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MODERN SCREEN

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A DELL MAGAZINE
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ALAN LADD

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DEC -2 1943

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Isn't your man in a million worth every cent you can save?

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You know the answer! So begin today to economize and skimp and save. And put every penny you can lay aside into United States War Bonds!

War Bonds are, in a very real sense, bonds between you and the one you love and miss so much.

For, every bond you buy helps to speed war production—helps to keep our ships sailing and our tanks rolling—helps to hurl more bombs and shells and bullets upon the foe.

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS' LION'S ROAR

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every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Whether or not you care about that hick town called New York, those of you who are show-minded will appreciate the amazing demonstration of public interest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures that's taking place.



The main stem, the white way, the hardened artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres. And with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

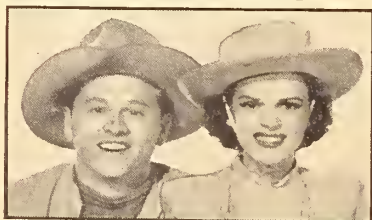
At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Lassie Come Home"—Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "Du Barry Was A Lady". At the Globe they're finishing the nth week of "Salute To The Marines". At the State they've just ended "Swing Shift Maisie" and at the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman". At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It".

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.

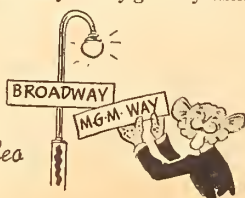


"Girl Crazy" is about to tread the boards—or rather grace the screens—of all the best theatres. We think you'll go for this one also.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.

As for us—we've always been on the M-G-Mbandwagon.

—Lea



MODERN SCREEN

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Ty kissed his mom good-bye at the station one day, said he'd come back an actor. The first half of this life story traces one guy's scrap for success..... 30

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There are no tears in this story because there were no tears in Bette's life while Fanny lived..... 38

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Wriggle into your denims and scoot on over. Peg Ryan and Don O'Connor are doing a smitch of celebrating 40

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Before you'd really gotten to know him, you heard that he was gone. What's he like, this smiling, tousle-headed Jean Pierre who left to join De Gaulle?..... 44

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My nails have looked so beautiful and smart since I started doing them with Dura-Gloss, that I keep it a secret. My friends don't believe that such a beautiful finish is possible for only 10¢. So I just take the compliments and keep mum. It's silly to spend 50¢ or \$1 when you can get this superb polish that looks like you just stepped out of an expensive salon, for only 10¢. I entrust my nails completely to Dura-Gloss preparations, they're all so good to use. That's my secret!



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DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Duro-Coat

By Virginia Wilson



II. Palmist Tam Mitchell rightly prophesies that Edw. G. Robinson will wed girl he loves, Anna Lee. Later predicts he'll commit murder, alters course of his life.



How about dreams? Episode III concerns aerial artist Chas. Bayer who dreams he sees pretty girl in audience and falls. When he sees her next night, he has to stop act.



His mgr. sends him a rest cure. On boat he meets girl of his dream, Barb Stanwyck (above, with Joseph Crehan and Lee Phelps), embarks an fateful love affair.



Question of fate governing lives is discussed in 3 episodes. I concerns ugly seamstress Betty Field who dons mask, captivates Bob Cummings. But what will happen when she unmasks?

MOVIE REVIEWS

Flesh and Fantasy

Suppose you walk out your front door. Can you turn either right or left of your own free will? Or is your course as set as that of the stars in the sky? It's an old, old question, and nobody knows the answer. But astrologists, numerologists and fortune tellers live in luxury on the money paid them by those who believe their future is already determined. A girl crosses a gypsy's palm with silver, and is told she'll meet a tall dark stranger and take a long trip. So she pursues the next dark-haired man she encounters till he breaks down and takes her to Niagara Falls on a wedding trip. Perhaps the future, already determined, employs us to create our own destiny. Perhaps when we knock on wood or cross our fingers, it's an instinctive effort to modify that destiny.

In the prologue to "Flesh and Fantasy," we find Robert Benchley at his club, considering this matter of superstition. He is, to be exact, talking about dreams. Mr. B. has always been a man who could take his dreams or leave (*Continued on page 8*)



It all starts when Dick disguises himself as a poor guy to get true-to-life material for his and Franchot's Sudsy Suds radio program.



It's love at first bite when he meets Mary in her diner. She takes him in as an on-the-cuff boarder.



Her scrappy family is a riot—particularly Pop Victor Moore's handy household inventions including the disappearing bologna and the spiral staircase eggs—



And the kid sister who gets herself up as a grown-up to go on the make for Dick—



And every night Dick phones in a blow-by-blow report of the family feuds—and a kiss-by-kiss report of his romance with Mary—and Franchot puts it on the air!



Tone falls in love with his unseen radio heroine and puts on the dog—the wolf!—to chisel in on his pal's romance, while Dick still has to make like he's out of a job!



Dick even stages a phony air raid alarm to keep the folks from hearing themselves on the air—



But when Pop joins the plot to broadcast Mary's big three-way love scene—comes the pay-off, comes fireworks, comes a hep-py comedy you'll roar at.

Paramount's **"TRUE TO LIFE"** Starring
Mary MARTIN • Franchot TONE • Dick POWELL • Victor MOORE
 with Mabel Paige • William Demarest • Directed by George Marshall

Hear these tunes by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer • "The Old Music Master" • "Mister Pollyanna" • "There She Was"
 Screen Play by Don Hartman and Harry Tugend

GLORIFYING THE ROMANTIC PIONEER SPIRIT OF AMERICA



Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity . . . a romance rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism . . . immortalizing the men who conquered the earth for the women they loved . . . brought to pulse-quicken life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!

JOHN WAYNE • MARTHA SCOTT
ALBERT DEKKER
IN OLD OKLAHOMA

Based on Thomson Burtis' Story "War of the Wildcats" with

Marjorie RAMBEAU HAYES
George "Gabby" WITHERS



BUY
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS

IT'S A
Republic
PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

them alone, but the other night he had one that gave him the fidgets. He wants to know what his friends at the club think about this matter of the supernatural.

"Well," a friend says handing him a book, "take this story for instance. . . ."

This story is the first episode of "Flesh and Fantasy." It takes place in a setting of gay carnival—the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. Its principal character is Henriette (Betty Field), a young seamstress who makes costumes for others to wear to the Mardi Gras. She makes none for herself, since she is so ugly that it would be no use. Henriette is bitter over her ugliness, discouraged and madly in love with a handsome art student named Michael (Robert Cummings) who hardly knows she exists. One night during the Mardi Gras she is contemplating suicide when a bearded gentleman comes up to her. "How do you know what the next moment holds for you?" he demands, sternly. "Perhaps happiness is waiting for you just around the corner." He takes her to his shop and gives her a mask of beauty which will hide her own face. Michael sees her that night and falls in love. But does beauty come from within or without? Perhaps it lies in the eye of the beholder, and after tonight Henriette may not need a mask. Perhaps she and Michael will be married and live happily ever after. Perhaps. Knock on wood. . . .

That, Mr. Benchley thinks, is all very interesting. (He's right, too—wait till you see it!) But it doesn't settle his question. So another friend chimes in with the story that makes episode two.

The scene is a London drawing room where a group of dinner guests are having their palms read. The palmist, Podgers (Thomas Mitchell) makes several accurate statements. Is it luck or something more sinister? One guest, Marshall Tyler (Edward G. Robinson) is obviously unbelieving. Podgers tells him that the girl he loves will promise to marry him, and Tyler laughs sardonically. Rowena (Anna Lee) has refused him too often. But now she sends word that she has suddenly decided to marry him. Impressed against his will, Tyler goes back to the palmist for more information. Podgers tells him, apparently with the greatest reluctance, that he is destined to commit a murder. This prediction alters the entire course of Marshall Tyler's life, as the rest of the episode demonstrates. Was all this fore-ordained? Was he only a link between a past of which he knew nothing and a future yet to come?

"That gives me the shivers," Benchley announces. "But about dreams. Do you think they ever come true?"

"Here's a case where a dream came at least partly true," somebody says and tells the story of episode three.

The action in this starts in an English circus. The Great Gaspar (Charles Boyer) is in the midst of his startling aerial act. Suddenly he totters on the wire, seems on the verge of falling. He hurries off without completing his act. Later he explains to his bewildered manager that last night he had a dream of a beautiful girl with lyre-shaped earrings watching his act. And he dreamed that as he stared at her, he fell. Tonight he looked down and seemed to see her again.

Gaspar's manager sends him to America, hoping the sea voyage will help his shattered nerves. But on the boat Gaspar meets the girl of his dream, Joan Stanley (Barbara Stanwyck). By some curious

quirk of fate, their lives are inextricably twined together. Their love story, tender and sweet as it is, holds an unshakable element of the macabre.

"Flesh and Fantasy" is a queer picture. You've never seen one like it. It has a fascination which will stay with you for a long time, and you'll find yourself wondering, like Robert Benchley, if your whole future is indicated by some dream or trifling event which occurs today. The performances in this picture are all superb, but Charles Boyer and Edward G. Robinson are especially thrilling.—Univ.

THE CAST

Henriette.....Betty Field
Michael.....Robert Cummings
Bearded Gentleman..Edgar Barrier
Justine.....Marjorie Lord
Marshall Tyler...Edw. G. Robinson
Podgers.....Thomas W. Mitchell
Rowena.....Anna Lee
Lady Pamela Hardwick.....
.....Dame May Whitty
The Dean of Norwalk.....
.....C. Aubrey Smith
The Great Gaspar...Charles Boyer
Joan Stanley....Barbara Stanwyck
Lamarr.....Charles Winninger
Angela.....June Lang

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 78 and 97 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 102 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score, you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 76 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at pg. 102 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Smooth sleuth
2. Penny's from heaven
3. Titillating trio: Crosby, La-mour, _____
4. Maggie's mamma of three
5. Lengthy lovely
6. Butterball
7. Daughter of "The Great Profile"
8. Great Groaner
9. From deep in the heart of
10. Philly story filly
11. Cooperish drawl
12. Sahib of Swoon
13. Black patent leather hair
14. Burns Burns
15. Jeanette's pet
16. "B" days ended with "Ball of Fire"
17. Romeo to Kate Cornell's Juliet
18. Cute with O'Connor
19. Pierre's by preference
20. Very much a Lady

(Next set of clues on page 78)

P. S.

Julien Duvivier is what is known in the trade as a "quiet director." He gathers his players together before doing a scene and carefully discusses the effect he wants to achieve. "Only young men shout their orders for every one to hear. It gives them nerve and self confidence," he says, adding, "I know that to be so, for I did it myself when I first started." . . . Duvivier and Charles Boyer knew each other in France but had never worked together before this. Boyer shares producer credit, helped to get financial backing by Universal executives who were a little skeptical about the success of such an unusual film. . . . Over a year was spent in preparing and making the picture. Perfectionist Boyer wouldn't be content with anything less than the best in every department, and patiently waited until he could have the people he wanted. . . . Robert Cummings was on active duty with the Civilian Air Patrol as a squadron leader, and as soon as he finished his part in the film, he left to become an instructor in an Army flying school at Oxnard, California. . . . Barbara Stanwyck has never before acted in a film with Boyer . . . The tense dramatic musical score was composed especially for the picture by Alexander Tansman, brilliant Polish composer-pianist-conductor. He was helped in his escape from the Nazi occupation by some of his friends here in America, among them Toscanini and Koussevitsky.

TROPICANA

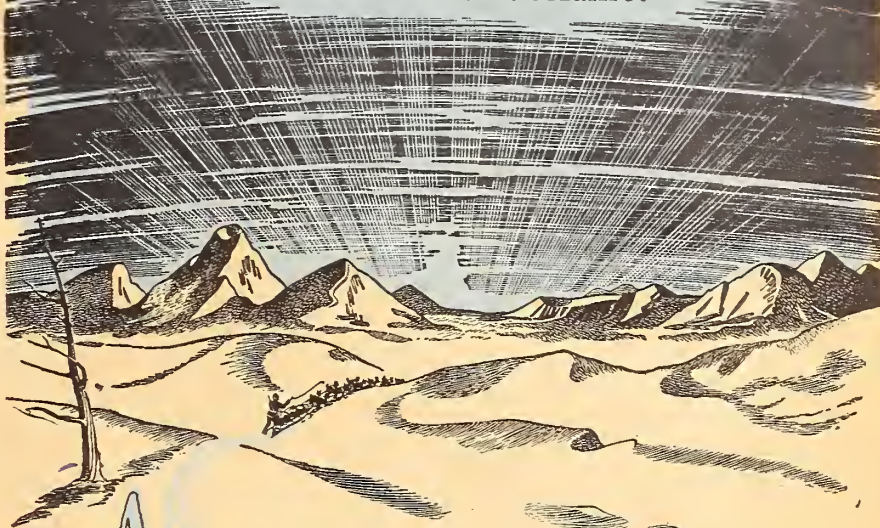
Trust Mae West to get a really super dooper extravaganza for her come-back, and quite a come-back it is, too. "Tropicana" is escapism at its most escapist. It has beauty, color, rhythm and comedy. Especially, it has William Gaxton and Victor Moore, that combination that never misses. Victor's air of bewildered agitation is funny in almost any situation. When he is confronted with Mae West in a seductive negligee and her best come-up-and-see-me-sometime manner, it's hysterical.

Mae plays Fay Lawrence, musical comedy star. Fay and Tony Ferris (William Gaxton), her producer, have had a business hook-up since the days of vaudeville. Of course they've frequently come unhooked for temporary periods, and this is one of them. The reason for the present estrangement is that Tony, with the most laudable motives imaginable, has nevertheless managed to get Fay tossed into jail overnight. As a result, Fay declares she is through with Tony and his plays forever. She signs up with a rival producer to appear in a musical called "Tropicana."

Tony tries his fanciest tricks to get her to reconsider. He even stages a deathbed scene of epic proportions, but Fay is cynical—she's known him too long to be taken in. "Tropicana" goes into rehearsal, and Tony goes into the doldrums. That's when Victor comes along. Victor represents the Bainbridge Foundation of Anti-Vice. At least he represents it when his sister Hannah is away. When she's around, he's just a glorified janitor. But Hannah is away now for three months, and Victor is in charge of everything, including the treasury. That contains four hundred thousand dollars and twenty-nine cents. A lot of money, Tony thinks. Enough to put on a show. Enough to buy "Tropicana" right out from under Fay's nose.

It isn't quite as easy as it sounds, since Fay is looking for trouble. There's a little matter of some cockroach powder, and Hannah's unexpected return, and—well, go and see for yourself. Xavier Cugat, Hazel Scott and Leonard Sues provide the kind of music you like, ending

A Woman's Lips set the Frozen North Aflame!



A WOMAN'S CRY—and the North-

west Mounted is out to 'get their man'!

Thru a million miles of snow-bound

north, adventure piles on adventure in

one of the most gallant of all

screen stories.



Enrol Flynn IN WARNER BROS. NORTHERN PURSUIT

JULIE BISHOP · HELMUT DANTINE · JOHN RIDGELY · GENE LOCKHART

Directed by RAOUL WALSH · Produced by JACK CHERTOK

Screen Play by Frank Gruber & Alvah Bessie · From a Story by Leslie T. White · Music by Adolph Deutsch

up with a brand new dance called "The Victory Polka."—Col.

P. S.

Mae slinks through this one in a wardrobe of eye-knockout proportions. Fabrics and accessories were so extreme, none were on the essential list, drawn up by WPB. One gown required 5,000 ermine details (definitely non-essential, except to ermines, of course). Another creation, a negligee, is made of flesh-colored lace, molded to the body and bordered at the bottom and around the train with black fox. All non-priority material. . . . When Director Gregory Ratoff gets ready to shoot a scene, he announces his intentions with "Okay, boys, I'm in the mood!" . . . Dance Director David Lichine says the new dance craze in "Tropicana" has a good chance of sweeping the country. It's a combo of rumba and boogie-woogie.

GOVERNMENT GIRL

When Sonny Tufts appeared as "Kansas" in "So Proudly We Hail," the sigh from the feminine audience reached hurricane proportions. RKO grabbed him for the role opposite Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl," and here he is—a star! The picture is about Washington, and you know what Washington is these days. Bank night in a lunatic asylum is the way most people describe it.

Sonny arrives on this hectic scene as Ed Browne. Ed has been appointed by the WCB to speed up bomber production. He is a great production man, but he knows nothing whatever about the red tape which enmeshes all Washington procedure. He thinks, quaintly, that when you need something to make bombers, you take it and get an authorization after-

WE'LL MATCH YOU \$10 for 10%

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

This month's prize winner:

When our high school held its annual picnic under the pecan trees near a little stream on my Dad's farm, my brother and I decided to help win the war by renting the grove to city clubs for picnics and weiner roasts.

We strung electric lights through four trees, forming a square, placed a rustic seat under each tree and, in the center of the square, built a brick weiner-roasting furnace. We started last year, inserting a \$1 ad in our local paper, stating that for \$5 a night we'd rent the grove to clubs for outdoor shindigs. Total rentals for 17 nights last year brought us \$85, while expenses were less than \$12, including the \$1 advertisement and extra electricity used. With our money we bought War Bonds and Stamps. This idea has been so popular in Big Sandy, it ought to work in other towns, too.

D. G. Robinson, Jr.
Big Sandy, Texas

The secretary, "Smokey" Allard, is, naturally enough, Olivia de Havilland. But what the head of the WCB doesn't know is that she and Ed Browne have met before. It was a little matter of a suite which had been reserved for Smokey's best friend, May (Anne Shirley) and her bridegroom, Sergeant Joe Blake (James Dunn). When the newlyweds arrived at the hotel, Mr. Browne was occupying their suite. Government orders, the desk clerk explained to the indignant Smokey, who was in charge of the arrangements. Smokey hadn't believed a word of it, and it was quite a shock to her the next day to find that Ed Browne was her new boss.

Her assignment to keep him out of trouble turns out to be tougher than she had expected. Ed is going to get things done, no matter how much red tape has to be cut in the process. Unfortunately, there are always people waiting to pounce on a guy like that and take advantage of his honest mistakes. One of these people is Dana McGuire (Jess Barker) who loves Smokey but loves his own promising career more. He's determined to make Browne a stepping stone for his own vault to power, but there are a couple of people in the way. One is Smokey, and one is Branch Owen (Paul Stewart), a newspaperman. Some swift action results, climaxing in a scene reminiscent of Jimmy Stewart's great one in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

The picture, basically a comedy, has its serious aspects, too. It may even convince you that Washington isn't such a bad place after all.—RKO.

P. S.

ward. So the head of the WCB gives him a secretary who knows all the answers, to keep him out of trouble.

"Government Girl" was adapted for the screen by scenarist Dudley Nichols from the Adela Rogers St. John story of the

IRRESISTIBLE ★ ★ ★

as always! ★

We dedicate to the

NAVY NURSES CORPS

IRRESISTIBLE *Ruby Red* LIPSTICK

Solute to the beauty power of America's women power . . . to that alert, luminous look so superbly emphasized by the deep, glowing tone of Irresistible's Ruby Red Lipstick. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting. Destined to make you look your best while you're doing your best for your country. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

10¢ AT ALL 10¢ STORES



Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢



same name, which was serialized a few months ago in a national magazine . . . Leading role of "Smokey" fits Miss de Havilland so well that RKO execs felt Miss St. John must have had Livvie in mind when she wrote it. . . . Sonny Tufts is a member of the famous Tufts family of Massachusetts. Set out to be an opera singer after his graduation from Yale. Received an offer of a singing part in a Broadway show and took it. From there he went to the night clubs. Decided Hollywood was for him, walked into the Paramount casting office and walked out with a contract to play a lead in "So Proudly We Hail." . . . Jess Barker, who plays Livvie's sweetheart, is another new-comer to the screen. Has spent most of his acting career on Broadway . . . Fans of Jimmy Dunn will be happy to see him make such a wonderful comeback. Jimmy hasn't done a picture for several years, had dropped out of the acting scene entirely until New York's "Panama Hattie" brought him back. . . . A new role for Anne Shirley, too, that of comedienne. She has been cast as leading lady so often, the public will be surprised to see her as the wise-cracking Washington telephone operator.

RUSSIAN GIRL

We all admire the Russians as fighters, but we admire them the way we would a race from Mars. We don't seem to realize that they are people just like us, with the same hopes and fears. Take a group of Russian girls, for instance—the group in this picture.

They've volunteered to serve as nurses at a tiny field hospital near Stalingrad. Their leader is the beautiful Natasha (Anna Sten) who is engaged to Sergei, an officer in the infantry. Then there's Tamara, who is pretty and young and flirtatious, and who hated to leave behind all her soldiers and sailors in Stalingrad. There's little Chijik (Katherine Frye) who isn't sixteen yet but is quite ready to give her life, if necessary, for Russia.

The field hospital is ill equipped and dangerously close to the front line. The nurses work with death lurking at their shoulder, but they do a brave, efficient job. A plane crashes nearby, and the only survivor is brought to the hospital. He is a handsome American engineer named John Hill (Kent Smith), and during the busy, hectic days that follow, he and Natasha fall in love.

The Nazis are advancing, and in spite of the magnificent courage of the Red Army, the hospital must be evacuated. There isn't room in the ambulance for all the patients, so Natasha stays behind with John and two other wounded men. A bomb explodes so close that Natasha is covered with smoke and dust. John, who hasn't been able to move his legs since the plane crash, is shocked into action. He walks to help her, and they eventually get back to a hospital behind the lines.

But now love and war are mingled in Natasha's troubled mind. Does she really love John or is it just a brief passion, born of battle-stirred emotions? What about Sergei, her fiancé? She must decide now whether to stay here with John or go back to the front. Well—what would you do? She's just a girl like you, and love and courage are the same everywhere.

The snowy battle scenes with the ski troops are thrilling, and watch Mimi Forsythe as Tamara.—U.A.

P. S.

This is one war picture that needed no location trips. Battle scenes are the real thing—filmed by the Russian equivalent

"I'm sick of playing solitaire—I want to wear one!"



Jo: All the girls are getting engaged, Auntie! You *should* see Betty's diamond! And I don't even have dates! I'll just be an old maid if things don't change!

Auntie: Nonsense, honey! A girl with your beauty could have lots of beaux and dates! But luck is what you make it. Want a little good luck tip from me?



Auntie: It isn't enough to be pretty and smart, Jo—if a girl lets underarm odor spoil the picture. Don't guess about charm—use Mum every day and be *sure*!



Jo: What a dummy I was—not to know a bath only cares for *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. I'll always play safe with Mum!



Girls who wish for romance can trust Mum!

It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use—prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Safe for your nicest clothes; safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving.

It's sure—Through busy days or dancing evenings, you can trust Mum to guard daintiness! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this purpose, too!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers



When 30,000 Service Men crowd into one place to see a picture...that's news! The World's largest film audience saw HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA at Camp Campbell, Kentucky on the occasion of the first anniversary of the 4th Armored Corps. They cheered the picture they helped make at the California Desert Training Theatre of Operations.

SAHARA...the sensational story that can NOW be told...and told as only the great star of CASABLANCA...HUMPHREY BOGART can tell it!

The saga of a handful of courageous men who hastened the present offensive in Italy by their daring stand in the desert before El Alamein.

Never has the camera caught such true emotion, such sweeping story, such mighty adventure, such a star in such action!

For the greatest screen thrill of your life see SAHARA...starring HUMPHREY BOGART!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
FOR THIS COLUMBIA PICTURE

of our Signal Corps. . . . More than half a dozen photographers were killed getting these pictures of the lifting of the siege of Leningrad. . . . Instead of getting their training from a technical advisor, the "extras" in this picture were trained by General Stalin and Corporal Hitler. Shots of planes falling in flames and tanks being blown up are all actual scenes. No miniatures used. . . . In the scene in which Anna Sten swings a machine gun into position and starts knocking Germans out of a tree, the Huns are actually being shot out of the tree by a Russian machine-gunner. . . . In one of the biggest battle scenes more than 50 Germans are mowed down before your eyes.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE

Back around the turn of the century, there was a book called "Graustark" that had everyone in a romantic dither. It was all about a beautiful princess, traveling incognito, who fell in love with an upstanding young American. He thought she was just the common or garden variety of pretty girl, and when he found out she was a princess, there was hell to pay.

Now in 1943 Warner Brothers come up with a picture on that same general theme, but if you think it's old-fashioned you're crazy. It's a modern, witty and completely beguiling comedy, with Olivia de Havilland playing the princess. Robert Cummings does a neat job as the brash but puzzled young American who falls in love with her, thinking she's plain Mary

Williams. Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are amusing and helpful as his best friends, and Julie Bishop, the sultry singer of "Action in The North Atlantic," shows up in a bit part. As usual, however, chief acting honors go to Charles Coburn, who plays Princess Maria's gruff old uncle.

As the picture opens, Uncle is worried about Maria. He thinks she should be considering marriage and a possible heir, but she remains singularly unimpressed by the only suitor he's found for her. This is the Count de Chandome (Curt Bois) who is forty, short and afflicted with a slight nervous twitch. In fact, not at all what Maria has in mind for a husband. Uncle points out that it's difficult to arrange a proper match, since they are refugees in New York, and most of the European royal families are scattered.

Well, Maria arranges a match herself, but whether it's proper is something else again. The gentleman involved is one Eddie O'Rourke, an airlines pilot. He meets Maria when she takes his plane, plus an accidental overdose of sleeping pills. She's on the passenger list as Mary Williams, no address given, so when she can't be waked up at the airport, Eddie obligingly takes her to his apartment to sleep it off. This leads to a near attack of apoplexy for Uncle, and a long series of diverting complications for Maria and Eddie. When he finds out who she really is, there's a quarrel, ending in—of all places—the White House, complete with Falla. The whole thing's pretty improbable, but I bet you'll like it.—War.

(Continued on page 14)

FREE OFFER!

Like stories? Well, here's your chance to get a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES, chuck full of fascinatin' movie fictionizations. Just fill out the questionnaire and whip it off to us quick-like. If your entry is among the first 500 to come in, we'll mail you a copy of SCREEN ROMANCES absolutely free. So make sure you mail this coupon before the 20th of November.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| Tyrone Power, Part I..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Fighting Frenchman! (Pierre Aumont)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Something for the Boys! (Judy Garland)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | "His Butler's Sister"..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Two Hearts for Lana (Lana Turner)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Heartbreak for Bette (Bette Davis)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pin-Up Baby (Grable and James)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Reunion in Malibu! (Alan Ladd)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Modern Screen Goes to a Birthday Party (O'Connor and Ryan).... | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

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

My name is.....

My address..... City..... State.....

I am..... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

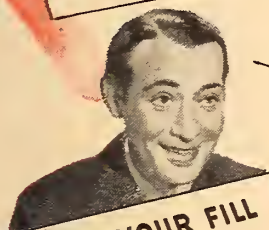


WHAT A GAL IS
Alice
FAYE

**HAIL!
HAIL!**



SOUND THE ALARM MEN
FOR *Carmen*
MIRANDA



LAUGH YOUR FILL
WITH *Phil*
BAKER



LET YOUR CHEERS RING
FOR THE KING OF SWING
Benny
GOODMAN
and his Orchestra

**The
Gang's
All Here**
in Technicolor!

The
Musical
Wonder
Show of
the Year!

with
Eugene PALLETTE · Charlotte GREENWOOD
Edward Everett HORTON · Tony DE MARCO

Directed by **BUSBY BERKELEY** · Produced by **WILLIAM LE BARON**

Screen Play by Walter Bullock · Based on a Story by Nancy Winter, George Root, Jr. and Tom Bridges



WHAT A GANG
OF SONG HITS!

"The Polka Dot Polka"

"No Love, No Nothin'"

"A Journey To A Star"

"Paducah"

"The Lady In The Tuit
Fruit Hat"

"You Discover You're
in New York"

"Minnie's In The Money"

"Silent Senorita"

by Leo Robin
and Harry Warren

Richard Tregaskis' **"GUADALCANAL DIARY"**

ORSON WELLES · JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's **"JANE EYRE"**

Franz Werfel's **"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"** introducing **JENNIFER JONES**

BETTY GRABLE · JOE E. BROWN · MARTHA RAYE in **"PIN-UP GIRL"** in Technicolor

WENDELL WILLKIE'S epochal **"ONE WORLD"**

The sweeping powerful **"WILSON"**

Watch
for this great hit
from
20 CENTURY-FOX
MAKERS OF MUSICAL MIRACLES—
AND OF THESE GREAT COMING HITS

DUART

creators of the beautiful
Duart Permanent Wave

offer a
NEW RINSE
that actually
COLORS HAIR



Forget your experience with other rinses. Drab hair need no longer dim your beauty. Your beautician can add glamorous, natural looking color to your hair quickly, safely. DUART Liquid RINSE actually colors hair of any shade. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach. Color rinses in; stays 'til your next shampoo. Helps cover stray grays, blend streaks or faded ends. Applied only at Beauty Shops; costs no more than other rinses. 12 Beautiful Shades to match or tone every color hair.

DUART

LIQUID RINSE

DUART MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
14 SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK

P. S.

Norman Krasna, the author, describes this as "an escapist comedy, with overtones of timely realism." This is Krasna's bow as a director, incidentally, after writing some of the clever scripts such as "Bachelor Mother" and "The Devil and Miss Jones". . . . Although he's held a pilot's license for 16 years, this is Bob Cumming's first role as an aviator. "Guess I'm just not the type," he quipped. . . . Miss de Havilland and Cummings met for the first time on the set. . . . Bob spent his off-scene time in his dressing room, studying aeronautical and navigation problems for classes conducted for the Civil Air Patrol squadron of which he is commander. . . . Jane Wyman, with her blonde hair back to its natural shade of soft brown, portrays Jack Carson's wife, so it wasn't necessary for her to take off the wedding ring which was placed on her finger a few years ago by hubby, Captain Ronald Reagan. . . . Carson began work on "Princess O'Rourke" the afternoon he finished his role in "Gentleman Jim."

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

Do you have a "best friend"? Of course, but is she really the person you like best, or is it just that you've grown up with her and share so many memories and secrets? You can be on intimate terms with someone over a long period of years—all your life, perhaps—without any real friendship at all. But she calls you by your old nickname and remembers the time you smoked your first cigarette behind the barn.

That's the way it is with Millie Drake and Kit Marlowe in "Old Acquaintance." Millie is selfish and jealous and sometimes even cruel. But she's the only person who still calls the famous Kitty Marlowe "Katie," and Kit loves her in an odd, half mocking way, and always will.

Warner Brothers have done us a favor in giving us Bette Davis to play Kit, and Miriam Hopkins as Millie. They are both fine actresses, and especially effective in these parts. You can feel the antagonism between the two characters the minute they appear on the screen, and yet you feel, too, that curious bond which holds them together. At one point in the picture, Millie remarks, "Kit, I was the pretty one, but you had all the boy friends. I was the rich one, but you had all the fun." The answer to that, Kit thinks, is simple. Millie only wanted what Kit had—nothing else had any value to her. When Kit becomes a writer, acclaimed by the critics if not the public, Millie neglects her husband, daughter and family to become a writer, too. But her success has a bitter flavor—she pleases the public, but the critics who praise Kit ignore Millie's work entirely. Millie sets small value on her husband (John Loder) until she finds Kit is in love with him. By then he is lost to them both. Millie's daughter means very little to her, yet she constantly resents the girl's affection for Kit. She breaks up Kit's affair with Rudd (Gig Young).

It's a fascinating situation, and it increases in dramatic intensity over the twenty years covered by the picture. The ending is a surprise, but if you're of a psychiatric turn of mind, you may feel it's inevitable. In any case, you won't want to miss seeing Bette Davis as Kit. It's a triumph, even for her.—War.

P. S.

The script for "Old Acquaintance" was adopted from the stage play of the same name written by John Van Druten. Mr.

Van Druten collaborated with Lenore Coffee on its adaptation. . . . Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis are together again for the first time since their success as enemies in "The Old Maid". . . . Newcomer Dolores Moran, as Miriam's daughter, had Bette and Miriam as coaches. . . . This was John Loder's last picture before his marriage to Hedy Lamarr. John's make-up man spent almost an hour every morning making him look like a man of 43. While the picture was in production he celebrated his birthday. He was 43. . . . Philip Reed went into the Navy as soon as the picture was completed. . . . Gig Young, who wore the uniform of a Navy Lieutenant j.g. for this picture, enlisted in the Coast Guard when it was finished. . . . Bette had a telephone installed in her dressing room so that she could conduct the business of the Hollywood Canteen (of which she is president) from the studio.

ADVENTURES OF TARTU

There's a tense, look-behind-you quality to every grade A spy picture. This one, made in England, has it, plus a new setting and a really spectacular climax. It possesses the added advantage of having Robert Donat in the role of chief spintangler. Robert has to go all the way to Czecho-Slovakia to find his leading lady, lovely Valerie Hobson, but it's well worth the trip.

He starts in England as Terry Stevenson, a captain of the Bomb Demolition Squad. These lads are also known as the Death and Glory Squad, so you'd think any change from this assignment would be for the better. However, it proves to be strictly out of the frying pan into the fire, when Terry is sent by the Admiralty to Czechoslovakia. His mission is to blow up the poison gas works at Pilsen.

Now the Germans are not ones to let just any stray young man wander into their factory with a bomb in his coat pocket. So Terry turns into Jon Tartu, a Rumanian ex-Iron Guardist. This new identity is fine for winning friends and influencing people among the Nazis, but it's a definite deterrent to intimacy with the Czech patriots. Terry promptly adds to his own troubles by falling in love with Marushka (Valerie Hobson), a beautiful Czech girl. She wants nothing to do with an Iron Guardist named Tartu, but when she begins to suspect that Terry isn't what he seems, things are different.

However, a sinister suspicion arises that Terry is responsible for the death of a Czech girl named Paula (Glynis Johns). Paula was accused of sabotage and was shot by a Nazi firing squad. Nazis don't bother with democratic nonsense like trials by jury. When Marushka hears that it was Terry who accused Paula, she feels despairingly that she has fallen in love with a traitor. She takes a step that almost proves fatal to them both. There couldn't be a more effective setting for the spectacular climax than the huge gas factory, with its terrifying equipment. If this doesn't leave your spine thoroughly chilled, you are probably running a temperature and should consult a doctor immediately, without waiting to find out whether boy gets girl. You can always ask your best friend about the ending—she probably sat through the picture twice!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Director Harold S. Bucquet spent eight months in England filming "Tartu," returned to find some of his friends hadn't even been aware he was away. Went (Continued on page 22)

l srowu



TURN ON THE FUN!

A HEAT WAVE OF
WONDERFUL GIRLS!
GAGS! RHYTHM!
ROMANCE! and
ENTERTAINMENT!
IT'S TORRIFIC!

MAE WEST ★ VICTOR MOORE ★ GAXTON
with LESTER ALLEN • ALAN DINEHART • LLOYD BRIDGES
Screen Play by Fitzroy Davis, George S. George & Fred Schiller • Directed by Gregory Ratoff
A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

HAZEL SCOTT
TICKLING THE IVORIES
AS ONLY SHE CAN

XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra

"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



If you lead him by the heart... if you lead in the activities and drives of today... if your crowd happily follows your lead... choose Varva's "Follow Me," the *parfum* that leads—and lasts!.....Extract, \$1 to \$15

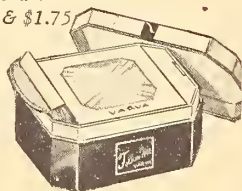
Face Powder, six guest puffs, \$1

Talc, 55¢; Sachet, \$1 & \$1.75

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1

(plus taxes)

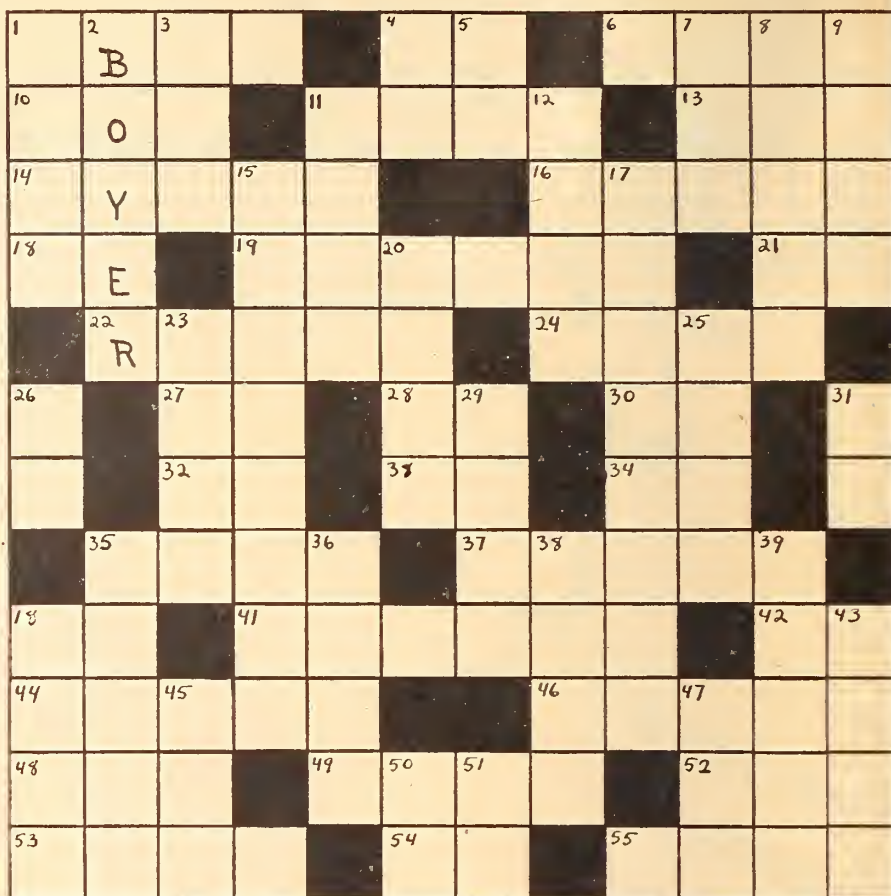


Follow Me by
VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

"FLESH AND FANTASY" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

See page 18 to win an I. J. Fox Fur Coat



ACROSS

1. Competent
4. Plays Lady Pamela (initials)
6. That woman's
10. Fish eggs
11. Tidbits of gossip
13. Baby's first words
14. Fables, such as "Flesh and Fantasy" is composed of
16. Injun weapon
18. Compass point
19. Entice, as Henriette masked
21. Movie mag (initials)
22. Nickname for Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom
24. "Lights out" for soldiers
27. Training Station (abbr.)
28. Plays Michael (initials)
30. Perform
32. Toward
33. Train on stilts
34. Plays Rowena (initials)
35. Make fun of

37. Head of an abbey
40. Father
41. The dog house
42. Railroad (abbr.)
44. Get up
46. Weird, atmosphere of "Flesh and Fantasy"
48. Kindled
49. Days gone by
52. Office of Price Administration (abbr.)
53. Soldier's meal
54. Preposition
55. Stalk

9. Scatters seed
11. Small island
12. Market
15. Soft footstools
17. Easy to read, as Robert Benchley found his book to be
20. Barbara Stanwyck wore earrings in this shape
23. Mr. Kruger's first name
25. Game played on horseback
26. Plays Joan Stanley (initials)
29. Bunch of Scotsmen
31. Plays Angela (initials)
35. Girl's name
36. Retain
38. Red vegetable
39. A lot of bunk (slang)
40. Thomas Mitchell reads the
43. You buy paper by the —
45. That thing's
47. Decay
50. By
51. Therefore

DOWN

1. Michael held Henriette in his —
3. Allow
4. Edward G. Robinson's cast name (initials)
5. You and I
7. Plays Marshall Tyler (initials)
8. Parts of a house

Modern Screen's Contest Series—No. 10: "Flesh and Fantasy"

Please Print or Type

Full name

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

My definition for BOYER is.....

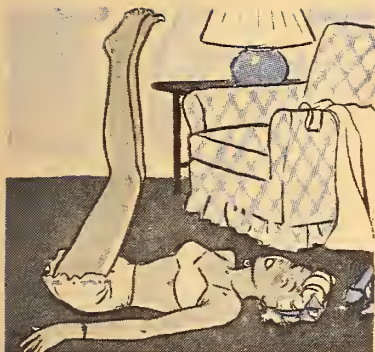
Mail this puzzle and coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Quiz for Women Absentees who can't keep going on "problem days"

Do's and don'ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

A WAR PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days". She asked "Can you help these women—and a million like them?"

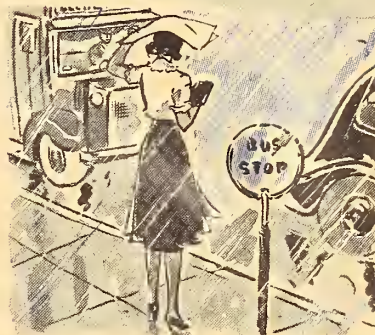
We take pride in being able to bring you this authoritative information on how to feel better and stay on the job. It's especially important now, when there's no time for lost days. And we take pride, too, that more women choose Kotex® sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!



Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.



Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There's a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.



Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet . . . chills . . . catching cold . . . at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.



Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water's not only relaxing . . . it's a daily "must." At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!



Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep . . . at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day's work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.



What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain). And on "problem days," especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TO WAR PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS



We'll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require.

Also available, at no cost to you—a new manual, "Every Minute Counts." It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. In addition, specify whether you want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



FREE! Send for it today—

Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page hooklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives the complete list of do's and don'ts for a war worker's "problem days." How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-12, Chicago 54, Illinois.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES: NO. 1

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

Win a Fur Coat!

1st PRIZE I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2nd PRIZE \$200 IN WAR BONDS*

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE ... \$1.00 EACH IN WAR STAMPS

***All Bonds and Stamps donated by Universal Studios**

Here's How: Remember the Betty Hutton puzzle? ON PAGE 16, we've got another one—only this is based on the fabulous new picture "Flesh and Fantasy". Pardon us for raving, but it's the most unusual picture on the books. Full of fascinating stuff on dreams, superstitions and all manner of queries into the supernatural. Brings up all those haunting questions you've asked yourself a million times about fortune-tellers, dream interpretations, destiny. But wonderful!

Knowing the story and cast before you work the puzzle help like mad, so better whip over to our review on page 6 and get your facts straight.

Then, after you've solved the puzzle, we want you to think up a crossword definition. In square 2, going down we've written the word Boyer. You write the definition for Charles B. You might go romantic and say "Languid-eyed lover" or "Romeo; French style", or simply, "The Great Gaspar" in "Flesh and Fantasy". Anything you think really describes him will do—but make sure that anyone reading your definition will know it refers to Charles Boyer.

RULES:

- 1. Solve the crossword puzzle on page 16.
- 2. Write your own definition for Boyer.
- 3. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's). If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
- 4. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
- 5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
- 6. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than January 10, 1944.
- 7. Neatness will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.
- 8. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1943 series. If you haven't already won one of the big prizes, you are still eligible for this contest.
- 9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- 10. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.



FIRST PRIZE! This stunning I. J. Fox sable-dyed muskrat coat with smart-Johnny collar and turned back cuffs. How would you like this under your Christmas tree?

This is the last contest in 1943! MODERN SCREEN is truly proud of the thousands of readers who have won prizes in our 1943 series. With the closing of this contest, MODERN SCREEN will have given away 12,887 prizes to winners all over the United States and Canada—7 I. J. Fox fur coats, 1,678 merchandise prizes and \$18,200 in War Bonds and Stamps. No wonder we're proud. Can you think of any other magazine in the world that runs monthly contests with such terrific prizes? But wait a minute, we want another pat on the back. We're going to give away \$24,000 in Bonds next year, more fur coats—and, gosh! We're dizzy already. All this just waiting for you to win!

Thanks to the movie studios and I. J. Fox, MODERN SCREEN starts the January contest with a clean slate—a brand new 1944 series with everyone, including last year's winners, eligible to enter and win (except Dell employees, of course)! So you see, our plans are really big!

P.S. Wish we could print some of our winners' letters and the whole list of readers who have won a prize, but you've heard of the paper shortage. Well, it's no dream. But we have printed the names of a few of the big winners. Here are four more to add to the list. Mrs. Margaret Parker of Sheffield, Ala., and Miss Agnes Raynor of Long Island—winners in the "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" contest, and Miss Sara Jan Rissi of Detroit and Miss Edith Hansen of Cheltenham, Pa., who walked off with the first and second prize in the "For Whom the Bell Tolls" contest. Our congratulations! And if they can do it, well, we're pretty sure that everyone of you can win a wonderful prize too. Here's your chance!

TURN TO PAGE 16 FOR THE "FLESH AND FANTASY" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CHARLES BOYER ★ BARBARA STANWYCK

★ ROBERT CUMMINGS

★ ROBERT BENCHLEY

★



FLESH AND FANTASY

THE MOTION PICTURE ABOVE ALL!



"FLESH AND FANTASY"

starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD and **ROBERT CUMMINGS**
 with **EDGAR BARRIER**

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
 with **THOMAS MITCHELL** • **C. AUBREY SMITH**
ANNA LEE • **DAME MAY WHITTY**

CHARLES BOYER and **BARBARA STANWYCK**
 with **CHARLES WINNINGER**

Directed by **JULIEN DUVIVIER** • Produced by **CHARLES BOYER** and **JULIEN DUVIVIER**

Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Samuel Hoffenstein • Ellis St. Joseph Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde • Laslo Vaday • Ellis St. Joseph

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

★ EDWARD G. ROBINSON

★ THOMAS MITCHELL

★

BETTY FIELD ★ CHARLES WINNINGER

So different—it
 defies comparison. So
 enthralling—it has no equal.
 So powerful—only these
great Stars could live its
 matchless roles!

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

Without precedent. Beyond
 compare. A drama of love...

of hate...of terror
 ...of volcanic
 emotion...

Unfolding with
 all the terrifying
 realness of your own
 life...the story of Four
 Fates...Eight Lives...
 any one of which could
 be *Yours!*

FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE
This month's new charts are starred below.

GROUP I

For any TWO charts in this group send us one LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. You may, of course, have as many charts as you like, provided you send a separate envelope for every two.

***How to Throw a Party.....**☐
Christmas is party time. How to make a splash for New Years or for a midwinter bride, plus nifty ideas for entertaining the whole year round.

Whom Should I Marry?.....☐
A famous psychologist analyzes you and your guy, sort of duo you'll be.

Beauty No. 3.....☐
A basket full of tricks; split second beauty routine that just can't miss.

***Winter Fashions.....**☐
Bright as holly, this chart! Bursting with ideas on what to buy for the Christmas whirl, for New Year's Eve, for canteen and office; budgety, too.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club.....☐
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one.

***Love of a Glove.....**☐
Start knittin', kitten! Xmas is just around the bend, and hand-knitted cable-stitched gloves are the lush-est gifts. Stitch-by-stitch instructions.

***Things You Should Know about Cooking.....**☐
A primer for kitchen-shy brides and a regular encyclopedia on how to budget, cope with rationing, stuff the family with luscious, vitamin foods.

How to Lose or Gain Weight.....☐
Exercise and diet for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty!

Mind Your Manners.....☐
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave.

Don't Throw It Away.....☐
How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures.

GROUP II

For any one of the charts below, enclose the amount indicated in stamps or coins. Follow directions for self-addressed envelopes.

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c).....☐
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c).....☐
Personal analysis! No self-addressed envelope required. Fill this out.

Your name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

Birthdate: Year _____ (Month) _____ (Date) _____ (Time) _____

Super Star Information Chart (10c).....☐
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

GROUP III

For either of the two charts below, send us a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. You may have both, if you like, provided you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for EACH. Big ones, please.

How to Crochet.....☐
Guest towels, bright little beanies, luscious gifty things for Christmas.

Make and Mend (with accent on beginners).....☐
Fixing, altering, dreaming up new clothes, doubling the life of old things.

GROUP IV

Your request for each of these offers must be addressed to a different dept. DO NOT INCLUDE REQUESTS FOR ANY OTHER CHARTS IN YOUR ENVELOPE.

Handwriting Analysis (10c).....☐
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). And enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with 10c for each analysis. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, C/O MODERN SCREEN. CANADIANS SEND NO STAMP, JUST 15c.

***Gift Kit (10c).....**☐
Run stopper, baby-pure soap, cream for skin blemishes in one package. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO BEAUTY DEPT., MODERN SCREEN. No self-addressed envelope required.

Information Desk.....☐
Our old Information Desk, revived and enlarged, gives us machinery for answering all questions re H'wood and the stars. Only please, gals, don't ask for dope that's already been given on the Super Star Information Chart. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO MISS BEVERLY LINET, INFORMATION DESK, C/O MODERN SCREEN.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE:

Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



MANPOWER
SHORTAGE?



..NOT FOR
this
GIRL FRIDAY!

A wartime Washington whirl of fun... with a white-collar gal using every feminine wangle on her nothing-but-business boss... in the town where a run in your Nylons is worse than a run on your bank!



It's from that *romantic*
Ladies Home Journal serial
by Adela Rogers St. John

Olivia de Havilland
in GOVERNMENT GIRL
WITH *Sonny Tufts*



ANNE SHIRLEY • JESS BARKER • JAMES DUNN • PAUL STEWART • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HARRY DAVENPORT • UNA O'CONNOR • SIG RUMAN

Produced, Directed and Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS



THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERAMY perfumer

22 Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 14)

away again last month on a three-day assignment filming a government short and was greeted like a returning prodigal. He can't figure it out. . . . Producing a film under actual wartime conditions is unbelievably difficult. They finished 95% of the picture in 2 months, but it took 3 more months to complete the remaining 5%. Every technical trick possible was used, from forced perspectives to tricky lighting. They used sets that will look 80 feet high on the screen, though the sound stages themselves have 30 foot ceilings. . . . Robert Donat was his own stunt man. Risked his neck running after and grabbing onto a plane as it took off. . . . For crowd scenes, soldiers on leave were used, and sometimes the crew had to wait a whole week until enough boys in uniform were accumulated to make a good-size mob.

THE NORTH STAR

Here is a picture that you must see. It's as much a part of today as ration books and surgical bandages—just as indicative of sacrifice and courage and the will to carry on. It's a story of our ally, Russia, and of the fight the Russian people have made from the day the German invaders set foot on their soil. Specifically, it's a story of one Russian village.

There are old people in the village. Like Dr. Kurin (Walter Huston), a famous pathologist who has come back there to write a book. Like Rodion (Dean Jagger), the elected chairman of the Soviet Collective Farm, and his wife, Maria (Ann Harding). Like old Kary (Walter Brennan) who drives his pigs so reluctantly to the slaughter house.

There are young people. Like Kolya (Dana Andrews) who is, by his own admission, the best bombardier in the Soviet Air Force. And Damian (Harley Granger), his young brother. And Sophia (Anne Baxter), Kolya's sweetheart, and Clavdia (Jane Withers), who is only a fat silly child till the time comes for heroism. These young people are starting out on a walking trip to Kiev. It will take them several days, and they are in a state of acute excitement over it. Far too excited to pay any attention to the radio reports of German troop movements.

So they are quite unprepared, that first day of their walking trip, for the bombing planes that come over. They stand, unbelieving, to gaze into the sky, and so do others who are passing along the road in carts and wagons. The planes go over swiftly, and when they are gone, there are fewer wagons and fewer people and hardly any road left at all.

The planes fly over the village, too, and even as the bombs burst in the streets, a voice is heard on the radio. "Villagers, take arms. Greetings, comrades—the war has come."

Young and old alike have a part in this war. The people left in the village are as important as the guerrilla troops who hide in the hills. As we see the way they work together, our own hearts take fire.

There is a quiet driving sincerity about this whole picture that's far more impressive than any amount of sound and fury. Walter Huston is at his best as Dr. Kurin, and there's a deliberately chilling portrayal of a German doctor by Eric Von Stroheim. Let me repeat—here is a picture you must see.—R.K.O.

P. S.

"The North Star" was more than a in preparation, took five months to and cost close to three million dollars to produce. . . . William Menzies and P. Ferguson, art directors, designed 110 ranging in size from a ten-acre Russian village to the cockpit of a Russian bomber. The village was built from the ground on the site used for an English town "Wuthering Heights," a tropical village for "Hurricane" and an Igorrote settlement for "The Real Glory." The interiors for the buildings were constructed on the eight sound stages at the studio and the selection of the thousands of Russian props was done under the watchful eye of Lelia Alexander of the research department. After months of building and furnishing at a cost of more than \$260,000 the entire village was leveled to the ground by fire and explosives in some of the most spectacular scenes ever filmed. Goldwyn banned the use of miniature and in the flaming finale to the score earth sequence, which was filmed the fires had been set and extinguished in time after time for two weeks, 2,000 pounds of dynamite, 500 gallons of gasoline and hundreds of black powder squibs touched off. The blast that resulted broke windows in many homes near the studio and was felt for miles around by Hollywood residents.

IN OLD OKLAHOMA

Remember "Union Pacific"? Remember "Boom Town"? Here's a picture that has the same robust excitement. Of course a story of the West, with its colorful noise and wide-open frontier towns. The public has given it a spectacular proportion, and it is definitely good.

John Wayne plays the cowboy. Now that Gable, Stewart, Ladd, etc., are off to the wars, the producers are clamoring for John. The critics gave him the green light for his performance in "The Lady Takes A Chance," and better than ever in "Old Oklahoma." Martha Scott has the kind of role that really does her justice—she's a spunky one minute, and a clinging vine the next, and always something to rave about. The third side of the triangle is my choice for Villain-of-the-Month. It's Albert Dekker, playing a tycoon of the oil field.

Cathy Allen (Martha Scott), a school teacher, is tossed out of her home for writing a too-sensational book. On the other sides, the women think anyone as pretty as Cathy has no right to be a school teacher. So Cathy climbs aboard the train which comes along, and lands Jim Gardner's (Albert Dekker) private car. Gardner is an oil man of considerable experience, and a lady's man of it. Cathy is listening to a very persuasive line when Dan Somers (John Wayne) shows up to break the spell. Dan is a cowboy, but he has a way of making Gardner look silly at important moments.

They all get off the train at September. This is Gardner's town of new oil and shady politicians and millions made and lost at a fantastic speed. Cathy is completely thrilled with it all. She's Bessie Baxter (Marjorie Rambeau), a weird but wonderful old girl with a lot of two champion trotting horses and a handful of diamonds the size of marbles. B.

(Continued on page 26)



"The U.S.O. show really must go on. And if there's one thing a singer needs, it's confidence! So I'm mighty grateful for Modess' grand invisible fit. Why, you scarcely know you're wearing it!"

Modess' softspun filler actually molds itself to *your own* body lines. And where some napkins have hard tab ends, Modess has soft gauze. No tell-tale outlines, even under the smoothest gown.



"I inherited the overalls—along with the job! My brothers went off to war, so that left *me* to help run the farm. Hard work—and I love it! But thank goodness, I found out about Modess' greater *safety*—I really *need* more protection these days! And you just don't fret, once you've switched to Modess!"

The triple, full-length shield at the *back* of every Modess napkin gives *full-way* protection, not just part-way, as some napkins do.

Pin a Smile on your Lapel — Every Day!

The down-in-the-mouth girl with frazzled nerves is *out* in wartime.

The lass with the brave stride, the capable hands, and the wide, cheerful grin takes the honors now!

She may be a young thing with freckles. Or the smart mother-of-three. But you can bet she knows every secret of staying active and attractive—*every day* of the month!

You see, chances are she's a user of Modess Sanitary Napkins. For the alert, hard-working gals have a way of finding out about Modess' extra softness and safety. Read what three of them say:



"I've got three little terrors—and no help! So I've got to do laundry, cooking, scrubbing, saving! But I take it and smile—even on tough days—since I discovered that Modess' greater *softness* really means extra comfort!"

Modess is made with a special softspun filler—entirely different from layer-type napkins. Yet it costs no more! 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test—you will, too!



Smile while you Hurry! Switch to

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins or Bargain Box of 56.

MODESS JUNIOR is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead

Joe Jeep needs every possible woman-hour of work to help deliver that final haymaker to the Axis. U. S. Employment Service needs you to fill a job!



Gosh, we're excited about the war! Europe's tottering. And we can't help feeling that Der Fuehrer's wagon is on the verge of being fixed. Oh jeepers, to be dropping eggs on Berlin or driving a tank up a Pyrenees. That flashy stuff, unfortunately, isn't for us—but kiddies, we can make the bombs and bomb-sights and tanks. Obviously, there's nothing new about that. You've been hearing about the woman behind the man behind the gun practically all your life. So what? So this.

Now, at last, you can be that woman. No matter if you're a school gal, a brand new mom with a hairless, toothless responsibility, or a grandma—Uncle Sam has dreamed up a way to let you do a little pitching. The story is this. Thousands of high school kids and housewives have been banging on war plant gates begging for a quickie shift. They had 24 hours worth of patriotism, but just a few hours worth of time. The big shots put their heads together and came up with something called the "Victory Shift," which is really a yummy business. It's a split shift, four hours long, and it works this way. A housewife checks in at noon; at four she's relieved by a high-schooler who works till eight. This gives the housewife time to tend to her knitting, cooking and what have you, and it gives the student most of the evening for lessons. Lovely?

Perhaps you can share a shift with someone in your

family. With your mom, maybe, or your married sister. If you can't round up a cousin or something to share it with you, let the plant find you somebody. The important thing is to go quick like a P-38 and get a job. Today's not a bit too soon. Tomorrow—it would scare us to say this if we didn't have as much faith in you—may be too late.

Where to apply? At your nearest United States Employment Service office. This agency has 1500 offices in the country and about 3500 part-time offices, so scan the phone book for one within bussing distance, and scoot! Lacking a U.S.E.S., go to your Y.W. C. A. or vocational school for advice. The interviewer will either send you directly to the war plant or suggest pre-employment training (usually free). Once you get to the plant, be prepared to produce character references like mad and get set for physical exams, fingerprinting and the third degree. Bring your birth certificate, also your social security number, if any. Try to have a rough idea of what sort of job you can do. If, for instance, you never could change a typewriter ribbon, you wouldn't be too hot on "final assembly." If, on the other hand, you shone in art, speak up. You might—with training—make a swish draftswoman. Mary Anderson, Director of Women's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, lists (Continued on page 26)

Her eyes, her lips—beyond compare!
But lovelier still, her shining hair!



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



A MEMORY-MAKING HAIR-DO—to make him carry in his heart a lovely picture of you—no matter where he may go! But don't expect to get the same unforgettable results unless your hair itself has the shining smoothness of this girl's hair! Before styling, hers was washed with Special Drene.

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

There's more enchantment for a man in lovely shining hair, beautifully done, than in any new hat or dress!

To guard the precious beauty of your hair—don't let soap or soap shampoos rob it of its glorious natural lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... now 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 flatter, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COME into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

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

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



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

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

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



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Hard to Get!



Find **KLEENEX** Tissues hard to get? Don't give up! Your dealer will have some shortly. Output is somewhat curtailed, but rather than skimp on Kleenex size and strength, we're determined to keep Kleenex quality "tops" in every particular!

**TELL ME ANOTHER
SAYS *Kleenex****

AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND
for each statement we publish on why
you like Kleenex Tissues better than
any other brand. Address:
Kleenex 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois



Blows in the night!
When you reach for a **KLEENEX** Tissue, during colds, there's no fumbling in the dark! Unlike other brands, Kleenex has that handy box that serves up "just one" double tissue at a time.

(from a letter by G. J. S., Waltham, Mass.)



One and Only!

There's only one **Kleenex**!
Just let anyone try
to tell me any other
tissue is "just as good"!

(from a letter by R. D.,
Leominster, Mass.)

**Reduce Absenteeism
—EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!**

Authorities say that 1/2 of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold. So use Kleenex when sniffles start — to help keep your cold from spreading to others!

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 22)

tries to tell Cathy some of the facts of life, but she is determined to find things out for herself.

An oil feud develops between Gardner and Dan, who heads a group of "wild-catters." What with the feud, and Cathy's love affairs, and a racing finish that will knock your eye out, you're in for an exciting evening. And, oh yes—there are Indians, lots of 'em.—Rep.

P. S.

This is one of the biggest pictures to come off the Republic lot. Was in production three months. . . . Cast and crew spent one month of that time shooting scenes on location in Brice Canyon, Utah. . . . Cameramen and technicians spent three weeks in Oklahoma City shooting background and production shots. . . . The story was an adaptation of a magazine serial by Tomson Burtis titled "The War of The Wild Cats". . . . Martha Scott has always cherished a desire to write and has put the book jackets, which the studio had made up for her role in this picture, among her favorite souvenirs. Martha

spent her spare time on the set brushing up on her Shakespeare. Martha hasn't done any of her Shakespearean roles since her plays with the Chicago World's Fair, where she played seven shows a day, seven days a week. A native of Gee's Creek, Missouri, Martha could readily adapt herself to this middle-Western role of a young school teacher-author. Hubby Carlton Alsop, was a frequent visitor to the set. Alsop is being groomed by Republic for a producer's job. . . . Director Al Rogell celebrated a birthday on the set and was given a huge cake by the cast. . . . Marjorie Rambeau was especially sympathetic with the role that Martha was playing. Marjorie's mother was one of the first lady doctors of the early 1900's and attempted to set up a practice in Alaska. Wasn't successful because of public resentment to women in professions and spent most of her life trying to fight this resentment. . . . Biggest production number in the picture is the can-can number danced by Dale Evans. . . . Wayne, whose 6'5" usually towers over everyone in his pictures, finds an equal in his co-star, Albert Dekker. (6'4")

CO-ED

(Continued from page 24)

these war jobs as ones women can do better than men, so keep them in mind as possibilities: welding, painting, riveting, working drill presses, taping, soldering. These in addition to the traditionally female pursuits of typing, stenography and other office work.

Probably for lots of you, factory work will just be a "till-Victory" career, but if you're taking the long view of things, here's what you'll want to know about promotion and post-war employment. You leap ahead at your own speed. War jobs are so thoroughly supervised that the quality and quantity of your work is constantly noted. But dozens of eyes are on you, chums, so the way to get to be a mucky-muck is to be a very efficient little beaver.

the woman behind the woman at war . . .

To hear us talk, so far, you'd think that all war work was done in factories. Nothing could be farther. There are dozens of jobs that are classified as war-useful that you might consider. Waitress-ing, farming, baby-minding, banking, frin-stance. If you've ever secretly hankered to jerk sodas or drive a taxi, the time is now. Ice cream slinging and transportation are still considered essential industries. Remember always, though, to do work that needs to be done right where you live—whether it's minding working-moms' kids or helping the farmer with his chores. Sure, sometimes when the work seems very hard and the pay very slim, you'll envy the gals in the plants. Think, then, that if it weren't for hundreds of girls like you, doing your quiet, unglamorous part, the war-workers would have nothing to eat or to wear, and there'd be no tanks or bullets.

Most of you won't need to be urged to hop into harness. We know you. You can't wait. But maybe you know a goop or two who still doesn't realize how ter-

rifically important those gory-nailed hands of theirs are. Give 'em this. Two out of every three able-bodied people between the ages of 14 and 65 must either be in the service or in industry (whole or part-time) before the end of 1943.

Spread the gospel, kids. Those guys overseas are tensed for the main event. The preliminary bouts are over. This is it—and they need every woman-hour of work we can give to help 'em deliver.

Co-Ed Bulletin Board—We've heard rumors that juvenile delinquency sky-rockets when kids begin earning lots of money. Whether you think your new wealth will go to your feather-cutted head or not, snipe the rumors by buying bonds.

Exquisite news for nurses-to-be! The Bolton bill has been passed, setting up a United States Cadet Nurse Corps. This means that you can now get your nurse's training entirely on the Government-tuition, maintenance and all—and get salary while you're in training, too. For the first nine months you'll get \$15 a month; this will then be upped to \$20 and as a Senior Cadet you'll be paid at least \$30 monthly. If you're interested your nearest hospital can give you details.

Extra special for "can't make up my mind" gals—two luscious new charts on love and those problems that keep springing up. First, "How to Tell If You're in Love," puts you through quizzes that go straight to the soul. Helps you really see yourself and come to a decision.

Second, our "Whom Should I Marry?" booklet. Tells you just what type of man is best for you. Gives you all the angles on your personality and his. Turn to page 20 and discover our Super Coupon through which you can acquire 'em.

mmers
the



DOLORES MORAN in "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, chooses Bates "Cotillion" bedspread and draperies. Also available in Dark Blue, Dusty Rose, Green, Wine and Tan. Featured at leading stores everywhere.

Setting for a Rising Star - Dolores Moran

DOLORES MORAN, in "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, has an infallible instinct for room decoration. She knows how Bates spreads with matching draperies can do a complete job of redecoration, and do it quickly and inexpensively. Bates spreads are ideal for people who face the temporary residence problem. Wrinkleproof, lint-free, and they're easy to launder. The spread seals in the warmth, protects the blanket and provides the warmth of a lightweight quilt. Don't blame the stores if they are temporarily out of Bates bedspreads and draperies. Bates fabrics in the war effort must come first. We know that's the way you want it to be.

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

Evelyn Keyes

IN

"There's Something About a Soldier" A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original patented color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood...one dollar.

ORIGINAL COLOR HARMONY SHADES FOR EVERY TYPE



BLONDE



BRUNETTE



BROWNETTE



REDHEAD



Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE



Lon McCallister

By Ann Ward

Kind of dreamy about a crooked smile, a pair of blue eyes and one crazy dimple all belonging to a kid called Lon McCallister? Uh huh, so are we. That Californian in "Stage Door Canteen" was pretty wonderful. Put a new kind of lump in our throats—the kind that makes you want to swallow hard. It's something that sophisticates like Aumont and Boyer just wouldn't know about. . . . Even though Lon was practically brought up on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, he's strictly the sort of kid who sat behind you in algebra and wasn't above firing an occasional spitball in your direction either. Large slice of devil behind that easy smile. Ask him real subtle like how it feels to make a picture (and steal the whole show right out from under 48 of Hollywood's top names at that), and he'll pull his favorite line, "Didn't you know I've made 40 pictures (accent on the 40)?" You fall through the floor as quietly as possible, then Lon grins that grin. "Sure I've been an extra for years, but in all 40 pictures I never got my face in front of the camera long enough for anyone to see it." Maybe a couple of directors are kicking themselves around the block right now. . . . Lon blames his Gramp for introducing him to kleig lights and grease paint. Gramp is St. Peter at RKO. Tends the gate, and incidentally picks up all the gossip, which he promptly spills to Lon. Gramp picks up the evening paper, settles himself on the porch, then Lon noses in. "They need a super de luxe headhunter tomorrow, or maybe a swell pair of shoulders for a mob scene?" "Nope," says Gramp. But one night Gramp came home with, "They need a young kid—say about 19—with a dimple in one cheek and a plain Yankee way of talking. Go on around 'n ask 'em for a screen test. And by the way," says Gramp without so much as raising his head from the paper, "I hear Katharine Cornell is in the picture." Gosh! Katharine Cornell, Lon's one and only, all year round crush! . . . You can bet folding money any time that Lon didn't sleep that night. He still can't forget the way he got the sheet all wound up, listened to the clock tick and stared at the shadows cars turning up the street made on the wall. Katharine Cornell, America's A No. 1 actress, a young kid to play a scene from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" with her. Two hundred, maybe 500 kids lined up to try out. All with just the right kind of faces and just the right kind of voices. Nope, there wasn't any sense in thinking about it. It was one of those things that couldn't happen. Something out of Cinderella. . . . But it did happen. Lon turned out to be a trousered Cinderella. But he doesn't have any witching hour to worry about. No fairy godmother can take away the memories of those wild months making Stage Door Canteen, the mad trip East, New York and the Broadway crowds, and best of all the lump in his throat when Cornell called him "Romeo." Lon thinks he's going to need these memories to fall back on. Come December, he's in line for a khaki outfit that's really G.I., not just something from the wardrobe department.

P.S. . . . Don't get bleary-eyed about that December business just yet. Lon's busy with a new pic, "Home in Indiana." If there's any time left, he's hankering to get back in his sophomore harness at Chapman College. He was deep in English Lit and philosophy (wants to be a writer) and his fraternity before "Stage Door Canteen" came his way. Besides, he's afraid Pat and Mac, his Toy Boston and Great Dane, are beginning to think he's walked out on 'em.

Max Factor - Hollywood

TO OUR READERS...

HERE is how a rumor starts: In the accompanying illustration, you see young Al Delacorte shortly after he has been picked up by a pretty blonde. Young Al Delacorte has just told this blonde a family confidence. Something about his old man (me). What the innocent little dope fails to realize is that the blonde is none other than MODERN SCREEN'S agent, Fredda Dudley . . . the slick chick who writes our Good News. No doubt the tiny man meant no harm. But just look what's happened! It leaked out into MODERN SCREEN (page 95).

Not that I blame the kid. Fredda could get an oyster to talk about his operation. She is a lusty, gusty lady from the Wild West with a yen for gossip. If an earthquake wrecked Hollywood tomorrow, Fredda could roll up her sleeves and have every skeleton back in its proper closet by noon of the same day.

Really, girls, the lady is uncanny. She's East on vacation. My wife and I asked her to lunch on Friday and couldn't bear to let her go till Monday! Secrets? I'm so darned confidential, Henry Malmgreen has to keep me away from people . . . for a long time.



Fredda's folks were among the early settlers of Colorado. Her granddad rode Pony Express in Indian country and carried a tomahawk-size scalp wound to his grave. Grandma, who came from Maine in a covered wagon, had a pet Comanche. He'd come around and grunt kind of, until she gave him a hot biscuit.

That era of the West has departed. In Hollywood, the wolves have taken over where the Indians left off. But if you listen to Fredda (and I hope you always will), there's still plenty of life left in the old town. Take a look at page 59 and see for yourself.

Al Delacorte

EXECUTIVE EDITOR



memor
I saw

By Kirtley Baskette

TYRONE POWER

**There was something about Ty, with his cocky grin,
his dark, serious eyes, that would set him apart . . . place
him in the lead. You could tell that even in the beginning.**

One evening, seven years ago, a slim, white-faced youth of twenty-two stood silently on a Hollywood hillside terrace and gazed into the deepening dusk.

Below him spread a sight seen nowhere else in the world.

As the short Pacific twilight plunged into purple night, the earth burst into a twinkling brilliance reaching as far as his dark eyes could see. Lights—white, yellow, scarlet, blue and emerald—strung themselves like sparkling jewels across the valley's throat. The stars in the velvet night seemed reflected below, as in a giant pool.

Far to his right as he watched, mesmerized by the beauty, a tower suddenly glowed white from a thousand lamps. Around it a score of lavender-white rays shot up, pencilling the cloudless sky with sweeping, criss-cross paths to the stars.

The young man shifted, lit a cigarette and dragged deep. The glow highlighted features familiar to few enough people at that moment. Thick black eyebrows, dark hair faintly waving back from a prominent forehead, deep eyes, a clean jawline, a narrow, pale, sensitive face. He was smiling. His teeth flashed. He blew out the smoke.

"This is it," he said to himself, but aloud. "At last—it's for me—Hollywood."
The door behind him jerked open suddenly. *(Continued on following page)*



Power I was salty Irishman, the important foreign actor to tour U. S. re, Ty Power III with nurse Bet.)

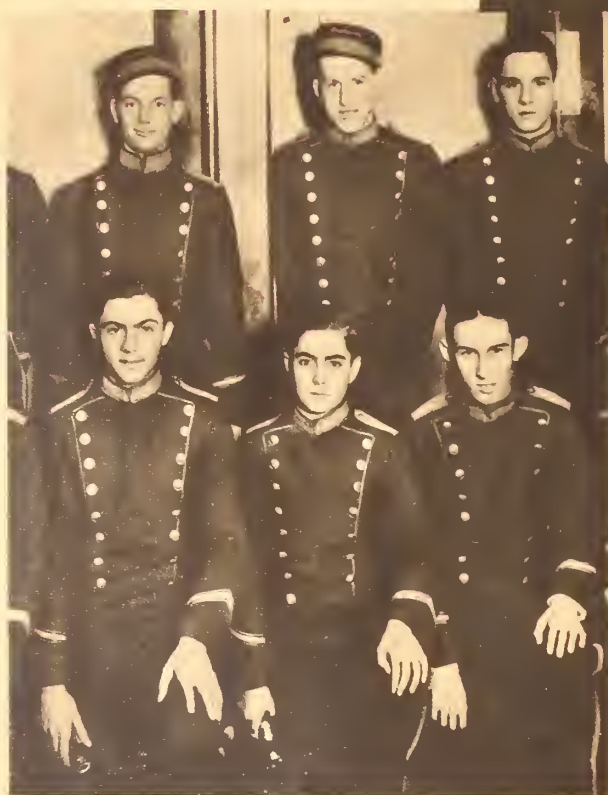


Tyrone Power II came to this country to grow oranges, was lured into stock, dubbed "greatest hope of American stage." (With son Ty, daughter and wife.)



After becoming fabulously successful Shakespearean actor, Ty's dad left him and sister Ann far whirlwind tour of Australia and England.

TYRONE POWER Continued



At Cincinnati's Orpheum, Ty was shrimpy-est usher, but most dashing in uniform. Did exercises faithfully each night to pad muscles. About then started thinking seriously of theater.

Second stage appearance, in Chicago. Ty, 18, was cast as doddering old man in "Merchant of Venice." Dawn on his luck, he wound up, couple of years later, at World's Fair in Chicago.

First spear-carrying called for Mexican rig in play staged by Mom and Dad at San Gabriel Mission in Cal. Patia Power, Ty's mom and former actress, had lead in Mission plays 5 years.





Ty was floored when Mom was cast as Joon Fontaine's mother in "This Above All." He'd given prop department her picture when they needed photo of handsome-looking woman for "Johnny Apollo." Studio re-used it in Fontaine pic.



k in films, Power got nibble in "Girl's Dormitory." Only bit port but njinxed him. Fan mail poured in ot such o rote lead in "Lloyds London" with Mod Carroll was olmost commond performance.

"What in the world are you doing out there, Tyrone?" called a voice. "Hurry up and get dressed. You know how far it is to the Carthay Circle. You'll be late for your own premiere!"

Tyrone Power grinned. "What difference does it make?" he kidded to himself. Aloud, he said, "I'll be right in, Mother."

Tyrone Power was late to the Hollywood premiere of "Lloyds of London." It didn't make any difference. When he strode up the surging, spotlighted, poinsettia-lined lane, his anxious mother on his arm, a half-curious few murmured "Who's that?" But photographers let their cameras dangle listlessly.

Two hours later he had to fight his way, happily, to his car. Flash bulbs blazed at him from every angle. The lobby buzzed and critics cackled. Everyone who was anyone in Hollywood knew that a young, virile, magnetizing, important star was born.

And an era in the life of Tyrone Power, Jr., had begun.

That era ended and another began one day last

summer when Tyrone Power stood ramrod straight, taller, stronger, more mature, but every bit as thrilled and enthusiastic, before a major of the United States Marines and swore to defend his country with his life.

At that tingling moment Ty Power put Hollywood behind him. He deliberately wiped his mind clean of the triumphs and heartbreaks, the glamour and thrills, and the loneliness of fame and what for far more than seven years had been the natural meat and drink of his soul—acting.

The searchlights that once heralded Hollywood openings now probe the Pacific skies for Jap bombers. Acting is out, and fighting is in for the duration. Ty Power knew it the minute he heard the shocking news of Pearl Harbor. He was finished with Hollywood and fame from that minute on. He had a new job to do. He wound up his picture program impatiently. He made "Crash Dive," his last, fretful as a race horse in the starting gate. He joined up in the middle of it. When he left, he didn't even stop to (Continued on following page)

TYRONE POWER Continued



Cement slab at Grauman's reads, "Following My Father's Footsteps." With success came first luxuries: radio, electric razor, Cord car. (Here with Loretta Young.)

clean out his crowded dressing room at the studio.

He knew when he joined the Marines what he was up against. "I'll get worked over, all right," he cracked to a pal when he left. "I'm expecting the worst—but are those guys going to get fooled!" He said the same thing when, a callow kid, he first headed for Hollywood. He had a driving ambition, impatience, a burning necessity to rise then. He still has—it's part of him. He had a fight on his hands then, too—and he won it—against youth, frail health, accidents, hostile directors, the "show-me" attitude of Hollywood—and the smothering burden of a famous father's name.

And when he swore himself into the fight for freedom, a phrase rang in his ears as the major droned the oath. It was something he'd heard—as a young man. He had emblazoned it as the device on his secret banner, the words his mother used to say when he'd talk about his dreams:

"I don't care what you do, Tyrone. But whatever you do you've got to be good. You've got to be the *best!*"

Private Tyrone Power was honor man of his entire platoon at the San Diego Marine boot camp. He came out second (*Continued on page 71*)



Power, at premiere of "The Rains Came" with sister Ann on one arm, beaming mother on the other. Ann, whose husband's in the service, moved in with Annabella short while before baby came. Ty's room is now pink and white nursery.



Power met Sanjo at stuffy social function, drove her home. Few nights later stood under her window tossing gravel on pane. First date resulted in whirl that lasted several months.



1938. Ty, sharp in striped shirt, flower in buttonhole, at Ciro's with Arleen Whelon. This was the year "Alexonder's Rogtime Bond" knocked previous box office records for a loop, established Power as dark Lothario.

Understudying in summer stock, he knocked down \$30 a week, was still living on peanuts when Katharine Cornell took him for Broadway play. In 1942, his salary at 20th was \$169,009 a year.



ly's first screen test in N. Y. flopped miserably. (Above with Jonet Goynor in "Ladies in Love," his 2nd slice of work.)



By Jeanne Karr

Two Hearts for Lana

Early last Spring—in March perhaps—a blonde girl with a fabulous face and a pair of the tiniest feet in Hollywood, entered her favorite market. The Chinese girl at the fruit and vegetable stand had grown to know her very well.

"The same today, Mrs. Crane?" she asked, smiling indulgently.

Mrs. Crane giggled. "Yes—if they're nice," she agreed.

"Delicious!" described the salesgirl, carefully selecting a box of luscious strawberries and wrapping them.

When Lana returned to the car, where her mother was waiting for her, she said, "Nothing else looked good, so I just bought strawberries."

"But we have a box at home in the refrigerator," reminded Mrs. Turner.

"Those," explained Lana with a mischievous sideways glance, "are for dessert tonight. These"—indicating her proud purchase—"are for breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Poor Steve," Mrs. Turner laughed ruefully. "He'll have strawberry rash yet from joining you in this assault upon your favorite fruit."

You see, during those months of Lana's strawberry craving, she wasn't content to eat the berries alone; she wanted company. She wanted Steve to have his share, and she wanted her mother to enjoy generous portions. It seemed to her that she had never tasted any morsel grown upon tree or extracted from soil so entirely admirable as the strawberry. Unfortunately, it had always been Steve's non-favorite fruit, but he was a demon for co-operation: He ate strawberries two or three times a day for several months. "When that guy gets here"—the baby-to-be was always a boy to Steve during those days—"I'll surely tell him what I've been through in his behalf," he kidded Lana.

When he came home on week-end pass one Saturday night, Lana met him with the news that she had been shopping. She had, in fact, bought a new maternity dress. Very pretty—a red and white print. "How about modeling it for me, honey?" he suggested.

When she re-entered the room, bright as a Valentine, Steve did one of the world's fastest double-takes. The background of the dress was white; the designs against the background were red. But (Continued on page 77)

"I've got the best darned husband in the world,"

says Lana. "And the dearest baby. Any wonder

I'm feeling glowy as a neon sign these days?"

Fans, hoping for girl, deluged her with baby paraphernalia on arrival (weighing 8 lbs., 14 oz.). After birth, studio ordered Lana to rest, reduce, change hair back to flaxen.



Cheryl Christina fought off anemia, eats enormously, grows fatter by minute. Lana and Steve scooted off to N. Y. for brief binge after his medical discharge from Army.



HEARTBREAK FOR BETTE

"Most of us don't even know what Farny looked like. But, as your friends, we on MODERN SCREEN and our readers share your sorrow."



After services at Glendale, Calif., Farny was taken to Rutland, Vt., for family services and burial at Sugar Hill, N. H. Above, Bette and her mother.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Three days before tragedy struck, Bette sat in her dressing room at Warners' and gave MODERN SCREEN the story of her happy holiday. She was gay, she looked lovely, and she ate a healthy luncheon between make-up tests. She was looking forward to a winter of activity at the studio, at the Hollywood Canteen and at home with Farny. Our interviewer left her, laughing over some parting nonsense, in the hands of her hairdresser—and went home to work on the story. As she finished the last line and jerked the page out of her typewriter, the phone rang. It was the studio calling—to say that Farny had just died.*

We are printing the story as it was written because we think you'd like to remember Bette and Farny on their last holiday together—the fiesta he arranged for her birthday in Mexico—the horse and broken-down carts they found for the farm which was to be the home of their latter years—the years Farny was destined not to live.

Bette was at home that Monday, August 23rd, putting her house in order. She's a fussy housekeeper and, after her long absence, there were a hundred things to (Continued on page 96)



A few days before Farny died, he and Bette spent P.M. at Trocadero. In June, newspapers hinted he was Army-baund, but he continued in his job as aeronautical consultant on plane equipment, much of which was highly confidential.

By Ida Zeitlin

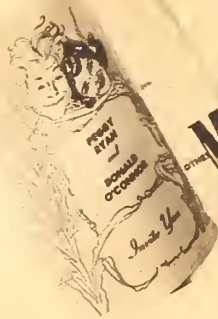


En route from N. H. to Calif., she and Fanny stopped off at N. Y.'s Stage Door Canteen, where she entertained, met soldier from her home town, Newton, Mass.



When magazine polled H'wood on what actress had done most war work, Bette won hands down. Last year was re-elected H'wood Canteen prexy.

Fanny, 36, and Bette, 34, would have celebrated 3rd anniversary New Year's Eve. In Sept. she went to work on "Mr. Skeffington."



MODERN SCREEN GOES TO

Jump into your dungarees and gingham and climb the buckboard bound for Jim Jeffries' barn. They're having a "joint" birthday hoedown for Peggy Ryan and Don O'Conno



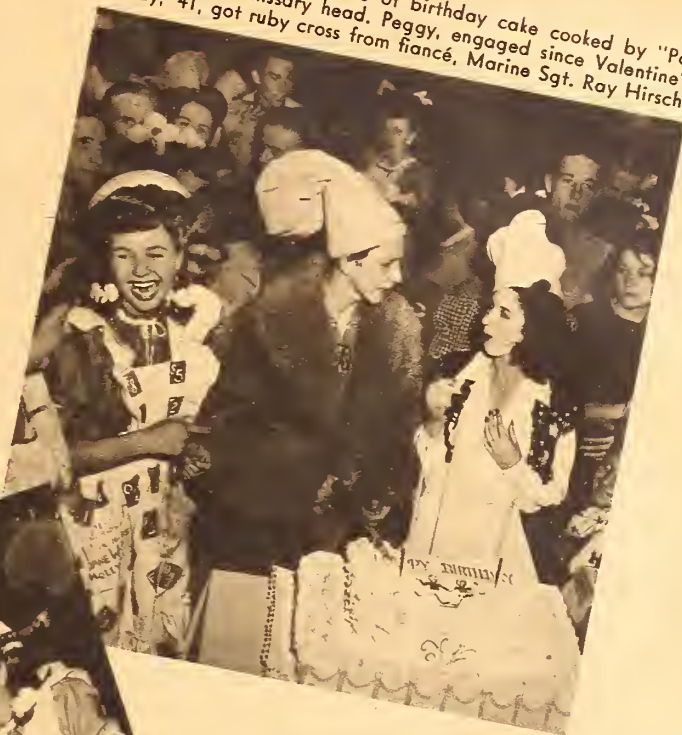
Celebrants, Don, 18, and Peggy, 19, stood near door to receive presents from each orrival, kiss from Withers. Don gave P. block velvet bog to match new John-Fredrics hot. She bought him dubonnet coshmere sweater, white pique shirt and dubonnet tie with beige stripe, told him, "You're o mon now."

Judy took beating in "Dummy Dance." Couples pass dummy back and forth till music stops. Person left holding him pays 10c War Stamp forfeit!



BIRTHDAY PARTY

Everybody gobbled piece of birthday cake cooked by "Pop" Garson, commissary head. Peggy, engaged since Valentine's Day, '41, got ruby cross from fiancé, Marine Sgt. Ray Hirsch.



Winners of hobby-horse race, Jane and Judy were paid off with War Stamps. (\$65 worth given out during evening). Judy came with girl friend, led Conga.



Neatest trick of evening: Girls would be lured to side door "to have your picture taken," then Don would operate wind machine! Lookit that Janie!



shirked pre-party chores, left invitations up to Peggy. 200 guests consumed 300 hot dogs, 200 Pepsis. Janie and Peggy night barn-awner Jeffries (ex boxing champ) in to meet guests.

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Withers' and Judy's movie sidekick, Mickey Rooney, was invited; refused 'cause his girl's birthday was that night, and he'd promised to take her out!



Mid-evening loud speaker boomed "Happy Birthday," followed by a jitterbug contest, won by sailor and his gal. Music was swung by Art Whiting's 8-piece orchestra.



Glario Jean and her sister came, gave Peggy a bubble bath set. Flossiest gift was white satin nightie for her trousseau from Chas. Lomant, director of her pictures at Univ.



What tickled Don most of all was English car from his mom. Judy come as Peggy's guest. When they were 7 and 5 respectively, they gave benefits, Judy singing, Peggy dancing.



When Don and gang found coonskin coat and whip in wardrobe department, he immediately pounced on it and wore it the rest of the party. Was limp as Roggedy Andy and Ann at evening's end.

Next to Peggy is 17-year-old Gwenn Carter, Don's fiancée, who presented him with inscribed identification bracelet for his birthday. Judy came with Morsha Moe Jones (far right).



Since Don's subject to call in draft, after his 18th birthday, Univ.'s been fast and furiously making pictures with him, so they'll have a supply on hand if he goes. Latest is "Top Mon" with Peggy.

By George Benjamin

Fighting

Maria reversed procedure, gave Jean whopping diamond engagement ring. Aumont's latest pic, "Crash of Lorraine."

Frenchman!

One May morning in 1940 a battered French tank detachment watched the sun rise through the black trees of the Ardennes forest. It looked like the last sunrise they would see as free, live Frenchmen.

All night they had retreated before the terrible might of Adolf Hitler's Nazi hordes, turning to shoot and be shot at, kill and be killed. Their ranks had dwindled; the survivors were faint from wounds. Their ammunition was low; their officers were dead. They pointed their old-fashioned cannon and machine guns to where the Boche would come with his new murder machines and waited.

They heard shellfire and the crump of bombs to the right, to the left and behind in their line of retreat. The corporal called them together. "It is the end," he said. "We are cut off and surrounded. There is no way of escape. We die or surrender."

At that moment a motorcycle roared up the forest path, and a blond young French sergeant jumped off. They all knew him—for two reasons. First, because he was one of the most popular actors in France, was Jean Pierre Aumont. Second, he was liaison man between their outfit and headquarters. He sized up the situation, took command and gave orders. He had come by an obscure trail and that was to be the way to escape. He mapped it out to the corporal and told them to leave at once.

"And how about you, mon sergeant?"

"I have the motorcycle. Leave me a gun. I will stay and cover the retreat."

So the young actor, turned officer, stayed and when the Boche patrols came, he held them off with his machine gun until the barrel was white hot and the cartridge belt bare. Then he ducked on his cycle and roared away as bullets and tank shells spat (Continued on page 80)



Morio and Jean Pierre honeymooned some time as Jean's Dad, who's sofe in this country now. The Aumonts, Jr., threw huge cocktail party for Senior and bride, who's New Yorker.



Instead of flowers, Morio sends hats as thank-you gifts to hostesses. Pierre sees rushes of her work ot studio each day to moke sure that studio dresses her with Puriton modesty.

The day that Jean Pierre Aumont pulled out of Hollywood, he ended a two-year furlough as fantastic as anything he'd ever known in wartime France.



Betty's fan mail favors marriage to Jones practically 100%. Plays with honorary Infantry Captain Martha Raye in "Pin-up Girl."



20th-Fox is grooming Gail Robbins to take Betty's roles when she's having \$2,000,000 baby. She's retiring soon as "Pin-up Girl" is reeled. Above, in scene with John Harvey.

Pin-up Baby

Harry has a new name for Betty. Little Mother, he calls her. "Nn-nn, shouldn't smoke so much now, Little Mother—" and takes away the cigarette she's just lighted.

"Okay, little father—"

He shakes his head. "The effect's not the same."

Since the world began, no girl can have been more blissfully happy than little Miss Pin-up is today. It brims from her eyes and spills out of her voice. She knows the whole thing's true, yet she can't believe it. To us it seems natural enough: cinemadorable finds love, marriage and a baby on the way. To Betty it's a miracle that leaves her slightly breathless with joy and thanksgiving.

You've got to go back a little to understand. When she married Jackie Coogan, Betty was a child—in love with love and soon disillusioned. Then she met George Raft. She could never have contemplated marriage to George—as she did for three years—if her feeling for him hadn't run deep and true. Not till she fell in love with (Continued on page 107)

Carmen Miranda promised to coach her in Somba, but has been too ill to go to set, so Betty's been haunting the Miranda household. Sings with the Star Dusters. Curt Purnell and Bob Lenn.



etty's saving safety pins these days for a tow-headed carbon copy "with a disposition sweet as Harry."



Led fad for Wor Stomp corsages on 20th lot. At bond rally, sold her nylons to highest bidder for \$40,000 in Bonds!



Jones was put in 4F because of high blood pressure and rapid pulse. Shed 16 lbs. from overwork in Foll.

Between scenes she knits booties for expected James heir. On set, leads 64-girl chorus shouldering Springfield rifles in precision drill that would make WAC or WAVE outfit green with envy!

By Nancy Winslow Squire

"His Butler's Sister"

Maids don't usually wind up singing love songs to the boss! But this time it's Deanna who's wielding the dust mop and Franchot who answers to "boss."

STORY: The very beautiful young girl swept into the very beautiful room in the large, handsome building on Park Avenue and pirouetted once in the middle of the floor and said to the man who had opened the door: "Martin! Martin! I never expected anything like this!"

"You didn't?" the man said.

There was a tiny soot smudge on the girl's nose as if she had just brushed by a locomotive, and her hair was very pretty, lustrous, but just hinting, barely hinting of hayseed and straw. Just now she was motioning to a porter to bring her bags into the room.

"Martin, it's beautiful," she said. "It's breathtaking."

"Is it?" the man said.

She stopped suddenly, turning, (Continued on page 89)

PRODUCTION: When D. Durbin first joined Universal, the studio's biographical description of her read: "Deanna is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds." Today, six years later, the vital statistics take up a paragraph of print, include such current measurements as: Height—5 feet, 5 inches; Weight—114 pounds; bust and hips—34½ and 35 inches, respectively; waist—24 inches, and leg length—35 inches.

The number of Durbin nicknames has increased, too. Deanna will answer to "Durby" or "Durbish" or "Deena" or "Lena." If she hears "Charlie!" she knows it's her pal Joe Pasternak. Her own family calls her nothing but "Edna."

In the silver-polishing scene, you'll get a close-up of Deanna's own sterling ware. (Continued on page 88)



1. On train to N. Y., Ann Carter (D. Durbin) mistakes paunchy bold head (Andrew Tombes) for famed composer Gerord, sings, discovers he sells girdles.



4. Worried that "chirping's out," Ann tends her dusting quietly, steals colf-eyed looks at boss. Martin insists she go home, but cook smooths things over.



7. Butlers in building sneak Ann choice morsels from own parties. Later, Ann finds Charles alone at piano, is stunned when he tells her he may give up music.



9. Charles bursts into Kolb's (W. Cottlett) office, hears him say Ann has glowing future. Announces show's off. Ann blurts out he can't give up music.



2. Ann bursts in on brother Martin (Pat O'Brien) in swank opt., tells him she's come to carve a stage career. Martin says "Impossible!" Admits he's only butler.



3. When Martin spills fact he's working for great Charles Girard (Franchot Tane), Ann screeches, "I'll clean, scrub, anything. Just let me stoy!" Martin wearily gives in.



5. At Charles' party, Liz (Evelyn Ankers), who's batty over him, asks him to forget music, go with her to Maine. Troubled by work, he's half tempted to chuck it and go.



6. Ann, trying hard to look dead pan as she serves hors d'oeuvres, manages some plain and fancy mugging. Later rough-handles Kalb, fabulous producer, out of the hiccups.



8. "The vacation's over, kid," says Martin next A.M. "Gerard's going to Maine, and you're going home." Ann, sick over the whale thing, starts thinking, remembers Kalb.



10. Heavy-hearted, Ann goes to butler's birthday party, is followed by Gerard. They do the clubs in the 50's; talk; find suddenly, breathlessly they're in love.





Dead tired, Alan slept on an average of 10 hours a day, from midnight to mid-morning. Roused himself from slumber to watch every 5:45 A.M. feeding, then flopped back into bed.



Sue, servontless, spent most of her time keeping house and family in order. Overwhelmed by ceaseless demands of motherhood, Alan watched her sterilize bottles, make formulas, etc.

Reunion in Malibu!

“When I left she was a brunette. When I get back she’s a blonde. It just shows,” said Corporal Alan Ladd, “what can happen when a guy leaves his girl around Hollywood!”

The lady in question was his five months’ old daughter, Alana.

Alan was working hard for a smile when I arrived, bending hopefully over a pink baby basket where Alana was getting herself a glamour tan on the sunny front patio of the Malibu Beach cottage that Alan and Sue rented for his Army furlough. He looked pretty snappy, I thought, in his summer sand-tans. But Alana wasn’t having any part of the Army.

“Aw, they’re all fickle,” grinned Alan. “I’m away for months, and I spend all my time thinking how glad my baby will be to see me when I get home. Then I run in the house and pick her up—and what does she do? She bawls!”

Alan didn’t look as unhappy as he let on,

though. On the contrary, I don’t think I ever saw Laddie more in the pink in every department, physically or mentally. His face was brown as walnut, and his gold-brown hair bleached in taffy streaks. He admitted that if I’d popped in on him unexpectedly I’d probably have caught him out of uniform, in shorts with only his dog-tags to show he was an Army man. But even a G.I. vacationer has to put on clothes when a guest shows up, and I had a bonafide bid to come down to the Ladds’ and compare notes. I hadn’t seen Alan, Sue and family for too many months, and there was some checking up to be done. A lot of things had happened. The blue Pacific swishing against the Malibu sands made me sleepy. “You must be having a swell rest,” I yawned. “This is the life—nothing to do but swim and snooze in the sun. Every day a holiday.”

“Oh, yeah?” Alan replied. “Well, let me tell you—”

(Continued on page 5)



Their beach house was 25 miles from Hollywood, about a mile down from Johnny Payne's old place. While Sue did marketing each day, Alan played nursemaid to Alono, including shoring her sunbath on the beach!

Alan ate 4 gigantic meals each day, but exercised so violently he wound up 2 pounds lighter at furlough's end. Surprises everyone with his good singing voice. Once warbled with a North Hollywood bond.



So let me tell you.

Maybe I ought to explain first that his fifteen day furlough from the Army Air Corps base is the first full-time holiday Alan Ladd has had in his whole life. Ever since he can remember Alan has been plugging away at something pretty important to himself or to somebody else. As a kid and a young man to learn a few necessary things and to earn a living; later on, to force a break in Hollywood; and then to make good when it came. After his big hit in "This Gun for Hire," he made a chain of movies right up until he checked in at Fort MacArthur. He hasn't exactly been sitting around playing gin-rummy in the Army since, either.

In fact, when Alan got the glad news—his furlough orders—up in Washington, he got so excited he actually hopped a cab downtown to the hotel (he'd been riding the bus) where Sue was staying. They both had a date for a dinner party that night, and when they got there they couldn't help telling everybody they had a holiday coming up.

"That's swell!" said their host, an Army man. "How soon can you leave?"

"Why, right now, I guess—say!" yelled Alan like he'd been stung by a bee, "why don't we, Sue?"

Sue said why not? So the whole dinner party, seven Air Corps men and their wives, piled into cars.

They whizzed down to the hotel, and, along with ten other of Alan's Army buddies—twenty-four people in all—they got Sue and Alan packed inside a few minutes. Then they ushered the Ladds down to the station to make the night train. There was only an upper berth—but an upper berth is a royal couch these days when it's headed for home. Alan got the thrill of his life, headed for his first Hollywood vacation.

Of course, Malibu Beach isn't exactly Hollywood, but it's even better in summertime. Rows of grand beach houses stretch along a sand spit out into the Pacific, and all you have to do for a swim is to step off your front porch and fall into a wave. Besides, it's only twenty-five minutes from Hollywood proper—a gas ration item—although after a day saying hello to the gang at Paramount, Hollywood studios weren't what interested Corporal Ladd. He wanted to fill up on his new family—and he wanted a big load of rest and a lot of being lazy.

So when he and Sue drove down to Malibu to call on Brian Donlevy and his wife, they ended up by renting a house up the line that same day and borrowing Brian's two-ton truck to move down in.

"Yep," laughed Alan, "that's how I started my rest cure—playing moving man for the Ladd family. Bassinettes, baby beds, wash (Continued on page 55)

When he spruced up for company, every item was impeccable, from shoeshine to tie. Helped make trailer for motion picture theater participation in 3rd War Loan Drive.



Night of his 30th birthday party, Sue planned to serve roast beef at 7. But stove went ka-flooeey, and drooling guests had to wait till 10:30 before sitting down to eat!



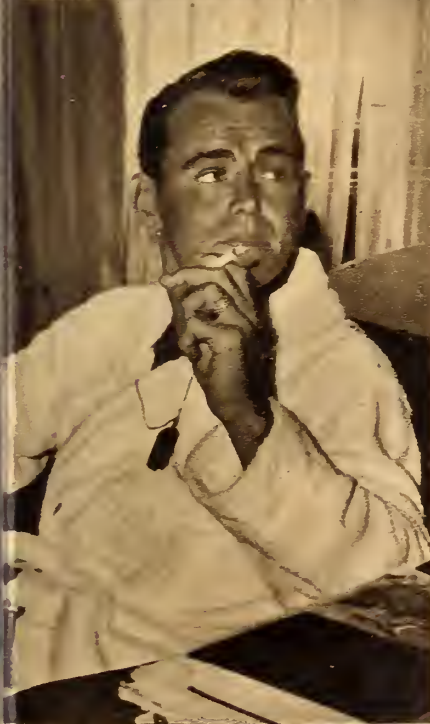
**Reunion
in Malibu!** continued

Several chums brought what they considered an original gift—birthday cake! Congratulated themselves when it tided them over till the meal proper was ready!





Every day Alan and Sue read the newspapers thoroughly, then spread out big map on floor and traced military and naval campaigns. Although he misses his family, Alan says he's glad to be in the Army, he'd feel like a slacker walking around in civvies.



Alan caught up on current biographies, his favorite reading material, during his furlough. He also sneaked in a few Dell mystery stories.

baskets, laundry bins, bottles, nipples, sterilizers, baby food, pots and pans, all kinds of doo-dads—know anything about kids?”

I said no more than you could put in your eye.

“You’ve got an education coming some day,” said Corporal Ladd, with a resigned sigh.

It seems that the very first night he and Sue and Alana rolled down to the beach from their Hollywood house and had got their clothes stashed and the baby to sleep, Alan finally got to bed, dog tired but happy. “No five-thirty rise-and-shine for little Alan,” he muttered to the pillow. “I’m going to sleep around a couple of clocks. Maybe I won’t wake up for a week.” Then he fell off, and the next second, it seemed, a flock of young Irish banshees were yelling, “Hey, Alan!” and the window to his bedroom was open and full of Crosbys and Devines and various kids they’d collected. It was exactly 5:30 a.m.!

“For gosh sakes!” they chorused. “Hurry and get up, so we can go swimming.”

Alan shook his head and blinked. “Beat it, kids,” he said. “I’m sleepy. I—”

“Look, Alan,” commanded Tad Devine, just like a second lieutenant, “since you’re the lifeguard, you oughta get to work!”

“Lifeguard?”

(Continued on page 101)

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I said no more than you could put in your eye.

"You've got an education coming some day," said Corporal Ladd, with a resigned sigh.

It seems that the very first night he and Sue and Alana rolled down to the beach from their Hollywood house and had got their clothes stashed and the baby to sleep, Alan finally got to bed, dog tired but happy. "No five-thirty rise-and-shine for little Alan," he muttered to the pillow. "I'm going to sleep around a couple of clocks. Maybe I won't wake up for a week." Then he fell off, and the next second, it seemed, a flock of young Irish banshees were yelling, "Hey, Alan!" and the window to his bedroom was open and full of Crosbys and Devines and various kids they'd collected. It was exactly 5:30 a.m.!

"For gosh sakes!" they chorused. "Hurry and get up, so we can go swimming."

Alan shook his head and blinked. "Beat it, kids," he said. "I'm sleepy. I—"

"Look, Alan," commanded Tad Devine, just like a second lieutenant, "since you're the lifeguard, you oughta get to work!"

"Lifeguard?"

(Continued on page 101)

ought up on current biographies, his favorite reading material, during his furlough. Also sneaked in a few Dell mystery stories.

Something for the Boys!

There were a gang of soldiers around the merry-go-round at the Venice Fun House, all watching this gal. She was cute and red-haired, and sometimes she'd look down from her white horse and grin at them. Finally, she slid off, collected her windblown crony from another ersatz Whirlaway and walked off. The soldiers leered after her the way they do, not missing a thing—the swing of the slim shoulders, the darling figure italicized by a green jumper, the wonderful legs. “Now, there,” breathed one of the guys, “is something for the boys.”

The gal, it so happened, was Garland, and that guy didn't know how right he was. There've been overseas broadcasts, recordings, canteens, camp tours, the gamut. Her mom worries about her. “Honey, take it easy. You've got circles like a panda.”

“How *can* you take it easy, darling? It's such a tiny bit to be doing anyway, and, oh gosh, but they're sweet guys.”

She's been in and out of more Army camps and Naval bases than your best beau, and that, you'll admit, is getting around. She's sung in California, Texas, Illinois, North Carolina, New Jersey, New York. Calls the ones she's visited cozily by their last names, “Shanks, Dix, Ord.” The ones still coming up get the works. “Fort Schuyler, Fort Hancock.” No question at all in the minds of the guys about what to call her. She's Judy from the word (*Continued on page 105*)

By Rosemary Layng



After launching Third War Loan Drive in Washington, Judy made coast-to-coast band tour, including Bastón, where she bumped from station to rally in a jeep!



Between Eastern camp tour and band rally, Judy had a month's breather at home. Dated Van Johnson almost exclusively, met Sinatra one night.



On desert location of "Girl Crazy," she and Mickey Rooney were sunburned in temperatures up to 120°, held production up for 4 days while they mended. Arrived in Washington smartly and patriotically sporting a war stamp corsage on her suit.

**(Every spare second of Judy's life for the last
two years has been tied up with a red, white and
blue ribbon and handed to the lads in uniform!**

Despite strenuous junket she gained 8 badly needed lbs. an Army faad. When costume jeweler sent her samples, she sent them to soldiers in Africa to barter with natives!



Van Johnson

GOOD NEWS

Alice Faye rumored lullabying! Hayworth-Welles merge! Carole Landis welcomes Army husband home from England.

Hearts and Darts.

They were seen first at a night club. No one took it seriously as a romance. After all, he was one of the most glib and garrulous of men; she was one of the quietest of girls. A friend, at whose house they were guests one night, observed, "Orson can toss off the most brilliant epigram, and we all nod and smile and think, 'Isn't he in top form tonight!' But when Rita suddenly speaks in that soft, school-girl voice, we all pay instant attention. We say, 'You sweet thing, how clever!'"

Victor Mature, on North Atlantic duty with the Coast Guard, read the gossip columns stating that Orson and Rita had been seen here and there, and squandered his disapproval and pay on an irate long distance telephone conversation (which, according to some authorities, was interrupted occasionally by a censor).

The Hollywood consensus at this point was that Victor should keep calm. Rita was a sweet and steadfast girl; Orson, as exciting a man as ever lived, was still not likely in the least to get serious. He had engineered himself through a hundred light romances.

Then he began work on his magic show for soldiers. In addition to a series of brilliant exhibits, Orson felt that the show (Continued on page 62)



Betty Hutton was the first pin-up girl in Sicily. A private carried her picture into assault, tacked it up in first Sicilian headquarters. Above, with Barry Sullivan.



Only Deanna and a few close chums know the whereabouts of Vaughn Paul or what he's doing. Friend of her family, Lt. Bob Rass, took her to Mocamba.



Despite her fontostic success, Bergmon's a steady canteen warker. Is being life-staried for Readers Digest. Hos chummed with Kotino Poxinou since "F.W.T.B.T."

By Fredda Dudley



Barbara Danuysch
Robert Taylor
#



Janet Blair

When Greer Garson discovered a kid selling tickets at 5c apiece to persons for a peek at her in her pool, she fust and furiously planted trees around her property! Below, with Nelson Eddy.



Until Dan's orders came through for his transfer to "ports unknown" Sonja Henie had planned to cancel her Eastern tour. But now she's going ahead. Gave farewell party for him and Morine buddies.



Hedy and John Loder passed up offers for New York stage play and went honeymooning in Mexico City. She came down with scratchy throat, was bedded for three days after their return to H'wood.

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED

needed glamour. Something to exhilarate the eye along with those things which intrigue the intellect; something, in short, like Rita Hayworth with her auburn hair cascading upon a milk white dress. Something like placing Rita in a trunk and sawing her in half.

The troop, consisting of Joe Cotten, in addition to Orson and Rita, spent weeks in rehearsal. All sorts of things happened. Rita got locked in the trunk one night and was a suffocating prisoner for ten minutes.

When the show opened, it became the talk of the town. One night, in the midst of the first group of illusions, a woman arose from the audience and started to leave. Orson stepped to the front of the platform to call in solemn tones, "Don't leave now, Madame! In the second half of the program we have Frank Sinatra—naked!"

The next night, at the close of the program, four unhappy bobby beauties presented themselves at the box office and requested a refund of their ticket price. "We understood that Frank Sinatra was to appear. The show's no good without him."

Rita had to go to work in Columbia's "Cover Girl," and the combination of late hours at the show and early hours at the studio was too much for her. She had to withdraw from the trunk department and was supplanted by Marlene Dietrich. "That," said the dopesters along Gower Street, "settles the alleged romance between Orson and Rita."

Another interesting event was presaged: the return of Victor Mature to Hollywood. He had been selected by the War Department to cross the country on a bond tour. Victor had preferred to remain on active duty, but orders are orders. Edith Gwynn, one of the town's really prescient columnists, noted the fact that Rita and Vic could easily patch up their differences, once he was in town.

A few days later, Rita sparkled into the office of her boss at Columbia and asked for a few hours leave from the set—she was going to be married. She was to marry Orson Welles, wearing a brown dress, a brown hat and a roseate glow.

Vic's comment, when he received the news: "The way to a girl's heart is sawing her in half."

* * *

Helmut Dantine is now officially a free man. Gwen Anderson secured her Reno divorce, then telephoned Helmut to tell him that their Valentine was burned at the ashes blown away. By the time you read this, it is entirely possible that Gwen will have remarried, but there is no No. 1 lady in Helmut's rather extensive list of delicious telephone numbers.

* * *

For one of the production numbers in "Shine On Harvest Moon" in which Ann Sheridan plays the part of Nora Bayes, she stands on a platform 50 feet above the sound stage, wearing a gigantic hat and a dress calculated to reveal to best advantage the classic hourglass figure of the period.

The lights necessary for Technicolor photography at Sahara hot; Ann is made dizzy and sick by height. So it was necessary to fasten her by a series of ropes to the platform.

When the set broke for lunch, Dennis Morgan asked Ann to eat with him and a friend. "Thanks, no," said Ann. "I'd fight like a catamount with anyone who ever pointed a finger at me today." (Continued on page 6)

mmers

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY !
SHE USES POND'S !

Adorable Rosemarie Heavey's engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr., unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times



HER RING—has eight small diamonds either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee's mother and grandmother.

THIS YEAR, the carefree days of Baltimore's Cotillions seem very far away to Rosemarie and her friends. "All my crowd are war workers now," she says. "With our men in the services we feel *we must* do something, too."

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. "I've never worked harder, but I *love* it," she says.

"And am I grateful for my Pond's Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M.! It's wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with *such* a clean, soft feeling."

She "beauty creams" her face like this:

SHE SMOOTHS on Pond's snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

SHE "RINSES" with a second Pond's creaming to help get her face *extra* clean and *extra* soft—swirling cream-coated fingers around in little spirals—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off.

Do this yourself—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups.

ROSEMARIE HEAVEY HAS ENDEARING SOUTHERN CHARM . . . a halo of gold brown hair . . . a complexion exquisitely soft and smooth. "I just trust my face to Pond's Cold Cream," she says. You'll love this soft-smooth beauty care with Pond's for *your* face, too.

LEARNING TO BE A HANGAR HELPER . . .



Rosemarie clears baggage being loaded on a plane. She will soon take over a man's job at one of the big airfields.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE—In many areas women are needed to fill men's places—in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your U. S. Employment Service about jobs you can fill.

War cap coming
Save present plastic or metal cap to use later.

There's a glass shortage
so buy one big Pond's jar instead of several small ones. It saves glass now needed for food jars.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy *your* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



No finer
fit at
any price

BESTFORM BRASSIERES
79¢
BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS
\$2.50 to \$6.50

BESTFORM
means "best form"

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED

"That's okay," said the insouciant Mr. Morgan. "My guest is your former husband, Eddie Norris."

Along the Gay Way:

After a prolonged hiatus in the party department, Hollywood finally aroused itself and amassed enough ration points to plan a few social affairs. To celebrate Captain Ronald Reagan's leave, Jane Wyman gave a party at which Ronnie shared honors with Frank Sinatra, whom Jane had known when both were P. A.-ing at the Capitol.

He sang a dozen songs, standing quietly beside the piano in a room massed with groups of some of the most famous men and women in the world. A more sophisticated audience couldn't be found, but when he finished "I've Got a Woman Crazy for Me," the last soft, low note was greeted by a profound sigh—practically the trademark of a Sinatra song.

The guest list included Dinah Shore (who also sang) and George Montgomery (who recently received a handsome ring from Dinah). Van Heflin and his pretty red-haired wife, Frances Neal, talked about their lovely three-month-old daughter. Norma Shearer scored a series of admiring gasps when she arrived, wearing a long-

skirted black suit whose jacket was a mass of sequins. Ann Sheridan bowled over 65 people when she made her entrance wearing a full length silver fox coat and carrying a silver fox muff. Van Johnson (current No. 1 Hollywood escort) brought Ann Sothern and Mary Livingston.

A few evenings later, Walter and Fieldzie Lang entertained in honor of Cesar Romero, on furlough from his Coast Guard duties. This affair was an old-fashioned box supper; each girl brought a picnic lunch in a gussied-up package which was numbered at the door. The men pulled numbers from a hat, claimed the box lunch and its creator for tete-a-tete dinner. Don't think for a moment that guile didn't enter into this drawing. Andy Devine, for instance, found himself in possession of a child's shoe box, draped with a sash of crepe paper and filled with two midget sandwiches and a lonely olive.

Prizes for the prettiest and most gustatory lunches went to Mrs. Ray Milland (loot: a plastic breakfast tray set) and to June Havoc (loot: a velvet bed jacket).

After the lunches were raffled, the guests (practically the same group as had attended the Reagan-Wyman party) played the hunting game and the horse race game.

Recipe for the hunting game: Select a number of odd objects, small in size, such as a hairpin, a red button, a key, a pin, etc. etc. Exhibit them on a tray to the assembled company, then hide them against similar color or shape backgrounds—sort of a camouflage arrangement.

The contestants are given pencils and paper and, when they spy one of the objects—which must be in plain view—simply note the item and place of hiding. The whole investigation is limited by time, and the winner is he who has located the most items when time is called.

The horse race game is played by tagging six persons with numbers from one to six. They are lined up like horses at a barrier then a dealer tosses a die. If 2 comes up Number 2 takes the longest possible step toward the opposite side of the room. Mean while, everyone has selected one of the horses and bet on him. (It's a good idea to bet on the man with the longest legs—but even he may be crossed up by the impish god who rules the roll of the dice.) Anyhow, the winner in this case is the character who has bet on the horse that crosses the finish line first.

Sunday schools, please copy. And whatever became of that legend about "wild Hollywood parties?"

Brass Buttons:

A Hollywood visitor, in uniform, was talking to a friend over a drugstore counter, coke and sandwich. "This is a great town," he was saying. "Before the war I thought all actors were strictly the delicate type, but down in Arizona where I have been training, I met an actor who is as rugged a guy as you could find anywhere. He's been transferred to Camp Kern, Utah, and I understand that he's going to get his commission. If that goes through, he's to be attached to the Ferrying Division of the Air Transport Command. You might know the man—his name is John Payne."

* * *

Probably the happiest girl in Hollywood at present is Carole Landis. Her husband, Captain Tom Wallace, has been transferred to the Southern California area on permanent orders after having spent nearly three years with the R.A.F. and the Army Air Forces.

* * *

Unhappiest girl in town was Ann Sothern who had carefully planned her itinerary to New York by way of the Texas camp, which husband Bob Sterling was stationed at. Three days before she was to leave, Bob telephoned her long distance to say that he was being transferred. He would let her know where and when, but the only information he could give her at that time was "Don't come to this camp because I won't be here when you arrive."

* * *

"Whose mother was that pretty gray-haired woman dining with Corporal Al Ladd and Sue Carol at Romanoff's?"—from a Hollywood column.

The pretty gray-haired woman was Mr.

Isabel Grey, the mother of a soldier who has been a prisoner of the Japanese since the fall of the Philippines.

When Alan heard of her worry, he renewed at once his acquaintance with her. Mrs. Grey was his High School English teacher and encouraged him to act during his school days. When she decided to go East to be near relatives, Alan and Sue took her on a whirl of the town, then Alan made all the reservations and attended to all the details of her trip.

Paul Henreid was asked to appear at an Army camp to do a skit. "But," he protested, "I can't sing, I don't dance, and all my best jokes I have learned from Bob Hope's program . . . what could I possibly do?" He thought for a moment. "Maybe . . ."

A tall man, the upper part of his body, his face and head concealed by an outspread newspaper held in each hand, walked out on the platform. With rare sleight of hand he retained the paper in place as a shield, while he reached in his pocket, extracted his cigarettes, selected one from the package, selected a second from the package, then he clicked his lighter, then he dropped the newspaper and stood there, the character from "Now, Voyager," with two lighted cigarettes in his mouth. The applause was really something. He walked off stage without ever having uttered a word.

Junior Jive:

Little Miss Margaret O'Brien, working at Metro in "Canterville Ghost" with Bob Young and Charles Laughton, comes onto the set each morning wearing her prim, amused smile and says properly, "Good morning, gentlemen."

At last, one day, a wag asked, "Did you sleep well last night?"

"Oh yes, thank you. I had the loveliest dream," admitted Margaret.

"About Rags Ragland?" asked the wag, nodding toward the comedian with the face like a warped Navajo rug.

Miss O'Brien's eyes twinkled, but her well-behaved manner denied her inner smile. "Oh no," she demurred, "I practically NEVER have nightmares."

In RKO's picture "Tender Comrade," Ginger Rogers and Bob Ryan are married. Some of the sequences show the pair as children together, so Freddie Mercer, aged 12, was secured to do the juvenile scenes. Freddie worships Ginger with a wide-eyed, unabashed fervor. He hangs around the set and visually gobbles her as she reads her lines.

A chap from the publicity department, seeing Freddie on his way to luncheon, asked, "How goes it, chum?"

Freddie drew himself up to the last possible fraction of his height and wagged his head in a decisive little nod. "Doing okay. In this picture I'm married to Ginger Rogers," he opined.

A group of children playing Commandos.
A slim boy, ordi- (Continued on page 93)



Use FRESH and stay fresher!

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR



By Carol Carter

Winter skin care!

Be pretty this winter! You can, you know, if only you follow these simple rules given here for snow-time beauty.

They're from Hollywood . . . we know you'll like 'em!



●Brr! The mercury is frozen in the thermometer, and the skin you love to touch is slightly frost bitten. But good old American ingenuity thumbs its nose at Jack Frost! Let winter's chapping winds howl . . . with the proper cosmetics and a word of advice from Hollywood, your wintertime complexion can be velvety sleek as Deanna Durbin's rosy cheeks.

If that's a skeptical "how" forming on your lips, just wait a second. It can be done! Your old Beauty Ed. has seen the wonder come to pass. A bit of cooperation on your part, of course, and (a) creams for lubrication and softening, special creams if yours is a problem puss, (b) sudsy soap-'n'-water to keep your epidermis clean and aglow, (c) complexion base and assorted make-up to gild your lily-like face. Across the way our artist has whipped up three sketches on the subject for you to bear these pointers more clearly in mind.

CREAM OF THE JEST

No joking matter is a harsh, dry, chapped complexion. But to bring a smile to your face, the beauty folk have created creams . . . soft, soothing, scented and delectable. Used once or twice a day, in combination with thorough soap latherings, they'll do wonders for the unhappy lass who wails that her face is shiny as a new lieutenant's bars.

A creamy lotion is grand for quick clean-up jobs. Doused on cotton, it skims off soil and faded make-up in less time than it takes to describe. No other

◀ Glamour-girl Deanna uses creams to protect her skin beauty. Miss Durbin's newest: "His Butler's Sister."



equipment, not even water is needed. Good news for you office and factory workers.

The other soil-chasers are the two kinds of cleansing cream—liquefying and the cold cream type. Liquefying cream melts on the skin, and the dirt slides off with a flick of a tissue. 'Tis best for average or oily-skinned gals. And, children, it's intended solely for cleansing, not to double as an emollient or powder base. Cold cream keeps its solid consistency and picks up the dust and make-up somewhat as snow absorbs dirt specks. Most creams of this order contain lanolin and other softening agents, making them a special treat for the lass with dry, flaky skin. Such creams that contain an extra dash of these ingredients are often called "all-purpose" creams. If so be you wish it, a thin layer may be used as a powder base, or a heavier coat, applied after the face is cleaned,

serves as a night cream. Besides the all-purpose creams lined up so prettily on cosmetic counters, there are emollient or night creams designed for but one purpose . . . to make your skin smooth as Crosby's crooning, soft as a lullaby. They're especially welcome for complexions that are rough and red, or tender and supersensitive. While the casual, life-is-a-breeze gal may be happy with one jar of cream for all purposes, the fastidious customer usually prefers separate cleansing and emollient creams—on the theory that it's easier to do one thing at a time than two.

Now, this being an imperfect world, a word about blemished skins. Medicated creams fill the bill here. Very few (Cont'd on p. 92)



How to add new richness to your Brunette complexion

Remember the roses last summer's sun put into your cheeks? Now—bring back that flattering glow with Pond's new Dreamflower "Brunette." Soft beige tones blend with your skin perfectly . . . warm rosy undertints give it that welcome radiance . . . And the misty-soft Dreamflower texture is heavenly! Soft as the touch of a cobble breeze . . . it gives your skin a smooth-as-velvet look that's priceless to a girl! Get a luxurious big box of Pond's Dreamflower "Brunette" today!

H.R.H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança, now Mrs. Ashley Chanler, says: "I'm so pleased with the smooth clear look that Pond's new Dreamflower 'Brunette' powder gives my skin. The rose undertone is unusually flattering to my deep coloring."

Pond's "LIPS"

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—49¢, 10¢.



Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Six sweet shades to choose from—flatterers all!

BRUNETTE
NATURAL
RACHEL
ROSE CREAM
DUSK ROSE
DARK RACHEL
49¢, 25¢ and 10¢

OFFICIAL
WAR
MESSAGE

American Women! In many areas you are urgently needed to fill men's shoes in necessary civilian jobs. Check your local Help Wanted ads for specific needs in your area. Then get advice from the local United States Employment Service.



EYES RIGHT!



Frances Gifford uses pencil.



Here she applies eye shadow.



M-G-M's star likes mascara.

Lucille Ball's big blue eyes sparkle prettily in Technicolor . . . and you can hear the boys sigh happily when Betty Grable flashes those lustrous blue orbs. Even without benefit of Technicolor, Hedy Lamarr's dazzling-dark eyes play havoc with an audience. There's no doubt that (better duck—here comes a pun) the eyes have it!

Mascara Magic Now to get personal about it: How are your own pretty peepers? The only care you give 'em is to remove an occasional cinder? For shame! With a smidgin of mascara, a flick of eyebrow pencil and a soupçon of eye shadow you can dazzle with the best of them. An extra three minutes of a morning will see you bright-eyed and lovely through the day.

Mascara, my lambs, is a wonderful concoction that comes in cake or cream form. Gibson girls used burnt matchsticks and dubious mixtures for their feeble eye glamour. But today mascara glamorizes your eyes as quick as a wink. It's safe as a War Bond, too. Even if some lands, by poor aim, in the eye instead of on the lash, there's no need to fret. American manufacturers know that eyesight is precious above diamonds. For this very reason, they use only the finest, purest ingredients in all eye-staring products. And plus this clean bill of health, mascara is one of the most exciting cosmetics known to your Beauty Ed. (Continued on page 110)

Frances treats eyes to a rinse.

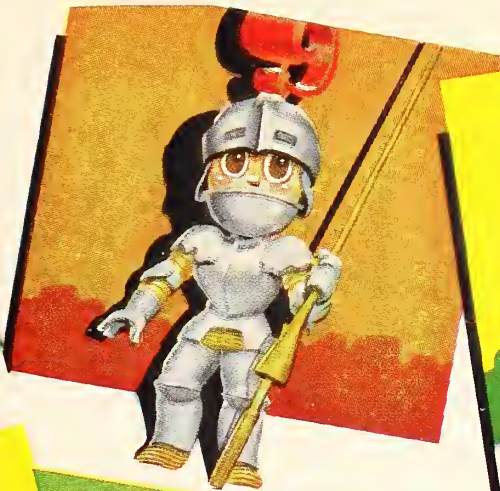


Lotion-on-pads for rested eyes.

By Carol Carter



OF COURSE Vitamins G, P, P!
You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and the entire Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



OF COURSE Iron! Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!



OF COURSE Calcium & Phosphorus!
They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

Quit Worrying

ABOUT

VITAMINS AND MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest* sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-

good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. *All you can profitably use*, according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING



OF COURSE Vitamin A! Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get *all* the extra "A" experts say you need.



OF COURSE Vitamin D! You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!



OF COURSE Vitamin B! You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B! The Ovaltine way you get plenty!



OF COURSE Ovaltine gives you much more than vitamins and minerals. It is prescribed the world over by doctors for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

WARNING! Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!



Sh-h-h-! Genius at Work

If you don't interrupt me for a cupla minutes, I'll tell you what I been thinkin' about.

My empty Karo bottle started it. I got a bit sulky. The doctor scolded my mother. She complained to the grocer. He blamed the Karo people. Lordy...what a run-around!

Finally, we found out the truth. It's this: Even when there's plenty of corn and glass bottles, the Karo folks still just can't make enough Karo to go 'round...not with the Army and Navy and millions of hard workers at home all calling for more and more Karo. Sure, they might raise production by lowering quality...but they told me they will *never* do that...that they gotta keep every drop of Karo pure and wholesome, rich in dextrose.

That's when I got my idea about asking the grocers please to hold out a special supply of Karo for customers who have little folks at home like me. We *gotta* have Karo to help us grow big and strong...and it's marvelous the way grocers are cooperating.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO DOCTORS

(To Mothers, Too):

Mothers who cannot buy Karo for their babies are invited to write us (post card) giving name and address of favorite grocer. We will take steps promptly to supply these grocers with Karo for babies.



Karo Is Rich In Dextrose
... Food-Energy Sugar

© C. P. R. Co.

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO

TYRONE POWER

(Continued from page 34)

in his class. At Quantico, Virginia, in a group of 600 officer candidates, Lieutenant Tyrone Power was ninth man to win bars for his proud shoulders. In review a colonel paused before his trim, determined figure and inspected him from boot to barracks cap. "There," he said, "is the ideal Marine!"

What fortune the Gods of War have in store for Lieutenant Tyrone Power, USMC, is no more certain than the fates awaiting 5,000,000 other Yanks. He may find glory on the blazing beach of a tropical isle or come to blighty storming Hitler's *Festung Europa*.

Perhaps all this was written in the stars when he was born, one fresh spring day at half-past five in the afternoon. That was May 5, 1914, and the dogs of war were snarling. Three months later the world was to divide and grapple at its own throat, as it is doing today. The Kaiser's World War I was brewing. In far off Cincinnati, Mid-American, German settled, smug, provincial, Patia Power had gone to have her first baby. In was in London a couple of years before that she, the bride of the great Shakespearean actor, Tyrone Power, II, had heard her husband say he wanted a son to carry on the name. And she had resolved that that should be.

It was only two months before that Patia Power had played before the footlights with her husband. That would be part of the heritage she could give her son, that acting right up to the last, if—well—if Tyrone Power continued to mean what it had meant since the 1700's. That was the only way his mother could hope to match the glorious heritage of his father's line.

Patia Power's real name was Helen Emma Reaume. She had rechristened herself after Aspatia, a great teacher of antiquity. She had been born in Indiana and raised in Kentucky, but her dark, handsome features and talent for the arts stemmed from her Alsatian grandfather.

family tree . . .

The first Tyrone Power took his name from the land of his birth, County Tyrone, Ireland. That was in the early 18th century. He was a gay, reckless, witty Irishman who became the greatest Irish comedian of his day. He had blue eyes and light hair and a straight nose, and he was everybody's friend. Like his great grandson he was restless, and he travelled all over the world. Particularly he liked America. He even wrote a book about it, "Impressions of America," in the early 1800's. It was while sailing back from New York to London that his ship went down in the Atlantic, and he lost his life.

Tyrone Power's son, Harold, grew up to become a concert pianist and lecturer. His son, Tyrone, II, was Ty's father, a native Londoner, who became a naturalized United States citizen after he had also become one of the greatest Shakespearean classic stars of his day.

That was the heritage of brilliance concentrated in the tiny package that came to life that May fifth on Fulton Street in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was promptly christened Tyrone Power, Jr. He looked like his father—the same high forehead and prominent brows. And he was, as he remained throughout babyhood, all eyes. There wasn't much else. Tyrone III was frail and sickly. Patia Power, in her secret heart, wondered if she'd ever raise him.

The doctors in Cincinnati and New York had about given him up. He couldn't

eat. Malnutrition had wasted tiny Ty away to nothing. Specialists tapped and poked him and frowned. Nothing they prescribed could make him keep his food. Tyrone, Sr., then in silent New York-made movies, snapped at an offer from the Selig studios in California. "Maybe the sunshine will cure him," he argued.

Nothing worked. The last doctor told them: "This baby is slowly starving." That morning the nursemaid they had hired came to Patia Power. She found her sitting silently in tears beside Baby Tyrone. She knew why. "Mrs. Power," she said, "the doctors have failed—will you let me try?"

Tyrone Power owes his life, perhaps, certainly his tall, straight body to his baby nurse. Her name was Tracy. Pet Tracy, the Powers called her. She was a huge woman, unruffled, capable and mysteriously wise. She took Baby Ty in her complete charge, put away his medicines and junked his formulas.

Later, when he could lisp out a few words, Tyrone sensed his debt to the stolid Pet, who always called him her "Little Man." He had a favorite little dream-game he liked to play. In it he was a great man, a huge success and Pet was a little old lady living in a country cottage, poor and hungry. The big scene showed the great Tyrone coming up the lane of the country hut and rapping at the door.

"Does Pet Tracy live here?" he'd say.

"Yes," the little old lady would whisper.

"Well, I'm your 'Little Man'!" Whereupon Pet would swoon with delight, and Tyrone would make her last days wonderful. It was always the same.

without pity . . .

Tyrone's first vague kiddie memories of California spring from busy war days on Coronado Beach when San Diego was, as it is again today, a bustling war base, full of dashing sailors and marines in training. Ty never went back to stay until he donned a uniform last year. But all through childhood, he called it "the big boat town," and sailors and marines always spelled high adventure.

What became closest to a real home, however, was the small town of Alhambra, near Pasadena. There he attended his first classes at Granada School. There he met his first girl, had his first fight and played his first starring role.

Ty's first encounter with the female sex was deadly. With his tiny sister, Ann, and neighborhood moppets, he was busy one afternoon in the favorite sport of that place and time—an orange fight.

A little freckled-faced tomboy of the "enemy" squad heaved a rock instead of a ripe orange. It struck Tyrone on the side of the head, and he dropped, crying. The kids all ran home, and Tyrone, bloody and aching, trudged back to his own yard leading sister Ann in tow. "Don't you tell," he warned her. "Don't you dare."

He told his mother he'd fallen on a rock. He never told on the girl—that was beneath his dignity. But he always told on himself—that was only honest.

gloomy sunday . . .

For instance, one Sunday, he was racing a kid around the block on his skates. Ty was a good skater and runner and, though small, was spunky. But this Sunday he was disobeying orders. The Powers have always had deep respect for religion, and if his mother had told him once she'd told him a hundred times that there was to be

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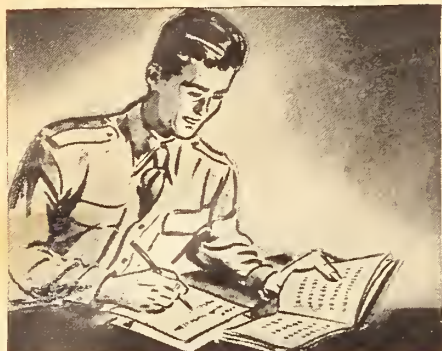
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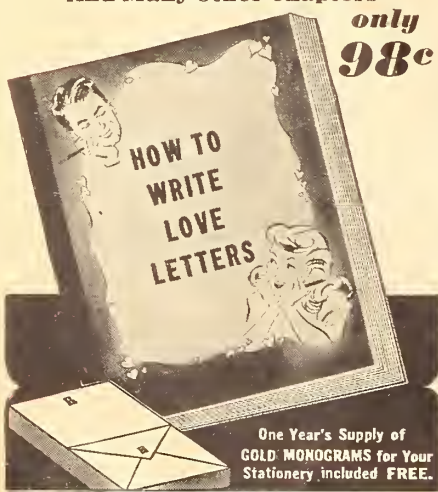
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absolutely no rough stuff on the Sabbath.

But Ty, jostling for the inside track, tripped, took a header on the sidewalk, ruined his clothes and practically ripped off one eyebrow. He was a sorry sight when he limped in the front door.

"You'd better punish me, Mother," he said as dignified as possible. "I've been roughhousing on Sunday."

Mrs. Power looked at his battered face. "You've had punishment enough," she said.

He was always frank like that in his scrapes. Once a neighborhood boy, a little older than Ty, came screaming into the Powers' door, with Ty right after him. "I'm gonna tell your Mother," he yelled. "Mrs. Power, Tyrone hit me in the stum-mick!"

"Did you?"

"Yes," said Ty. "I hit him hard."

Before the kid, Mrs. Power punished Ty. It was only after that was over that she got out of Tyrone the reason he had done what he did. The kid had called him an unprintable name.

The Powers had moved to Alhambra because it was closer to the Selig Studios and because in the nearby historic Spanish mission of San Gabriel, John Steven McGroarty's famous Mission Play was gaining national notice. Patia Power was engaged for the important role of Senora Josefa Yorba. Between picture parts, Tyrone, Sr. played Fray Junipero Serra. As a kid, Tyrone hung around the ancient mission until he knew the play by heart. The first part he ever played was Pablo, a Mexican boy in the Mission Play, with his mother and his father. Wrote a Los Angeles critic:

"Master Tyrone Power, Jr., made a miniature hit."

Tyrone was seven.

Pablo was his very first brush with a real stage and a paid audience and it was to be his last for some years. About then the career of Tyrone Power II went one way and the career of Patia went in another direction. They separated by a mutual, amicable agreement. The actor went on to his public. Patia took the children back to Grandmother Reaume in Cincinnati. She had taught voice and dramatic expression along with her acting since she was 15 years old. The Schuster-Martin School of the Drama offered her the voice chair there as a steady thing. She gave up the professional stage and pictures and packed Tyrone away from the town he would not see again until he grew up and answered the call of his blood. Her job was to raise and educate her children.

Ty Power calls Cincinnati his home town. He came to live there when he was seven and left when he was 17. Ten years is a good sized chunk out of any boy's life. In Cincinnati their friends called Patia Power, Tyrone and his sister, Ann, "The Three Musketeers." They were that close. Tyrone, Senior, still friendly, was a distant part of the family, dropping in now and then between stage engagements, but never staying long.

Tyrone and Ann really had three homes in Cincinnati, their own, their grandmother's and the Schuster-Martin School. Patia Power produced plays in the Little Theater there along with her teaching. Half the time her own children were there, not formally enrolled but hanging around or involved in the Children's Theater's little playlets. Thus never in his youth did Tyrone completely miss the dramatic aura of life. Even at home, in the evenings after dinner, his mother would say:

"Now, we're going to have a game, we three. Let's sit down, fold our hands and relax. We're going to learn how to talk correctly. We've a lot to learn."

on the distaff side . . .

Until the sixth grade Tyrone went to the same convent as his sister, St. Ursula's, run by the Sisters of Mercy. Most of the students, of course, were girls, and someone in Cincinnati said that Tyrone Power, Jr. was "the prettiest one there."

One spring day he came home, said nothing to his mother, walked upstairs and closed his door. For hours Ty remained there, mysteriously locked in his room. Finally he came down and told his mother he had flunked every subject but one—religion—at the convent and failed to pass into the seventh grade.

It was incredible! Her boy was a fine student. Mrs. Power did some sleuthing.

She inquired around and found out that the nun who taught Tyrone was a domineering sort of woman, a teacher whose word was law, who took no back-talk.

Then Patia Power remembered. Tyrone, even as a kid, couldn't be led—by anyone. When he played with other kids, he had to lead. If it was "Knights of the Round Table," Ty had to be King Arthur, else he wouldn't play. His flunk was just a rebellion against domination. How could he let a woman run him? He had gone on strike.

Patia Power took her dilemma to a friend of hers, Father Flynn, who had written boys' books and knew them inside out. He smiled wisely. "I think," he said, "it's time to take Tyrone away from the women and put him with men."

Next semester Tyrone found himself, to his delight, in St. Xavier's Parochial School—all boys. "Will I do the Sixth Grade over?" he asked the father.

"I'll say you won't," snorted the priest. "Go to the seventh and work up a sweat!"

When Ty graduated from St. Xavier's he was valedictorian of his class.

a man's world . . .

St. Xavier's was no snob's school. Tyrone lived in Fenwick Hall, a boys' home crowded with Murphys and Kellys and Hovaks and Polettis. He came home only on week-ends. In a couple of years he went on to Dayton University parochial prep school, completely away from home at Dayton, Ohio. Nobody was easy with him there, either. When he came back to finish high school at Purcell, the all-boys high school in suburban Walnut Park, Tyrone knew how to look after himself in any kind of company.

He was no athlete. He was still a beautiful string bean. That galled Tyrone. He was crazy about football and baseball. He went out for the teams regularly every year, burning with a fierce determination to make up for his light weight with desperate courage. But it was always the same. The husky kids brushed him aside like paper, and the coach dropped him from the squad after a couple of days. He busted his finger playing baseball, and it crooked to this day.

About the only sport Ty could handle well was swimming. He was graceful and fast in the water, and at the big municipal pools of Cincinnati he was a familiar sight every summer except the ones he'd spent at his aunt's in Michigan, splashing in the lake, playing tennis and turning walnut brown in the sun. At anything he could do well Tyrone was impatient with other people. What he did well looked like such a cinch to him. Once he was standing on the high board at a pool, trying to get Ann to dive off. It looked a million miles down the to her, and she had no intention of trying it. Suddenly she found herself pushed from the board and falling. She hit the water the best she could and came up raging at Tyrone. He was smiling pleasantly she forgot to be mad.

"See how easy it is?" he said.

(Continued on page 74)

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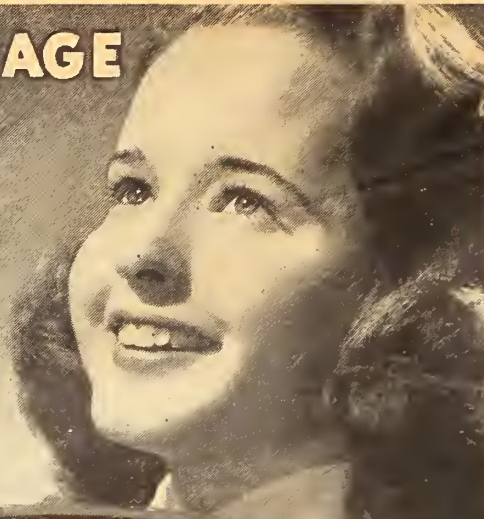


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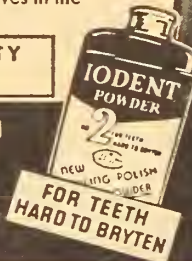
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(Continued from page 72)

Tyrone and his sister Ann were born only 16 months apart. Until he graduated and left home, they were as close as peas in a pod. For years she was his tag-along shadow, into everything Ty was. They had a black cat they dressed up in fancy clothes and wheeled around in a carriage. They stole their mother's perfume, added water and peddled it to the neighbors together. Ty brought home a fascinating, wicked pack of cigarettes when he was 12 and Ann, a year younger, helped him sample the forbidden delights. They got sick together and desperately sucked oranges to get the smoke off their breaths.

One time in deep winter, they climbed up on the crenelated roof of the Schuster-Martin School, made ice-snowballs and hurled them at cars below. When one smashed through a taxicab window and they got caught, they were hailed downstairs before their angry mother.

"Well," said Tyrone, "we did it, that's all. I'll pay for the damage."

He was getting 50c allowance a week then. He saved up for ten weeks. But he paid off. He was always that way, honest and frank about his mischief and not afraid to take the rap. He was always touchy and honorable, too, about money matters. Later, broke in New York and Hollywood, he'd send back the checks his mother sent him even when he was stuffing paper in his shoes for soles. As a kid, Ty was super-canny about change.

But if Ty seemed tight that way it was not for love of lucre alone. He always had something he was saving for—either a bountiful Christmas for Ann and his mother or something. "Mrs. Power has a treasured table in her Hollywood home today. It's in the front room, and she wouldn't sell it for worlds. It cost \$9. Ty saved for 20 weeks to buy it for her.

He was a day student at Purcell when Tyrone landed the job jerking sodas and delivering packages at the drug store (it's called Power's Drug Store today, by the way). He worked afternoons and evenings, and he made around \$8 a week. In the summer he worked all day. As he did everything, Tyrone did his job well. Especially he liked the speedy trips on the motorbike. In classes Patia Power would hear a roar in the street. Her pupils would titter. "There goes Tyrone, Madame Power," they'd say.

out of the frying pan . . .

Ty bought his first automobile when he worked at the drug store. It cost \$20. Ty paid \$10 and his Cousin Billy chipped in \$10. It was a stripped down, flimsy bullet shaped flivver with no floor board and practically no motor. It was painted orange, yellow and green. It had a cut-out that sounded to Heaven. It lasted only a few weeks; then it fell apart.

This Cousin Billy was Tyrone's evil genius. He was two years older than Ty, full of ideas and full of beans. Whenever Ty and Billy got together it was usually just too bad.

One night at the Schuster-Martin School Patia Power produced a play. Suddenly, in the middle, the audience grew restless, squirmed in their seats and began creeping out of the place. In no time at all the house was empty. The room was filled with a horrifying odor. Someone had broken stench-bombs.

No one knew who did it. And maybe they'd never have found out—but Cousin Billy gloated so about the success of his project with Tyrone that he let the truth out. It got back to Patia, and that was too bad for Ty. He nourished a gnawing desire for revenge on the perfidious Cousin Billy.

He let the thing cool off, though, then later one night he asked his mother sweetly if Cousin Billy could come and stay all

night. She said that was perfectly okay. "Can he sleep with me?"

"Why, yes."

That night Ty waited until Billy was deep in dreamland. Then he broke a flock of stench bombs under the bed, slipped out of the room and locked the door. Cousin Billy had a horrible night.

Adolescence ended Tyrone's boyhood escapades. And adolescence came to him almost as maturity to most boys. He was still thin, growing tall and almost too handsome. For a long time his best girl, literally, was Ann. She was the only one to wear his school ring. He took Ann to the first dances, buying her corsages out of his drug store pay. She was always home from the convent on week-ends. Soon other boys began calling up. "Now look," Ty would frown, very much the man of the house, "I don't want you going out with any boys I don't know. Do you hear?" Then Ann had to tell him off.

Raxen and fluffy . . .

His first date was with Ann's convent chum, a platinum blonde, pretty and vivacious. They went to the Netherland Plaza dancing, and Ty wore his favorite blue double-breasted jacket and white pants. He borrowed his mother's car. He didn't kiss the girl good-night, he was much too self-conscious and dignified then. But there was always a girl from then on, and always they were Ty's style—pretty, full of fun, very feminine. But the minute they started falling—and that was easy—that was the end. Already Ty had his mind on other things.

He seldom paired off—and when he did, Cupid just wasn't kind. There was a girl he met on his own, and maybe she came as close as anyone to getting him hot and bothered.

One summer night he came home and asked to borrow his mother's car. It wasn't unusual. Mrs. Power nodded. "Where are you going?"

"Oh," he said casually. "Just going to take a girl friend home. Nothing special."

"How nice!" said Mrs. Power. "Mind if I ride with you? It's awfully hot tonight. I'll sit in the back seat and get a breeze."

Tyrone was silent. They drove together, picked up the girl and wheeled slowly through the shady Cincinnati streets. A moon was up to make it worse. Nobody said anything. In the back seat Mrs. Power realized she was about as popular as the measles. There was nowhere to go except straight to the girl's house. Ty stopped on the opposite side of the street, and the girl ran on in alone.

"She's a sweet girl, Tyrone," said Mrs. Power weakly. "Lovely."

No answer. When they got back home Ty climbed out, his face set.

"Okay, Mother," he said. "You win."

Patia Power never made that mistake again. If there was one thing her son insisted on, it was running his own affairs. That's just the way he was made.

Tyrone was working at the Orpheum theater then. He was an usher and he was gorgeous in his fancy braid.

One night, with Grandmother Reaume, she came downtown to the show. Ty was standing stiffly by the door in his gaudy cape. She presented her tickets to Ty. "Well—" she started. But, his face impassive and professional, her son interrupted her.

"This way, ladies," he said formally, as if he'd never laid eyes on them before. He marched them, stunned, down the aisle and waved them to their seats. "I hope these seats are satisfactory, Madame," he intoned majestically. Then he left.

Ty had no movie crushes or idols; he wasn't fan-struck. But he was interested. He'd rate them on charts—Number 1, Number 2, Number 3 performance of

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Many years ago, Wallace Beery, known then as "Swedie", drove a flashy "bearcat" model roadster at breakneck speed past my home to and from the studio each day. Watching him whiz by, I used to think him a wild and reckless youngster, but one day something happened to change my mind. As he was driving along, Wallace saw a car run down a little puppy and keep right on going. He stopped, carefully picked up the whimpering bundle of fur and carried it to a nearby dog hospital. Yes, the puppy lived and Mr. Beery paid the bill. I know, because the poor little mongrel later became my pet.

Hazel Ernst,
Cleveland, Ohio

the month, and such. He'd analyze the shows and criticize them. And his judgments were surprisingly keen. Mrs. Power began to wonder how long this had been going on. But she really knew. It had been going on a long time.

kid stuff . . .

Signs as far back as Tyrone's babyhood, really, when he'd sit up in the big chair in the front room, stick his papa's strongest pipe in his mouth, grab a newspaper and pretend to read it, frowning, "Don't bodder me. I'm Mitty Power!" Mister Power—indeed! And the time he and Ann had written their "play"—only six years old—out in Alhambra, "Robin Hood and Maid Marian" it was, and of course Ty was Robin. And his tot triumph as "Pablo."

When the senior class at Purcell had to draft Ty, a junior, to play the *ingenue* in their graduation play, how he stormed at home—because in a way it was an insult—he knew they'd picked him because he'd make such a pretty girl. Yet he'd carried off the part like a trouper although it made him sick to do it.

These things added up: The way Tyrone had been writing his father more and, when he showed up in Cincinnati, quizzing him raptly about every detail of his theatrical tours. The nights he spent locked up in his room lying in bed until all hours reading—not romantic adventure magazines—but plays.

He was only 17. Tyrone himself had said that was too young to go on to college without a year to see what the world was like, and his mother agreed. Once, the year before, he had startled her by asking calmly one evening.

"Mother, what do you want me to do when I finish school?"

And, though nonplussed, she had come up with a sensible answer.

"It's not my choice, Tyrone. You can be a fireman or a policeman or whatever you like. But"—and then she said the line that Tyrone never forgot—"you've got to be the best!"

It was a week before graduation that Tyrone came home early from school one day. Classes were already out at Schuster-Martin. But Purcell was still in session. Patia Power was surprised. "Ill?"

"No," said Ty. "I haven't been to school. I've been walking around," he said. "Thinking. I've made up my mind, Mother. I'm not going to college. I'm going to be an actor."

Mrs. Power was pleased. There was a lot he could learn to start him out right there in Cincinnati at Schuster-Martin. After all, he'd been only casually exposed to dramatics there. A year of hard work with

her and the staff at school wouldn't hurt him. He was so young. It was fine.

"No," said Ty. "I want to go away. Do you mind?"

"No."

"Aren't you afraid for me?"

Patia Power thought a minute on that one. "No!" she said.

Ty grinned and kissed her. "That's swell!" he said. "Here's my idea. I'll go wherever Father is and study. I'll learn all he knows, and then I'll be old enough to go it alone. But I want to start now."

His father's wire said to come along. He was in Canada, summering. Two days after graduation Tyrone Power was down at the station. His bag was small; he didn't even have a tuxedo. He left his home town at 17, and he knew he wouldn't come back until he had made good. Patia Power knew that, too, when the train pulled out. She knew her son. So Tyrone Power, Junior, joined Tyrone Power, Senior, in a resort near Quebec. They came down to New York in the fall and took an apartment. Proudly Power, Senior, took his tall, handsome son around to the Lambs Club and the Players. To break him in, he found him some small parts in his own Shakespearean plays.

They went on to Chicago for Fritz Lieber's Shakespeare Repertory at the Civic Auditorium.

One day his father came into the hotel, smiling. "How'd you like to go out to California?" he said.

"Hollywood?"

His father nodded. "Paramount wants me for 'The Miracle Man,'" he explained. "Won't do you any harm to get the feel of pictures yourself?"

Christmas passed—his first Christmas with dinner at a restaurant and only telephone calls back home. He tried to shake off a vague disturbing loneliness. And then a couple of days before New Year's, December 30, Tyrone Power, Senior, went to work at the studio. He played an old man in "The Miracle Man," and he did a death scene. When he got back to the club, he told Ty he felt a little tired.

In the middle of the night Ty woke up. He heard a noise from the bed across the room. A gasp. He leaped out of bed and ran across. His father's eyes were open, and he was struggling for breath.

He died in a few minutes, in Ty's arms.

But in those few minutes Tyrone Power, Junior, grew several years. He was still just 18. But next morning there was a different expression on his face. His mirror told him he was no longer a boy. He was a man. He wasn't Tyrone Power, Junior, any more, leaning on the fame of his father.

He was Tyrone Power now—and he was on his own.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Part II of Tyrone Power's life story will appear in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My little brother, whom I'd taken downtown with me, had been both-ering me for ice cream and candy all afternoon long. When I couldn't ignore him any longer, I said, "Don't be silly. Only babies keep wanting candy and ice cream. Grownups eat at meal time." But he finally wore me down and, crossing the street to a drug store, we strode up to the counter and found Hedy Lamarr (in town on a bond tour) swinging on a stool, licking an ice cream cone.

Estelle Belanger
Newark, N. J.

TWO HEARTS FOR LANA

(Continued from page 37)

upon careful examination he discovered that the designs consisted of small bunches of strawberries rampant.

On another occasion, he wasn't free until Sunday morning. Lana, breakfasting when he arrived, had a wonderful new idea. She was going to have her dressing room re-done. Fresh paint, new curtains, the dressing table chair reupholstered and new wallpaper applied. "Here is a sample of the one I like best," she announced blithely.

Steve accepted it, then cringed. White background splashed crimsonly with modernistic strawberries. "What do you say to our postponing this job until after the little guy gets here?" he said tentatively. "There's just a chance, honey—just a slight chance—that you aren't going to be nearly so fond of strawberries in another year."

"Now that you mention it," grinned Lana, "I'll have to admit that there may be something in what you say."

P.S. The dressing room won't be re-decorated for some time now. When it is, Lana is practically positive that the color scheme won't be red and white.

Steve, himself—like a good many prospective fathers—was going through a period of emotional adventure. In thinking about the childhood of the coming youngster (perfection was what he had in mind), he carefully scanned, in retrospect, his own childhood in order to plan similarities of happiness and to supply those things which he had lacked.

This mental list ever before him, Steve happened to be in downtown Los Angeles one afternoon, when he met a man with a roly-poly, silken-coated lion cub for sale. As a youngster, Steve had spent a good deal of spare time inspecting the winter quarters of the Hagenbach-Wallace Circus and had developed an exotic desire to own a lion cub. At last he had the opportunity. So he bought same, complete with small harness and a lead chain, and took it home.

"You don't mind if I keep it, do you, honey?" he asked Lana, who managed valiantly to move her head from side to side while she stared in apprehensive bewilderment at the newest addition to the Crane fauna which consisted pre-lionishly of two toy Pomeranians, a Peke and a Great Dane. Incidentally, the Great Dane had never before been known to be afraid of anything up to and including a five-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This is a story of two corporals from AAFTTC-Yale who were standing on the green in New Haven watching the cadet retreat ceremony. Recognizing one of them as Tony Martin, my friend tapped him on the shoulder, pointed to the other corporal standing a few feet away and said, "Pardon me, soldier, but isn't that fellow a movie actor?" Corporal Martin made a grimace and grinned, "That guy? No, lady, he's no actor. He's a bum." My friend promptly tucked her autograph book back in her pocket and walked away—to be informed, too late, that said "bum" was Corp. Broderick Crawford.

Jeanne M. Nichols
Hamden, Conn.

This Little Wallflower Bloomed Last Night



1 Imagine! Just yesterday she was a lonely wallflower! No man ever picked her, for she looked old... though she wasn't really!... but it's looks that count! And 'twas all her face powder's fault... for its color was dead and lifeless... which made her skin look faded... and added years to her age!



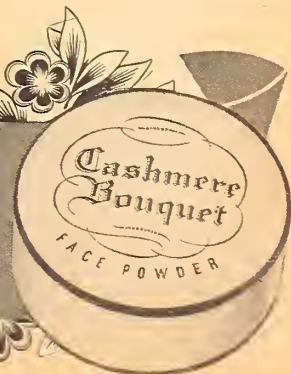
2 But then—oh, lucky day—she tried the glamorous new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth in full bloom! How thrilled she was! And how thrilled you'll be... because there's a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the allure... all the natural, young coloring in your complexion... no matter what your age!

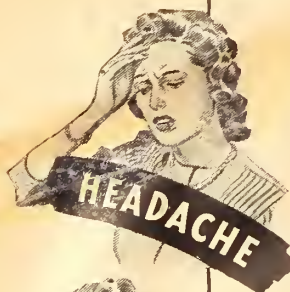


3 So, what happened? You guessed it! Now she's loved, as a fair flower should be... thanks to that smooth, kissable, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And she's found, as you will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended... never streaky! It's color-smooth, too... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours on end!

4 And you'll find there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet that's just right for you... color-harmonized to suit your skin-type perfectly! Let Cashmere Bouquet bring out all the natural youth and beauty in your complexion! Don't delay... you'll find it in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!

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*Externally-caused.



ton furniture van, but when he set eyes on the lion cub he uttered a communique in a high, clear yelp and withdrew to the sulking silence of his house.

In the evenings Lana and Steve sat opposite one another, on the huge, billowy lounges that distinguish their living room, and made plans for the baby-to-be. Beside Steve curled the lion cub, cat-napping and breaking out in an occasional purr that sounded like a P-38 in a power dive. "My, isn't he the prettiest thing," Lana said, in a small voice, feeling extremely expectant-motherish. "You're sure he's perfectly safe?"

the stork and the cranes . . .

"As a kitten," said Steve. However, when he romped with the second generation jungle kid, he always wore heavy leather gloves out of respect for the kid's claws. One day, in the midst of a tussle, the cub forgot that all areas above the glove were out of bounds and took a nice clawful of Crane from upper arm to wrist.

The next day the cub had a new home, and Lana had a new evening spot for relaxation: on the same lounge with Steve.

He devoted some time those evenings to mentioning the advantages of having his son eventually attend Wabash College, his own alma mammy. "It only enrolls five hundred male students a year," he explained with enthusiasm. "It's run on the Oxford plan. Oh, I tell you, it's really a great school."

Lana rolled impish blue eyes at him. "Since the school doesn't take girls, I'm afraid our baby won't be accepted. I'm just sure she's going to be a girl, Steve."

"A boy," said Steve firmly.

luscious as lana . . .

Came the moment when Steve looked down at his daughter's small face framed with wavy black hair. She was less than an hour old at the time, but with all the unfailing perspicacity of the new father, Steve could denote likenesses. "She's perfectly beautiful, honey," he told Lana excitedly. "Her forehead and her eyes are like mine, but her fancy little nose, her mouth and chin are exactly like yours."

"I told you she'd be a girl," said Lana happily and went off to sleep.

Little Miss Crane was not only a beautiful baby, but a gallant one. At the delicate age of five hours she was removed to the Children's Hospital where she could be given a transfusion to alleviate an anemic condition, and there she had to remain for a month.

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 8)

Set 2

1. Metro veteran
2. Cookie's mom
3. Up from vaudeville
4. Pedestaled
5. Born: Pentiction, B. C.
6. Screwball
7. Stardom's still ahead
8. Strictly Dixie's
9. Dark-eyed dilly
10. Teamed with Tracy
11. 6' 4"
12. You'll Never Know
13. Perennial bachelor
14. Dim wit
15. Blonde and bland
16. Arrived in "Oxbow Incident"
17. Younger set's heart-throb
18. Hep kitten
19. Dominican dynamite
20. Of Hollywood's Four Hundred

(Next set of clues on page 97)

During the first few days Lana was too busy resting and regaining her strength to become restless. The doctor and the nurses said the baby was getting along fine, so Lana would take another nap. However, toward the end of the week she began to fret. When Steve arrived to visit one night, she had been crying. "You aren't telling me the truth," she sobbed. "There's something wrong with her. I just know it."

Steve did his best to reassure her without much success, so he went in search of the doctor. The two of them used their forensic zeal on the young mother who simply cried with more determination than ever and accused with trembling lips. "I'll bet she has a strawberry mark . . . and you're trying to keep it a secret from me."

In spite of themselves the doctor chuckled and Steve grinned. Relenting, the doctor said, "You're probably doing yourself more harm by lying here dreaming up nightmares than would be done by a wheelchair trip from here over to the Children's Hospital. It's only three blocks away. If you'll stop crying, be a good girl and rest tomorrow morning, you may go visit your daughter in the afternoon."

Lana awakened early, filled with that tinsel-veined feeling that foretells a thrilling day. From six in the morning until two in the afternoon, when she was placed in a wheelchair, trundled down the antiseptic hallways and placed in the elevator, Lana looked at her watch 42,569 times.

It was the longest eight-hour period she could remember since childhood, when it required two weeks for the 24th of December to pass. Also, the three blocks, traversed by means of flower-bordered back walks between the two hospitals, was the longest trip Lana had ever taken. Her wheelchair moved at a speed best described as the millenium creep.

But nothing can be delayed forever. Mrs. Crane was finally established in a small room just off the nursery and fitted with a gauze mask. "A fine way for my daughter to see her mother for the first time," she mumbled with difficulty through the medical snow storm.

The baby was awake, studying the world with solemn dark blue eyes. The nurse placed her in Lana's arms to be cuddled with that tenderness too poignant to be described. "Her hands!" said Lana. "Her chubby little hands!" And, unaccountably, she was crying again. She was seized with the impulse to clutch the warm little bundle in a fierce embrace, but of course it was one of those things that exists only in the mind and is never conveyed to the muscles.

"She smiled at me," Lana confided ecstatically to the beaming nurse.

"Babies at that age don't yet know how to smile," corrected the nurse gently. "She's just learning how to control her facial muscles in the same way that she learns, by batting her hands, to control her arms."

"All the same, she smiled at me," said Lana with finality. Afterward she told Steve, "I guess I can tell when my own baby smiles at me."

Steve's commanding officer had been extremely kind; he had allowed Steve a 30-day Class A pass, which meant that Steve could leave the Fort every afternoon around five o'clock and drive to Los Angeles. He had to report early the next morning, of course, but his free hours allowed him to visit both Lana and the baby—in their separate hospital—every night.

He seldom arrived empty-handed. On one occasion he brought Lana a package that had arrived from the East. It contained a beautiful white wool crib cover and a musical rattle from Steve's mother.

At another time he marched in with a diminutive shoe box under one arm.



A recent portrait of
CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
by Maria de Kammerer

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"Bootees," he explained. "Blue ones."
 "But little girls are supposed to wear pink ones."

"They didn't have any pink ones. Besides, I've always liked blue as a color."

He arrived another evening to spread out a jeweler's receipt on Lana's bed. He had ordered a baby ring, a bracelet (to which links can be added indefinitely as the young lady grows) and a St. Christopher medal on a fine chain, all in a matching set. Not only do the three yellow gold pieces match one another, they match the twin sets that Lana and Steve wear.

Not only is Steve one of these about-to-burst-with-pride fathers; he is a superlatively cooperative husband as well. As soon as Lana was able to go home from the hospital—under doctor's orders to take a series of exercises each day—Mr. Crane established the exercise schedule. "Now, you're supposed to do this for five minutes," he instructed. Together, the Cranes counted. "One, two. One, two."

back in form...

When Lana went to the hospital the day before the baby arrived, she weighed nearly 145 pounds. Today she weighs 115 and looks like a high school freshman. The first day she returned to Metro to visit, she was the envy of every girl on the lot. "Lana," sighed one of her friends, "always does everything so beautifully. She has a baby, then comes back with a figure that looks as if she had just spent two months skiing at Sun Valley. What a girl!"

"At least part of the credit should go to Steve," Lana said loyally. "He encourages me to keep up the exercise..." She grinned suddenly. "Some of them are a lot harder for him to do than they are for me."

Not only does Miss Cheryl have a pair of highly cooperative and photogenic parents, they're sensible as well. "I imagine you'll want her to get an early start as an actress," a friend suggested. "She looks as if she's going to be a beautiful little

girl, curly hair, blue eyes and wonderful smile."

Lana shook her mane of long blonde hair vigorously. "We want her to have a perfectly normal childhood. We want her to grow up as if she were living in Indianapolis, Indiana, or Wallace, Idaho. Then, when she's grown, we think that will be time enough for her to decide what she wants to do. No matter what she does, we want her to be tops, and that means that we'd a lot rather have her be the best popcorn-popper on earth than to be a poor actress."

Steve has now been honorably discharged from the Army. He was inducted originally as a 1B because of a foot condition. Now, however, with training growing more and more strenuous—lavish with 25-mile hikes, and ask any steaming jeep about them—the Army felt that Steve would be more useful in a civilian war effort capacity than he would be in the service.

Is it any wonder that Lana confided to her mother, while bathing the baby one morning, "I keep wondering if I oughtn't to pinch myself just to see if I'm dreaming. I have, for me, the best husband in the world. I have what seems to me to be the dearest baby in the world. I've had a wonderful career, and I think I'll be an even better actress when I go back to work than I was before the baby came. And I have you, Mother. Is it any wonder I'm so happy that I feel like a walking neon light?"

"You've been through a lot and you've worked hard," her mother said placidly. "Now go fix the baby's formula."

"When you go shopping," Lana closed the conversation, "I'll have the baby all to myself, since the nurse is having a day off. Have you thought about that? Today, I'll just be a mother all day. I'll change dummies, fix formulas and keep her amused. Get me—how'm I doing in my new role?"

"Very well," smiled Mrs. Turner. "It's a becoming part."

It certainly is.

FIGHTING FRENCHMAN!

(Continued from page 45)

and crashed around him. He escaped without a scratch.

For that cool episode of heroism—only one of a million more like it as Frenchmen fought and died for their homes in the great May blitz—Jean Pierre Aumont today wears the thin, scarlet ribbon of the Croix de Guerre in his lapel.

Jean Pierre Aumont doesn't look like a hero—neither a Hollywood hero, nor the real McCoy—although he certainly is both. He doesn't look his 31 years; he doesn't even look French. You could take him any day in the week for a young American college halfback. He's tall, boyish and bright with golden-tan skin and tumbling yellow hair that's always messed up in waves. He laughs every other minute; he's crazy about everything he does and everyone he meets. He's friendly and eager as a puppy dog, and he looks as completely without cares. You'd never in a million years look at his merry hazel eyes and guess they have stared into the jaws of death and that behind them now slumbers a fierce passion to kill Nazis and free his beloved France.

A few days ago Jean Pierre left Hollywood and Maria Montez to join the Fighting French. Right now he's in officer's training with the DeGaulle legions, then he goes to London or North Africa.

The day he left Hollywood ended a two-year furlough—as amazing and fantastic as any soldier ever had in any war. Because Jean Pierre considers his stay in Hollywood only a soldier's furlough. The day he fled Vichy France, he swore a grim oath to come back with a gun.

Those two years in between saw Jean Pierre Aumont, a penniless refugee, slip out of the Nazi noose, escape to a land where he couldn't even speak the language, act on the stage with Katharine Cornell, leap to movie stardom in one picture, marry Hollywood's most ravishing siren and rescue his family and friends from the Nazi yoke.

The war looked all over for Jean Pierre after he led his tank outfit from the Nazi trip. Hitler's hordes had swept on past the cut-up French army to corner the British at Dunkirk. The only thing for Sergeant Aumont and his buddies to do was head south in the general retreat. Not to Paris—a claw of the Wehrmacht was reaching for Paris, and the city that is the soul of France was giving up without a battle. Jean Pierre joined the panicked mob that stampeded south like fear-crazed cattle along highways, poplar-lined lanes and across the sunny spring fields of Mid-France. His buddies were quickly scattered and swallowed up. Soon Jean Pierre was left alone with his

motorcycle and his desperate anger. Those are the days that burn still in Jean Pierre Aumont's memory.

going home . . .

He wanted to go into Paris and for a while he thought he might slip in. Jean Pierre is a Parisian. He was born there. He went to school at the Academy of Dramatic Arts, and in Paris he became a stage idol and movie hero. The throb of the boulevards is in his pulse. His mother and father were still there. He had his own apartment with his treasures—his fine old furniture, his stacks of books, his clothes, his collection of French paintings. It was near a gate to Paris, and he knew if he could just get inside the limits, he could find it and rescue the most prized possessions. And he could see his family.

At a cross-roads he saw the sign: "Paris—60 kilos," and Jean headed his motorcycle up the road. The traffic was all one way—out. Nobody was going in. Jean Pierre stepped on it, and as he roared by people looked at him as if he were crazy. They yelled, "Le Boche, le Boche!"

He stopped to borrow a pint of gas from a citizen with a big car. While he siphoned it into his tank, a Parisian he knew called his name. When he learned that Jean Pierre was headed for Paris he said flatly, "It is impossible. The Germans are there."

"I know, but I have reasons." And

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Jean told them.

"No," said his friend. "Those are no longer reasons." He said the Germans had swarmed in the very gate where Jean's apartment was. Of course, they had looted it the first thing.

"But my family." His friend looked dismayed. "Where is my family?"

"Your father has left the city for the south," he said. "Your brother, as you know, is somewhere with the army. Your mother is dead."

Jean was stunned. "The Huns!"

The friend nodded. "Yes—not bombs or bullets. But just the same it was the Germans who killed her. She saw them come into the city. That was when her heart stopped."

That was why Jean Pierre joined the mob that went south. There was nowhere else for him to go. There was nothing for him now in Paris.

For days he crawled south on his motorcycle. When it coughed, out of gas, he pushed it. At last he abandoned it and walked. The roads were a crawling nightmare, a long winding slaughterhouse. Stukas swept over, bombing and striding the gigantic traffic jam. Killing children, old folks, crazily blasting stricken

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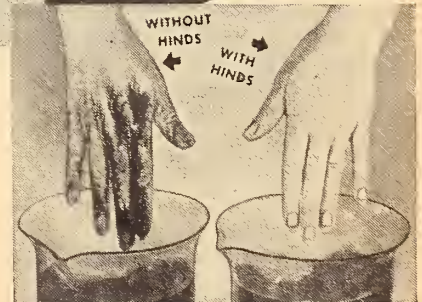
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humanity into quivering roadside death. There was no escape and no mercy from the black swastika-marked murderous wings. Empty cars stalled and blocked the roads. The retreating armies could not move. Jean Pierre saw all the ugly marks of sabotage and treason. His heart was sick.

He walked south for three weeks. Over 500 miles.

Jean Pierre does not like to talk about those three weeks. Some days of it still actually remain a blank in his memory. But some days he cannot forget. He was not frightened for himself. He had been through worse shot and shell in the blitz at the front. But the sight of his country bleeding itself to death from long helpless arteries made him sick.

So he walked until the soles dropped off his shoes. Sometimes he hitched a ride on a troop lorry until it was wrecked by a bomb or ran out of gas. He slept in ditches by the road where the mud was mixed with blood and sometimes in abandoned barns with the stock.

Jean Pierre carried lost kids with him until their parents found them. He tried to save a young boy's life on the roadside when a fragment tore open his throat. But actors are not surgeons. He ate wherever he could find food and that, sometimes, was surprisingly easy. Peasants had abandoned their farms leaving the livestock there that couldn't be driven off. Jean milked abandoned cows and passed the milk to the kids on the road. It is hard for Jean Pierre to think, now, of all the things he did or all that actually happened to him or when. Time had no meaning. People fell, gushing blood from wounds or staggered from concussion all around him. Dirt blew in his face, and he was often knocked flat. But for some reason Jean Pierre Aumont was spared. He survived to drag into Toulouse one day, in rags, his skin black with sun and dirt and a beard to make him a real "hairy one," a *poilu*.

Then he learned of the infamous treaty at Versailles. It had only one slight consolation. Toulouse was in Unoccupied France. At least he would not have the Nazi heel directly on his neck. There might now be another place for a Frenchman to fight from. Sergeant Jean Pierre Aumont reported to the army. He expected surely to be outfitted again and sent to Africa. France could not fall. But like the hopes of millions of French patriots, Jean Pierre's were blasted. The Vichy regime took over. He was demobilized by terms of the treaty.

You'd think an experience like that would harden a man—especially a sensitive actor like Jean Pierre Aumont—a defeatist complex and an outlook as bitter as quinine. That's what amazes you when you meet the guy today. He's full of fun and pep and spunk.

He was that way, too, in a lopped off France where everything was cockeyed and where rabbits were running the country. Where Quislings were aping the Nazis and the sacred words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" were officially banned. At first, Jean Pierre thought he could do something to help rescue France. As soon as he had located his father and brother and a few friends from Paris, he set about seeing what he could do to help. He was no longer a soldier—that was forbidden—but he still could act.

He gathered together a troupe of refugee Parisian actors and toured Unoccupied France and the African Empire giving shows. The shows were all traditional plays dear to the French race, glorifying its history, making French blood run faster and pride surge up in defeated hearts. Jean Pierre played every French legend from the "Chanson de Roland" on down. He went all over "free" France and to Algiers, Tunis, Casablanca, Rabat, Bizerte. How much good he did he doesn't know. But when he got back to France he saw Vichy knuckling under more and more to the *Herrenvolk*.

Sooner or later Germany would have all of France, either actually or by traitor rule. There would be nothing for a patriot but the firing squad. Jean Pierre resolved to run away so he could fight another day.

It wasn't as easy as it sounded. Jean applied for a passport to the United States. Refused. What was the reason? Jean had none. Then he found an old friend and mentor, Jouvett, who had been the Orson Welles of France when Jean Pierre was studying for the Comedie Francaise. Jouvett was leaving with some actors to play in South America. He asked Jean Pierre along.

But, when he applied for his passport, there was a mysterious delay. Jouvett's troupe had to leave without him. Jean Pierre still doesn't know what it was all about—whether his patriotic plays made Vichy suspicious—or whether it was just a mess of red tape. Finally one day they called him. "Your passport is now ready. But what is your reason now? Your company is already in South America." Jean Pierre thought fast.

"Oh," he said, "I have a stage offer en

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1943.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1943.

(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH. (My Commission expires March 30, 1944.)

route in New York. It is very important." He lied, of course. He didn't know one producer in New York. But they handed him a passport for South America with a transit visa to the United States and he didn't ask questions. He took the train through Spain to Lisbon. He had two suits and three shirts and a little over \$500, which he'd borrowed from friends.

Jean Pierre took a Portuguese boat out of Lisbon the next day for New York. He rode in the steerage, sleeping on the floor, packed in with hundreds of other refugees. The passage was \$500, and later when he sent for his father and brother it had jumped to \$1000. Jean Pierre had only a few hundred dollars more than that. But nothing could dampen his spirits.

It didn't bother him a bit when he landed in New York with hardly a dollar in his pocket. He was entranced by the wonderful city. The first day he walked all over it, until his legs almost fell off, bareheaded, in an old mussed suit, muttering "Marvelous!" as he crooked his neck up at the tall buildings.

He found a tiny hotel room for \$10 a week. He didn't have the ten but he knew he would have. This America was too marvelous. It had something for him. He went to bed that night smiling because he felt free and shot with luck. Sure enough, the next morning, walking down Fifth Avenue, he ran into a successful playwright he had known in Paris, in whose plays and movies he had even acted. "What are you doing here, Jean Pierre?" cried Henri Bernstein, as if he was seeing a vision. "I have been cabling all over France and London for you!"

Jean Pierre just grinned. He knew he was lucky. He felt fine.

"Katharine Cornell is producing a play of mine," he explained. "There is a part of a Frenchman. You are the one to do it. Heaven must have sent you."

They hustled over to Guthrie McClintic's office (he's Katharine Cornell's producer husband) and met Cornell. She was struck at once with the handsome, enthusiastic Frenchman. Jean Pierre was signed up that afternoon for "Rose Burke," Cornell's new play. It was about the French underground. Jean Pierre thought in that small way he could make a start to fight back for his country.

As if to keep up the lucky run, that same evening, Jean Pierre called another Parisian friend, whom Bernstein had told him was in New York. The friend, the famous poet and novelist, Antoine de Saint Exupery, (who wrote "Wind, Sand and Stars" and "Flight to Arras") was delighted to hear from Jean Pierre. "Where are you staying?" he asked.

"I am leaving for London tomorrow," said Saint Exupery. "You must move into my apartment." The apartment was a penthouse facing Central Park. It rented for \$400 a month.

From then on, everything that happened to Jean Pierre Aumont was wonderful. He went up to Canada and played in the French country that knew him from his Parisian movies. He found old friends in and around New York. He found Anna-bella, with her husband, Tyrone Power, up in Connecticut doing the summer stock circuit.

Then his transit visa ran out. He had to leave the United States and go—of all places—to Honduras! That's where his passport read, Honduras.

Anyone else might have been crushed by this bit of international red tape. But Jean Pierre's eager good nature accepted it as an opportunity. He sailed to Honduras, and spent his allotted time touring every country he could get to—Nicaragua, Panama, Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba. Then he came into the United States on a per-

(Continued on page 86)

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Holland



Here you see Philip Dorn in the process of preparing Poffertjes—which are not for the likes of us, because we can't secure the special iron in which they're cooked.



But we can all enjoy hearty, simple Dutch specialties, like Bal Gehakt and Hutspot—which are great favorites with Philip and for which Mrs. Dorn gave us recipes.

• It was back in 1939 that Philip Dorn, well known Dutch actor, left Holland for Hollywood. Thus he escaped those tragic five days in May, 1940, when the Germans overran his native land and ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed its neutrality—that highly prized and jealously guarded neutrality which had brought a hundred years of peace and prosperity to a freedom loving people.

But, although thousands of miles from his homeland, in his film roles Mr. Dorn has never traveled far from the continent of his birth—having depicted Europeans consistently and, as we all know, with distinction, ever since his arrival in America. (You remember him as the Yugoslavian General in "Chetniks" and more recently as a Frenchman in 20th Century-Fox's "Paris After Dark." You'll see him next in Warners' "Passage to Marseilles.")

In his habits and personal preferences Philip Dorn is still almost as much a Hollander at heart as he was back in the days when he was a proud member of the "Queen's Guard." Certainly this is the case where his food tastes are concerned. For although his wife, Marianna, has learned how to prepare many American dishes, no week is considered complete, gastronomically, unless several Dutch specialties appear on the Dorn dinner table. Some of these food favorites of theirs are closely connected with the traditions of their native land. For example there's *Hutspot*—about which Philip had this interesting tale to tell.

It seems that Hollanders all over the world serve *Hutspot* on the 3rd of every October, to commemorate the lifting of the Siege of Leiden—known as *Leiden Ontzet*. According to the story—which is as well known to every little Dutch boy and girl as the Battle of Bunker Hill is to our children—in 1573, during the Eighty Years War, Philip II of Spain sent the Duke of Alva to clean up "those people of butter and cheese" as he scornfully termed the Dutch. The Duke's armies camped around Leiden for a full year—trying to starve out that city. Within its gates people were dying in the streets; but although reduced to eating dogs, cats and even shoes, the doughty Dutchmen stubbornly refused to yield!

Then, on October 3rd, a starving 11-year-old boy, in search of food, crept out of town and into the enemy camp. It was he who discovered that the discouraged Spaniards had folded their tents and stolen away. In their deserted camp the youth found a concoction of onions, carrots and potatoes. Behold, *Hutspot*—which Dutchmen have been eating ever since.

You, too, will like this idea of combining several vegetables in a single dish, where the identity of each is merged into a tasty whole. You may even wish to serve it with new herring, as the Dutch do. But speaking for myself I prefer Mrs. Dorn's idea of surrounding this vegetable melange with Bal Gehakt—Meat Balls to you—which turn out to be as tasty as one could wish and as thrifty as all get out!

Another Dutch favorite that I learned about from the Dorns goes by the intriguing name of *Snert*. This is a fine, filling soup. In fact "hearty" would best describe this and almost all Dutch dishes, for they go in for copious quantities of heavy foods.

Also, according to Philip, we should all become acquainted with *Poffertjes*. But since the Dorns own one of the only three Poffertjes pans in the United States, we'll have to wait until after the war to make them. Meanwhile we can enjoy the other point-wise recipes given us by the Dorns. As we do, we can hope with Philip and Hollanders everywhere that their brave little country will, as he

By Marjorie Deen

expressed it, "soon regain its status as one of the most prosperous nations in the world—to resume its march of progress in the proud company of FREE men!"

HUTSPOT (Vegetable Medley)

2 pounds carrots
1 pound onions
2 pounds potatoes
2 tablespoons butter or other fat
Salt, pepper

Scrape and slice carrots, peel and slice onions. Cook, separately, in small amount of boiling water until tender. Drain, reserving carrot water. Peel and dice potatoes, cook until tender, drain thoroughly. Mash all together, or force through coarse sieve. Blend with butter, season to taste. Moisten with a little of the carrot liquid, if desired. Place over low heat, or in top of double boiler for 10 minutes, to blend flavors. Serves 4-6.

Another good vegetable combination for Hutspot is potatoes and cabbage—with or without onions, as desired. In preparing this the potatoes only are mashed—the cabbage (and the onions, when used) being cooked and chopped, then blended with the potatoes lightly, so that they retain their identity. A sprinkling of nutmeg at the very last adds flavor and distinction.

BAL GEHAKT (Meat Balls)

2 slices stale bread
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup hot water
1 pound ground beef
2 Holland rusks
1 tablespoon minced parsley
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
1 small onion, minced
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 cup tomato juice

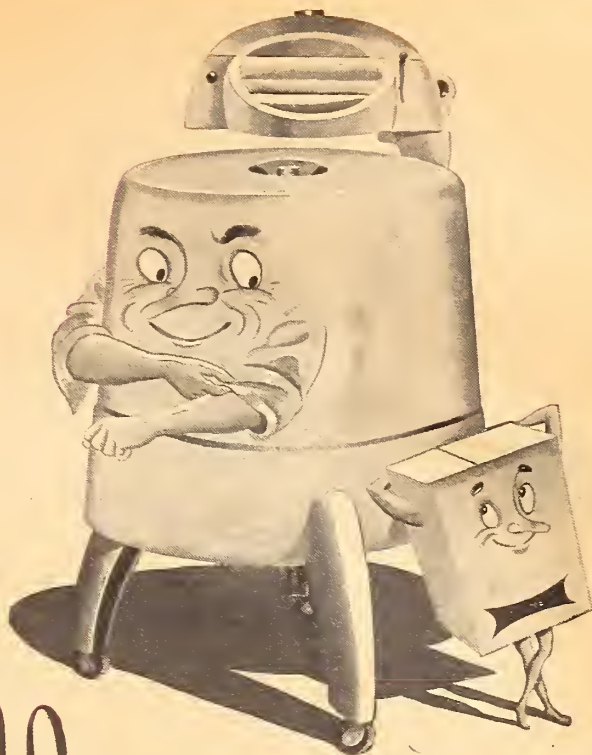
Soak the bread in the hot water. Add the meat, the rusks which have been crumbled into crumbs, the parsley, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Mix together thoroughly. (Mrs. Dorn advises performing this operation with your hands.) Mix in the onion and egg with a fork. Form into 8 large flat cakes, with slightly floured hands. Fry on both sides in hot fat until browned. Add the tomato juice, cover tightly, simmer 15 minutes. Serve on hot platter surrounding Hutspot. Serves 4.

SNERT (Dried Green Pea Soup)

Wash and pick over $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups dried green peas. Cover with cold water, soak overnight. In the morning drain, place in kettle with $2\frac{1}{2}$ quarts water. Bring to a boil, add 2 pig's feet.* Cover and simmer 3 hours, or until meat can be easily detached from the bone. Strain. Return soup to kettle, together with meat cut from bone. Add 4 slices leeks**, 1 stalk celery, chopped, 1 diced carrot, 1 diced potato and 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Season to taste. Simmer 1 hour longer. For company purposes strain before serving, advises Mrs. Dorn. But, for regular family use, leave in all the vegetables—which certainly makes this a filling dish as well as an economical one. This soup is so noticeably better the second day that most Dutch housewives prepare it a day ahead.

* A ham bone or marrow bone may be substituted for the pig's feet. But since pig's feet are point free (!) they deserve special consideration.

** Or onions, but leeks are preferable.



"Well—
what are we waiting for?"

Washing Machine—"Why don't they bring me some wash? I'm good and tired of sitting here doing nothing. And by the way, Shorty, where have *you* been?"

Fels-Naptha—"Take it easy, Old-Timer. Don't forget that I'm a very popular lad just now. Your Missus waited three days for me this week."

Washing Machine—"She must be losing her mind. What have you got that other soaps haven't got?"

Fels-Naptha—"Brother, I've got NAPTHA! And do the smart gals go for that. If it wasn't for me, you'd be in the Home for Worn-Out Washers right now."

Washing Machine—"Is that so! Why you little . . ."

Fels-Naptha—"Jiggers! Here she comes. And look at that wash. Lift your lid, Pal, this is a job for Fels-Naptha—and I do mean NAPTHA!"



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



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MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP



(Continued from page 83)
manent passport. He landed in Miami, Florida, and faced the immigration officer.

"Do you plan to kill the President of the United States?" asked the man.

Jean Pierre said he did not.

"Are you a bigamist?"

Jean Pierre said he was a bachelor.

"Okay."

In spite of his lovely accent and new English, Jean Pierre did not make a big Broadway hit in "Rose Burke." It never reached Broadway. In a way, he was lucky it didn't. Instead, Cornell tried out the play all over the United States. Jean Pierre had the time of his life seeing the cities of this great America—Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco. In the Bay City a Hollywood scout saw him and wanted to sign him right away, "Oh, no," replied Jean Pierre politely. "I am engaged in this play. It will probably run for years." It ran one month more.

All he had to do, though, was let M-G-M know he was at liberty. They wired him to come right out to Hollywood for "Assignment in Brittany." The letter explained the story was about a French soldier who slips back into Occupied France and conducts an underground war against the Nazis. That was all he needed.

Jean Pierre Aumont is such an inquisitive, eager gent that the idea of

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crashing Hollywood with an ideal part made him jump with joy. Years ago when Charles Boyer had come to Hollywood, he had written J. P. "Come over here at once or you will make the mistake of your life." Jean was so busy abroad then that he couldn't tear away. But in spite of his very real itch to crash Hollywood now, he simply had to do some exploring on the way. That's the way Jean Pierre is made; he has to see something new every minute. Even though he had already toured America by train, he wasn't satisfied. When Philip Merivale, who was also in "Rose Burke," offered his car, Jean Pierre happily set out to drive to California. He didn't notice that the license plates were out of date.

In a small town in Tennessee a local cop did, though. He pinched Jean Pierre. He discovered the car wasn't his. He noticed the accent. He tossed Jean Pierre in jail. A spy, anyway, maybe a saboteur.

They asked Pierre questions. One was, "Would you salute the flag of the United States?" Jean's English failed him for the first time in the confusion. He didn't quite get it.

"Oh, no!" he protested. "Certainly not." That was bad.

It took three days and long distance telephone calls to Merivale and Katharine Cornell to spring Jean Pierre.

He got a lot of hazing on his first picture, "Assignment in Brittany" and when he made "Cross of Lorraine," he really got the works—because it was during that

that he married Maria Montez. That's when they plastered his dressing room with orchids, jazzed up the wedding march and went on from there to some bawdy bits of business that you can't print here. Jean Pierre was a good sport through it all. In fact, he was delighted.

One afternoon in his room at the Beverly Hills Hotel he heard the radio announce the landing of the Yanks in North Africa. At first, Jean paid no attention. He thought it was some military seer predicting what could happen in the future. He turned the box on again at six o'clock. There wasn't any mistake about it. They had landed, and French North Africa was going over to Freedom!

Jean, who was reading on the couch, leaped up and ran downstairs to the desk. When he gets excited he runs around like a chicken with its head off. (He had the darndest time getting married!) Anyway, this time he ran around the hotel—to the swimming pool, the bar, the cigar stand. Finally he hit the right place—the Western Union booth. He sent off a telegram to the Free French Headquarters in Washington. He asked to enlist.

But they sent him to New York first, to beam propaganda broadcasts to France for the OWI. He beamed another kind of propaganda elsewhere that trip, too.

Because it was there that Jean Pierre went to a stag luncheon at "Twenty-One" and wanted a match for his cigarette. Why he didn't just ask someone handy for one, he'll never know. But he didn't; instead he slipped down to the first floor and who was sitting at a table but Maria Montez, the Hollywood charmer from San Domingo. She said, "How do you do, Monsieur Aumont."

"Tres bien, merci,—et vous, Made-moiselle Montez?"

She said she was fine and then Jean asked her to dinner and then they went to see the Lunts in "The Pirate." Jean Pierre remembers the date—it was February 13. Before he left New York they were engaged. How's that for fast work?

Maria and Jean Pierre had met briefly before. It was at a party at Lady Mendl's in London. Jean had just made a French picture called "Lac aux Dames." In it he was a swimming teacher who had a resort full of babes just crazy about him. He walked through the picture practically naked, like Tarzan. Someone at Lady Mendl's party said they thought the picture was awful and Jean Pierre an exhibitionist. But Maria said, "I don't know. I kind of like him."

The day they met again was the 13th. Yep—the old running jinx. So they got married in Hollywood on a 13th a couple of months afterwards.

The Aumonts not only make a very easy couple to look upon, but they're ideally suited. Maria, volatile and full of life like Jean, had travelled a lot in Europe, knows the same people he does and has the Continental approach to life. She has been one of the most popular of the recent Hollywood charmers, of course, and was engaged to a British flyer who was killed before she met Jean Pierre. Jean had been concentrating on Joan Crawford and Hedy Lamarr before he met Maria. She'll have her work as Universal's jungle siren to keep her warm while Jean's away in the army.

When Jean Pierre left Hollywood the other day to rejoin, there was a farewell party, of course. His scores of adoring Hollywood pals weren't going to miss seeing him off and wishing him luck.

"Frankly, Jean," said somebody, "I don't see why you feel you must leave. After all, you've certainly done your part."

Jean's face sobered. "I am a Frenchman," he said, "And my country must be free."

Farewell to Happiness!

You may be startled by this frankly-written story... But wise wives will see the answer to many an unhappy marriage!

LOOKING back, Mary tried to remember just when it was that Jim had begun to change. That might tell her what was wrong.

It wasn't as if they really quarreled. If they did... she might find a clue. But how could you quarrel with a husband who just stayed aloof and silent—and drifted farther and farther away, taking your happiness with him.

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Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.

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Improves your complexion.

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"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER"

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 49)

The day the company was scheduled to shoot it, Deanna arrived burdened down with knives, forks, spoons, announced that as long as she would have to expend all that energy during rehearsals and takes she might as well get one of her household chores done at the same time.

During production, leading man Franchot Tone was expecting to become a father at any moment. Halfway through the picture, his wife Jean called him at 2:00 one afternoon, hinted that the flapping of the stork's wings was getting louder, and maybe he'd better come take her to the hospital. The shooting schedule was rearranged so they could make scenes without Tone, and the next afternoon he was back handing out blue-banded cigars to his fellow cast members, both men AND women. Confided Tone: "I thought I could be very sophisticated about this whole thing, but I'm not at all!" The beaming papa also announced the baby's new name, Pascal.

Pat O'Brien's midget car was the envy of everyone on the lot. Each day he would smugly announce some new, saving feature he had just discovered, as he drove it right onto the sound stage. Finally the other A-card holders, with their gas-eating king-size cars, decided a practical joke was in order, to counteract the O'Brien boastfulness. The very next day, he finished his scenes early, strolled to his little auto, hopped in, started it and turned back to wave farewell to the unlucky people who still had hours of work to do. Shifting into first, he stepped on the gas. But instead of spurting forward in a graceful arc toward the street, he discovered he wasn't moving an inch! The boys had propped up his back wheels on wooden blocks, and before he could move the baby buggy, he had to get out and lug and tug at the props.

Tippy, Deanna's famous pooch, died one night though Deanna took him to a veterinarian the moment she discovered he was looking a little pale. (He had been her pal ever since she made "Three Smart Girls.") She didn't have enough gas to go all the way home again, so she spent the rest of the night at the dog hospital and went right to work from there.

On her few days off, Deanna went shopping for wedding presents for Sally Wohl, her pretty brunette secretary. When she was younger, Deanna used to dress like a sophisticate of 21 so she could shop unrecognized. Now that the public is used to seeing her in things by Adrian, she reverses the procedure and dons bobby socks, dirndls and matching bandannas for her store-searching tours.

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We've got a story to tell you. A story too big, too vital to squinch down into a couple of inches of space. It's about the Junior Red Cross and the colossal job it's doing for service men, for kids in bomb-torn places abroad, for our own civilian population. It's a story about a bunch of bright-eyed kids in high school serving as messengers, Nurses' Aides, staff assistants, in canteens. You're terribly important in this war, you with the saddle shoes and the bows in your hair. So important that you just mustn't waste a day getting down to your local Red Cross chapter and signing up with the Juniors.

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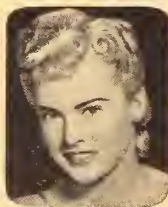
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Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER" STORY

(Continued from page 49)

and her face went very grave before she laughed again. "You don't know me, Martin," she said, as if discovering some amazing fact.

"No," the man said.
"You haven't changed a bit. Not really. But I forgot I've grown up. You probably remember me in pigtails and freckles and a shiny nose. Martin, I'm Ann!"
"Annie?" the man said incredulously. "Little Annie?"

"I suppose I should have told you I was coming. But I wanted to surprise you—"

"You did," Martin said.
"After all, I always knew I was coming to New York, and when you sent the letter and the money, well, I just up and came. I'm going on the stage, Martin—"
"Are you?" he said.

"And, of course, if I came to New York, I wouldn't dream of staying anywhere but with you. But I never expected anything like this. Martin, this is like a palace. It's wonderful. Oh, I knew you were rich, Martin, when you sent me the money, but I never thought—"

"You can't stay here," Martin said. She swung around as if he had hit her: "Can't? Why?"

"Look, kid," he said. "There isn't any room."

"But this place is huge." She looked around bewildered. "It's enormous."
Martin said suddenly, sharply. "It isn't mine. That's why."

"Not yours?"
"I just work here," Martin said swiftly. "Look, kid. I'm the butler. That's all. Just the butler."

"The butler," Ann said and collapsed into a chair.

"And you're the butler's sister. And I don't know how the boss is going to do for that."

Practical scrubwoman . . .

She was still under the spell of the beautiful room. The large gracious french windows looked out on a terrace that hovered over the sparkling Manhattan skyline. "Two pianos," Ann said in dazed voice. "Two pianos."

"Yeah. That's the boss' business. Charles Gerard. Ever hear of him?"

"Ever hear of him?" Ann said. "Everybody knows Charles Gerard. Everybody sings his music. He's wonderful."

"Maybe," Martin said. "But he's coming home tomorrow, and I don't know how he goes for sisters."

"Martin!" the girl said.

"Now wait a minute," Martin said. "I couldn't ask for anything better," Ann said. "Charles Gerard. If I could just sing for him—"

"That's out," Martin said. "He hates me singing for him. I comb them out of his hair every morning."

"Or even just be around. Couldn't I work here, Martin? Anything. Cleaning. Scrubbing. A maid—"

"We do need a maid."

"Then it's all settled," she said happily. "He doesn't have to know I'm your sister."
"But no chirping," Martin said. "You never heard of singing. And don't talk so much either."

"Oh, Martin," Ann said ecstatically. "I'll be a wonderful maid. Wait. You'll see."
"Yeah," Martin said gloomily.

ring fever . . .

Charles Gerard, as it turned out, was

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neither bald headed, grumpy nor addicted to cigars. As a matter of fact he was surprisingly young. And handsome.

"You're the new maid?" he said.

"Yes," Ann said demurely.

"What was your name again?" Ann? Isn't that what Severina told me?"

"Severina?" Ann said. "Oh, the cook."

Charles looked at her a little puzzled.

Martin said fiercely that the more he thought of the idea, the less he liked it. Ann would have to go home. Severina, the cook, said serenely and portentously that as long as Ann was in New York, she had to have a job anyway. Ann said very little. She spent a good deal of her time smiling whenever Charles Gerard hove into view.

The tall handsome building on Park Avenue suddenly and mysteriously began to hum with new life. This was not due to Charles Gerard's music at all; it was due, it seemed, to Mr. Gerard's new maid. Popoff, the butler for a gentleman on the 17th floor, suddenly began to whistle at his work after seeing Ann on the service elevator. Ditto for Jenkins, the butler on the sixth; ditto for Emmet, a dashing uniformed chauffeur; ditto for Reeves; ditto for Moreno.

Charles Gerard was about to step into the passenger elevator one fine afternoon when the service elevator halted at the floor, and Ann emerged, followed almost immediately by her retinue of butlers gathered from the several floors, each carrying a package of Ann's marketing. "Shopping?" said Charles pleasantly.

Ann blushed; she gestured vaguely at the small army behind her: "They're just helping," she said.

"Hmm," said Charles Gerard.

And for some obscure reason he stepped into the passenger elevator whistling.

It might have gone along that way, eternal Spring, but then the Gerard party came along. Martin pattered nervously in the kitchen getting the hors d'oeuvres ready for Ann to take into the living room; Martin had a feeling of doom about that night. He wasn't far wrong.

First: Liz Campbell came.

Liz was really Elizabeth, tall, shining and beautiful. Liz was Society with all the letters capitalized, and Liz was in love with Charles Gerard. Liz couldn't understand his preoccupation with music and shows and Broadway. On the parapet of the terrace that night she coaxed:

"Give it up, darling," she said. "You've made enough money."

"Yes," Charles said. "I suppose I have."

"And, darling, if you care to turn a bit, just a little to the right, you'll find I'm waiting."

He looked at her: "You're beautiful."

"Am I? Really?"

"More than beautiful."

"I'm going up to Maine," she said swiftly. "Come up with me, Charles. You need a change. It would do you good."

"I don't know. There's the show—"

"Let it go. You said yourself the music wasn't going right."

"That's true."

He was leaning toward her when something rattled at the door of the terrace, and Ann's voice said sweetly: "Would you care for anything to eat?"

Liz said no.

That night, too, second of Martin's nightmares, Kalb had hiccups.

Kalb was a little man with a large bankroll; and Kalb was the man who put on all of Gerald's shows.

Kalb said: "Do something, somebody."

Ann did something. She took Kalb's hand and firmly pressed the fingers against his nose. Then she grabbed the lobes of his ears and pulled them forward, half lifting Kalb out of the chair he was sitting

in. Then all at once she released him, and he dropped back like a sack.

"There!" Ann said triumphantly.

"It's gone," Kalb said. "Hic! It's gone."

His hand was still to his nose. But through the spread of his fingers, he was regarding Ann. He was regarding Ann with a sort of stunned look, like a man who has long been in the jungles.

Kalb said: "What a maid!"

Martin was white and shaking.

moonlight sonata . . .

The third thing that happened that night happened after the party. The large apartment was almost dark. Only the light of the moon seeped through the half opened blinds. At one of the pianos in the large living room, Charles Gerard was sitting, letting his fingers stray over the keyboard, striking bits of melody, letting them run. He looked up once and found Ann watching him from a corner.

She said softly: "That was a lovely tune."

"Did you like it?" he said. "I always have, too."

"You write beautiful music," she said.

"Wrote, you mean," he said slowly. "I'm thinking of giving it up."

She didn't say anything, standing there in the shaft of moonlight, and then she turned away: "Good night," she said.

Charles stayed at the piano, watching her go. He felt, somehow, oddly dissatisfied. Well, he was going away; maybe that would help. Change. Liz.

The next morning Martin grinned cheerfully at Ann in the kitchen of the large apartment. Severina was at the stove mumbling in Swedish at the obstinacy of water that refused to boil.

Martin said: "Well, kid, you've had your little fling."

"What do you mean?" Ann said quickly.

"My headache is over. You're going home. Where you belong, too."

"I don't want to go home," she said.

"It's all over, I told you," Martin said.

"The boss is leaving for Maine today! he told me. We don't need a maid anymore."

"He's really going?" she said.

"Sure," Martin said. "That Campbell gal can give lessons to a magnet."

Ann bent her head.

"I'm sorry, kid," Martin said solicitously. "Just figure it as a vacation and that's all. You'll get back home and you'll see . . ."

"Maybe," Ann said.

She rose, and running blindly, she fled from the room. She found herself in the living room. Walking mechanically she headed for the piano and sat down on the small chair, her hands resting on the keys. Then she looked up at the closed door that led to Charles Gerard's room she began to sing. And then, suddenly she thought of Kalb.

exposée . . .

Charles Gerard said to Miss Gurkin who was Kalb's secretary and general factotum: "I've got to see him right away."

Miss Gurkin said: "He's busy just now."

"So am I," Charles said pleasantly and pushed the door open and walked inside.

Kalb was talking to a girl whose back was to Charles as he entered. The back was pretty; it hinted that the front was even prettier. Kalb was saying: "I ain't said you ain't got a voice, see? A I'm saying is you need a guy like me to bring them all out together. You get it?"

"Kalb," Charles said. "Can I see you?"

The girl turned around. It was Ann. Charles said something that sounded like: "I beg your pardon."

Kalb said: "Charley. You did me a favor when you fired this girl. She's got a future. She ain't no maid anywa. Sit down, Charlie. Be right with you

"No, Kalb," Charles said. "I just came to tell you the show's off."

"Off!" Kalb said in the strangled voice of a man who has perhaps just heard of the death of someone near and loved.

"You heard it," Charles said. "I'm finished. Washed up. The music won't come."

"I got it all set," Kalb said. "You can't run out on me now."

"I'm sorry, Kalb," Charles said.

The little room over the empty street in the theatrical district was suddenly quiet. No one said anything. Kalb was white. Charles tense. Then Ann spoke.

"It won't work. It won't," she said fiercely.

"I beg your pardon," Charles said.

"You think you can give it up. You think you can be happy away from your work. You won't. You can't. You'll see. But then it'll be too late. If you go away now, you'll never come back—"

Charles stared at her incredulously.

Ann bit her lip. "I'm sorry," she said.

"But I—I wasn't speaking as your maid then. I was just speaking as someone who knows and loves your music—"

She looked at them, from Charles to Kalb and then back to Charles again, a little wildly. And then suddenly, without another word, she fled from the room.

Charles Gerard came back to his Park Avenue apartment very thoughtfully. In the foyer of the smart apartment he found his packed bag leaning against the wall. He picked it up and hefted it. He started for the door. And then he stopped and rang for Martin. He hardly noticed that Martin was in evening clothes. He said, almost inaudibly: "Is Ann still here? I'd like to speak to her a moment."

But when Ann came in, he did notice, immediately, that she was in an evening dress. She stood waiting for him.

"You look very well, Miss Carter."

"Thank you. It's Popoff's party."

"Popoff?" he said.

"The butler on the 17th floor. It's his birthday party. At the Troika."

"The Troika," he said inanely.

"Yes," Ann said. "Martin told me you wanted to see me."

"I didn't want you to think—" he began lamely. "This afternoon, I mean. I wasn't angry. I mean I think it was decent of you to take an interest in me . . ."

"Yes?" she said.

"I just wanted you to know that before I left. In case I don't see you again."

"You're going?" Ann said.

"Yes."

"Good-by, Mr. Gerard," Ann said blankly; and she turned and walked back to the kitchen where Popoff, Emmett, Reeves and Moreno were waiting for her.

Charles Gerard stood for some while looking at the empty space where Ann had stood. Then he sighed heavily, picked up his bag and went out.

The Troika was Russian. You could tell that because they served caviar. And they were eating caviar, wagon loads of it, at Popoff's birthday table. The room was very gay, very loud. A cossack twirled on the floor and disappeared. The band, every once so often, broke into "Happy Birthday" to Popoff, which was sung in progressively louder voices at Popoff's table as the night wore on. Then in the middle of a song, the band suddenly broke off the thread of melody they were playing and began something different. An old song. By a man named Charles Gerard.

A voice said in Ann's ear: "May I have this dance, please? After all, it is my song they're playing."

cross fire . . .

And it wasn't until they were on the

dance floor, twirling slowly to the magic music, that Ann fully realized that she was in Charles Gerard's arms.

"You didn't go," she said softly.

"No."

"Why?"

"I missed the train," he said. "And then, too, I found I couldn't run out on Kalb and the show and—"

"I could dance forever," Ann said.

"Could you?" Charles Gerard said.

And then, somehow, they weren't at the Troika any more. They were in a small place called the Club Intime. And then they went to another place. And late, very late, that night, they were walking up a dark Park Avenue, together, silent.

They were silent until they reached the apartment, and then in the foyer with the doors that led one way to the servants' quarters and the other to the large beautiful living room, they still stood silent.

And very softly, very tenderly, Charles kissed her.

She stood in her room later, ecstatic. She was in love, she thought suddenly; yes, that was it, she was in love. She thought she always had been, from the first moment she had seen him. Smiling, she turned a pirouette in the room.

Someone knocked on the door. Martin's voice said: "Can I come in?"

She saw the anger on his face as soon as he was in the room. He said sharply: "You little fool. What did you think you were doing? Where were you?"

"We were just walking, Martin," she said.

"Just walking," he said harshly. "Do you think I'm going to let that cheap song plugger take you for a ride?"

"Martin!"

"You're getting out of here in the morning," he said. "See? You're going home."

"Martin, I love him."

"Sure. I've heard that before, too. What's

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it going to get you, do you think?"

"He loves me."

"Sure! Sure!" Martin said fiercely. "You're going home. I'll see to that."

He slammed out of the room angrily.

's' wonderful world . . .

Martin did it subtly. He didn't talk to Ann in the morning. He talked to Gerard. Bringing in the breakfast tray, he remarked almost casually that it was a pleasant day, and did the boss have a hangover? The boss said he didn't. She was a cute kid, that Ann, wasn't she, Martin said; just like all of them, though.

"All of them?" Charles said.

"Sure. Stagestruck. Bragging to me that she's got you on a string now. You're going to star her. She really believes it."

"Oh," Charles said. "Is that it?"

"All of us knew it, of course," Martin said. "You know how it is between servants. Everyone in the house knows it."

"Oh," Charles said again. Then he seemed to shrug; Martin watched him carefully. "I'll be leaving today," he said in a tired voice. "I missed the train last night . . ."

"Yes, sir," Martin said.

So it was a party night again. This time it was the Butler's Ball. Ann didn't want to go. She was going home. She was hurt, puzzled. Charles had left, after all, telling her in a few careful words how pleasant the evening had been.

Love! she thought angrily.

So she didn't want to go to the butlers' ball. She didn't feel in a party mood. All she wanted to do now was run away, run back home, to the safe small town that didn't know Charles Gerard and didn't care about him. But Popoff, Reeves, Emmett and Moreno, and even Martin made her go. They wouldn't take no.

She went, then. The large room was all glitter and movement. In their white ties and tails the butlers were indistinguishable from the society nabobs they served.

Popoff was on the stage; his voice boomed out: "And now, we will hear a

song from my favorite, from everybody's favorite, Miss Ann Carter—"

It didn't matter really. They wanted her to sing. All right, then, she'd sing for them. They thought singing was just a matter of voice. But when it was good, when it was great, it came from the heart.

She felt their eyes on her as she walked to the stage. She stood looking out over them as the orchestra whispered into the introduction. And she began to sing.

Then a strange thing happened.

It was a butlers' ball, remember. Masters didn't attend. But there was a figure in the rear, near the door, moving now toward the stage. The spread of the shoulders, the way he held his head. On the stage, Ann almost stopped singing.

"Charles," she whispered. "Charles . . ."

It was. She could never mistake him. Even if her eyes were blind, her heart would tell her. And slowly, steadily, he was coming toward her and his eyes were alight with welcome.

Whatever had happened, he hadn't gone after all. And there could only be one reason for that. Only one reason. Her voice rose, soared. He came up the stage and she held out her hands to him. His eyes were smiling as he took her hands. And then she was singing for him alone.

It was a love song.

THE CAST

Ann Carter.....DEANNA DURBIN
Martin Carter.....PAT O'BRIEN
Charles Gerard....FRANCHOT TONE
Liz Campbell.....EVELYN ANKERS
Severina.....ELSA JANSEN
Mortimer Kalb...WALTER CATLETT
Popoff.....AKIM TAMIROFF
Buzz.....ALAN MOWBRAY
Emmet.....FRANK JENKS
Moreno.....SIG ARNO
Reeves.....FRANKLIN PANGBORN
Brophy.....ANDREW TOMBES

WINTER SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 67)

damsels on this globe, from Cleopatra to Hedy Lamarr, are lucky enough never to have a skin blemish. But, take heart, medicated creams help to dry skin irritations and prevent their spreading. A special bleach cream is yours if you would be a Snow White despite the sad and sallow remains of last summer's tan. It doesn't work overnight (what do you expect . . . miracles?) but constant application over a period of days will fade an unwanted tan.

soft soap Soft, indeed, is the way of soap. Nothing can take its place in keeping most girls' complexion sleek and aglow.

But if you're the sensitive type made unhappy by chapping winter winds, a super-fatted or cold-cream soap will do nicely, thank you.

Need we say that this is no time to waste anything? Soap, especially. Use warm, not scalding hot water, for your daily lavings. For the duration stop floating floating-soap. It will last longer. See that your soap dish is dry so that it doesn't melt your cake to a useless, soapy jelly.

winter make-up In this icy season, protection should be your watch word. And protection, dear audience, is what your make-up base offers you. Never venture out unless you've applied a powder base. It can be in cake, cream, stick or liquid form . . . but use it you must. As to color, remember that you're not the

sun-kissed maiden you were in August. Change your make-up to match your December skin tones.

Powder, as long as it blends with your base, may be a shade or two deeper. Wintertime pallor can be vanquished by judicious wielding of your rouge puff. Lipstick, so soothing to chapped lips, can bring out the hussy in you with gay, flip winter-bright colors. Make-up wouldn't be complete without, you've guessed it, mascara. To take care of that little item there is an article, "Eyes Right!" on page 68.

winter wonderland Don't let winter weather catch you napping . . . resolve to be a dazzler, come frost or sleet!

Gift-Kit For You!

Your Beauty Dept. is all agog about a grand gift-kit. Contents include an ointment that quickly discourages blemishes, and a pure soap. There is also, my pets, a Hollywood Stacking-Run Mender. For this scrumptious gift, send your name and address (clearly printed) with 10c in stamps or coins for handling expense to:

MODERN SCREEN

Beauty Dept., 149 Madison Avenue,
New York 16, New York

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

narly one of the leaders in any game, finally said, "Hey, I'm going up to the house for a minute. I want to see if my little sister is okay."

"Gosh," objected another commando, scowling from under his ex-stew pan helmet, "you're always running up to see what that baby is doing. I never saw a guy so crazy about his little sister."

The boy paused, his timing calculated to extract the greatest dramatic importance from his announcement. "I like baby brothers and sisters," he asserted firmly. "And I'll tell you a secret. Pretty soon there are going to be three of us kids, instead of just two."

The boy was Phil Harris, Jr.

* * *

The Van Heflin daughter, Vanna Gay, has nearly outgrown her bassinet. This frilly bit of furniture was a gift from John Hyde, Van's agent, and it was a production. Lined with pink satin and flounced with white chiffon, it was punctuated here and there by rosettes of ribbon. Frances, finding that her daughter is getting too leggy for comfort in a crib, was wondering whether she should store the bassinet (there isn't room to keep it indefinitely in the small apartment when a baby bed is added) or whether she should lend it to a series of infanticipating friends.

"The only trouble is that, if I lend it a number of times, it's going to be worn out when we have our second," she told Van.

"Our next is going to be a boy," said Van. "Lend the bassinet around until the frou-frou has been taken off. When it is perfectly plain, it will be just right for a boy. No son of mine is going to get a sissy start in life."

* * *

Corporal Jack Temple, stationed in Culver City, became the father of a 7 pound, 9 ounce boy, thus conferring the title of aunt upon his 15-year-old sister, Shirley.

Shirley's comment, "I don't say this just because he's the first baby in our family, but he's the cutest thing I have ever seen. Wait until I teach him to sing, 'On The Good Ship Lollypop'."

Dollar Scholar:

Did you ever hear of a complicated club called the "Short Snorters?" In days past, the membership was made up entirely of those who had flown an ocean, but—like most organizations having to do with happy cabbage—it soon branched out to embrace all members of the Air Corps, their wives, sweethearts, friends or anyone who has ever identified a B-17.

The one rule of the fraternity that remains inviolable is this: (1) The membership card is a dollar bill which has been countersigned by certain other members of the club when one is inducted into the secret circle; (2) this dollar bill must be presented instantly when a member of the club is accosted by a second member.

In case the tuckless member has forgotten his membership card or has spent or lost it, he must pay each challenger \$1.00. This law cost (they say) Mr. Wendell Willkie a fat sum when he landed at La Guardia after his round-the-world flight.

The other night it also cost Captain Ronald Reagan about 20 bucks. He went into the Officer's Club, ordered a coke, then discovered that he had left his wallet in his other uniform. A mercenary brother officer, deducing correctly Ronnie's shortage of Short Snorter identification, asked him how about it. One dollar.

The enriched one let out a yell to other officers. And so Ronnie paid and paid.

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59¢

COMPLETE



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OR YOUR
MONEY BACK

"CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS include everything you need for beautiful, long-lasting hair curls and waves. "CHIC" is safe to use for women and children. No experience needed, no machines, no electricity or driers. Just follow simple illustrated directions included with every package. "CHIC" Home Kit Complete, 59c.

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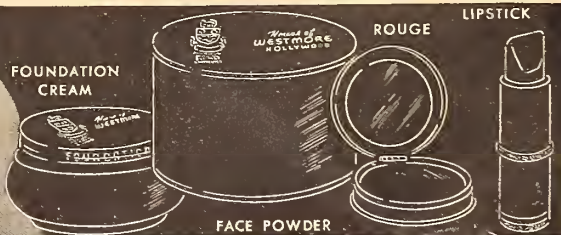
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MARY MARTIN in "TRUE TO LIFE"

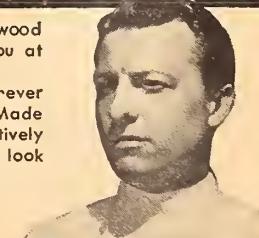
—a Paramount Picture



Originally created by the Westmores for a select group of Hollywood stars, House of Westmore Cosmetics are now available to you at good toilet goods counters everywhere.

Particularly outstanding is Westmore foundation cream. It will never give you an artificial masked look. It does not cause dry skin. Made with lanolin, it will help keep your skin smooth and soft. It effectively hides minor skin faults, and will give you a fresh, glamorous look without constant re-powdering.

House of Westmore Cosmetics come in 25c and 50c sizes. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.



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Wally Westmore, Director
of Makeup at Paramount
Studios in Hollywood

Wonderful!—The effects you can get with this New "Make-Up" for the Hair!



WITH Marchand's thrilling new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse, you can do so much more than just enliven and heighten the natural color-tone of your hair! You can actually "play-up" the color or tone it down, to suit your personal fancy. Even more amazing, you can blend little gray streaks so that they become practically *unnoticeable*!

You don't need any special skill to achieve these flattering effects! After your shampoo, just dissolve a packet of Marchand's delicately tinted Rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of soap-film disappears! Your hair is gloriously *alive*...sparkling with highlights and youthful color!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is *not* a bleach! *Not* a permanent dye! It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up—and is *absolutely harmless*! Twelve stunning shades to match any color hair. Try it today!

Marchand's "Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c

At all Drug Counters



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Smart, new, yet low gold finish, sweetheart design, Hollywood Locket GIVEN for selling just 5 boxes of our wonderful Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. We trust you. Write today giving your name and address. Nothing to buy. YOUR package comes by return mail.

Gold Crown Products, Dept. 27-K, Jefferson, Iowa

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

So Red the Face Department:

The slim, auburn-haired girl parked her car and walked briskly toward the box office. As her steps neared the theater, she faltered, slowed, stopped, then turned and retraced her steps to the parking lot where she sat in her car for several minutes before giving up and driving away.

It was the sixth time she had repeated the same performance. Dinah Shore still hasn't amassed enough courage to watch her own marvellous performance in "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

* * *

Frankly Frantic Fan:

She was wearing bobby sox, saddle oxfords, a pleated skirt and a sweater. With elbows resting upon knees, she was seated on the curbing opposite the RKO main entrance with several other celebrity enthusiasts. As Ginger Rogers, Bob Ryan, Tom Conway and Elsa Lanchester reported for work, the other kids asked for autographs. This one simply scowled, then thrust out the derisive tip of a pink tongue.

Elsa Lanchester was consumed with curiosity. "What's wrong with you?" she queried. "Don't you like anyone?"

Fiercely came the answer, "I'm strictly a Sinatra fan. I can't stand for there being anyone else important in Hollywood."

* * *

Bette Goes to Bat:

Bette Davis returned from her heart-breaking trip East, eager to lose herself in work. The script of "Mr. Skeffington" was ready, the sets were ready, Miss Davis was ready. But the planned-for director, Vincent Sherman, was still busy shooting the last scenes of "In Our Time." Too bad, the studio said, the picture would have to go ahead without Mr. Sherman.

Bette, loyal to the core, went to the front office and asked to be taken off salary, rather than to have another director assigned to the picture. It meant three or four weeks delay, and it meant additional strain both mental and emotional for Bette, but she wanted Mr. Sherman to direct her picture. She won her point.

Such Lovely Neighbors:

Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker, with their two adorable sons, live on a Bel Air hilltop, from which they can scan a pleasant portion of Southern California. Just around a gracious sweep of the highway is a castle of a house set amid majestic trees and great seas of green lawn.

On Sunday afternoons, Jennifer and Bob, sun bathing in their own back yard, occasionally watch the cars roll into the courtyard of the estate below. "They surely have a lot of lovely parties," sighed Jennifer, somewhat wistfully. "Where do you suppose they get all the ration points they must need?"

Bob was more concerned with the motors on hoof. "Look at that classy job! And that one with white sidewall tires. It would be a pleasure to invite a flock of guests who would arrive in such splendor."

"Maybe," giggled Jennifer, "they're picture people." Bob ruled that out. "They're mostly the substantial banking type. The women are older and more dignified. Ah me, it's all like something out of a Bronte novel. Entertainment on the grand scale."

One night the Walkers were awakened by the screaming of sirens and the obvious arrival of police in force. The house down the highway was abruptly emptied of its guests and certain fixtures.



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Read every word of this if you suffer from the burning pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Try *Ungentine Rectal Cones*—made by the makers of famous UNGENTINE. Millions of these soothing rectal cones have been sold . . . because they relieve pain—help guard against infection and promote healing. If you do not get the prompt relief you seek, consult your physician.

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LET ME PROVE . . .
I Can RE-DO Your Figure!

No book! No starvation diet! No strenuous exercises! Yet, I'll show you truly amazing results in streamlining your figure with my tested and proved "FIGURE RE-DO SYSTEM." This marvelous reducing method brought my own weight down from a flabby "205" pounds to a slender, healthy 118 pounds!

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SYDNEY-THOMAS CORP. CINCINNATI, OHIO

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

The lordly manor so closely observed by the faintly envious neighbors had been a high-stake gambling joint.

Dil For Errol

Did you know that Errol Flynn, wearing a see-u-tiful Van Dyke beard for his part in "Uncertain Glory," is now collecting old masters? He already owns a Manet and a Van Gogh. In the modern department, he has collected a portrait by John Dekker of that ardent art collector, Mr. Errol Flynn. Hangs over his mantel.

Newcomers You Should Know:

"Phantom of the Opera" has proved to be one of the greatest national box office surprises—its take has reached light-traveling proportions. Two factors are probably responsible: The appearance of Nelson Eddy, handsomer than ever, in black hair and mustache; the superlative singing of Susanna Foster.

Someone congratulated her on the fact that this picture will probably make her the fair-haired girl of the Universal lot and direct her to stardom. "Don't give me credit," grinned Susanna. "Look up a man named Bernard Brown and tell him he really knows what he is talking about."

Mr. Brown, the recipient of this gratitude, used to be a sound man when Susanna was passing off C's above High C at Paramount. Her build-up there centered entirely on the fact that her voice traveled the angel trail.

One day Mr. Brown, impelled by what he knew of sound tracks, stopped Susanna on the Paramount lot and said, "You have a beautiful voice, but you aren't making the best use of it. You aren't developing your low notes at all, yet your voice range is unusually good in depth as well as height. Why don't you do something about those nice rich low notes?"

Susanna worked on them. She was signed by Universal and told to try out for the part "Phantom of the Opera." Mr. Brown was to record the test.

"What are you going to sing?" he asked anxiously. "Nothing high-faluting and stratospheric, I hope."

"This, you will like to record," promised Susanna. "It is filled with the low tones you once told me you liked."

She sang, "My Old Kentucky Home." She pleased Mr. Brown very much. The test pleased Universal very much. The picture is pleasing everyone very much. It's a wonderful world.

Just in Jest:

Since Al Delacorte insists on printing the awful Truth about me—plus a picture—why shouldn't I tell you this? I have it straight from Little Man (see page 29) that for all his cares, they can draft fathers. Fathers, says Little Man, would be just right for myonnet work. "He stabs me every time I change a diaper." And for commando stuff. "My goodness, Daddy would scare me enemy to death. If I cry at night, he comes running into my room with his hat tamed on his frowzy old head and socks over his pajamas. I think he sleeps in his socks!" But look, Little Man. Some of my best friends sleep with their socks on. And my daddy is one sweet guy to work for. He overpays me. He worries about me. Best of all, he trusts me. Like a baby. Editors must have to know what's going to happen. I'm your daddy's crystal ball. I only hope that I'll always be able to justify his confidence. Not to mention the confidence of the well folks who read MODERN SCREEN!



TEACHING NEW MOTHERS IN A MODERN HOSPITAL HOW TO CARE FOR BABIES AT HOME

Wartime QUIZ for Mothers

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:



QUESTION: "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

ANSWER: Over 95% of physicians said *yes*. Hospitals advise the same (and almost all hospitals use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



QUESTION: "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence guards against prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also *gentlest*, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

DON'T TAKE ANY LAXATIVE—

Until you read these facts!

*Some Laxatives
are Too Strong—*

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



*Others are
Too Mild—*

And it's unwise to take something that's *too mild* to give you the relief you need! A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work *thoroughly*!

*But—
EX-LAX
is the Happy
Medium!*



Try the

"HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Ex-Lax gives you a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

**IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—**

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original
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Are you sure your tinted hair doesn't look harsh, streaked, unnatural to others? To avoid this don't tolerate inferior colorings—insist that your beautician use Rap-I-Dol Shampoo Oil Tint—won't wash or rub off—the modern way to economically cover gray hair and keep it a secret.

FREE: Send a few strands of hair for FREE Confidential report. Write today to: Rap-I-Dol, Dept. 2312, 151 W. 46th St., New York 19, N. Y.
Caution: Use only as directed on label

**RAP-I-DOL SHAMPOO
OIL TINT**

HEARTBREAK FOR BETTE

(Continued from page 39)

be taken care of. Her friend, Margaret Donovan, phoned her.

"There's a big new market just opened. Don't you want to go?"

"Yes, let's," agreed Bette. "But let's go early. I've got so much to do."

Back from marketing, she worked uninterruptedly till shortly after four, when the phone rang again. She picked it up, as we've all picked it up a thousand times to answer some inconsequential call. Disney Studios calling. Must be Farny, she thought. He'd been engaged there in a technical capacity on a government picture.

It wasn't Farny. It was someone telling her that Farny had collapsed on Hollywood Boulevard. They'd taken him to a receiving hospital.

She was at the door, then back at the phone, calling their own doctor, telling him to hurry, hurry, she'd meet him at the hospital. He knew what receiving hospitals were like.

"You go straight to the Hollywood Hospital," he said. "I'll have him moved there at once. If you want to do what's best for him, let him find you there."

She was waiting, but Farny didn't know it. From the time of his fall, he'd said nothing coherent. Now he'd lapsed into coma. No one knew what had happened, except that it had happened suddenly and without traceable cause.

At two o'clock, he'd been with his attorney, apparently well and in good spirits. At three he'd been in a fur shop, looking at leopard skins. He wanted to get Bette a leopard coat for Christmas. At three thirty-five he entered a building on Hollywood Boulevard and phoned the Disney Studios from a public booth, making an appointment to meet a business associate at five.

As he left the building to pick up his car at a parking lot, the thing happened. A scream of pain, chilling those who heard it. The owner of a cigar shop ran out to where Farny lay on the sidewalk, body quivering, eyes staring, nose and mouth streaming blood. Yet he was trying to get up.

The doctors found a skull fracture, but that didn't account for the scream before he struck the ground. All Monday evening, all day Tuesday, as she watched in torment beside his bed, the question beat against Bette's brain. "Farny, what happened to you? What could have happened, Farny?" It might be months, said the doctor, before he could tell them anything. Or it might be never. Even after he recovered, he might not remember.

Because those first two days they still hoped he'd recover. Bette refused to admit any other possibility. On Wednesday she was up before daylight—too early to go to the hospital. She could get Farny's room ready, though. They'd be bringing him home soon. He'd get better faster at home.

So she stripped his bed and aired and dusted the room and was on her way to the closet for fresh linen, when the phone rang. She'd better come right away. He'd taken a turn for the worse.

He died late that afternoon, without regaining consciousness.

But what had happened to Farny was cleared up. The autopsy revealed a brain hemorrhage, with the blood in such condition as to indicate an earlier injury.

"Do you remember anything?" they asked Bette.

For Girls with Curls

"Vicky Victory"

Your HAIR AID

Warden

SAYS:

DON'T ever, ever squeeze too much hair into a bobbie pin. The pin won't hold satisfactorily—is bent out of shape—and won't work efficiently in the future. Try making more curls... with less hair. Your precious Bobbie pins will last longer.



\$5 will be paid by "Vicky Victory" for every Hair Pin and Bobbie Pin Conservation Hint that she publishes. This hint from Dorothy Gay Eagle, Lonoke, Ark.

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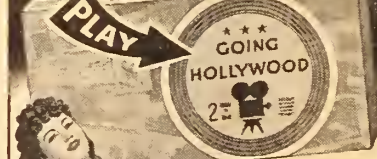
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Camera! Lights! Action! Play the game the stars play! It's new! It's exciting! Send \$2.00, plus 25c postage, now for "Going Hollywood." On sale at all leading stores.

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Please RUSH me ONE "Going Hollywood" Game for which I enclose \$2 plus 25c for postage.

Name.....
Address.....

And suddenly she remembered a June night at Butternut, when the phone had rung, and Fanny'd gone down to answer it. His stocking feet. She'd been startled by the sound of a fall, and had run from her bedroom to find Fanny lying, a little up and shaken, at the foot of the staircase. He'd slipped on the landing and tumbled to the bottom, striking the back of his head and scraping his back.

"Are you hurt, Fanny?"
"No, just a little sore."
Apart from a slight stiffness for a day or two, no ill effects were apparent. Neither to Bette nor his doctor did he ever complain of pain. She'd never thought of it again till now, when they told her.

The doctors concluded that that first fall had caused a slight fracture, that a blood clot had formed, had taken a while to fructify and had finally come to a head in the convulsion and collapse on Hollywood Boulevard.

Face white and drawn, taut nerves under rigid control, Bette gave her evidence truthfully at the inquest. Then she and his mother boarded the train and took Fanny back to the New England he loved. He was buried at Butternut.

Eventually Bette will return to "Mr. Skeffington," to the Canteen and to life about Fanny. She's braver than most and will hold her head high. We have faith to stand for all that is best in Hollywood. Most of us don't even know what Fanny looked like. But he was your husband, and that was enough. As your

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 78)

Set 3

1. Thrive wed
2. Mrs. Bumstead
3. Rib-tickler
4. Little-girl puss
5. New to stardom
6. Low man of comedy team
7. Of famous folk
8. Nag-mad
9. Marley's missus
10. Handsome Hartfordite
11. Coached by Colbert-Lake-Goddard
12. Dorsey discovery
13. Coast Guard
14. Scratchy voiced
15. Wearing wings
16. D - - - A - - - - -
17. California in "Stage Door Canteen"
18. Teen-aged TNT
19. Jungle-y
20. Hint: King of Fairies in "Midsummer Night's Dream"

(Answers on page 102)

friends, we share your sorrow in his death. Our words may be feeble, Bette, but our feeling isn't.

* * *

Bette's nothing if not thoroughgoing. When she works, it's with the energy of ten. When she takes a holiday, it lasts five months. She's just back to start "Mr. Skeffington," and she views herself with a shade of alarm. For the first time within memory she didn't want to come back. She wanted to go on and on and on, doing nothing.

"What's the matter with me? D'you

think I've turned into a changeling?"

"You're not rested yet," said her mother.

"Pooh, five months and not rested!"

"Dynamo Davis is running down," chanted her sister.

"Mexico did it," said Fanny. "One sniff of greasepaint'll bring you round."

Tibby said nothing. Tibby was elaborately ignoring her mistress. Bette tried every blandishment in the calendar, to no avail. Tib knew very well that Bette had gone to New Hampshire—that paradise for Scotties—and left her behind. She was good and sore.

"You know, I only came back because of Tib," said Bette, casting a hopeful eye at her dog. "She's the one thing I truly and desperately missed."

"We're not insulted," chorused the family.

Nor was Tib propitiated. This was too soon to give in. The woman had sinned, let her suffer a little longer. Tib wouldn't so much as wriggle.

They'd had it all out beforehand. Bette had wanted to take the dog along, and probably would have if she'd gone directly to New Hampshire, instead of detouring 'round Mexico. "You'd hate the heat and travel," she'd explained. "And remember, these are war times. It wouldn't be fair to ask the porter to feed you. Besides, Fanny'll be here a good part of the time. You like Fanny, Tib—"

Tib liked Fanny all right, but Fanny wasn't her goddess and queen and the hub of her universe. What did Bette have to go to Mexico for anyway—?

Bette hardly knew herself. In a way, she rather dreaded it. She's no wanderer at heart, and it would have been much simpler to go straight to the home she loves at Butternut. She was very tired. She'd had a vacation coming after "Now

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GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste . . . clean, refreshing flavor . . . 10¢ and 50¢

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Divorces Gray Hair! Holds Husband!

(he never thought of her as growing older—
—Clairol gave her hair such youthful-
looking color)

To this day Mrs. M— couldn't tell you if there really was another woman. But she knew that her husband was slipping away from her—finding excuses to stay in town night after night. Instead of making a scene she decided to make herself more attractive... so she had her gray hair treated... naturally... with Clairol, the original shampoo tint. No one knows she uses Clairol... and even her husband has forgotten she once had gray hair.

CLAIROL KEEPS THIS WOMAN'S SECRET— and it will keep yours. With one quick, pleasant application it permanently colors every trace of gray hair. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results. There are 23 laboratory-tested shades to choose from. And each shade completely avoids that "tattletale," brassy, ugly look of old-fashioned dyes. Refuse substitutes that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops swear by Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more, so be sure you get Clairol.

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The Original Shampoo Tint

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Send Velvatize as checked below. If not delighted,
my money back in 10 days.

☐ Compact for face ☐ Compact for legs
☐ Both compacts in Deluxe Duplex Kit,
including FREE surprise gift!

I will pay postman for each Compact, plus few
cents postage. (Shipped postpaid if cash is enclosed.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
☐ I am blonde ☐ I am brunette

Voyager." Instead, her deep enthusiasm for the script had tempted her into "Watch on the Rhine." Then a bond tour. Then she couldn't get away because of the Hollywood Canteen—her baby and John Garfield's. Then it was time to do "Old Acquaintance"—with the song-and-dance number in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" thrown in. After which, a cool, quiet cave would have looked fine to Bette, with maybe a couple of housekeeping squirrels in attendance.

puritan in mexico...

Her New England conscience sent her to Mexico. She thinks it's good for the soul to see new places and things. As an aid to perspective, she planned to spend ten days there—and stayed seven weeks, too entranced to tear herself away.

She stayed most of the time in Acapulco, at a hotel beautifully named Los Flamings, high on a bluff. And she got a perspective all right but, not being a Latin, wonders how long she can hang on to it. She thinks Latins in general—and Mexicans, in particular—have been misunderstood. The *mañana* policy doesn't mean that they're lazy. They're not lazy at all. She never saw people work harder than they do across the border. The difference is, they work for today and let tomorrow take care of itself. Thus they've mastered the secret of living—"Enjoy the moment."

"Me," she thought, "I've always got tomorrow hanging round my neck, and not only tomorrow but three years and ten years from now. But life is today—"

So for seven weeks she took a leaf out of Mexico's book. The air of Acapulco helped. It's like soothing syrup. She went sailing, swimming and sunbathing, and the only clock she consulted was her own good pleasure. After lunch, a siesta lasting anywhere from two to three hours—four, if she pleased, want to make something of it? Then cocktails and dinner with friends and bed at 10 or 10:30, and no plans for tomorrow, let tomorrow take care of itself.

She loved to go shopping at the open-air markets in the village. She loved to wander round the square on Sundays, watching the girls and boys circle in opposite directions till they met, while the parents sat on benches and looked on. If, for several Sundays, the same girl smiled at the same boy, they were allowed to speak—and so, step by step, to the altar.

Wherever you went, gayety went with you—the music of the Mariachi—the lovely things women did with flowers in their hair—the smiling faces, the gentleness, the courtesy. Their manners were delightful. They didn't trail her nor ask for autographs. Occasionally a head would turn, a soft voice would murmur, "Ah—Meez Bet-tee Dah-veez." Occasionally they'd ask if she liked their country and when, with unmistakable warmth, she told them, "I love it!" you'd have thought from the radiance of their smiles that heaven had no greater blessing to bestow.

She was thrilled by an invitation to lunch at the home of the artist Covarrubias. "That's one of the things I'm most grateful to the movies for," she says. "The chance you get—which you'd never get otherwise—to meet fascinating people." She's not stupidly modest about herself, but she is realistic. "If I weren't in the movies, they wouldn't know I exist, so how could they ask me? Of course, if they ask me a second time, I'm glad to let myself share in the credit."

Fanny came down to spend a week and arranged a complete Mexican fiesta for her birthday. It began at seven, when she was awakened by a band of Mariachi, serenading beneath her window. Breakfast was served in the patio, and Bette was

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rather startled to find herself being pelted with flowers by some nice little girls. "A Mexican could have carried it off with grace. It made me feel silly." Then they drove to old Taxco, where some friends joined them for a wonderful picnic down by a river bed. And finally, dinner on the hotel terrace and—crowning touch that delighted Bette's heart—a birthday cake decorated with living flowers.

She would have missed Tibby anyway, but she missed her more because there were so many dogs in Acapulco—all friendly and smiling like their masters, all wagging their tails, all stabbing her with nostalgia for her own. What she really wanted was to show Tibby off to the others. Where her dog's concerned, she's a snob, says Bette.

In the end she didn't want to leave at all and had to scare herself away. "You're getting so you can't even think any more," said Miss Bette Davis to Meez Bet-tee Dah-veez. "And it may be permanent."

Reluctant but firm, she packed her bags and departed. And it was spring when she reached New Hampshire—where the spring comes late—and she wondered how she could ever have stayed away so long.

Her pulses always quicken when she turns off the highway to the mile-and-a-half dirt road that leads to her home. First, you come to the big white farm gate—then you see a flash of red through the trees—that's the caretaker's house—then on up the road cut through a solid acreage of woods to the gray, weathered boards of the barn and the white clapboard farmhouse on top of the hill. It never fails to set her spine tingling—it never will, though she lives to be a century.

She's spent summer and fall and winter at Butternut—this was her first spring.

If you know the magic of spring in New England, you'll understand her excitement. Every morning she'd run out to see what new miracle had been wrought—and run back in such ecstasy to proclaim that the peach tree had budded, you'd have thought no peach tree had ever budded before.

fuss-budget . . .

Inside the house, her first job is furniture-moving. She's the kind who wants things where she wants them and remembers exactly where she had them last. During her absence objects get moved around. Bette starts swooping and pouncing, driving everyone nuts. "This doesn't belong here, let's shove it over; that chair looks awful in front of the fireplace, what in heaven's name is the copper jug doing on the bookcase?" And so it goes till everything's back in the place appointed, and she sinks contentedly into a chair. "That's fine. Now it's all fixed and ready to be moved again, for when I come back next year."

She managed to get a woman to do the cooking, and she did the housework herself. She thinks dusting and bed-making's fun, if you're not shooting a picture at the same time. Breakfast was about nine—orange juice, eggs, coffee and toast, the eggs being a concession to the country air. In California she'd choke on eggs for breakfast.

When the house was in order, she'd take a walk through the woods and lament the fact that it was too early for berrying. The people around take her for granted. She's a neighbor like any other, and they make no to-do over her. Meeting, they'd exchange the traditional greeting, which Bette loves.

"How'd you winter?" they'd ask her.

"We wintered nicely, thanks. And

you?" Then a few neighborly words.

She made it her business to help in the vegetable garden. Gardening isn't the love of her life, and she has no great knack for making things grow. So she lets the other guy grow the flowers. Vegetables are different. They make you feel useful. "And even I can weed," she decided, flopping to her knees among the peas and corn and potatoes.

magic in music . . .

Afternoons she'd go calling or riding down one of the beautiful trails. Evenings were quiet. An occasional dinner party, to which people walked—or if they drove, it was a horse-and-buggy. Mostly she'd read or listen to records, having embarked on a course of self-education in modern music. She knows pretty well what the popular stuff's all about—you couldn't have been married to Ham Nelson for eight years and not know. But men like Stravinsky and Shostakovich were a closed book, which she was bound to open. By the time she left, they'd begun to mean something to her.

She found the whole face of the countryside changed by gas rationing. Even on Memorial Day and the 4th of July, the highways were empty. Auto camps, restaurants, gas stations were closed down. You saw signs everywhere—GONE INTO WAR WORK—CLOSED FOR THE DURATION. Nobody grumbled. "Here it is," they said, "let's see what we can do about it." Horses and carts were at a premium. When Farny joined her, they scoured the environs till they found a horse of sorts and, in a barn outside Littleton, a couple of vehicles which they eyed askance.

"This is no time to be fussy," said Farny. "Let's paint 'em and fix 'em up."

Bette rallied nobly. "They look like



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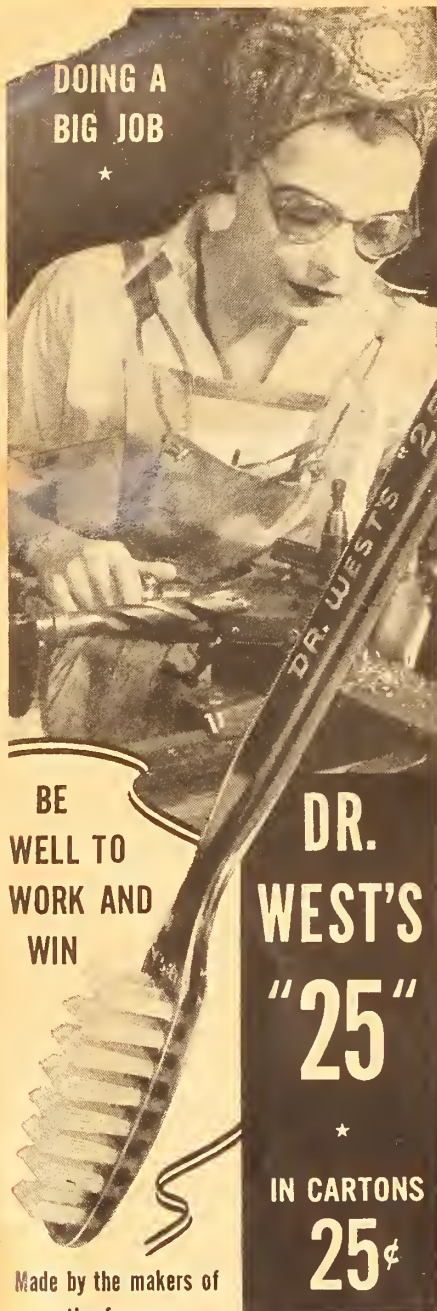
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descendants of the wonderful one-horse shay, and I'm sure they'll last as long."

The Flight Command was putting up an observation post in Franconia and asked Bette to break ground for it. They were awfully sweet—found her the nicest, softest spot of earth, so she didn't even have to grunt—and on top of that, gave her a pair of wings. Only seven or eight people watched the performance and, for Bette, the high spot came when she overheard one of them drawl, "Time was, Bette Davis could've drawn quite a crowd, diggin' up a hunk of soil. No more, though—"

"War casualty," observed his neighbor. So the lovely days followed one another and came to an end, and it was time to go back to work. And when she got back, Tibby wouldn't say hello and Maggie Donovan was gone.

Maggie was Bette's hairdresser and her close friend. Without her, the studio, while not exactly a desert, was a less pleasant place than when graced by the presence of Maggie. During Bette's absence, she and Perc Westmore had wed.

When Bette opened the door of her dressing room in the make-up department, she found it transformed from a nondescript cubicle to a gay little nest of ruffles and chintz. She was charmed, she was grateful, and she saw in this gesture the fine hand of Mr. Perc Westmore.

"I get chintz instead of Maggie, is that it? Look, Perc," she wheedled, "don't you think it would be lovely if she worked just a little part of each year?"

"I think it would be ghastly," said Perc. The only thing that worried her about her new picture was the legendary beauty of Fanny Skeffington. Bette has no illusions about her looks. She neither belittles nor overestimates her face.

Remembering the illusion of beauty she created in "Jezebel," nobody worried but Bette. And even she hit eventually on what she declared to be the perfect solution. In her dressing room one day, she picked up a feather fan, designed by Orry-Kelly to go with a 1914 dress.

"I've got it! Every time they say, 'Fanny's the most beautiful girl in New York,' I'll go arch, like this." She drew the fan over her face, drooped her neck like a dying swan and studied the effect through the feathers. "You know," she chuckled, "I'll bet Orry did it on purpose. That fan just covers my face."

No one can tell a story on herself with franker glee than Bette. The hero of her current favorite is a sailor who patronized the Canteen on her first night back. With her well-known vitality, she was all over the place—handing out autographs, dancing, serving coffee and sandwiches at the Snack Bar. She'd been vaguely conscious now and then of a burly figure in her wake, but was far too busy to pay it heed. Suddenly it loomed at her across the Snack Bar—a very large sailor in a very snug sailor suit.

"Hi, Rosie," he grinned as she gave him his coffee. "I been trailin' you."

"Oh, it was you. Why Rosie?"

"I call all the girls Rosie, even when they're Bette Davis. Say, Rosie, I think you stink on the screen. But you're certainly wonderful around this joint."

Bette's laugh is no titter at best. This time you could have heard it clear over at Hollywood Boulevard.

She feels as if she'd never been away, and wonders why she didn't want to come back. She's finding her stride again—getting ready for a picture, attending committee meetings, working for the Canteen. One evening, a week or so after her arrival, she was sitting reading when a small black figure jumped up beside her and laid a bewhiskered head against her shoulder. "I forgive you," said Tibby. Then Bette knew that she was home.

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REUNION IN MALIBU

(Continued from page 55)

"Sure—our mothers say you used to be one—we can't go in swimming without a lifeguard!"

That ended the sleep idea. Alan pulled himself out of the hay and staggered down to the beach. All morning he had to play ball, wrestle with the kids, separate them when they fought and keep his eye peeled for rip-tides. Then when he came home at noon, Sue met him with a long face.

"The hot water heater is on the blink," she sighed. "Can you fix it?" Alan said something about a plumber but Sue just gave him a dirty look. A plumber in Malibu in these times! But new babies have to have hot water. So Alan spent the early afternoon on his back getting rust in his eyes and skinning his knuckles with a wrench. Then he sawed up a stack of driftwood for the fireplace. After that—well—there was the car to wash, the garage to clean out and a run up to the store for groceries. All the time he gave a longing look at that soft, sandy beach in the waning sun. Late in the afternoon he thought he'd rated it. But just when he'd stretched out, Brian Donlevy came stomping up.

"Come on down to the house," he said, "got something to show you." Alan had visions of a tall cool one framed by some more tall cool ones. It was a lovely picture. He didn't particularly notice that Brian was in paint-splotted dungarees and that his hands were dirty. The Donlevys have just bought a place on Malibu strand. Like all new householders, they're busy giving it a remodel job and putter-

ing this here and that there. Alan should have known. Even while he was looking around for that frosted glass, Brian said, "Say, give me a hand here, will you?"

"Where?" asked Alan.

"Oh, out in the truck."

Out in the truck was a big new 500-pound sofa that needed taking upstairs. It wouldn't go in through the door, so Alan had to saw off the legs (he used to be a studio handy guy) and then put them back on. He lugged it with Brian up two flights of stairs and when he got back to the beach he was about bushed. "Show you my garden," offered Brian. Alan saw the garden, and he also pulled weeds and worked on the business end of a rake and hoe. "Show you how to keep your front beach clean," said Brian. Alan worked out next on a sand sifter, which is worse on the back than shoveling coal.

Well, when they had practically remodeled the Donlevy estate he finally got a beer. That gave him strength enough (to hear Ladd tell it) to stagger home in time to help with the dinner dishes. Then Andy Devine had them over for movies at his house. "What's wrong with this machine, Alan?" he croaked pretty soon. Alan ran the projector. When he pulled into bed that night he told Sue:

"Gee, it will be nice and restful when I get back to the Army!"

Of course, when Alan tells you all this he has a twinkle in his eye. The guy is a great kidder and loves to embellish a story. The truth is, he's had the time of his life at the Beach where all Hollywood

stars live in careless family style and are always at home to anyone who drops in. Nobody is surprised when the Bing Crosby's down the way start hog-calling to round up their four kids from all up and down the strip. Anyone can drop in anywhere at any entrance of the big houses, and they're always welcome. Sue had to leave four telephone numbers uptown at her business office. She never knew whether she and Alan would be at the Crosby's, the Devines, the Donlevys or the George Marshalls—or at home.

To Alan this kind of slipshod informal beach vacation was just what the doctor ordered. First of all, he has always been crazy about water and sunshine. He was a lifeguard once, and in his Hollywood hunger days he used to dream about a chance to swim at Malibu. He swims like a fish—always has—and if there's one thing that gets him down it's cold weather. He's a sun baby, and right now he looks like a Greek statue in bronze. Then, too, Alan is really a friendly fellow, loves a lot of people, hates formality. He'd rather stroll down to the Crosby's and play catch with Bing or chin with Dixie about the kids or laze through a game of gin-rummy with Brian Donlevy than go to all the parties Hollywood can throw.

So there hasn't been any of that kind of real excitement for Alan and Sue and family at Malibu. They planned it that way, to have two weeks of nothing but family life. For one thing, Alan wanted to get good and acquainted with little Alana Susan. He was home for her ar-

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rival (and got so excited he ran a temp of 102) but he had to leave right after that. And Alana was hardly more than a mite who had black hair and a round heart-shaped face and looked exactly like Sue. That's why Alan was so surprised when he came back and found she had lost her black baby hair and developed a fuzzy, golden coiffure—even Alan admits Alana can be promptly tagged as his daughter. To prove it, Sue can haul out a baby picture of Alan, taken at about the same time in his young life. You can hardly tell the face apart from Alana's.

As fathers go, Alan Ladd is a swell dad. He's a little bumbling at times, of course, as all fathers are. For instance, the other day at Alana's chow time she left some three ounces of baby food in the bottle. That was okay with Sue, but later on Alan happened into the nursery room and saw the neglected dinner still in the bottle. So he fed it to Alana and then when her feeding time came around in a few minutes, she wasn't hungry and passed it up. That put Alan in the doghouse for messing up Alana's routine. But he can hardly wait till he can toss her around and rough-house with her. He's terribly proud, too. Any stranger who comes around gets invited to hold Alana, whether he wants to or not. Alan's that proud of his girl. Maybe, too, it's because of how much he

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 97)

1. William Powell
2. Penny Singleton
3. Bob Hope
4. Margaret Sullivan
5. Alexis Smith
6. Lou Costello
7. Diana Barrymore
8. Bing Crosby
9. Linda Darnell
10. Katharine Hepburn
11. Sunny Tufts
12. Frank Sinatra
13. Cesar Romero
14. Gracie Allen
15. Gene Raymond
16. Dana Andrews
17. Lon McAllister
18. Peggy Ryan
19. Maria Montez
20. Merle Oberon

missed her when he was away from home, 'way up in Washington.

Lots of Alan's Army buddies up there are married. Plenty of them are fathers and plenty more have never had a chance to get home and see their kids. When you get on the subject of babies with those lonesome young G.I.'s, it's a bull-session. Kodak pictures whip out, and there's more bragging going on than you find around a fishing resort. Corporal Ladd was as bad as any one, especially since he'd been spoiled by a peek at his daughter. All the soldiers knew all about Alana and asked for daily bulletins on her progress in the world.

Then when Alan and Sue were headed home from Washington, they stopped in Portland, Oregon, between trains. At the station, Alan saw a baby girl almost as cute as his own squirming on a waiting bench beside a girl, obviously her mama. He just had to go over and talk to the mother. "Your baby?"

"Uh-huh."

"She's sure sweet," sighed Alan. "Mind if I hold her a minute?"

"Sure," said the young madonna, "and believe me, young man, if you want a real thrill after the war, get married and have a baby of your own."

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SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

(Continued from page 56)

go, and she loves it. "Awed like crazy, aren't they?"

That's her accompanist Earl Brent riding her. "Can you hear them Greer-ing Garson?"

"Listen, I'd bat them if they gave me any Miss Garland stuff," she flames, getting pink in the face. "I'd know they'd been coached or something." Coached is just what they aren't, so it's "Hey, Judy, how about 'You'll Never Know'?" or "Good gal, Judy," or "Aw, Judy, 'Let's Make Love.'" Whereupon everyone hoots—no one louder than Judy. She'll never get over the way they all talk at once and screech for their own pet tune, but then clap and yell like clagues no matter what she sings.

Most of the camp audiences are divinely noisy. They'll hum along with the tune and even sing snatches of it if it's good and rowdy. But recently, Judy struck a gang of lads that were quiet as mice. They wanted "I Love You Truly" and "Always" and "My Blue Heaven." Not one yelled for "Dinah" or "Murder He Says." In subdued young voices they asked for "Hello Mom" and "The Side-walks of New York," for "Stardust" and "Girl of My Dreams." Judy sang them all with a funny lump in her throat that she didn't quite understand. When it was getting late-ish, one lad called out, "Over There." The response was tremendous, and suddenly it hit Judy that these kids were going out. Right away. She wrote a letter home that night. "Mom—these kids tonight were terrific. This feeling they have for America, you could almost reach out and touch it, it was so real."

She sang for another bunch about to be sent across, and they, incredibly, were the heppiest, grooviest gents she'd ever run into. Wanted nothing but swing stuff. Noise. "Knock Me a Kiss." "Beat Out the Love." Harlemana. "Sfunny," she thought, "They all take it so differently. But gosh, they all can take it."

So can Judy, who manages to look awfully wonderful on very little sleep, meals at peculiar hours and recurring spasms of camp-fright. She was terrified every second at first. The insignia were completely bewildering, and colonels and corporals were all mixed up in her mind. Doubtless, by now, everyone's heard the story of how—having been drilled for days by her sister Jimmy that stripes were one thing, eagles and maple leaves something else again—she "Thank you, Corporal"—ed a Colonel who introduced her at Randolph Field.

That's the only slip so far, though. So far being almost two years. Judy, you know, was the first star to tour the camps. She was at it long before Pearl Harbor. The week-end of December Seventh, she was at Ord. There'd been a big, joshy breakfast at the Officers' Mess, and then she'd dashed over to the theater to keep a date with a nice private who wanted her to sing "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart" for him, so's he could write home and tell his folks. His friends had obviously gotten wind of the tryst, for the joint was jumping with khaki.

zing went the strings . . .

"Hi, queen," there was a lanky lad at the piano, and he was playing "Zing Went the Strings."

"Hi," she grinned, and walked up to the mike. "Zing" was only the beginning. There was "It's a Wonderful World" and

"You Are to Me Everything" and "Inter-mezzo," then back again to "Zing." Smack in the middle of the zillionth chorus, an officer dashed up on the stage and sort of shoved Judy away from the mike. "The Japs have just bombed Pearl Harbor," he told them, and everyone just gaped at him, saying nothing. Even when they finally grasped what he'd said, no one spoke, but it was in their young faces. Something new and fierce and terrible. Groups of them got up and left, and Judy thought hysterically, "They're going right to the front this minute. Oh jeepers, they're mad."

That night she flew back to Los Angeles and landed in the blacked-out airport. Mom was there to meet her, and her sister Jimmy. They sat up late that night, talking and talking. "It seems so queer," Judy said. "When I left Hollywood on Saturday we all felt so smug and safe. Then bang. American casualty lists and black-outs and horrible radio bulletins." And for the first time in years she wanted to put her head in the crook of Mom's neck and cry her eyes out.

It began in earnest then for Judy—the endless canteen work, bandage rolling, singing for thousands of soldiers and sailors and marines. Buying more bonds and selling them and singing some more. Singing till her throat felt like something a Dodgers fan had scrapped after that World Series.

She's got the mean kind of a throat that murders her every once in a while when she's very tired, but it used to be ten million times worse before she was de-toned. The de-toning, incidentally, is her pet story. "Did I ever tell you about my tonsils, Bet?" She and her buddy, Betty Asher, are downing sodas in the commissary. "You did," says Betty, resignedly. Judy's getting That Look again.

"It seems," she begins, "that I'm allergic or something to ether. It takes mobs of it to black me out. They'd just think they had me, and I'd open one eye and the doctor would scream, 'Pour it on.' Have I told you this?"

"Yes, hon. Fifty-one times."

"Oh," She broods into her soda. "I wonder if I told Marge. Hey, Marge—"

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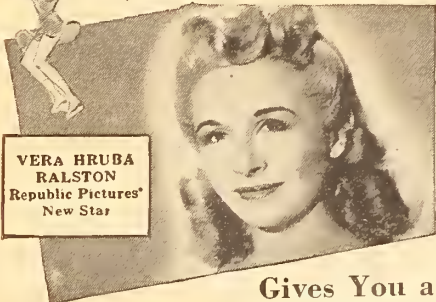
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seeing triple . . .

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Minus her tonsils, her range is terrific, and she brags obnoxiously about how loud she can sing. This helps when, occasionally, drastic things happen like mikes going dead.

The most drastic occurrence to date, however, was when Judy stepped out on the stage at one camp to find a half-filled auditorium. As the place is usually jammed to the gills, her heart crashed. "Old poison ivy Garland," she thought. "A has-been at twenty. They probably made these fellows come. Like K. P. or something." Then someone yelled, "'Presenting Lily Mars' is across the street at the movies. You can't beat that kind of competition. Judy." An hour later hundreds of boys trooped in yelling, "Hi, Lily," and begging for the entire Lily Mars score.

Poison ivy is hardly the word, you see. Further evidence of that is the loot she collects at camps and naval training bases. She has a scarf made of parachute cloth, a gift from some paratroopers, sergeants' stripes, lieutenants' bars, majors' leaves and wings, and you name it, she's got it. Not to mention dozens of practically love letters from boys all over the world.

She broadcasts by shortwave to Alaska, Australia, New Guinea and even to ships at sea on a program called "Mail Call." The boys write in requesting songs and giving their APO address and some phony name—Butch or Shorty or Dogface. Then Judy sings for them. She keeps it up hour after hour because she can't stand to think of some of them waiting and waiting and never hearing his name called. The letters that pour in after the broadcasts are really something.

gobs of love . . .

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all that made life bearable for him and his shipmates, as they had broken the ship's sole coffee pot, and, coffee-less, were all in perpetually pre-breakfast humors. When he got into port, what was that little sailor's utter ecstasy to discover a shiny new coffee pot, "with love from Judy."

The letters that tear her apart come from kids who've spent weeks in foxholes and jungles, where no entertainers ever venture. They write to tell her how much her "Command Performance" records mean to them. These are tremendous recordings of her voice that are dropped by parachute, together with a victrola, to all the lonely outposts of the war. The gist of the letters is this: "Thank you, thank you, Judy, for thinking of us." One boy wrote, "Your voice, a woman's voice, gave us more inspiration and guts than a dozen pep talks from the sergeant." Still another, from the depths of his loneliness wrote: "Your voice is so wonderfully soft, yet strong, and there's laughter behind it. I have your picture, and your face is that way, too. I think you are a girl a man could love and fight for. Will you write and tell me what you're like?"

She wrote, but there's much she didn't tell. Small things that you pick up from her hair-dresser and the technicians who work with her, from the girls who sell her clothes at Magnin's, from some sailors she danced with at the Hollywood Canteen. Soldier, she's like this . . .

She's a honey, and if there were nothing more to her than the line of jive she can spout off at will, the quick little-girl smile and that intangible impishness, she'd still enchant you. But there's so much more. After you'd gotten to know her, soldier, you'd discover her sweetness, her sympathy, her unshakable loyalty. You'd learn to love her intensity, her sudden shyness, her silliness, her whole funny little sensitive, hard-boiled self.

You'd love the way she wrinkles her nose over shrimp salad or cocktails or anything she's not mad for. You'd chortle at the chatter about her hideous hair that's "absolutely straight." Laugh at the tales about her miniature poodle Choo-Choo, who, in spite of a pedigree two miles long, has a completely barrel-house personality and adores mutts, garbage and lowbrow people.

You'd love the naturalness of her as she talks about which clothes are right for her and which make her look "sad. Completely sad." The small nose wrinkles . . . "Pink and red, for instance, aren't for Garland. Not with my red hair and freckles. I love brown, navy and gray for suits. Wild prints and green for dresses." Hats she cannot take, you'd discover, unless they're on the back of her head and completely out of her sight. Even those eventually wind up in her little Mrs. Miniver-Rose-nailed hand. She's crazy about shoes, but is unfazed by rationing. Thinks two pairs a year is plush. Her two little tickets will buy a good pair of walking shoes and gay black numbers for afternoon clothes and night work.

You'd like the scrubbed young face with just the right color lipstick on the nice, honest mouth. The wonderful smile, the strong, warm handshake. She is, we think you'd agree, a girl a man could love.

She spends hours reading and answering her overseas mail, tears pouring down her cheeks as often as not. One of the most moving letters said, "I close my eyes and pretend it's my girl singing." And "Thank you" is the way the letters always end.

"They're thanking me." Stuff like that kills her, but being Judy, she goes out and evens things up a little by buying the biggest bonds she can afford. By begging the studio to let her do more and more

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," tells of astonishing experiences in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. Here he lived among the lamas, mystic priests of the temple. "In your previous lifetime," a very old lama told him, "you lived here, a lama in this temple. You and I were boys together. I lived on, but you died in youth, and were reborn in England. I have been expecting your return."

The young Englishman was amazed as he looked around the temple where he was believed to have lived and died. It seemed uncannily familiar, he appeared to know every nook and corner of it, yet—at least in this lifetime—he had never been there before. And mysterious was the set of circumstances that had brought him. Could it be a case of re-incarnation, that strange belief of the East that souls return to earth again and again, living many lifetimes?

Because of their belief that he had formerly been a lama in the temple, the lamas welcomed the young man with open arms and taught him rare mysteries and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which have enabled many to perform amazing feats. He says that the system often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, can be used to achieve brilliant business and professional success as well as great happiness. The

young man himself later became a noted explorer and geographer, a successful publisher of maps and atlases of the Far East, used thru-out the world.

"There is in all men a sleeping giant of mind-power," he says. "When awakened, it can make man capable of surprising feats, from the prolonging of youth to success in many other worthy endeavors." The system is said by many to promote improvement in health; others tell of increased bodily strength, courage and poise.

"The time has come for this long-hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world," declares the author, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mental-Physics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 514-F, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.

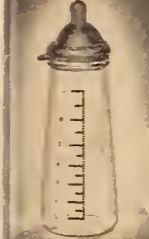


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camp shows, or, dream of dreams, go overseas! She wants to go terribly and not just to Ireland or England. "But right out to where they really need a good hot chorus of 'Dinah.' Italy or New Guinea or some place."

over there . . .

Here's what we mean. She was riding in a jeep over a bumpy road not so long ago, and she turned to the sunburned Southern soldier next to her—"Want to know what I want more than anything in the world?"

The GI guy had heard that one before. "Yeah, honey, you wanna drive this thing."

Her brown eyes went wide. "Jeepers, could I?"

"Reckon you could."

They swapped seats, and Judy drove blissfully for a second. Then, not looking at him, she said, "This is heavenly, but it isn't what I really want most."

"No?" he was a little hurt.

"I want to be on a recon truck with a piano in it singing 'Over There' when the Yanks march into Berlin."

PIN-UP BABY

(Continued from page 47)

Harry James, did she realize that what she'd felt for George had been second-best—affection, admiration, gratitude, loyalty. Not love as she knows it now.

When things were going wrong between George and herself, and she had to find consolation somewhere, she'd say to her mother: "I have no right to expect to be lucky in love. Look how lucky I am in my work. People just don't have everything."

Now she has everything. A marriage so perfect that it's like a story book. As long as she's with Harry and Harry's with her, that's all they want. They don't go to night clubs. They never say, "Let's call someone and have them over." When Betty's working, Harry gets up at 5:30 to breakfast with her. When she has a day off, she gets up at 7:30 to breakfast with him. They meet every day for lunch somewhere between 20th-Fox and Metro. There are times when the whole thing strikes Betty amidstships, and she can't take it in. She never went through it before. She never even knew there was anything like it. It's like being born over again in a new world, and the world is named Harry.

added bonus . . .

And as if that weren't enough! Most girls want babies. Betty wants them more than most. Waiting for George, she didn't often break down, but when she did, that was her cry. "I want to marry and have children." Every chance she got, she'd run out to worship at the rosy toes of Alice Faye, Jr. The news that Lana expected a child turned her green with envy. "I could push you right into the pool," she'd assure her friend, "you make me so mad."

Now! To want a baby so badly and have it happen so soon! There just are no words. Only if it was heaven before, now it's heaven and then some.

They're letting nothing cloud their heaven. Betty knows that before the baby comes Harry may be called into service. How will she bear the separation? She can hardly wait now from morning till noon to see him.

She answers soberly. "When something happens that you can't do anything about, you bear it. So many husbands and wives

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She's a honey, and if there were nothing more to her than the line of jive she can spiel off at will, the quick little-girl smile and that intangible impishness, she'd still enchant you. But there's so much more. After you'd gotten to know her, soldier, you'd discover her sweetness, her sympathy, her unshakable loyalty. You'd learn to love her intensity, her sudden shyness, her silliness, her whole funny little sensitive, hard-boiled self.

You'd love the way she wrinkles her nose over shrimp salad or cocktails or anything she's not mad for. You'd chortle at the chatter about her hideous hair that's "absolutely straight." Laugh at the tales about her miniature poodle Choo-Choo, who, in spite of a pedigree two miles long, has a completely barrel-house personality and adores mutts, garbage and lowbrow people.

You'd love the naturalness of her as she talks about which clothes are right for her and which make her look "sad. Completely sad." The small nose wrinkles . . . "Pink and red, for instance, aren't for Garland. Not with my red hair and freckles. I love brown, navy and gray for suits. Wild prints and green for dresses." Hats she cannot take, you'd discover, unless they're on the back of her head and completely out of her sight. Even those eventually wind up in her little Mrs. Miniver-Rose-nailed hand. She's crazy about shoes, but is unfazed by rationing. Thinks two pairs a year is plush. Her two little tickets will buy a good pair of walking shoes and gay black numbers for afternoon clothes and night work.

You'd like the scrubbed young face with just the right color lipstick on the nice, honest mouth. The wonderful smile, the strong, warm handshake. She is, we think you'd agree, a girl a man could love.

She spends hours reading and answering her overseas mail, tears pouring down her cheeks as often as not. One of the most moving letters said, "I close my eyes and pretend it's my girl singing." And "Thank you" is the way the letters always end.

"They're thanking me." Stuff like that kills her, but being Judy, she goes out and evens things up a little by buying the biggest bonds she can afford. By begging the studio to let her do more and more

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," tells of astonishing experiences in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. Here he lived among the lamas, mystic priests of the temple. "In your previous lifetime," a very old lama told him, "you lived here, a lama in this temple. You and I were boys together. I lived on, but you died in youth, and were reborn in England. I have been expecting your return."

The young Englishman was amazed as he looked around the temple where he was believed to have lived and died. It seemed uncannily familiar, he appeared to know every nook and corner of it, yet—at least in this lifetime—he had never been there before. And mysterious was the set of circumstances that had brought him. Could it be a case of re-incarnation, that strange belief of the East that souls return to earth again and again, living many lifetimes?

Because of their belief that he had formerly been a lama in the temple, the lamas welcomed the young man with open arms and taught him rare mysteries and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which have enabled many to perform amazing feats. He says that the system often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, can be used to achieve brilliant business and professional success as well as great happiness. The

young man himself later became a noted explorer and geographer, a successful publisher of maps and atlases of the Far East, used thru-out the world.

"There is in all men a sleeping giant of mind-power," he says. "When awakened, it can make man capable of surprising feats, from the prolonging of youth to success in many other worthy endeavors." The system is said by many to promote improvement in health; others tell of increased bodily strength, courage and poise.

"The time has come for this long-hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world," declares the author, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mental-physies, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 514-F, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.



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camp shows, or, dream of dreams, go overseas! She wants to go terribly and not just to Ireland or England. "But right out to where they really need a good hot chorus of 'Dinah.' Italy or New Guinea or some place."

over there . . .

Here's what we mean. She was riding in a jeep over a bumpy road not so long ago, and she turned to the sunburned Southern soldier next to her—"Want to know what I want more than anything in the world?"

The GI guy had heard that one before. "Yeah, honey, you wanna drive this thing." Her brown eyes went wide. "Jeepers, could I?"

"Reckon you could."

They swapped seats, and Judy drove blissfully for a second. Then, not looking at him, she said, "This is heavenly, but it isn't what I really want most."

"No?" he was a little hurt.

"I want to be on a recon truck with a piano in it singing 'Over There' when the Yanks march into Berlin."

PIN-UP BABY

(Continued from page 47)

Harry James, did she realize that what she'd felt for George had been second-best—affection, admiration, gratitude, loyalty. Not love as she knows it now.

When things were going wrong between George and herself, and she had to find consolation somewhere, she'd say to her mother: "I have no right to expect to be lucky in love. Look how lucky I am in my work. People just don't have everything."

Now she has everything. A marriage so perfect that it's like a story book. As long as she's with Harry and Harry's with her, that's all they want. They don't go to night clubs. They never say, "Let's call someone and have them over." When Betty's working, Harry gets up at 5:30 to breakfast with her. When she has a day off, she gets up at 7:30 to breakfast with him. They meet every day for lunch somewhere between 20th-Fox and Metro. There are times when the whole thing strikes Betty amidstships, and she can't take it in. She never went through it before. She never even knew there was anything like it. It's like being born over again in a new world, and the world is named Harry.

added bonus . . .

And as if that weren't enough! Most girls want babies. Betty wants them more than most. Waiting for George, she didn't often break down, but when she did, that was her cry. "I want to marry and have children." Every chance she got, she'd run out to worship at the rosy toes of Alice Faye, Jr. The news that Lana expected a child turned her green with envy. "I could push you right into the pool," she'd assure her friend, "you make me so mad."

Now! To want a baby so badly and have it happen so soon! There just are no words. Only if it was heaven before, now it's heaven and then some.

They're letting nothing cloud their heaven. Betty knows that before the baby comes Harry may be called into service. How will she bear the separation? She can hardly wait now from morning till noon to see him.

She answers soberly. "When something happens that you can't do anything about, you bear it. So many husbands and wives



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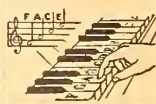
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have said good-by. What's different about us? I'm lucky to have him this long. I'm happy now. Later will have to take care of itself."

There was a house they would have bought, except that they couldn't get occupancy for four months. Betty felt that wouldn't be fair to Harry. He ought to be in his own house for a little while anyway.

As soon as she finishes "Pin-Up Girl," they'll really start house-hunting. It's several weeks since they shook the dust of Unhappy Hollow from their feet. Harry names everything. His car, for no good reason, is Hi-hi. He took one look at the house he'd leased, sight unseen, from New York and promptly dubbed it Unhappy Hollow. It was all wrong. Luckily for them, tastes differ. It seemed all right to a couple of other guys who took it over and left the Jameses free to trek.

They're staying with Betty's mother till they can find a place of their own. It's got to have something they can turn into a music-room for Harry's thousands of records and his recording machine and the television set Manny Sachs—his best friend and best man—gave them. If possible they'd like a pool, and it has nothing at all to do with Hollywood swank. Swimming's the one sport they're both crazy about. And, of course, one very sunny bedroom, whose tenant is expected to move in next April some time. Betty wants a girl. Harry doesn't care. Boy or girl, Junior'll take a blue room and like it. Because Pop loves blue.

As a matter of fact, they've got their house all picked out. Only it's not for sale. They pass it every day, stop the car and feast their eyes on its green-and-white loveliness. Velvet lawn running back fifty feet. Huge white flowers banked against the white Colonial farmhouse, green-shuttered. From the side, glimpses of a pool and a youngsters' play-yard. Every day they stop, hoping a FOR SALE sign may have sprouted in the night.

"What do you think would happen," Betty asks, "if I marched up, rang the doorbell and said, 'Don't you want to sell your house?'"

"I'd be waiting right here to catch you when they bounced you back. Do you realize we have no idea what the inside looks like?"

"I'd buy it anyway. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes. Now let's beat it before they run us in."

Meantime they're enjoying family life. It's a household of six—Mrs. Grable and the Jameses, Betty's sister, her husband and their eight-year-old Peter. Peter's king of the neighborhood kids, on account of the baseballs and mitts he collects from Harry. Every Sunday morning he and Betty go out to the ball park to watch Harry play. It means getting up at seven on her day of rest. Does she mind? She'd die if Harry went any place without her. Their proudest moment came when he smashed out a triple to win the game from Calship, while Betty and Peter yelled themselves hoarse in the bleachers.

If the baby's a boy, he's going to be a ball player. That's settled. So are a couple of other things. Like blonde curly hair and blue eyes. It just stands to reason, because look—Betty's got curly hair, Harry's got curly hair, the whole family's got curly hair—Betty's a blonde, Harry was blonde as a child—and they both have blue eyes. Only Betty wants the baby to have Harry's blue eyes. Hers are darker. His are that heavenly turquoise you don't see very often—Carole Lombard had them, Alice Faye has them, Betty James's baby'd better have them, or else—

Also Harry's disposition. Hers, she insists, isn't too hot. Things irritate her lots of times that shouldn't. She's improving,

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That's the way some people get about babies, I guess. And whether you're a movie star or not it doesn't make any difference. But Alan is a proud and generous paw. And that incident only made him more anxious to get home to his own nursery. Alana was the main attraction, in fact, all throughout Alan's furlough stay. Luckily he had Sue with him for a two months' visit up north. Sue had originally planned to bring Alana along with her and stay until Alan was ordered farther north. But his Army orders were changed, and it looked like he wouldn't be around that part of the country forever. Besides, Sue had wired Laddie to find a house. Alan wired back, "Are you kidding?" Hotel rooms were all there were around an army air base town like that. So Sue went on up alone, leaving little Alana with Rinsje, their Dutch nurse.

She didn't have a qualm or a worry about that, because Rinsje is so nuts about Alana that they had a battle with her even to get Alana away to the beach.

So Sue packed up with a clear conscience to join Alan, knowing that Alana would be in loving hands. When she arrived Alan met her at the station. "How's Alana?" he wanted to know. "Is she sitting up? Can she talk?"

Sue stayed two months. The Ladds lived in a hotel in a nearby town, and Alan rode a bus to the air base daily. For a long time, no one on the bus knew who he was, not even the driver. Then someone recognized Al and told the bus driver. After that, it got to be a certain attraction on the local transit line.

h'wood hot shot . . .

One day Alan was riding home when he heard a girl and boy talking behind him. "They say," said the boy, "that Alan Ladd rides this bus. Gosh, with all his dough you'd think a Hollywood hot shot like that would break down and rent himself an automobile. What a cheapskate!"

Alan didn't mind being called a cheapskate, but at that point it struck him as pretty ironic about renting a car. He had just tried all over town, for Sue's picnic.

Sue has always been a gal of action around Hollywood. But now with no baby and house to take care of and no talent agency to run, she had time on her hands. Sometimes, she'd ride out to the base with Alan, but usually she found herself faced with the four walls of a hotel room all day unless she did something about it. So she got busy. Sue worked folding bandages at the Red Cross some days. Others she visited a big infirmary where wounded heroes from the Pacific are brought.

But about that car—Sue and Alan always kept their hotel room an open house proposition for the soldiers at the base. Sometimes as many as a dozen or more of Alan's Air Corps buddies would be jamming the place almost any time of day. Sometimes a soldier they'd never seen before would wander in unannounced. Once Alan was dressing to go out for dinner and a pilot came in and sat down. Alan said "Hello"; he said "Hello." Alan said, "Sit down"; he said, "Thanks." "Drink?" "Thanks." "Flyer?" "Yes." "B-17?" "Right." "Where from?" "Michigan." "Here long?" "Two months." It went on like that. Alan had to ask all the questions. The pilot just answered in short words. Finally, he got up. "Well," he said, "I just wanted to say I'd met you. Thanks."

But most of the G.I.'s were more sociable. So Sue planned to toss a picnic party for a dozen or so of Alan's best Army friends. She didn't know what she was getting into. Sue is a swell cook, all right. I know, because I've eaten a lot of Ladd meals that Sue always supervises and usually cooks.



**"ME?
-I'm in the
BIGGEST
of all!"**



No snappy uniform...no "E" pins, but I keep my war-working family fed, day after day after day! That means long hours of kitchen-detail...and how I coddle up to anything that makes life easier... That wonderful Royledge Shelving, for instance. Just a detail, but see what a lot of trouble it saves!

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In fact, in Washington when Alan got sick of restaurant food, she sneaked a roaster into their hotel room and rigged up some kind of cooking apparatus and actually baked a ham. Don't ask me how. But preparing meals for 15 or 20 hungry soldiers is even more of a job. Sue had to borrow the house of a lucky friend she'd made and take over the kitchen for all the deviled eggs, potato salad and fried chicken. When she had it all packed, it was a respectable load, what with the wood stove and cases of soft drinks and iced watermelons and what have you. At that point Alan went out to rent a big automobile. That's what he'd planned.

Not a garage had any kind of a vehicle for rent. The Ladds called all their friends. No cars. It looked like the picnic would have to be held in the great outdoors of their hotel room until Alan had a bright idea. He ran down to the grocery store and made a deal. But what clinched it was the promise to carry the noon delivery load on the way to the picnic. So Sue and Alan entertained in a grocery truck, stop-pin to ring back doorbells along the way!

"Washington was very bad for my ego," Alan grins. That was true, too. Half the time nobody gave him a tumble. When he and Sue attended enlisted men's dances, they couldn't compete for attention with the accomplished jitterbug teams. They waited their turn in restaurants, crammed themselves on buses and stood in line at the laundry. Even at the hotel, they had to watch their p's and q's with the demand for sleeping space the way it was. Being a movie star didn't help one bit.

After a few months of that personal deglamorizing, Alan was called on to plug war bonds at a rally. He hadn't made a personal appearance for so long or thought of himself as a celebrity that when the time came for him to mount the stand he was shaking like a plate of jello. And after he'd had his say he got so scared realizing all those people were crowding around him that he jumped from the stand, ran away, getting tangled up in electric wires.

That's one of the reasons Alan stuck so close to the Malibu beach colony while he was in Hollywood on vacation. He doesn't consider himself a Hollywood star right now, although everyone still insists on treating him like one.

But what Alan told me before I left Malibu and told him good-by and *hasta la vista* was that if his first vacation was his last one that would be okay with him. He didn't think he'd ever improve on it anyway. There was only one thing missing, he said. When Alan clicked in Hollywood he got into the night habit of drinking coffee in the kitchen and studying his scripts on the sink. "Now every time I drink a cup of coffee at night I kind of miss the feel of a shooting script in my hand," said Alan. When he reads in the papers about other actors going into the pictures that were scheduled for him, too, he feels just a slight pang of natural envy.

"Maybe it's the Hollywood climate," he began, "but it would sure be a great kick just to be planning a picture again," he said a little wistfully. "Maybe when all this is over I'll get another chance."

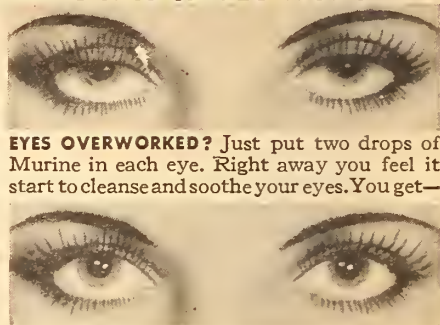
I told him I wouldn't worry too much about that. Alan hasn't made any pictures for almost a year but I had just been by Paramount and since he's been in the Army his mail has doubled and his pictures have set box-office records.

"Then," grinned Alan, "I guess I'd better cut this vacation stuff short, get back to duty and hustle that day along—hey?"

I admitted it was a sound idea and that's where Corporal Alan Ladd is today—back on duty, hustling Victory-Day along the best he can but with memories of a leave in Hollywood that are pretty swell.

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If it's a boy, Robert after Harry, after, Anthony, cause Betty wants to call him Tony. If it's a girl—

"How about Elizabeth, Elizabeth?" That's Betty's real name. Harry loves it and often calls her by it.

"Okay for a middle name, but she really ought to have one all her own. Honey, what was my name in 'Springtime in the Rockies'?" They look back with fondness on that picture, in which they both played.

"Victoria—"
"That's it. Victoria Elizabeth James—veddy ultrah, what?—and we'll call her Vicki."

That's the present plan. They could change it a dozen times before April. It's much too soon to be planning things anyway. Though you'd never think so from the way her friends have furiously started knitting and the way her mother—who sews beautifully—is making eight million slips and things. Betty's only real plan thus far has come to naught. She figured on borrowing Alice Faye's baby buggy, till she learned that Alice was going to need it herself. In April, too. They'll be entering the hospital practically hand in hand.

When she and Harry do go out, it's to spend a quiet evening with Alice and Phil, or the Keenan Wynns. Mostly they stay at home, listen to records, play bridge with the family or gin rummy with each other. According to Betty, they're pretty evenly matched, yet somehow she always wins, and he always pays off.

She's feeling fine. The only difference is that she tires more easily now and can hardly keep her eyes open after 8:30. Oh yes—and her appetite. It's grown from healthy to colossal. She doesn't have to be urged to eat for two. Given her choice of desserts, she'll pick the biggest. Breakfast used to be coffee and toast. Now it's bacon and eggs and melon and toast and coffee-cake, and she goes away hungry. The doctor prescribed vitamins—to build her up.

"How far can I get built up?" she wants to know.

law-maker . . .

For professional reasons, her hair's been kept lighter than natural in her last few pictures. One day Harry caught her curling her nose up at it.

"Why, what's wrong with it, honey?"
"I'm going to be a mother. I can't go round in platinum blonde hair."

It's still platinum, though, because Harry likes it that way—the blonder, the better. There's nothing half-hearted about Harry's likes and dislikes, or about the way Betty strives to please. Her hair may cling damply to her neck on a hot day, but she wears it down because Harry dislikes it up. She did suggest having it cut a little shorter, but he threw a fit, so she wears it long. He can't stand pompadours or the rats you wind them round. When he finds one of Betty's, he throws it away.

He'd abolish slacks for girls, though he'll grant they look better on his girl than some others. Still, he prefers her in suits with open-shirt blouses. She's always worn pumps. Now she wears ankle-straps. They're the kind Harry likes. It would suit him fine if her whole wardrobe was blue. He hates black. She loves it. Most of her evening things used to be black.

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Well—that's something else again. "Why do you have to use lipstick?" he asked one day, and Betty thought fast—

"So my lips won't chap."

That sounded sensible, so she got away with it. There's another thing she also got away with. On their first date, she was working in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and wearing no nail polish, because it was a period picture. Harry approved. "You're one of the few girls I know who doesn't use that horrible stuff." She kept her mouth shut and hasn't used it since.

He's mad about perfume, smells all the bottles on her dressing-table. Some men like a whiff, Harry likes more than that.

The day after they found out about the baby, he got home first. "Don't come in yet," he called from the bedroom, and Betty heard him shoving things into a drawer. "Okay now—"

Playing dumb, she sat down to take off her make-up. A drawer opened stealthily.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE ... you will be pretty out.
... next day off a ... gent shop-

"When Harry got in, she was standing against the closet door. 'Look what I found!' Out they came, one by one. A sweater. A belt. A bathrobe. A pair of slippers. A blue shirt. A blue tie. A blue-bordered handkerchief. A tan shirt. A brown tie. A brown-bordered hanky—
"There had to be ten," she explained. "Fathers shouldn't get gypped."

He tried them all on and wore half of them down to dinner.

Before their marriage, he gave her an identification bracelet marked BETTY GRABLE. After their marriage, he took it off her arm one day and replaced it with another. "I like this one better." She was puzzled for a moment. They seemed exactly the same. Then she looked closer. The new one was marked BETTY GRABLE JAMES.

But the gift she loves best is a bill-clasp, whose prongs hold a locket with four leaves. Her name's on the outside. The first two leaves are inscribed, "Betty darling—be my girl always, honey. Love, Harry." Their pictures smile across at each other from the last two leaves.

(Continued from page 68)

You apply the stuff with a brush that accompanies it. And, a word from the Forethought Dept. These brushes are precious now, what with Hirohito and Hitler causing all kinds of shortages. Care for your mascara brush. Clean it after every use. When you throw away an empty mascara carton, save the brush.

Moving on to the Color Dept.: If your hair is dark brown or black, use black mascara. If your curly tresses are light brown, blonde or red, use brown.

When applying your magic mascara, first wet your brush lightly with warm water. Use a small amount of mascara (adding to it, if necessary) and cover each lash evenly. Presto, that mousy look has vanished. As the mascara is drying, whisk a clean brush over your handiwork to remove excess mascara and to separate each individual lash. Hold the brush pressed against your lashes for a minute, to lend them a curl. Curled lashes, my bright-eyed beauties, "open" the eyes and enlarge the appearance of the orbits.

Here, out of the goodness of our heart, we present a glamour extra straight from Hollywood for nights when you want your lashes to look especially long, thick and dark. It's a cosmetic trick that will entrance your on-leave beau no end! Apply your mascara in the usual way, and (surprise) just before it's dry, dust face powder over it. When the powder has set, go over the lashes again with a second coat of mascara.

Raised Eyebrow Dept.

We need natural eyebrows. Nature, smart one, designed them to deflect light.

The perfect eyebrow, so an artist tells us, starts at a point just above and even with the inner corner of the eye. Its line follows the natural curve of the eye-socket. To keep all smooth, reach for your tweezer at needed intervals. Let-

ting random hairs grow for weeks and weeks, then plucking a large crop at one time makes a chore out of an easy routine.

Always caution yourself, when working with the tweezer, to follow the natural brow arch and bear in mind that you're not mowing a lawn. Pencil-thin brows went out with silent pictures. But, still, straggling hairs need to be weeded out.

Pencil Notes

With every fresh make-up job, wield your eyebrow pencil with finesse. An eyebrow pencil, well sharpened, makes those clean small strokes that improve sandy coloring, unsatisfactory shape, in sufficient length. Another thought: Darken your eyebrows by blending both brown and black pencil in short, light strokes. This is a wonderful trick for the wench whose brows are skimpy and pale, for it produces a soft, natural effect. Or you can use a thin wash of mascara, building up feeble, scanty brows by picking up with the brush the smallest, finest hair:

You and Your Shadow

Aha . . . how fascinating indeed are dewy-sheened eyelids! And for this reason, my pets, you'll use eye shadow as part of your regular make-up. It comes in such fascinating shades. Smooth it on first along the lid edge, then shade it upward and outward with your finger.

Handle With Care

Eyes are so precious that, of course, you need no prompting from us to handle them with care. The very best gift for them—eight hours of sleep each and every night.

A very fine thing indeed for your eye is a special lotion that's pure as a picture passed by the Hays office. The lotion (which is accompanied by its own dropper) promotes a clean, clear condition of the eyes. Use it night and morning.

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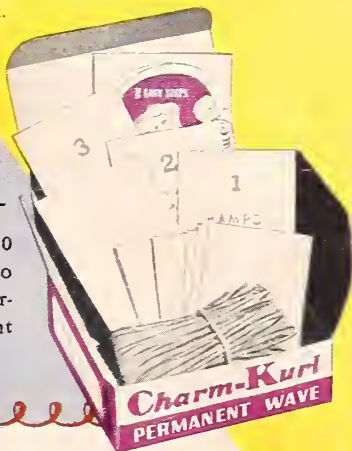
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