITOR

THE STRANGE CASE OF LANA TURNER!

Modern Screen's scoop of the year! The inside story of what happened to Lana's marriage, as told by Steve Crane's first wife!





Above, Carol Crane, Steve's Spouse No. 1! Second wife, Lana Turner, hopped off to Palm Springs after annulment, hennaed hair so nobody'd know her.



On day's furlough from shooting of "Slightly Dangerous," Lana took over for USO, played guide for Army and Navy. First stop, M-G-M's fabulous zoo!



Picnic, on the house, was o Pvt.'s dream, with Lano dishing up 7 different kinds of mouth-watering salads. Later, guys turned tables and waited on Lano.

On Valentine's Day, just ten days after their annulment, Steve and Lana baby-talked at Mocambo. (Young 'un's due this summer.) Both still wore wedding rings.

By Nancy Winslow Squire

In the mail box of many Hollywood writers, on a recent morning, there was a copy of a song titled "The Lana Turner Blues," written by Billy Hayes and Charles Gunther. The chorus:

I get the morning papers bright and early—
I gotta know where I can see that girlie—
'Cause since that night at the corner movie,
I've got those

LANA TURNER BLUES.

I waste no time to find the movie section,
And it isn't hard to pick out my selection—
'Cause since that night at the corner movie,
I've got those

LANA TURNER BLUES.

She's a revelation, she's a big sensation
When she appears upon the screen.
Her hair, her lips and eyes are like the
sweetest of dreams
That you see on every motion picture maga-
zine.

I think I'll write and ask her for her picture,
(Continued on following page)



After lunch, Lana sprinted from one end of studio commissary to other, helping boys collect autographs. Just a few days before this, Lana was spending her 23rd birthday tassing in bed.



Blue and khaki-clad men kibitzed as Lana repaired smudged puss. Navy men thanked her for lion cub gifted Navy as mascot after smashing \$1000 worth of Lana's furniture. Steve Crane had given it to her for Xmas.

For in my heart she'll always be a fixture,
'Cause since that night at the corner movie, I've got
those

LANA TURNER BLUES.

The writers of this pleasantly corny little ditty probably didn't know how truly they were singing; Hollywood, at present, is full of people with the Lana Turner blues, and chief among them is undoubtedly the lovely Lana herself.

As practically everyone knows, Lana was born Julia Jean Turner in Wallace, Idaho, 23 years ago. Her first public appearance occurred at the age of three. She had accompanied her mother to a fashion show and had watched avidly while the manikins strutted across a platform, paused, wheeled and slowly peacocked past a velvet curtain.

Miss Julia Jean sidled from her seat and inconspicuously took a position at the foot of the small flight of stairs leading to the stage. Her timing perfect, she selected a moment between parading models and tripped out into the limelight. Drawing her diminutive coat about her small figure in a perfect pantomime of the manikins' studied grace, she strolled across the boards, paused to spread her coat and so reveal her dress, and—head up, smile gentle and fixed—withdrew into the wings. When an astounded Mrs. Turner reached her ingenious daughter, Julia was standing in the wings

listening to the audience's laughter and applause with a gratified gleam in her eyes.

When one currently picks up a night edition and finds the name *Lana Turner* headlined, it is not difficult to remember that three-year-old getting her first heady whiff of a living, breathing, fascinated audience.

Her first motion picture role was a bit part in "They Won't Forget" when she was 15. At that time she was a plump little character who made a sweater look like something Cleopatra was saving for the next visiting Caesar. Her hair was brown, rather long and not-too-well kept. But her eyes were the Turner eyes of today—electric with blueness, round with a wry sense of humor, quick to squint shut with laughter.

Her most recent picture has been causing M-G-M several super-aspirin headaches. At first it was titled "Nothing Ventured." Then, pink of ears, Metro changed it to "Careless." After thinking that one over for a split second, they decided "Slightly Dangerous" would be a safer label. Further title changes are entirely possible.

Between "They Won't Forget" and "Slightly Dangerous," a good many things have happened to the Turner kid. First, she was dieted and massaged into even more luscious curves than she started with; then she was blondined into the most fabulous beauty seen since the original Petty girl.

Inevitably, a likeness was (Continued on page 75)



Before day was over, boys had trudged around to half-dozen different sets to watch the shooting—reluctantly scrambled into camp bus, hung over sides saying good-bye.



*George Montgomery still clings to his kid
dreams of a Montana cattle ranch with buckskin
pigeons in droves and a laugh-loving wife like Mom!*

"Mamatchka's" Boy

By Cynthia Miller

This, now, character was tall for his years—which were nine; his hair was an uncharted bramble the approximate color of taffy pulled with dirty fingers, and his eyes were sharply blue as those of a young eagle. His cheek bones were high and Slavic of slant, and his hands on the .22 were broad to bespeak the landman's heritage.

As he strode along, a pair of well-worn corduroys flapped around his skinny legs, and a brisk wind played pranks with the billowing back of his red sweater. On this gay spring morning, he was a Wednesday truant from third grade, a fact that was submerged in the very depths of conscience by the important business at hand.

For Mr. George Montgomery, from the age of six (three years before) had been constantly involved in one money-making pursuit or another.

On this particular day, he ascended high in a grain elevator and lay in wait for the pigeons who lived there. As they returned occasionally to their cote, George smacked them just hard enough to stun them, then stored them in a gunny sack provided for this purpose.

He had his eye on one particular bird, a sleek buckskin number who had outwitted him in all previous forays. The blonde pigeon was the only one George had ever seen, and he coveted it with all the tooth-gritting intensity of age nine. He snared greys, he caught whites, he trapped mixtures, but that buckskin lovely was too (*Continued on page 91*)



George and Sis Lydo fling themselves into mutual como, come out with screen ploy. Brother Maurice come to help Mom and Pop stuff belongings into trunks, will take them back to Mont. with him.



George (currently in "Coney Island"), is shipping books, clothes, etc., to Montono to be distributed by Mom and Pop . . . or comphored. Codilloe roodster will be sold; new stotion wogon may be kept.

CANDIDLY YOURS

Two big H'wood benefit premieres—"This

is the Army" and "In Which We Serve"—

reap fabulous funds for war charity!



Since her split with Dave Rase, Judy Garland's put their home on the market, set up housekeeping in an apartment. Above, with sailor crany and air cadet Bab Sterling.





Shirley Temple (with dad) besieged for autographs at "In Which We Serve" premiere. Sponsored by United Nations War Relief, proceeds went to 7 war-torn Allied nations.



Despite those rumors, there's no romance between Errol Flynn and Annie Sheridan. They're strictly buddies. More in the heart line is Linda Christians (above, at Mocambo). He and Warners' are talking comeback.



Mrs. Basil Rathbone (with the Paul Henreids) chaired sellout "In Which We Serve" opening, and Mr. R. emceed program. Supper followed screening.



Radio announcer Vanderveer aired the celebration when Dottie Lamour and Bob Hope imprinted their hand and hoof marks in Grauman's Chinese Theater cement. Bob's nose was added to the immortalized great profiles.

Following "This is the Army" stage show opening, for benefit of Army Emergency Fund, Geo. Raft and Betty Grable Macamboed.

Until their 5-months-old daughter Kerry can shift for herself, Mrs. Gene Kelly's nixing all movie offers. Gene's convinced she's a second Bernhardt.



"To Daddie — with love"



For an hour before Alan's farewell party given by the Lodds, he and Sue jittered for fear no one would show, but every soul came at 7:30 sharp, stayed till 3:30 A. M.!



After cocktails by fireside, party shifted to play-house for supper and games. Alan solicitously fed guests, almost forgot self. Marj Reynolds' hubby Jack gave him last-minute Army do's and don't's.



Bassinette, originally for Sue's daughter, Carole, housed 4 Crosby kids, is now refurbished for Ladd heir. Shy Ginny Simms, dateless, came with roommate, had to be coaxed to sing for gang.

**He left the farewell gifts behind . . .
the pop guns and red flannels . . . all
but the memories. You can't stuff
memories into an attic trunk!**

● The street was blocked with crowds in the dusk outside the Lux Radio Theater in Hollywood that Monday night. And Alan Ladd was getting one of the biggest kicks of his life signing autographs and shaking hands of the hundreds of people who crowded up to say good-bye and wish him the best.

All in all, it had been a swell evening—that last Hollywood performance of his—in fact, perfect. Everything sort of added up. The show he did was “This Gun For Hire,” the one that made him a star and brought a lot of wonderful things into his life. He’d done a good job—he felt it—without a muffed line or a slow pick-up. The cast was packed with actors who’d known him in the old hunger days when he was a nobody around Radio Row—and Alan could tell they were glad to work in his show. And when the red light had snapped off, the band gave him a nice little “Auld Lang Syne” tribute and a spotlight played on an American flag which rippled in a breeze from a wind machine that a grip friend of his had rigged up unknown to Alan.

Then Cecil B. DeMille had stepped to the footlights and announced, “Tomorrow night at this time the star of our show, Alan Ladd, will be Private Alan Ladd of the United States Army,” and the big crowd had roared and clapped, and a kid had yelled, “You’ll be sor-



WACS Canteen worker Fay Holden, Alan and neighbor Bill Bendix, who threatens to string clothes-line from his roof to Ladd's with banner, “See WM. BENDIX in ‘Lucky Jordan,’ with alan ladd.”

r-r-r-y!” for a laugh. And there was a lump in Alan’s throat when he took it all in, and he couldn’t see for a while—because if he never lived another day, this was it.

And so he was outside, crushed in the mob that cracked his knuckles and pounded his back—this kid who had come up the hard way—and then he heard a jarring yell:

“Hey—Blondie! Oh, Blon-d-i-e!”

Out of the corner of his eye Alan glimpsed a fellow in uniform out in the crowd, a soldier, in a group of doughboys.

“Oh, Blondie!” The yell wasn’t complimentary. It carried a mocking tone. Above the clamor of voices, Alan heard, “Who’s Blondie, anyway?”

Another soldier (Continued on following page)



During "Isn't He Sweet" game, Louise Currie (one of Sue's clients; starlet at RKO), Marjorie and Betty Huttan plastered Alan's face with lipstick. Betty, nervous and upset since split with Perc Westmore, was ill and had to leave early.

answered him, "Alan Ladd — he's a movie star."

"So what?" barked the soldier. "So *what*?"

"Aw—pipe down," growled a soldier. "The guy's in the Army. He's leaving for camp tomorrow."

The crowd seemed to part, and in a second the scoffing soldier was in front of Alan. His jaw had dropped into a grin, and he stuck out a knobby hand. "Hiyah *Buddy!*" he croaked. "Put 'er there. And say—scribble your name for me, will you?"

The past year has packed plenty of wonderful thrills for Alan Ladd. From a Hollywood nobody he shot like a rocket to first-rank fame as a star. At the same time, every dream he ever dreamed came true. He found fame and success and friends and a future in his chosen career. He had love and happiness, a perfect wife and a family to be. A lot of things suddenly made him pinch himself to see if it wasn't all a dream. But the biggest kick of all came the day, a few weeks back, that

he raised his right hand and solemnly repeated:

"... I promise to do my best for God and my country..."

That oath made him a soldier for Uncle Sam.

And the minute he became Private Alan Ladd of the U. S. Army Air Corps, that minute Hollywood's prize Cinderella Man heaved a happy sigh and knew that for the first time he could look Lady Luck right in the face. He felt square with himself and the world. And what's more, although people had been telling him for months that he was somebody important—that was the first time he felt he really belonged... when the hostile soldier cracked a grin and pressed his paw, not from curiosity—from comradeship.

"Hiyah, *Buddy!*"

Alan couldn't make his voice answer back. All he could do was grin and scrawl his name.

December 7, 1941, was a sunny Sunday in Holly-

wood, but that day Alan Ladd was tossing in a hospital bed choked up with pneumonia and hot with fever. They'd carted him, protesting, off the set of a funny little cops-and-robbers picture called "This Gun For Hire," which was just another picture at Paramount then—but was the biggest thing yet in the life of Alan Ladd.

He had a week more to go, and he wanted to stick it out. But the fever got up to 104, and the doctor wouldn't take back talk.

Then, in his delirium, he noticed a commotion in the quiet, antiseptic halls of the place. "What's the matter?" he kept asking the nurse, and she wouldn't tell him at first. Then she took his temperature; it was lower.

"The Japs," she said. "They've bombed Pearl Harbor. We're in the war."

"I got to get out of here," said Alan. "They'll be wanting guys like me."

"Lie back there," snapped the nurse severely. "You want to die before you ever see a Jap?"

But they didn't want guys like Alan—not then. When he'd finished the picture, weak and shaky, he took a trip to New York with Sue, his wife. The studio sent him; they saw what they had in "This Gun For Hire," and they knew Alan Ladd would be a boy people would want to know a lot about. So he was busy, meeting the New York press and making appearances and seeing the Big Town for the first time in his life. But right in the middle of his stay he suddenly woke up one morning at the Waldorf-Astoria and said to a startled Sue:

"We've got to start back—today. Right now, hon!" "What in the world for, Laddie?"

"Maybe," said Alan, "the draft board can use me. Anyway, I want to go back and see. There's a war on."

So they broke it up—the pleasure trip—right that day. And when Alan got back to Hollywood, he reported. "No reason why I should be deferred," he said. "My wife's self-supporting. And I'm okay."

The doctors said, "Let's see about that." And five of them told him he was wrong. There was an old strain from a diving accident, for one thing, and the pneumonia had left him with pleurisy at the drop of a sneeze. "You aren't 1A, Ladd," they said. "You're 4F." And they indicated that was that. It looked like for keeps, for the duration.

So Alan went back to work—and there was plenty to do. Audiences all over the land were yelling for him, and there was hardly enough time to get some sun on his face for the next ten months. He made "The Glass Key" and "Lucky Jordan" and "China." And it was a funny thing.

He was having happen to him what he had struggled for and starved and yearned for. He was turning into one of the most popular stars in Hollywood. His fan mail ran up to fourth, then second, and finally it topped every star at Paramount—even Dottie Lamour—a thousand letters a day. Producers lined up to beg him for pictures. Newspapers interviewed him, and he got dizzy facing flash bulbs. His checks ballooned, too. He was getting his teeth (*Continued on page 95*)

Ginny, Fay, Bill, Laird, Louise, Mischa and Marjorie overwhelmed him with gag gifts from red flannels to pop guns. Most of the Ladd's cronies are older, acquired since their marriage. They're so jealous of each other's pasts, they've dropped almost all premarital chums!

Below: Pencil sketch of Alan. by Laird Cregar went up on playroom wall. Cregar knifed his name in bar top along with Bette Davis', Bing Crosby's monickers. Next day entered hospital to lose weight, miraculously dropped 14 lbs. in 12 days!



"Slightly Dangerous"

STORY

The new manager of the Hotchkiss Falls branch of the Small Change Marts stood looking over his domain. It was a large store, rambling. The counters ran in even rows down its length; there was a hum of activity through the store. Bob Stuart cocked a satisfied ear at the undertone of cash register bells plinking merrily. It was a sweet sound. His eyes closed, he listened.

He heard applause.

He started to bow and then sharply opened his eyes. Applause? At the Small Change Mart? He looked around hurriedly. At one end of the store a knot of people was gathered about a counter. Bob Stuart hurriedly ran over the floor plan in his mind. Northeast corner, front—the soda fountain. Applause!

He started down the aisle and pushed through the people crowding against the counter. And then he saw the girl. She was in the regulation uniform, her identification pin properly conspicuous on her blouse. But over her eyes was a blindfold. She was working
(Continued on opposite page)



1. Short-order girl Peggy (Lono Turner) breaks monotony by jerking sodas blindfolded. Boss (Bob Young) scolds and she quits. Next day police find suicide note.



2. Fellow-workers strike, and Bob's fired. Meonwhile, Peggy, "blood-soaked" with point, feigns omnesio, convinces publisher (Eugene Pollette) she's long-lost heiress.



3. No sooner does tycoon Burden (Wolt Brennon) accept her as his "daughter" than Bob appears with phony morriage certficote and drops her off as his wife!



4. Peggy's furious but helpless to deny his story in view of her own omnesia fib! After checking Bob and marriage credentials, Burden discovers the ruse!



5. By time he finds them, Peg and Bob are wildly in love, no longer interested in his millions. Burden thereupon wants Peggy for a daughter, bona fide or not!



6. But Peggy is conscience-stricken and wants to prove Bob's innocence to ex-boss. Finis finds her in full possession of Bob and Pop's green-backed blessings!

By Maris MacCullers and Kay Hardy

**Lana Turner started out jerking
sodas blindfolded and wound up
dishing herself a lush concoction
of Bob Young and a gilt-edged pop!**

behind the counter with dexterous ease. She moved forward a step, lifted a dish from its nest, reached back and plucked a banana from the bowl, scooped the ice cream, ladled the fudge, sprinkled the nuts, popped a cherry into the center and still blindfolded, slid the complete banana split across the counter.

Applause!

"Miss!" said Bob Stuart.

"Go away," said the girl. "I'm busy."

"Blindfolded?" said Bob Stuart.

"Sure. What difference does it make?"

"The management might think it makes a difference."

"I'm doing my job," the girl said heatedly. "What more do they want?"

"They want you," said Bob Stuart, "to come to the manager's office immediately."

The girl's name was Peggy Evans. And her hair was the color of a strawberry sundae; and her skin had the delicate texture of a vanilla malted milk. Bob Stuart stared at her, waved vaguely at a chair and smiled.

"Peggy (Continued on page 85)

By Jeanne Karr

When gardener left, Ty did all dirt work. At time of \$25,000 ceiling rumor, patriotic Power said, "Anything the President says or does is fine with me!"



In old days, Ty always firmly nixed Annabella's pleas to career. This year he jam-packed her dressing room with roses her first day back at 20th-Fox!



At camp, has to do his washing during free hours in evening, after marching and cramming all day. At registration, revealed middle name—Edmund!

Her Heart Wears KHAKI

Annabella's just like a million other soldiers' sweethearts—dreaming of her first meeting with Ty, the funny, tender things he did, and furloughs to come!



Had their pictures taken just before he left for camp and she returned to work. Everyone on "Bomber's Moon" set claims she looks yummier in wardrobe of boy's dusty tags than in dresses. Remember, she snagged Ty when she wore shorts in "Suez"?

When a girl's sweetheart or husband goes to war, she has to learn to live her life in two directions at once: forward in hope and secret planning, backward for comfort and dear remembering.

Annabella is like any other girl whose heart wears khaki: she looks ahead in anticipation of furloughs and final victory; she reflects on the glorious four years she has known Tyrone Power.

Occasionally, she learns something about their romance that she didn't know before. For instance:

on the set for "Bomber's Moon" at 20th, recently, Annabella was wearing a devastating grey suit, trimmed with red and white blouse and red-piped buttonholes. When Ann Power Hardenbergh (Tyrone's sister, who was visiting the set) admitted that she was swooning with envy, Annabella chirped, "I love it, too. This was designed for me by Rene Hubert—who also did my clothes for 'Wings Of The Morning.' That was one of the very last pictures I made in France before coming to this country. (Continued on page 106)



Johnny (being smacked good-by by Betty Grable) phoned Jane Russell from camp, tied her up for first free Saturday night. Kid brother Raloh, in Army 4 yrs. is 1st Lieut.! Payne's last oic, "Hello, Frisco."



Parting gift to Mam: Chromium-shiny bike to pedal to market with; wire basket on handle bars for trundling victuals home. J.'s pet A.M. food: Oatmeal.



Ancestor John Payne was family's 1st actor-cam-paser, wrote "Home, Sweet, Home." Johnny thinks latest dilly, "Half a Heart," has half a chance.

SO LONG, JOHNNY!

By Kaaren Pieck

In Part II of Johnny's farewell story, H'wood

hides its heart under a bushel of gags, finds

a dozen crazy, tender ways to say good-by!

● John had stopped off to eat. Now he was purring along again in a haze of well-being, compounded of food and sunlight and the swift, easy motion of his bike and the changing face of the landscape and that sense of hanging in a carefree vacuum between the responsibilities of yesterday and tomorrow.

He patted the bike's handle bar. "Got to stash you, old girl—for the eight weeks of basic training anyhow. Then? Depends on Uncle Sam. Might do worse in the end than turn you over to your Uncle Sam. You'll like the old bird. A hundred and sixty-seven, come fourth of July. Good for as many centuries, and don't let anyone tell you different."

Two hundred miles to Williams Field. His mind leaped ahead to the unknown—a new environment, new activities, new companions. What would they be like?

Nuts to speculating. Six years ago Hollywood had been the unknown and how different from his fancies!

Now the six years lay behind him, like a relief map whose peaks he'd been touching. What had he called it? "A Ham Remembers." Or, "Six Years in Glamourville." Funny word, glamour. Funny place, Hollywood. All glitter and glow from the outside. From the inside, just people living their lives like other people.

* * *

He'd stayed on for a while at the beach house after Jerry left. A few more weeks of the sea. A few more Sundays with the baby. He didn't really have to carry snapshots around. His memory was chock-full of 'em. Julie trotting out of the house, for instance, head lost in an outsize bathing cap, towel draped over her arm. "Do I look like the other ladies, Daddy?"

He stayed on till the time for his bond tour with Janie Wyman. That was when he got rid of most of his stuff, storing it, selling it, giving it away. Kind of fun, finding people who really craved this item or that among the lot he'd accumulated. Three or four of his pals fighting over the (Continued on page 88)

Modern Screen Goes



1. Brendo and Gene fartify themselves at Brown Derby. Gene, down to 112 lbs., fattens up on milk with cream. Brendo, ot 120, slims down on solods and skim milk!



2. At Beverly Hills Saks 5th, Gene tries on a beloved big brim. Usually pays gobs, then has 'em remodeled. Gets furious at designer hubby Oleg, who rarely notices her togs, dreams up sketches only on threat.



3. On other hand, Brenda's mister is fussy. Won't shop with her but makes her return anything that doesn't flatter her figger. She caters to him by wear- ing big hats, ribbons, feathers and posies in her hair!

Easter Shopping...

With Gene Tierney and Brenda Joyce. Here's a movie star's spring wardrobe on a war-conscious budget—from straw bonnet to swim suit!



6. Gene bumps into Cobina Wright, Jr., last-minute shopping before hopping a plane East to visit husband, Corp. Palmer Beaudette. Since Cobina, Sr., has taken him in to her camp, all's serene in the Wright menage!



5. Elegant tho it is, Gene isn't buying maribou bed-jacket. Adores lacy, frilly undies, but has sworn off for duration because real lace is too expensive. If she can't have real McCoy, prefers straight tailoring.



1. Gene sports knee-length socks to save nylons (seamless 'cause they twist on her). Brenda was given nylons last Fall, has preserved 'em in an air-tight chamber!

7. Both gals try to save hose by having runs mended at dime store. Give total losses to scrap drive for parachutes. Domestic Gene economically knits sweaters for family, sews, embroiders!



CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE



8. Brendo's spouse, Owen Ward, in Army over a year, insists she wear feminine suits and gowns, loves variety in her hair-do, perfume, colors, dresses. Keeps her busy thinking up new coiffures to please his nibs! She believes in frilly neckwear to refurbish old togs.



12. Footsore and weary, gals agle glad rags in Gene's bedroom, employ her French maid to turn up hems. Both ore ecstatic over Gene's pink and green, vegetable-laden bonnet!



9. Momma Brendo looks at dresses tho' it'll be ages before Pamela outgrows rompers. In preparing layette, bought both pink and blue poropernalio just in cose! Neither she nor Owen breathed a word of preference for a boy or girl, so other one wouldn't be disappointed!



11. Poor Gene faces a trek to Army-Navy store with Olie to help him pick out wool socks when she gets home. She ond B. hove been fost friends ever since their mutual agent introduced them 3 years ago.



10. Gene, o 6A, loves flat-heeled moccasins or ony shoe thot slips on ond off eosily. At home, paddles around borefoot most of time. Hotes to throw out shoes, accumulated about 20 poir over years, periodically sends all but one out to shoemaker for revitalizing job.



13. Altho they're both confirmed landlubbers, they bought Jontzen's for beach-lolling. When Gene requested a brown suit, houghty clerk told her they were in abominable taste, made her feel so high!



14. Mongrel purps bear high-falutin' French nomes, Toto and Lola. When Brenda got home, she faund a wire from Owen saying he'd be in town next day, from Camp Ord! When he doesn't see boby daughter far long stretches, he has to get used to her oll over agoin.



15. Gene's "Cassini" was sent home for 3 weeks to recoup from serious pneumonia, left 2 days later for Kansas. In current pic, "Heaven Can Wait," she plays a hick who yearns to get out of Kansas. Ironically, she's trying to finish sa she can rush there to be with him! Prefers mustache to his Army clean-shorn puss!



Gig and wife agree his greatest social errors so far have been shooting spit balls in school and charging candy at grocery store without Dad knowing. Used to line pants with cardboard before spanking.



Gig (above in War's "Air Force") splurged first paycheck (\$8) on girl. Bought splashy tie, appeared with huge heart-shaped box of candy, took her to movie.

Even hunger wasn't too much to pay for a dream!

If the struggle were always as bitter as Gig Young's, there'd be fewer stars in Hollywood.

● In "The Man Who Came to Dinner" there was a skating scene. A young man, whizzing past Bette Davis, called: "How's the ice?"

"Hard," answered Bette.

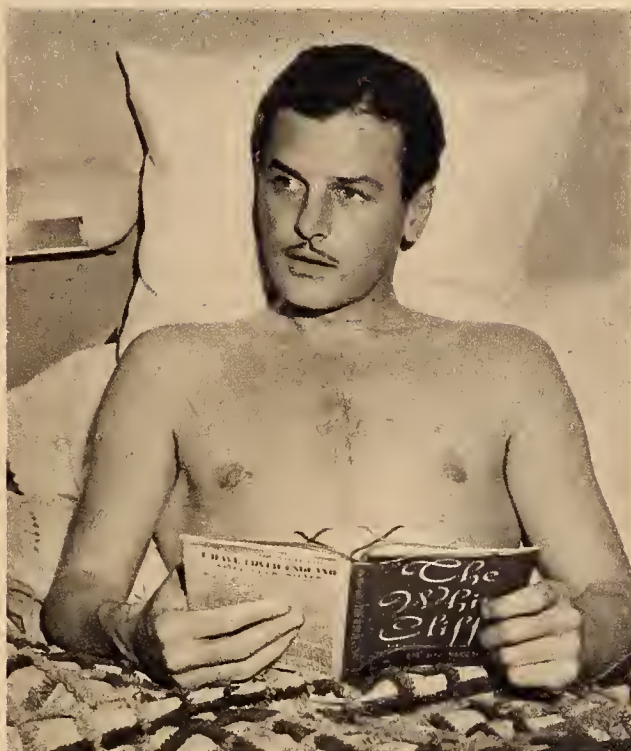
He went home and told his wife all about it. "Pooh!" said she. "Some day you'll really work with Bette Davis."

On December 30th last, Gig Young and Bette did their first scene together for "Old Acquaintance." It was a kissing scene, and he was scared blue, but he did all right both by the kiss and the scene. Meantime, of



The seven dwarfs moved in before Gig did, were landlady's inspiration, not his. Loving cups are Sheilo's, won in Philippines. She's had no word from family there for a year.

Gig clicks on home recording set, catches pols off-guard, then plays records back to them. Asked whom he'd like to look like, he says, "Like the best acting bet in town!"



TALL, THIN and TERRIFIC!

By Rosemary Layng

course, there had been "The Gay Sisters" and a sneak preview and a torrent of preview cards screaming for Gig Young because that was the only name they knew him by. And a young man who'd been Byron Barr for most of his life and, fleetingly, Bryant Fleming, became Gig Young by public acclaim.

He's something of a paradox—a dreamer in a family of hardheaded realists, yet with enough iron in his make-up to stick to the dream—a sensitive guy who's tussled with a tough world and remained oddly gentle—a diffident fellow, not given to pushing himself, who has nevertheless landed high on the Hollywood heap. He continues diffident—gets it from his father, he says, who still blushes to the roots of his bald pate. His favorite stories are those about movie top-notchers who started their careers by failing. "Tell me who else got thrown out of a studio. It helps my morale."

Emerging from anonymity is a pleasurable thing. Recently he was introduced to Olivia de Havilland. "I know Miss de Havilland," he grinned. "We were in the same picture."

Livvy looked abashed. "It sounds awful, but I honestly don't remember. What picture was it?"

"I did a scene with your double in 'They Died With Their Boots On.'"

For Gig life began at eighteen, when he stopped eating regularly. Behind him lay an uneventful boyhood, lived in the lap of comfort. His mother named him Byron, not through any affection for the picturesque poet, but because it sounded well with Barr. His father owned a canning factory in St. Cloud, Minnesota. They lived in a large house, whose lawns were too broad when it came to mowing, and its sidewalks too wide when it came to shoveling (Continued on page 70)



Jane Wyman

Bringing up Mother

That Reagan tyke's got Janie dressing

like her double . . . spouting nursery

rhymes like a John Kieran expert!

● Perhaps *you* have a soldier husband—like Jane Wyman. Perhaps *you* have a tow-headed, blue-eyed moppet—like Maureen Reagan. Perhaps *you*, in a perfect dither of young motherhood, are trying to bring up your daughter with a firm but affectionate hand. And right in the midst of your most scientific behavior, your most solid session of wise but gentle training, your eyes pop wide open and you realize that *you*, Mrs. Stuff, are the one who is being taught. *Your Bright Idea* is bringing up Mother.

Doff your snood, then, to Mrs. Ronald Reagan, who has just made the same discovery.

Take, for instance, that affair which Jane calls "The Case of the New Red Dress." While Jane was out on her bond tour, just after she had finished "Princess O'Rourke," Maureen and Nana (her delightful Scottish nurse) went shopping. Maureen had long been promised a red dress, but at first she didn't know the names of different colors. When she was told she could wear her red dress, she was as likely as not to pull a blue pinafore from her wardrobe . . . or a yellow. But one day she got the idea. She looked over the array of Lilliputian frocks and abruptly stated, "No new red dress." A situation, naturally, which needed correction.

Once in the shop, she knew exactly which red dress she wanted. It was a quarter-pint model with a smocked yoke, a nipped-in waist and a tiny white design against its red background. Nana, who—in character—has an admiration for plaid, selected another dress and recommended it highly to her charge. She said it was a pretty dress. She said it was a cute dress—see, it had a pleated skirt! Miss Reagan shook her Veronica Lake hairdo, and her mouth puckered mutinously. "No!" she said. Then she pointed to her choice. "My dress," she observed with finality.



If little "Murmur" takes after Janie, she'll be handy with tennis racket, sloop and typewriter. (Jane's had two mog. stories published.)



With "Princess O'Rourke" finished, Jane'll be batting a golf stick around more often. Obeys club's wartime rules by shouldering awn sticks.

You've got to admire a lady who knows her own mind.

When Jane returned from her bond tour and heard the story, she hurried upstairs to check on her daughter's taste. She held the frock at arm's length and turned it around slowly. Closing one eye, she did a spontaneous mental enlargement of the garment. "Y'know," she confided to (Continued on page 79)



Paul Henreid

MEET THE BARON!

Paul Henreid's new American coat of arms would be a pair of sizzling hot dogs rampant on a field of Victory Garden lettuce!

On his last birthday Paul Henreid got a letter from his uncle Rudolf, late of Vienna, now of San Francisco. "Do you remember—?" Uncle Rudi wrote.

He himself had been bred to the traditions of the Austrian cavalry. In the family councils, all violently opposed to Paul's strange insistence on a stage career, Uncle Rudi had been most violently articulate.

"What is the future?" he'd stormed. "Where will it bring you?"

"It will bring me," young Paul had retorted, less in faith than bravado, "as a star to Hollywood."

At the time Uncle Rudi had snorted "Tchah!" Now, chastened, he penned an acknowledgment of error.

You could hardly blame him for failing to envision "Now, Voyager," "Casablanca" and "Devotion" at the

end of a road which was to mount and dip through turmoil and Anschluss and war, from Vienna through London and New York, with a Berlin interlude. Except where the shadows of Nazidom fall across it, Henreid reviews the road with balance and humor. He has one hate—Hitler and all he stands for—a fine, rousing hate that darkens his gray-green eyes, turns his mouth grim and affects the hearer like a hypo.

He and Lisl, his wife, escaped the worst of the horrors and helped others escape them. Lisl's parents have found sanctuary in a Santa Monica cottage. Lutzi, her childhood nurse, lives with the Henreids, fraternizes with Willie May Lee from Texas and, though unmarried, prefers to be introduced as Mrs.—it sounds more suitable. Maxi, the Skye terrier, inhabits a peaceful early American cradle.

Paul's mother stayed behind. The Nazis might temporarily defile her beloved Vienna. She would outsit them. One day a magnificent car rolled up. Two SS automata craved speech with the mistress of the house. They were most deferential. Popping open the lid of a leather case, they revealed a (Continued on page 81)



Spouse Lisl adores hamburgers; Paul won't touch 'em. Ditto for card games and horsebackriding. He likes tennis; Lisl won't play. House overflows with books. Bette Davis drops in at lunchtime, stays way past midnight perusing them.



The Henreids filled new house with second-hand finds. Pamper the Victory and flower garden started by Fandás. (Above, Paul and Liv de Havilland in "Devotion.")



Alice Faye

MARTHA MONTGOMERY, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Miss., is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr., of Knoxville, Tenn., now in the Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her blue eyes are so wide-awake, her complexion so fresh, so smooth. "Pond's Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care," she says. "Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft."



HER RING is exquisite. The beautiful solitaire is a family stone, with perfect smaller diamonds set two on either side. Inside the platinum band is engraved: H.H.S.Jr. to M.L.M.—1942.

MARTHA'S COMPLEXION-CARE is delightfully simple. She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat . . . pats with little, swift pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues it off again.

Do this every night, and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why Martha loves Pond's—why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels use it—why more women and girls in America use it than any other face cream.



A LETTER FROM HER SOLDIER FIANCÉ, now "somewhere overseas," lights Martha's charming face with a happy remembering look

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

GETTING READY FOR A "CROCODILE" LINE—Martha rounds up a little group for practice evacuation drill. An accredited first-aid-er, Martha is especially interested in war-time care of small children.

"The busier I am," Martha says, "the more I depend on Pond's to help whisk away any tired look and make my face spic and span." You'll find Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!





Thomas Mitchell and Moureen O'Horo with Henry Fonda who did "The Immortal Sergeant" for Philip Morris program. Before leaving for Navy, Honk turned over all his togs, dinner jockets included, to Lynn Bari for Navy Aid Auxiliary to be made over for service men's kids.

GOOD NEWS

By Fredda Dudley

Bob Taylor Navy Air Corps j.g. . . . Lake shears locks for defense!

Brass Buttons Department:

Most gratified three service men in Hollywood this month were Sergeant B. L. Duckett (who recently returned from duty with the Marine Corps in the South Seas), J. O. Buchanan, gunner's mate, third class (who has fought all over the Pacific) and Sergeant Albert Moss of the army.

Occasion for their grins of utter delight was the planting in cement of the outlines of Miss Betty Grable's gams. Early one morning, a fresh slab was poured in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese, and Betty was conducted from the studio to the theater to impress—for posterity no doubt—the memory

of her "perfect legs" into a square near the skate marks of Sonja Henie, the knee dimples of Al Jolson, the ski-slide nose of Bob Hope and the profile of John Barrymore.

Technique called for the three service men to hoist Betty into the air, lower her shoeless, stockingless limbs to the cement, then lift her away from the seductive prints. A huge crowd gathered during the preparatory stage, among which were several service men with cameras. What those cameras almost caught was a juicy shot of Miss Grable being dropped in such a position as to make a memorial in the forecourt that would not have been okayed by the Hays office. As she was being lifted away,

one boy lost his grip, and tragedy was averted only by the strong arm of the Marines.

Gunner's mate Buchanan was on the Cruiser Vincennes when she was lost in the Solomons, and he spent five hours in the water before he was rescued . . . five hours between Japs, sharks and the bottom drawer of Davy Jones' locker. Looking about him at the comfortable, curious crowds on the sunlit Boulevard, at the studio photographers and at Glorious Grable, Buchanan of the Navy shook his head. "Gosh," he chuckled, "the things that can happen to a guy!"

If you've been wondering about Bob Preston, here is some grand gab: he was graduated from Officer's Candidate School in Miami on February 24. From two studio visitors who had been graduated from the same school in January, your reporter learned that Bob had made a great many staunch friends in Miami. "He went into the school just like an ordinary guy," our informant said. "There was nothing Hollywood about him at all. He was really rugged. He was made Wing Commander of his group, which is the second highest honor that can be bestowed by a class, and everybody felt that he really deserved it."

This is no surprise to those of us who knew him here. Being in pictures never changed Bob's status of being one of the most regular guys on earth.

Poor Freddie Bartholomew! While he was peeling potatoes at the Army Air Force's ground personnel Basic Training Center at Fresno, he was being dragged through the California courts again. The ramifications of the case are so involved that a legal innocent—like you and me—could never understand them, but the trouble seems to be that Freddie's father and mother want part of the money Freddie allegedly has made. He was reared by his Aunt Millicent, who is popular and to whom much partisan sympathy is being extended.

Town Gowns:

Ida Lupino, who once bragged that she never paid more than \$16.95 for a dress, and whose wardrobe for pictures has consisted mainly of discarded bits of old gunny sacks, has blossomed forth. In the Green Room the other day, Miss Ida appeared in (beginning from heels and reading vertically): burlesque slippers with three-inch heels and bright cardinal bows, a pair of black wide-net stockings, a can-can skirt, a fitted taffeta plaid blouse, a mass of ringlets topped by a huge cardinal hairbow. For her part in "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

Dolores Moran's card table has a new shirt—beg pardon—cover. To celebrate Dolores' seventeenth birthday, which event happened during the filming of "Old Acquaintance," Gig Young gave a set party featuring red and white checked tablecloths, spaghetti and ravioli, coffee and apple pie with cheese. When the party was over, Dolores had each guest autograph one of the tablecloths. Then she featherstitched these names—don't you wish you had one?

Bonita Granville's sentimental adventures haven't been going very smoothly (Jackie Cooper and Tim Holt having dated other girls, and Jackie Briggs having signed a long-term), but she remembered Valentine's Day in a highly sentimental manner. She gave her mother an exquisite, old-fashioned heart-shaped pin set with diamonds. Originally, the pin was given to Mrs. Granville by Bonita's father, but time had dimmed its gold and scattered its stones, so Bonita had it rejuvenated and presented it anew.

Gold Braid:

Robert Taylor was a happy, happy chappy when he was sworn in as a lieutenant, junior grade, in the Naval Air Force. To

The very Newest Make-up!

JERGENS

"TWIN MAKE-UP"



In one box, now . . . 2 make-up aids to give that young, "Velvet-Skin" Look

A LOVELIER new complexion in 2 jiffies!

1. Sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake. Instantly your complexion looks more flawless—smoother!

2. Fluff on Jergens new Face Powder in the flattering shade styled for you. Suddenly, you look young, "alive". And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

For the first time—in this new Jergens "Twin Make-up"—your right shade of make-up cake is in the same box with your powder shade. Just \$1.00 for both.

*\$2.00 Value
for \$1.00*

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake
with matching Face Powder

Twin Shades . . . in one box. Both for less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Ask for Jergens "Twin Make-up" today. Select the powder shade that "does things" for you; your twin shade of make-up cake is in the same box. 5 sets of shades. (Jergens Powder, introductory sizes, 25¢, 10¢.)

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



Alice Faye and Cesar Romero broved torrent on opening night of "This Is the Army." Stor performer, Irving Berlin, hod loryngitis, song through mike in hoorse whisper. Show cost: 350 Army men; no gols.



Hedy Lomorr ond John Loder trekked to premiere of "In Which We Serve," filmed in Eng. in just 12 wks. Plenty of gold broid dotted orches-tro, service men sent by Hollywood Conteen sordined into bolcony.



Jinx Falkenburg ond Pot Morison doted two of the 12 Novol heroes brought from hospital os honored guests ot premiere of "In Which We Serve." Style note: Mom Falkenburg whipped up the number Jinx wears.

attain this rank, one must have at least 50 solo flying hours, and Bob had 103. He also passed his mental and mechanical aptitude tests with the highest scores recorded in recent months. After a brief brush-up training period, he will either be assigned to ferry work or an instructor's job. Once a man is in the service, he doesn't say what he would like to do, but it is no local secret that Bob is frantic to get into the Ferry Command.

* * *

Friends of Victor Mature who have received recent letters from him can scarcely believe that the pen-pusher can actually be Vic. There has long been a rumor in Hollywood that Vic was transferred from the West Coast to the North Atlantic because discipline of the energetic Mature was a problem as long as he remained within hooting distance of Hollywood.

No matter how much you like Victor—and everyone does who really knows him—you have to admit that the arrogant, cynical, brash character he created in "My Gal Sal" was just a splinter off the Mature Bombast. But all that seems to be over, if one is to judge from his letters. At the time of writing he described his position as "From Parts Too Covered with Sleet To Be Identified." He continued with a brief description of hardships easily imagined on the bitter, relentless North Atlantic in the sepulcher of winter. But—and here is the crucial fact—he added that every freezing, blinding minute of it was worthwhile; that he liked what he was doing, but that even if he had hated it to perdition, it would still be the job for him. And he added one tender, sentimental touch, which is a far cry from ex-hotcha "The Genius."

"Rita's letters," he wrote levelly, "keep me going."

* * *

Gig Young, who was born Byron Barr and was later called Bryant Fleming before he took the name of the character he played in "The Gay Sisters," has left for Coast Guard boot camp. Ever since the fall of Manila, at which time his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stapler, and his wife's sister, Miss Jody Stapler, became prisoners of the Japanese, Gig has been frantic to get into the scrap.

Yet he was so good, he had done such a terrific job in "Air Force" and was turning in such a brilliant performance in "Old Acquaintance," that Warners' hated to let him go. You should hear Bette Davis talk about him. She says that if it weren't for the war, he would be headed toward one of the most brilliant of careers.

When he came into the Green Room with his hair cropped, she shrieked with horror. Then she changed her mind and decided she



Rita Hayworth and Richard Haydn did overseas broadcast, Command Performance, together. Haydn and Maria Manton, Dietrich's 18-year-old, will marry soon . . . with Mamma's heartiest blessings.



At "This Is the Army," Janey Withers snatched 'twist-scene moments for autographs. Show's been sold out for entire Los Angeles stay. Will gross \$10,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief when movie is made.

HOW GREETING CARDS HELP SAY THE WORDS IN MY HEART



WHEN I think of my friends on their birthdays, anniversaries and other important occasions, I find it hard to put into words the sincere friendly feelings that are in my heart. At these times, I turn to greeting cards — because they express so beautifully the thoughts I find so difficult to write.

As a woman, there's nothing that brings the same glow to my heart, or speaks so eloquently of thoughtfulness and genuine affection, as receiving a greeting card from a dear friend.

Joan Bennett

20th CENTURY-FOX STAR
in "MARGIN FOR ERROR"

ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE

Golden Bell

GREETING CARDS

Don't hesitate for words! On every occasion you are both gracious and correct when you select a smart Golden Bell Greeting Card. Keep hearts happy — overseas and at home — with the joy of being remembered often.

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Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
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AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD FIVE & DIME STORES
at department and gift shops everywhere



Raised Eyebrow Dept.: Anne Shirley and Jean Aumont together at "In Which We Serve" premiere. Anne sheared hair, wears it short and beribboned. It's reported that Aumont will join Free French forces.



Brooklyn's red-headed Susan Hayward will scrap Hollywood and John Corroll for N. Y. and theater. Above, she and Margaret Lindsay team up for Screen Guild Theater broadcast of "Hold Back the Down."



Often as possible, the Jones Croigs feed chickens, tuck Jimmy, Jr. (aged 2) in bed, lock up ranch house and whiz in from valley for whirl of Mocombo. Croig sells basket of eggs doily of studio.

liked it. "When you get back, let it grow out a little longer and never comb it—you'll be a character," she said. Gig had her rub the sheared pate for luck.

Originally he was ordered to appear for induction and transfer to base on one Wednesday afternoon. On Tuesday he went around the studio and told all his friends good-by. When he reached home, he had a wire from his family, telling of his mother's serious illness and her removal to a hospital; he telephoned to get what information he could, but there was little he could do.

He told Sheila, his pretty, petite wife, good-by—a bleak business because they are desperately in love. He made arrangements to have a friend take care of his dog "on a farm where he'll have work to do and where he'll be happy."

Bright and early Wednesday, he reported. He was told to wait. He waited. An hour; two hours; three hours; four hours; finally someone explained that there had been a mistake. He wasn't to report until Saturday morning.

The temptation to take a room at a hotel and vanish for two days was almost more than Gig could resist. He felt like the Cluck from Anti-Climax in the state of Chaos. Then he remembered his lucky hat and his lucky shoes. They were still at home in his closet; he had forgotten to award them to some friend.

So he rushed back to the house, ruined Sheila's joyous conclusion that the war was already over, and took the shoes and hat over to Warners'. History of the Top and Toe items: Gig has managed to wear both in every picture he has ever made. The shoes were so tight that he could scarcely walk in them (that's what California does to feet in Eastern shoes), so he slipped them on in a seated scene for "Old Acquaintance."

In "Air Force" the shoe problem was easily solved, but he was in uniform throughout, so he could find no way of wearing the hat. Charles Drake, who played the navigator, supplied the solution. In one of the scenes in which Gig was seated so that only his upper body and face showed in the camera frame, he was actually twirling his lucky hat on the toe of his boot.

Such ingenious planning should be rewarded, so Gig gave his lucky hat and shoes to Charles Drake, with the stipulation that when Drake goes into service, he is to award them to some other rising young player for whom they might perform major magic.

You've Done Your Bit—Now Do Your Best!

Change Partners and Dance:

Karen Morley has filed suit for divorce from Charles Vidor, and Hollywood wisenheimers say that as soon as he is free, Mr. Vidor will ask

the \$64.00 question of luscious Evelyn Keyes. Karen Morley, in turn, will probably give the same answer to Lloyd Gough, ex-actor now in khaki.

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

Luff Stuff:

Donna Reed and Bill Tuttle, make-up man, took out their marriage license before Christmas. They weren't recognized at the license bureau, so no word of the impending marriage seeped out. However, Donna was busy working in "The Human Comedy," so they decided to wait until February. And isn't this a note fit-to-be-copied: One of the wedding party took 16 millimeter film of the entire ceremony. Won't that be something, with which to celebrate anniversaries and to show the kiddies!

* * *

Susan Peters, who made such a hit in "Random Harvest," announced her engagement to Richard Quine, but the marriage can't occur until October because Dick won't be entirely divorced until that time. His first wife's name was Susan Paley, so he won't have any trouble adjusting to the name in his new marital set-up. Nor will he have to memorize a new set of initials for Christmas or other gift engraving. Efficient is the word for Richard.

* * *

Rumor has it that Frances Langford and Jon Hall have rifted.

* * *

And quite beyond the rumor stage went the romance of Judy Garland and David Rose. Judy moved into an apartment and called Finis, which is the language Dave best understands. This one, if you ask the gold band dopesters at Mocambo, was doomed from the beginning. Judy had to overcome enormous opposition to get to the altar in the first place, and once she was married she found that few houses are big enough for two public careers. She worked at the studio all day, whereas Dave's music made it necessary for him to work most of the night. Trying to live according to one another's schedule was too much of a strain. Actually, they are two swell people, so—in typical California fashion—everyone hopes that the divorce will be entirely friendly. Civilization, keeps, moves on.

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

The Perambulator Set:

(RAW RECRUITS DEPARTMENT:) Trudy Ellison checked in—all six pounds ten ounces of her—in time to sign up for a No. 2 ration book with the help of her beaming father, James Ellison.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Nolan announced the signing up of a second little income tax exemption. It's a long term deal without options, and the contract was handled by A. Stork & Company.

* * *

Certainly one of the happiest men in town this month was Brian Donlevy when he announced the birth of his eight-pound daughter to himself and Mrs. Donlevy who was Marjorie Lane before her marriage nearly eight years ago. If Brian sticks to his early decision, he won't name the baby for a year. Mrs. Donlevy rather wanted to call her Jennifer Ann, but Brian said he "was fighting it every inch of the way." And he said one other thing that a baby would like to know about its dad, "No matter whether this child turns out to be a boy or a girl, I'm going to raise it to be a man."

* * *

Incoherent with delight was Ye Ed of this

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means "best form"

Whenever the call has come,
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...and Now this Most
Important Call of All...



If you have given—try to give again!
Dig deep for a cause deep in every
American heart!

WAR ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE OF THE
MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

magazine, Albert Delacorte, when priorities granted him one small user of rubber panties—a boy to be named Al, Jr. This reporter received from Albert—who was doing as well as could be expected—three conflicting editorial instructions by wire within a three-hour period. Sylvia Wallace's telephone call arrived in time to restrain your columnist from securing 1) a detailed report on how



protect Hands

FROM DRYNESS,
ROUGHNESS,
AND REDNESS

Hundreds of women
who know the charm
of beautiful hands
rave about

Mary Lowell HAND CREAM

They will not use anything else. Hands can toil and yet be beautiful. Mary Lowell keeps them satin-soft-smooth-lovely. Mary Lowell has none of the disadvantages of ordinary hand creams. Never sticky or greasy. Never smudges clothing. Just try it! Only 55c for large 3-oz. jar at your beauty shop or cosmetic counter.

*** Also try** Mary Lowell Perfumed Deodorant, **50c**

Send 10c (coin or stamps) for TRIAL SIZE.

FREE BOOKLET: "YOUR HANDS and how to keep them lovely."

HOUSE OF LOWELL, INC., TIPP CITY, OHIO

he brought up Julie, from John Payne; 2) a detailed report on how he managed to train three children, from Dennis Morgan; 3) life stories anent their experiences, from Messrs. Bing Crosby and Don Ameche.

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

(Continued on page 102)



Hair -

"**Bun**" Granville has golden flecked, honey colored hair . . . quite a glamour combination with her gardenia-smooth complexion. Bonita, the ex-hellion who was once Hollywood's favorite brat, has blossomed into a but-beautiful twenty, slim, poised and pretty. And to hear Bun speak about it, when your Beauty Ed. cornered her in the Granville suite at the Waldorf-Astoria, "A girl's best friend is her crowning glory!"

"Her hair is the first thing noticed in a girl's appearance," claims Bun, and 'tis true, say we. Ask any man to describe the new belle in town. "Well, she's a smooth blonde," or "She's a ginger-top with kinda cute freckles." Such being the case, a beauty-wise girl is going to look to her locks. No other single feature can do as much to create the impression of beauty as can shining, healthy, trimly-coiffed ringlets. Then, too, hair responds brilliantly to even the tiniest attention, happy thought!

Bonita Granville of the blonde and beautiful tresses chats with the Beauty Dept. about shampoos and such. Yesterday this charmer was playing brats!

The gallant Navy gives "Bun" a whirl whenever she visits New York. She war-works in her free time and does a grand acting job in "Hitler's Children."

by Carol Carter



do Beauty Aids . . .

TO THE CLEANERS

Bonita is a gal who likes once-a-week tubbings for her curls. Thinks this business of shampooing every two weeks is as prehistoric as Saturday-night-only for the bath. If you, my pet, are a bright girl who wants tresses glamorous à la Bonita, you'll see that your locks are sudsed regularly. How frequently your hair needs a bath depends on its condition. Oily hair should be dumped in the basin once a week or oftener; dry hair, at least once every two weeks. Take normal hair to the cleaners every ten days or so.

If, perchance, you think correct shampooing is a bit too tricky for the amateur, why don't you trade shampoos with a chum? It's a Hollywood idea. For example, a Friday night or a Saturday morning date is fun. Then you gals can help one another to thorough hair polishing jobs.

Before plunging into a shampoo routine, brush your

hair briskly in all directions. To quote Bonita, "A good ten-minute brushing is not one second too long!" It exercises the scalp, makes it "alive" and tingling, removes tangles, loose dust and dandruff flakes. Next step: Moisten your hair thoroughly, apply shampoo. Let it be a tailor-made one for your type. If your tresses are dry, pick one with an oil base. An oily-locked lass will vote for a special shampoo with brisker, more persuasive ways. And if dandruff is speckling your shoulders with unwelcome snow, be sure your shampoo is one with dandruff-removing ways.

Knead your scalp energetically to achieve a rich, creamy lather. Work the billowy, clean-making stuff into every strand of hair. Rinse with clean water and repeat the sudsing process for a complete job. Bonita says that if she's been in soot-laden city air, she often repeats the soaping a third time. She tells us that many film beauties do this. (Continued on page 100)

NEW! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

*NEW "Natural" Powder makes
Blondes look Blonder...Prettier*

Pond's rose-dusted new Dreamflower "Natural" makes you look so divinely different! Blonder . . . fresher . . . more enchantingly fair-skinned—but never pale or chalky. And the new texture of Dreamflower powder is so unbelievably smooth that it makes your skin look finer and smoother, too! "Pond's new Dreamflower 'Natural' is ever so flattering to delicate blonde skin like mine," says Miss Cynthia McAdoo.



Stays on and ON
Pond's "LIPS"

Of course you love Pond's "Lips"—who doesn't? Now you'll love its new matching compact rouge—Pond's "Cheeks"!

Actual 10c Size



**TODAY! See all 6 New
Dreamflower Powder Shades**

NATURAL—for pink and white blondes
ROSE CREAM—peach tone for golden blondes
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige for medium brunettes
RACHEL—for cream-ivory skin
DUSK ROSE—for rich, rosy-tan skin
DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes

At Beauty Counters Everywhere
49c, 25c, 10c

"Highlights for Your halo"



Witchery in Veronica Lake's bright locks. She's in "So Proudly We Hail."



"She Has What It Takes" is Alma Carroll's pix. Her hair has oomph!



Sparkling red-blonde for Lucille Ball! See her in "Du Barry Was a Lady."



Ann Rutherford's gleaming curls. Her pix: "I Escaped from Hong Kong."

by Carol Carter

● "Make-up is definitely magic," you tell yourself as you brighten your lips with a pert red. Next you flatter your eyes with a deep brown mascara and delicately tint your cheeks with a rose-pink rouge. Then your glance travels to your hair-do. Neat but how dull! Your "smudged" brunette or faded blonde hair may be clean and freshly brushed, but it misses glamour by a flick of color. The solution, my pet, is evident. You need a "make-up" for your locks.

Color-bright Curls

To bring a flattering glow to those dejected tresses, treat yourself to a package of rinses! They'll add sparkle and zest to the old topknot as quickly and as easily as a lipstick brightens your lips . . . and as harmlessly. These rinses (not dyes, remember) make only a small change in hair coloring. They can make blonde hair a more golden blonde or gray hair a bluer gray, which is very pretty indeed. But they most decidedly won't change red hair to black or blonde to brown. Fact is, a rinse is applied and washed off as easily as your finest face powder. After your regular shampoo, dissolve the delicately tinted rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair . . . you'll be thrilled at the result. All trace of soap-film has disappeared. Your hair is magically alive—color bright again! You're sure to dazzle your furloughing beau.

Eeny-Meeny-Miney-Mo

"Which shade is the right shade for me?" From a wide range of twelve rinses, (*Continued on page 99*)

Marquerite Chapman

IN COLUMBIA'S
"DESTROYER"

*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

ARE you blonde?...or brunette?...or brownette?...or redhead?...whatever your type, there's a Color Harmony shade of this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood* to accent all the natural beauty of your type.

So, make this Hollywood secret yours now...discover how perfect a face powder can be. See what an attractive, youthful-looking color tone it gives to your skin...how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and note how the unusual clinging quality keeps your make-up beautiful for extra hours. Try *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...\$1.00.



**MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**

Making Yourself Over is FUN!

—says Mrs. Ansil Fults, Detroit, Mich.

Overweight Business Girl Becomes Slender Beauty!

They told Ansil Fults she'd always be big and for years she believed it. But she got tired of being tired, decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. The result—waist and hips now slender, legs slim and graceful, a peach-plexion and a gay new spirit.

What happened to Mrs. Fults

Lost 37 lbs.
Waist 7" less
Abdomen 7" less
Hips 6 3/4" less
Thigh 6 1/2" less



Before

"My husband is as proud as I am," says Mrs. Fults. "I simply cannot thank you enough for all the DuBarry Success Course has done for me. I regret I waited so long to start."



After

Be Fit and Fair from Top to Toe

Ansil Fults is just one of more than 75,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy—at home. You get an analysis of your needs—then follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the Full Story—In these days it's important to be at your best—ready for war work, for personal and business success. So send at once for the new book telling all about the DuBarry Success Course and what it can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SS-59, 693 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send the new book telling all about
the DuBarry Home Success Course.



Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

TALL, THIN AND TERRIFIC

(Continued from page 53)

snow. Gig inherited a modicum of business sense. He got the kid across the street to mow and shovel for half the price his father paid him. The outstanding adventure of those years was a trip to relatives in Iowa, thumbing his way. The most hospitable town was Rochester, where they let him sleep in the county jail and gave him an egg sandwich for breakfast.

head start . . .

He was the youngest of three. His sister Genevieve dragged him to dancing school, where he stood on one foot and blushed. His brother Donald was his hero. Don's scholastic record fired him with the liveliest admiration but fell short of spurring his ambition. So long as he made the track team, Don was welcome to the A's. At 16 he fell in love with a girl of 20 and contemplated matrimony. In the end, he decided you couldn't get married and be an actor, too.

The notion of being an actor had been born with him and thrived without encouragement. He refrained from mentioning it to his family. He was turned down for declamation, as his knocking knees drowned out his voice.

His purpose was no more affected by these setbacks than an oak by a breeze. 1930 swept his father's business into limbo. Gig and his parents moved to Washington, D. C. Donald had copped a two-year contract to establish canning factories in Russia. Genevieve was teaching school. In Washington, Gig finished high school and went to work in an office at 18 per. When his father got a job with TVA, Gig elected to stay behind with his 18 bucks.

Waiting only for the family to turn its back, he enrolled with the Philip Haydon Players—dancing and dramatics. The latter he got free, in exchange for his services as dancing partner once a week. Finishing at midnight, he'd walk the four miles home because the busses had stopped, and he couldn't afford a taxi. This schedule he followed for two years, working hard, eating light and saving for that trip to Hollywood.

The hoard he'd put away, dollar by dollar, went to pay hospital bills. Planning to leave that summer, he fell ill in the spring but left just the same, heart as light as his pocket, which held 20 bucks. Before leaving, he wrote conscientious letters to his family, disclosing his plans but not his financial status.

Back from Russia, Donald now held an important job with a food company in New York. "I'm flying down," he wired. "Don't leave till I see you."

Gig awaited him with foreboding. He proposed to stand his ground but didn't relish the prospect of a clash with his big brother. Donald reasoned, pleaded, offered a job with the food company, wore himself out. All the sense was on his side. Gig's only weapon was stubbornness and determination.

It took him two weeks to hitchhike to California. He slept in barns, found the farm folk generous with handouts and stopped for a day's work here and there to repair his fortunes.

His last lift took him into Culver City. He had five dollars, mistook Culver City—hangout of Leo the Lion—for Hollywood, registered at a small hotel, went forth in search of a job and landed one at a filling station. It paid a hundred a month—which was affluence—but devoured his daylight hours, so he dropped

it for the night clerkship at his hotel.

An actor who lived at the hotel wangled him an interview with Bill Grady, M-G-M's casting director. Mr. Grady took in the suit which had outgrown its owner, the tense young face, the nervous hands, listened kindly to the lies he stammered about his experience and suggested that he do some plays.

"I can't afford dramatic school—"

"Go to Ben Bard's. Tell him what you've told me. Maybe he'll let you study for nothing."

bumpy road . . .

Gig all but went down on his knees to Mr. Bard, the burden of his refrain being that he could paint scenery. He said it hopefully, tentatively, despairingly; at each pause in his story, out it would pop like a cuckoo: "I can paint scenery." Bard told him to come in on Monday.

He'd moved into a little joint that used to be Fatty Arbuckle's studio. He'd bought a \$35 Chevvy that had to be pushed for blocks before it would start. He worked at the hotel from five to five, slept till eight, studied till three, painted till four-thirty, then pushed his car back to the hotel.

This went on for a year and a half. He kept getting skinnier. When he sat still and put his head back, things began to swim. He thought that was curious. He wondered what would happen if he kept his head back, so he tried it and passed out. It wasn't, however, till he fainted at school one day that the idea began to penetrate, and he made concessions to his health by shifting from night clerk to waiter at a night club. He and Bill Hamner, another student, had become close friends. Bill got him a bow tie and the job. Gig got himself the gate, because he couldn't keep the drinks straight. By that time Bill was counter man at a drive-in. Gig would sneak in, hide behind a paper on the end stool and feed off whatever his friend could hook. Till the manager drawled: "How's about coming to work tomorrow? Cheaper for me in the end."

The next act takes place in Pasadena and runs for 18 months. Bill uncovered the miracle. You could go to the Pasadena Playhouse and read on Sunday nights, and if you were any good, they'd give you a part. Gig and Bill both got parts. Gig played a hill-billy, who had to whistle for his girl. He couldn't whistle, so a laughing little brunette named Sheila Stapler stood in the wings and did it for him.

shades of Iohengrin . . .

He and Bill set up bachelor quarters in a dwelling that boasted a kitchen, bedroom and bed in the living room. They took turns at the bedroom, alternate weeks, mowed lawns, etc., to earn the essential minimum, and lived on beef stews—of which they cooked enough Sundays to last a week.

Gig even managed to save enough out of his share of the beef stew fund to buy Sheila a hammered silver bracelet for Christmas. He was beginning to feel that the line about "you can't get married and be an actor, too" could be overdone. A few months later they were married in Las Vegas at 4 A.M.

He had the shakes for a week. They were both pretty scared. Sheila's folks were in the Philippines—still are, as prisoners of war. They'd have wanted her home on a visit—a big wedding—

might even have tried to persuade the two to wait.

By now Gig couldn't eat. Having stood enough nonsense, his stomach went on strike. This was the moment chosen by one of the talent scouts who haunt the Pasadena Playhouse, to offer him a test. Suspecting what he'd look like on the screen, he begged them to put it off a couple of weeks while he tried to gain a couple of pounds. Dr. Richard Watt, whom he consulted, told him he'd gain nothing till his appendix had been yanked, and did the job on credit. Three weeks later, fearing to jeopardize the studio's slender interest by further postponements, he took his test. They ran it twice, so entranced were they with his Adam's apple—then decided they didn't need a thin man.

As one hope faded, another dawned. He got his first professional job playing Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose." On the strength of 20 solid simoleons a week, he and Sheila announced their marriage and took a little apartment. One night they were entertaining the Bill Hamners and an English friend who knew how to stir up a curry. The dish was just about ready when the phone rang. Gig's agent. "Look, I just ran the Adam's apple test for Warners'. One of their scouts liked your Abie. You're to call the casting director right away."

The casting director told him to come in next morning prepared to sign a contract and depart on location. No curry was eaten that night. Even Gig's friends were too transported for food. He went on location with "Here Comes the Cavalry," which gave him two lines—in his estimation, the finest two lines ever set down by a Hollywood brain.

Several months later—in his Bryant Fleming phase—he was assisting Alexis Smith in her test for "The Constant Nymph." Though the test was for her, Gig gave of his best, because you never can tell. While Eddie Goulding directed, Henry Blanke, the producer, came in. That afternoon Goulding told Gig that Blanke was considering him for the part of Gig Young in "The Gay Sisters." He couldn't believe it. He still couldn't believe it when Goulding told him Mr. Warner had liked the test.

As you know, he did—thanks, Gig says, to the patience of Director Irving Rapper. Mr. Rapper's patience was rewarded at the sneak preview. These sneaks are conducted for audience reaction. Only the executives know when and where they'll be held. The following morning Gig was in make-up, preparing to assist at another test. Rapper called his home. "We had the sneak last night," he told Sheila. "Where's Bryant?"

"In make-up," she said, and went back to weep among the breakfast dishes, because this could only mean that Gig had been awful, and they'd have to reshoot. Meantime Gig had been summoned to Rapper's office. Bette Davis was there. A confused and incredulous young man had his hand pumped, his back thumped and a tale of triumph poured into his ear.

happy days . . .

Through the turmoil that followed, a few items stand out.—The champagne he and Sheila bought to celebrate.—His official change of name to Gig Young. (He likes it.)—The state of distraction in which he moved.—The pleasure of recognition and the agonizing embarrassment of not knowing what to say. (Introduced to one big shot, he blurted "How's everything?" cursed himself for a jerk, backed

(Continued on page 73)

"Want him to adore you? Try my*W.B.N.C."

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "DIXIE", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Says Dorothy Lamour:

"Men hover 'round the girl whose complexion is lush velvet. So take my W.B.N.C. That means...

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"All you need is Woodbury Cold Cream. And what grand things it does. It's my nightly beauty care."

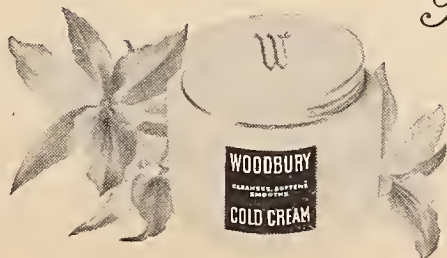
Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. How fresh, clean, your skin feels! Pat on more cream—wipe again, leaving a trace of the fine oils all night—for new, morning glamour.

Four special ingredients in Woodbury make your skin softer, smoother. Another exclusive ingredient acts constantly to keep the cream in the jar pure to the last.

Tonight take the W.B.N.C.—he'll adore you more tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars



A Grand Surprise! You get so much for your money. Big economy jars \$1.25, 75¢. Also sizes at 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FOR THE MODERN MISS

By Elizabeth Willguss



Now in 20th-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello," Lynn Bari adds crisp white gilet, gloves, to her soft beige.



Every suit needs a Ship 'n Shore blouse. Ann Savage of Col.'s "The More the Merrier" prefers stripes.



Investing? You'll be wearing it next Easter, too. So choose a Jeanne Barrie pastel, shown on Ann.



Tailored to a T but frilled to the cuffs! That's your Easter fashion tip from Lorraine Day, heroine of M-G-M's "Journey for Margaret." The handsome guy with her is hubby Ray Hendricks, U.S. flying instructor.

SUIT YOURSELF FOR EASTER . . .

"I just live in suits," Lynn Bari said when she came to New York recently. "You can do so much with them." Aren't you right, Lynn! "And I think you'll see more lapel ornaments now that we're buying so few clothes," she continued. "Real conversation pieces, I mean. Like the huge silver pins I found in New Mexico. A bird of paradise—this big—with amethyst eyes. And a pair of lovebirds. They sound gaudy but aren't, and they *make* my suits!" That's how she varies the jacket and skirt parade.

"Oh, I admit it. I'm a perfect fiend about fit," answered Loretta Young, star of Par.'s "China," when I commented on that custom-made Young look. "When I do this," lifting her shoulders, "I want my suits to fit so they just slip back into place without any hitching." How about blouses? "No, I prefer a scarf or chiffon jabot, because I don't think a girl ever looks well dressed if she goes jacketless anyway. So why the blouse?" And why *not* initial your scarf?

You keep right on asking every Hollywood gal who comes to town these days, and the answer is always SUITS. But with personal feelings on froth. That's what makes them look so different on each of you. You won't suffer a bunch of red carnations on your lapel, but your closest co-ed thinks it solid stuff. When you ponder the clothes in your closet, what goes more places, changes its face more easily than your precious suit? Nothing, unless it's another, maybe with an Eton jacket. And if your old *or* new one needs any altering, see it gets done, hmm?

away before he could open his trap again, and went sprawling over a hedge.)

Sheila's abandoned her acting ambitions, says she'd rather dream she might have been a great actress. She's learned to cook instead, and Gig's learning to eat. He still can't gain weight, though.

She calls him Gig, to get used to it, and he's got a nickname for her that he won't tell. He used to scoff at superstitions, till Sheila infected him with hers. Even now he won't blanch at walking under a ladder. He just won't walk under it. The hat he wore in "Gay Sisters" is his lucky hat. He sneaked it into "Air Force" and is trying, under difficulties, to do the same in "Old Acquaintance."

He's provokingly absent-minded. They'll have a date to go out. Gig: "Why don't you tell me these things?" Sheila: "I told you yesterday and the day before, but you just don't listen."—If he says he'll be home at six, he gets there at eight.

They both like to read in bed. Gig falls asleep first. Their attitude toward money is identical. They'll save like mad, then go on a spending jag, which leaves them where they started. Their major extravagance is a combination radio-victrola-recording machine.

sad-eyed schnauzer . . .

When his first option was picked up, they moved from the apartment to a house. In honor of the second, they moved to a larger house. The larger house has five rooms. Sheila does her own housework. In an emergency, Gig might dry a couple of dishes but prefers to regard himself as an outside man. He trims hedges, chases gophers and is handy with a short circuit. Between them, they take care of his fan mail. They get along without help, so they'll have money in the bank when Gig's mustered out. "Old Acquaintance" will be his last picture, for time being. On Dec. 7th he was sworn into the Coast Guard.

Not long ago he made a flying trip to Phoenix to see his brother Donald, who was there on business. Obviously, Donald was pleased by his success. Pleased, yet somehow uneasy.

"Look, kid, don't get me wrong. I know you're doing fine. But in this game, they tell me a guy can be up today and down tomorrow. I'd just like to say, if you ever want another job, it's yours."

Gig whooped. Come hell or high water, he'll be an actor when the war's over and an actor till he dies. Meantime, the Army's okay. You eat in the Army.

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from pg. 11)

Set 2

1. Undersized siren
2. Genius
3. "Tales of Manhattan"
4. Johnny and Mike
5. Tired of retirement
6. The long and short of it
7. Sinister snarl
8. Rib-tickler
9. British
10. Tagged by Terry
11. Slant-eyed and sultry
12. Tex McCrary
13. Stage and screen
14. Ipana smile
15. Irish
16. Laughed in "Ninotchka"
17. Thriller-diller
18. Yodeler
19. Skylarking
20. Boogily-woogily

(Next set of clues on pg. 94)

Ever see a Blue Blonde?



1 Well, she was blue . . . and lonely, too . . . for men thought she looked older than a glamour girl should . . . and stayed away! But 'twas all because her face powder didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance. It added years to her age . . . 'cause the colors were dead and lifeless . . . so her skin looked old. Poor girl!



2 Then she got wise . . . tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder . . . in the glamorous new shades that are scientifically matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a thrill . . . because there's an alluring new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance the natural, youthful beauty of your complexion, too, no matter what your age!

3 Classic little lassie . . . now her date-book's always full . . . thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never streaky . . . color-harmonized to suit your skin-type . . . goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours on end!



4 Discover what a glamorous complexion you can win with these new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet! See how fresh and innocent they make you look! There's a shade to suit you perfectly . . . in 10¢ size or larger, at all cosmetic counters!

CASHMERE BOUQUET FACE POWDER

In the New Youthful Shades



MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES:

NO. 4: "SO LONG, JOHNNY!"

500

VALUABLE PRIZES!



First prize: Dazzling full-length fur coat in lynx-dyed Russian wolf for day or evening. Modeled in Hollywood by Lynn Bari.

● So Johnny Payne's gone, and all we have left of the big guy is "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Just because they think he's great, his studio has given \$2,000 in War Bonds for a giant farewell contest. Okay! And if you ask us, here's one send-off that will really tickle Johnny silly. GO SEE "FRISCO"!

1ST PRIZE I. J. Fox Russian Wolf Fur Coat
2nd-6th Prizes \$200 each in War Bonds*
7th-11th Prizes \$100 each in War Bonds
Try, and try again prizes**
12th-511th Prizes \$1.00 each in War Stamps

HERE'S HOW:—Read the story "So Long, Johnny," beginning on page 46 of this issue. Read it carefully, then select the passage (not more than ½ a page) that you consider the best. Clip out the passage or copy it if you'd rather. Then, on the blank below, fill in your name and address *plus* the signatures of *two* persons whom you have asked to see "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Send in this blank and the signatures with your selection.

RULES:

1. Read the story "So Long, Johnny," beginning on page 46 of this issue of MODERN SCREEN. Select the one passage (not more than ½ a page) that you consider the best. Your choice will speak for itself, so you don't have to bother writing why you chose it.
2. Tell two other persons about the contest and John Payne's last picture for the duration, "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Then ask them to fill in their names on the blank. Be sure and send it along with your selection.
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 family.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than May 10th.
6. Neatness and accuracy will count, though elaborate entries 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 contest series. If you haven't already won one of the first ten prizes in past contests, you are still eligible for this one.
8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
9. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES

No. 4—"So Long, Johnny"

Please Print or Type

Your name _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____

Coat size _____

Signature of *TWO* other persons you have told about "HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO."

Mail this coupon with your selection to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City

*All bonds donated by 20th Century-Fox.

**If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

STRANGE CASE OF LANA TURNER

(Continued from page 33)

drawn between Lana and Jean Harlow. Lana didn't relish the comparison; she said, shaking her head, "Who would wish that poor girl's bad breaks on anyone? For myself—no thanks."

Yet . . .

Lana's first marriage, about which you have read in great detail, had Artie Shaw as the other half of the "I Do" routine. It lasted five months. That mistake dissolved, Lana went into bigger screen parts. She seemed to have matured mentally as well as emotionally.

One July afternoon in 1942, she talked to MODERN SCREEN's Ida Zeitlin, telling of her plans for the future. They included practically everything except marriage. Lana said she was going to work hard on her career; she was going to have fun. Nothing was going to be serious—everything strictly for laughs. She mentioned several boys with whom she had been having dates, including one Stephen Crane.

The next day the papers were turning handsprings from griddle to consumer, hot with news that Miss Turner was now Mrs. Stephen Crane by grace of a plane ride and a Las Vegas J.P. And Miss Zeitlin got a second interview on the spontaneous character of love.

In January, 1943, Lana announced that she was to become a mother. Two weeks later, she announced that she was seeking an annulment because she had innocently contracted a bigamous marriage. The reason, according to attorneys, that Lana had to secure an annulment was this: By having the marriage dissolved, Lana secured the court's recognition that a marriage DID exist until date of annulment, which PROTECTS THE LEGITIMACY OF HER CHILD.

The reason the July, 1942, marriage was technically bigamous was that Stephen Crane's divorce to his first wife, Carol Kurtz Crane, did not become final until January, 1943.

However, once that decree was handed down, Hollywood dopesters presumed that Lana would rewed the father of her child-to-be. Miss Turner promptly scotched that rumor by announcing with finality that she had no such intention.

Those are the facts of the case, which you may or may not have read in your own daily newspaper. But, in the last analysis, who is content with unadorned fact? Who wants to accept the cold statistics, unmodified by the warm rush of human foible?

It seemed to the MODERN SCREEN staff that—as most people appeared to believe—this was not the story of two persons, but of three. Not the complicated history of Lana Turner and Stephen Crane alone, but that of Carol Crane, as well.

source material . . .

Carol Crane, as Steve's first wife, probably knows him as well as anyone on earth. And it is only through the testimony of someone who knows Stephen Crane, that one can understand this latest installment in the Legend of Lana. Actually, therefore, the story that broke in the papers in January and February, 1943, began on December 31, 1937, at four o'clock one bitter, winter afternoon.

Carol Kurtz, in white satin, was married that day to Stephen Crane. She had attended Indiana University where she was a member of Alpha Chi Omega.

CONSTANCE LUFT HURN,
Head of the House of Tangee



Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

GOING "all out" ALL DAY?

You Should Use a Satin-Finish Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Hurn, Head of the House of Tangee

Now that wartime duties are added to your day-to-day activities...now that you're on the go all day every day...many of you must often wish fervently for a lipstick that ONCE ON, STAYS ON! If that is *your* wish, I sincerely recommend that you use one of our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH makes each Tangee Lipstick so smooth it literally applies itself...creating a soft and glossy sheen, an exquisite long-lasting grooming, which every woman hopes to achieve...And remember: There is a matching rouge to every Tangee shade; a matching shade of Tangee's UN-powdery face powder for every complexion!

TANGEE
SATIN-FINISH



NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED

...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

EYES RIGHT FOR FLAVOR!



On land and sea, America's men in uniform are enjoying the distinctive flavor of refreshing Beech-Nut Gum. And with us, as with you, the privilege of serving the needs of our armed forces comes first of all.

So please don't blame your dealer if his stock of Beech-Nut Gum is short at times.

Remember, the Beech-Nut Gum he *can't* supply is going to our fighting men.

Beech-Nut Gum

*The yellow package...
with the red oval*

Steve had his Bachelor of Arts degree from Wabash University, where he had been graduated *magna cum laude*—which is to say he had won the D.S.C. of scholarship. He was a member of Sigma Chi, social fraternity, and Phi Beta Kappa.

Carol was a beauty, with masses of blue-black wavy hair, eloquent brown eyes and a flashing smile. Stephen was a handsome character, dark-haired, dark of eye, six feet two inches of height, and a scales depression of 185 pounds.

After the ceremony, the newly-wed Cranes started to drive to Cincinnati in a blinding-blizzard. They had a minor car accident, complicated by the furious weather, but finally arrived at the hotel in which Steve had reserved the bridal suite. Imagine their consternation at learning that another bridal couple had arrived about an hour earlier and claimed they had reserved the suite.

Carol and Stephen went from room to room, trying to find a comfortable, romantic spot in which to spend their honeymoon. The suite selected, Stephen—romanticist and dramatizer at heart—lifted Carol and carried her over the threshold. Once inside, they discovered that the room wouldn't do at all; twin beds. They moved to another suite.

"This has certainly been a stormy beginning," Carol told her new husband. "I hope it doesn't mean anything."

In Hollywood, a blonde starlet was winning the undying love of wardrobe department employees at her studio. When she emerged from a scene at luncheon time, she went to her dressing room and changed from screen attire to a long robe, which she wore to the commissary. This saved innumerable pressings and cleanings and made many a wardrobe girl's day easier.

After their honeymoon, the Cranes returned to Crawfordsville, Indiana, where Stephen worked in the only cigar store which had been retained from the original state-wide chain the family had owned before the elder Crane's death.

Crawfordsville is a quiet, pleasant town of ten or twelve thousand; the young Cranes were members of the country club set. They lived the usual golfing, bridging, dancing suburban life.

wild oating . . .

At the end of two years, Carol—who has great talent for clothes design—decided it would be fun to go to Chicago for a few weeks to see if she could sell some of her sketches and clothes ideas. She could and did. Stephen sold the store and moved up to Chicago, too. While Carol worked all day and sometimes in the evening as well, Stephen was finding out what money could buy. During his college days and his early married life, he had regarded money as a comfortable thing, of minor importance. Now, according to Carol, he learned that a checkbook was a plow, a planter and a cultivator with which one could grow a rampant crop of wild oats.

When friends told Carol, she refused at first to believe it. What had happened to the idealistic man she had married?

Carol, heartsick, had a long talk with Stephen's mother who explained that sometimes men have a certain amount of hell-raising that they have to get out of their systems before they can settle down. Give Steve time and patient devotion, and he'd come out of this glitter phase a solid citizen. Just wait and see!

The young Cranes conferred and hit upon a sensible plan to save their marriage: They would separate for four months, then meet for a 1940 reunion.

In Hollywood, a blonde girl at M-G-M was getting her first star's dressing room. She was also being periodically scolded

for being too impetuously generous. She had been wearing an expensive bracelet one day when a studio employee—looking at it—caught her breath and cried, "That's the loveliest thing I have ever seen. Golly, I hope the time comes when I can buy things like that!" The next day the bracelet arrived by messenger—a gift from Lana. It sounds corny, but it's true. The word went around, "Don't rave over anything Lana owns or she's likely to give it to you willy-nilly."

face lifting . . .

Carol Crane, a sheltered girl who had never dreamed that a marriage with a boy who came from such a fine family and who had enjoyed such opportunities, could become so rugged, went to Nassau. Stephen went to Hollywood.

At Christmas time, Carol and Stephen's younger brother went to the airport in answer to a wire from Stephen. He was coming home. Despite the December wind, Carol's cheeks were warm with expectancy; perhaps the man she was meeting after four month's separation would—by some precious alchemy—have become the boy she knew when they were both in college. A diffident, quiet boy who had read a great deal and who was almost bookishly sincere.

She watched the passengers leave the plane; she glanced past this man and that. Stephen wasn't among them, she thought. Only strange faces moved toward the pavilion. And then the walk of one of the men caught her attention. He was within 20 feet, before Carol, flabbergasted, recognized her husband.

His face was so badly swollen that he looked as if he weighed about 250, at least a fourth of that from the chin up. Chuckling, he explained that he had never liked his general appearance so he had undergone plastic surgery. His nose, simultaneously with certain sinus surgery, had been altered, and bone grafts had been performed successfully on his lower jaw—because he had fretted over what he considered a receding chin.

The operation had been performed just two weeks earlier. "But why?"

Sheepishly, Steve said, "Well, with a few improvements, I thought I might get a break in pictures."

The holidays weren't a panic of delight by any means. There were the usual parties, the gaiety, the presents, but Carol was haunted by the feeling that this man who had come back to her was just an old friend whose life had traveled along a divergent channel.

In Hollywood, a slim girl with a shock of wheat-colored hair bought herself a lipstick red convertible coupe and charged from one end of town to the other, a cardinal streak of delight. Here and there someone said something unkind about "that wild kid." Yet several wise tongues were quick to recall Lana's age—then barely 20—and the delight of any ingenue in a bright red wagon. Eventually she traded the chili-pepper zipper for a more conservative model.

Mrs. Crane, senior, persuaded Carol to go to California with Steve. Mrs. Crane, herself, accompanied these two whose marriage she wanted to direct into the happy pattern she had known.

They returned to the apartment Steve had occupied; probably this was one of the final mistakes. The telephone rang, Carol now recalls, the second night they were there. Steve had gone to the corner for a paper, so Carol answered. A voice with a trill said, "Is Stevie there?"

"He'll be back in a moment. Could I take a message for him?" Carol asked. "Who is this?" the caller asked.

"I'm Mrs. Crane," Carol explained helpfully.

There was a gasp and the quick click of a telephone. Carol told her mother-in-law, "One of Steve's boy friends—a little tight, I suppose."

But, according to Carol, she wasn't able to spare the mother's feelings for long, because Mrs. Crane, senior, answered the telephone at three one morning and had the same experience.

Miss Turner, by this time one of the town's top glamour girls, took her stand-in shopping. She had never heard of Steve or Carol Crane, much less met them. As they left Bullock's Wilshire one afternoon, she and Alice May were just arriving.

Lana, when buying her personal wardrobe, won't try on garments. Instead, she has Miss May—who is exactly the same size—model the clothes. Their tastes differ slightly, so Lana always buys two dresses: Her first choice for herself, and Miss May's first choice for Miss May. This generous purchase plan includes similar mink coats.

The Cranes separated. Carol's sister came West, and the two girls took an apartment together.

In January, 1941 — NOTICE THAT DATE BECAUSE IT IS IMPORTANT—Steve and Carol entered into an agreement whereby Carol waived all property rights. She wanted nothing from Steve except a small allowance until she could find steady work. She had appeared in several pictures at Mono-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After a personal appearance in New York, Bela Lugosi was swamped by autograph hounds who barred his way to a cab. Suddenly he clenched his teeth, opened his eyes wildly and turned on them with a horrible look. In a split second, the crowd scattered, and Mr. Lugosi stepped smilingly into his cab.

Mrs. Faye Yagoda,
1638 Dahill Road,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

gram, but this was too insecure to be trusted without some other source of income. Her friends, Carol says, assured her that Steve had plenty of money, so she felt justified in accepting a small monthly sum from him.

And she discussed the problem of divorce. IN CALIFORNIA ONE HAS TO BE A RESIDENT FOR A YEAR BEFORE YOU CAN APPLY FOR AN INTERLOCUTORY DECREE. In January, 1941, Carol told Steve, "I don't want to go to Reno or Las Vegas, so if it's all right with you, I'll wait the year until my residence is legal. I'll apply for divorce in January, 1942, and we'll both be free in January, 1943, if that's okay with you."

Steve said it was fine with him. He was in no hurry. At that time he hadn't met Lana.

The Cranes were entirely friendly in all their negotiations. They met for luncheon and dinner and talked personalities about people "back home." Carol learned through friends that Steve had been offered an opportunity to go into the agency business, but had turned it down. He had also been offered an acting contract at a major studio, but had turned that down also hoping a higher salary might be arranged.

One night Carol was having a group of friends in for bridge, when Steve called to ask if he could bring Lana. He had had several dates with her, he said, and

LORETTA YOUNG has this to say:

**"I'm working twice as hard today,
So when I take time out to rest
Give me the cola that tastes best!"**

See Loretta Young in her new
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When busy Loretta Young isn't making pictures, she's visiting plane plants on morale tours or working at canteens. No wonder she says, "When I want a quick-up, I reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola. It certainly gives me a fresh start. I took the famous cola taste-test—tasted the nation's leading colas in paper cups, then voted for the one I liked best. My choice was Royal Crown Cola!"

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CHERAMY perfumer
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

she was a swell kid. Carol said, "Certainly—I'd like to meet her."

During the evening something was said about Carol and Steve being divorced yet so friendly; it didn't occur to Carol to sing out, "interlocutory decree only." That sort of thing isn't discussed before casual acquaintances.

fresh start . . .

In May, 1942, Steve and Carol had another of their periodic conferences. He said that he was flat broke; moreover, that he had been mulling over the world's madness and had decided that he belonged in the Army.

Carol, hoping—no longer for her own sake—but entirely for Steve's, that the Army would give him a new chance, said that she would be patriotic, too. She would set him free, forever, of any financial responsibility to herself. She executed legal documents, releasing him from his previous monthly payment agreement; she wished him luck.

Steve has been described repeatedly as a boyish, naive, terribly sincere lad from the hinterland. It was this shy, sweet-mannered air that first endeared him to Lana Turner. Carol says of him, "Steve isn't just one man; he's a thousand different men. You couldn't know them all in a lifetime."

She thought, as a matter of fact, that it must have been one of these other men who married Lana Turner in Las Vegas in July—just two months after the financial agreement was signed. Carol couldn't figure it out—in which respect she was part of a national chorus.

Her bewilderment increased when she read the announcement of Lana's imminent motherhood.

On the set, someone had taught Lana to knit. She wasn't very good at it, but, oh, she was determined! She told questioners that she was going to make an afghan for her own baby, so there. The yarn was palest blue. Lana worked with clean fingers, medium fingers and mechanics paws. She knitted between each take from morning until night and the delicate yarn took on sand tones, then became cafe-au-lait.

When she had a free day from the picture, "Slightly Dangerous," she made a tour of every baby shop in Beverly Hills and ordered bonnets, blankets, a bassinet and all the rest of the small things that make up junior equipment.

What happened next in the private lives of Lana and Steve is anyone's guess. Did some friend of Steve's—thinking of that coming child—tell Lana the truth about his marital status? Did some reporter, remembering a certain interlocutory decree in January, 1942, scent a story and get in touch with her in order to secure a statement? Or did Steve, himself, become nervous and try to explain—belatedly?

When Lana was a spindly girl of 14, she traveled alone from California to Missouri to visit her grandmother. When she reached Indianapolis, she discovered to her chagrin that she had lost her purse containing her ticket and all her money. Without wasting a moment in panic or tears, she analyzed the situation and decided what had to be done: She located the Travelers' Aid Society and calmly told them the story.

Her mother, laughing about it afterward, said, "Lana makes up her mind about a situation, then acts. She can take pretty good care of herself."

Steve telephoned Carol one night. He told his ex-first wife that his second wife had walked out on him. There had been, he insisted, no harsh words, no quarrel of any sort. She had simply gone.

Carol said coldly, "You must have had some sort of warning. A girl just doesn't walk out on her husband without a word of explanation. That is, unless the man has done something so shameful that he knows his transgression without being accused."

Steve insisted that he was entirely bewildered and crushed to the core.

Meanwhile, Lana was consigned to the hospital. Steve was allowed to see her regularly, and when she was permitted to get up to celebrate Valentine's Day, it was Steve who took her to Mocambo. A penitent Steve who had just one driving demand: Lana must marry him again. She didn't say yes; she didn't say no. She said, give me time.

Steve began to hang around a famous Hollywood drug store and to complain that he couldn't sleep. He'd be all right, he said, if he could only get some rest. How about some sleeping tablets? He was ignored or kidded. Certainly no one complied with his request.

no retakes . . .

But he must have secured a sedative from some other source because—drayma piled on drayma, kids—the newspapers next day announced that he tried to commit suicide by swallowing a sleeping powder. Someone notified Lana, and she rushed down to the hospital, where Steve had undergone a stomach wash and was resting comfortably. It had been a foolishly gallant trip on Lana's part, because she had not been and is not now a robust girl; she collapsed on the spot and had to be returned to her own home and transferred from there to the hospital again.

Two days later she made this official announcement to the fascinated press: "I had hoped it would not be necessary for me to make a statement at this time. However, because of recent events and speculation, I can only say that I have no intention of remarrying."

When Lana Turner was an energetic character of 4, she was assigned to a dancing spot in an Idaho school entertainment. The program was presented in an old auditorium whose stage had endured many an acrobat's thumping; it was rickety, draughty, betrayed by age and termites. To little Miss Turner, however, it was THEATER.

She emerged upon the stage wearing the traditional net ballet dress, but she was dancing in pink stocking feet. She pirouetted across the stage, went into a tour j'ete, and then did splits. As she straightened from this accomplishment, she stared thoughtfully at her feet for a moment. The music thumped on for a few beats, then Lana—having reached some conclusion—went on with her dance.

When she bowed into the wings, pursued by vociferous applause, her mother asked, "Why did you stop in the middle of the dance, dear? What was wrong?"

Biting her lips to control their trembling, Lana sat down hard in the nearest chair and held up her feet for inspection. The soles were simply serrated with splinters. As she had slid down for the splits, she had driven hundreds of spikes of rotten timber through her stockings into the flesh of her feet.

From splinters in the feet at four, to splinters in the heart at 23, is not perhaps so unusual a cycle for an actress. But quiet acceptance of the pain and the iron-jawed determination to go on about her business, are unusual enough to merit approval.

One must congratulate Stephen Crane upon this: he has selected, thus far, two exceptionally beautiful and gallant women as wives.

BRINGING UP MOTHER

(Continued from page 55)

Nana, "sometimes I think I go for large designs and checks too much. I wonder if I couldn't wear . . ."

The next day she went down to the same shop and bought an identical model for herself—to her daughter's boundless admiration. Ronnie gets a big boot out of seeing his two girls dressed alike. "You're sharp kids," he says, "even if there isn't an entire nose between you."

Another boon that Miss Maureen has provided for her mother is a tousled character named Soda. But, to begin at the beginning: At Christmas time, the Reagans decided that one of Maureen's gifts should be a dog. Any likeness between this decision and the fact that Jane had always wanted a dog since she was a tiny girl, is purely coincidental, understand.

the reagans three . . .

At any rate, the Reagans Three went downtown to a pet store and asked to see cocker spaniels. The owner of the shop talked them out of considering a long-haired dog, and he added that a cocker is rather a delicate animal, not designed for rough and tumble affection.

Ronnie and Jane set their daughter down amid a pen full of puppies, and in a few minutes—with the well-known spontaneous attraction that springs up between a youngster and the dog designed for it—one of the Scotties had fallen head over tail for Maureen.

Christmas morning, Maureen was seated in the living room before her packages and told to cut the strings, pull off the paper, and examine the boxes in a hurry. "Why?" she wanted to know.

Because, she was told, there was a big secret coming up. When she had finished the last routine gift, she looked up to find her father standing in the hallway holding a leash on which Maureen's doggie choice was tugging.

Her small mouth fell open; her chubby hands clasped in a perfect projection of astonished delight. ("She's a born ham," Jane chuckled to her husband.)

She murmured softly, "Oh, 'Cotty!" and ran to gather him in her arms.

Jane watched the scene—her own eyes wistful. "A dog is such a nice pet," she sighed. The more she thought about it, the more she agreed with that sentiment. A week later she couldn't stand it another moment; she returned to the pet shop and used Maureen's method of personal magnetism to attract a pup that would be peculiarly her own.

She placed Scotty No. 2 in the backyard pen with Scotty No. 1, better known as Cotty. She waited uncertainly for Ronnie to come home, as he happened to be on a brief leave from camp.

During dinner she tried to carry on a spritely conversation about studio news and Army doings, but she kept hearing the yelping of two cavorting canines. She didn't know at what minute Ronnie was going to say, "What on earth ails that pup? I'd better dash out and see."

She couldn't eat. She couldn't even drink her tea—and ordinarily she can consume four or five cups. She knew that if Ronnie thought the whole thing foolish, she'd take the surplus dog back.

At last she couldn't stand it another moment. She excused herself and went outside to gather both squirming blackies in her arms and return with them to the living room. Maureen saw them first. Drawing herself to full height, she shouted, "TWO Cotties!"

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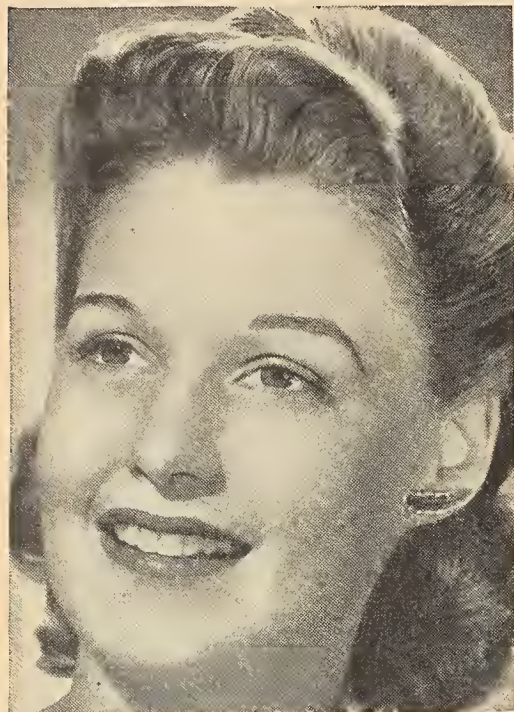


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Her own dog came bounding over, followed by his playmate. Maureen studied the newcomer, then she looked up and gave her mother an indulgent, patronizing smile. She pointed to Scotty No. 1. "Murmur's Cotty," she diagnosed, using the name she has given herself. Then she pointed to Scotty No. 2. "Mommy's Cotty," she said.

Ronnie roared. "You girls!" he said. "In your plaid skirts, followed by Scotch and Soda, you're going to be a sight."

So that settled that. Jane looked down suddenly and bit her lips. Why is it that it hurts so much to have a dream come true?

To this day, there is no one in the Reagan house who can tell the two dogs apart except Maureen. But she knows.

She is also getting phenomenally good at singing nursery songs. Not that she can pronounce all the words, but those that baffle her, she simply leaves out and supplies a series of Reagan riffs.

For a time, her mother sang the songs in much the same way. Jane knew some of the salient words and lines, but the bulk of the childish lore that she had memorized so well in kindergarten days had slipped from memory.

"Jack and Jill went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after."

That was simple enough. But what was the second verse? "Tell some more, Mommy," Maureen always urged.

No self-respecting mother can admit that she doesn't remember the last reels of some juvenile "Desperate Journey." She cudgelled her brain; she did some research. Finally she emerged with:

"Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper.
His mother wrapped his damaged pate
In vinegar and brown paper."

Now she is easily the Beverly Hills expert on junior songs and jingles—sort of a kindergarten John Kieran.

mush stuff . . .

Another important lesson that Reagan, Juniorette, has taught her mother, deals with food values. Nearly every hopeful parent, preparing some of those strained vegetables that sound so pretty and look so discouraging, has taken a furtive sip of same. Usually the taste is so bland that a normal adult stomach, having become acclimated to chili con carne, red cabbage and pineapple ice cream sodas, revolts at this baby mixture.

The same holds true of an infant's meat ration. Maureen smacks happily over a lavish portion of calves liver, and her delight in a lamb chop would even cause George Bernard Shaw to wonder if he weren't missing something.

If there were two things that Jane could live without, they were liver and lamb chops.

Came now the celebrated Southern California meat shortage. The Reagan table boasted chicken, shrimps, turkey, souffles, omelets, chicken, shrimps . . . well, you get the idea. After a few weeks of this, the menu was a masterpiece of monotony.

The maid suggested one day that liver and lamb chops were still available. "Well, if Maureen can thrive on them, I suppose I can try a few bites," Jane agreed. Gingerly she tried one small taste, then a second. The third was definitely not bad, and the fourth had a flavor halfway between ambrosia and Chanel No. 5. Jane hesitated with fork poised in midair. "Baby, I think you have something here," she announced.

This tableau took place, not in the main dining room, but in Maureen's nursery. In the dining room there is a beautiful gray rug that Jane has been cherishing and protecting because there simply won't be anything of that sort for the duration. An accident that stained the rug would mean a rugless dining room thereafter, so Miss Maureen—with her dubious baby habits—was excluded from a place at the table.

the duchess comes to tea . . .

Yet, with Ronnie gone, dinner was a lonely meal for Jane. Finally she decided to invite her daughter to have a final cup of tea in state each evening.

The first night, Miss Maureen strode in haughtily and was seated on a chair built up for the occasion. "Doily, please," she said to the maid.

A demi tasse cup was placed on the runner that had been supplied. Maureen, in social tones, said, "Wee cup of tea, please." When this was supplied—with dead pan composure being the rule for adult faces lest the pipsqueak should get the idea that she was very, very cute indeed—Miss Maureen carefully lifted her cup and carefully drank. When she replaced the cup, it was set meticulously in the very center of her saucer. Between sips, she clasped her hands in her lap and sat as still as time passing.

Since that incident, she has been allowed to join Jane for breakfast in bed in Jane's room each morning. She handles her toast with the same care she applied to the tea; she has never had even a slight orange juice accident.

And from this behavior, Jane is learning something of the intent seriousness of the young. Learning, too, how gradually the dignity of personality develops.

Maureen's infinite patience is a constant source of wonder to Jane. When the baby's meager vocabulary suddenly sprouts a new word which appears to be a cross between Zulu and Esperanto, she tries to put across the meaning to her mother very slowly.

"Wunnie noth," she confided one morning.

"I don't understand you, darling. Say it more slowly."

Maureen shrugged. From her minuscule pocket she pulled a handkerchief which she applied to her nose. "Noth," she said. Then she sniffed repeatedly. "Wunnie," she explained.

"Wunnie noth" turned out to be Maureen-ese for a cold in the head.

Jane, when exasperated, has a habit of going through the house, cleaning like mad. When things go wrong, she doesn't count to a hundred; she empties ash trays. Or she polishes silver with a demon rub. Or she dusts tables with so much friction that they shine like a buck private's buttons on inspection morning. Sometimes, in moments of dire stress, she connects the vacuum sweeper and goes through the house—eyes asparkle and lips compressed—like a frustrated Kansas cyclone.

One day recently, Maureen was a naughty girl. She was scolded and sent to her room as punishment. In a few moments, Jane heard a highly interesting sound from the upper floor. Tiptoeing up the stairs, she checked the cause.

Miss Reagan, her outraged head held high, her short legs churning swiftly, was propelling her miniature carpet sweeper back and forth across her bedroom floor in a magnificent miniature of the Wyman wrath.

"Well," said Janie, "in this world we live and learn. But I'm learning a lot faster than I expected to—what with my daughter bringing me up right!"

MEET THE BARON

(Continued from page 57)

medal lying in its luxurious satin nest. "From our Fuehrer. As a reward for producing three sons."

Her eldest had died in babyhood. Paul was in London, Robert in South Africa. No harm could come to them, and she was a lady who liked to speak her mind.

"You will take your medal and go. I produced my sons, not for the Fuehrer's, but for my own good pleasure."

Henreid first made good in his home town, playing a cab driver, thus fusing an earlier with a later ambition. Paul's father was a successful banker and a frustrated scholar. He had dreamed of retiring to study philosophy.

His father died suddenly a year later. The family fortunes collapsed with the collapse of the Central Powers, when the value of a thousand kronen shrank to a nickel. To keep the boys at school, his mother went to work as hostess in a perfume shop, loathing it and smiling.

raised eyebrows . . .

At 17, having finished school, Paul loosed his bomb on mother and uncles, in conclave assembled. What would he like to do? He'd like to be an actor. The storm burst. Had he, in heaven's name, gone mad? Because he'd appeared in school productions didn't mean he had talent. He had, in fact, none.

Paul's inclination at the time was a budding sprout, too tender to brave the elements. "Since you ask me, I tell you. If you say no, very well, I won't die."

He loved books. An uncle offered to pay his tuition at the Graphic Academy, where he could study printing and binding. He completed the three-year course in two and got a job with the publishing house of Strobel. For a while the work fascinated, then began to bore him. His boredom increased in direct proportion to his growing independence and his closer acquaintance with the theater and those who worked in it. In brief, the sprout grew to sturdy maturity. Disregarding the frowns of his elders, he enrolled for courses in dramatic school.

The normal routine would have been two years of training, followed—with luck—by an apprenticeship in the Austrian equivalent of what we call the sticks. In Paul's case, Otto Preminger intervened. He was running a theater for Max Reinhardt. Paul had been working a year, when one night Preminger appeared in the common dressing room and offered him a contract. The money was small, the glory great. And the money didn't matter. He could continue to work at Strobel's.

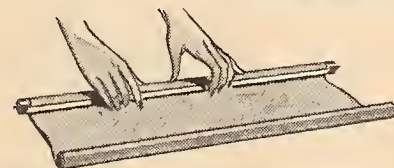
In honor of this contract, one of his friends threw a party—attended, among others, by a gorgeous blonde, then studying with Reinhardt, now on the screen, to be known hereinafter as B. for blonde. Paul found himself dazzled. The room held himself, B. and extraneous shadows. She flirted enchantingly. He was no slouch. When the party broke up at three, they left together. He looked forward to seeing her home in a cab.

On the street he called cab! cab! and there was no cab. A car stood at the curb. It belonged to a girl who was leaving the party with her escort. He recognized her vaguely as someone to whom he'd said how-d'you-do. Could she give them a lift, she asked. Paul's tete-a-tete went glimmering. Regretfully he noted that B. would have to be dropped first.



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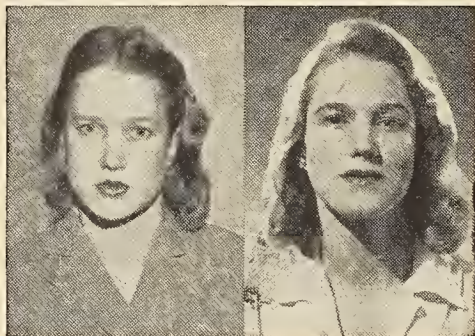
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CITY..... STATE.....

AGE..... OCCUPATION

enchanted night . . .

But his spirits still glowed, and home was the last place he wanted to take them to. The escort was dropped. He took his first good look at the girl in the driver's seat. With the sun out of his eyes, he perceived her to be lovely.

"How about going to the Cobenzl for a couple of drinks?"

The Cobenzl is a Strauss waltz in stone—concentrated romance of Vienna—a converted castle where you sit on the terrace, look down at the lights of the Prater and the dreaming Danube, drink champagne and draughts from another pair of eyes. Time passed unheeded. Waiters stacked chairs around them, till only an island for two was left. Paul felt glorious—in love with the night and the world and the Cobenzl and a blonde who wasn't there—or a brunette who was.

They stayed till six. Then Lisl remembered that she must work that day. She was a designer of women's clothes for stage and screen. In the car Paul said, "If I weren't unshaved by now, I'd kiss you good night."

That broke the spell. A delayed reaction set in. He who devotes the shank of his evening to a blonde needn't expect to wind up kissing a brunette. There was no kiss. When could he see her again? Tonight? She was engaged. Tomorrow night? She really couldn't say, she was very busy—

At noon he showed up in her shop. "I have brought you a herring," he said with ceremony. (The accepted Viennese antidote for a hangover combines herring with a glass of milk.)

Just the same, he had to wait a week for a date. And a year went by before she'd take him seriously enough to marry him. But marry him she did. And Lutzi came to keep house for them.

Meantime it looked as if mother knew best. The career was stymied. Under Preminger he was shoved around. At the Scala, to which he was transferred, he played good-looking boys in good-looking suits and got nowhere. At length opportunity, in the shape of an extenor, knocked. The ex-tenor hankered to be a producer. He owned one ewe lamb of a play called "Cab 39." Established stars came too high for his pocket. He offered Paul the lead.

Somewhat testily, the Scala producer released him. "You're making a mistake. The fellow has no standing. Besides, you're the drawing room type. You can't play a cab driver."

He was wrong. Paul's cab driver delighted critics, audiences and the extenor. But the producers got sore. He'd worked for an outsider. When he came round again at the end of a run, they turned up their noses.

The films were less touchy. After months of no work, Sascha-Tobis offered him a part in "Sunrise," a submarine picture. He played the boy who goes out for the first time and gives way to hysteria in one of those scenes God sometimes grants an actor. To use his own words, "That broke the gate." Producers who had brushed him off now smiled their most blandishing. He returned to the Scala.

Shortly after Hitler's rise to power, UFA made him an offer. Though they were neighbors, most Austrians knew little about Mr. Hitler, and to the European actor a star contract with UFA is achievement's crown of crowns. Paul journeyed happily to Berlin with Lisl and his lawyer.

Preliminary agreements were made. Back at the hotel, Paul called his close friend, Otto Walburg, a distinguished

comedian with whom he had played in Vienna. "We just got in. Can we see you tonight?"

Over the phone Otto's manner was strange. No welcoming words. Hesitation. Constraint. "Don't come here. I will come to you."

hitler's step-children . . .

Paul went down to the lobby while Lisl changed. He'd have a drink with Otto before dinner. His friend walked through the door, looked straight into his face, strode by without a sign of recognition and entered the nearest elevator. Paul ran after him, calling. The door slid closed. He took the next car up and found Walburg at his door. "What goes on here?"

"Let's go in quickly. You mustn't be seen with a Jew."

That night is burned as with fire into the minds of the Henreids. Today horror has been piled on horror. You hear that 5,000 Jews have been gassed in Poland, and it makes less impression—unhappily—than that first appalling recital made on two young people who didn't know much about Hitler's program.

In self-defense they resisted belief at first. Otto must be exaggerating. These things could *not* be true.

If they were sure they didn't mind being seen with him, he'd show them. They drove past smashed windows and obscene signs and befouled synagogues. Returning to the hotel, Paul phoned the Scala. Otto couldn't work in Berlin any longer. Could they give him a job. They could.

"To hell with UFA," said Paul when their friend had left. "We'll go back tomorrow."

His political eyes had been opened. He read and listened and inquired and made up his mind that Austria would be taken. One feeling obsessed him. They must all get out as quickly as possible. He proposed to Lisl that they go to Cannes; he'd brush up his French, start again in Paris and send for the others.

But Lisl refused to believe that the Germans would come. She loved Vienna—more passionately than did Paul. She loved her work. She could neither uproot nor desert her parents. Her father, Gustav Gluck, was head of the art museum. What would he, absorbed in his Breughels and Van Dycks, do in a strange country?

Into this impasse walked Henry Shereck, the English producer, offering Paul the lead in his London production of "Café Chantant." Mr. Shereck commands an excellent German and enjoys airing it. They spoke German that night. But Mr. Henreid spoke English, of course? Of course.

Terms were arranged. Would Mr. Shereck be kind enough to send the script over, so that Mr. Henreid could make himself letter-perfect.

quick trick . . .

With sweat and toil and an English tutor, he learned the part by rote.

Both the play and the player caught on. The Prince of Wales, arbiter of show business, came backstage on opening night to offer his compliments. Henry took Lisl and Paul to supper. With no further need for concealment, Paul assaulted the boss in what passed with him for English. It took Henry weeks to recover from the shock of having presented triumphantly in an English play a man who knew no English.

He learned it rapidly. "Café Chantant" was followed by Gilbert Miller's "Victoria Regina." His Albert reconciled his mother to her son's career.

Just then, the news that Hitler had

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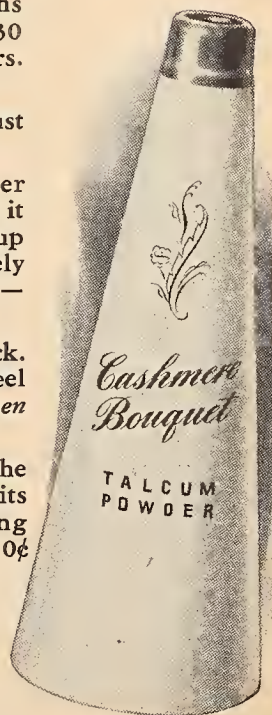


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taken Austria. Lisl's father was in imminent danger. She managed to get her parents and Lutz out. Disguised in a walrus mustache, Paul played the German professor in "Mr. Chips." England went to war. Paul had the lead in "Jersey Lily," another Miller production. He applied to the Pioneer Corps and, being over 30, was rejected. Stomach ulcers kept him out of the Officers Emergency Reserve. He became an air raid warden, but there were no air raids. Not yet. He made "Night Train." Then there was no more work.

America seemed the only solution. Gilbert Miller had been cabling. Kit Cornell was interested in "Jersey Lily." If she decided to do it, would Paul come over?

Unwittingly, Paul's mother had done him a favor by spending the winter of his birth in Trieste. He could enter on the Italian quota. So could Lisl as his wife. There hadn't been much emigration from Italy. They could go at once. True, Lutz and the parents would have to wait their turn on the Austrian quota. But in England, Paul was helpless. In America, he could make some money and send for them when the time came.

Hopes based on "Jersey Lily" went boom. Katharine Cornell was no longer interested. Paul got back from his first meeting with Gilbert Miller to find a homesick Lisl sobbing into her pillow. "Have you got a job?" she gulped.

"Yes."

Up came the head. "Really?"

"Yes. I'm going to do Albert in 'Victoria Regina.' After the war."

Their single windfall did come through Mr. Miller. He told Helen Hayes of Henreid's arrival, and she asked him to play Albert on the radio to her Victoria. Followed weeks of seeking and not finding, of asking and not being given, of polite indifference and empty promises. Dreary weeks, brightened only by their discovery of the hot dog. They acquired a passion for hot dogs. They'd sit on stools at counters, figuring their combined assets to determine whether or not they could afford another hot dog.

henreid, inc. . . .

Came the day when Paul announced that he was going to sell himself. Prize-fighters did, why not actors? He knew a few wealthy people. For so much a week they could buy shares in Paul Henreid and collect when the market turned bullish.

Lisl eyed him thoughtfully. "Yes, you must really be desperate to cook up such a dish. All right, I'll buy you. I'm going to work."

It transpired that her name was well known in fashion circles. She got a job that brought them enough to live on.

Paul's agent showed him a play by Elmer Rice—"Flight to the West," featuring a Nazi villain. "I'd like to play it."

"You'd need a bull neck and no hair. However, talk to Elmer."

He found little trouble in convincing Elmer. You expect a repulsive object, he argued, to be repulsive. There's no dramatic surprise. But take a guy who looks human, let it gradually appear that he's the symbol of inhumanity, and you get an effect at once more insidious and striking.

He read the part for Rice as he wanted to play it. They made a deal. The play proved a moderate hit, Henreid a smash. "Night Train" opened in New York. That broke the gate. Now he's under contract to Warners' for three a year, to RKO for one.

Lutz arrived a year ago, pitching across on a little Greek steamer, the only

passage available at the time. Lutz is a lady of ample proportions. From the train platform she spied her children, threw them each a Ho! then turned to kiss the porter on both cheeks!

Great preparations were made for the coming of Lisl's folks two months later. Their household goods, had preceded them. Paul and Lisl bought them a charming little house in Santa Monica. On the night before their arrival all was in order—furniture installed, a maid engaged, the refrigerator stocked, flowers in the vases. To make things perfect, Lisl decided, this should be a surprise.

From the station next morning Paul had to return to the studio. Lisl drove her parents home. "We didn't want to make plans for you," she chattered, "so we took this place just for a month."

sad gag . . .

So she threw the door open, and there were the chairs and tables and carpets and all the treasured accumulation of a lifetime—and suddenly the gag went sour. Even the professor lost control for a minute or two. As for mother, she dropped into the nearest chair and wept. For two days she wept. Not until Lisl cried in despair, "Let's forget the whole house and move to a hotel," did she succeed in stemming the flood.

Five months ago they took incredulous possession of the Hank Fondas' house in Brentwood. The Fondas were so impatient to sell, and to sell to the Henreids, that they based their terms not on market values but on what the Henreids could afford. There they live—with Lutz and Willie May and Maxi and Vicki, the new cocker spaniel. Since Lutz can't possibly learn English, she's set out to teach Willie May German. Willie May, saying *apfelstrudel* in a Texas-Viennese accent, is something to hear. Maxi-the-pooch's cradle stands in the entrance hall, where he can woof-woof whenever the bell rings. Vicki's on the make for him, but he can't be bothered.

Paul's shelves are piled high with books, which some day he hopes to read. Right now the outlook is poor. There's a gate to be mended or the dogs will get in and trample Lutz's flowers. There's a table to paint or radishes to plant in the Victory garden or grapefruit to be picked before it spoils. If he so much as sits down to read a script, his women-folk yell blue murder. They're glad to help, though. They stand around and admire him while he works.

After brushing enough hair from his trousers to stuff a sofa, Paul finally won the battle of dogs-in-chairs.

"Oh, let them," pleads Lisl, "it makes them so happy."

"They're just as happy on the floor," says he, settling himself in hairless comfort. "And this dog is much happier when they're there."

She won the battle of breakfast-in-bed. Paul wakes up grouchy. He yearns to rise, shave, shower and breakfast at a table, clothed and in his right mind. Lisl likes breakfast in bed, her husband beside her. She wakes up cheerful, laughs, talks her head off, telephones her friends. He can't stand noise at that hour.

"You have breakfast in bed, Lisl."

"No, it's too lonely—"

So, coffee on chest, he suffers.

Unlike most of us, they don't take this freedom for granted, but savor it gratefully with each new day. Five days after landing, they applied for their first papers. They smile at themselves when they say "we Americans." But you know by the tone they love saying it.

"I was a good wife...or was I?"

Evans," he said. "That's a pretty name."
"It is not," the girl said. "It's a number in letters. I'm just a cog, a little wheel turning in a larger wheel, and it all comes out in the audit sheets of the Small Change Mart."

"Are you unhappy here, Miss Evans?"
"Unhappy?" Peggy said. "Oh, no. I love it. Coming to my little job every little morning and watching all the little years crawl by while I get a little older little by little."

"Miss Evans!" said Bob Stuart.

grand finale . . .

But she was gone.
All they found the next day was a note and some of her clothes under a pier near the Hudson River. But they never found any trace of Peggy Evans. She was gone, gone completely, and the tides of the Hudson ripped viciously past Poughkeepsie on the way to New York.

The people at Gravet's, New York's most famous beauty salon, never had a customer quite like the girl who walked in one day unannounced. She wanted to be completely done over. She wanted everything new. A new hair style, new clothes, new make-up. She left orders that all her old clothes were to be thrown away or burned. She left no name, no address.

Peggy Evans started on an aimless stroll through the streets of New York. She wandered down one and up another. She eyed the tall buildings, paused at every glistening window, caught a reflection of herself in the glass, smiled and walked on again. Her path led her past the offices of the New York Star. On a scaffolding, a little above the entrance, a painter was at work brushing in a new sign over the door. He looked down, saw Peggy and whistled. Peggy looked up, smiling. The painter leaned over a bit, his foot edged against the scaffolding and hit against a large can of paint that stood on the edge. The can spiraled neatly downward pouring out its contents like red rain. It landed with a little blurb on the whistle-provoking figure of Peggy Evans.

Durstin, the publisher of the New York Star, leaned anxiously over Peggy Evans. She was lying comfortably on one of the sofas that dotted his room as oases dot the desert.

"She's coming to," Durstin said. "Get a release ready. Get her to sign it. The Doctor says she's okay. There's nothing wrong with her. Get her to sign before she can sue."

On the sofa, Peggy groaned.

Durstin leaned over her: "It's nothing," he said. "Don't fight it. You'll be all right."

"My dress," Peggy moaned. "It's ruined."

"We'll get you a new one. Just relax," Durstin said.

"My hat—"

"Don't worry about trifles!"

Peggy moaned.

"Look, my dear," Durstin said. "We'll take care of everything. Can we call anybody for you? What's your name?"

"My name?" said Peggy Evans. "My name? It's Peg—No. It's—No—I don't know—I don't know—"

"Your name," said Durstin. "What do they call you. Everybody has one."

"I haven't got one," Peggy said.

"Amnesia!" Durstin groaned. "Amnesia! Everything happens to me."



YOUNG WIFE REVEALS HOW SHE
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT"
THAT SPOILS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. At housekeeping and cooking, yes, I was A-1. And at first, John and I were blissfully happy. But slowly, John grew moody, neglected me. I grew jumpy, tearful.



2. One day, at the movies with my chum, I began to cry, and couldn't stop. She was wonderful! She got me alone, wangled it all out of me, then she opened my eyes. "Most men can't forgive one neglect, darling. A wife can't be careless of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal daintiness*)."



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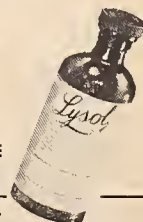
4. Nowadays I use Lysol disinfectant regularly. It's easy to use and so inexpensive. And these days we're deliriously happy again. John says I'm the best wife a man ever had!

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PAPER NAPKINS

"Amnesia," said Peggy slowly. "Yes."
"Now look," Durstin said. "Don't do anything. Don't see any lawyers. We'll take care of you. We'll find out who you are. Just don't see any lawyers."

* * *

And so Peggy Evans decided to have amnesia. It was quite simple. It was merely a case of remembering not to remember anything. And it was exciting. As Durstin said, it had possibilities; she might be anyone, an heiress, a countess, a jungle princess.

But since she had to be someone, eventually, Peggy Evans did a little research, and she found what she was looking for in an old newspaper dated 1925. It told the story of the kidnapping of Carol Burden, the Millionaire Baby. Peggy read through the accounts avidly. And then one day she wandered into Durstin's office.

"I remember something," she said. "Ba-ba."

"Baba," Durstin said. "What is it?"

"I don't know," Peggy said. "That's all I remember. No, wait—I remember a circus."

"Baba—a circus," Durstin said. "What do you want me to do about it. It sounds like any kid's memory."

"I thought it might be a clue to who I am," Peggy said.

"Baba," said Durstin. He shrugged. He flipped on the inter-office phone. "Hiller, see what we have in the morgue under Baba. That's right. Baba—"

They did have something. Baba was the nurse of young Carol Burden; and Carol had been lost at the circus grounds. Durstin read through the files, growing more and more excited.

"You're the right age," he said. "Baba—circus. It all fits in."

"You know who I am?" Peggy said.

"Carol Burden!" said Durstin.

That was the way Peggy Evans of Hotchkiss Falls became Carol Burden, the millionaire heiress. There was more to it, of course, for Cornelius Burden was a suspicious man, and he tested Peggy. But with luck and a little shrewdness, she convinced everyone that she was, indeed, Carol Burden.

on the trail . . .

Her picture was flashed to every newspaper in the country. Her story was headlined in every sheet. **CAROL BURDEN FOUND.** And even in Hotchkiss Falls the news seeped through; and young Bob Stuart came on her picture, paused and passed his hands over his eyes. Carol Burden? The girl looked like—Peggy Evans. Bob Stuart stared at the picture and then crossed determinedly to his closet.

He tried to see her at the Burden mansion, but he was thrown out before he had passed the first gateman's house.

The Burden mansion blazed with lights the night that Cornelius Burden gave a party for his new-found daughter. For the first time in many years there was the sound of music through the halls and the ballrooms. And outside in the garden there was the sound of a man climbing over a wall.

"Peggy Evans," Bob Stuart said, grunting. "Peggy Evans, I swear."

Bob Stuart walked through the knots of people that covered the ballroom floor. He smiled and nodded. They nodded back in return; a little puzzled, perhaps, but they nodded. The music picked up once more, and the dance began. Bob threaded his way through the figures deftly. He was looking for one girl in particular. He tapped the padded shoulder of the man who was dancing with her.

"Mind if I cut in?" he said pleasantly. The man turned, bowed.

double crosser . . .

"Hello, Peggy," Bob Stuart said.

Peggy screamed.

Bob turned easily to the others in the ballroom: "She always screams," he said. "It's a habit. Annoying."

Cornelius Burden came hustling toward Peggy. "Carol," he said anxiously. "Are you all right?"

Peggy said faintly: "This man . . . he frightened me . . ."

Burden said harshly: "Get out!"

"Certainly," Bob Stuart said. "I never stay where I'm not wanted. Are you coming, dear?"

"Coming," Peggy said. "Me?"

"Get out of here," said Cornelius Burden.

"Not unless I leave with my wife," said Bob Stuart.

"Your wife!"

"My wife," said Bob pleasantly. "I miss her screaming. It soothes me."

"Carol," Cornelius Burden said heavily, "you didn't tell me you were married . . ."

"Married!" Peggy shouted. "To this—"

Bob smiled pleasantly: "She wouldn't remember." He tapped his head. "Amnesia."

Cornelius Burden shuddered: "It might be true," he said. And then briskly: "Where did all this take place?"

"Hotchkiss Falls," said Bob Stuart, "a hovel on the Hudson."

"Then there's nothing to do," said Cornelius Burden, "except to go up there and clear all this up."

Alone with Cornelius Burden, Peggy said desperately: "You must let me go alone, Father."

"But this man may be an impostor!"

"That's just it. And if he is, I'll be able to trick him into a confession on the way up."

"Well, perhaps—"

"Please."

"You'll be careful."

"Of course, Father."

* * *

The car sped smoothly up the highway that cut through the pleasant Hudson Valley toward Hotchkiss Falls. At the wheel Bob Stuart turned from time to time, looking at the girl who sat next to him in the car.

"Well," he said briskly, "which shall it be? Shall I call you Carol or Peggy?"

"You ought to know," Peggy said demurely. "You're my husband."

"Let's cut out all this stuff," Bob Stuart said. "You've no more got amnesia than my Aunt Sophronia has 18 children. And she's a spinster. I'm talking to Peggy Evans."

"Yes, dear," said Peggy.

"It doesn't mean anything to you that you went off and left everyone thinking you committed suicide—"

"Did they really think that?"

"And I couldn't sleep for two weeks because I thought I drove you to it—"

"Two weeks? Really?"

"And that I lost my job because the district manager said I drove the girls too hard—"

"I'm sorry," Peggy said. "Are you getting unemployment insurance?"

"So I'm taking you back to Hotchkiss Falls. And you're Peggy Evans. And I get my job back—"

"Then the story you told about our marriage was all a lie?"

Bob Stuart looked at her silently for a moment; he whistled softly. "Why, of course not, dear," he said sweetly. "If you're still Carol Burden . . ."

They were still 84 miles from Hotchkiss Falls when they reached Swade's All

Night Restaurant that evening. Bob pulled the car into the driveway and stopped at the door.

"Hungry?" he said amiably to Peggy. "Oh," said Peggy, "do I get something besides wolf?"

It was quiet and deserted in Swade's. A juke box stood forlornly in one corner. Bob dropped in some coins, and the music jarred out loudly in the silent room. They ordered sandwiches.

"Tired?" Bob said.

"A little."

"You know," Bob said, "we were very happy when we were married. I guess we were the happiest couple in Hotchkiss Falls."

"Were we?"

"We used to dance a lot."

He stood up and held out his arms; the juke box lilted in the room.

"Evidently it was a pleasant marriage," Peggy said.

"Definitely," Bob said.

"Were we very much in love?"

"Terribly," Bob said.

change of tune . . .

They danced out onto the small terrace that flanked the restaurant. And suddenly it was all fun to Peggy. It felt comfortable and natural in Bob Stuart's arms; it felt like home-coming. She laughed freely, throwing back her head gayly.

"I'm having fun," she said.

"It was always fun," Bob said.

And perhaps it was because she was tired; or perhaps it was because the man with her was Bob Stuart. She didn't stop to reason it. But suddenly they weren't dancing any more, and she was waiting for him, for the kiss she knew was coming. She didn't move away. He kissed her lightly, and then as she still

stood waiting, he kissed her again.

"You're not faking," he said softly. "You couldn't be faking. You're too honest and decent and sweet. You really are Carol Burden."

She didn't answer him.

He rubbed his hands together nervously. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know what got into me. There's no reason why I should have thought you were Peggy Evans. She's not like you at all." He turned and started toward the door. "I'll call your father. He can come and pick you up."

"Bob," she said.

"Yes?"

"I don't want to go back."

"But you must."

"I want to go on to Hotchkiss Falls with you."

"But there's no sense to it any more."

"I'm in love."

"Carol—" he said.

"Peggy! Peggy Evans!"

He wavered.

"I'm Peggy Evans," she said again.

He stood there for a moment, and then he shook his head. He reached for her and took her in his arms. "Peggy—Carol—it doesn't make any difference—I love you—"

Peggy said softly: "I'm glad you came for me, Bob. I couldn't stay there any longer anyway."

"Mr. Burden?" said Bob.

She nodded: "I couldn't lie to him anymore."

"Lie!" said a voice.

They turned.

Cornelius Burden stood at the edge of the terrace. "Lie," he said. "How could you lie to me? I know my own daughter, don't I?"

"But—"

"No buts at all. Maybe you were Peggy

Evans. Maybe you were Jane Doe. You're my daughter now. You didn't think I'd let this fool take you to Hotchkiss Falls."

"But I want to go there."

"No daughter of mine goes to holes like Hotchkiss Falls."

"But Bob—" said Peggy.

"And no son-in-law of mine works in a dead beat like that."

Cornelius Burden smiled.

And so with Hotchkiss Falls 84 miles away, a car crept out of Swade's that night. And coming to the end of the driveway it turned right onto the parkway—toward New York City. Of the three people in the car, at least two of them seemed to be in love. And the third—a tall spare man at the wheel—kept his eyes carefully on the road ahead. Still he must have seen other things. For, from time to time, he nodded his head as if in emphatic approval.

CAST

PEGGY EVANS.....Lana Turner
BOB STUART.....Robert Young
CORNELIUS BURDEN

Walter Brennan

BABADame May Whitty
DURSTINEugene Pallette
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

Alan Mowbray

MRS. ROANOKE-BROOKE

Florence Bates

MR. QUILL.....Howard Freeman
BALDWIN.....Millard Mitchell

JIMMYWard Bond

MITZIPamela Blake

SNODGRASSRay Collins

STANHOPEPaul Stanton

(Continued on page 90)



**FEATURE
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HAIR WASH**
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SO LONG, JOHNNY

(Continued from page 47)

surfboard, so they finally tossed for it. June Havoc complained that she needed strength in her arms, so he toted his dumbbells over and showed her how to use 'em. Scientifically. His steambath went to one of the publicity boys with rheumatics. Got a real bang out of turning his radio combination over to a grip who was crazy for music—used to sit down and talk music every chance he got—there's a guy ought to have a good machine, he'd often thought—there's a guy ought to have my machine, he decided when the time came. Wouldn't take it as a gift, so they haggled about price with the usual roles reversed—buyer bidding up, seller down.

The bond tour was a whirl of making trains and speeches. No time for laundry, so he'd wash out his shirts... sew his own buttons. Old hand at that kind of thing. Used to do it in New York when time was all he had and dough what he had everything but. That was one branch of Army training he wouldn't have to learn.

Janie was a ball of fire and a swell partner. When the bidding fell off, she'd give it the needle. Auction off her earrings. His neckties. Songs by either and/or both.

He'd taken his physical at Phoenix on the way East. No trouble passing that. He'd also snatched a day at home with Mom and Rosie. Funny thing about Rosie. No blood relation—his uncle's sister-in-law—but he felt closer to her than to most of his own kin. Minute he walks in, she starts taking measurements. "I'll keep you in sweaters, John. Pity they have to be khaki. Such an ugly color. Think the general'd let you wear white—maybe just for Sundays?"

Whatever Mom felt, she kept to herself. Not the kind, praise heaven, to pull long faces. They'd had a fine day—good food, good company, good laughs. They both hated weepy farewells. Said good-by as they always said it.

"See you soon, Mom."
"See you soon, Son."

The physical had been nothing. Over the I.Q. he suffered plenty. Sat down to it scared because he was tired. Left the bond tour in Augusta on Sunday, flew to Los Angeles, caught a nap, flew back to Phoenix and took the written Monday afternoon. Four hours it lasted. When the name of John Howard Payne was called, two hands went up. There was another guy in the group—identical name, identical spelling. They were tagged Payne I and Payne II.

Army procedure notifies you if you flunk. Unless you receive that notification within a specified period, you can take it for granted you've passed. But he couldn't wait. He phoned Phoenix. "My name's John Howard Payne. Did I pass?"

"Wait a minute. One Payne passed, one didn't. Which are you?"

Was he I or II?

"Age, height and weight," snapped the voice. He could hardly remember those. Time out while they checked, and he sweated.

The voice came back grinning. "You're the one that passed."

He was inducted, but the studio had him deferred for "Hello, Frisco," Alice Faye's first picture since the birth of

Alice, Junior, John's last till the war should be over.

Dumb thing, going back to that apartment. He hated apartments anyway, cold, soulless places. But he had to live somewhere, and that was the only one he knew. Lived there his first year in Hollywood. Seemed sort of friendly then. He might feel more at home there.

He stuck it out five weeks. Lord, how the place depressed him. Taught him one thing, though. Don't try to recapture the past. The past is dead. The self you were six years ago is dead. You can't revive it. Wouldn't know what to do with it if you could. When he finally closed the door behind him, it was like moving out of a cave.

Plenty of light at the Chateau Marmont. Jack Oakie lived on the floor above. When Jack and Venita split up, Venita's mother came to keep house for Jack. Before he knew it, John was adopted. He hated eating in restaurants. "Move in and have your meals with us," said Evie. Marvelous arrangement. Marvelous woman, Evie. Never bawled them out when they turned up late. He gave her his ration book, loved to watch her face when he produced a hunk of butter for which he'd scoured the neighborhood.

His other home was with Walter and Fieldsie Lang. Fieldsie had been Carole Lombard's best friend. They were his kind of people. No starch, no fuss, no constraint. Huge living room, inviting your soul to loaf. Huge avocado trees, Walter's pride and joy.

He came and went as he pleased. If Fieldsie was in, so much better. If not, he'd raid the icebox, throw a sandwich together, kill a quart of milk, take a nap in front of the fireplace. Or he'd bring Julie down from Anne's, round the corner, to play with Richard, the Langs' three-year-old. That little roughneck of his had to be watched. Always ready with a wallop. Richard started with three strikes against him, having been taught that he mustn't hit a girl. "Not even Julie?"

Used to barbecue the dinner steaks when you could get steaks to barbecue. Brought his own seasonings along. They'd rib him. Prima donna chef, they called him. Let 'em rib, so long as they let him do the cooking and licked their fingers after it. Cooking, as he'd learned it in his mother's Virginia kitchen, was an art, not to be profaned. Mom sent a ham up once. He'd taken it to Fieldsie's and cooked it himself. Butch Romero came over. And Carmen Miranda with a couple of the boys from her band.

They'd play poker or guggenheim. He couldn't take games seriously. More fun to sneak up on 'em with something phoney—if he couldn't get a D, a B would do—"I pronounce it Bickens. Got a speech impediment." Fieldsie was the one who raked in the cash at poker. Original pokerpuss. Holding nothing, she'd serenely bid 5,000 chips or so. He and Walter, the dopes, fell for it every time.

Fun at the Langs. It was always fun at the Langs. Firelight. Music. Talk. Warm easy friendliness. People who took you as you were. Part of Hollywood, yet apart from it. Walter spending all his spare time on the grounds, raising his precious avocados, building rabbit-hutches. Fieldsie, large-hearted,

tolerant, who'd lost a sister in Carole, but you never heard her whine. Always ready to listen to what the other guy had on his mind, yet never probing.

* * *

Girls. Sure he'd gone out with girls. What was he, a hermit? Sheila Ryan. Jane Russell. June Havoc. Swell kids, all of 'em. He'd known what would happen. No movie guy, unattached, could be seen with the same girl twice and not have the press brothers yelling, when's the wedding? No sense getting sore. News was their racket. Always gave him a start to remember he was news.

Tell 'em the truth, and they wouldn't believe you. Been clipped too often, maybe. The truth could be summed up in two simple sentences. Like any normal guy, he enjoyed feminine society. Since his break-up with Anne, he'd never contemplated marriage.

There'd been a time when he liked to dance. Conceivably, he'd like it again some day. Not now.

* * *

Christmas. He gave Julie a bunch of toys and a little gold locket that would hold two pictures. She was nuts about jewelry. Funny combination. Wild little tomboy, but loved all the feminine frills at two and a half. Lingerie. Perfume. Anne put some water in a perfume bottle for her, but she wasn't having any. "The pretty smell ran away."

Wished Bob Sterling could have seen her that day. Bob had shopped for all his friends' kids before going down to boot camp at Santa Ana. Sent Julie a pair of panties with a flower on 'em. She kept lifting her skirt to show everybody the flower.

Not exactly pretty, his daughter, but

she certainly had plenty of flair.

* * *

They made the final recording for "Hello, Frisco" on New Year's Eve. Stage One, where all his recordings had been made for the past three years. Same musicians, same crew—kind of a family feeling about it all. This would be his last recording for a while. He couldn't help being conscious that they were all conscious of it.

They drank a toast to 1943 and victory. Another toast to John. They played "Auld Lang Syne." His throat caught. Hey, Payne, don't make an ass of yourself. He was glad when they eased off the sentiment with "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

* * *

His last week in Hollywood. Bills to pay. Accounts to wind up. Clothes to be stored. Still a few scenes in the picture to finish.

Got a hankering to see his little ranch before he left. Drove out on the Malibu road late one afternoon. He'd scrambled round those hills for a year to find the place he wanted. Knew it the minute he spotted it. Fifteen acres on a knoll 300 feet above the ocean. Big oaks and sycamores. A snug little valley where you could build a corral.

Standing there that afternoon, he dreamed a little. Of the open ranch house he'd build one day. A huge room, with a fireplace to match—a bedroom, bath, workroom. Kitchen detached, and quarters for Jerry. Jerry back, having exchanged his machine-gun for a skillet again. Julie coming out. Teaching her to ride as his dad had taught him.

* * *

June Havoc threw a surprise party. Expecting to take her to a picture, he

showed up at her place in slacks and sweater. Thought he was in the wrong house when he walked in and there was the mob. Alice and Oakie. Fieldsie and Walter. All togged out in screwy costumes. Lucky Humberstone in something from "Hello, Frisco," high collar rasping his neck. "Now you know what I've been going through for nine weeks, you so-and-so!"

June had a Superman outfit for him. He kicked, but they made him climb into it. Superjerk, he looked like.

The topper came when Clark showed up. Lieutenant Clark Gable, home on furlough, looking like a million in his uniform, looking—for the first time since Carole died—like a guy who had something to live for.

* * *

Last day on the set. Everybody razzing him, that's the way he liked it. A love scene with Alice—only love scene with Alice in the whole picture—and his salad at lunch had been rubbed in garlic.

"It's murder," she wailed when he put his arms around her.

They kept him late. He was taking Anne out to dinner. He had to go home, shave and change, drive out to Brentwood to pick her up. They tried half a dozen eating places. It got to be a gag. "Sorry, the chef's gone home, the kitchen's closed."

So they wound up at Armstrong & Schroeder's with ham and eggs. That was all right, too.

* * *

Thursday evening at Jack's. They'd been waiting for Alice before sitting down to Evie's good food. Alice had been cute. Living in the valley and gas rationing what it was, she really had

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no right to come to town just for the party. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll do my week-end marketing Thursday instead of Friday, then I won't have to make an extra trip."

So she'd done her marketing, and they were about to sit down when the commotion started. Someone yelled fire! They tore to the window in time to see sparks boring holes through the awning, and the porch furniture beginning to catch. The next half hour was a riot. Racing to the porch with buckets of water and back to the kitchen for Evie to fill 'em again. Seems some cluck on the top floor had dumped oil into the fireplace, sparks flew out the chimney, wind tossed 'em around.

After dinner Charlie Henderson sat down at the piano, and they sang all the songs from "Coney Island" and "Hello, Frisco." Like any high school gang. Hollywood sophisticates, my eye! That was his farewell party, corny and swell. A bunch of people who liked each other, singing round a piano—

Said good-bye to the Hendersons and June, Lucky and Alice. Told Walter he'd drop in on Fieldsie next day. She couldn't come, Richard had a cold.

Spent most of Friday with Julie: Took her down to Fieldsie's with him. Fieldsie made things easy.

"Take care of yourself, slug."

"Yeah. Be sure to write."

"So long, Johnny."

"So long, hon."

Julie piping, "My daddy's going to have a plane." He hoped so. Too old for the combats, but not for the big fellows. Better not count on it, though. He might be washed out. Well, if he was, there was always some other branch.

He packed that night. None of the

usual sling-and-be-hanged. One grip had to hold it all. A suit, shirts, socks, ties, sweaters, underwear, couple of pairs of shoes. All the Army stuff Fieldsie had given him for Christmas—sewing kit, shoeshine kit, shaving kit, comb and file kit, regulation bathrobe.

She'd phoned the day before Christmas. "Will you be over tomorrow?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Then I'm sending your present out to the studio. Ask the prop boy for it."

But the prop boy was gone when he got there. Had to wait till after Christmas to re-discover and bless Fieldsie.

Silver identification tag from Jack. He linked his St. Christopher to it. Address book from Henry Willson. Henry knew his alibis. "Gee, I'd have written, if I'd known the address."

"Brother, this time you're going to know them!" So here was the notebook—names, addresses and phone numbers of all his friends neatly entered.

On top the little silver frame from Julie, holding a picture of the two of them together.

* * *

Saturday morning. Julie's nurse brought her to breakfast. This time he outdid Jerry, let her have all the bacon she could hold.

Good-bye to Jack and Evie. Then down to Julie, waiting by the motorbike.

A last hug and kiss. "See you soon, sweetheart."

"See you soon, Daddy."

He waved at the corner. She waved from the nurse's arms.

And that was that.

* * *

And this was Williams Field, looming through the darkness. What he'd been waiting for. So long, Hollywood. Hello, Army. Private Payne reporting!

"SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS" (PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 87)

Sure, that was Lana constructing those banana splits blindfolded. Took lessons an hour a day for one solid month. Coach was Lou Smith, once champion soda jerker, more recently Clark Gable's stand-in, before Mr. G. himself became a stand-in for Uncle Sam. Lana confides the greatest hazard was flipping the cherries through the air so they'd land precisely in the middle of the whipped cream.

First day on the set, Lana found a brand new dressing-room, wrapped in cellophane, tied with blue ribbon, tagged with her name. The room was decorated in shades of blue-grey and cream, and boasted a special built-in radio-phonograph combination complete with a collection of her favorite swing records. Metro takes good care of its darling daughters.

Steve Crane came visiting one day, the first time he'd ever set foot inside the studio. Unhappy timing made him choose the wrong scene to watch. Lana, beautiful in an Irene suit, walks under a ladder the exact moment a bucket of red paint hurtles down from above and makes direct contact with her newly-coiffed noggin. The scene had to be repeated five times before it was okayed, and Lana has laid a trap for the script writer who dreamed up the bit of action. Won't do her a bit of good, though, because he got wise and escaped to the comparative security of the Signal Corps.

Pamela Blake, the sympathetic, blonde

chum, found herself in a spot when gas rationing came in. Her Beverly Hills apartment was only 5 miles from M-G-M, but it took three transfers on as many busses to get her to work. If she moved to another apartment, in Hollywood, she was twice as far away but could hop a street car and stay on it all the way to Culver City. Had the whole problem solved for her at a U.S.O. dance, where she met and fell in love with Cadet Michael Stokey of the A.A.F. After their marriage a few weeks later, they moved into a little house near the studio, and Pamela walks to work!

Bob Young gets a physical work-out that makes former pix seem like restful vacations. Little, but muscular, Bobby Blake spent one entire day crushing Young's toes with a hammer.

Two honors came to Lana during production, overwhelming evidence of her popularity with the armed forces everywhere. First was the news that the heated suits Uncle Sam's dare devil fliers wear at high altitudes have been dubbed Lana Turners. "We believe you're beautiful, alluring and the warmest girl in the world," they wrote, "and you go with us on every high flight we make."

Second citation was Lana's 2-to-1 victory over her nearest opponent (Hedy Lamarr) in a popularity poll in which 95,000 service men replied. The letter advising her of her landslide win ended soberly, cryptically, with, "The boys liked Hedy for her face and hair."

(Continued from page 35)

bird in the bush . . .

The buckskin bird was the last to be clipped, and afterward George held it carefully in a pair of grimy hands, stroking its glossy back. "I'll sure be glad when I have a dozen or so like you," he confided.

But when he arrived, after having milked a dozen cows, he found that his pride had taken off on an unauthorized flight. George played hookey from third grade that day, too, and spent the hour in the elevator—all to no avail. The buckskin beauty was there—having returned to familiar surroundings and doubtless an interrupted love affair—but the bird was also wise.

In the summer time, George and Maurice used to prowl the huge irrigation channels. When one flume was shut off, and the head of water was diverted to another carrier, the boys went down to the drying ditch bottom and scooped up carp and trout brought down from mountain headwaters.

The money was used to buy shoes—which the boys wore out as fast as a ballerina would go through cobwebs—sheepskin coats for winter and blue jeans the year around. During the cold months, the boys also wore thick, knitted wool helmets that left only their eyes; nose and lips uncovered. These had been brought by Father Letz from Russia, and George still has his, folded neatly away with other keepsakes.

It was a good thing that the boys were usually polar-bear warm, because they were held responsible for looking after the cows. One blustery winter night they found that one of the herd had strayed, so Maurice and George set out on horseback to find her. They jogged over snow-clogged meadows until they picked up her trail, but by that time, the sky was a bellows, puffing out moun-



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tains of feathery flakes. The wind lashed out and bore down on them with a scream. Turning around, they headed for home, but after several blinding minutes they realized that it was hopeless.

Nearby there was a deserted cabin, so they urged the horse inside. With some bits of decayed timber they built a small fire, and, with their backs against the horse and their feet toward the fire, they sat the blizzard out. When George was telling the story to a friend, during the filming of "Bomber's Moon," the friend asked, "Did your family send out a searching party? Weren't your parents frantic?"

George shrugged. "Say, in a family as big as ours you learn self-reliance first of all. They just took it for granted that we'd have sense enough to look out for ourselves."

While the kid Montgomery was learning about self-reliance and high finance, he was also learning his first lessons in love. Came now February 14. At school they had a Valentine Box run on the Grab Bag principle; everyone brought a valentine, and then everyone drew one. This democratic principle operated to avoid hurt feelings, but it didn't stop the secret exchange of other missives.

lacy heart . . .

For a week before the 14th, everyone was busy making valentines. They used wall paper, pleated tissue paper, crayola draughtsmanship and cut-out designs to fashion cupids and hearts. George's artistic skill was put to use by his sister and his brother, as well as by several neighborhood children.

When all the greetings were distributed, and everybody had oh-ed and ah-ed over this and that sentiment, lo, George's loot led all the rest, because HE had received a CITY valentine! It had real lace around the outside and real printing on the inside. There was an embossed cupid with a golden arrow, and there was an urn, filled with heart-shaped flowers that—lifted by a metal fastener—suddenly became a convex maze of interlocked red tissue paper. George's resistance swooned before such an onslaught of flattery. "Be mine" the valentine begged, and George was more than willing to comply, but the petitioner had neglected to sign her name.

At about this time he changed schools—and heart interests. (Could that, too, have become a Montgomery motif?) This new dilly was his school teacher. For days, George followed her every movement with eyes incredulous before such wonder. Then he noticed that when some member of the class had difficulty with his penmanship, the teacher would seat herself beside the struggling pupil and manipulate a stubborn arm in the intricacies of the Palmer method.

Envy was a taste in George's mouth each time Teacher shared a desk with some boy—whom George must instantly regard as a rival. The first thing he knew, his writing was becoming almost illegible. Teacher sat beside him almost every day and explained the flat wrist theory for free-wheeling penmanship. George inhaled her perfume, felt the warmth of her arm through the thin sleeve and stared at her soft hair.

One day the teacher turned in time to meet his eyes. "Oh, George, I don't think you're paying the least attention to me," she said in exasperation. As she walked away he noted with satisfaction that a film of pink was spreading upward from the modest v of her blouse to the roots of her hair.

It was about this time that George had his first theatrical experience. In

the town lived a penurious old man who owned a building that had been used from time to time as an auditorium. George, during the summer, lined up the "Miser," as the children called him, as a carp customer. Whenever he brought over a basket of fish, he and The Miser dickered over price and The Miser always got the better of the deal because George was working up to something bigger. He wanted to rent that auditorium.

It took some time and some maneuvering, but finally the great day arrived, and the burlap curtain parted on the greatest pre-Major Bowes program in history. Prepare for a shock: George was not the star. He was: 1, the artist who painted the posters; 2, the box office entrepreneur; and 3, the boy to whom belonged half the total proceeds.

His next dealing with drama took place when George was in high school. They were holding tryouts for the senior play, so George thought he'd take a chance. He had nothing to do just at the moment, so he read lines for the dramatic coach. George doesn't remember what the play was, but—in view of meat rationing—he only wishes he had that performance around now. No matter how thin you sliced the ham, it would still provide many good meals.

As George retreated from the stage, the coach rubbed a rueful chin. "You are more the athletic type, George."

So George went out for track. He had played end on the football team all fall, but he needed something to gainfully employ that heady spring rush of power. He hurled the discus with moderate success, but when he met up with the javelin, he began to wonder if he hadn't been born just a few thousand years too late.

In the big meet of the season, he won a medal by the simple expedient of hurling the javelin 170 feet.

George brought the medal home to his mother. "Very pretty," she said. Then sternly, "What have you done with that new bar of soap?"

"What soap?" said George.

Hands on hips, she scowled up at him, for all the world like a toy Shepherd barking at a Great Dane.

"Oh—THAT soap," said George.

"Same thing. Same thing ever since you were a tiny boy. I buy soap, soap, soap. Then I turn my back. When I look around—what do I have? I have a white horse. I have a white dog. I have a white rabbit. I have a white cow, white goose, white cat. George Montgomery Letz, the next time I catch you carving up my soap . . ."

"Look, Mamatchka—isn't it a pretty medal? I won it in school! Will you keep it in some safe place for me?"

Solution To Puzzle on Page 8

G	L	A	R	K	G	A	B	L	E	B	A	S	I	L		
O	L	I	V	I	A	A	M	E	E	R	A	L	I	N	E	D
S	A	V	A	N	T	B	E	R	G	S	R	I	T	T	E	R
C	I	I	D	E	E	R	E	I	T	I	C	E	R	E		
A	R	N	E	S	V	I	C	T	O	R	Y	E	R	N	E	S
R	E	G	O	G	E	N	O	R	A	A	D	D	S			
A	N	N	E	L	Y						N	I	T	A	L	B
M	A	U	R	E	E	N					E	L	E	A	N	O
A	I	R	Y													
T	A	S	S	E	L	S					C	H	A	S	T	E
I	D	E	R	A	H						A	A	R	A	R	T
L	A	D	D	A	R	E	A	A	W	O	L	O	H	I	O	
O	R	E	A	D	T	I	M	B	R	E	L	S	T	A	R	T
A	M	A	E	N	S	O	B	E	A	T	L	O	T			
F	I	N	A	L	E	L	O	L	A	S	R	E	L	I	N	E
S	E	N	I	L	E	I	N	E	R	T	E	L	A	T	E	R
S	A	L	A	D	E	S	S	A	Y	S	E	W	E	D		

She began to smile, slowly. "Yes . . . and remember, in future, you are a medal-winner, NOT a soap-carver!"

After having snagged his high school sheepskin with honors—and having been elected to the National High School Honor Society—Mr. Montgomery enrolled in the University of Montana's School of Forestry.

To finance his woody education, George took a flock of jobs. He created a series of posters for the Red Cross drive and was paid grateful money for them. He also worked in one spot as a hamburger hander-outer, and in another as a dishwasher.

In the meantime, in-between-time he managed to socko himself into the inter-collegiate heavyweight championship of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana, but one year of that was enough. He caught sight, one day, of a retired pugilistic gentleman with vegetarian ears and teeth so chipped that they looked like stalactites in the Carlsbad Caverns.

happy cabbage . . .

A year of university was all that George could endure because he began to think of the time as being wasted. He wanted to get back to the good old trapping, fishing, pigeon-raising economic days when he was taking in a lot more happy cabbage.

So George got a job with the WPA. He worked 40 days and saved \$90; if he lived on wild roots and boiled field daisies during that time, he has never admitted it. All he cared about was getting to Los Angeles to visit his brother, Michael. And getting some sort of job.

Michael knew a friend who had a friend who hired George as a bartender for the Club Troika, a short-lived Muscovite cafe on Sunset Boulevard. George knew just about as much about bartending as he knew about tatting—it begins by shuttling back and forth rapidly and ends in a loopo. He confided to Michael, "I thought a zombie was a Haitian ghost, a Sidecar was half of a motorcycle, Tom Collins was a man's name, and Manhattan was a nickname for New York."

So he bought a book and memorized dozens of recipes—none of which he has ever tried personally from that day to this. When someone sprung a newie on him, he leaned over and pretended to be performing some very important bit of bartending while he looked up the formula in his drink manual.

ridin' the range . . .

Despite his heroic efforts to gin friends and saturate people, the Troika closed. During its brief run, some of the waitresses had asked George why he wasn't in pictures, so he decided to look into the matter—only because he needed a job. Being a direct sort of soul he went through none of the complicated didos that newcomers usually try.

He simply went out to M-G-M and told them he could ride, rope steers, catch a greased pig (he had done it at the Fairs hundreds of times) and otherwise make himself useful on a picture lot. They suggested that he go out to Republic, which produced hoss operas.

The next thing George knew, he was stashed away behind a black mask, taking the bumps for the Lone Ranger. Did the Lone Ranger leap from horse to horse in the script? Let George do it. Did the Lone Ranger, astride his horse, leap from a 50 ft. cliff? Let George do it. Sometimes the Lone Ranger was supposed to speak a line during a particularly arduous task, so they let George do that, too, rather than go to the trouble of dubbing in the Lone Ranger voice when shooting was over.

I felt his stare . . . and felt like screaming



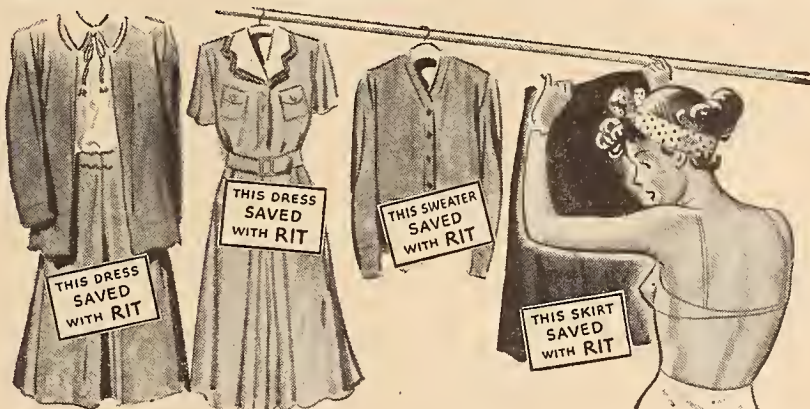
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Away up north in Montana, Mamatchka and Papatchka drove in to town for supplies one Saturday night. The groceries and farm implements purchased and packed in the car, they decided to see a movie. The story, though confusing, dealt with the exploits of a superhuman in a black mask. Just before one of his hairbreadth escapes, the character called out a line.

A small, frantic woman in the audience leapt to her feet. "George!" she cried. "That's my George."

During this period, George also appeared in a Garbo picture although you would never have recognized him. He was decked out as a Cossack with a bearskin hat, a bearskin mustache, beard and wig, and one of those cartridge-bazoomed coats with turned-back sleeves. All he had to do was to plant one foot on the back of one huge white horse, plant the other foot on a second white horse and (keeping body and soul together) drive this team up a flight of marble stairs.

If he thought this was going to be the pinnacle of his movie experience, Georgie-Porgie was mistaken. His next astounding costume was awarded to him for "The Cowboy and the Blonde," a leopard skin sarong. And then, gradually reducing his costume to infinity, Director Ray McCarey ordered George to allow the make-up man to shave the Montgomery chest for a pick and shovel scene in "Accent on Love."

By this time, however, 20th Century had decided that Montgomery was the stuff, and he made in rapid succession "Last Of The Duanes," "Riders Of The Purple Sage," "Cadet Girl," "Roxie Hart," "Ten Gentlemen From West Point," "Coney Island," "China Girl" and finally "Bomber's Moon" with Annabella.

And now comes the \$64 question: How much different is the motion-picture star, the successful young-man-about-town George Montgomery, from two-fisted, dollar-wise, serious-minded George Letz of Montana?

George has handled his motion picture income carefully enough to enable him to buy a ranch in Montana. He told a studio friend, "I know to the decimal point just exactly how much ground I bought: 5,383.64 acres. The place has one magnificent barn and two smaller barns. The house isn't much—it will have to be torn down some day. But I have plans already drawn up for a ranch house that will be out of this world."

In addition to the 5000 acres, he leased an adjacent 4000 acres, and he is planning to run 1000 head of cattle. He's going to plant alfalfa enough to take care of the stock needs during the winter, and he's also going to raise potatoes because: 1, that's what the government has requested; and 2, it's a good paying crop.

George's brother is running the place, as—by the time you read this—George will be in the Army, which is exactly where he wants to be. He's going in as a buck private, "to learn the ropes, but I won't stay that way long. I'm going to work; I'm going to find something useful to do."

While George was living in Hollywood, he and his parents and his sister occupied a house that George had bought against the advice of practically everyone he knew except his immediate family. "You'll want to live in Bel Air," he was told. "And in the summer you'll want to live at one of the beach colonies. What you should do is rent a place. Then you can move whenever you want to."

home and hearth . . .

George shook his head. "Rent money

is just money thrown away," he insisted sagely. "I'll buy. That way, I have an investment." It turned out he was right.

He has now sold this house to Lynn Bari and moved his parents back to Montana where they will be near one of George's married sisters. He's arranged it so that Lynn's monthly payments will entirely cover the needs of Mamatchka and Papatchka while George is in the Army.

Each Sunday, while George's parents were living in Hollywood, he arose early and drove them to church. Sometimes he attended services with them, but usually he returned to the house and worked in the garden until time to pick them up. Quite often, George would have a luncheon engagement, but he always managed to excuse himself from the Sunday afternoon party long enough to go home, collect Mr. and Mrs. Letz and take them to a movie. When the picture was over, they would telephone George and he would call for them.

The girl whom George will some day marry may expect just such a high order of devotion, but she will have to be plenty of woman herself. George doesn't care whether she's tall or short, blonde or brunette. But she should have a terrific sense of humor and a lead toward laughter; George feels that he's inclined to be solemn, so he needs a leavening influence.

She should like outdoors life; she shouldn't flinch from a fishing worm, nor jump at the discharge of a gun. She shouldn't mind living for months on a huge ranch, yet she should be able to walk into the Copacabana in Rio with perfect assurance.

Because George has his plans made for a long time ahead. He wants to come back from service and run his ranch; he'd like to fly down to Hollywood to make one or two pictures a year. Then, between pictures, if the notion struck him he'd like to make flying trips to different global spots about which he has read. And he wants a wife who will fit into that rather hectic, but clearly fascinating, plan.

As for the present? Let us quote Mr. Montgomery's recent remark to his agent, in regard to the Army, "Everything is swell. I'll get along okay in the Army because I'll be drawing about fifty bucks a month, and I can save money on that."

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from pg. 73)

Set 3

1. Forelocked filly
2. Coast Guard
3. Mahogany colored
4. O'S—
5. French
6. No. 1 box office
7. Bogey
8. Quarter century of stardom
9. Veteran
10. Ex-chorine
11. Ex-deb
12. Photo-gorgeous
13. "Dodsworth"
14. My sons! My sons! (4)
15. Prized by Price
16. Gay over Gaylord
17. Judy Gumm
18. Pure 'n' wholesome
19. Navy wife
20. Charles Pratt

(Answers on pg. 101)

"TO LADDIE, WITH LOVE"

(Continued from page 41)

into some really swell parts.

But it was funny: there wasn't the kick there ought to have been. Something was lacking. Men were leaving the lot and showing up in a week with uniforms. Then they went away, and pretty soon you heard they were in Alaska or England or Iceland or somewhere.

And he never told anybody about looking into almost every service Uncle Sam had, Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps. But the answer was always the same—Not physically fit. Not acceptable for enlistment at that time. The only way Alan could get in was to wait until the requirements eased up.

And in the meantime every picture he made, it seemed, rubbed it in. There was "Lucky Jordan," the story of a guy who didn't want to be in the Army, as much as Alan did. And Alan wore an Army uniform for costume in that. Then came "China," and it made him a play-acting parrot, pitching against the Japs in the Orient. Everything seemed to gang up to say, "Ladd, you're only acting."

So he waited fretfully for the requirements to relax, and one day, right after "China" was in the can, slipped off and took a voluntary induction. He asked for the Air Corps, and he got it.

time out . . .

Around Paramount they couldn't do enough to say good-bye when they heard the news. Alan slipped off to Palm Springs alone with Sue for a few days of sun and solitude. When he came back, his calendar looked like a debutante's coming-out program.

Everybody wanted to give him a dinner or a lunch or a cocktail party or this or that. The whole Hollywood press showed up one day at Paramount and confused Alan so much that he forgot the neat little speech he'd prepared, and all he could do was stutter out, "I want to do a good job." His close friends, the Bill Bendixes, Dave and Alma Shedd, the Dave Clydes and a couple dozen more, kept him running.

Buddy DeSylva, head man at Paramount and Alan's boss, took him aside. "Alan," he said, "you'll never have to worry when you come back. With the start you've got and the talent you've shown, you're in for keeps."

Everybody around the lot was that way—extra swell, it seemed to Alan. That's why his last days there were so tough. He was always having to blow his nose and talk fast so they couldn't see how he felt about it. To ease the good-bys, Alan took a bunch of ties and precious pieces of his civilian wardrobe around to his pals at Paramount, and when he said good-bye, he asked them if they could use them. "I got a new wardrobe on order," Alan would crack, and that took the awkwardness out of the good-bye business.

It was tougher breaking up his dressing room, with the lamps and furniture, book shelves and gadgets that Sue had dolled it up with for him. His own dressing room had signified Hollywood success to Alan. He hurried through it as fast as he could. Then he made a life mask of his face in case they needed a double for any retakes. He looked longingly over the scripts he was to have done. "Incendiary Blonde," "Sally O'Rourke" and "Minister of Fear" and had a jealous pang or two to think someone else would do them, probably George Raft—and that was funny because when Alan had first come to Paramount, he was always, it

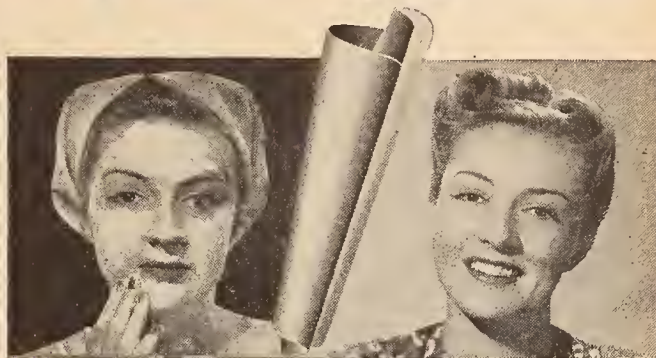
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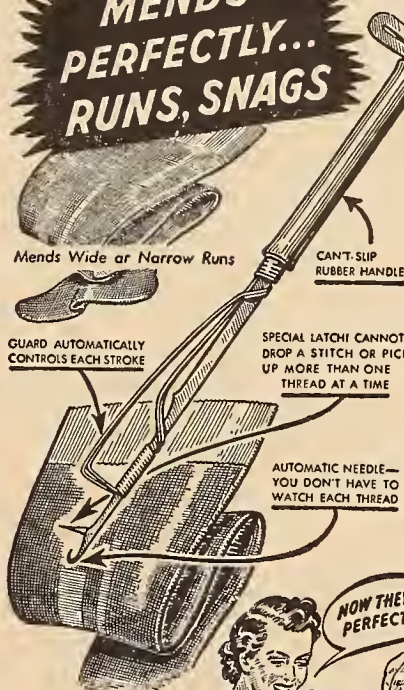
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seemed, being put into scripts originally bought for George Raft—and here George might be put into scripts bought for him.

But it was over finally, his studio farewells, and as he rolled out the gate the gateman yelled, "Give 'em Hell, Kid!"

the rains came . . .

It started raining. The rain turned into a downpour, and the flood water poured down the Los Feliz Hills. The basement filled up. A hill caved and avalanched into the back yard. Two nights before Alan left for Ft. MacArthur, he stayed up all night running a water pump and digging trenches to keep the Ladd hillside home from floating away. Then the last night he did the radio show, had a bite and then hit the hay early. The next thing he knew Sue was shaking him. "Everybody's ready except you," she laughed. "And you're the guy who's got a date with the Army."

Alan showed up for his date traveling light. All he carried away from Hollywood was himself, an old \$50 suit, a picture of his wife, Sue, a fitted toilet case from his best friend, Bill Bendix, and a gold identification band. Inside it read, "Laddie, God Bless you! All my love. Sue." The number was 39554893.

When he rattled that number off later to a sergeant, the sergeant almost fell over. "You're the first guy I ever met," he marveled, "who ever could remember his identification number. How come?"

"That's easy," Alan grinned. "I got used to calling off my social security number when I was busted."

Alan drove down to Ft. MacArthur, his induction center, with Sue and their close friends, Davy Clyde and his wife, Fay Holden. He made it brief at the gate and walked down hill to the reception center. "Are you Ladd?" said the sergeant.

Alan said he was.

"You're late!" snapped the sarge. "Fall in!" Alan started to say something back. Because he wasn't late. He'd made certain to be on time. He knew it. "I—" he started, then he caught the tough gleam in the sergeant's eye.

Alan verified this fact further when he started to stamp out his cigarette on the parade grounds. You don't do that in the Army. You open it, scatter the tobacco and roll the paper up into a fine ball which you put in your pocket. You line up for mess, and if it rains—which it did—you still line up and soak up the rain.

Alan had a hunch he'd be in for some sort of hazing, which was okay. He really expected more stand-offishness, though, and resentment because he was a star.

To his surprise, and great relief, Alan was never treated more swell by a gang in his life. Of course, there were gags. For instance, the second night after a hard day, Alan figured he just had time for a quick shave before lights out at 9. All day he'd done a million things, it seemed. He'd had the dread "shots" which keeled a lot of kids over. But they didn't bother Alan, although a hypo needle broke off in his arm. He'd been interviewed and stood in line for this and that, for chow, for a G. I. haircut and later the mental aptitude test. He was dog-tired, and all he could see was two white sheets and a bunk—any bunk, anywhere.

apple-pie order . . .

So he went down to scrape his face and managed to make it back to his bunk with a couple of minutes to spare. He dove in under the pillow—and almost busted his back! The sheet stopped him. His bunk was apple-pied! He was short-sheeted! He knew what had happened at once. Although there wasn't a peep out of the big room. And nobody looked his way.

It meant only one thing. He'd have to perform a miracle and perform it fast. If he didn't get his bed unmade and made up right in two minutes flat, he'd never get it made, because the lights were going off. Besides, Alan knew he was on trial. If he beefed or griped or cussed out the guys, he'd be classified as a spoiled Hollywood softie. The sheets flew, and the blankets billowed. Alan tucked the last one in place just as the barracks plunged into blackness. Then he slipped in the sheets, still not saying a word. That minute the place rang with laughter. Alan's performance, lucky for him, had clicked. "All right, you guys," he yelled in the dark, "I'll get even."

The week Alan went to the Army was the wettest of the year in California. He got wet every day and, of course, hooked himself a lulu of a cold. But he didn't want to admit it because—well—it might shoot him to sick bay and there he'd be—with it all to start over again.

So he toughed it out, but one night when he crawled into bed, he could hardly make it. Anybody could tell he was under the weather, and Alan himself knew he had aches built for a giraffe, and fever. His new buddies came around. Alan's bunk that day was near a night light that glared in his eyes.

"Here!" said a guy he'd barely talked to. "Take my bunk, Kid, and get some rest. That light'll keep you awake."

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 1. "The Powers Girl"

First Prize.....Miss Eleanor Hinz Astoria, L. I.	Sixth & Seventh Prizes.....Miss June Klipstine St. Louis, Mo.
Second Prize.....Mrs. Edith Viets Hartford, Conn.	Mrs. Edgar Preuss Mankato, Minn.
Third Prize.....Miss Ruth Splete Cleveland, Ohio	Eighth & Ninth Prizes.....Miss Cora Belle Rymer China Grove, N. C.
Fourth Prize.....Mrs. Patrick Hery Dayton, Ohio	Mrs. J. W. Edmundson Pittsburgh, Pa.
Fifth Prize.....Mrs. R. H. Fletcher Carrollton, Ga.	

Over 600 other beautiful prizes have been sent to the lucky winners!

CONTEST NO. 2. "Johnny Payne"

First Prize.....Miss E. R. Clark
Philadelphia, Pa.

5,000 second prizes—pictures of John Payne or Alice Faye have been sent to the lucky winners.

Alan shook his head. Some more chorused up with bunk offers. Alan still said no. "Tell the truth, fellows," he confessed, "I couldn't move if I wanted to. I'm bushed."

So there was a consultation, unknown to Alan, who was about out anyway. Next thing he knew, a bunch of huskies were moving him, bed and all, into a dark corner. "Gosh, you're a stubborn guy!" said one. But it touched Alan. And it was that way all the time.

Of course, Alan was super touchy about letting anything look like the slightest favor, simply because he was a celebrity.

He carefully ducked any K P assignment that looked like a soft touch. He drew the warehouse detail which is no pipe, and when he went to the P-X, the only money he flashed was what remained of the five bucks he had taken with him. He bought his own drinks (hot chocolate) and didn't set up the bunch or anything flashy. How could he? All he had left the last day was 50c anyway.

Making a civilian into a soldier, the raw "processing" is always painful to everyone concerned, but it's something that has to be gotten over, like castor oil. To Alan, his week at MacArthur had blessings mixed with the bumps. On the debit side, for the first time in his life he couldn't sleep. Alan has always been able to flop down anywhere and drift off to dreamland without a toss or turn, but at Ft. MacArthur the night lights, the snores, the sleep talkers and unaccustomed bedroom company gave him his first case of insomnia. On the other hand, the Army at last taught him to eat.

slight bite . . .

Since he became a star, Alan Ladd has been living like a bird on practically no food at all, a dismaying fact which his wife, Sue, has tried every way to correct, but in vain. Alan thinks it was because when he used to go hungry in Hollywood he got some kind of a complex about food. For the past year it was all he could do to swallow the stuff. Well, after one day of Army life he lined up in mess hall with soldiers slinging food all around him, shouting hoarsely for this and that and grabbing—not exactly an inviting tea-room atmosphere—but he found himself eating everything in sight! Next morning when usually all Alan can get down is a cup of coffee, he loaded up with eggs, bacon, toast, cinnamon rolls, milk and two kinds of cereal! So he came home on his first leave in the pink—even if it looked for a while as if he'd never make it.

Because on his first trip back to Hollywood about everything went wrong that could go wrong. First of all, there was a wild rumor that leave would be granted one afternoon, so Private Ladd stood in line at the phone booth with a couple hundred other guys—and when he finally got his house number, the line was busy. So he had to stand in line all over again—and the second time it was busy, too! Finally, after a couple of hours, he got his house and—Sue wasn't there!

Then, all set for his first liberty pass, which looks to a rookie something like a million-dollar bill, the sarge announced the passes were all gone. Alan resigned himself to a night in the barracks and slipped into his fatigue clothes. Right after that, the sarge announced there were a couple more passes after all. Alan had to dress in five minutes and run all the way to a street car—and when he got on the thing, darned if it didn't run half way up to Hollywood and then start backing back to San Pedro! Anyway, to spare you the suspense, Alan finally arrived in town about 12:30 A.M.

It took a little explaining why he had



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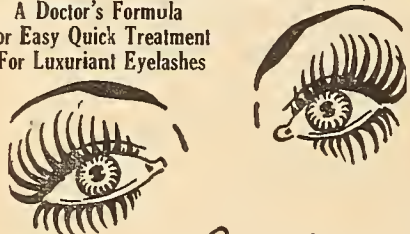
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arrived on leave in the dead of night, but what made Sue want to faint was the news that Alan had to be back again at six o'clock in San Pedro. They stayed up all night talking. Then they called Bill Bendix. Anyway, Alan had only three hours at home on his first leave. But that looked swell to him. And he got a great surprise. It turned out that Bill, his pal, and family had moved in right across the street.

When Alan left, he left with a few natural worries about his family. He leveled off a big Victory Garden Plot in the back so Sue and the baby would be sure to have enough vegetables, and he attended to this and that. But there were a few things he couldn't solve. Who would look after Sue if she got sick? What about the baby when it came? Who'd get the doctor? Who would take Sue to the hospital? What if there'd be an air raid? What would a girl alone in a big house feel like without someone she could depend on within easy reaching distance.

"Leave it to me," said big, bluff Bill Bendix, who incidentally has just won an Academy nomination for his job in "Wake Island." Bill and Alan have been bosom pals since "The Glass Key." But Bill lived clear across town. Alan was still worried. "Okay, okay, I'll move right across the street," Bill promised. Alan thought, of course, he was kidding. He should have known better.

Darned if Bill hadn't moved in right across the street! In fact, he'd bought the house! Done it while Alan was in camp.

Although, grateful as he was, Alan could have bounced a brick off Bill's head that morning as Bendix at the wheel rushed him back to Ft. MacArthur. The big dope ran out of gas halfway there! Luckily Alan got back in the nick of time—a "veteran" now, and in a few days he heard his name boomed out over the mike with his shipping instructions. "Ladd, to Fresno Air base."

Since Alan's been in the Army, he's a changed man. He can make a bed as tight and smooth as a snare drum. He can scrub lovely floors, peel potatoes in artistic style, manipulate the business end of a broom with amazing results, wash clothes without tattle-tale gray, and rise and shine without a grumble anywhere from four A.M. on.

"It's going to be a big help with the baby," sighs Sue. "Now if Laddie could only cook—or at least get handy with a safety pin. But I guess that's one thing the Army doesn't teach 'em!"

10 Years Ago in Modern Screen

April, 1933! U. S. Navy dirigible, Akron, biggest on earth, sank off Barnegat, N. J., during tornado. . . Banks opened doors in first stages of recovery after "crash". . . 160,000 barrels of beer consumed in New York City in first 24 hours after repeal of Prohibition.

While in MODERN SCREEN, Cary Grant had Hollywood whispering about diamond sparkler gifted to Constance Cummings. . . Katharine Hepburn was reviving the beret and polo coat fad, while Marlene was launching the trend toward slacks. . . "My next picture," said Dietrich, "will be my last in America." . . Claudette Colbert moved into Garbo's house while the latter jaunted over to Sweden to live by herself in a little island house off the Swedish coast. . . Fans were writing in excitedly to M.S. to ask whether George Raft had ever really been a gangster.



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HIGHLIGHTS FOR YOUR HALO

(Continued from page 68)

every one of you has her choice of at least four shades that team with your curls as happily as MacDonald teams with Eddy. First you must consider your own natural coloring . . . redhead, brunette, blonde, brownette. Then consider the effect to be produced . . . flashing highlights for your natural color, a warmer reddish tone to be added to it or a cooler, darker sheen. If gray hairs are making a pepper-and-salt appearance, a properly chosen rinse can blend them subtly without "covering" the gray hairs.

Say you're a light blonde like Veronica Lake (nice saying!). If you're that lucky, keep your hair sparkling by regularly using light golden blonde rinse. If you're in the mood for a cooler, darker, silvery sheen, try a gray-blue. Titian blonde rinse gives light hair just a dash of red.

Perhaps your hair is the deep brunette of vivacious Ann Rutherford's. If you prefer a really dark effect, it's produced by a blue-black rinse. You brunettes can emphasize natural reddish highlights with henna rinse. And for the less daring, there's warm chestnut brown to give a slight glow.

Alma Carroll, a new and pretty star, is our model for the typical American type, the brownette. If you're such a one, you'll find that a warm chestnut brown rinse adds a coppery luster to your hair, while auburn gives just a slight warm glow. You can even make your hair a little darker by using blue-black. Redheads are always popular . . . from the flaming Greer Garson tresses to the bright reddish-gold of Lucille Ball. If you belong to the red-headed league, a henna rinse will make your locks even redder. Merely to bring out the natural highlights, auburn is perfect. Or, if you will be contrary and darken your red tresses, blue-black will do the trick.

ways and means

For a blow-by-blow description of how to apply these highlights to your halo, we recommend that you cast your eyes over the directions the manufacturer has thoughtfully provided on the package. You'll find that the whole business is beautifully simple.

First, of course, you'll shampoo your hair thoroughly. Be sure to wash out all traces of suds in clear water, leaving hair clean as a picture passed by the Hays office. Next dissolve the contents of one envelope in a quart of warm water. When rushed for time, you can pour the rinse over your pate in the usual way. But there's a newer method and, if you're an observant lass, you'll notice that it's the method used by professionals in beauty salons. The new idea is to stir the rinse solution with a small hair brush or a wad of cotton and to apply the color-brightening to your hair from the roots, right out to the ends. The longer you continue brushing, the richer the color effect.

curl-cues from Hollywood

Make a habit of swirling one of these inexpensive rinses in your final rinse-water whenever you shampoo your hair. It will aid the health of your tresses by neutralizing any soap-residue. Hollywood beauties have long appreciated the attraction of scintillating, color-sparkling hair. With rinses as easy as A-B-C, you can treat yourself today to Hollywood-bright curls!

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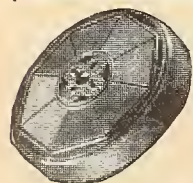
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HAIR-DO BEAUTY AIDS

(Continued from page 67)

Now rinse, rinse, rinse thoroughly until there's not a speck of soap-curd in your locks to dim their luster. Be a bright girl and, in your final rinse water, swirl the contents of an envelope of special rinse. La, what highlights you'll be crowned with! For more hints in the hair-glamour division, see "Highlights for Your Halo" on page 68.

oil for troubled waves

The sun shines brightly all the time in California (Bonita is emphatic about this), but cinema belles never suffer from harsh, dry, sunburned ringlets. At the first sign of dry-hair-itis, they pamper their parched locks with an oil treatment. For the benefit of you dry-haired lassies who would be as beauty-wise, here's the method: Preface each shampoo with a hot-oil application (for best results, the night before the sudsing). First brush your tangled locks thoroughly. Then, with cotton or a small brush dipped in warm oil, apply the lubricant to the scalp with a steady scrubbing motion. To simplify matters, part your hair into one-inch square sections and scrub along these parts. Rub oil also into the ends of the hair. Good-bye to dry, split ends!

Use some form of heat to intensify the action of the oil . . . hot towels or a sun lamp if you're the fortunate owner of one. Then massage the scalp with your finger tips, kneading and lifting until the entire scalp feels stimulated. In shampooing, first dunk your hair in cold water. Then proceed as per usual, and you'll be surprised how easily the shampoo lathers in spite of the oil.

After every washing, and often in between, spray or smooth on brilliantine—it's perfectly wonderful hair-shining

stuff. But if your unruly curls just won't behave or merely to make your locks prettier, you'd do well to investigate the hair-beautifying creams and lotions of a world-famous organization. It was founded by seven sisters, and it's devoted to hair glorifying. Kate Hepburn, for one, swears by their products.

mine's oily

If that's your complaint, and if you would instead have curls as silky textured as Bonita's, learn to use your hairbrush energetically, for brushing is grand at normalizing under or over-active oil glands. But brushing by itself will not do the trick. Not by a long shot. You should invest in a shampoo that has a quieting effect on over-active oil glands. Wash your hair more frequently than your dry-pated sister . . . both to remove excess oil and to keep your tresses spanking clean, for oily locks have a tendency to dull quickly. Between shampoos, you'll find that a lotion with a slightly drying effect is helpful.

doom for dandruff

For dandruff, the remedy is one of those special lotions that help chase it away. And for your washings, use a special dandruff-removing shampoo. There's a dandy one on the market! Apply the special lotion nightly and brush vigorously to remove loose flakes. An average case will clear up in approximately two weeks of regular care.

beau-catchers

Call 'em beau-catchers or lovelocks or what you will . . . curls are pretty essential! Yours may be courtesy of Mother Nature or a permanent-waving

Compare Your Handwriting

with

Olivia de Havilland

by Shirley Spencer



The question of whether the graphologist can tell the sex of the writer comes up often. The answer is—it is not possible to be positive about this, all amateurs to the contrary. Why? Simple. Loyalty, sincerity, affection, will power, yes and mentality, too, are applicable to either sex. Right? Of course. Many women have the vitality and driving will that one conventionally thinks belongs to men, while some men have the gentleness we generally attribute to the weaker sex.

Some women's writing is essentially feminine, however, and Olivia de Havilland's writing is this type. There is the daintiness, fastidiousness and gentleness which we generally associate with femininity. Note the light, backhand and gracefully artistic formations. The Greek "e" and "d" are particular signs of culture. Miss de Havilland is shy and diffident about expressing her innermost thoughts and feelings. She is not lacking in determination, however, for note that stroke across the "H." The base line is firm, too. She is persistent, consistent and quietly effective.

The capital "O" is rather involved, which shows that she is definitely an introvert, as does that last in-curve on the "d."

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

SMA

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When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Hand's Teething Lotion on the tender, little gums and he will be relieved promptly. 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

WRINKLES Is Your Skin Older Than You Are?

Do wrinkles, scrawny neck, crows' feet or baggy eyes make you look old prematurely—rob you of popularity? Use PERMA YOUTHSKIN. Contains real TURTLE OIL, recognized by many doctors as an excellent skin rejuvenant. Guaranteed effective or money back. Liberal supply with full directions, only \$1.25 postpaid. (Postage extra if D.J. PERMA, 184 Utica Ave., Dept. MM-5, Brooklyn, N.Y.)

You Want Stunning, POROUS, SILKY EYELASHES ... the kind that win admiring glances from the opposite sex? Use

EYELASH GROW

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ALMOST LIKE A MIRACLE —is what women of society, stage, screen, office, and home say about FaSet, the new tissue form. You too will be enchanted with the firm beauty it will give to your face and neck. FaSet lifts, helps strengthen muscle tissues, remove double chin and heavy face lines. Soft, porous, washable, delightfully comfortable to wear during sleep or leisure hours. Adjustable, on and off in a moment, back guarantee. PERMA, 184 Utica Ave., Dept. S-9, ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I., N. Y.

BAGGAGE Your Lazy Liver BE DOTTLE "Nudge"

If backache and indigestion, don't just complain. Nature may be warning you. Doctor's Advice To Attention. The kidneys are Nature's waste filter. They pass about 3 pints of waste into the 15 miles of kidney tubing every day. If the 15 miles of kidney tubing often result in work well, poisonous waste material is not filtered out. These poisons may start nagging pains, leg pains, loss of pep, up nights, swelling, puffiness, and a host of other ailments. Frequent urination, smarting and burning sometimes show the kidneys are working. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Backache and Kidney Pills. They will help you get rid of the 15 miles of kidney tubing flush out poisonous waste from the kidneys. Doan's Pills.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

few weeks. Er... I bid \$15...."

Marcy Maguire, red-headed hoyden of 17, while visiting the RKO set for "The Sky's the Limit," cast an envious eye upon Joan Leslie. "Look at her," she ordered the ogle-eyed world. "Joan's only six months older than I am, yet think what she has accomplished. She's dancing with Fred Astaire, and she's wearing beautiful clothes. She's poised and pretty and everything. Gosh, look at me: I still have my baby fat. I'm freckled and juvenile... and just a kid. It beats me, how two people the same age can be so much younger than each other, if you know what I mean!"

After she had gloomed off the set, Fred Astaire approached a nearby publicist. "Who was that girl who just left?" he wanted to know. "She had more personality than any teen-age girl I've seen in a long time."

You've Done Your Bit— Now Do Your Best!

Quotables from Notables:

Bob Hope is not a man to be lightly baited, but occasionally Dorothy Lamour catches him napping. With a super-dead pan she asked him, "What's this I hear about your sponsor changing the day of your radio broadcast?"

Radio and picture business being what they are (busy with rumors), Bob asked, "Where did you hear that?"

"From someone," said Dorothy in haste, "who pointed out that you are violating meatless Tuesday."

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Lines About K-9's:

Gene Tierney is telling this one on her household pets: She owns an imposing Belgian Police dog named Butch, who is a born clown. Butch trips over his own feet and tries his best to curl up on a hassock. He's just a good-natured, well-meaning character whom you wouldn't suspect of watchdog abilities.

As you know, Oleg's father is now a member of the Tierney household, and with him he brought his pet, a dark-eyed female Scotty. When she arrived, Butch wandered over, looked at her with patronizing amusement and sauntered away. Later he was found in front of the gate, while a miscellaneous collection of strange hounds—none of whom anyone had ever seen in the vicinity before (such is the charm of womanhood)—sat at a respectful distance and made moon-eyes at the house in which an intoxicating stranger had come to live.

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Circumstances have altered her opinion. The visiting Scotty has fine new puppies which bear a startling resemblance to a deceptive characted named Butch.

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The Button Box:

Take it from this reporter, there is something cooking at 20th Century-Fox that



Hair fall down, make you pout? Get some GRIP-TUTH, can't fall out!

STOP HAIRFUSSING... USE GRIP-TUTH

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Its spring-teeth lock every hair in a jiffy... your hair-do *can't* come down because GRIP-TUTH *can't* fall out! That's why this *modern* hairtainer is real "coiffure insurance", especially if you're war-busy and must put hair up *swiftly*, keep it up *safely*. Card of two (or one extra-length) 25c at beauty salons, chain and department stores, everywhere.

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HOLLYWOOD teaches you to look lovelier with GLOVER'S famous MEDICINAL treatment, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

Send today for this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, in hermetically-sealed bottles. Test the Glover's Medicinal Treatment, yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE! Send the Coupon today!



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★ GLOVER'S ★

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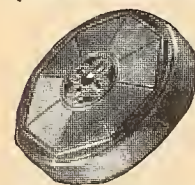
Take a bow, Miss Britain! This "English Tint" you have settled on after three years of war to our one—which I have reproduced for my patrons is just the right rouge, I must say. Try it girls, it's definitely



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gives you such an alert look in uniform or street dress. Ask for Princess Pat English Tint Rouge, English Tint Lipstick or English Tint Liquid Liptone (the new absolutely smearproof liquid lipstick).

Ask At Any Store for:



ENGLISH TINT Rouge and Lip Color

Exclusively or, send 2 dimes for samples of Rouge and Lipstick to:

PRINCESS PAT

2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 104, Chicago, Ill.

HAIR-DO BEAUTY AIDS

(Continued from page 67)

Now rinse, rinse, rinse thoroughly until there's not a speck of soap-curd in your locks to dim their luster. Be a bright girl and, in your final rinse water, swirl the contents of an envelope of special rinse. La, what highlights you'll be crowned with! For more hints in the hair-glamour division, see "Highlights for Your Halo" on page 68.

oil for troubled waves

The sun shines brightly all the time in California (Bonita is emphatic about this), but cinema belles never suffer from harsh, dry, sunburned ringlets. At the first sign of dry-hair-itis, they pamper their parched locks with an oil treatment. For the benefit of you dry-haired lassies who would be as beauty-wise, here's the method: Preface each shampoo with a hot-oil application (for best results, the night before the sudsing). First brush your tangled locks thoroughly. Then, with cotton or a small brush dipped in warm oil, apply the lubricant to the scalp with a steady scrubbing motion. To simplify matters, part your hair into one-inch square sections and scrub along these parts. Rub oil also into the ends of the hair. Good-by to dry, split ends!

Use some form of heat to intensify the action of the oil . . . hot towels or a sun lamp if you're the fortunate owner of one. Then massage the scalp with your finger tips, kneading and lifting until the entire scalp feels stimulated. In shampooing, first dunk your hair in cold water. Then proceed as per usual, and you'll be surprised how easily the shampoo lathers in spite of the oil.

After every washing, and often in between, spray or smooth on brilliantine—it's perfectly wonderful hair-shining

stuff. But if your unruly curls just won't behave or merely to make your locks prettier, you'd do well to investigate the hair-beautifying creams and lotions of a world-famous organization. It was founded by seven sisters, and it's dedicated to hair glorifying. Kate Hepburn and one, swears by their products. . . .

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The capital "O" is rather involved, which an introvert, as does that last in-curve on

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TEETHING PAINS

RELIEVED
QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today

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If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So pep up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. Follow label directions.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

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Get some GRIP-TUTH,
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STOP
HAIRFUSSING...
USE



Its spring-teeth lock every hair in a jiffy... your hair-do *can't* come down because GRIP-TUTH *can't* fall out! That's why this modern hairtainer is real "coiffure insurance", especially if you're war-busy and must put hair up *swiftly*, keep it up *safely*. Card of two (or one extra-length) 25c at beauty salons, chain and department stores, everywhere.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. D-1 Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

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This ad entitles you to a Beautiful Enlargement mounted in a De Luxe Studio Folder—both free. Just send this ad with photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. One Oil Tinted sent C.O.D. for only 38c plus postage. Negs. 39c. New York Art Service, 200 West 72nd St., N.Y.C.

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Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U.S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will coll.

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Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to **\$540.00**
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Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

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"Protect your irreplaceable dresses and coats against underarm 'perspiration rot'"

NONSPI is safe, effective... checks flow of perspiration 1 to 3 days **WITHOUT** INJURING underarm skin tissue.

NONSPI is a clear, clean liquid. Easy and comfortable to apply, it has a "Gentle Astringent Action".

NONSPI is certified **FABRIC-SAFE** by this recognized authority: "Analysis of **NONSPI** and applied tests of its use has been completed by the Bureau. No damage can be done to the 'textile' if the user follows your instructions."

(Signed) *E. D. Monrad*
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This remarkable **CAKE** discovery, **TINTZ** Hair Tinting Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth natural appearing tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for **TINTZ** Cake works gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get today in Black, Light, Medium and Dark Brown, Auburn or Blonde. 50c, 2 for \$1.00.

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

smells as good as fresh gingerbread, hot spiced peaches and roast turkey. It is a delicious spread titled "Heaven Can Wait."

In one sequence (laid in 1887) Signe Hasso—the beautiful Swede—has a long talk with Dickie Jones. Signe is a French governess (it took her 3 days' coaching time to achieve a French accent in lieu of her normal Norse inflections), and Dickie is the son of the family by whom she is employed.

Dickie confesses that he has a secret "that would rock this town to the foundations." It seems that he has **KISSED** a girl, and believes that—in atoning for such a sin—he has to marry the girl.

Signe is somewhat puzzled by this rigid code. "In France," she explains, "we think of a kiss as a sweet—a bit of candy. Simply something pleasant to be enjoyed for the moment."

Dickie is shaken to the core by such free thinking. "If that is the attitude in 1887," he breathes in awe, "what will things be like in 1890!"

* * *

The whole town is talking about the glorious color stills that photographer Bob Coburn took during the production of "For Whom The Bell Tolls." Not content with catching some of the most beautiful scenes ever recorded on plates, Bob also got some extremely funny sequences.

For instance, the famed sleeping bag episodes were filmed with one eye on love and one on a Hays office. As they will be screened, they unfold a romantic interlude between Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman unequalled since the Garbo-John Gilbert days.

But Bob Coburn's impish camera took in more space than the motion picture frame. The story his plates tell is this: When Gary Cooper first slid into the sleeping bag, it was found that the long Cooper legs simply couldn't be folded into the cramped quarters, so the bottom of the sleeping bag was cut out. Then Mr. Cooper was inserted. This caused the top of the dream sack to fit snugly around Gary's shoulders, but his legs—out of camera view—protruded about a foot beyond the bag.

* * *

Speaking of stills, Bob Coburn has some tips for you girls who are having portraits made to be pinned over some khaki kid's bunk. Don't, warns Bob, have your hair washed and set and then have your pic-

ture made immediately afterward. Wait several days until the natural oil has returned to your hair so that your wave will pick up high lights. Don't wear powder base or powder; both hide the natural oils of your skin, spoiling that peach bloom look. Do make up your eyes and eyebrows carefully, and wear heavy lipstick. Be sure to moisten your lips with your tongue just before each pose is snapped.

* * *

James Craig is one of the nicest joes in town, yet somehow he seems to have Lady Bad Luck forever at his elbow, blowing a whistle and calling a penalty. To prove our contention that he's a gentleman of high order, we submit this yarn: Last fall, he was driving from Los Angeles to his old home in Texas. He happened to hit Waco early one Sunday morning. He was low in the mind, tired and hungry, so he stopped at a beanery for some breakfast. On the counter he noticed the Sunday paper already turned to the motion picture section—and there, staring back at him, was a syndicated article about a chap named James Craig.

He read it over carefully, shaking his head with bewilderment. He remembered only vaguely having given the interview, but it was one of the best-written and friendliest articles ever turned out about l'homme Craig. Even before eating the breakfast placed in front of him, Jim went to the telephone booth and called up the writer in Hollywood to thank her for the publicity! That, boys and girls, is gratitude.

As for the bad luck: His career has limped along to date, although those who have seen the rough cut of "The Human Comedy"—William Saroyan's magnificent picture—say that his work will establish him as one of our most brilliant leading men.

* * *

The WPB has finally turned its attention to that national institution, Miss Veronica Lake. It seems that hundreds of lady airplane workers have been copying the "I Wanted Wings" hairdo, thereby running a beautiful risk of getting themselves scalped by moving machinery. The WPB asked Miss Lake to institute a new coiffure—something on the skull cap order, maybe covered by a metal helmet. Miss Lake, who goes around Hollywood in private life wearing her hair braided and fastened close to her head, agreed to create a new hair style in honor of the war effort. We'll keep you posted.

* * *

When Clark Gable was taking tap lessons for his routine in "Idiot's Delight," he skulked from the shadow of one set to the next, being careful to avoid his old pal, Spencer Tracy. Even then, Mr. Gable was repeatedly tripped by the old gag line. Mysterious parcels were delivered anonymously to him; such as an outsize pair of pink satin ballet slippers, a bottle of Absorbine, Jr., a foot tub.

So when Mr. Spencer Tracy had to take waltzing lessons for his assignment in "A Guy Named Joe," he knew that his number was up. The first package arrived at the studio the other day—a classic volume obviously purchased in a rare book shop. Title: "The Art Of Isadora Duncan And You."

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

Sequel:

Frances Farmer is recovering gradually. Miscellaneous victim of the case was blonde, tilt-nosed Virginia Gilmore. When, in her New York newspaper, she read of Miss Farmer's plight and her pitiful question, "Where are my friends now that I need them?" Virginia wired to Frances, in care of the City Hall. Unfortunately, this tele-

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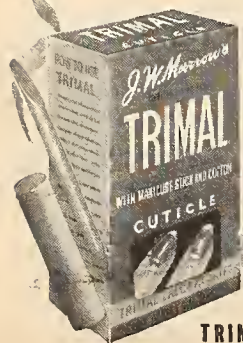
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

gram was seen by police reporters who misunderstood Virginia's message, "If there is anything I can do, please let me know," and played it up as a publicity stunt. It really wasn't, as Miss Gilmore would never have dispatched the offer, if she'd known Frances would never get it.

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

Ritz Blitzed

The big story from Hollywood this month is that apparently the last of the doggy days has died. The fact that this is not a glamour war, to be hurrahed to a victory in a few short months, has penetrated deep into the consciousness of the most minor of citizens.

For one thing, the studios have been entertaining dozens of veterans from Guadalcanal. These men, some of whom are still swathed in head, or arm or leg bandages, strike the tragic truth home by their quiet, forceful, eager-to-be-amused attitude.

* * *

One fine gesture by a Columbia actress is this: On the Monday that shoe sales were frozen, she received a shipment of six pairs of shoes from New York. She had ordered the kicks two months earlier, so the entire transaction was legit. She wears a 4 quadruple A, so few are the friends who can participate in her generosity, but she announced instantly that she would keep only one pair of shoes, and those of her acquaintance who were caught short and could wear her size, might have the other five. We refrain from mentioning her name to spare her from the howling mob. For months before the freeze order went into effect, it was practically impossible to be served in even such swank shops as Bullock's Wilshire, I. Magnin or Saks because of the crush of Mrs. Johnette Q. Public.

Eleanor Powell, who wears out dozens of pairs of fish-food-thin soled shoes while practicing and perfecting her routines, was left with a very small inventory.

Fred Astaire, on the other hand, wears out very few pairs of shoes and had—luckily and without the vaguest dream of rationing—a small supply. A devoted series of fans, moreover, tore the No. 17 coupon from their books and mailed it to Fred. Whenever possible, he returned said coupon BECAUSE THE DETACHED COUPON IS USELESS: IT CANNOT BE HONORED BY SHOE SHOPS. So, fans, retain your coupons and your books.

**You've Done Your Bit—
Now Do Your Best!**

Taps:

For Woody van Dyke, one of the most beloved of Hollywood personalities.

For Lynne Overman, who succumbed in a Santa Monica hospital following a heart attack. He had just finished "Dixie" at Paramount, where he had long been famous as a wit. Lynne worked with Shirley Temple in one of her early features titled "Baby, Take a Bow." As everyone who has ever appeared with a child prodigy will attest, a character actor hasn't a chance in such a situation. The pretty little moppet gets all the lighting, all the timing, all the breaks. Mr. Overman, on this occasion, looked down on Shirley with his professional sourpuss mask well adjusted. "I'll bet you five dollars," he said nasally, "that you will be out of pictures before I am."

This story went the rounds, gathering side bets on the way.

When Shirley retired from pictures, she paid off—to the intense delight of a grinning Mr. Overman. Show business will be much the poorer without him.

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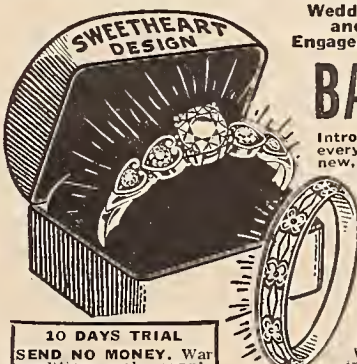
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HER HEART WEARS KHAKI

(Continued from page 45)

Did you happen to see it, Ann?"

"Are you kidding?" demanded Annabella's sister-in-law.

Annabella's fascinating golden eyes grew more round than ever. "I keeding? But non! Why do you say eet that way?"

"Do you mean to tell me," Ann Hardenbergh proceeded, "that Ty has never told you about The Power Family and 'Wings Of The Morning'? Fine thing." She launched into the story with zest.

It seems that Tyrone has long made it a point to visit theaters in which foreign pictures are exhibited. He happened to see W.O.T.M. one afternoon when he was "between pictures." He went home and delivered a stirring address to his mother about the acting ability of the girl in the picture; she had such sensitivity! She had such charm! She had the pathos of a Bergner, the gay touch of a Colbert.

After dinner he fetched his mother and his sister willy-nilly to the theater to see this marvel. A day or so later, he suggested that all three of them watch the picture just once more—on the chance that they might discover some new secret of technique.

"By that time," remembered Mrs. Hardenbergh, "if anyone mentioned the word 'Wings' in my presence I was ready to fly into his face."

Shortly after this folding-seat marathon, Mr. Power was cast opposite the object of his eager eyesight when Annabella was brought to this country by 20th to work in "Suez."

Yet, from the day he first met her on the set until Mrs. Hardenbergh told this family secret, Tyrone had never mentioned it to Annabella. You know how men are—they refuse to admit they've been impressed.

at first sight . . .

Yet isn't this a charming thing for Annabella to remember: that her husband looked upon her image and found it fair, long before he met her face to face and was struck by color, fragrance, savoir faire.

And what about "Suez"—their first picture together? What are the things one could remember about it? Their meeting, for one thing.

Both Annabella and Tyrone move—most of the time—as if they'd been shot out of a new cannon. Tyrone, on this particular morning, was going into the make-up department. Annabella, doing a Dagwood, was leaving. Click, click, click; stride, stride, stride—SSSSmash!

Tyrone fell back against the wall,
His head was all awl
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
And his arms were full of girl.

"The young man who has just made such a forcible impression upon you, Annabella," said a wit who had witnessed the collision, "is Mr. Tyrone Power. After that intimate introduction, your love scenes may seem anti-climactic."

They didn't.

However, before the love scenes were shot, Tyrone and Annabella had discovered a second mutual enthusiasm in addition to going through doors like a Notre Dame tackle hitting the U.S.C. line. They found that each loved games of any and all sorts. They began a brain-buster called "What is it?"

First you think of an object; the rest of the contestants ask questions. Is it

vegetable? Is it mineral? Is it living? Or dead? Has it figured in the news lately? After 50 or 60 questions, you should be able to guess what the other person has chosen for an object.

Easy, huh? Well, try this one thought up by Tyrone. It is textile; it is white. It figured prominently in the news. It appeared in newsreels. It had to do with a famous man. (At this point someone guessed Gandhi's sarong, but that solution was wrong.)

After two days of steady questioning, Annabella finally thought of the answer: It was the white silk ribbon, cut by the Mayor of New York, when the Washington Bridge was formally opened to traffic!

sentimental journey . . .

But there are other games to remember—with laughter—when Annabella recalls their gay times together. While they were in Italy, they bought a small car and motored from the tip of the boot to the Mediterranean coast of France.

They were enchanted with the odd little villages, the magnificent old churches and the lazy, sunny countryside. Each morning, before they started on the day's journey, they studied the map, struggling to pronounce the liquid Italian names. Some towns through which they were to pass seemed far more exciting than others.

Annabella suggested a game: They were to count the number of towns through which they would pass during that day and divide them equally. If there were 20 towns on the itinerary, each selected ten. Annabella chose her group according to the system you use in a millinery shop or on a racing form: Love at first sight.

Then, as they drove along, they sold one another their towns. Tyrone would say, "The next town on our map is a serene little village nestled among rolling hills. It is noted for the sharpest cheese and the sweetest wine in this county. The river is an added attraction, and the bougainvillea grows wild everywhere. I will sell you this town for 300 points."

When they reached the town, Annabella sampled the cheese and tasted the wine, checked the river and the bougainvillea and decided whether Tyrone had made his 300 points or not. Sometimes she was miserly in her buying habits. "The river is tiny and swampish, and it has an odor," she said. "I have eaten sharper cheese and tasted sweeter wine. You have overrated your town, so I can pay you only 200 points."

"Make it 225. Notice how green the hills are. I forgot to mention that."

"Wee-ll. I will make it 250. Not one point more."

Solemnly, Tyrone would make a note of his points in a notebook.

sold american . . .

After three days of this, Annabella was far ahead. Her towns had proved to be the most dramatic, the most agreeable to her descriptions. She began to feel heady with prophecy. "Perhaps it is second sight. Perhaps I see a correct mirage of the coming town."

Tyrone stared straight ahead at the winding highway, but he made a noise in his throat that observed, "Oh, yeah?"

Annabella went on blissfully, selling him her next town. "Of all the towns, this is the most picturesque," she predicted. "It has a small stone church, and in the courtyard the pigeons coo all day.

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There will be practically no children playing in the road."

She went into detail about her entrancing town. It had a famous spa, she said, and a sacred wood in which miracles had occurred. Oh, it was a TOWN! It would cost Tyrone 500 points.

At about that time, they began to notice a certain acid tone sharpening the air. The odor grew more persistent as they rounded a wide curve and came in view of the settlement below. It was brown; it was desolate. There were no houses, no small, intriguing shops. It was, in short, a commercial settlement devoted entirely to converting very dead animals into very rich fertilizer.

That broke up the game.

Annabella has never entirely lived it down. Thereafter, when she grew lyrical over some subject, garment, beverage or person that she was trying to "sell" Tyrone, he sometimes lifted an eyebrow at her and queried, "Clarissima?"—the name of that wretched town.

But that isn't the only piquant experience Annabella remembers from those days. There is always *l'affaire lait*, or The Problem Of Milk. Tyrone has always been very fond of dairy products; a tumbler of foaming white completes every meal for him.

Knowing this, Annabella wrote to her French family and asked them to make some sort of arrangements whereby Tyrone could have his glass of milk while he was their guest. It was a request fraught with difficulty.

It seems that milk in France is not the commodity it is in this country. No adult would think of touching the stuff; it is strictly for babes, and then should be imposed only on the young who can not yet protest such questionable food. A person having attained the age of reason drinks what is known as "the wine of the year."

Annabella's father, determined to make the proper impression upon his son-in-law (who must be, after all, a quaint person to drink such a thing as milk), went out into the country and talked to a farmer. It was explained that this milk to be purchased was not for cooking, but for drinking. It could not be the creamless, anemic substance commonly called milk. It must have body; it must have butterfat.

It took a good deal of dignified explaining, and the farmer—shaking his head—agreed to reserve the milk of one particular cow for the visiting son-in-law. Crazy people, these Americans!

wine of the year . . .

Tyrone and Annabella arrived in time for dinner. At Tyrone's place was a glass of golden-white milk, pleasantly chilled. "Ah, milk!" he said, and took an appreciative draught. But—

During that glorious drive up the coast of Italy and to France which lies beyond the Alps, Mr. Power had been introduced to the wine of the year. In each town it was different, as it was compressed from grapes grown only in that vicinity.

So, Tyrone glanced down the long table and noted that each person—himself excepted—had a bottle of the wine of the year at his plate. "Is that . . . ?"

"Yes," Annabella said. "I knew it. I knew it."

For three days, the family dutifully bought the elegant milk ration, but Tyrone neglected it shamefully. He much preferred the wine.

The father of Annabella made an embarrassed trip back to the farmer and explained that he would no longer need the total assistance of the farmer's best cow. The farmer, having had an abashed

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apology from his ex-customer, simply shrugged. "The American," he agreed, "had probably come to his senses!"

Tyrone had another brush with the Gallic—a circumstance that Annabella recalls with glee.

Tyrone had learned—rapidly and well, but with a super-Power accent—a great deal of French under his wife's tutelage. In Hollywood, they found it pleasant to be able to exchange, swiftly, a few intimate words when they were in a group of other people. In an elevator, it was great fun for Annabella to say in French, "The hat of the lady next to me is very chic." And Tyrone could answer in code, "I could whip up a little number like that with six scrambled eggs, half a gunny sack and a pheasant's tail."

Very useful, you see. Until the Powers were invited to a very swank dinner one evening in Paris. It was strictly white-tie-and-tails, and the conversation soon grew as colorless as the table cloth. Unhappy little conversations—all in English, out of consideration for Mr. Power—linguished along the table.

Tyrone leaned forward and said across the table to his wife IN FRENCH, "This is a dreadful bore. Let's make some excuse and get out of here."

Annabella knew his accent, so she heard every syllable as if it had been blared from a loud speaker, but fortunately, the others nearby realized only that Tyrone had spoken French. They asked if everyone in America spoke French; they began to be acutely interested in this man who knew their tongue, even though he spoke it in a fashion beyond understanding. Ty sat wishing somebody'd open the window.

Perhaps there are always two prime things that a girl likes to remember about her man: the gay and amusing things he has done and his thoughtful deeds.

He listened, grinning, whenever Annabella talked about the Grand Canyon. Yes, he said, it was a big ditch. The Technicolor effect was okay. Yes, sometime—when he was between pictures—they would go to Arizona.

When Annabella had first realized that she was coming to The States, she thought of America as a series of settlements on the ramparts of the Grand Canyon. She wanted to see it as badly as the visitor in Egypt wishes to view the Sphinx. But American distances appalled her, so she was content to let the Canyon trip wait until she had a great deal of time.

One Saturday morning Tyrone suggested that she toss a few things into a bag and fly down to Coronado for the week-end. "What will I need?" she asked. He mentioned a bathing suit, shorts, a suit—nothing much, really.

In the plane, he pointed out this and that point of interest. "I thought Coronado was on the sea," she said. He said that it was, but that—by going as he had instructed the pilot—they were cutting across a peninsula. Any moment now the Pacific would gleam through the clouds blue and vast beneath them.

big ditch . . .

You're away ahead of the story, but you're right. They went to Grand Canyon. While they were there, Annabella and Tyrone took the two-day trip to the floor of the canyon and back—a feat notable for the fact that Annabella was probably the first woman ever to make the terrifying donkey ride, clad in tennis blouse, shorts, bobby sox and oxfords.

Another of Tyrone's surprises occurred at Christmas time. Several days before the 24th, a number of quaint things happened. In the first place, Annabella was sent downtown on an errand to Mr.

Powers' attorney. Annabella had suggested innocently that the papers—so confidential that Tyrone talked of them in bated breath—could be mailed, special delivery and registered. Her husband looked horrified. No, there wasn't time. This was something VERY SPECIAL. He gave her an impressive manila envelope, closed with massive seals.

Feeling like a conspirator in an Alfred Hitchcock thriller, Annabella drove carefully downtown, waited for a long period in the attorney's reception room, delivered the envelope and secured an official receipt, then went home.

As she drove in, Tyrone met her and suggested that she leave her car out all night. Something, he said, had gone wrong with the electric garage doors, and he was afraid to tamper with them for fear someone would get hurt. He had sent for an electrician, but he wouldn't be able to make repairs for a day or so.

high-powered holiday . . .

On the afternoon of December 24th, guests began to arrive. Tyrone and Annabella had invited several couples to spend the night and to open packages around the Power Christmas tree the next morning. Annabella noticed that Ty was in terrific spirits; whenever a new male guest arrived, he was taken aside and initiated into a riproaring secret.

After the girls had settled for the night—in the upstairs rooms, as the lower floor had been made into a dormitory for the men—miscellaneous rumpus went on downstairs for hours. "It sounds like a man-made earthquake," someone suggested. "Let's go down and find out what on earth they're doing in addition to leading a cavalry charge through the lower hall every 20 minutes," another guest said.

"They are just making noise to attract attention," Annabella decided. "We should only ignore them." The motion was carried unanimously.

Annabella is sometimes sorry that she and her guests didn't investigate. They would have found the lower house filled with amateur Santa Clauses, laughing themselves silly while they transported furniture from the garage to the living room.

Mr. Power surprised his wife by having the living room completely redecorated. For months he had paid close attention to every plan she made about "some day" changing this or that. A print, she had said, belonged on that wall. A print was there Christmas morning. A huge lounge done in beige would look well over there between the windows, she had said in October. It was there Christmas morning. The room was complete to occasional tables and bric-a-brac.

If you've been wondering about those crucial documents that took Annabella down town before the holidays, relax. The envelope contained nothing but blank sheets of stationery. You see, Tyrone had to get her out of the house long enough to see if the furniture looked right in the living room and whether other things were needed. He had workmen move all the furniture out, move in the new equipment, then move it out into the garage and replace the old furniture.

On Christmas Eve the process was reversed by a flock of strong-arm characters having the time of their lives.

It is such things as these that Annabella thinks about, with Tyrone away. Remembering them, and planning for more memories-to-be when he comes back, will make the time pass quickly—until the war is won all over the world.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BEAUTY

Jane was a smart stenographer.
One day the boss said, "We need a girl
For the outer office—one with real
CHARM and PERSONALITY—to greet clients."
Jane sighed. She knew she was NEAT.
Her nose was always CAREFULLY powdered,
And she used the right shade of lipstick,
But her EYES were, well—just a BLANK!
That very day she learned about MAYBELLINE
Just as YOU are doing—

P. S. Jane is now a well-paid RECEPTIONIST
But she won't be LONG—
(She is to be MARRIED SOON!)

MORAL: *It's a WISE stenographer
who knows how to make the
MOST of her own TYPE!*

Jane's lashes now appear
long, dark, and lovely—with
a few simple brush-strokes of
harmless MAYBELLINE
MASCARA (solid or cream
form—both are water-
resistant and non-smarting).

Jane's eyebrows now have
expression and character,
thanks to the smooth-mark-
ing MAYBELLINE EYE-
BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added
charm, Jane blends a bit of
creamy MAYBELLINE
EYE SHADOW on her lids—
her eyes appear more
sparkling and colorful!

Give your eyes thrilling beauty . . . be
sure you get genuine MAYBELLINE,
the Eye Make-up in Good Taste.



Maybelline



WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

U. S. RANGERS . . . Hand-picked and especially trained, they're a swift-moving, hard-hitting outfit. Here's one in his "business-suit," camouflaged and invisible at thirty feet.

But there's no hiding
Chesterfield's Milder
BETTER TASTE

Here's real smoking ammunition tucked in the pockets of our fighting men, ready for instant service. Where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfield serves smokers well with its *Right Combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

*For Mildness . . . for Better Taste
and Cooler Smoking . . . make your
next pack . . .*



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THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES SMOKERS
WHAT THEY WANT

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DON'T HIDE YOUR DOLLARS ★ ENLIST THEM WITH UNCLE SAM ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY