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Modern Screen

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THE LAMANT OF
CONDENS
SERIAL HISTORY
FEB 12 1944

Rita
Hayworth
®

Her lovely hair that gleams and glows

Assures her beaux...where-e'er she goes!



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

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

In the game of love, a girl's best trump card is lovely, shining hair. Yes, a man really falls for hair that sparkles with highlights, gleams with lustre!

So IF YOU want to be the "Queen of his heart", remember that! Never let soap or soap shampoos dull the radiant beauty of your hair.

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle... right after shampooing.

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

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

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



Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble



LOOK DEVASTATING those precious hours you spend with "him." You will, even in the simplest dress, if you do right by your hair! Here's a glamorous new hair-do he'll adore... if your hair itself has the shining smoothness only Drene with Hair Conditioner can give.

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

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

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



After Hours—

win romance with a bright, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

THERE'S a victory to win—and you're working hard! But after hours, you're *you*—with your girl's heart and time for romance. So wear your feminine frills and furbelows. Yes, and call on the most fetching charm of all—a radiant smile!

Remember you don't need beauty to win happiness and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. And even the plainest girl—with a sparkling, attractive smile—can turn heads and win hearts!

So make your smile gay and radiant—a

smile that is the real YOU. And remember, healthy gums are important if you want to have a bright, sparkling smile.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by our soft foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid

the health of the gums as well. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

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

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

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

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

Start today with Ipana AND massage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

A legend currently circulating among airmen reveals that when General Chennault, commanding his Flying Tigers, climbed into the cockpit of a plane he said,

"When I'm at the stick I'm just a guy named Joe."



M-G-M presents Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in Victor Fleming's production of "A Guy Named Joe".

With Van Johnson, Ward Bond, James Gleason, Lionel Barrymore, Barry Nelson, Esther Williams.

Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

Irene Dunne surpasses her best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth".

Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

Two lovers with stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

A story of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

M-G-M is as proud of this one as of "Madame Curie" which has met with such acclaim throughout the country.

If you care to listen in to a first class radio program try "The People's Reporter" on the Mutual Network. Need we tell you the sponsor?

But it's hard for us to mention the air without coming back to.



Presented by
A Guy Named

—Leo

MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

SWOON BOY

Sinatra's funny that way. Gals dripping orchids and mink cry for him, but he'll take spaghetti in the kitchen—with Nancy and the baby!..... 22

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COVER: Rita Hayworth in Col.'s "Cover Girl." Kodachrome by Coburn.

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A guy named **LEO PRESENTS**



A guy named **SPENCER TRACY**



A gal named **IRENE DUNNE**

in VICTOR FLEMING's Production
of the M-G-Marvelous Romance

The grandest love story since "Test Pilot"

"A Guy Named Joe"



with VAN JOHNSON • WARD BOND • JAMES GLEASON • LIONEL BARRYMORE
BARRY NELSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Adaptation by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan • Directed by VICTOR FLEMING • Produced by EVERETT RISKIN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson



When newsman Larry Stevens (Dick Powell) goes to see clairvoyant Professor Cigolini (J. Oakie), he falls in love with his assistant Sylvia (Linda Darnell).



That night a wraith-like figure hands him a newspaper with "tomorrow's headlines." Story of opera house hold-up comes true when he takes Sylvia to opera next afternoon!

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW

In the "morgue" of a metropolitan newspaper of the 1890's, an old man and a young one are having an argument. "Time is an illusion," old Pop Benson declares. Pop has been in charge of the "morgue" of the "Evening News" for many years, and he's seen a lot of todays turn into yesterdays. "What difference does it make whether a thing happened last year or will happen tomorrow?" he asks young Larry Stevens (Dick Powell).

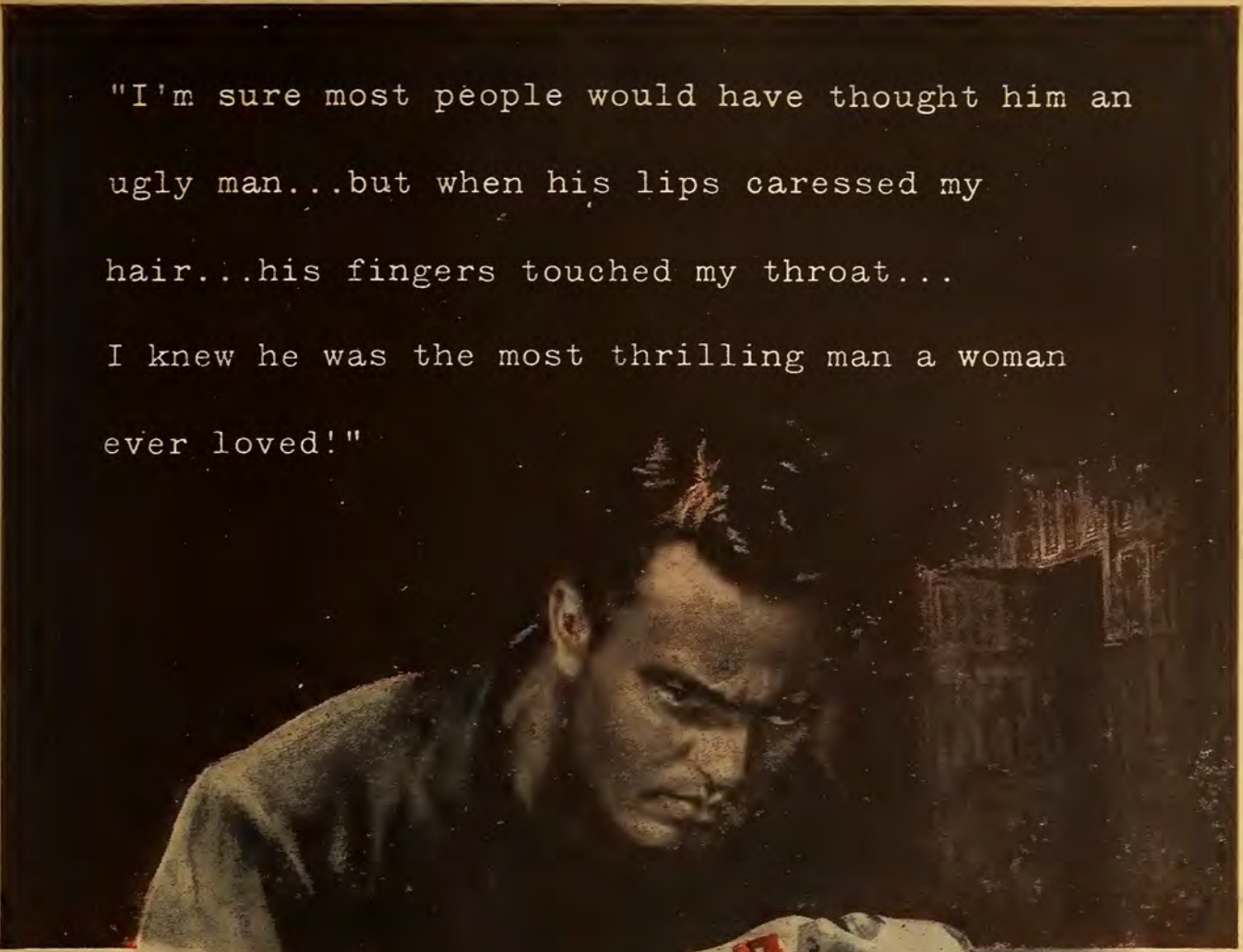
Larry thinks it makes a lot of difference. "If I knew something that was going to happen tomorrow, I could write a story on it and make old man Gordon give me a raise." But of course, no one knows what is going to happen tomorrow, so Larry says good night and leaves for an evening out on the town. He ends up in a night spot where a clairvoyant act is in progress. Professor Cigolini (Jack Oakie) has an extremely pretty assistant, Sylvia (Linda Darnell). She is supposedly in a trance, but Larry catches her glancing his way, and he waits for her after the show. He and Sylvia escape the eagle eye of the professor, who is her uncle, and Larry takes her home in a hansom cab. After some Victorian coyness, she even agrees to have lunch with him the next day, and he starts home through the foggy night, up to his ears in dreams.

On the way he meets Pop Benson, curiously wraith-like in the fog. (Continued on page 10)



When he inserts already-written story in paper, police accuse him of being an accomplice. A second phantom news story saves his hide by disclosing robber's roost! A third headline forecasts his death.

"I'm sure most people would have thought him an ugly man...but when his lips caressed my hair...his fingers touched my throat... I knew he was the most thrilling man a woman ever loved!"



20th
CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

ORSON WELLES

as "Edward Rochester"

JOAN FONTAINE

as "Jane"

Jane Eyre
by
Charlotte Brontë

with Margaret O'Brien

Peggy Ann Garner • John Sutton

Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • Screen Play by
Aldous Huxley, Robert Stevenson and John Houseman



From
Charlotte Brontë's
immortal story of
love pitted against
terror!

And watch for the other coming big
pictures from **20th Century-Fox**
including

THE SULLIVANS

The story of the year about the
family of the year! — in the
picture of a lifetime!

*It's a
Pleasure*

to tell you about a
film that is happy and gay
and filled with romance and
action. You'll lose your cares
when you go to see this
rhumba-on-the-range fiesta



ROY ROGERS

King of the Cowboys



TRIGGER



Smartest Horse in the Movies



HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

WITH
RUTH TERRY

GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
ONSLow STEVENS
MARY TREEN,
The Wiers Brothers
and BOB NOLAN and
THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Roy Sings

Hoagy ("Stardust") Carmichael's "Hands Across
the Border" and other grand tunes

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

PICTURE PUZZLE

See page 73 for contest details

In



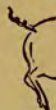
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trouble was



For Fred and



er



Too busy to



about



They started by getting all wet!

That bright



Miss Goddard was brai



She managed to find



a



As



and



they were zany,

But Paulette



her man,



Fred!

Modern Screen's Contest Series—No. 13, "Standing Room Only"

In _____ ing _____ trouble was _____

For Fred and _____ er _____

Too busy to _____ about _____

They started by getting all wet!

That bright _____ Miss Goddard was brai _____

She managed to find _____ a _____

As _____ and _____ they were zany,

But Paulette _____ her man, _____ Fred!

Full name. _____ Coat size. _____

Street. _____ City. _____ State. _____

Mail to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



"But it would be more fun to see
'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek'"

drop everything
to see it!

Paramount's
**THE MIRACLE
OF MORGAN'S
CREEK**

(There's no Morgan in it-
There's no Creek in it-
But there is a Miracle-
And what a Miracle!)

starring **Eddie Bracken**
Alias Ignatz Ratzkywatzky, the 6F Miracle Man!

and **Betty Hutton**

As Trudy Kockenlocker who kissed
the boys good-bye, regiment by regiment!

With DIANA LYNN • WILLIAM
DEMAREST • PORTER HALL and
'McGINTY' and 'THE BOSS' • Written
and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

"When funnier pic-
tures are made, you'll
simply collapse!"

* "Promise me you won't tell
a soul what the hilarious
MIRACLE is. They wouldn't
believe you anyway!"

Melisse



Scenes from the forthcoming
musical sensation of 1944



Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in Technicolor

Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

with
LEE BOWMAN · PHIL SILVERS · JINX FALKENBURG
and

THE COVER GIRLS
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

Pop silently hands him a folded newspaper. Larry sticks it in his pocket and forgets it till the next morning. Then he discovers it is the "Evening News" dated that day. Obviously something is wrong. The "News" doesn't come out till afternoon. Larry scans it perplexedly and reads the story of a holdup at the Opera House that afternoon at two o'clock. To his incredulous amazement, the story has his own by-line. He still can't understand it, but when he gets to the office, he surreptitiously copies the story and sticks it in a drawer of his desk. Just in case. . . .

He takes Sylvia to lunch and afterward to the Opera House to hear Melba sing. But the performance is stopped by a hold-up. It has really happened. Larry dashes back to the office and hands in the already written story. As a result, he is promptly arrested. The police figure that if he knew about the robbery ahead of time he must have been in on it. Sylvia tries to rescue him by saying that she is really clairvoyant and saw what was going to happen and told Larry.

Cops are a skeptical bunch. "Okay, sister, let's see you do it again," is their proposition. Sylvia figures out an angle to take care of that, but it involves jumping off a bridge into the river, which is taking care of it the hard way. Meanwhile, Pop Benson comes to the jail and hands Larry another "tomorrow's paper." Larry sees with pleasure that the bandits are captured the next morning, and he takes the police to the right place at the right time. Result: The bandits are captured, and Larry is released and given a raise. He and Sylvia drift around in a rose-colored cloud.

But Professor Cigolini suspects that Larry's intentions are not honorable. He demands that he marry Sylvia at once or never see her again. That's fine with Larry, he was just getting around to proposing anyway. At least it's fine until Pop Benson shows up with another paper that says, "Larry Stevens, reporter, killed in St. George hotel robbery." When Larry reads that he rushes off to a hospital and refuses to leave for any purpose whatever, even to marry the luscious Sylvia. He's going to stay right there in a nice safe bed and let someone else get shot in the hotel St. George.

He can't escape fate, even by taking to bed and letting someone else get shot in the St. George at the appointed hour, in spite of all his struggles. The outcome and the explanation are completely unexpected.

Hollywood seems to be going in for fantasy these days. This particular dish of it is handled lightly and is still boy-meets-girl, even if it's hopped up with what-happens-tomorrow. You'll find it bright entertainment with Jack Oakie contributing the comedy high spots.—U. A.

P. S.

Linda Darnell, Dick Powell, Jack Oakie, Rene Clair and the casting director all celebrated birthdays while this was in production. . . . Biggest party was given for Linda. Publicity department called Hollywood U.S.O. and asked for servicemen who were celebrating birthdays to be sent over to join the fun. First to arrive was Private George Bruce of Cincinnati who had just turned 20. Linda shared her gifts and half her cake with the private. Altogether 18 soldiers, sailors and Marines showed up to join the fun. . . . Linda ages from 18 to 80 in this picture. During the last 20 years make-up men had to apply a

rubber clay to her face to form wrinkles and extra chins. Stuff usually works perfectly, but Linda's skin was so firm and fine-pored, they had to work with her for 52 hours (at different sittings) to find a strong enough solution to use on her face. . . . Took make-up department two hours to fix her face every morning. On day of her big scene as Dick's wife on their Golden Wedding Anniversary, she tripped at the top of the staircase as they were descending. Dick caught her in time to avoid a serious accident, but when she was back on her feet, both chins were dangling from her right ear, and the cast had to wait another two hours while she was redone. . . . Powell, who has been fighting for years to get away from musicals, can't stop singing between takes. Answered requests from the cast and crew every morning while waiting for day's shooting to get under way. . . . Only song he does in this is one done in a bar in a tipsy condition. Script called for him to sing off key, but he found it impossible so technicians dubbed in a voice for Powell's. . . . Wedlock and Snyder, who wrote the script, have written radio script for both Oakie and Dick in the past.

UP IN ARMS

There isn't anyone like Danny Kaye. For years Hollywood has gotten along with ersatz products, but now here is the real Danny. He's wacky, he's hilarious, he's wonderful! Playing opposite him is lovely Dinah Shore. Constance Dowling and Dana Andrews make up the rest of a fast foursome.

Danny plays a lad named Danny, which simplifies everything. He's an elevator operator by profession and a hypochondriac by avocation. He spends half his time taking vari-colored pills and his temperature, and the other half mooning at a beautiful nurse named Mary (Constance Dowling). Danny has a pal, Joe (Dana Andrews), and he's very happy that Joe and Mary get on so well together. It never occurs to him that it might come up love.

One day Danny gets a letter which begins, "Greetings from the President." Danny is incredulous. They can't draft him! Why, he's half dead now from a dozen different ailments. But "sound as a nut," says the Army doctor, coining a phrase, and Danny's in! So is Joe, who hates to leave Mary as much as Danny does. More. Danny's too busy worrying about his health. He predicts gloomily that six weeks in the Army will finish him off.

Somehow it doesn't. He's known to his barrack mates as "the guy with the pills" and "the noxious joik," but he survives. Mary joins the Army as a nurse and introduces Danny to another nurse, Virginia (Dinah Shore). She hopes he'll fall for Virginia, so that Joe won't be so reluctant to pay her some attention. Joe doesn't want to take Danny's girl. But Danny stays stubbornly in love with Mary. He talks her into coming down to see him off when they start overseas, and with his customary talent for doing the wrong thing, gets her on board the boat by mistake, and she's carried off when they sail. Virginia is on board, too, with a couple of hundred other nurses, and Danny shoves Mary in with them and hopes for the best. The best doesn't materialize, and by the time they get to their destination, Danny is assigned to the guardhouse. Of course, by the end of the picture, he's a hero. But hero or not, he's wacky, he's hilarious, he's
(Continued on page 13)

Busier hands can still be
picture-pretty!



You're working hard on the home front. But it's easy to guard your lovely, busy hands the *beforehand* way—with Toushay! Smooth it on *before* all your daily soap-and-water tasks. It helps *prevent* dryness and roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!



Housework's just one of your wartime jobs. Recreation centers, businesses, hospitals need you—and you're helping out. But never neglect your hands! Just smooth on Toushay *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Always take this precaution *beforehand*, instead of waiting till damage is done!



And for a quick change-over to glamour, Toushay's a magic help! Besides guarding the loveliness of your hands, this rich "before-hand" lotion's grand for rough elbows and knees—for all-over body rubs—or as a clinging, fragrant powder base. Inexpensive, because a few creamy drops go a long way. Ask your druggist for Toushay!



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

EXCITEMENT FROM
HOLLYWOOD!

NAILHEAD JUMPER



JANE WYATT
Lovely Hollywood
Screen Actress

Two-tone harmony...glamour-plus tailoring!
Smart nailhead trim. Two-tone idea, slender-
izing waistband makes you look slim as a reed!
Sizes 10 to 18. \$7.98, plus postage.

Blouse—Flattering high neck—coquette bow!
Long full sleeves! Beautiful rayon crepe, in white
only. Sizes 32 to 38, \$3.98, plus postage.

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If you are not completely satisfied,
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Please send "Nailhead Jumper", at \$7.98, plus postage.
POWDER and NAVY ☐ AQUA and BROWN ☐ GOLD and RED ☐ NAVY ☐

(Mark 1st and 2nd choice of color combinations)
Sizes: 10 12 14 16 18 (Circle size)

Blouse, at \$3.98, plus postage.

Sizes: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size)

(Please print name, etc. plainly.)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

116 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★ means unsurpassed excellence, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating	Movie	Rating
A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M).....	3½★	Lady of Burlesque (United Artists).....	3★
Action in the North Atlantic (Warners).....	3½★	Lassie Comes Home (M-G-M).....	C 4★
Aerial Gunner (Paramount).....	3★	Last Will of Dr. Mabuse, The (Nero Films).....	3★
Air Force (Warners).....	4★	Leopard Man (RKO).....	3★
Around the World (RKO).....	3★	Let's Face It (Paramount).....	C 3½★
Assignment in Brittany (M-G-M).....	3★	Madame Curie (M-G-M).....	4★
Background to Danger (Warners).....	3★	Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Bataan (M-G-M).....	3½★	Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic).....	3★
Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Margin for Error (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Behind the Rising Sun (RKO).....	3★	Meanest Man in the World, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Mission to Moscow (Warners).....	3½★
Bombardier (RKO).....	3★	Mister Big (Universal).....	C 3★
Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Mr. Lucky (RKO).....	3½★
Cabin in the Sky (M-G-M).....	3½★	Moon is Down, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
China (Paramount).....	3★	My Friend Flicka (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4★
Claudia (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	More the Merrier, The (Columbia).....	4★
Coney Island (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	My Kingdom for a Cook (Columbia).....	C 3★
Constant Nymph, The (Warners).....	4★	Next of Kin (Universal).....	4★
Corvette K-225 (Universal).....	4★	No Time for Love (Paramount).....	3½★
Crash Dive (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	North Star, The (RKO).....	4★
Crazy House (Universal).....	C 3★	Northern Pursuit (Warners).....	3★
Cross of Lorraine, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Old Acquaintance (Warners).....	3★
Cry Havoc (M-G-M).....	3★	Ox-Bow Incident, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Desert Song, The (RKO).....	C 3★	Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal).....	3½★
Desert Victory (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Prelude to War (War Dept.).....	4★
Desperadoes, The (Columbia).....	3★	Presenting Lily Mars (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Diary of a Nazi (Artinko Pictures).....	3★	Pride of the Yankees (RKO).....	4★
Dixie (Paramount).....	C 3★	Princess O'Rourke (Warners).....	3½★
Edge of Darkness (Warners).....	3½★	Random Harvest (M-G-M).....	4★
Falcon in Danger (RKO).....	3★	Riding High (Paramount).....	3★
Fire in the Straw (Benoit-Levy Production).....	3½★	Russian Story, The (Artinko Pictures).....	3★
Fired Wife (Universal).....	3★	Russians at War (Artinko Pictures).....	3★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal).....	3½★	Sahara (Warners).....	4★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount).....	4★	Saludos Amigos (RKO).....	C 4★
Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO).....	3★	Siege of Leningrad (Lenfilm).....	4★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	Silk, Blood and Sun (Maya Films).....	3★
Ghost Ship, The (RKO).....	3★	Silver Spurs (Republic).....	C 3★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Someone to Remember (Republic).....	3★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Something to Shout About (Columbia).....	3★
Gyandev of India (Prabhat Studios).....	3★	Somewhere in France (United Artists).....	3½★
Hangmen Also Die (United Artists).....	3★	Song of Texas (Republic).....	C 3★
Happy Land (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Spitfire (RKO).....	3½★
Heart of a Nation, The (Paul Graetz Production).....	3★	Stage Door Canteen (United Artists).....	C 4★
Hello, Frisco, Hello (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4★
Hers to Hold (Universal).....	3½★	Sweet Rosie O'Grady (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists).....	3★	Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners).....	3★
Hitler's Children (RKO).....	3★	They Came to Blow Up America (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Hostages (Paramount).....	3★	This Is the Army (Warners).....	C 4★
Human Comedy, The (M-G-M).....	C 4★	This Land s Mine (RKO).....	3½★
I Dood It (Paramount).....	C 3★	Tonight We Raid Calais (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Idaho (Republic).....	3★	Top Man (Universal).....	C 3★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic).....	3★	Two Tickets to London (Universal).....	3★
It Ain't Hay (Universal).....	3★	True to Life (Paramount).....	3½★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists).....	3★	What a Woman (Columbia).....	3★
		Whispering Footsteps (Republic).....	3★
		What's Buzzin', Cousin (Columbia).....	C 3★
		Wintertime (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★

(Continued from page 10)
wonderful! Yeah, I know, this is where
you came in!—RKO.

P. S.

For Danny Kaye's debut in motion pictures, boss Sam Goldwyn unsnapped the rubber band around the company's bankroll, gave the picture top rank production values. . . . The three Kaye specialties featured in the film are the work of his wife, Sylvia Fine and Max Liebman. Kaye's favorite is "Melody in 4F." . . . Dinah Shore gets two new numbers to sing, "Now I Know" and "Tess' Torch Song" by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler. . . . For weeks before production, studio casting director Bob McIntyre and his associates did nothing but look at beautiful girls, trying to decide which 34 would look best to the Technicolor cameras. Mr. Goldwyn himself made the final selection. . . . Biggest sets were constructed for the dream sequences. Kaye dreams he's in a drugstore about the size of the Pasadena Rose Bowl, which turns into a fog-filled jungle with the Goldwyn Girls perched in the tree branches (nice dreaming!) . . . Each one of the trees, incidentally, was air-conditioned and steam-heated at the same time. . . . The steam threw a pretty plume above each girl's head; the air blast kept her cool. 5000 feet of tubing beneath the floor of the sound stage was necessary to accomplish the unusual feat. . . . No harsh, clashing colors in this film. The designers blended colors and made pastels dominate. The tints are correlated in costumes, sets, furniture, drapes, hardware and even the hair of the actors. . . . Made it possible for the picture to move from a beige waiting room to an entirely different color set-up without ruining the audience's color sensitivity. . . . Most unusual expert hired for the picture was Dr. Jacobus Vander Ploeg. He was to see that everything in the mythical jungle sequences was done wrong instead of right. The script writers didn't want folks writing in, saying this and that was wrong. Everything will be wrong, so the boys can answer, "We knew it all the time."

THE UNINVITED

Do you believe in ghosts? No, of course not. But after you've seen "The Uninvited," you'll always wonder a little. It's a beautiful picture, set in a quaint old English village on the Dover cliffs. Its love story is played against an eerie background of the supernatural, deftly and artistically handled. When you see it, you'll discover a brand new star. Her name is Gail Russell, and she's not only something to look at, but she's a finished little actress. Her portrayal of the spirit-haunted young Stella Meredith will fascinate you.

The story opens with the purchase of an old house called Wynwood, on a cliff overlooking the sea. Buyers: Rick Fitzgerald, a young London composer (Ray Milland), and his sister, Pam (Ruth Hussey). Sellers: Commander Beech (Donald Crisp) and his granddaughter, Stella, who was born in the house. It's a beautiful old place, but Rick and Pam soon discover it has definite drawbacks. The sound of a woman's heartbroken crying in the night. A cold white fog that appears and disappears on the spiral staircase. And, finally, the ghostly materialization of a dead woman.

The woman is Mary Meredith, who lived with her artist husband in the house until Stella was three years old. Then came her tragic death, caused, people said, by Carmel, her husband's gypsy model. Now Mary's spirit is back and another spirit, too. But Rick and Pam don't discover the identity of that other until it's almost too

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I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We know how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how can we keep going, at times when we feel like this?

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late. They know only that a malevolent atmosphere broods over Wynwood, and that Commander Beech has forbidden Stella to enter the house. When she defies him and comes there, the result is incredibly sinister. Rick has fallen in love with Stella, and he is determined to exorcise the evil influence that hangs over her. But ghosts are difficult to dislodge, and it isn't until the very end that he finds there is one weapon always effective against them.

It takes a cast of more than ordinary ability to manage a story of the supernatural convincingly. Fortunately, it is present in "The Uninvited." Ray Milland is effective as the composer, and Ruth Hussey, Donald Crisp and Cornelia Otis Skinner are of considerable help. But Gail Russell's fresh, vibrant "Stella" runs away with the picture.—Par.

P. S.

Camera crews ran into their most serious case of temperament filming this one—the calm Pacific kept them waiting a week before it was angry enough to portray the wild, stormy English coast. . . . Research department looked for weeks before finding a sinister looking cliff with a single tree, described in Miss Macardle's book as the spot where Gail's film mother was killed. . . . Finally found an awe-inspiring sea cliff near Fort Ross, above San Francisco. . . . The Winward house set, with its circular stairway and small dayroom where the unhappy ghosts cried and moaned, was so realistic the cast and crew were always complaining of the cold though the set was as carefully air-conditioned as any other on the lot. . . . Ray Milland climbed the 35 steps of the stairway 500 times (by actual count) in two days' shooting. Five of these trips were made with Miss Russell in his arms. After the fifth trip Mr. Milland announced

he'd never be able to make it again. Fortunately the last shooting was a good one, and it wasn't necessary for him to carry the 111 pounds of Miss Russell up the stairs again. . . . Exterior of the house was erected on the back lot, faithfully copied in every detail, even to the broken peak of the cornice over the entrance, from a photograph of an English house considered a classic specimen of the period. Sloping lawns in front of it were made of a curved wooded framework, 100 by 110 feet which was covered to a depth of two inches with dirt and 7500 square feet of real sod. . . . Special effects department had the troublesome job of creating and controlling a crawling gray mist that would slowly rise to the height and vague outline of a tall woman (supernaturally speaking). They finally perfected this mist, and now we hear it will be cut out for English showings as British censorship does not permit the showing of even a ghost of a spirit.

LIFEBOAT

You've waited a long time to see Tallulah Bankhead on the screen, but she's worth waiting for. Especially in a part like the one she has in this new Hitchcock picture. Alfred Hitchcock has been known as the "master of mysteries" for so long that everyone wondered a little when he started work on a straight war picture. But "Lifeboat" is typically Hitchcock and typically perfect. You wouldn't change a scene in it. And the cast is superlative.

The picture opens with a lifeboat drifting aimlessly on an empty sea. It looks lonely and helpless and at the mercy of the elements. You would expect anyone in it to be desperate with fear. But as it comes closer, you see a woman sitting in it, and she doesn't look frightened at all. She

looks as if she had just left her Park Avenue apartment for a week-end in the country. Mink coat, jewel case, hair and make-up in perfect order. She is contemplating with a mild frown the only flaw in her ensemble—a run in her stocking!

It is at that moment that she discovers she is not, as she at first thought, the only survivor of the merchant ship which the Germans have just sent to the bottom. A husky seaman, covered with oil, swims up to the boat and clambers on board. He tells her his name is Kovak (John Hodiak), and he recognizes her as Mrs. Connie Potter (Tallulah Bankhead), a famous photographer whom he has seen on board ship.

Soon they pick up other survivors—a radio man, an American business man named Rittenhouse (Henry Hull), a crew member called Gus (William Bendix), a nurse (Mary Anderson) and several others. The boat is almost full now, but someone spots another man swimming desperately toward them. They haul him aboard, but Kovak takes one look and says angrily, "Throw him back! That's the captain of the U-boat that torpedoed us. We sunk them, too, and now let's get rid of this swine!"

Well—they don't throw him back. They let him stay, and that decision has strange consequences. As the days go by, the situation gets more and more tense. People's characters change oddly under circumstances like these, and the developments that follow have a somber fascination, all in the famous Hitchcock manner.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Idea for the picture was Alfred Hitchcock's. Reading the accounts of survivors of ship sinkings who had lived for days and nights in lifeboats, he asked him-

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self, "What assortment of human beings might logically be found in any one lifeboat? What do they do while awaiting rescue? What happens? What could happen?" . . . Producer Kenneth Macgowan agreed that Hitchcock had the premise for a great motion picture, and together they approached John Steinbeck with a proposal to write an original script. . . . Steinbeck accepted the challenge, went to New York, studied lifeboats, talked to actual survivors, then outlined a story. . . . Using the outline, top scenarist Jo Swerling wrote the actual screen play. . . . The Navy permitted a carefully investigated camera crew to film certain ocean backgrounds. The Merchant Marine briefly loaned the studio two modern 26-foot steel lifeboats. . . . Although only one boat appears in the final footage, five lifeboats were necessary to film the story: two authentic Welin boats, two replicas made in removable sections for close-ups and a rough wooden "rehearsal boat" in which Hitchcock perfected his cast in every detail of a scene before filming it. . . . Prior to "Lifeboat" discussions, Hitchcock and leading woman Tallulah Bankhead had met only once, and that was casually in a New York restaurant. Tallu was up at 6:30 every morning she worked, stayed until 7 or 7:30 in the evening, tottered home for dinner and was in bed by 9:00. She worked all day, six days a week until the production was finished, and was away only during the few days she had bronchitis. . . . New discovery John Hodiak shares an under-water kiss with Tallulah during the hurricane scene. According to the script girl's stop watch, they were buried under two successive waves for a total elapsed time of 37 seconds. . . . Their make-up when they first climbed out of the oily water into the boat was plain crank-case oil.

A GUY NAMED JOE

You'll want to see Van Johnson in this—he's the sensation of the year. He has Spencer Tracy to back him up, and that's nice backing! Spencer has a way of making any character he plays go straight to your heart. The guy he's portraying may be a show-off, a crazy, thoughtless fool, but you'll love him. You'll love Pete Sandidge in "A Guy Named Joe." Pete is, in some obscure way, you and me and every one of us. He makes mistakes, as we do, and he learns the hard way. But he learns. This picture is built around a fantastic but absorbing idea—that fliers who are killed don't really die. They stick around to help out some other pilot who needs them. Let's see how it works. . . .

Major Pete Sandidge (Spencer Tracy), stationed at an American air base in England, is a "hot" pilot. That means he can make his plane do any kind of trick in the air, but it also means he takes incredible and perhaps unnecessary risks. At least his superior officer, "Nails" Kilpatrick (James Gleason), thinks they're unnecessary. When Pete pays no attention to repeated warnings, "Nails" transfers him to reconnaissance duty in Scotland. Pete fumes and rages. "It's just like being retired!" he says furiously. But it doesn't work out quite that way. On the very night that Pete's sweetheart, Dorinda (Irene Dunne), flies in from England to see him, Pete goes out on scouting duty. He ends by sinking a German carrier he discovers, but his plane cracks up in the process. Pete is killed.

But Pete doesn't feel dead at all. He is welcomed by a flier he used to know and taken before the General (Lionel Barrymore), who doesn't seem dead either, in spite of the fact that he was killed in World War I. He explains to Pete that his job from now on is to be guardian

TAKING
THEIR
LOVE
WHERE
THEY
FIND IT...
MAKING
IT WHAT
THEY
MUST...

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Original Screen Play by Ellis St. Joseph and Howard Kach • Music by Franz Waxman

angel to some living pilot who needs his help. The whole idea leaves Pete cold. Especially when he meets his particular charge—a shy, retiring air cadet named Ted Randall (Van Johnson). "I'll make him into the best flier that ever took off," Pete says, "but you can't make me like the guy!"

He likes him even less when Ted, now a crack pilot and far from shy, due to Pete's influence, goes to Australia and meets Dorinda. She's flying for the Ferry Command, and to Pete's utter disgust and astonishment, she falls for Ted. But Pete, dead or alive, won't let another guy have his girl! Or will he? Better go and see. It's a great picture.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Title for this one was suggested when General Clair Chennault, talking to his famous "Flying Tigers," said, "Boys, when I climb in that cockpit, I'm just another guy named Joe." . . . Three location trips took the company to South Carolina, Florida and Arizona. . . . In production ten months. Held up several weeks when Van Johnson went to hospital with a cracked head, the result of an automobile accident. Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy refused to go on with the picture without him. . . . First picture Irene and Spencer have done together although they've both been at Metro for several years. . . . Irene Dunne and Victor Fleming were both given parties on the set. Irene celebrated her 15th wedding anniversary, and Victor had a birthday. . . . Tracy and Fleming have worked together on four previous pictures—two of them Academy Award epics. This was the fifth birthday party Spence has given for his friend. Their pictures are always in production at that time of year, and Spence always misses out. . . . Miss Dunne, recognized as

one of the best dressed women in the country, wears only one gown in this picture. It's a fussy, ruffled white chiffon number which was selected by Tracy, Fleming and Ward Bond as the kind of dress a man admires. . . . This is Bond's first sympathetic role, and his work in it earned him a brand-new seven-year contract. . . . Barry Nelson plays an Army pilot in this picture. Soon's they finished shooting sequences, Barry went into the real air forces and is now in New York with the Air Corps show. . . . Jimmy Gleason and his stand-in, Joe Hinds, have been together for 18 years. . . . Three things Spencer hates most to do are dance, sing and play torrid love scenes. Does all three in "A Guy Named Joe."

THE LODGER

Even the most conservative feminine stars are showing their legs these days. Spurred on by Greer Garson's display of handsome gams in "Random Harvest," Merle Oberon now exhibits a slim and lovely pair in "The Lodger." And the fact that she's Lady Korda in private life doesn't prevent her from performing an elegant cancan.

But that is far from being the only attraction of the picture. It's a fictionalized account of the career of Jack the Ripper, and it will probably scare you half out of your wits, while fascinating you completely. Back in the last century, London was terrorized by a series of apparently aimless killings. All the victims were women, and they were killed in so brutal a manner that the unknown murderer became known as Jack the Ripper.

As our picture opens, a new victim has just been discovered, lifeless in an alley, with the blood dripping slow and scarlet from the gash in her throat. We see a

man come stealthily away from the vicinity of the crime. He is a big man (Laird Cregar) with dark, unblinking eyes and a curious hesitant way of speaking. We follow him as he engages a room in the home of the middle-class Burton family. The Burtons have never let rooms before, but as Mrs. Burton (Sarah Allgood) says, this Mr. Slade seems like a nice, quiet sort who won't give them any trouble.

The Burton's daughter, Kitty (Merle Oberon), a young music hall actress, has been away on tour. But she returns now for her London premiere, and Mr. Slade is immediately and obviously fascinated by her beauty. Kitty feels sorry for the lodger and scoffs at her mother, who is beginning to entertain some very sinister suspicions of Mr. Slade.

The next murder strikes closer. It is a woman Kitty knew, and John Warwick (George Sanders) comes from Scotland Yard to ask Kitty some questions. After one look at her, the only question he can think of to ask is if she'll have tea with him—Kitty has that effect on people. Meanwhile the crazed mind of the murderer is hungrily, madly plotting again. The next victim must be young and very beautiful—someone perhaps, like Kitty Burton. . . .

"The Lodger" is a brooding study of murder, artistically perfect and played by Laird Cregar with an almost terrifying depth of perception. You'll want to see it.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Scripter Barre Lyndon (author of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse") has long wanted to do the story of Jack the Ripper for the screen. He spent weeks doing research at Pasadena's famous Huntington Library and perusing all available material from Scotland Yard. . . . Merle

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REMOVES DANDRUFF WITH FIRST APPLICATION

GOOD FOR BLONDES, RED HEADS AND BRUNETTES

EFFECTIVE IN THE HARDEST WATER

NEEDS NO SPECIAL AFTER RINSE

RECONDITIONS HAIR AND SCALP

FITCH IS ANTISEPTIC



Oberson gets a chance to sing and dance on the screen for the first time in her career. Does "The Parisian Trot"—a modernized version of the cancan, and a second number named "Tink a Tin." . . . "Lodger" Laird Cregar reduced from 300 pounds to 250 for his role, studied his part from such experts as Pierson, who devoted a long chapter to the Ripper in his book, "Further Studies in Murder." . . . Cregar had wide scope for his characterization, since Jack was never captured, nor did anyone ever get close enough to him to describe him accurately. . . . The maid, Daisy, is played by Queenie Leonard, former star of London's Cochrane and Charlotte Revues. . . . One of the Ripper's drunken victims is given a tight portrayal (no pun intended) by Helena Pickard, who in private life is Lady Hardwicke. . . . Director John Brahm comes originally from Vienna's Burg Theater. Specializes in pictures that demand blood-curdling atmosphere. . . . Altogether there are three murders in the picture, but the violence is never obvious—just suggested by forms fleeing desperately but vainly, swirls of fog, a cape-coat blowing in the wind. . . . Faithfully reproduced in every detail is the Black Museum of Scotland Yard, with its wax portrait gallery of famous criminals of Queen Victoria's day. Whitechapel, London, has been blasted off the map by the Luftwaffe, but is perfectly reconstructed in the picture, complete with the costers and their street songs.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

You probably read the book and loved it. You'll love the picture, too. There is nothing funnier—or more pathetic—than a rookie during his first few weeks in the Army. Particularly a rookie like Marion Hargrove (Robert Walker). Hargrove was a writer before he went in the Army, and he just doesn't seem to be the soldier type. He even salutes wrong. He does it like a Prussian officer in the movies—clicking his heels and bowing slightly from the waist. He even gets the sergeant doing it that way eventually, to the captain's utter disgust. But as Hargrove points out, "My coordination has never been very good. Mother says I didn't learn to wave by-bye till I was sixteen." Sergeant Cramp (Chill Wills) isn't at all sure he's kidding!

Hargrove has a couple of buddies, Esty (George Offerman, Jr.) and Mulvehill (Keenan Wynn). Buddies up to a point, but that doesn't include either girls or money. In those departments it's every guy for himself. One night Mulvehill and Esty are talking to a girl who was hostess at the Canteen. Her name is Carol (Donna Reed), and she's quite a pin-up girl. Hargrove gets a glimpse of her and clamors for an introduction. Mulvehill tells him that for the trifling sum of five bucks (payable next payday) he will arrange not only an introduction but a date for Saturday night. After all these weeks in the Army, Hargrove is still naive. He hands over the five, and it isn't until he arrives at Carol's house, laden with candy and flowers, that he discovers she doesn't even know Mulvehill and Esty by name. The joke boomerangs, though, because Carol and Hargrove decide it's Destiny. Destiny is one name Mulvehill has never been called before!

Unfortunately Carol has to go back to her home in New York. The next few weeks Hargrove turns into a model soldier. (He wants a furlough!) His officers get together and try to figure out whether he's sick or they're crazy. Finally they even make him a corporal in charge of a group on maneuvers. But due to a little mis-

(Continued on page 64)

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BY

Lady Esther

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You see, under the surface layer of your

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Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does all these four vital things for the beauty of your skin—every time you apply it: (1) It thoroughly, but gently, cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin, relieves flaky dryness. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

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FACE CREAM



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**How're those New Year's resolutions standing up?
Remember, you're positively honor-bound to keep
the one about writing V-mail to a lonely Joe!**

Along about now, you should have made and broken quite a few New Year's resolutions. Some of 'em, it seems, are just made to be broken, like the one that says, "I'll manicure my nails faithfully every week," and that other perennial—"I'll never lose my temper again." Well, here we come with some more, but ours are made to be kept. Can't promise any tangible prize if you do, but there's definitely an intangible one. Call it a sense of maturity. Call it the satisfaction of knowing that you're making yourself quite a nice gal. Our first four resolutions are for all you wives and fiancées and practically-fiancées of servicemen. The last three are for everyone. So make 'em, now, and don't break 'em!

NO MORE MAIL CALL BLUES: He's gone, and there are no more ashes on the rug or big feet dangling off the end of the sofa or newspapers flung into corners or anything at all. So you're writing. You're putting all of you in letters, or almost all of you. You're being bright and fun and stalwart as a paratrooper. You're being your Saturday-night-best, and you're hiding like mad the sad, glum, letdown side of you. What you're going to do though, from now on, is get yourself a stack of V-mail (some post offices are giving it away free) and never use anything else for your overseas letters. That's strictly a resolution because hours . . . minutes even . . . count when you're way out there somewhere, telling time by the seconds you've got (*Continued on page 94*)



Hollyhocks bedspreads with matching draperies inspired by colonial Williamsburg. Also available with rose, green and wine backgrounds.

Jane Wyman Plans for Tomorrow's Home

Here's a tip from JANE WYMAN, in Warner Bros., "ONE MORE TOMORROW": "Have the home you've longed for ... buy War Bonds now! Tomorrow's homes are destined to be full of wonders ... more for your money than you ever dreamed possible" • Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes today, are selecting Bates spreads designed for warmth and beauty ... they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

How to Write a Short Story:

1. Take a girl with a problem (beauty)

... Jane's at an officers' dance—and something's wrong! The music's grand—but she isn't dancing. It's a dinger of a night for a twosome—but she's a lonesome. If only ...

2. Add a handsome Marine ...

(her rival's). He says, "Hello!"—and his smile lifts her heart. But it falls with a thud—when he passes her by to dance with somebody else. Somebody with a complexion as smooth and radiant as—say! ...



3. Bring in a beautiful baby

(her sister's). Maybe *that* is the answer—she's always bathed with gentle Ivory Soap. Doctor's orders. No soap is purer than mild Ivory—it contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. Better change to regular, gentle cleansings with Ivory—Jane!



4. YOU write the happy ending!

Does Jane meet the handsome Marine again? Does he fall like a ton of bricks? Does she marry him? Could be. It's easy for a gal with a baby-radiant skin! Better start using gentle Ivory for your skin—tonight!

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Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

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the soap more doctors
advise than all other brands together!



TO OUR READERS...

"Co-ed," up in the front of MODERN SCREEN (page 18), is Jean Kinkead's baby, and she loves it. "So will you," she told us this month. "Don't you see, the old column's too big for its britches. We've got to start a new 'Co-Ed'—broader in scope, better rounded. It's got to talk to service wives and over-worked mothers and kids with their first real job. It's got to take people's problems and unknot them. Sure our space is limited, but gee, think what a job we can do by correspondence!" . . . "The other day," said Jean, "a cute little thingumabob told me, 'This is the second year my Valentine's been addressed to a P.O. number. Big, cushy hearts—via V-mail. Yeah, and another aching Valentine's day. I've got a problem, I have.' . . . Or there's the private's bride running up curtains for a furnished room. Tussling with a new job, a new town, new people. Or the great-hearted gal who wrestles with a riveting machine while her moppet's at school. With a house to think of—and Red Cross work—and canning to do—and no time—no time—no time." . . . Jean was in earnest. She looks cute when she's being earnest. We sat thinking how like these women she was herself. A war wife with a job. A jive hound who'd Lindy half the night if there weren't a baby to see to at 6 . . . That new "Co-ed" of hers is like a bright light suddenly flicking on. And the way she answers your letters—but, heck, just write her and see. Address your envelope: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. Jean's crazier about letters than a pack of overseas G.I.'s at mail call. And don't worry—if you want things kept confidential, just tell Jean so. She won't even repeat it to her husband!



J. Kinkead

EXECUTIVE EDITOR



At first it was just a few moonstruck kids
at the Rustic Cabin, coming night
after night to listen. And now . . .

Swoon Boy



Director of "Higher and Higher" nixed cooching, said, "Sinatra does O.K. just being himself; let him stov that woy." (With cinema wife, Barboro Hole.)



Back from Coast with Pidgeon, Sinatra found wife and young'un waiting, also mob wearing "Welcome Home, Frank Sinatra" pins.



At droft board, before he was 4-F'ed, Frank told press he hoped he'd be allowed to hong around for glimpse of new baby, thought he'd moke good soldier, wonted whock ot OCS.

● The doorbell rang around ten o'clock Saturday, and Nancy knew who it would be even before it had stopped ringing. The kids, of course. Frankie's beloved kids. Maybe there'd be three of them. Maybe 100. You never knew. She opened the door, and there they were; millions of them, all looking alike in their reversibles, bandannas and moccasins. "Hi. Nancy."

"Hi."

"Is he up yet?"

"Having his breakfast." She knew what the next question would be, so she beat them to it. "Orange juice, scrambled eggs, toast and coffee."

The group smiled benignly. "Gosh," they breathed. Having gotten the daily bulletin, they were ready to go. "Need anything downtown, Nancy?"

"Oh, yes! Cigarettes for (Continued on following page)

H'wood memories: Short-waving with Ed Gardner, Faye. Canteening with James, jostled an G.I.s' shoulders.



Hard-bitten electricians, grips at RKO started Sinatra club, got him to sing at "Little Biltmore," back lot stand.



Swoon Boy

CONTINUED



At Troc. M. Raye table-hopped over to congratulate Sinatra an H'waad Bowl concert with Philharmonic.

High school year books bear new motto, "Semper Sinatra." In Boston, piled up same \$60,000 in week.



his nibs." No need to ask what brand. They knew what he smoked just as well as they knew the earth was round or that he ate spaghetti once a day or that most of his ties were maroon. Blissfully, they set off on their sacred mission.

Nancy closed the door and went into the breakfast room. Frankie had his head in the morning paper, but he withdrew it when he heard her come in, and his face got that look it always gets when she's around.

"Morning, Mom. Sit down and help me eat some of this."

She took a piece of toast. "Guess who was at the door."

"The kids?" You'd think he'd be good and

blasé about it by now, but he isn't. Nancy nodded and then grinned because he looked so surprised and pleased. "Gee whiz," he said.

Strictly unorthodox, the whole picture. Fans ringing a big star's doorbell and calling his wife "Nancy." It couldn't happen to Nelson Eddy. But the Sinatras are screwy that way. They don't seem to mind. They'd no more think of hiring a maid to brush off the swooners than they would of posting "No Trespassing" signs around their house. "Gosh, Mom, some of them come awfully far. Be nice to them." That's Frankie. "Nice" is putting it mildly. She invites them in to play with Nancy Sandra, she feeds them Pepsis, she *(Continued on page 83)*



Buddies-in-jive half kiddingly buttonhole the Voice now and then during broadcast, ask for outograph on their scores.

Supposed feud with Crosby brings chortles. "There's only one Crosby," says Frank, here in Wedgewood Room. But he shoved the "Moster" into 2nd place on popularity poll after 8 years.





Sonny shrugs off \$1000 wk. salary, huge roles. Says, "After tackling Albie Booth once, I feel I can tackle anything." Especially chums who use statues in house as hatracks.

After holding out for months, Sonny reluctantly moth-balled stuffy blue serge suits, allowed pals to ease him into California-styled tweeds 'n' sports stuff. (Right, with Ameche.)



LOVABLE LUG

Sonny Tufts used to gag up a love scene like Durante.

Yet there was something about this big, smiling guy . . .

It was 8 A.M. one recent morning, away out in Bel-Air. Sonny Tufts was due on the set in Hollywood in a half-hour. And there was that tire—flat as a pancake!

He called a taxi. "Maybe in a couple hours, Mac," said a bored voice. "Yeah *everybody's* got to get to work, Mac. This is war, Mac. Sorry Mac."

But Sonny Tufts did have to get to work—clear in at Paramount, or hold up a lot of people and get himself in a jam. The minutes were ticking away. He was in a tight spot. He dialed another number.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Tufts," said a voice. "What? Sure—I'll send one right out. Don't mention it, Son—er—Mr. Tufts. Anything for a pal."

So Sonny Tufts got to work on time and the guy he had to thank was a very good friend of his—the doorman at a Beverly Hills hotel, where he'd stayed once.

Mr. Bowen Charleston Tufts, 111, has been making all kinds of friends and influencing all kinds of people ever since he came to Hollywood a few months ago. It's not on purpose, but just because Sunny Sonny is the friendliest, most charming and disarming big hunk of natural man to hit town in years. It's absolutely no accident that the out-country cash customers, too, took one look at "Kansas" in "So Proudly We Hail" and said "Hello, Pal!" to make this big, easy going, grinning blond giant the screen sensation of a nation in one easy-to-take lesson.

Sonny Tufts just naturally likes everybody and everybody likes him. For instance, when he and his wife, Barbara, were house hunting a few weeks ago, they called to see a place late one afternoon where the tenants were still roosting. Now, anybody hates to have house hunters prowl around where they're still living, especially right before dinner. There's always a bed that's not made or something cooking on the stove. Sonny would never barge in on anybody like that in normal times, but around Hollywood these days you grab a house if you can, and any way you can and—the Tufts had been living in auto camps too long.

Well, the stand-offish atmosphere lasted about two seconds flat. Then the tenants were telling Sonny and Barbara the hidden secrets of their lives and confiding just what you had to watch out for in this particular shack, and then the man said, "How about a drink?" and the maid came in and announced dinner. "Why don't you (Continued on page 87)

Sanny, who'd eaten in restaurants too long to like it, laid law down to Barbara when they were married. Brags now that she could teach Oscar of the Waldorf!



Barbara infects Sanny with panic at every personal appearance; won't walk on stage till he's pushed. Here with Marie MacDonald on set of "I Love a Soldier."



MODERN SCREEN SPENDS A DAY WITH



9 A. M. on day off from "Home in Indiana." Greet Done Moc's encouraged to sleep on bed to keep Lon worm! Purp weighs 153, 15 more than mosters. Before moving to beech L. wore shorts, now bundles up in woolly pyjamas.



Shaves daily when working; usually skips it holidays. Isn't picayune about soap, uses only brand his mom buys. Chief luxury's loafing under long, hot showers.



10:30. Works on ship model while waiting for crony Ray Sperry to drop in. Both are bots about boats, spend long hours poring over maps, taking make-believe voyages, planning after-the-war cruise on ship "Seedrift."

Lon McAllister



Steals pre-breakfast look at his beloved Conrad book. Collects author's outographs only when they'll sign their own books. Got James Hilton's when writer invited him to tea after seeing "Stogie Door Conteen."



Decided trip wouldn't be complete without music, so bought guitar. Has free lessons coming if he could remember music shop!



Minute Roy arrives, they huddle over latest "Yochting" mag. In 8 years boys have pal-ed, Lon's never had a serious love. Brings gals gum, omits posies, candy!



Guys wheedle homemade coke, nutbread, Pepsis from soft-hearted grandma. Home loving Lon buys lumps and dishes for house!

Bones up on nautical ropes for future voyage. Already wears St. Christopher medal for days when he'll start traveling. Keeps 2 trophies, for most popular boy and valedictorian of class!



1-4 P.M. Beach. Both always date same gal same night, prefer 'em in sweater 'n' skirt, loathe slacks. Current favorites: Nancy Walker, Marj Riordan. Later in afternoon, Bill Eythe joined them.



Turns in at 4 P.M. Like his idol, Van Johnson, he chews all the gum he can find. Gave his mom a locket for her birthday, panicked her by requesting she put his pic in it when he went to war!



Lon McAllister

Continued.



Nov. 11 moved into new house, Reniram's Reef. Likes people to ask what it means so he can explain "Mariner spelled backward." Decorated furniture with bamboo to give it a touch of Bali!



9 P.M. Usually winds up with solitary stroll along beach, thinking about life, unless there's a party going on. Kids sit around talking about their future between now and end of wor. Mom imposes 10:30 curfew work nights, 1 A.M. weekends.



After dinner, writes to Katie Cornell, whose letter to him he keeps intact in tissue paper! Dictated, then typed by a steno, it has handwritten note endina. "Good night, Romeo—Juliet."



Heads for kitchen for mid-evening lunch. Never wears hat, has bummed around in some doeskin trousers for 5 years, still fit 'im. Only extravagances are ties, woolen sports socks!



Hep Kitten

The chassis isn't Petty, or the profile swoony, but Peggy Ryan knows the shortest distance to the heart of a sturdy Marine!

Almost two decades ago, The Ryans, a vaudeville team extraordinaire, were booked into the Palace Theater in Oklahoma City. Beyond that fact stretched a vista of other Palace Theaters situated in bigger and better towns until at last that heaven where all good troupers go, the Palace in New York City, loomed as part of a roseate future.

The Ryans had one small son who became an occasional extemporaneous character in the act, and the Ryans had talked desultorily about having another youngster. They had put off the event because of their roving life. Now they knew that they had to make a decision. They must decide on a permanent career or upon a family. Headline spots at the various Palaces or a brief notice under the heading, Vital Statistics.

They decided to have another child, and that's why, in 1944, in a picture titled "Chip Off The Old Block," a 19-year-old dynamo (Continued on page 112)



When Peggy came to Univ. to make her first picture in 1936, she chummed with Deanna Durbin. After two years on stage, she returned to pics with ambition to be topnotch dancing comedienne.



Friends pile her hope chest high every Christmas and birthday, August 28th, with lingerie and linens. She'll be 20 this year, vows she won't wed fioncé Ray Hirsch until war's over.

By Marcia Daughtrey



Between scenes of current film with Donald O'Connor, "Chip Off the Old Block," they listen to boogie on the record-player; evenings scoot home and round up music-minded cronies for jam sessions.



Balances hot fudge sundaes with bowling, riding and roller skating to keep her 5' 3 1/2" figure down to 105 lbs. Mom almost matches her!



Since engagement, Peggy won't dote anyone but Sgt. Roy Hirsch, keeps herself busy working. Between pics, relieves manpower shortage clarking in her arondpo's grocery store. Religiously writes 3 times a week to Roy.



1. When assembly line worker Jean Rogers (Paulette Goddard) puts ears where the tail ought to go on Tadd's Special Dopey Dankeys, she's sent to general manager, Lee Stevens (Fred MacMurray). She's delighted because he's a *dish* she's been trying to get a nibble at for months!



2. Trouble is he's engaged to Pres. Todd's (Edw. Arnold) daughter Alice (Hilary Brooke), who nixes trip with "sexretary."



4. At hotel, Lee is livid to find reservations cancelled. Jean explains she did it because rooms were too tiny; promises to fix it up.



5. Result: Rainy night on lee side of statue in park. In A.M. Lee can't speak aloud, fails to sell contract to Ritchie (C. Kolb).



6. Next day Jean finds shelter in lush mansion. Catch: They're to be butler and cook to owners (Randal Young, Ann Revere)!



8. Jean's turkey fizzes at dinner. Lee resorts to his specialty, pancakes. Impressed, guest Ritchie asks them to work for him.



9. When Todds find them, jealous Alice breaks engagement. Todd happily predicts Ritchie will *have* to listen to his butler!



10. Dressed as footman, Tadd spills soup on Ritchie during meal with Farenhall. Lee hides trousers till he'll listen to salestalk!



3. Offended sec. leaves in huff, and Jean slips into her chair. Lee thinks she's new sec., tells her to be on 6:40 Wash. train.



7. When Jean admits she's no sec., Lee forgivingly kisses her. He learns that arch-competitor Farenhall's in town to sell Ritchie!



1. Ritchie has no alternative. Lee gets contract, makes love to Jean. Tadd bundles again—Baked Alaska over Fahrenheit!

“Standing Room Only”

**When Paulette gets a glimmer of MacMurray,
she won't let anything stand in her way—
not even Washington priorities or a fiancée!**

STORY—The foreman of Todd's Toys—Tantalizing Trinkets For Titillating Tots—gaped at production line four. Production line four was Todd's special Dopey Donkeys. The foreman prided himself on a knowledge of a donkey's anatomy; nowhere, not even on a Dopey Donkey, should a tail be found where the ears should be and the ears, vice versa, where a tail should be. Yet with every inexorable crank of the production gear the donkeys were marching off, listening, as it were, to what went on behind.

"Miss Rogers!" the foreman shouted.

"Yes, sir," the pretty girl said.

"Miss Rogers," the foreman said sweetly, "where the devil do you keep your brains?"

"Right between my ears," Miss Rogers said.

"I could answer that," said the foreman. "I have the perfect answer. But I won't. Do you realize that this is the third time you've messed up a batch of Dopey Donkeys?"

"Is it?" said Miss Rogers blankly. (Continued on page 106)

PRODUCTION—What went on between shots of “Standing Room Only” was almost as screwy as the picture itself. Fred and Paulette turned into a two-man quiz program, kept up a continuous flow of questions and answers and succeeded in driving the whole outfit nutty. It was all about farming. Now that Paulette is running Burgess Meredith’s farm in Suffern County, N. Y., the chickens and alfalfa crop are almost as important as learning her lines. Fred is conducting a series of agricultural experiments at home which, if they work out, will be used on his two country farms. The test farm is turning him into a minor league Bur-bank. The pair sounded more like farmer Jones and the dairy maid at a county fair than the top box office numbers they are. . . . Between long distance calls to the farm, Paulette found time to work out a new hair-do with her friend and hairdresser, Hedwig Moorud. You’ll see her wearing her new puff-behind-the-ear affair in the picture. It’s sure to start a new fad. . . . For the first time in her career, Paulette appeared on set minus stockings. She wore leg make-up throughout (*Continued on page 112*)



Lana band toured, selling kisses for \$50,000, laughingly smacked 2 nice old ladies, 80-yr.-old gent and 2 younger joes.

Linda Darnell skipped off to Las Vegas with Lana and Steve Crone for wedding. Few months later he was hospitalized, Lana collapsed at bedside.



Buddy Rich, drummer, Adrian Samish, adv. exec., Howard Hughes trailed Lana, but it looked as though she and Artie Shaw would do a retake.



1941. "Honky Tonk" with Clark Gable put Lana in big league. Divorce from Artie Shaw set her free for whirl with Tony Martin, Tommy Dorsey!

"I'm really walking on mink?" Lana laughed. But it couldn't possibly go on forever . . . (Life story, Part II)

Lana Turner

Tucked into bed that night with her two cracked ribs, Judy broke into sudden giggles.

"What's funny?" Mother felt her forehead. "Could be all the excitement's gone to your head."

"No, it's just that Hollywood's so different from what I expected."

"You thought movie stars'd come shooting from all corners." That was mother's friend, whose apartment they were going to share. Let's call her Edith.

Judy nodded vigorously. "And it's only a town with a main street and little houses climbing up the hills—"

"That's all it is, honey. Anyway, from the outside looking in."

That's all it would ever be to her then, Judy thought, drowsing off to sleep. Far as Hollywood went, she'd always be on the outside looking in.

Not that it bothered her. Like any kid, she loved going to movies, but she'd never been one of the gaping mob, and living in Hollywood made no difference. She didn't strain against the ropes at previews, she didn't hang around restaurants with an autograph book, she never said, "If only I could get into pictures—" Except that it was cleaner and she missed her friends. Hollywood was just an extension of life (Continued on page 33)





Fall, 1942. Work on "Slightly Dangerous" with Robert Young interrupted by stretch of anemia that sent her to hospital. Marriage annulled. Baby on way. Lana clammed up, would say nothing about remarrying Steve



First hint of remarriage came on Valentine's Day when Lana, out of sick bed, sat quietly at Mocambo with Steve planning for baby.

Untroubled by whispers buzzing round their heads, newlyweds had knockout time at Abbott and Costello's Rollerbowl party. Ignored rumor that Steve, 4-F, had splurged last \$10,000 tearing down gates to H'wood, then nixed 2 studio offers.





Jet-haired, blue-eyed Cheryl Christina came before Daddy was discharged from Army. When Mom and baby were well enough, Steve and Lana ditched everything, came to New York on spree.



Miles. Turner, Dietrich and Durbin were on hand to clock in millionth service man at Hollywood Canteen. All Crawfordsville, Ind., was on hand short while later when Steve brought Lana home for visit.

Lana Turner continued

in San Francisco. She enrolled at Hollywood High School, Mother got a job in a beauty shop, and they settled down to their familiar routine.

The routine lasted just three months. If Judy'd been crazy about typing, it might have lasted indefinitely. But typing was a pain any day of the week, and one day the sunlight was more than she could resist. So she cut class and strolled over to the drugstore for a coke.

Fate had sent Billy Wilkerson, editor of the "Hollywood Reporter," into the same drugstore at the same time. Looking up from his own coke, he saw a small figure seated opposite at the circular counter. Chestnut hair, wide-set eyes, peachbloom skin above the white blouse and red vestee sweater. Pretty girls were a dime a dozen hereabouts, but there was something about this one that breathed the very spirit of lovely, budding youth—

"Who's that kid?" he asked the manager when she'd gone.

"One of the high school crowd. The others call her Judy."

"I'd like to meet her."

"Well, come in around three, and I'll introduce you. They all gang up here for (Continued on page 77)



At Lux Radio Theater, Lana bumped into one-time flame Victor Mature, good-naturedly took jibes about "longest page boy extant," was wished stacks of luck on new pic, "Marriage Is a Private Affair."

Parame Day





tall, dark and rugged

This fella Craig's got his own design for living
... and what if it does include a barnyard for
cackling chickens and a tyke who always talks back!

Morning after Craig's house burned to ashes, Jim strode into studio in bedroom slippers, Paisley dressing gown, needed only turban to look like visiting maharajah or something out of his current "Kismet."



The day James Craig's contract started at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, more than a year ago, he showed up on the set bright and early and ready to work as usual.

He looked fresh as a daisy, and not a soul at M-G-M suspected—and they won't until they read this—that Jimmy hadn't had a wink of sleep for two nights. That instead, he'd traveled 1200 miles on a motorcycle and shagged his big frame up and down Sierra mountain peaks between that Monday morning and the Saturday before.

Jimmy Craig did that because he wanted some venison on his ranch-house table, and the deer season opened that week-end. His hunting pals had a trip organized, but Jimmy had to make pictures. By Saturday, when he knocked off acting, they were clear up in Beaver, Utah, some 600 miles from Hollywood. Jimmy had to be on the set first thing Monday, under a new contract. But (Continued on page 99)



Jim's wild plaid jackets cause only fireworks in Craig household. Mary can't ston'd 'em. Also resents Jim's Sunday spaghetti, rife with garlic. J.'s worked for du Pont as carpenter's helper, timekeeper, radio star.



Jim can quote Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth on into the night, but wan't. Can't sing a note, but does. Was once told, "Yaur voice is pitched too high, yaur neck's tao thick, you carry yourself like a prizefighter, and yau can't oct." Craig's terse reply, "Nuts!"



Jim, ordinarily mild, used to gnosh teeth when ounts called him "Sunny Jim." Took "Craig" from old flic, "Croig's Wife." High point of career: day he sold 10 daz. of his eggs an set.



When "the Bub" hit two, pop started reading him Texas' tall-est tales about "Big Faat Wallace" and other two-gunners, "sa he'd never grow up to be o gash-darn panty-woist."



Paulette's been selling property right and left lately. Asked why, she shrewdly replied, "For profit. I can't resist 40 percent over what I paid."

By Kaaren Pieck

The boys call her "Polly"

**How are you going to figure this Goddard, hobnobbing with artists
'n' farmers, buddies with every darn guy in Frisco's military hospital?**

Paulette read the script of "So Proudly We Hail," and said no thanks.

"Why not?" asked Mark Sandrich, producer and director.

"Because I couldn't play that girl the way she's written."

"Why not?" asked Allan Scott, writer.

"Because I don't believe in her. Okay, she's flip and flirtatious. She's out to meet the boys. She trails across Bataan, dropping black nightgowns as she goes. But no girl could see what she saw, live through what she did, and not grow up. No girl that's human—"

"I think she's got something there," said Scott.

She wrote the new scene herself—the scene where she faints and refuses to quit work—and they put it in just as she wrote it.

The picture marked a turning-point for Paulette. In a star-studded cast, she stood out for her crisp humor and her telling way with a line. Audiences

ate her up. Mark Sandrich said to Allan Scott, "For my next picture, I want you to write a story round Paulette." Scott wrote "I Love a Soldier." *I* is Paulette, girl welder. The soldier's Sonny Tufts. Wait till you see them together again.

If "So Proudly" gave her a new importance in pictures, she says she has Sandrich to thank. He put her completely at ease for the first time. For the first time, she didn't have to press or project. It's a glorious feeling, and once you get it, you don't lose it. So she's forever in Mark Sandrich's debt.

Because the screen is her first love. Take everything else away, she could still go on. Take her work away, and everything else would go flat. When she was under contract to Chaplin and Selznick, being paid a good part of the time for twirling her thumbs, she used to cry—literally cry—to be put to work. If she has a decision to make—whether it affects the routine of her day or the course of *(Continued on page 66)*



Safety Council requested she wear cover-alls in "I Love a Soldier" as welder, as example to women war workers. Studio acquiesced, "All prove safe clothing needn't detract from feminine charm."



On leave from U.S. 8th Air Force, a Flying Fortress tail gunner and his pup were guests of Paulette on Par. set of "Standing Room Only." Dog wore his own gas mask on their 10 raids over Europe!

Gerry Lewis



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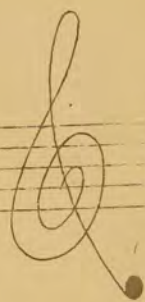
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Is there anyone finer?

Ask Corp. George Montgomery about this walking juke box with the honey voice. Or ask a million cheering guys in khaki!

One November night in 1942, strapping George Montgomery Letz was bussing dishes around the Hollywood Canteen. He was carrying a super-loaded tray when Dinah Shore appeared on the platform to sing. He didn't drop the tray, which proves with finality how great is his self-control.

George had never met Dinah, but he had heard her sing over the radio so often that he had ceased to refer to the instrument as a GE or a Zenith or a Sparton, but simply called all wave lengths, long or short, Shore.

George tried to work his way through the darkened canteen in an attempt to carry on his duties. George, accompanied by a load of used plates and cups, had been heading for the front door.

He unloaded his tray with the greatest speed ever attained locally without breakage and scorched back to hear Dinah's tenth, fifteenth and fortieth encore. When the enthusiastic G I.s finally allowed another performer to take over the mike, George found himself—by one of those incredible coincidences which have to be planned thirty minutes in advance—at the foot of the stage steps.

And from that night on they went steady, as Dinah says.

Three or four nights later (Continued on page 69)



Moment after the "I do's," Dinah was introducing George, via long distance, to his new father-in-law in Nashville. One week later, groom was yonked away by Army.



Horry Jones describes new nursery in painful details to anybody who'll listen. Approved when Lamour said she'd shelve career in second to follow husband. Fonny Rose Letz (D. Shore) scooted back to work right after wedding.



Dinah, who's in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," must keep 300 songs on tap to fill varied requests of Army and Navy joes. Before marriage, shared crack-box apt. with 3 chums, later took slightly larger house with them.



On Command Performance together, Bing Crosby grinningly bowed and scraped before La Shore after she'd shortwaved program for British Army at request of King and Queen who listened from Buckingham Palace.



Dinah did final rehearsal for 1st broadcast in slacks, found she'd fargotten to bring skirt. By time shaw went an air, she'd wheedled one from girl in audience.

It's Easy to "Do" Your Sheets and Pillowcases the LINIT Way



WASH 'EM



SOAK from 10 to 15 minutes in warm, sudsy water. Wash in plenty of hot water. (Never use the same water to wash another lot.)

RINSE 'EM



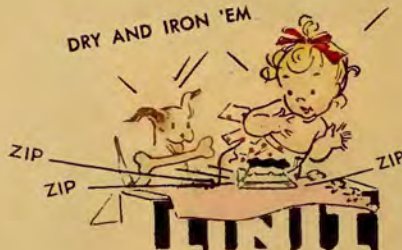
RINSE in at least three waters; first, hot; second, lukewarm; third, cool. Thorough rinsing is very important for utter cleanliness.

STARCH 'EM



STARCH with a light LINIT solution (1 part LINIT to 5 parts water) added to final rinse. This penetrates and protects fine fabrics, restores their "finish."

DRY AND IRON 'EM



HANG sheets double, hems together. Hang pillowcases, wrangside out, by closed end. Dampen before ironing. Iron with light iron at correct heat.

AND



HAVE A HEAVENLY REST. Smooth, snow-white sheets and pillowcases, lightly starched with LINIT invite you to sleep—to rest and relax from wartime work and worry. LINIT penetrates and protects fine percales and muslins—LINIT-starched washables stay clean



Continued from page 50

cooperative spirit, we writers found Annie Sheridan to have been a doll in 1943. One vote behind her in the final tally was Lucille Ball, and one vote behind Lucille was Carole Landis. When the margin is as small as this, the girls may be justified in thinking that all three were entitled to high praise. Both Lucille and Carole were invited to attend the party. Lucille was able to accept and was presented with an armload of roses, but Carole was in New York.

Awarded a sneer for playing hard to get were Errol Flynn, Charles Boyer and Bing Crosby in the male department, and Joan Fontaine, Ginger Rogers, and Greer Garson among the ladies. Joan has been ill a good deal of the time recently, but this writer, for one, has always found her to be sweet, intelligent and more than willing to assist a scribe.

Kiddie Kapers:

If you can't endure the Kindergarten Kreeps, just skip this. But if you dote on diminutive doings, here's a report on one of the heart-breakers of 1960, Miss Alice Faye Harris by name, now aged 22 months. Everyone in Hollywood who has been a guest in the Harris home goes into ecstasies over Alice, Jr.

She has a sunny head covered with curly hair and such eyelashes as have not been seen since Garbo fluttered an elegant orb.

When guests arrive, Miss Alice gravely shakes hands with everyone. Then she toddles to her nursery, gets her small chair, brings it back to the living room and places it in some strategic position. With head tipped earnestly on one side, she looks steadfastly at the person who is talking and nearly breaks up the speaker by her very seriousness.

Afterward she spends hours doing the things the guests did: She searches through an imaginary purse for a lipstick or straightens a make-believe hat or imitates a voice.

When Phil broadcasts, his enthusiastic daughter brings her chair to a spot about a foot in front of the radio and there listens raptly. She sings with the orchestra, keeping time by tapping one little foot or softly clapping her chubby hands. And she laughs like mad at everything Phil says.

No wonder Alice, Senior, is so delighted with the thought of the new baby due in the spring. With two such honeys, the Harris household will be filled with happiness kids.

John Payne slips in and out of town with no one but his most intimate friends being the wiser. While here, he spends his entire time with his daughter, lovely 3-year-old Julie. On a recent trip (made by air on the authority of a 3-day pass) he took Julie as his lady love to a dinner party. When they made ready to leave, John decided that it was too cold for Julie's light coat, so added his own G.I. windbreaker as a blanket around her small figure.

Sleepily she cocked her head on one side and smiled at him. "My head," she confided, "is cold, too. Don't you think I should wear your pretty hat with the shiny stuff on it?"

So small Julie, muffled in her daddy's jacket and rendered invisible under her daddy's Army cap, curled upon the seat of John's car and went to sleep on the way home.

They were having trouble with Margaret

Judy's pet story, lately, has been about Loddie's shopping sortie before Xmas. Mobbed in dept. store, he dashed out, hailed first car, begged ride around corner.

O'Brien on the set of "Meet Me in St. Louis." Ordinarily she is a quick study and a perfect deliverer of lines, but something was obviously wrong on this particular morning. The luncheon scene being shot required one of the adult members of the cast to say something about the catsup being too spicy. And a second adult was to add to the criticism by saying the catsup was too sour.

Whereupon Margaret was to pipe up with another criticism of the catsup: "And the color is funny, too."

Each time the dialogue swung around to Margaret, she mumbled an unintelligible phrase while hanging her head in obvious distaste. Finally Director Minelli took Margaret aside. "You aren't doing it right," he explained gently. "I've told you four times that you mustn't duck your head and jumble your words together under your breath. Tell me, honey, what's the trouble?"

"I don't like the dialogue," said the pint-sized prima donna. "It reminds me of the three bears. I sound like the baby bear. 'Somebody has been eating my soup and eaten it all up.' I don't want to sound like any old baby bear."

The dialogue was changed. Made somewhat more mature.

* * *

Just before Christmas Bing Crosby brought his squad of four sons over to Paramount to have a group picture made. Because of the affinity of the junior male for dust, dirt, mud and other forms of untidiness, Bing also brought along four suits of clothes and four shirts so that a costume change could be made at the last minute, so giving the camera an immaculate view of the Crosby quartet.

First he took them to the barber, who turned out four neat haircuts. Then he took them over to the set, upon request, to meet Betty Hutton who was working in "The Incendiary Blonde." Betty, as incendiary as her picture, approached Bing with a Comanche yell and planted a juicy kiss on his forehead.

Dennis took exception to this demonstration of comradeliness. "You'll have to cut that out," he warned her gravely. "My dad's taken the pedge." (Continued on following page)



In Lake-Dettie divorce was custody of Elaine, 2. Veronica wanted care of for 9 months of year, father the other 3. at Macombo, with George Billingsly, its manager.



Betty, knitting small items on set as husband worked, posed with Horry between takes for cartoonist Xavier Cugat. Says she doesn't care whether baby's boy or girl, but "it better have its father's disposition."



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any price

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79¢
BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS
\$2.50 to \$6.50

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means "best form"



Continued

From the Hutton set, Bing took his offsprings to the stage on which "Road to Utopia" was being filmed. While he did a scene—which he thought might be interesting to the boys—the boys voiced an artistic criticism by sneaking away. On one of the studio streets they met Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, head of the studio and a man who knows how beats the heart of a boy. He took them over to introduce them to his prize boxer pups.

When Bing arrived breathless somewhat later, chaos was thick in the air. The pups, having wallowed lavishly in puddles created by a recent California downpour, had been held by the boys and had pawed them thoroughly. Two of the boys had gotten into a fight about one of the pups and had engaged in brotherly combat to the extent of one torn shirt and one claret nose.

The photographic sitting had to be postponed.

Wail Mail:

Editor, Modern Screen:

In an article in your November issue appears a story "Moonlight Sinatra" by Jeanne Karr. The writer describes a much beribboned Marine who happened to be in the crowd at one of the stops made by Sinatra. In explaining his decorations to a couple of gaga young things, he was supposed to have said—in an offhand way as Marines are always supposed to speak when questioned about their brave exploits—that one of the ribbons, with star, represented Attu. This Marine seems to have gone to a lot of trouble to glorify himself. There was to my knowledge only one Marine on Attu, and in addition to that fact is another: The Government has not even author-



Greer Garson raced to Atlantic coast port to surprise Ney, turned his brief leave into glorious binge. O.W.I. likes her pamphlet, "We're All Neighbors," enough to print it in eight languages.



Cheryl Crane, who coos when you call her "Cherry," has stocks cherry-embroidered dresses courted back from N.Y. by Daddy. La back to work after many months, spends days off fussing over b

ized the wearing of that particular star and ribbon as yet. If such a ribbon and star is authorized we'd sure like to know which dime store has them in stock as we feel, in an off-hand modest way of course, entitled to wear it, having had a few bad moments on Attu ourselves.

We are not resentful in any case, but we do get a bit fed up when the Fighting Marines get credit for a job we did by our lonesome. They get plenty of build-up without stealing our thunder.

Sincerely,
The Boys of Co. D—17th Infantry.

Ans. from Jeanne Karr: In an offhand, modest way—as all Marines are supposed to talk—this Marine was undoubtedly pulling somebody's offhand, modest leg. Not only did he say he had seen action on Attu, he said he had been wounded there. A Jap was supposed to have thrust four inches of bayonet into his stomach. Perhaps his entire story should have been doubted when he admitted that he had never heard of Frankie. Those, sir, are fighting words, Marine or not.

Miles of File:

You remember Joan Carroll, the enchanting young thing who bowled them over in "Panama Hattie" when Ethel Merman was Hattie on Broadway. Joan, now 11, is working at Metro in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Between shots she keeps busy, working with her filing system which is an outcropping of her patriotic spirit.

It seems that since Joan has been in Hollywood, she has been the constant recipient of much of John Carroll's fan mail. Lt. John Carroll is now serving overseas, but his fan-mail continues to be voluminous, and it continues to find its way through rain and sleet and snow and dark of night to Joanie, who is not related to him in any way.

In the old days, Joan simply forwarded the mail in cardboard boxes. Nowadays she conscientiously opens and reads every letter. Then she relegates it to a pigeon-hole for the attention of her lieutenant when he returns to Hollywood. The labels under which she files the letters are devised and printed by Miss Carroll, and they tell a graphic story, to wit: "Mash Notes," "Proposals of Marriage," "Just Fan," "Begging," "From Service Men" and lastly, "Silly Stuff."

Sorry Glory:

Undoubtedly, while you were doing your Christmas shopping, you stood in an exhausted line, wishing to goodness that you were so famous that you could march grandly into a shop, order everything in sight with a queenly wave of the hand and retire to ribbons, wrappings and a royal enjoyment of Christmas.

Fame, in a pack-jammed shop, actually amounts to nothing, so be comforted. During Christmas week, Lana Turner entered one of Beverly Hills' swankiest establishments and approached the purse and handbag section. She made one selection—a rare red Moroccan leather bag—and set it aside. Then she turned to examine a brown alligator purse.

Meanwhile, one of those amphibious feminine landing boats hove up to the counter, panting with haste, and began to paw through the merchandise. She spied the red bag in front of Lana, snatched it, jerked open the zipper, examined the fittings, then began to shout for the salesgirl. "Please wrap this as a gift and charge it to my account," she belted.

Lana, in her soft voice, tried to protest. "I had selected that bag," she explained gently. "If you will remember, you actually removed it from beneath my own purse."

"That's too bad," sniffed the woman. "I have the purse now." (Continued on page 117)



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



Beauty at Your Fingertips

Tips on good grooming for your ten pretty and busy fingers.

Learn the rules, then treat your digits to a manicure!

Your hands are showing, you know . . . whoops now, it's quite all right if they're in condition and lovely to hold. But woe is you if they're worn, rough looking, and the nails chipped or broken. Therein lies many a sad tale—a broken romance, an embarrassing situation, a drawback to your job. 'Tis true your favorite male admires your working on the assembly line but he doesn't admire grubby, drab-looking hands.

But let's not be pessimistic, children, let's look on the bright side. A pair of rightly tended, dainty paws can be one of a femme's most attractive features. A bit of care is all they ask for. These being the days when time is of the essence, how's about a quick, easy recipe for a manicure. The ingredients: ten fingernails, your manicure set and a gay shade of nail enamel. The results: ten gleaming, shining fingertips.

TECHNIQUE, YOU SAY? Begin your digit work by arranging all the items needed for your manicure on a convenient, near-by table. Then set to according to this Hollywood formula which we have gleaned for you.

1. Remove old polish with a cleansing tissue saturated with oily polish remover. Be sure every trace of the old color is completely gone.

2. File and shape nails with an emery board. Be careful



Pretty hands has Barbara Hale of RKO.



Barbara likes a pure soap for her hands.

Here she neatly applies a bright polish.



A special cream helps keep hands smooth.

by Carol Carter

not to file too deeply into the corners. The side of the nail tip should be a rounded curve . . . the tips, graceful ovals. Claw-like nails are definitely dated. Then too, medium length fingertips are less likely to bend or break.

3. Next, dip your ten fingers into a bowl of warm, soapy water. If you have time, soak them for a few minutes. With your brush, scrub each finger separately. Be sure to dry them thoroughly. If your nails are particularly brittle and dry, a warm oil soaking will put them in the pink.

4. With a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in cuticle remover, gently but firmly push back the cuticle. This helps to remove dead skin around the base of the nail, keeps them trim and smooth looking. Cut the cuticle only if you want to encourage infection.

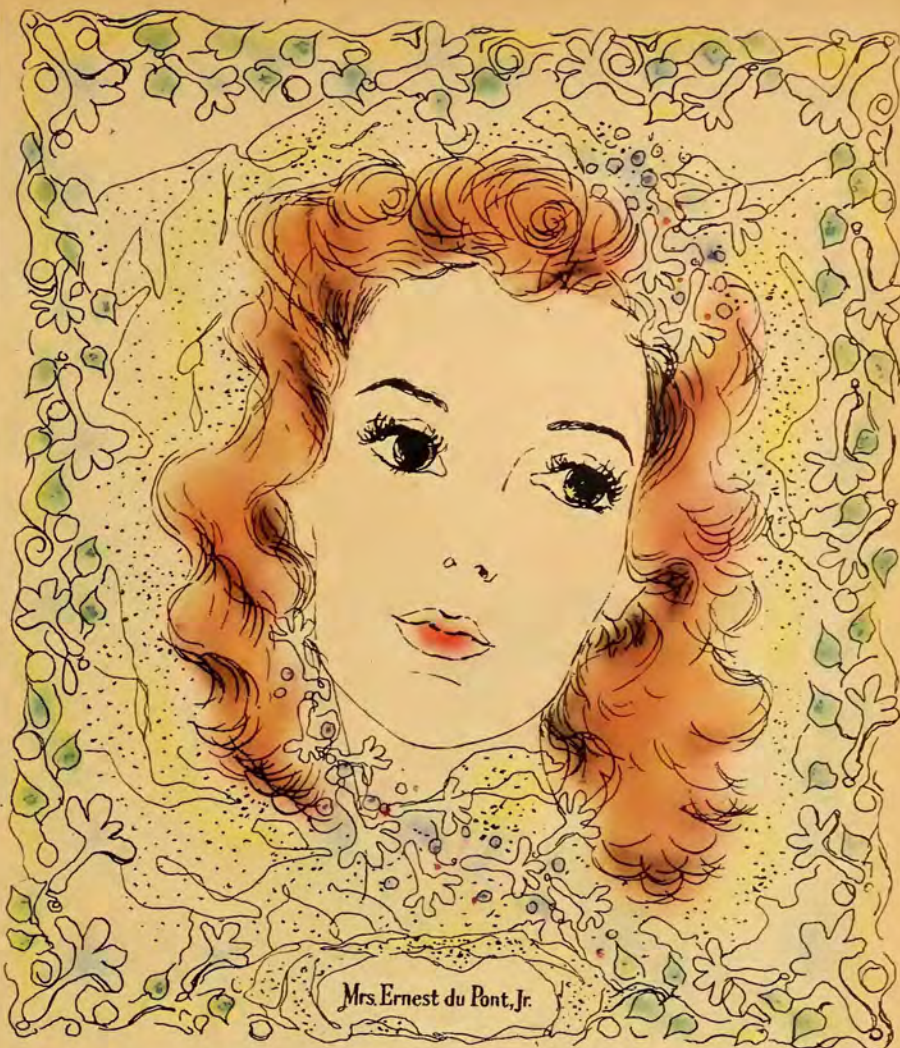
5. Apply nail, white under the free edges of the nail. Either the paste or stick form may be used. Next, scrub your fingers a second time and wipe them dry. As you do this, you'll be removing the last shreds of cuticle loosened by the cuticle remover.

6. Now gently buff your nails in one direction. This makes for stronger, healthier nails, besides helping to pep up the circulation.

7. Colorless, liquid polish for a base makes a smooth foundation for enamel. Apply two coats for longer lasting wear.

8. A gay, exciting shade of nail enamel goes on over the colorless coating. Quick, downward strokes of the brush are easier to apply. When the first application dries, follow up with a second coating. And presto! How shiny and bright are your ten pretty fingertips.

When your nail glamour is completely dry, slather a creamy lotion or hand cream over your paws. Massage the skin well as you apply. All this, in the interest of smoothness. (Continued on page 93)



Titian Beauty in Dreamflower "Rose Cream"

Portrait of a lovely lady—Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., charming member of Wilmington's leading family. Her chestnut hair shines with golden lights. Her eyes are warm and sparkling. And her Dreamflower "Rose Cream" complexion—sweet, peach-toned—picks up the gold in her hair and eyes. "I've never found a powder shade that did as much for my skin as Pond's Dreamflower 'Rose Cream,'" says Mrs. du Pont. "It's such a lovely, delicate peach tone, and the Dreamflower texture is so clinging and smooth!"

Light up the hidden gold in your hair and eyes. Bring out the soft warmth of your complexion with Pond's delightful "Rose Cream" Dreamflower powder.

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer!

Dainty Dreamflower cases demurely hiding 5 pert, flirtatious "Lips" shades. Two sizes—49¢, 10¢.

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ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
NATURAL—soft shell-pink
BRUNETTE—rosy beige
RACHEL—creamy ivory
DUSK ROSE—warm, glowing
DARK RACHEL—rich, golden

49¢, 25¢, 10¢.

the Color Picture

Color, color . . . what's your hue? Is it yellow,

red or blue? Take your pick, shade's no matter!

Yours to choose what's sure to flatter.

Warner Brothers' Joan Winfield applies nail polish with four neat brush strokes. She chooses a lacquer to harmonize with rouge and lipstick, and one that provides contrast to her clothes.



A careful brush outline is filled in with lipstick. Joan tates a small wad of tissues in her handbag to insure a fresh start for each application of lipstick and to remove neatly smeared color.



Supposing we offered you a screen color test? How would you rate? Would you compare colorfully to Betty Grable or Lucille Ball of the Technicolor screen? Or would that be you . . . that girl wearing cerise polish on her fingertips, rust on her lips and red, red rose for cheek color, all added to a burgundy dress and pink harlequin goggle frames? That mass of clash all blurred around the edges, would that be you?

SHADES OF VERMILION. You can say that again! It should be common knowledge that lipstick, rouge and nail polish must harmonize. The lips and nails can naturally stand a heavier shading than the cheek. Ofttimes the blended threesome is offered by one company. Or the items can be matched by eye from your favorite brands on the beauty counters. And the least color conscious lass can see the smartness of matching accessories such as a hat, a scarf, some buttons or earrings to the red of her glamour aids.

MATCH 'EM, DON'T MIX 'EM. Blue, red and yellow are the primary colors. If you watched an artist mix his paints, you would see that the entire range of reds on his palette is made up of either different quantities of red mixed with blue, or red mixed with yellow. Thus your nail polishes, lipsticks and rouges are either true un-mixed reds, yellow-reds or blue-reds. The pitfall to avoid is mixing these three types of color. It is a clashful catastrophe to apply blue-red for nail lacquer, a blatant clear red for cheek color and a garish orange for lip shading. Smart girls get a set of matching nail polish, rouge and lipstick in each category. No matter the occasion or the costume, they are all set with cosmetic accessories that fit.

THE COLOR WHEEL. Round and round it goes, where it stops nobody knows. Is that the way you choose your cosmetic accessory colors? If you're at a loss for the proper lacquer and paint to wear with your particular wardrobe . . . read on: (Continued on page 75)

Stop Worrying

ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS



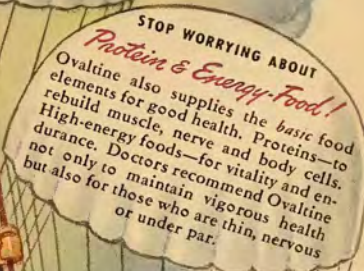
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And equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the basic food substances absolutely necessary for good health. Complete protein, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the extra vitamins and minerals you need, but also all the extra basic food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way



3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING



Foretta Young

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 - 2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
 - 3..it clings perfectly...really stays on
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FACE POWDER ROUGE AND TRULCOLOR LIPSTICK

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32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c for this chart as well as self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk

Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 107 for details.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.



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Fill in your birthdate: Year.....month.....date.....time.....
Name..... Street..... City..... State.....
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Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

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How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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FOR ROMANCE



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All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinkead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don lang trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 21 for details.

FOR GLAMOUR



Winter Fashions.....☐
Ideas on what to wear for your social whirl, weddings, class, canteen, office. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Glamour for the Teens.....☐
This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-dos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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If you are over 18, this is your ticket. A split-second beauty routine for every kind of skin, make-up styled to your needs. Nail care, too! Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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We think enough of your curls to get up this encyclopedia on hair care. How to make locks gleam. Hair-dos for you, with setting instructions. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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"Next time," why not try Meds?



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

conception on his part about the Red and Blue armies, when maneuvers are over, he's *Private Hargrove* again.

There's lots more, including Hargrove's trip to New York, but it's more fun to see it for yourself. When you come out, you're going to be awfully proud of our "rookies." And you'll go for young Robert Walker as *Private Hargrove*.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Marion Hargrove, a private when he wrote "*See Here, Pvt. Hargrove*," is now a Sgt. stationed somewhere in China with "*Yank*" magazine. . . . Harry Kurnitz, Metro staff writer, had to write a plot around Sgt. Hargrove's book which would include most of the humorous incidents in the book and provide a running theme and plot which the story originally didn't have. . . . Kurnitz also wrote in a sweet-heart, played by Donna Reed, and the sweetheart's father, Robert Benchley. . . . Cast and crew made two location trips—one to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and another to Camp Roberts, California. . . . Besides *Private Hargrove*, the only other real-life character in the picture is *Private Mulvehill*, played by Keenan Wynn. . . . Mr. Wynn is third generation Wynn to come to Metro. His grandfather was Frank Keenan, silent player, and his father is Ed Wynn. . . . Army sent Captain Edward J. Flynn to Hollywood to act as technical advisor for the film. Captain Flynn was public relations officer at Fort Bragg and was able to give writers and directors valuable information about Pvt. Hargrove that wasn't included in his book. . . . The captain admitted having trouble with the extras in the picture. It was his job to train them to march, salute, make beds and do dishes Army style so soldier audiences could find no flaw. This was a difficult task but he finally accomplished it to his satisfaction. Hardest part was teaching them to salute with same smartness as Johnny Doughboy. . . . Only song in "*Private Hargrove*" is juke box favorite, "*In My Arms*" sung by Bob Crosby. Incidentally, this is Bob's first picture without his band. . . . Crosby did K.P. through most of the picture. Spent more time cleaning, washing, sweeping and mopping than the average buck private does in his entire Army career.

IN OUR TIME

Paul Henreid is not only a super-attractive male, but a great actor. He proved it in "*Casablanca*," and he adds emphasis to the proof in this new picture. Ida Lupino, who plays opposite him, knows all the answers in the acting line, too, and the result is a pleasure to watch.

"*In Our Time*" is the story of a country betrayed. Betrayed not once but many times, not by one man but by a whole class. The country is Poland, and her betrayers are the ruling class which exploited the peasants for hundred of years and finally left them to the merciless onslaught of the Germans. But particularly this picture is the story of an English girl who falls in love with a handsome Polish aristocrat. And of her struggle to save him from his family's decadent influence.

The girl is Jennifer Whittride (Ida Lupino), secretary to a London antique dealer. The dealer, Mrs. Bromley (Mary Boland), goes to Warsaw on business and takes her secretary with her. There Jennifer meets Count Stephan Orvid (Paul

her whole life. Stephen represents the best and the worst of the old Polish world. He is charming, gracious—and almost entirely useless. He belongs to what is called in New York, Café Society. But when he meets Jennifer, he falls passionately in love with her. He even defies his powerful Uncle Pavel (Victor Francen) to marry her.

Stephen's family resents Jennifer. His sister, Janine (Nancy Coleman), is jealous of her. His mother (Nazimova) is upset by the changes Jennifer brings to their life. For Jennifer persuades Stephen to manage the estate himself, to work the farm, to buy tractors and even to give the peasants a share in the harvest. "Revolutionary!" cries Janine. "Yes," says Jennifer quietly, "but practical."

Meanwhile the shadow of war creeps closer. Suddenly it is there—Poland has been invaded! Stephen joins his cavalry regiment and leaves Jennifer to run the estate. Gradually it becomes clear that she, an English girl, represents the true spirit of Poland. A country betrayed but never beaten!—War.

P. S.

Title comes from the late Neville Chamberlain's statement on his return from Munich—"I bring you peace in our time." . . . Two famous Russians in the cast are Alla Nazimova and Michael Chekhov, nephew of writer Anton Chekhov. . . . Director Vincent Sherman once worked as an actor in a minor role in one of Nazimova's stage plays, "*Ghosts*." . . . Technical director was Dr. Stephen Barash, Polish attorney. Captured by the Nazis after the siege of Warsaw, he made his way to this country via the Baltic states, the Soviet Union and China. . . . Interested bit player was Lucilia von Boden, Los Angeles music teacher, who said she had been a childhood sweetheart of Herman Goering. . . . Ida Lupino conquered a great dislike for horses and learned to ride for the film. Also added cow-milking to her list of accomplishments. Mood of the set could be felt the minute a visitor stepped through the heavy sound stage doors. Blackest days were when Ida hadn't heard from husband Capt. Louis Hayward for a long time. . . . Paul Henreid suffered from a throat ailment but took a treatment with sulfanilamide and was able to go back to work the next day. . . . Greatest problem of authenticity was accents. Henreid's is Austrian, Ida's is English, Miss Nazimova's is Russian. All had to be converted to Polish. Language expert Dr. Daniel Van Dragen of U.C.L.A. successfully switched them. . . . Film Cutter Rudi Fehr used to work in Berlin in the same capacity by day, but worked with the underground by night. Once hid Director Curtiss Bernhardt (now also at Warner Bros.) in a succession of hotels after Bernhardt had escaped from two Gestapo agents. . . . Also in the cast is former Czarist officer Ivan Lebedeff. . . . 524 persons were employed in the scorched earth sequence, filmed at nearby Chatsworth ranch.

THE FIGHTING SEABEES

You know what the Seabees are—the construction battalions that go in and build airports, roads and beachhead installations for the troops to use later. They're trained fighters as well as construction workers. This picture tells us how it came about.

(Continued on page 68)

"Want to be a girl with Date Appeal?"

"This
Beauty Care
really makes skin
lovelier"

**RITA
HAYWORTH**

Star of Columbia Pictures'
"COVER GIRL"



HERE'S MY LUX SOAP
FACIAL! COVER YOUR
FACE GENEROUSLY
WITH THE RICH LATHER,
WORK IT IN THOROUGHLY.
RINSE WITH WARM
WATER, THEN COLD. PAT
TO DRY. MAKES SKIN
SMOOTHER!



You want the loveliness that wins Romance. Screen stars know men always respond to the charm of skin that's smooth, adorable. Give *your* precious skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care! You'll find it pays!



Rita Hayworth gives you a tip you'll want to follow. In a recent test of this beauty care screen stars recommend, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Active-Lather Facials are quick and easy—and they really *work*! See if Lux Toilet Soap doesn't make *your* skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water... leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

(Continued from page 64)

Republic has put its superman of the moment, John Wayne, in the lead, and what a lead it is! Wedge Donovan is a wonderful character, a hot-headed, quick-fisted Irishman who's the best construction boss in the business. Every man who works for him would also die for him. The war is in its first year, and a group of Wedge's workers have just returned from a job in the Pacific. But not all of them came back. In those days the workers were unarmed, and when the Japs attacked, the Navy, by international law, couldn't give them guns because they were civilians. Wedge flies into a rage and blames Lt. Commander Yarnall (Dennis O'Keefe), the officer in charge.

Yarnall takes Wedge to Washington with him to persuade the Navy to form combined construction and combat units. But red tape and naval protocol send Wedge into a fury again—he can't see waiting months for his men to be trained. But after he has taken a new group on a job and seen his men slaughtered by the Japs, he changes his mind. He is the first man to enlist in the newly-formed Seabees.

Meantime, Yarnall's girl, Connie (Susan Hayward) has met Wedge. At first she calls him a "stubborn impossible ape," but the next thing she knows she's in love with him. Not that she admits it, even to herself, but Wedge knows it and so does Yarnall. Just as they know that Wedge

Eventually they all find themselves on a tiny, vitally important island in the South Pacific, and here the fighting Seabees really go into action. They're a tough gang and proud of it. They should be. They put up a magnificent fight and when the battle is over, the love affair is settled, too.

This is a stirring picture, with a cast that includes William Frawley, J. M. Kerrigan and Grant Withers.—Rep.

P. S.

This is the biggest epic to emerge from the Republic lot since the studio began producing pictures. . . . Camera crews toured the West Coast camps and photographed the Seabees in most every phase of their training. . . . The Navy offered complete cooperation unless shooting interfered with strict training program. Example of such interference came at Camp Pendleton when a company of marching Seabees broke for lunch at noon, and the director asked if it would be possible to have the boys do more drilling in the afternoon. The officer said it would be impossible—"this battalion is leaving this afternoon for overseas duty. You'll have to use another group." . . . Most of the cast and crew were quartered in with the men at the camp, living in strict Navy style: saluting, eating at mess and ten o'clock "lights out." . . . One consolation was the meals—complete with steaks, but-

THE BOYS CALL HER "POLLY"

(Continued from page 45)

her future—she takes the way that will be best for her work. Ordinarily her dressing room door stands open. Gay, vivid, challenging, she's a natural hub around which people gather, and she likes having them around. Except when she's given new lines to learn. Then the door is shut. If you spoke to her then, she wouldn't hear you. Outside her script, the world ceases to exist.

During pictures she goes into training like an athlete. Up at six. At the studio by seven. Home 12 hours later. In bed by nine. Which leaves two evening hours for her personal life. By the time she gets her make-up off and has dinner, most of that's gone. When possible, she squeezes a walk in. Pretty tame substitute for the golf and tennis she loves, but better than nothing. Being outdoors is what she misses most. Sometimes she'll spend Sunday at her mother's beach house, and swim. The minute she finishes a picture, she's off somewhere. Generally, not taking time to remove her make-up. One-thing-at-a-time gal, that's Paulette.

Her last trip was to Mexico. As guests of the Mexican government, she and Jinx Falkenberg made personal appearances. Flying, they had to travel light—a suitcase and overnight bag apiece. All they could take were bathing suits, shorts, three changes including one extra-special dress and accessories to make the three dresses look like six.

Jinx speaks Spanish like a native. Paulette gets by, but yearns to be able to sling it like Jinx. When she gets five minutes, she plans to take lessons from her secretary, who used to teach Spanish. Fluent or not, as a good-will ambassador she rates high. In appreciation, the government gave her a house at Acapulco. It's going to be her vacation house. California's her home.

It wasn't till a year and a half ago that she bought a place of her own in Beverly. Her mother had been buying houses as a business venture and fixing them up on a budget plan for rental. Paulette's is a budget house. She saw it and made one of her snap decisions. "I'll live in this one myself and call it home."

What she fell in love with were the 20-year-old oak trees and the acre of garden. "I can practically live outdoors." Then the house itself—five rooms, and easy to take care of. She could have all her things around her—the beautiful things she'd brought back from China and Singapore. And her books—

book nook . . .

She started collecting books at the age of six, with the "Wizard of Oz." She and her mother traveled a lot. She never attended the same school for more than six months, but wherever she went, the books went with her. They were the one treasure she refused to be parted from. It's a passion that's grown with the years. She reads omnivorously and has kept every book that ever meant anything to her. Two hundred are personally inscribed. When it comes to writers, she's an autograph hound—

"I've got loads of books," she told the decorator, and wondered at the funny look that crossed his face.

Later, he explained. "That's what they all say. But you're the first one that's had 'em. What I mean, loads." He scratched his head reflectively. "Want 'em all?"

"Every last one."

"You'll have to have shelves in all the rooms."

"What's wrong with that?"

So every room, including the dining room, is lined with bookshelves.

Some inspired columnist dreamed up the fiction that Paulette has a mirror set in the head of her bed. "So I can primp, sleeping, I suppose," she comments. Her mirror's in the dressing table like anyone else's, and she does less primping at home than the average woman, because she gets so much of it at the studio that it's a relief not to bother. She showers, gives her hair a stiff brushing, applies lipstick, slips into shirts and shorts or a Mexican dress, and she's set. Hates gadgets round a bedroom. Hers is done simply and restfully in gray and white gingham. Flowers from her garden are the only color accents—and on the wall, a Renoir head.

Since she was little, she's loved pictures. Since she was grown, she's wanted them. But you can't put pictures in a trunk. Her interest in them was quickened by her friendship with Diego Rivera and his wife, Frieda. Frieda's an artist, too, and Paulette owns originals by both of them. She's sat for Rivera for her portrait and posed for his murals. If you ever get to the San Francisco Municipal Center, you'll recognize her in one of the murals as the gamin and as the girl in shorts, planting a tree for the future. The man who's planting the tree with her is Rivera.

WATCH FOR M.S.'s APRIL ISSUE

To assure yourself of a copy, ask your dealer for your April MODERN SCREEN on March 14th. Newsstands have been selling out so quickly, a few days delay might mean your having to miss an issue.

The minute she got a place of her own and freedom to do just as she wanted with it, she began collecting. And collected in her own way. No running to experts. No asking this one and the other what he thought. Paulette's an individualist of the first water. They'd be her pictures, they'd hang on her walls, she'd have to look at them. Pictures, she maintains, should be as personal as your wardrobe. They could be touted to the skies as the best examples of an artist's blue, yellow or cerise period. She wouldn't buy 'em unless she loved 'em.

art for lark's sake . . .

She spent hours in museums, learning the moderns by heart. Then she poked around galleries till she found what she wanted. There was one sure sign by which she could always tell, and it wasn't the price or the artist's name, but something that happened inside. If her heart lifted when she looked at a picture, she generally bought it. Besides the Renoir, she has Braque, Utrillo, Chagal, Dufy. Of course she couldn't always buy what she wanted. There's a Monet she'd give her eyeteeth for, but it's in a museum.

Nor did she set out with the idea of vivid colors. It just turns out that all her pictures are gay. Which is no accident, but an expression of her personality. There are times when Paulette *doesn't* wear red or yellow—in her accessories at least—but not more often than she can help. Just to prove she can be inconsistent, she's got one John Carroll in lovely grays. And keeps a bowl of red roses sitting under it.

She's her own meal-planner. Likes food too well to relegate that job to the housekeeper. "I could eat all day long," says she

SUSANNA FOSTER, CO-STARRING IN THE
UNIVERSAL PICTURE,
"THIS IS THE LIFE"



The "Heart Appeal" of Susanna Foster's Hands

A man feels the attraction of a girl's soft hands.

"My own soft-hand care is very nice and easy", says Susanna Foster, "but it certainly helps keep my hands from getting coarse and rough."

Susanna uses Jergens Lotion.

Just made for any girl who wisely wants hand care that's almost professional, yet simple.

You see, Jergens Lotion contains the 2 ingredients many doctors use to help rough skin become smooth and young-looking. And you'll love it because Jergens never feels sticky.

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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26	27	28	29	30	31	

TODAY
THE DAY?

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That's 3 Ways Better!

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SANITARY NAPKINS

JUST SAY "Sanapak"

Try Countess Lydia Grey—the facial tissue with the "doeskin" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!

and proves it. French toast, bacon and eggs for breakfast. Roast beef at noon when the studio has it, and she takes two helpings the first time it goes by. Lobster with mustard sauce at night, and a cheese soufflé and salad and coffee. But those are only the main events. Like a kid, she's forever munching on the set. Fruit, candy bars, sandwiches—anything that comes her way. Baloney's her favorite sandwich-filling. A prop man appeared at her dressing room door one day, looking so forlorn that her heart sank—

"What's wrong?" she breathed fearfully. "No baloney. Rationing." She didn't get it at first, then her laughter rang to the other end of the set. The prop man never lived it down. He now goes by the name of No-Baloney.

danger, woman at work . . .

Her interest in food at the moment is more than personal. As one of her contributions to the war effort, she's reclaiming a farm that in 30 years hasn't done a thing for its country.

The place is in Spring Valley, New York. Once it was headquarters for Mad Anthony Wayne. More recently Burgess Meredith owned it.

"Look," he told Paulette, "I'm going into the service. Either I'll just have to drop it or give it away. It's nothing but a country estate, and on what the Army pays, I can't afford it. Do you think you could do something with it?"

"Why not?" said Paulette, the indomitable. "If the Russians could do it with 50 billion acres, I ought to be able to do it with 70."

She took the train East, got a load of the place, then called on the head of the Farm Bureau for that region. Before leaving his office, she had her own five-year plan.

Put in a thousand chickens. Farm ten acres this year, five to feed the chickens. Next year, 15 more acres and another thousand chickens. Find a farmer to take over and someone to live in the house. Find a market for the produce.

She found the farmer first. He'd worked there long ago and given it up in disgust. The way he looked when she unfolded her plan, you'd have thought she was handing him a fistful of diamonds. He all but wept. "I remember when the corn was six feet high here—over your head, Miss Goddard."

She got in touch with her friend, Constance Collier. Constance had always wanted to live in the country. Would she come out and make this place her home? "Will a fish swim? I'm as good as packed now," caroled Constance.

She drove into town and made arrangements with the local merchants to take her eggs in exchange for food, gas and miscellaneous supplies. She went to New York and saw the manager of 21, who fell on her neck.

"We'll take anything you can grow and pay you spot cash."

"I'd rather have credit. You can dine me, wine me and provide me with theater tickets."

She called the head of a chain restaurant. "I'm putting in a crop of potatoes, but they won't be first rate this year. The soil's been neglected too long. It needs refeeding. Next year they'll be better, but can you do anything with these?"

"Send 'em along. We can dump them into the stew."

Her one regret was that she couldn't stay to watch her plans bear fruit. She had to get back to work.

"Never mind," said Constance, "I'll keep you in touch."

She was as good as her word. Hot telegrams sailed back and forth.

"Chickens arrived and their house not anywhere near finished. What shall I do?"

"Put them in guest house. I'll work it out when I finish this scene."

"Don't bother. Furniture out of guest house. Chickens in. Too cozy for words."

A week later: "Guest house cleaned. Chickens in own home. Laying like mad."

"My chickens," bragged Paulette.

Then there was a time when Constance went to New York for a couple of days, and the cook phoned to say that a man was painting the house. The house had just been painted to the tune of 450 bucks.

"Darling," wired Constance, "they're painting the house again. What shall I do?"

"Tell them to go away. But quick."

Constance's directions to the cook were even more succinct. "Throw the man off."

A few days later Paulette received a plaintive note from Waldo Pierce, the artist, who's one of her neighbors. "A friend of yours had what seemed a nice idea at the time. Wanted to surprise you with a picture of your house for Christmas. Commissioned me to paint it. Your cook had other ideas. Threw me off the grounds. Without so much as a hot cup of coffee—"

Cook sent him a peace offering of tomato jam—the kind 21 gets. The farmer has a helper now. In winter they cut down timber, which pays taxes. "Next year," says Paulette happily, "I'll have to have a poultry man." She's going back when she's through with "I Love a Soldier."

It's her own zest that makes things exciting for her—things other people would find dull. Welding, for instance. She went up to San Francisco ahead of the company—for a big bond rally at Oakland and to learn how to handle welding tools in the Kaiser shipyards. Most girls would have learned what they had to learn for the picture and let it go at that. She got all het up over it, bent bug-eyed over every process, fascinated by the precision and delicacy of the work. "I could do that. I'd love to do it. It's like knitting and needlepoint. I thought welders were strong-arm girls. They're just the opposite. What they do is sew the ship up."

belly grinder . . .

She presents an impersonal, practical side to the world and keeps the rest for herself. You don't catch Paulette talking about her emotions. (About the Chaplin kids, for instance, who come to the studio to see her. She had dinner with Charlie, Junior, the night before he left for camp.) But sometimes you hear a story that brings a swift revealing glimpse of the other side.

In San Francisco she went as often as possible to the hospital where our wounded men are being nursed back to health. They liked seeing people, and she was moved by the fact that they felt they knew her. "Polly" they called her.

That was on her first trip. "What can I bring you, boys," she asked, "when I come back?"

It seems they wanted a belly-grinder, which was a new one on Polly. A belly-grinder, they explained, was a concertina.

Try getting a concertina today—yeah, try. You'd give up. Me, too. Not Paulette. Paulette would be you-know-what if she'd go back without it. She turned the town upside down and bore back in triumph not a mere belly-grinder, but a big piano accordion like Phil Baker's.

In San Francisco she had to go right to work. "Will you see that this gets to the boys?" she asked a friend.

"Sure, but don't you want the fun of giving it to them yourself?"

"It's for their fun, not mine. What's the sense of keeping them waiting, so I can take bows?"

She's like the girl she played in "So Proudly," who whispered to Joan, "Don't tell Kansas I fainted."

Don't tell anyone about what goes on inside. Her heart belongs to Paulette.

IS THERE ANYONE FINER?

(Continued from page 52)

Dinah had to attend a broadcast rehearsal, so George—who had not yet been inducted into the Army—drove her down to the station and swelled the ranks of directors, sponsors and fellow artists making up the audience. Dinah was scheduled to sing "I Said No."

The next evening George attended the regular broadcast and listened attentively. He thought Dinah sang "I Said No" better than it had ever been sung.

A week later, Dinah was scheduled to sing at an Army camp, so George went along. After her regular numbers, Dinah was heckled by the roaring khakis until she agreed to sing an encore: "I Said No." He said "No." . . .

Two weeks later, Dinah was to appear on "Command Performance" to sing . . . you guessed it. So that night, when a group of friends dropped in and begged Dinah to sing something, George arose to the occasion to announce, "There is just one request that I must make. Please, PLEASE don't sing 'I Said No.' I can't take it . . . not even ONCE more."

However, they did have fun together. Anyone could see that. On Sunday mornings, Dinah and her three apartment-mates invited George and three other men over for breakfast. Dinah baked southern biscuits while one of the other girls scrambled eggs and a third fried bacon (if they had the points). George, who prides himself on having a chef's thumb, would prow into the kitchen and allow himself to be put to work.

In the afternoon, George and Dinah would drive George's father and mother down to the movies. Then they would proceed to the riding stables from which the studio used to rent the horse George rode in Westerns.

Dinah practically grew up in a saddle—cavalry style. Then, when she was at the boarding school stage, she was sent to a fashionable school in New England where she was taught to ride a English saddle. She didn't like it. She suffered from a constant premonition that horse, saddle and topsoil were in a conspiracy to rob her of dignity and several square yards of important skin.

"You should ride Western saddle," George said with authority. "You'd feel perfectly secure."

She did. Thereafter she could scarcely wait from Sunday to Sunday for those long, brisk, sunny rides.

Sometimes, instead of going riding, they played tennis—a game at which George is disgustingly good. Week after week he would beat her in straight love sets, but one afternoon he seemed to be completely off his game. The tally began to read 6-4, 7-5. George rallied.

Afterward he said, "I very nearly let you lick me."

"Oh sure," observed Dinah in jeering tones. "Just you fence with me, and we'll see who gets outpointed. And if my better nature rears its ugly head, suggesting that I let you defeat me, I'll cut it off. I'm going to beat you at something!"

"My reach is longer than yours," George proclaimed defensively. "I could give you a shingle haircut."

"Try. Try."

"We-ell. Some day." But he always managed to have some other activity planned when Dinah suggested fencing.

Dinah also decided that it would be easy to show her superiority in the swimming department, but she couldn't find a pool



Does daylight add years to *your* age?



To discover the secret of looking younger in all kinds of light, try one of the six new Color-True shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder!

UNLESS your face powder is absolutely true in color, tiny lines and blemishes of your skin will be glaringly revealed under certain kinds of light.

But each new shade of Cashmere Bouquet is Color-True . . . and there's a particular shade to give your skin a subtle, more flattering coloring in *all* kinds of light. Under its downy texture skin blemishes disappear and remain hidden. It clings

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created by the men
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BETTY GRABLE IN
"Pin Up Girl"
A 20th Century Fox Picture

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The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent
sizes—regardless
of price, you can-
not buy better.

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Perc Westmore,
Hollywood
Make-up

long enough to get her masterful Australian crawl functioning at full speed. Most of the local pools are too small for racing, so their aquatic competition usually ended in a first class water fight with George having the advantage because he could catch Dinah by her shock of long auburn hair, and she was very much at his mercy. "The first thing I'm going to buy when the war is over," she would shout, trying to get away from this reverse Samson and Delilah act, "is a bathing cap."

"Lotta good that will do," spluttered George. "I'll just remove it."

One Sunday they shared a narrow escape, and George learned something about the true sportsmanship of girls from Nashville. They were driving out to the ranch of a friend, over a road that had sprung off the main highway without taking any macadam civilization with it. In some spots it seemed to be little more than a double footpath clinging to the support of the cliff with the determination of an impoverished relative. George wasn't driving fast, but some of the grades were such that it was hard to negotiate them.

As he swung around a particularly precipitous curve, the right front tire blew out. It is a lucky thing George has the muscle of a General Sherman tank because his Cadillac is heavy and it seemed to have B-17 ambitions over the canyon.

Once they had stopped, George got out. He extracted the jack from the turtleback and went to work. There is a law that no jack ever fits the car in which it is found. Especially since the tire shortage.

"I'll walk back to that little town and find a mechanic," volunteered Dinah. George was so engrossed in trying to get the whatsis released from the thingabob that he may not have heard her leave. At any rate, Dinah trudged the several long blocks back to the village and checked three filling stations without success. She was finally directed to a small garage. From there she went to the mechanic's home and interrupted a fine fricasseed chicken dinner. But she brought help to the mountainside.

When they were under way again, George glanced over at her and grinned. His shirt was a mosaic of grease and roadside dust nicely lubricated by perspiration; his face was shining, his hair fell forward over his forehead and his general aspect was extremely rugged.

But his mood was blissful. "For such a little tyke, you're very helpful," he said. "Thanks."

When, toward the end of the A-card period, the Cadillac was short of gasoline, George and Dinah usually spent an intellectual evening at home. They dote on "Ask Me Another" games, at which George is spectacularly good. He can rattle off the capital of each state in the Union; he can tell you where each major dam in America is located, what it cost to build, how long it was under construction and how much power is generated by its leashed waters.

He knows the principal crops of every state, and the agricultural problems peculiar to certain localities. A good deal of the time these mental gymnastics were just a preliminary to George's main conversational bout: a prolonged description of his ranch in Montana.

heaven, montana . . .

As far as George is concerned, the address of Heaven is Montana. It is the prettiest state, the most fertile state, the most dramatic state . . . you may add glowing adjectives indefinitely and finish them with the word, Montana.

From Alaska he recently wrote to Dinah, "The mountains in this part of the world are glorious. Almost as pretty as our Montana mountains."

In another letter he wrote, "The crops

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 80 and the third on page 91. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 60 is average this month. For the answers, turn to page 101, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Jimmy Come Lately
2. Brooklyn beauty
3. Gunner with glammer
4. Is there anyone finah?
5. Monkeys are the Cwaziest People
6. Heady over Hannagan
7. Goggle-eyes
8. Writer-editor-critic-actor
9. Success at 8
10. Shed forelock
11. Little guy, big voice
12. Joe Yule, Jr.
13. MacMurray's screen mate
14. Roanoke Romeo
15. 1943 Ford
16. Mrs. Smith
17. A smile is his umbrella
18. Cried in "Camille"
19. No droop in a drape
20. Dr. Gillespie

(Next set of clues on page 80)

almost as fertile as Montana."

When Dinah once asked him, "Hey, what does Montana have that Tennessee doesn't?" he considered the subject gravely.

"Tell you what, honey," he came back, deadpan, "since you think so highly of Tennessee, I guess Montana can give the state a break. If your boys do a good job of fighting, why I guess Montana will take you into the Union a little later on."

One evening they were on the way to the home of a friend when some slight disagreement arose. Anyone who has ever been in love knows how those things happen; one or the other makes some trifling remark that strikes a sour note. The party of the second part comes back with a shillalah, and the battle is on.

In the midst of hostilities, they arrived at their destination. George parked, switched off the ignition and turned to Dinah in time to hear her summary, "I meet forty thousand soldiers a year. Most of them are very, very nice. I certainly don't have to put up with any nonsense from you."

George whistled. "Forty thousand!" he said in the tone of a man who has just been told that the straw hat in the window is priced at 80 dollars.

Suddenly both of them laughed. They howled. After this joyous interim, George asked tentatively, "Are we all made up?" Dinah said they were. Thereupon, they established a rule: They would never leave the car at any time, nor join a group, until all differences between them had been patched up.

About this time everyone in Hollywood began to ask George and Dinah how soon

"Ah-h—just ze kiss of ze hops"

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.. none of
the bitterness



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

Try and try again prizes**

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

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.

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

HERE'S HOW: The picture puzzle this month is based on Poulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray's hilarious new comedy, "Standing Room Only". To work the puzzle, be sure to read the story of the movie on page 34 or you'll find yourself in a jam. Each picture in the puzzle represents a word or part of a word. Fill the words in on your coupon. The whole stanza fits the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." When you've filled in every word on your coupon, try singing it over to this tune. If it fits—maybe you'll be a winner!

1. Solve the picture puzzle on page 8.
2. Fill in your FULL name on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than April 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count, but do not send in elaborate entries. They will receive no preference.
7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this series. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

TURN TO PAGE 8 FOR THE "STANDING ROOM ONLY" PICTURE PUZZLE



War Duties lead many women to use Tampax

NO BELTS
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NO PADS
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When a woman puts on slacks to do her work she discovers more and more reasons for using Tampax as her monthly sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is worn *internally*; so there *cannot* be any of the bulging or bulking which is so annoying... Thousands of other women-at-work, from taxi drivers to bank tellers, find Tampax helps them to keep active. It is quick to change, convenient to dispose of—and there is *no odor*.

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Journal of the American
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(Continued from page 70)

they were going to fly to Las Vegas or Yuma. That pair were very glib in answering. They said they had no intention of marrying until the war was over. George might be sent overseas; he didn't think it fair to marry a girl, then leave her.

Dinah's reason for a non-marriage romance for the duration was nostalgic. When she should become engaged, she wanted her father to announce the fact in the Nashville papers. Then she wanted all the usual betrothal merriment: the linen showers, the lingerie showers, the luncheon for the bridesmaids, the trousseau tea, the wedding rehearsal, the white satin dress and the gracious, leisurely honeymoon. "That's for me," sighed Dinah.

For months, George had been stationed at a camp not far from Los Angeles; he was able to spend frequent week-ends in town. Then, in the fine Army fashion, he was sent, one morning, to Texas. He wrote to Dinah when he had time—which wasn't often—and he telephoned her whenever the lines were free.

It's all very well to be nonchalant about love and marriage when two persons can see each other almost every week-end, catch up on all the current gossip, have a lot of fun and return to duty refreshed and filled with memories. But when two weeks, three weeks, a month, two months roll by, friendship and comradeship simply aren't enough. A closer, warmer tie is essential.

When George was given his 14-day furlough, he descended on Los Angeles with the speed of a P-38 heading back to base. He dropped his bags at his sister's apartment and went in search of Dinah.

Those 14 days were sheer bliss... plus a smattering of K.P. duty. Each evening George and Dinah cooked dinner at Dinah's apartment. Sometimes a roommate or two joined the fun, but much of the time the girls would be out on dates, so George and Dinah would be alone. One evening she was late in returning from a broadcast, so George had prepared the dinner without any assistance from the feminine touch. He had carved the roast (Dinah had saved points for weeks so as to be able to feed the man from Montana), he had made salad, he had washed the celery and prepared dessert.

"I can also sew," boasted George when Dinah exclaimed over his triumph. "They teach a guy in the Army."

After these dinners, it was understood that George would wash the dishes because Dinah had usually just had a manicure or was babying one that had to last until Thursday. She wielded the tea towel.

One night they had a discussion about the heavy gold signet ring that Dinah had given George for his birthday. Looking over some snapshots she had taken of him, she said, "You've got to stop wearing that ring. It pulls your arm down so much that, when you stand at attention, your left shoulder is two inches higher than your right. Besides, you might catch it on something and wreck your finger."

"Maybe a smaller ring would be a good idea. A double ring ceremony band."

high and dry...

Before a girl could ask, "Is that a proposal?" Corporal Montgomery was gone again—this time to Alaska. Days went by without a letter from George, without a call, without any word. One of the well-known contradictions of life began to bother Dinah: When a husband is away, he is still a husband. One doesn't fume over little things. One knows he will write when he can. One can plan for his return.

But when a boy friend is away, and a silence descends, a girl has plenty of time to wonder about a lot of things. *Has he met someone else? Not in Alaska, surely!*

Since he doesn't write, perhaps he doesn't like me as well as I thought he did.

Dinah forgot about her no-marriage declarations; she forgot about having her engagement announced in the Nashville papers; she forgot about the showers, the parties, the satin preparations. So, one November morning, she and George slipped away to Las Vegas and were married in a double ring ceremony that supplied George with a simple platinum band with which to supplant the signet ring, and which supplied Dinah with a matching circlet. Several weeks earlier George had ordered Dinah's engagement, a confection of gold and rubies, not yet finished.

"When I get my engagement ring," Dinah asked wistfully, "do you think it would be O.K. for Dad to announce our engagement—in the Nashville papers?"

"As soon as Tennessee is admitted to the Union," said George.

Less than a week after his marriage, George was again dispatched on a mission. Before he left, he bought two small Christmas trees, set one on each side of the fireplace and trimmed them. It was a surprise for Dinah.

Dinah's surprise for George's first married Christmas consisted of two bathrobes, one rigidly functional for use in camp and one fawncy one for use on furlough. Also a set of pastels with which George will produce some charming landscape drawings. Also a key with a locket top in which is a tiny picture of Mrs. Montgomery. Also a wood carving set. Looks like George's artistic temperament is going to have ample opportunity to express itself when the war is over.

As everyone knows, George owns a ranch in his beloved state of Montana. The ranch is something he has fought for, dreamed of and held up to himself as the goal of his life. Repeatedly he has said that his idea of the perfect life is making two pictures a year in Hollywood and spending the rest of his time in Montana. Running cattle, raising wheat, participating in co-operatives and being able to talk things over and make plans for the future with a wife who could work with him, understanding and sympathizing with his aims.

When a friend of Dinah's asked, come Victory, what would she and George do, she said without hesitation, "We'll live on the ranch most of the time."

So it looks like real happiness ahead for Dinah and George Montgomery Letz.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Al Jolson toured the puppet and palm-tree circuit here in Africa, he did a show for our outfit. After it was over, he was kept busy autographing everything from official passes and copies of "Stars and Stripes" to letters from home. A great many of the G. I.'s held out wrinkled 5-franc notes for Al to sign. Not having any French money on me, I handed him an American \$10 bill.

Al crinkled the ten-spot a moment and hesitated. He handed it back to me unsigned. "Son," he said, "my autograph isn't worth tying up this much dough. Invest it in War Bonds!" Then the Mammy singer reached into his own pocket, pulled out a crisp new five-franc bill and autographed it. He thrust it into my hands and grinned, "Here, sergeant, this is on the house!"

Tech. Sgt. Buell R. Snyder

THE COLOR PICTURE

(Continued from page 60)

GREEN. With dark green wear the true reds or the reds with a blue undertone. For olive and chartreuse, choose from the yellow-red group.

PURPLE. For your purple and wine shades choose a harmonious purple-toned lipstick, rouge and polish.

BLUE. Give bright blue, French blue and medium blue extra emphasis with a blue-red lipstick. With navy the principal is one of contrast rather than harmony so wear your most flattering flaming red.

BROWN. All shades of brown take copper red, bronze and brown-y shades of nail, cheek and lip color. These browns are all in the deep yellow family.

BLACK. Again contrast is the keynote with black. Wear that bright, true red.

BEIGE. Brighten your beige costume with clear red or a tawny tangerine lacquer.

GREY. Show off grey with a flaming garnet or a bright blue-red color.

For after-dark glamour deeper blue-red and clear reds are the most vital colors. Artificial lights fade orange tones.

"MY LOVE IS LIKE a red, red rose." But to us it sounds like so much poetic license. Rouge shades that bedeck m'lady should be quite a bit paler than this florid, floral color. Some stars obtain a really natural looking flush with the help of both cream and dry rouge. The cream rouge is used after foundation is applied to create contour and illusion. Next comes a thorough powdering job. The dry rouge is then applied, after which another layer of powder is whisked over the face.

SUBTLE SUBTERFUGE. Lipstick color can be wonderful camouflage. Some actresses dote on two lipsticks in the same shade but of different intensities. The darker one is used to shadow and so decrease the apparent size of too-full lips. The lighter shade reflects the light and fills in where nature has not been generous.

The lipstick brush has become a practically indispensable tool for making the lip outline. Fill in the outline with a lipstick and carry the color well within the lips. You don't want a gorgeous smile ruined by lipstick "separatitus!"

IN THE RED. About one night a week will be devoted to putting that same red on your fingertips. These manicuring rituals are brief, but effective. Try a colorless aftercoat with your nail enamel, because it prevents chipping and injury. Keep that line-up of nail lacquer bottles in the best possible shape by adding a bit of nail polish thinner to each bottle. This will keep the polish from thickening, help to retain the original color and surprisingly enough will add a high sheen.

HUE HARMONY. Some psychologists insist that color has a lot to do with the way you feel. Yellow may make you feel bright and chipper, red—gay, and blue—cold. But if blue make you look like a combination of the best qualities of Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner, why we'd insist you wear it in the middle of December, in May, in short—all the time! Make some color your own. Have it tagged as Betty's blue or green or purple. Choose the color and shade that does the very most for you. Get an ensemble of make-up and matched accessories to go with it.

See Anne Baxter in "THE EVE OF ST. MARK"
a 20th Century-Fox Picture.

**"Royal Crown Cola
Sure tastes best,
I prefer it
To the rest!"**

says

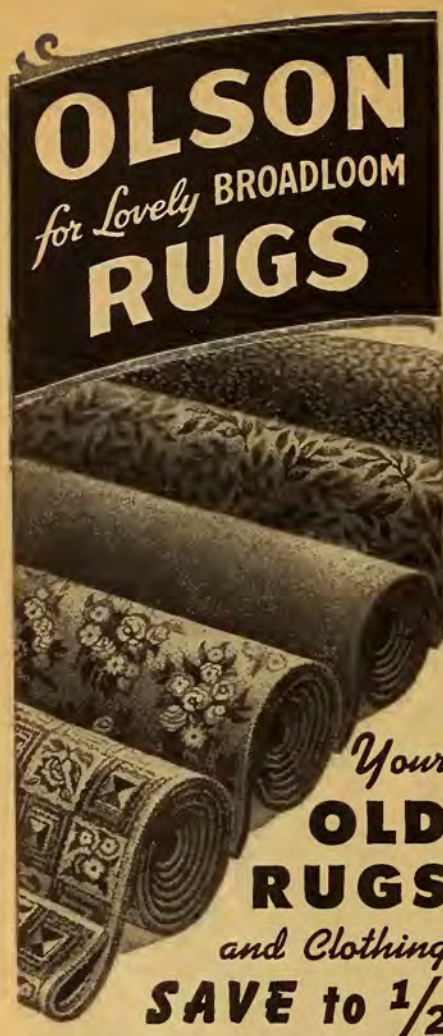
**ANNE
BAXTER**

Royal Crown Cola means just one thing to lovely Anne—best taste! "I found that out in the famous cola taste-test," she says, "when I sampled leading colas in paper cups. Royal Crown Cola rated best with me!"

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Modern Screen Pins a Badge on You

One day long before Connie Wienk, our art editor, left for the Army, he came clumping into the office with his big feet and put something down on Henry Malmgreen's desk. He didn't say anything—just smoked his cigarette too fast.

What it was, you see illustrated above. A simple, chaste symbol of MODERN SCREEN. Connie's own way of saying "Good-by. Think of me sometimes." Connie's overseas now. And his little design has become sort of a pledge between him and you and us. We promptly reproduced it on all our stationery. But we want to do more. We want to bring Connie's design actually to life in a fine piece of costume jewelry . . . either a really heart-stopping pin or, if you prefer, a charm to dangle swankily from a bracelet.

Swanky—and sweet, too. A sweet reminder of the good times we've all had together putting out MODERN SCREEN, reading it, writing each other letters.

But here's the catch. Unless we can order thousands of these pins at one time, the cost will be prohibitive, and we'll have to scrap the whole beautiful idea. We need your help. Won't you read the coupon below carefully, then fill out just ONE part of it and mail it in? If enough of these forms are filled out soon enough, we shall be able to have our MODERN SCREEN pin—our pledge to each other and to the swell kid who's overseas!

After writing in your name and address, see how many of your friends' names and addresses you can get. Heck, there's no Ltd. after our name. Why shouldn't they be part of our gang, too!

H. Malmgreen

NOTE CAREFULLY! This coupon does NOT give you the MODERN SCREEN pin. It only tells us you'd like to have one. Please do not send any money. And remember—this doesn't obligate you in any way. Since we couldn't provide space here for the slews of friends who'll probably be interested, please jot their names and addresses down on a separate sheet of paper and mail them with the coupon.

I would like the MODERN SCREEN pin absolutely free with a year's subscription (\$1.50 for 12 issues) to MODERN SCREEN.

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ADDRESS: MODERN SCREEN, Service Dept., 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

LANA TURNER

(Continued from page 39)

sodas the minute that school's out." Judy didn't quite know what to make of it when the manager brought Mr. Wilkerson over that afternoon and introduced him as boss of the "Hollywood Reporter." What was the "Hollywood Reporter" anyway?

"I'd like to speak to you a minute." Obediently she slid off the stool and walked to the cigar counter with him.

"How would you like to be in pictures?"

She stared. Was he kidding? He didn't seem to be kidding. He looked like a perfectly serious man. But such things didn't happen. In fan mags they happened, never in real life, never ever to Judy Turner. How would you like to be in pictures? What could you say? Not yes—it would sound too silly. "I—I don't know," she stammered.

"Here's my card. Will you come to my office after school tomorrow? Around four?" Then he was gone. Most of the kids were busy with their own chatter, but one or two had turned to look curiously at the man who was talking to Judy.

"What did he want?"

She shrugged. "Thought I was somebody else." They were Hollywood-wise, they'd lived here all their lives. If it sounded screwy to her, how would they take it? Laugh in her face, and she wouldn't blame them.

Mother thought it was crazy, too. It took Edith to throw the whole thing into some kind of balance. She'd met Billy Wilkerson at a big party—just long enough to say how-d'you-do—but she knew about his standing in movie circles, and that he didn't ask kids if they'd like to be in pictures just to hear himself talk. "If Wilkerson thinks there's a chance," Edith said, "she'd better take it."

"But she can't go alone, and I've got to work."

"Then I'll go with her."

Judy decided she'd better look grown up.

Her Oxford gray suit was the most grown-up thing she owned, but her hats all looked kiddish. So she borrowed one from Edith—an off-the-face number with just a tiny brim. And spent half an hour getting the spicurl on her forehead just right.

In Mr. Wilkerson's office she was glad to let Edith do the talking, while she sat goggle-eyed. As a matter of fact, there wasn't much talk on either side. Mr. Wilkerson was very businesslike.

"I think she has possibilities. I'm giving her a note to Zeppo Marx, the agent. You can go up there now if you like. Let's hear how you make out. Good luck."

* * *

"How old are you?" Zeppo asked.

Judy gulped. "Eighteen."

Zeppo grinned. "Not with that spicurl, you're not. Come on, let's have it. Sixteen? Fifteen?"

"Well—practically sixteen—"

Zeppo didn't go into dithers over Wilkerson's find. Maybe, maybe not. Certainly she didn't hit him between the eyes. ("I ought to have my head examined," he moans nowadays.) Eventually he did sign her to a contract—what could he lose?—and sent Henry Willson, one of his young men, to make the studio rounds with her. Nothing happened. Secretly convinced that her movie career was destined to be nipped in the bud, Judy continued at school and kept her mouth shut.

Till the day Solly Bianco, another of Zeppo's young men, eyed her reflectively as she sat in the office, waiting for someone to take her somewhere. Suddenly he



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A Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

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Nestle HAIRLAC

jumped up. "I've got a hunch. There's a part in Mervyn LeRoy's new picture. Come on, let's go out there."

He didn't even phone. Hustled his client into a car, drove her to Warners', steered her toward LeRoy's office.

Mr. LeRoy was busy, the secretary didn't think they could see him. At which psychological moment, out popped LeRoy, cigar in mouth.

"Can I see you?" Solly started.

"I haven't much time—"

"It'll only take a minute—"

"Well, okay, just a minute then—"

He led the way inside. Solly said, "I think this girl has possibilities for Mary in 'They Won't Forget'."

This girl, Judy thought. That's me. It sounds awful. It sounds like this necktie or this dishpan or this monkey-on-a-stick—

Mr. LeRoy was looking her up and down and around. "Well—I don't know—we could make a test, I suppose. What did you say your name was?"

"Judy Turner."

"Hm—not very good."

"My real name's Juliajean—"

"Still worse. But never mind about that. Tell you what. I'll call you, Solly."

She knew what that meant. She'd been hearing it often enough lately. Only for a minute there he did seem to be interested.

"Do you think he'll call?" she asked Solly on the way home.

"Hard to say. We'll keep after him."

They didn't have to. Things moved at a snappy clip after that, and Judy went through them in a daze. Solly calling.

"Mr. LeRoy wants you to make a photographic test."

Mother saying, "Don't let it throw you, baby. Probably doesn't mean a thing."

Making the test and seeing it, thinking it was ghastly—

Mr. LeRoy saying, "I still haven't heard you read lines—"

Rehearsing a scene and shooting it—

Solly calling again: "You're in, kid. We're signing the contracts tomorrow."

Mother'd just come home from work. Moving carefully, afraid she might break, Judy held out her arm. "Pinch me, Mother—"

Mother hugged her instead, and Judy clung like a baby. "Don't let me go haywire. I'm so thrilled I can't stand it, but don't let me go haywire, Mother."

At the studio next day, they returned to the subject of the name. "I don't think Judy's right for you. Too chorine-ish," said Mr. LeRoy. "Turner's okay. A good American name. Easy to say—"

"Then shouldn't we have something very different for the first name?"

Starting with A, they went straight through the alphabet—even split names in half and hooked different halves together. Nothing worked. Finally—she'll never know where it popped from—but something popped.

"What about Lana?" asked Judy.

"Lana? How would you spell it?" She spelled it. "Lana. Lana Turner. I think that's it—"

(Months after being dubbed the sweater girl, she discovered that Lana was the

FREE OFFER!

'Tisn't every day that we give another mag a plug like this—but honestly, SCREEN ROMANCES is worth every bit of our lavish propaganda. We think it's so terrific that we want you to have a copy absolutely free. All you have to do to get it is fill in the following coupon and whip it off to us. If yours is among the first 500 to reach our desk, your FREE SCREEN ROMANCES will be in the mail in no time at all—and you'll love it. It's chuck full of stories of the latest movies. Be sure to send in your coupon by the 20th of February.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Swoon Boy (Frank Sinatra) | ☐ | Lovable Lug (Sonny Tufts) | ☐ |
| Lana Turner Life Story, Part II .. | ☐ | "Standing Room Only" | ☐ |
| Tall, Dark and Rugged
(James Craig) | ☐ | Is There Anyone Finer?
(Montgomery-Shore) | ☐ |
| Hep Kitten (Peggy Ryan) | ☐ | The Boys Call Her "Polly"
(Paulette Goddard) | ☐ |
| MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day
with Lon McCallister | ☐ | Good News | ☐ |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

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

My name is

My address is

I am years old.

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

Spanish word for wool and decided that the hand of coincidence works in funny ways.)

Mother had a hard time getting used to the name. She'd go round the house, muttering, "Lana, eat your spinach." "Are you warm enough, Lana?" She'd introduce her to imaginary people. "Meet my daughter Lana." "Lah-na!" she'd call. "La-nah!" At last she got it. Now it startles her to hear old friends address Lana as Judy.

So the fan mags were right. Things like that *did* happen. Hollywood wasn't just a town with a main street. The magic door had opened for the little girl from San Francisco. She was on the inside, looking out.

What delighted her most at the studio were Miss Horn and her dressing room. Miss Horn was such fun that for once school was almost a pleasure. And the dressing room was sort of a daring little cottage with a gay windowbox and a little porch you stepped up on and a little canopy over it, and every time you went in the little door, it was like playing house.

As for the picture, she took her cue from Mr. LeRoy. He didn't seem to be worried, so she didn't worry. He was kindness itself, never barked when she got things wrong. "Take it easy," he'd say. So his calmness flowed into her.

* * *

Starry-eyed and decked out in a brand new beige outfit, she went to the preview with Henry Willson. Grandfather, who'd come to stay with them, was ill, so Mother couldn't go. This was to be Lana's first grown-up date. Henry was taking her out after the show.

Mother gave her an extra smack for good luck. "Phone me the minute the picture's over."

Talk to nine out of ten picture people, and they'll tell you they hated the first sight of themselves on the screen. That's how it was with Lana—only raised to the nth degree. As the film unrolled, she scooched lower and lower in her seat. All she could think was, "How'm I going to get out without anyone seeing me?"

"I don't feel well," she whispered to Henry just before the end. "D'you mind if we leave now?"

Outside, she couldn't talk. If she talked, she'd bawl. "I've got to phone Mother." In the phone booth she *did* bawl. "I was awful, simply awful. I'm coming right home." Henry couldn't dissuade her. By now she was beyond hiding her tears. "I just want to go home," she wailed.

So home she went to sob in her mother's arms.

"Oh, come on, honey, it couldn't have been that bad."

Which only started another freshet. She spent the night turning her soaked pillow and blowing her nose.

In the morning Mervyn called her. She didn't want to go to the phone, but Mother made her. "Whatever it is, sooner or later you'll have to face it."

"Seen the papers?" asked Mervyn. "Got a swelled head?"

"Yes, but not what you think. You mean the papers are good?"

"Sensational. Five years from now you'll be the biggest star in town."

For a minute, her aching forehead dropped into her palm. Then she looked up at mother. "This is the craziest business," said Lana and thought she'd made an original discovery.

* * *

Starting at a gallop, the career slowed down to a jog. Lana didn't fret. She was under personal contract to Mervyn, and Mervyn believed in making haste slowly. There were a couple of bits at Warners'. Then he went to M.G.M.



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Step by step she climbed the M-G-M mountain, on whose peaks sat enthroned such dazzlers as Gable and Loy, Tracy and Shearer. Sometimes her eyes would widen in wonder. "Not long ago I thought I was lucky to be able to see them at a Friday night show. Now I'm playing on the same lot with them."

Step by step she climbed—from the adolescence of "Andy Hardy" through "Dr. Kildare" to the dawn of glamour in "Dancing Co-Ed." Nobody said very much, but she knew she was climbing. She'd been graduated from the back fitting-room to the middle. Then—"Mother, I'm in. They fitted me in the very front room today."

Then her new contract—the wonderful day that brought her heart's desire—the day she flew home and grabbed her mother's hands and laid a kiss in each palm and cried exultantly: "That's all, darling. They've done their last permanent. Never, never again."

"Two Girls on Broadway" marked the end of a chapter and the turning of a page. Impulsively she married Artie Shaw, whose fascination might have addled an older head. Almost as swiftly, she discovered her mistake and brought their short-lived marriage to a close.

The new page was called "Ziegfeld Girl." They gave Lana the script four months ahead of time. "We're thinking of you for the part of Sheila."

She loved it from the first, though the part was small to begin with. "But I don't care, Mother. It'll be my first big production picture. Look at the people in it—Judy Garland, Jimmy Stewart, Hedy Lamarr—. And Mrs. Turner's little girl gets to play opposite Stewart."

Every day there was something to report. "The sets are so beautiful. Even the shanty bar's got class."

"They gave me a lot of new dialogue today."

"Pop Leonard's no director, he's a wizard. He gets things out of me I never knew were there."

"The part's getting bigger and bigger. Oh Mother, I'm really walking on mink."

It came out later that the front office hadn't been sure she could do the tragic Sheila, so they started it small. She had Pop Leonard to thank for the rest. He kept feeding her more, watching to see if she could take it, teaching, encouraging, giving her faith in herself because he had it.

Then he went to the front office and said, "Let me shoot the works on that kid, and you'll have a top star when the picture's done."

They said, "Go ahead."

You'd have thought Lana'd lost her best friend the day it finished. "I'll never love a picture so much. Oh Pop, can't we shoot it all over again?"

"Hold your hat, honey," said Pop. "The fun's just beginning—"

It was fun, at that. Applause at the preview. People stopping her on the lot to shake hands. Fan mail pouring in. Her name just below Spencer Tracy's on the roster of M-G-M stars—

"Only a dope would pretend it's not exciting. But I've found out one thing. You don't make yourself a star. It's all the other people—your director and hairdresser and wardrobe woman—and the grips and the cameramen. It's all the people who pat you on the back when you're nothing, and say, 'Keep the old chin up, kid. Your time'll come!' Don't let me forget that, Mother—"

Mother smiled. "You're saying what you said when you got your first contract. Don't let me go haywire, Mother—"

Lana thought the experience of "Ziegfeld Girl" couldn't be topped. In a way,

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 70)

Set 2

1. Fit Cohan's shoe
2. If you knew Susie . . .
3. Back from Britain
4. The corporal takes a wife
5. Newsettes
6. Burnt by Brent
7. "Ida, sweet as apple cider"
8. Bewildered Babbitt
9. Slipping at 13
10. Shed husband
11. Buckle down, Winssocki
12. Blond and brash
13. Brisson's wife
14. Anne Shirley's ex
15. Feet first
16. Husky-voiced
17. Fathers Donnie, Ronnie, Tommy, Lonny
18. Laughed in "Ninotchka"
19. Juvenile jivester
20. John's brother

(Next set of clues on page 91)

it over every year. But when they told her she was going to be paired in "Honky Tonk" with Gable, her knees gave way. "Don't mind me," she murmured. "It's just—all this and Gable, too." And don't think she was kidding. How could you help being nervous, playing with The King?—the guy you'd swooned over in your flapper days which, after all, hadn't been so long ago.

It was Clark himself who snapped her out of it. You couldn't go on being awed by someone who stood in so little awe of himself. "Relax, youngster," he'd grin. Or squeeze her in the ribs and say, "You feel better now?"

After one tough scene he gave her an approving wink. "You're doing it, kid." That sent her home in a glow.

"I guess it's all right," she sighed. "I guess I can be in the same room with him now without falling down—"

* * *

While she was making "Johnny Eager," she met tall, dark and handsome Stephen Crane. They were married a year later.

At the beginning, Stephen was just another boy. They knew the same people. She'd see him around at parties. Little by little it began to be more than that, till the time came when they knew they were for each other.

They were determined to keep their love for themselves. It belonged to two people—Lana and Stephen—not to the newspapers, not to the world. Nobody ever saw them together in public places. If they did go out, it would be far away from the usual Hollywood haunts. They'd take long drives—this was before gas rationing—with Lana in a dark wig, a scarf round her head. Or Steve would come to her house—the lovely white house she'd just bought for Mother and herself, high on a hill, with a white picket fence around it. And they'd sit before the fire and listen to records and plan.

Because they kept their counsel so well, the papers called it a spur-of-the-moment marriage. It was, on the contrary, carefully planned—their apartment picked out, their rings bought and inscribed. But they were bent on not letting Hollywood make a three-ring circus of it. Apart from Mother, only two close-mouthed friends at the studio were in the secret. Not till the night before they flew to Las Vegas did Lana ask Linda Darnell to be her bridesmaid—

But on Friday morning the news leaked out. Hawkeyes saw Lana and Steve board

they returned was mobbed, and there was nothing to do but push their way to the car Mother had waiting and drive home with her.

"They're planning a party at the Mocambo tonight," Mother said dryly. "With the bride on the cake done up in a sweater or something equally corny."

Lana looked at Steve, and Steve looked at Lana. Mother looked at them both. "That's what I thought," she said.

So Lana packed some clothes and off they went to their apartment, where Steve's clothes had been parked for a couple of weeks. While the Mocambo quivered with expectancy that evening, wedding cake on the table and "Lohengrin" in the air, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Crane sat cosily in their car, dining at a drive-in on Wilshire.

They were crazy in love. Their happiness was shadowed only by the universal shadow of war. After a month they did the sensible thing—moved back to the house. Mother didn't urge it, but they knew she hated rattling around up there all by herself. Besides, Steve would be called any minute now. Besides, Lana couldn't cook.

One October day she sat in a doctor's office, hands clenched to control their shaking. Like a metronome ticking in a storm, words beat against her whirling brain. "It can't be true, it can't be true, it can't be true—" She made herself say them, made herself try to believe them. "Don't let me hope," she prayed. "Don't let me hope and then be disappointed. I couldn't bear it—"

The doctor—a woman—returned from the laboratory, smiling. "It's—not true," quivered Lana. "I'm—not going to have a baby—?"

"It is true. You *are* going to have a baby."

Down went the shining head on the round young arms. "I can't help it," she blubbered. "It's what I've wanted all my life, and I just never thought I'd be that lucky."

She raced home to tell Steve. His mother happened to be in town on a visit. They agreed to break it to the prospective grannies together. But could Lana hold it? Don't be silly. The minute she saw Mother, out burst the news in all its glory. They told Mrs. Crane that night. The household went delirious in a quiet way.

"It's the top of everything," Lana cried. "I want to shout it to the world."
"Just whisper it," mother advised, "and the world will know."

* * *

Three months later you'd hardly have recognized the radiant girl of that evening in the white-faced figure on the hospital bed. In a more superstitious age, people would have said the gods were jealous of a joy too great. Being modern and civilized, we know the gods had nothing to do with it.

In all good faith Stephen had married, believing his divorce had gone through. The revelation that it hadn't, hit him harder, if possible, even than it hit Lana. He could stand his own pain better than he could hers.

Came the forced annulment. In January, Lana was taken to the hospital, desperately ill. Through all the anguish, she'd been sustained by one thought. There was still the baby.

Now the doctor had just left. As gently as possible she'd said, "Lana, I'm afraid we can't save the baby."

Inside Lana's head, everything crashed. Through the blackness, terrors criss-crossed like lightning flashes. Mother had all but died when she was born. Grandmother had died. With a violence almost

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physical, she pushed the terrors away. If she lost her baby, it would be like taking the heart right out of her, and the body couldn't live without a heart—

"Let's wait," she whispered. But there was no response in the doctor's face. The doctor didn't want to wait. That was when Lana's spirit tightened to resolve, reached for and found a strength beyond her own, a strength like rock. The words came slowly, but each was clear as a bell. "I'm going—to have this baby—if it kills me."

Through her own courage and the doctor's care, that crisis was weathered. On March 14th she and Stephen were remarried in Mexico. On the 15th he entered the service of Uncle Sam. On July 25th Cheryl Christina was born.

Still a little doozy, Lana felt the doctor's hand on her shoulder and something urgent in its touch jerked her fully awake. "The baby—!"

"She's all right—"

"Are you sure?"

"It's just that we've found her blood count's low, and we need your okay for a transfusion. Take it easy, child. There's nothing to worry about. Just a little transfusion. Just to pick her up—"

Not till the worst was over did Lana know how the doctor had sat up night after night, intent on the baby's breathing, uncertain which breath might be her last.

But why dwell on that now? At four months, Miss Crane weighed a husky 16 pounds and presented her worshipping parents with her first tooth.

Lana'd wanted a girl from the start, but didn't press the point because Steve wouldn't hear of anything but a boy—Stephen Crane IV. If it had to be a girl, they'd call her Stephanie. That was settled. Then Joan Bennett named her new baby Stephanie. Not wanting to repeat, they swept that out of the way.

"How about Cheryl? Cheryl Crane—Oh, I know, Steve—One of my middle names is Christina. Cheryl Christina Crane. I love the three Cs—"

It was Cheryl Christina Crane. Cherry for short. Right now they call her Mouse-face, Stinkypuss or whatever else seems to fit the occasion.

"The awfu' names they have for you, my poor little gairr-lie," mourns Cheryl's Scotch nurse.

These mornings Lana's out of bed, teeth brushed and face washed in nothing flat, and boom! in the nursery. If she has to go out, she goes while the baby's asleep—hates to miss any part of the daily routine, which she'll have to give up soon enough because "Marriage Is a Private Affair" starts any minute now.

Nana's day off is Lana's red-letter day. She can have the baby all to herself—to feed and bathe, to cackle over and adore. Sometimes, bending over the crib, she still can't believe it. Sometimes the baby's eyes take on a faraway look—so wise, so grave, as if she'd lived for countless ages, as if she knew things her mother would never know. Lana's heart turns over, she has to shake the mist from her head, lift the little fist to her lips, reassure herself passionately—"She's my baby—"

Steve's at home again with a medical discharge. Remind him now that he once wanted a son, and he'll tell you you're crazy. As for Mother, she's Lana and Steve rolled into one—asks nothing better than a lifetime job as slave to Cheryl Christina.

Steve and Lana have both changed. They used to like night clubs. No more.

turbed. With Cheryl at its hub, life has grown sweeter, quieter, more intimate.

Breakfast and lunch are informal meals served on trays, eaten wherever you happen to plop down. "Crane," observes his wife, "eats like a horse. So does his daughter."

Before his daughter's supper, Steve takes her dancing. It's a scene Lana loves to watch—tall man and tiny baby, one small arm curled round his neck, the other hand lost in his big paw, Cheryl gurgling to the sound of the music as Steve waltzes her ceremoniously round the room. Watching, Lana's breath catches, and she wonders if anyone's happier.

After their dinner they play gin rummy. When Steve loses—rarely—he screams like a panther—doesn't mind losing to anyone but Lana. When she loses—almost always—"Put it on the cuff," she pleads.

"Pay up, Bub," and he won't stir till she does. She's forked over a fortune in pennies.

Sometimes they go to the movies and stop in at Schwab's on the way home for a dish of vanilla ice cream—with chocolate sauce and nuts if they feel like splurging. Then they pick up the papers and new magazines and go home.

Every month they buy a War Bond for the baby. That's hers, in her own name, with her own little bank book marked Cheryl Christina Crane. No matter how flat they were, they'd never touch it. It's security for them as well as for her. It means they don't have to worry about her future. Suppose something happened to them. They couldn't bear the thought of her being lost in the world, with nothing to turn to. Or suppose she wanted to study something, and they couldn't afford it at the time. It's not Lana's ambition to stay in the movies indefinitely, even if she could. They've got to be sure that if Cheryl decides she'd like to be a doctor, she can be a doctor.

Having a baby makes all the difference. Before, 18 years just meant you'd be 18 years older. "Now," says Lana, her face lighted by some magic from within, "it means my daughter will be a young lady."

Her daughter's mother has a lovely new seriousness and poise. She and Steve have come through heartbreak into the sunlight. They don't regret the past, because they've learned from the past what nothing but their own experience could teach them—patience, forbearance and a more mature love. If there's any adjusting to be done, they meet halfway. They both hate emotional scenes. "Look, I was wrong. I'm sorry, baby—" A peck on the cheek, and they run along about their business. There's one phrase that covers the need to express deep feeling. Steve's hands go to Lana's shoulders. "I think I'll keep you for a while," he says, and their eyes say the rest.

LeRoy was right—and Wilkerson and Solly Bianco. She's reached the crest. Hollywood opened its gates and its treasure to her. But gold is where you find it. Finding her dearest treasure outside the gates, our golden girl grew up.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While visiting my aunt in Westport, my cousin, who is a policeman, walked in with a handsome young couple. "Mom," he said, "I brought home some guests who are dying for a dish of your special spaghetti." The guests, whom my cousin was to escort during their stay, were Annabella and Tyrone Power.

Anne Restaino,
New York, N.Y.

SWOON BOY

(Continued from page 25)

lets them walk to the store with her and help decide what he'll have for dinner. She's swell to them, and they'd die for her. "No other gal in the world would be good enough for Frankie," is the consensus, and to show their devotion they've organized over 100 Nancy Sinatra fan clubs, more than most bona fide stars ever achieve.

You'd think they'd get in her hair once in a while, like if she were tired or busy or something, but they apparently don't. Nancy tries to explain it to people. "All I have to say is, 'Gosh kids, Frank got in awful late last night. He's trying to get some sleep, so would you mind whipping?' or 'I'd appreciate it if you'd come back another day when I'm less frazzled.' And they vanish. That's the truth. No sulking or pleading. They simply disappear."

stardust . . .

It's amazing. The whole phenomena of Frankie Sinatra is amazing, and no one is more awed than he. Everytime he reads the raves in the press, he thinks, "Who, me?" For months after the kids took up squealing at his singing, he'd keep looking around for the other guy. "Jeeps," he'd think, "it can't be Sinatra." It's not that he underestimates himself. It's just that after five years of singing the same old way, it's kind of startling to have people stand up and cheer or fall down and swoon.

Five years is sort of a stretch to be singing at nobody in particular. You all know the story. How he started with Major Bowes. Then toured for a while and later got a job at the Rustic Cabin singing from seven to two nightly for \$25 a week. Then came Harry James and Tommy Dorsey and the Paramount. It sounds swell when you say it fast, but it wasn't all laughs. They knew what it meant to be hungry, Frank and Nancy. Not just sort of, but really and truly. Every once in a while, Frank would be on the road with a show, and it would suddenly fold, paying off not one dime. Nancy would be sitting home waiting for the check and keeping alive on a can of beans. No check Monday. No check Tuesday. Finally, Wednesday—air-mail special—a fin and a scrawl from Frank: "Got this washing dishes, honey. Wonder when the voice pays off."

More times than he can count he was tempted to skip the whole racket and go back to watching football games for the "Jersey Observer," but Nancy would have none of it. And in his heart of hearts neither would he. Little things kept him going. A couple of kids at the Rustic Cabin coming back night after night just to listen to him. A guy by the name of Hank Sanicola (now his personal manager) who played hot piano and thought Frank had something good. The look on the face of Harry James the first time he heard him sing.

Now, with the world on a string, he's sort of glad he stuck with it. The voice is paying off with interest. And what, one wonders, does he do with all the chips? Confidentially, he blows it in on women. Pandas as big as a house and bracelets and indigestible candy for the little one. For the mama Nancy, so many fur coats she occasionally thinks she's I. J. Fox. Jewelry. Pocketbooks. Stuff. Last time she looked, she had a platina coat, a mink, a beaver, a lynx jacket, dozens of knockout rings and bracelets, a pocket book for every hour of every day. Everytime she opens the door, it's Frank with a package in his hands.



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"Frankie, I love it. It's beautiful. You're an angel."

"I'll take it back if you don't like it."

"I'm crazy for it, darling."

"I'm crazy for you." Now there's a dame who has everything.

The gift-buying trick of Frank's is nothing that's popped up since he hit the dough.

Nancy can't remember a night since they've been married that he hasn't come in with something, no matter how tiny. A red comb from the five and dime or a couple of hair-ribbons. "Giving presents sends me," he used to tell her. "With some guys it's marijuana; with me, it's Woolworth's. I can't help myself."

Things to give Frankie continually stymie her. What would you give a gent with a closetful of clothes, a snaky Fleetwood body Cadillac, a beautiful watch, a million books—"You think of something, George," she heckles George Evans, who's one of his best friends as well as his press agent. George can always think of something. "How about a gold pencil. That guy never has a pencil." Or "Give him a decent cigarette case so's he's not always pushing that moth-eaten job in my face." She's given him a pen and pencil, a gold cigarette case, a gold belt buckle, cufflinks, an Atlas, and now she's worrying over his next birthday. Already she's after George. Everytime she sees him she whispers, "Have you thought of anything?"

Obviously they're sentimental as a pair of hearts on an old oak tree. They celebrate all sorts of secret anniversaries, but the best celebrations are the ones for nothing special. He'll come home some night and say, "Let's dance all over New York tonight on account of I love you," and by gad they will. Uptown, downtown, midtown. Winding up at six A.M. with breakfast at the Stork Club or at Toots Shor's on 52nd Street. They're crazy about Shor's, in spite of the invariable greeting from Toots—"Hey, slug, you gotta sing if you want to hang around my joint." That being the prelude to much hand-shaking and scrambled eggs on the house. He takes plenty kidding, The Voice does, and we do mean takes it. Grinning.

Out in Hollywood the crew at RKO had almost visible chips on their shoulders when he first appeared for work on "Higher and Higher." Their gals all had crushes on Frank, and personally they couldn't see him. His first day on the set they were distinctly cool. Just like they thought, he was only a little squirt. Nothing elaborate. "That's Sinatra," they'd mutter among themselves. "He sings." And then he did sing, and they thought, "Well gosh, he's good!" And later in the day they began talking to him and discovered he was a nice guy. By the time the picture was finished, they were calling him "jerk" and "joe" just like he was one of them, and darned if they hadn't started a new fan club.

blues at the waldorf...

It went like that all over Hollywood. The people who'd planned to resent him like mad fell like two-ton bombs. There were the usual press and studio parties for him, but people who didn't have to give them at all did just because they liked him. And each night he'd phone Nancy to tell her about it. "I met Mickey Rooney last night, Mom. He's a swell egg, just like you'd think he'd be... Hey, know something? I miss you, Butch." Or, "There was a party at the Ronnie Reagans today, honey. They have a cute little kid. Made me lonesome as hell for the baby." (Nancy Sandra is nearly four, but they can't stop calling her the baby.) "How's she doing?" She'd better be fine or her... or isn't good

for a thing. If she has a cold, he's sick. His voice is lousy. She had chickenpox while he was singing at the Waldorf, and for a couple of nights he wasn't the old swoon kid at all. He was just another guy grinding out his work so he could tear home and see if his baby's temperature had gone down. When she had her tonsils out a little while ago, Nancy didn't tell him till it was all over. White-faced he heard the news—"Why didn't you tell me, Mom?" he said hoarsely, like she'd just emerged from the valley of death. "And have you murdering 'Embraceable You' all over the Wedgwood Room? That crazy I haven't gone—"

He couldn't get home from Hollywood fast enough, swell as it all was from the mob scene at the Los Angeles station to the ovation by the servicemen at the Hollywood Canteen. Incredibly—and almost uniquely, in the entertainment field—he's a home boy. He couldn't wait to put his arms around Mom again and squeeze the breath out of his black-eyed daughter. All the way out to Hasbrouck Heights he shelled them with questions. "How's Hank?" "How's Tony?" "Folks okay?" "Gee, are they enlarging the A and P again?"

"Listen, quiz kid," Nancy got in finally. "We want to hear about you. Did you see Gary Cooper?"

"Yeah, what's it to you? Oh boy, the house looks good. What's that beautiful smell?"

sunday, monday and always...

"Spaghetti, naturally."

He moved his pet chair back to where it used to be and flopped in it with Nancy Sandra perched on his shoulders, there to remain till somebody forcibly removed her. The effect is very much the way George Evans describes it, "Only you know it couldn't happen, you'd think that kid was part of his back."

In due time the gang began pouring in to welcome him, and by supper time everything was pretty much back to normal with the seven cronies fighting like cats and dogs over which town in Italy the Fifth Army was in that day. The seven include Frankie, of course, Axel Stordahl, who's his music arranger; Mannie Sachs, recording chief for Columbia Records; Milton Axst, a Philadelphia manufacturer; George Evans; Hank Sanicola; and his cousin, also called Frank Sinatra, who's the jack-of-all trades of the set-up, a combination chauffeur, handyman and doer of odd jobs. He gets spells of feeling very unworthy of his name. "Look, cuz," he keeps saying. "I'd be glad to change it. I'm only a mug and—" Frankie shuts him up right there.

"We're a couple of mugs, so what?" So nothing, till the next time. The gang calls him Junior or Ruggles, and he's a vital member of the clique. Junior's a fast man with a joke. Hank is the serious one. Frankie's the current events expert. He knows what cooks in the Senate every hour of the day. Keeps enormous maps in his den with the progress of American troops marked on them with pins.

That night, like almost every night, they sat up till all hours, talking, laughing their heads off, arguing. Was James better than Goodman? Would Louis still be tops after the war? Would Germany be defeated this spring? Like almost every night, they lost their tempers, especially Junior. Senior doesn't lose his so much any more. Not with his friends at least. This past year he's lost it publicly just twice, but a lot of people won't forget what he's like when he's mad.

One of the times he was driving through Central Park with George en route to singing at the Flag Day celebration. Some kids saw him, and pretty soon dozens of

them were swarming over the running board and sticking their heads in the window. "Hi, Frankie—"

"Hi, kids. Better watch it, you might get hurt." Before they could disband, the cab driver grabbed one of them and smacked him. Frank got out of the car, those wild eyes of his blazing. "Look, Mac," he told him, "that kid didn't do anything." The driver gave the kid another good hefty shove, whereupon Frank hauled off and socked him. Sure it was a crazy thing to do—they can jug you for less—but none of the other joes standing around lifted a finger, and the kids just screamed their thanks.

"I'd skip that kind of stuff if I were you," George said quietly, after they'd started off again.

"Yeah? Well I wouldn't. They can't push those kids around." Since then, they haven't.

he's funny that way . . .

The second time he got mad, it was a beautiful thing to see. It happened at the Waldorf's Wedgewood Room toward the end of his show one night. He was singing "She's Funny that Way," and the lights were low, and everyone was quiet—except this one ringside table. There was much chuckling and chatter, and finally one of the men said quite audibly, "You stink."

Frank asked for some lights, and he walked across the floor to the table. His gang sitting on the other side of the room looked at each other and were scared of

I SAW IT HAPPEN

At the opening of a Hollywood Cavalcade show in Pittsburgh, Paul Henreid graciously thanked everyone for the reception accorded him, and then, much to his horror and ours, he said, "Yes, Philadelphia is a wonderful city!"

Joan Hester,
Pittsburgh, Penn.

what was coming. "This'll look good in the tabloids," Ruggles whispered to Hank.

"I'm a Hoboken boy myself," Frankie told the table of white ties and décolleté gowns, "and in Hoboken we have a name for guys who take shots in the dark. Here at the Waldorf, I guess they'd call them cowards. Where I come from we call them yellow-bellies. Now that we've got some lights on, I wonder if you'd say that again." The men at the table were looking at their plates, and no one said a word. Frankie just stood there, a slim boy with a damp lock of hair over his forehead, and gave them time to think. "Look, gentlemen," he went on quietly, "you don't like Sinatra. Okay, plenty of people don't. They go hear Dwight Fiske or Benny Goodman or someone they like. They're not stupid enough to come in here and pay their good money to be bored. But most of these folks came in here tonight to be entertained, and I'm doing my job as well as I can. They pay me a lot of money for singing here, enough so that I could buy and sell this whole table, but not enough to make me take cracks from hecklers." He was a little bit out of breath, and there was a thin white line around his mouth as he finished. Nobody at that table had anything to say, but hell broke loose in the rest of the room. It was Armistice Day and New Year's Eve and the home team making a touchdown with seconds to go all rolled into one. For ten good minutes they cheered, and the gang at the table across the room breathed again. The crowd



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needn't have taken it that way. They might have booed him off the floor. "That darned kid," said George proudly.

Normally, he's a sweet, good-natured kid, eternally patient with the autograph-demanding fans, even with ones who pull his handkerchiefs out of his pocket or yank buttons off his clothes. "You can buy new clothes," he says, "but you can't buy that." "That" being the kids' devotion.

Which brings us back to the kids again. After all, it's their fabulous attendance at his shows that'll gross him a million bucks in 1944.

Here are the facts. There are over 1,000 fan clubs in his honor and he receives 3,000 fan letters each week. Everywhere he goes, Boston, Pittsburgh, New York, he's mobbed. Take Boston. When Frank landed at the Back Bay Station at 5:45, December first, the kids almost tore the place down. They blew their all on cab-fare trailing him to the Copley-Plaza. They waited patiently till he got through a press conference. Every morning for a week they began lining up at 6 A.M. outside the theater where he sang. Popular? He's the biggest thing since Mickey Mouse.

that's him . . .

How come? Well, you have to actually see and hear him to get it. You miss a lot on the radio and on records, but in the flesh it mows you down. Part of it is the "bend" in his voice, like when he makes about three syllables out of the "you" in "Embraceable You." The rest of it is the glint in his eyes, the shy delivery—oh heck, you can't describe it. There's no name for it, because it's never happened before.

The most unsurprised person about it all is wife Nancy. She knew it would happen. Just didn't know when. So proud of him she can't see, she covers it up by joshingly calling him "you big celebrity" intermittently with "swoon boy." Neither of them have taken it big. Their house isn't even slightly plush. Interviewers are always asking what period it's done in, and Frankie just gapes at them. "Gosh, it's just a house," he says. "Brick and field-stone. And inside, it's —well, chintz and stuff." After they've gone he mutters, "Period, hell." That stuff bores him stiff.

Frankie and Nancy continue to live like an average middle class couple. The things that mean happiness to both of them would still be around if he were making 50 bucks a week. The house, the kid, his gun collection, their famous spaghetti parties, the plans for the new baby. (Still unborn as we go to press, but definitely a boy according to Frankie. His wife cautiously calls it "It," but Pop calls it either "Francis Sinatra, Jr." or "My Son.")

There's just one thorn in the whole swell set-up, and that's his draft classification. It's not that he's not glad that he'll be home with his family. He can't even kid about that, it's so wonderful. It's just that sometimes he feels so damn futile in his tweed jacket and bow tie, when there's a lot of spare khaki around. It's just that sometimes he'll see a sailor with a string of campaign ribbons but minus an arm, and he won't want to look him in the eye.

The gang ribbed him about it at first. "Punctured ear drum, eh, Bud? Too much Sinatra, that's what." For once, no come-back. Just, "Aw shut up will you?" That wasn't like Frankie. The kid was low.

He may be 4-F in the Army, but he's still 1-A in the gals' hearts. By actual count, one out of every third female is a fan. You only hear about the spectacular ones, but there are thousands more blushing unseen. Like the little WAVE at Hunter, where he sang not long ago. After he'd finished, she turned woozily to her chum and said, "I'm not the swoony type, but if I were, boy, would I!" Boy, us too.

LOVABLE LUG

(Continued from page 27)

stay and have dinner with us?" invited the lady of the house, warmly, and Sonny grinned, "Sure!"

By the time they left late that night, the total and slightly hostile strangers were bosom pals and calling each other by their first names!

The funny part is—Sonny Tufts, by all rights, should and could be as snooty as Mrs. Astor, because he's from one of those fresh-off-the-Mayflower Boston families who can talk to the Cabots and Lodges and God, too, any day around his home diggin's. His Boston Brahmin ancestors landed in 1638 and founded Tufts College, and there's been a male Tufts in Harvard almost every generation since old John H. founded the joint. But Bowen Charleston, III, is a blue-blooded rebel—a friendly, democratic guy who gave Back Bay the back of his hand, socially speaking, years ago and will still have no truck with the social zoot-snoot, in any shape or form. In fact, he adores to boob it.

palatial motel . . .

Like the time a few weeks ago when he and Barbara were camping in a motel down Malibu way, and Sonny took his nightly stroll up the Coast highway to a roadhouse to swill a friendly beer with his pal the barkeeper. At the bar, he ran into a group of visiting Easterners who recognized him at once and cornered him with a barrage of broad A's and veddy, veddy high-toned talk until the atmosphere became very enervating.

They played "Do You Know" all around the bluebook names of Boston and finally asked Sonny where in the world he was staying in this—er—outlandish—er—queer—er—frightful place, Hollywood.

"Oh, right down the road," said Sonny, "at the estate of a rich friend of mine."

The eyebrows went up as he described it.

"Magnificent place . . . acres and acres of ground—dozens of rooms, scads of servants . . . vast swimming pool. We occupy the West wing, off the North gate . . . Place is always chock-full of guests . . . really top-hole, old top."

At that, the socially impressed Bostonians' eyes popped, and Sonny could tell they were simply dripping to get a gander at this princely estate where he lolled in luxury. He resolved that they should. So when they offered to give him a lift home, he accepted warmly, and when they pulled up beside a glaring neon sign that shouted "Malibu Motel," he hopped out nimbly. "This is it!" he said. "Wonderful place, isn't it? Look at that pool." He pointed to the Pacific Ocean. "All those rooms. (The cabins). Well, I'm off to the West Wing. Always full of guests. Always full. Ho-ho. Well, good night, good night."

He didn't look back, but Sonny thinks they finally got the car into gear and the heck out of there. They didn't say much of anything, though.

Sonny's such a big, good-natured kid himself that he can't imagine anyone getting mad at a prank like that. He's taken an awful beating himself, by the way, since he came to Hollywood, chiefly because no one can get his goat, and as a result he has expanded his friends in every direction.

Sonny has never made any bones about the fact that he's green as grass in movie savvy, and he pestered Paulette Goddard so much on the "I Love a Soldier" set about how to do this and that, that Paulette finally hung up a sign on her dressing room. "Information Bureau for Sonny

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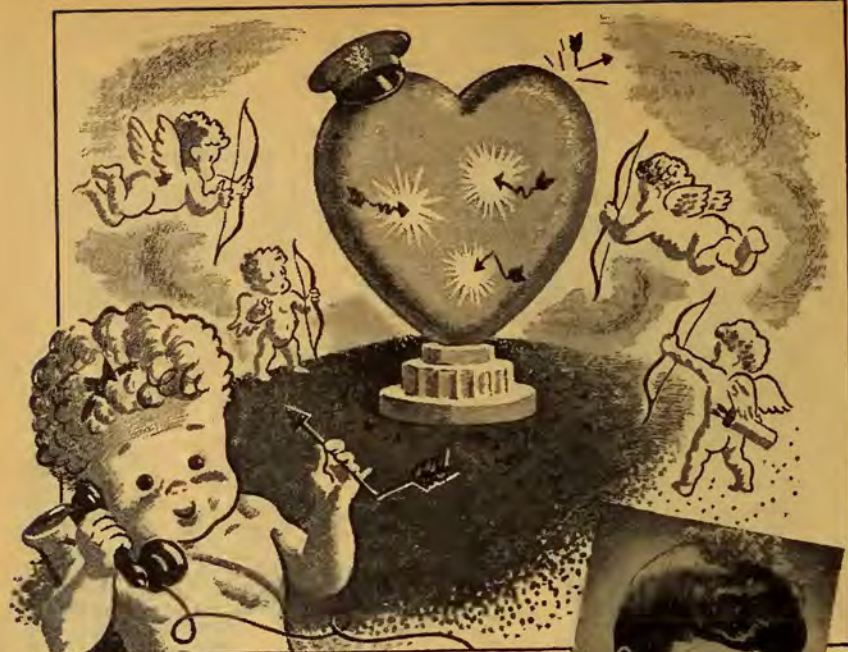
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Tufts." When he was making "Government Girl" at RKO with Olivia de Havilland, Sonny was slumped in a chair on the set one day reading a Hollywood newspaper column. Suddenly he whistled. "It says here," read Sonny, "that Alan Ladd gets 7000 fan letters a week! Don't you think," he asked guilelessly, "that's a little exaggerated?"

Olivia picked it right up. "Now don't you get worried, Sonny," she soothed, in a motherly tone, made for small boys. "One of these days, you'll get 7000 fan letters a week, too!"

"Aw, now," Sonny grinned, but Olivia kept on kidding the gag along. And that afternoon in popped a Western Union messenger boy yelling for Mister Sonny Tufts. Sonny had forgotten all about the morning kidding.

"I got some mail for you!" said the messenger boy.

"Okay," smiled Sonny, "just bring it in here."

"You mean—" cried the boy, "the whole truck load?"

"Truck load," gasped Sonny. Then he caught on when the cast all laughed. But he didn't even blush or stammer. He just joined right in with loud, typically Tufts "Ho-ho-ho's."

laughing boy . . .

A big six foot four, 200-pounder could get mighty mad and rough up the place very often if he had a touchy temper around Hollywood. But Sonny has that easy-going, unruffled disposition that's made in Heaven and tailored to be a laugh target. When he was living in the Malibu auto court, the studio called him one day, and the confused court manager said, "No, Miss Tufts isn't here—she's just left." They ragged him about that "she" stuff for days, but Sonny didn't even get halfway het up about it.

One of the funniest tales they tell on Tufts, for my money, though, was his first screen test at Paramount, the one that landed him his break in "So Proudly We Hail." Remember, nobody in Hollywood knew Sonny Tufts from Adam when he came out. He was looking for Hollywood fame, but Hollywood definitely wasn't looking back. A rich Eastern friend staked him to expenses, and another pal said he'd introduce him to the studios. How Sonny ever got any attention at all is a small miracle because this last pal simply shoved him into the office of the Paramount casting director and said "He wants to be in the movies"—like that. Ordinarily, they'd have called the studio cops, but Joe Egli refrained because something made him look twice at Sonny—and he's right glad something did. Yes, indeed.

Anyway, even if he looked good, they just couldn't hand a raw beginner a big league part in a big league picture without taking a few feet of test film. So Mark Sandrich, the director, led Sonny on to the test stage and indicated a stack of standard test scripts.

"You know what you can do best, Tufts," he said, "Pick something out, and we'll do it." Sonny riffled through the scripts. He wanted something funny because he figured comedy was his strong point. He saw one he thought ought to be just about right. It sounded funny enough to him. He thought it sounded a little familiar, too. But he said, "I'll do this one."

Well, they made the test, and everybody on the set, except Sonny, looked a little baffled. But he was clowning through it and having the time of his life. The next day Mark Sandrich ran off the result. When it was over, Sandrich took a deep breath. "Well," he exploded, "If this guy is serious, he's the greatest ham ever born. But if he's not—he's a really marvelous comedian!"

Only after Sonny was all signed up, did they tell him that the "comedy" part he'd picked for his test was just the tenderest, most touching love scene that Charles Boyer had made with Irene Dunne in "Love Affair!"

Pointing that out to a real ham would be like waving red flannels at a Spanish bull. But to Sonny it's funny. Even funnier than usual—because the joke's on him.

Maybe because Sonny Tufts doesn't take himself too, too seriously is the reason he has such a golden disposition and such a swell time out of life. Ever since he came to Hollywood, a lot of things that would completely throw the average pouty Hollywood star hasn't bothered him one bit—for instance, the housing situation. Sonny arrived just when spare living quarters vanished; that's why he bunked around in auto courts. He did try this swanky Beverly Hills hotel for a while, but it made him uncomfortable, especially since then he wasn't earning any sugar. But when he said he had a marvelous place to live at Malibu, he wasn't altogether kidding the Eastern swells. He really enjoyed it, because a guy like Sonny can enjoy almost anything.

mistaken identity . . .

For one thing, he goggle-fished and swam in the Pacific every day, hiked in the Malibu Hills and rigged up his old racing bike, so it would make 40 miles per hour and pumped it back and forth from Hollywood—a 30-mile round trip. That, by the way, was while he was making "So Proudly We Hail," and of course for the Bataan scenes he had to let his hair grow and sprout a beard. Wheeling back and forth in the sun, stripped down to shorts, he got tanned as a football, and once a lady tourist stopped him on Sunset Boulevard and inquired, "Mister—are you this Peter the Hermit I've read about?"

The Tufts live now in a small 2-bedroom house in Bel-Air, but they still haven't a telephone. The house they finally found is one of those decorator's gems, owned by an arty gentleman who went in for classic decorations. At first Barbara, Sonny's wife, balked when she saw all the marble busts and statues parked around. "Oh no," she protested. "Sonny couldn't live here. Why he's always knocking things over. He'll ruin the place." They finally agreed to store most of the objects of art away. Now only two busts are around, and Sonny hasn't busted either one—yet—although he grabbed one the other night just as it was tottering.

Barbara looks after the care and feeding of Sonny, and she's another authority that Sonny has the world's best disposition. Hers is pretty good itself. She was well along in an interpretative dancing career when she became Mrs. Tufts. From that minute, though, she decided Sonny was going to be the only career person in the Tufts family. Now Barbara doesn't do anything except keep house and be Mrs. Tufts, which is a job she says she likes a lot.

Barbara, tall, dark and Spanish looking, is a Fresno, California girl (Barbara Dare), who met Sonny in a New York show. Her best friend introduced her to Sonny, and her best friend was Sonny's best girl. So they got engaged right away. And typically, both she and Sonny are still good friends of the girl who lost out!

There aren't any children in the Tufts household, but there's a macaw named "Waca" who's just about as much trouble. Barbara found "Waca" down in Mexico on a trip before she met Sonny. He's a beauty and is supposed to live to be a hundred years, and be worth \$150, although Barbara got him for \$5.

You might possibly be getting the idea, along about now, that Sonny Tufts is an

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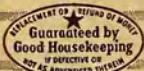
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amiable young gentleman to whom almost anything can happen, and often does. If so, you've caught him right on the button. Nobody in Hollywood can be as relaxed about himself, complexless and as frank about his foibles and failings, either. If he weren't so darned honest, one of those movie superman legends could be rolling right along by now. But Sonny happily squashes everything an ardent press agent dreams up about him.

bench-ridden tackle...

For instance, somebody tagged him an "All-American at Yale." "Ho-ho" laughed Tufts when he heard that. The truth was, he allows, that his coach, Adam Smith, once called him "the best waiting tackle in college football"—because he was always waiting around on the bench to get in the game. Fact is, Sonny was just fair—oh well—really not very good at football. Somebody else once tagged Sonny as a "college rowing champ." Well, he did row—shell and single sculls—and wear a crew haircut, too, but his outfit was the third team—not the 'Varsity—he'll point out to you, if you give him half a chance. Sonny Tufts was a persistent, if not brilliant athlete all through Phillips-Exeter Academy and Yale. (He crossed up the family by picking Yale instead of Harvard, just to be different—and it so surprised the dean at Yale that he cried, "What are you doing here?" when he saw a Tufts on his roster.) In fact, Sonny Tufts got so fed up with organized sports that the only things he's not allergic to today are swimming, skiing, biking and such unorthodox events. But Sonny was never a whiz—and when he volunteers that information, you want to hand the guy a Carnegie medal or something!

Another thing he'll break down at the drop of a hat is the idea that he is a Horatio Alger go-getter, who has been rowing his own canoe since he was in knee pants. "Gosh," says Sonny, "if my Dad hadn't been a wealthy banker, I guess I'd still be in Europe!" It's true he used to wander all over in the summer time aboard cruise steamers with college bands he'd organized. But there was usually a time when Papa had to heed a quick cable and come through with some cash. Only once did the cable rescue treatment fail. That was when Sonny missed his boat in Naples, missed it again in Cannes, again at Barcelona and finally at Lisbon. He didn't want his family to know he was that dumb. Also the time he dropped 80 hard earned smacks at Monte Carlo and was ashamed to hit the family for what was obviously a chump trick. Both those times he came back to Boston as a "workaway" which is just one step above a stowaway, the difference being they pay you a cent a month and don't toss you in the clink when you dock.

To this day, Sonny cheerfully admits he doesn't yet know the value of money and is inclined to spend it as fast as he makes it. But he's also quick to point out this isn't his family's fault. Although wealthy, Tufts, Senior, did the best he could to make Sonny learn the value of a dollar. For instance, when Sonny decided to be an opera singer and study in Paris, his Dad came through with all expenses—except one item. He insisted that Sonny had to do something to help himself, so he decided he'd have to work his way abroad and Sonny obliged. Even as a kid, while he had plenty of squander money in his trousers, Sonny always had to pick dandelions, mow the lawn or go through the motions of earning a little. Once, after he'd grown up, too, and was in college, his Pop tried to teach him a business lesson.

That was when Sonny booked one of his dance bands into a big hotel, then merrily forgot all about following up on

the deal. When he finally called around, he found some other smart operator had walked right in and got the job. "Let this be a lesson to you," said his Dad. "You can't get anywhere unless you attend to business."

"I can get another hotel easy," boasted Sonny.

"Yep," said his Dad, "no doubt. But you aren't. You're going to spend the summer selling ice boxes. I've already got you the job. Maybe a real job will teach you something about what it means to earn a dollar."

de-icer...

Well, believe it or not, Sonny actually got himself into a go-getter salesman Sam mood. He took on a lean district in the refrigerator sales set-up. He had no car. He canvassed house-to-house. It was in the depth of the Big Depression. And he sold more darned ice boxes than the other 100 salesmen the company had and won a prize! He's still got the loving cup to prove it. Only when he regards it now, he winces slightly. He came through—but he didn't really learn the lesson his father wanted him to. Selling wasn't tough for Sonny; with his personality, it was fun. He still doesn't know what it is to earn a tough dollar—and he admits charmingly he doesn't want to find out!

Today Sonny is still such a terrible businessman that Barbara handles all the money affairs. She has to watch Sonny on various items because he still can't quite figure out what he needs and what he doesn't, and what money has to do with it. Right before he came out to crash Hollywood (and he did!), Sonny went in hock for a slew of Benham tailored suits that set him back—well, never mind, plenty. There were eight of them, to be exact, and so far he's worn a couple of them about twice. They never had a thing to do with crashing Hollywood, by the way.

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This month's prize-winning letter:

I used to wonder how a \$150 secretary who lived alone and sent money home could boost herself into the 10% bracket? I was already giving \$7.50 per month vacation money. But one day a brain wave struck. What about my monthly rent? Why not slice that? Finding a suitable room convenient to my office required patience, but finally I succeeded. "You're happy now," a voice seemed to say. "but wait! You're going to miss all the nice things you're used to." But that voice was weak. I hardly heard it at all because I was thinking of how much those brave soldiers, sailors and Marines were giving up... and how good it would be to have them home again.

Elizabeth Forbes,
Chicago, Ill.

Then when he went back to New York to appear with "So Proudly We Hail," he figured that success ought to let him splurge a little. So he took a dozen silk pajamas at Sulka's, and what that bit him for was scandalous. So far, he hasn't had a pair on, either—sleeps, as usual, in an old T-shirt—and no bottoms.

The truth is, that all Sonny really cares about—or has for more years than he realizes, is entertaining people. At Exeter and Yale he took all sorts of weighty subjects—majored in anthropology and Greek. But the Sonny Tufts legend that still lingers around New Haven has little to do with scholastic honors. They remember Sonny, I suspect, mainly for his funny business on the comic magazine, the Record, his four or five dance bands, the glee club—and the crew and football and athletic stuff—all of which college profs are wont to call "extra-curricular activities."

It really started long before that, Sonny suspects. Because he can remember being taken as a mere brat to a matinee in Boston by his dad. When they walked out, Sonny blinked into the sunlight and spoke up. "Would you mind if I did that when I grow up for a living?"

"Do what?"

"Act on the stage—entertain people."

He remembers his father's face when he considered it gravely. Everybody knew he wanted Sonny to follow him in the investment business.

"N-no," he finally said. "Not if you were good."

Sonny never forgot that, and there was a time when he took it so seriously as to train for an operatic career. That was after he met Tito Schipa on one of his twenty-odd Atlantic crossings. That was also the famous time when he checked his drums at Grand Central Station before

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 80)

Set 3

1. Adopted daddy
2. Hot-headed redhead
3. All ears
4. Swing sister
5. Movietone madness
6. Dilly from Dallas
7. Girls! Girls! Girls!
8. Initials: R.B.
9. Comeback at 15
10. Mite-sized siren
11. Put his best foot forward
12. Wolf cub
13. Lance's mom
14. Julie Anne's sugar-daddy
15. Marine wife
16. Pandemonium in Washington
17. Happy lander
18. Loved in "Queen Christina"
19. Paired with Peggy
20. Diana's uncle

(Answers on page 101)

he hopped a train to Boston and tore up the claim check, just so he wouldn't fall back into what was easy. Fortunately Sonny realized his operatic limitations early, and today mostly what he retains of the operatic studies in Paris are his love for French customs and cooking (he's a real gourmet in the food department and a connoisseur of wines, and if he could afford it, all he'd drink would be champagne). He can still rattle off opera tunes, though, and when any music critic sounds him out, as a San Francisco newspaper interviewer did when he was making "I Love a Soldier" there on location, Sonny can toss big music and opera stars

and arias back and forth with the greatest of ease.

But the lighter forms of music and entertainment are his meat, as he realized quite a while ago. And he doesn't look on these as hard work. In fact, whether he's before a camera or not, Sonny is usually giving out some of his famous impersonations (a pip is his idea of the difference between a Yale, a Princeton and a Harvard man) or doodling on some musical instrument that's handy. He can play them all, trumpet, trombone, sax, drums, piano. When he and Barbara lived on 52nd Street in his New York night club days, Sonny just couldn't make it to bed before four or five A.M. There were so many jam and jive joints handy. He'd barge in the Famous Door or the Onyx, Jimmy Ryan's or some place, and whatever hot leader was there, Stuff Smith or Count Basie or somebody would yell, "Hello, theah, Sonny Boy—come sit in!" So Sonny would sing and play all for free until they swept him out. He just likes to work, when the work is entertainment.

Hollywood doesn't afford such temples of tempo, which is a good reason why Sonny and Barbara haven't paid much mind to Hollywood night life. Another good reason why is that Sonny is busier than a tailgate trombonist in a circus parade since he clicked so terrifically. But when they have an evening with friends, nobody sits around playing cards or parlor games. Somebody is always singing, telling jokes, playing or acting up. And pretty often that somebody is Sonny. Of course he sings in the shower.

This Christmas, too, he up and bought himself a present—a set of drums. It was Sonny's idea; but Barbara heartily approved. Sonny was taking out his natural rhythm on the chairs and tables, rapping



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expensive crystal with spoons and such. She thought a set of drums would be safer.

Barbara calls Sonny "Bambi," because once in his night club days he had a comic Bambi number. What Sonny would do without calm and capable Barbara, Heaven only knows. Besides managing his business affairs, she coaches him on all lines and rehearses with him at home. She wakes him up in the morning and gets him off. Once lately when Barbara was sick with a cold he snored till almost noon when he was supposed to be at work. They presented him with a mammoth Big Ben alarm clock on the set next day and they weren't kidding.

Usually an icy shower—the only kind he ever takes—snaps Sonny wide awake and up and at 'em. The busy program Paramount has cooked up for him is enough, Sonny thinks, to keep him from getting fat, even if he is hovering around the thirty-year mark, when athletes tend to take it on. He likes to exercise when they give him a day off, but when he does, it seems he manages to get banged up.

The other day he had a brief vacation, and he took his bike out on the highway and started racing automobiles. It was easy, because he can tear around at 40-miles per hour on it, and cars are supposed to keep down around 35 these war days. But he got hold of a scoff-law speeder who hopped it right up to 50, and trying to handle him shot Sonny off into the dirt in a header. He arrived bandaged up like a walking first aid lesson at Paramount.

In fact, it's his talent for almost getting himself killed that keeps Sonny Tufts in Hollywood today. He's out of all possible Army service along with the rest of the 4-F Charlies—the big bruiser—all because he sailed off a high cliff back East on some slippery skis one winter and wrapped himself around the business end of a pine tree. That cracked his pelvis—and what with all the other sprung joints, cock-eyed bones and spavined vertebrae Sonny has hanging around from a life-time of such didos, the Army doctors inferred he'd be good for glue—but that's about all.

His younger brother, David, is taking care of the Tuft scrapping in this war as a naval lieutenant aboard a destroyer escort, and Sonny is pretty proud of the "kid"—who is all of three years younger. He thinks, in fact, his bud has done very well, considering that he's a Harvard man.

This doesn't exactly mean though that Bowen Charleston Tufts, III, is strictly safe from harm for the duration. Since he became a Hollywood star, Sonny figures his insurance policy may have to be rewritten. Not in all his escapes and escapades did he run across like what he ran across when he went back home to Boston as a star with "So Proudly We Hail."

First of all, cops whipped him about New England at 90 miles an hour with sirens screaming to make bond rallies here and there, until his taffy hair started turning gray. Then the autograph wolves stormed him outside the Metropolitan Theater, and they snuck up behind him whenever he'd go in or out of the hotel. It was a new kind of attack to Sonny, and for about the first time in his life he almost came down with a case of nerves.

In fact one evening when a gang of home town moppets spied him, Sonny was so surprised and terrified that when he tried to sign autographs his hand looked like a jumping Jeep on a rocky road. Finally, he had to admit defeat and give up.

Whereupon a hard-bitten urchin snorted in disgust.

"Cheez—is dat guy dumb! Lookit, the big dope can't even write his own name!"

That's not exactly true. In calmer moments, Sonny Tufts can write his name all right. On some very nice Paramount

take a tip
from me—
you're
lovely
in a
Lovable
Brassiere

79c, \$1.00 and \$1.25

BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

(Continued from page 59)

COLOR CHART. When choosing your fingertip color, aim for a shade that harmonizes with the general color scheme of your wardrobe. First, take inventory. Are you a gal who goes for sport clothes in, say, rusts, browns and yellows? Then you'll be pleased with the effect of an orange tinted polish or a deep shade of mahogany that's especially good for evening wear. Should you be the sophisticated sort who wears black and more black, then a clear, true-red will add a chic note to your togs. We could go in this vein, but the whole color picture is ably handled in an article called (surprise!) "The Color Picture" on page 60. Don't miss it.

GLAMOUR TIP. Here's an intrigue-tip that's bound to bring a compliment from the boy next door. Paint a colorful design on your wooden or metal pieces of jewelry in the same shade as your nail polish. Or cover the buttons of last year's dress with a gay shade of enamel. The brush that comes with your polish will do the trick. You can change or remove the color completely with your polish remover.

HAND-Y HINTS. Suppose your favorite shade of nail enamel becomes thick and hard to apply. Simply hie yourself to your local cosmetic counter and purchase a handy bottle of polish thinner. Add a small amount to your old polish and, quick like a bunny, you've a brand fresh bottle of the stuff in no time. Economical, too!

Should your pet fingernail crack or break part way, worry not. Remove the old polish, patch the break with adhesive cellophane tape and trim off the edges. Apply a new coat of polish, and no one will ever guess your tragedy. If perchance, the nail should break completely, slip on a new fingernail. You can buy a package of six nails for a thin coin and, praise the Lord, you'll have no more worry about broken nails spoiling the appearance of your hands.

RECONDITIONING. So you haven't any help, and the house has to be cleaned. Well, pitch in, my pretties, and let's see how good a job you can do. Only don't let Joe Gremlin help you. He's the guy who splits your fingernails and leaves your hands rough and chapped. Scare him away by taking advantage of the many fine hand lotions that have no other purpose in life but to keep your mitts smooth and satin-like. Keep a bottle of your favorite lotion on the kitchen shelf, one in the bathroom and one in the laundry. If you're an office-working gal, stow a bottle of the lotion in your desk drawer. Use it each and every time your hands are in water. You'll notice the bright results almost at once.

If your job involves some extra greasy handling behind the production line or even cleaning the home attic, smooth on a protective hand cream before doing the job. This forms a thin, protective, film-like glove and guards your hands against dirt and grime. When the task is finished your hands are smooth and unchapped!

Frequent soap and water scrubbings are also Gremlin chasers. Be sure to dry your hands thoroughly, though. A rich emollient cream smoothed on your hands at night relieves any roughness.

HANDSOME HANDS. Hands that are comfortable naturally lend charm and poise to your appearance. Give your digits some extra care in Jack Frost time. Remember, they lead an active life and need special handling this season. Show them off . . . and make sure it's to their advantage!

LOSES 25 POUNDS

...reveals her hidden beauty

"I wondered if such a thing could happen to me," says Audrey Helmer, 22-year-old teacher of Prospect, N. Y.

WHEN AUDREY HELMER was 16, she weighed 116 and was slim as a reed. But in high school she began putting on the pounds. She graduated from college weighing 145 in a size 18 dress.

Then she got her first school, and that's when the weight wears you down—on your feet all day, at the blackboard, before the class. Audrey Helmer decided to do something about it—and those DuBarry Success Course pictures haunted, tempted, convinced her.

Following the Course faithfully, she lost 25 pounds, won back the perfect figure that was hers at 16, and now she slips easily into a size 12 dress. "I am healthier, happier, more enthusiastic than ever before," says Audrey Helmer. "My hair and complexion have greatly improved—and I know how to care for them always. This is more than a Course—it's a new way of living that will be the basis for my entire life."



Before



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In Audrey Helmer's face and figure was hidden beauty that only needed a chance. In addition to reducing her weight to normal, the Success Course showed her how to keep her slender figure always, how to achieve a flattering hair style, how to use make-up to enhance the charm of her features—how to be the vital, lovely woman she had always wanted to be.

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3 IN. LESS

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5 IN. LESS

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Reveal More Radiant, Fresh Under-Skin Beauty. Also Wonderful For Blackheads and Enlarged Pore Openings!

Day in and out—a "deflaking" process is constantly going on in your skin. If not—your skin often appears dry, muddy colored, coarse textured—and *unlovely* due to this older or "aging" layer of skin. And here's where Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack performs such beauty magic in helping this "deflaking" process along.

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CO-ED

(Continued from page 18)

to wait for mail-call. V-mail's practically wings for your letters.

NO MORE LONG FACES: Yep, he's gone, and the wonderful, giddy world you two shared isn't around any more. It's no fun seeing a movie, 'cause his khaki sleeve isn't right next door to nudge at the funny parts. It's no fun working, 'cause he's not there to be your listening-post. . . . That's how it'll be for awhile, lady, and we know it's grim. However, there's one thing for you to remember. No one can lift you from those awful depths but you.

The first step up is a change of routine. If the day's high-point used to be six P.M., and his key in the lock, arrange to have dinner at 5:45 so that, come six, you're too busy gorging to look at your watch and remember. If your day really got going around 8:30—when he dropped around—be sure your evenings are jammed to the gills. See the old gang as often as possible. Always have a pair of socks or a sweater "in the works" for him. Keep a diary and send him the pages every week. Be just too darned busy for doldrums. Sometimes, we know, nothing in the world will help but a good sob session. Succumb if you must, occasionally, but keep it between you and the pillow.

NO MORE MOONING AROUND BE-ING FAITHFUL: So you told Bob you wouldn't sit under any apple trees for the duration, and you don't honestly want to—but gee, you do hate being the compleat recluse at your age. Well, look. Don't be. There are ways. Throw yourself on the mercy of some couple you know well. Get them to take you to an occasional dance. Once you get started dancing, they can wash their hands of you—until going home time. Don't ever get talked into leaving with some other guy. His brother is probably Bob's tent-mate in New Guinea. Yeah gal, infidelity gets around. Go to USO dances. Whip to the movies with Bob's kid brother. Keep moving, but strictly as Bob's girl.

NO MORE DARK SUSPICIONS: You haven't seen your man in 16 months, and in your saner moments you know he's being true to you, but there are times when you visualize him carrying on but high with some flashy WAC or swooning over a Navy nurse. Guess it's woman's nature to be suspicious, but believe it or not, it's man's nature to be faithful to the woman he loves. Your problem, as we've already said, is to keep him crazy for you via V-mail. You know how. Cute snapshots, reminiscences, chatter about when he comes home, news of his chums, and of course, leave talk galore. Just for the record, you have very little competition from WACs or nurses or anyone else. The boys in New Guinea rarely see any but native women, who are anything but attractive. This goes for almost any of the spots in the South Pacific. On their precious leaves in New Zealand or Australia, the Red Cross tells us that good food, cold beer and the latest jive records are more on their minds than infidelity. Sure, they'll probably dance with some gal at the Red Cross club, but you know what they'll talk about? You. The color of your hair, the way you laugh. You're what they're thinking about, dreaming about, longing for every second, and that's no bull. The occupation forces in Sicily and Italy are so busy that there is little time for flirtations, even if they did know what the girls were talking about.

We've no doubt there'll be some romances between the youngsters in our Army and the Italian gals, but we have it on good authority that the lads with hearts in America can't see 'em for dust. One last reassurance. Only officers can date Army or Navy Nurses, and for the most part there isn't much of this. As for the WACs, they have a strictly hands-off policy where someone else's man's concerned. After all, there's very little future in dating a gent who's already spoken for. Also, they're a pretty honorable gang of girls.

Never let him know that you doubt his fidelity or you'll send him straight to the arms of another babe. The wise thing is to allow each other a little rope, and then just trust to mutual loyalty to keep you both true.

NO MORE WEAK MOMENTS: There'll be times when you'll be tempted to let yourself be kissed. Maybe by a lad at the USO who smiles like your Joe or has a way of saying your name that's like his. Kissing him might be fun for a minute or two, but if you're serious about saving your love for Victory, you'll decide agin it. Your conscience will give you no peace at all, and you'll automatically begin to brood about Joe's being up to the same tricks. It's not worth it. If you find yourself liking some chap so much that every time you see him you're tempted more

ARE YA A FOOL FOR JOOLS?

When we were a kid we used to love Christmas trees for their glitter. Now it's jewelry. We're pretty ecstatic over the idea of a MODERN SCREEN Pin. The design is heavenly and the feeling behind the thing . . . but it's all said, and said better, on page 76. Do see for yourself.

strongly, the obvious solution is to stop seeing him. You belong to someone else, remember. And don't begin worrying that you've fallen out of love with your own little man just because another one can get a rise out of you. Hundreds of men in the world might be very attractive to you, but there's just one for you to love, honor and cherish always. Don't let him down.

On the other hand, if in a moment of loneliness and confusion, you've let some boy make love to you, don't ruin your happiness chastising yourself for same. Confess it in a heart-to-heart letter, if your gent is the type who'd understand; if he's not, don't torture him with it. And next time, stay out of the moonlight.

NO MORE PICK-UPS: Let's face it, gals, there is something about a uniform. Just any old plain swain looks like a million in khaki or Navy blue or Marine green. It's a dangerous situation. Gosh, before, if a fellow was a wolf, it stuck out all over him. In his sharp suits and flashy ties. In the angle of his hat and the color of his socks. You couldn't miss him. Now the lambs and the wolves are as one, and a lot of girls can't seem to tell the difference. A lot of girls seem to think all service men are angels. This is known as uniformitis, and it's a bad thing.

Kids who wouldn't look crooked at a civilian they didn't know, think nothing of giving a totally strange soldier the old eye. The uniform puts it all on a different basis, think they. Well, nine times out of ten, the lad you lure into taking you to the movies or for a soda or a walk is

"I hate the day I married you!"



1. It was a horrible quarrel. I didn't believe I could ever say such things . . . we'd been so much in love, Fred and I. Then, these awful fights . . .



2. I couldn't do a thing right at work. One day, the personnel director called me. In a heart-to-heart talk I told her everything. Then she said: "My dear, there's one neglect most husbands can't forgive — carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. She explained that many modern wives use Lysol disinfectant on their doctor's advice. "It cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes," she said. "And besides, it's so easy to use. Just follow the directions on the package—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Since that day I've learned how right she was. I've found Lysol easy to use and inexpensive, too. But the big thing is this . . . the scenes in our home are all love scenes now!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid.

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The Dominican Republic



Ambassadors of good will, Universal star Maria Montez, pictured here with the Dominican President's daughter, Flor Trujillo, is both decorative and "decorated," now that she can proudly wear two notable awards presented to her by her native land for "meritorious achievement."



We are both pleased and proud to be able to feature the Dominican Republic at this particular time. In fact, we consider it in the nature of a scoop! Because February is the very month when this progressive little "good neighbor" of ours is celebrating—with appropriate and extensive ceremonies—the 100th Anniversary of its Independence from European Domination!

We feel particularly privileged in having, as our guides and mentors on this culinary voyage to the Caribbean, the two most glamorous representatives in the United States of this particular country—both of whom are outstanding examples of emancipated Latin-American womanhood.

On the diplomatic side we present the First Secretary of the Dominican Embassy in Washington, Señorita Flor Trujillo, daughter of the Dominican President, His Excellency General Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. While from the cinema capital we bring you Señorita Trujillo's compatriot, childhood playmate and good friend, Maria Africa Gracia Vidal de Santo Silas—better known to us as Maria Montez, but who (just to make the record complete) is happiest when addressed as Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont!

We interviewed both these Dominican beauties for our story. And we came away not only regretting, with Miss Montez, that we couldn't attend their Centennial Celebration this year, but also convinced that the history of the Dominican Republic contains more that is exciting and picturesque than could be found even in the highly exotic pictures in which Maria stars.

For this little nation of Spanish origin—which occupies the Eastern portion of the second largest island in the Antilles group—can claim the distinction of having been discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492, during his first "voyage to the Indies." His admiration for this new-found land, with its rich soil, high mountains and beautiful vegetation was so great that eventually he settled there.

On this island—which Columbus named Hispaniola—was founded by the "Adelantado" (Governor) Bartolomé Colon, Columbus' brother, the oldest Christian city in the New World, Santo Domingo. (This name was recently changed to Ciudad Trujillo, in honor of the Dominican President who was so largely responsible for rebuilding it after the disastrous cyclone of 1930.) Here—in what was, for a long time, the center of Spain's Colonial operations—is to be found the first University in the Western Hemisphere. Here, also, is the oldest cathedral in America, built in 1512, where now repose the ashes of Christopher Columbus.

These were some of the points Señorita Trujillo thought we should know about the country we are featuring this month. But the things Maria Montez remembers most vividly about the land of her birth are its scenic beauties and the wonderful beaches protected by coral reefs. She told us that she often misses the romantic life of her home there, which she shared with five brothers and four sisters! And she became positively nostalgic when describing the native music and the *Merengue*—a Dominican dance that's a cross between a waltz and a rumba—which is something we certainly wanted to ask Maria to demonstrate!

By Marjorie Deen

But since our interests were, primarily, neither historical nor Terpsichorean, but out-and-out culinary, we finally concentrated on Dominican dishes. Fortunately we had the cooperation of *both* lovely ladies when it came to contributing directions for preparing these specialties. For we found Flor Trujillo happy to supplement Maria's memories of her favorite foods with practical recipes which anyone can follow.

Dominican cooking, we learned, is not highly spiced like Mexican cooking; in fact the results are rather bland. They cook with peanut oil and also use lard extensively—two ideas which should find favor with us in view of the lower point cost of these products. The regular menu, both for lunch and supper, consists of soup, a first course—like a soufflé or fish—then the main course. "And always a dessert!" added the attractive daughter of *El Presidente*.

Because the island enjoys a favorable climate—tropical in nature but mild and pleasant—there is an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits and these are extensively featured in their meals. Here again, you see, we can "do as the Dominicans do" to our point profit. We can also add interest to our own meals by serving the "different" dishes so highly recommended by Maria Montez.

First we have *Arroz con Pollo* . . . or Rice with Chicken. This is a great favorite in practically all Spanish-speaking countries.

Next we have *Habichuelas Rojas* and *Arroz Blanco* . . . an economical combination of red kidney beans and rice—the former flavored to perfection and the latter cooked so that each grain stands out.

Now we come to *Pastelitos*—the finest way imaginable for serving a small amount of meat or poultry—tastefully encased in a "pocketbook" of special pastry.

Finally we have two desserts—which is quite to be expected with a country which ranks so high among the sugar-producing republics of Latin America. One recipe is for *Quesillo de Pina*, a rich pineapple custard. The second sweet is *Plan de Leche Condensada*. When you learn that it's a custard made with sweetened condensed milk, you'd probably be right in suspecting that this dish originated in our own country, to be subsequently adopted by Dominicans.

In point of fact, the Dominican Republic is so closely related geographically, culturally, commercially and by ties of spiritual affinity with the United States that we can think of no country in whose customs and foods we should be more greatly interested—especially now, when "The Land Columbus Loved Best" is in the news because of the anniversary that is being celebrated there, at this very time!

If you are interested in receiving directions for these Dominican dishes that are so "delightfully different" without being too hard to prepare, just fill out and mail this coupon. You'll love the leaflet's cover, with its attractive crest, and the recipes conveniently printed on filing cards.

THE MODERN HOSTESS MODERN SCREEN

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(Continued from page 95)

just a sweet, lonesome, GI joe with nothing on his mind but his overseas cap. But the tenth one—that's the boy you've gotta watch. Maybe he was the terror of Po-dunk, the guy who was washed out of high school for spiking the junior prom punch. A word of advice, then. Don't pick up anyone. Not the frozen-looking hitchhiking private (if you're alone in the car), nor that baby-faced sailor in front of Liggett's. A D.S.C. to a Royal Crown bottle cap, he's okay. But why take a chance?

NO MORE CAT SESSIONS: The Friday Night Club all started out on a nice high plane. You knitted things for Them and maybe played a little bridge and then raided the ice-box. All perfectly lovely fun. But lately, you've skipped the knitting and gone in for plenty of good old juicy bizz-bazz. You've gotten so you can't wait for Friday so's you can spill all you know about Marie and Jack—which is plenty, all terrible. You can hardly sit through Helen's spiel about Martha Greer's father so that you can get in your guff about the gym teacher. Gosh, kids, that's awfully sixth grade.

We know some co-eds who snapped themselves out of gossiping binges this way. They farmed out work from the Red Cross; bandages, dressings, knitting, anything there was to be done. Some nights they wrote letters to all the boys in uniform they'd promised mail to, but just hadn't come through. Other times they went en masse to be blood donors. Best idea of all was a kitty into which each one put a dime every time she broke down and told All about somebody.

NO MORE WHITE LIES: Oh sure, it's easier to tell Dad you've finished your French when the kids come around begging you to go skating. It's easier to tell Bill you're crazy about him because he's going away and he's so mad for you. Easier to fib about so many little things. But listen, Butch, it's not smart. For one thing, every time you do, you're getting a wee bit more spineless. And those little white ones frequently boomerang and embarrass you out of your wits. And they can lead you into real deceit. Next time you're tempted think it over. And we hope you'll decide to go straight.

So much for your resolutions. Me, I've got one, too, and it's this. To answer personally every letter you girls write me, and I really do want you to write. Maybe you're having beau-trouble; maybe you're wondering why the lads leave you alone. Or how to find the right war job. Or routinize those deadly household chores so's there'll be a little time, at least, for lazing. If you're stuck with a dilemma, no matter what, I'm here to help, complete with shoulder to cry on and gobs of solutions. So c-mon. Give. Address me: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I recently met Anna Lee in Iran with the Jack Benny USO troupe, heard her pull a couple of corks like describing an Army Air Base as a bunch of airplanes surrounded by a crap game. Afterwards I handed her and Miss Shaw a five-rial note (Persian paper money) to autograph. Upon approaching Miss Lee to tell her about MODERN SCREEN's wanting short anecdotes, she said, "When you write them, make it clear that I am now an American citizen!" Also a honey!

Cpl. Sam Greenberg.

TALL, DARK AND RUGGED

(Continued from page 42)

he wanted to bag himself a tender buck. So he slung a bedroll and a 30-30 rifle behind his motorcycle seat and roared off for the woods. Disregarding such minor matters as no sleep and 6000-foot altitude, he lugged his rifle over mountains all day and roared back on the highways in time for the Monday morning take. Then he acted all day after that man-killing feat. He was tired that night, but Jimmy was happy. He had got his buck.

I'm not telling this on James Craig to prove what a rugged he-man he is, although with his six-foot-two inch, 190 pounds of muscle, you could say that, too, and not be far off the beam. The point is: When Jimmy Craig wants anything, he's the man to go after it—and get it—no matter what.

That's the main reason this tall, dark and determined Tennessean is in Hollywood today, heading the heap of new male stars and getting himself called a new Gable (which makes him sore), even though James Craig himself is no great actor and is the first Joe in the world to admit it. Actually, Jimmy does remind you of Gable a lot, whether he likes it or not.

He's got that same dark, rugged manliness of Clark's, plus the boyish good looks of Johnny Payne (since we're comparing people), but he's also got a lot of things that belong to nobody else but James Craig. For instance, a pair of brown eyes with a perpetually teasing twinkle in them, a big, restless body that moves around like it's always just busting for action, and a stubborn mouth that doesn't say "Maybe"—but yells "Yes!"

Even Jimmy admits he's a stubborn Dutchman at heart (his real name's James Henry Meador) mixed in with a bit of Unreconstructed Southern Rebel and tuned up with a touch of Texan cockiness and independence. The combination seems to be irresistible, because it has landed Jimmy Craig about everything he has bent a covetous eye on in life—from acting careers to cream separators and chicken wire!

Just the other day Farmer Jim, whose prime hobby since the war started has been making his San Fernando valley ranch produce groceries for Uncle Sam, found himself with three fresh Jersey cows on his hands and a flock of some 3000 obstreperous chickens with wandering ideas.

canny craig . . .

For the milk bonanza he needed a cream separator, which he didn't have, and for the poultry absenteeism he just had to have some old-fashioned chicken wire. But when Jimmy went around to hardware stores and such, they laughed merrily right in his anxious face. "Why," chuckled the bitter merchants, "the kind of chicken wire you want hasn't been seen since Pearl Harbor!" As for cream separators, they inquired nastily if Jimmy didn't also want a few dozen pairs of nylons, a set of pre-war tires and a case of 20-year old Bourbon whisky. Spare cream separators on the Pacific Coast, it seemed, just ain't, what with the metal shortage and dairy expansion and all.

Well, that might have stopped anybody but Farmer Jim Craig. But his hard head told him there'd be an idle separator somewhere back on the Tennessee farms he knew. So he wrote personal pleas to a flock of volunteer farmers and sent off a bunch of want ads to all the hill-billy weekly papers. Pretty soon a separator was on the way out to the California ranch, and

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she never dreamed
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today it's clanking merrily away among all the Vitamins X, Y, Z and Q that Jim's bossies produce.

As for the chicken wire, Jimmy got that, too—just exactly how isn't too clear. Something about night commando operations and foraging on his motor-bike all over the California ranch country in the dark of the moon, I gathered. Anyway, the chickens are soundly wired today and patriotically laying away like little ladies, instead of gadding about the countryside. That was what Jim Craig wanted.

It's hard for even Fate to harness a determined fellow like Jimmy Craig, once he makes up his mind. There's no good reason at all why James Henry Meador should ever have turned into James Craig, movie star—except that the same J. H. Meador shrewdly sized up the fortune there was in being a Hollywood star, said "that's for me"—and made it for him—in a few not-so-easy lessons. After all, a Nashville boy who ironed the kinks out of his long legs breaking clods on his grandpappy's Tennessee farm, peddled papers after school, carpentered during vacations, footballed his way through a Texas college and started his business life in the roughhouse surroundings of an East Texas oil field hasn't exactly the perfect background for a Barrymore. There's no point here in detailing the life and times of James Craig, step by step—except to point out that Jimmy has been a hustler all his life—with a canny eye focused on getting what makes the world go 'round and taking no back talk from said world.

schemes—not dreams...

At Rice Institute, in Houston, Texas, for instance, where he landed for college, Jimmy faced the problem of earning his cakes and coffee while he helped himself to some education. He tried hashing and waiting tables for a while, but there seemed to be no percentage in that, and it took time away from his fullbacking for the 'Varsity. So he decided to use the old bean instead.

In no time flat, Rah-Rah Jim had a half dozen airtight promotion rackets worked up that kept his bank balance in shape. He sent college customers to a certain Houston tailor—and he got his suits free. He dished out cards for a certain restaurant—and he solved the problem of how to eat. Then Jimmy discovered that the biggest hotel in Houston, with featured big name bands, was losing money on Friday nights. He promoted a College Night deal, guaranteed to fill the place with college kids at a reduced rate—and he did. The rate was \$1.10—and Jimmy got the dime. There were plenty of dimes. He used to drag in \$80 a week!

A promoter like that had no trouble landing a job when college days were over. Jimmy Meador sat very pretty in Texas with a General Motors job about the time he got the Hollywood idea. He padded his income and let off steam at the same time banging himself around the pro football circuits. He had a nice apartment in Houston, a lot of friends, dough in his pocket and a new car every year. But he still wasn't satisfied or independent enough, so he began to figure how he could get in business for himself. With typical Jimmy Craig shrewdness he reasoned thus:

A business for yourself takes capital. That he knew. Also that things he knew about—the oil business, the motor business—took big capital—such as he would never, never collect, inherit or luck on to. But there was one business in the U.S.A. that you could make a killing in which took no capital at all—acting for the movies. Yep—just like that James Craig decided that was the ticket. Nobody but a confident bloke like Jim could ever have approached acting with such a deliberate cold cash attitude and stood a chance of

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success. But Jimmy has never been afraid of anything in his life, and certainly Hollywood wasn't big enough to scare him. He drove right out (from *Deep in the Heart of*) on his next vacation.

What happened then has been told a time or two, so I'll tuck it up briefly by saying that Jimmy Craig went right to the target like a 30-30 bullet. He knew Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was the biggest studio in Hollywood, so that's where he went—and he got in, too. Oliver Hinsdale, the dramatic coach there, gave him some good advice. He told Jimmy he could make the team only if he'd go get himself some polish and experience as an actor. He suggested going back home, hiring a voice coach and working in amateur theaters a while. That made good sense to Craig. He drove right back to Houston. He kept his job, but he gave up the apartment and the car and his fun at night with the gang and the gals. Instead he took lessons and did everything they'd let him do around the local little theater league. Then a year later he showed up in Hollywood and got his movie job. It wasn't at M-G-M, but at Paramount where Oliver Hinsdale had gone, and being a tall guy with a cowboy look and a natural knack with horses, they broke him in as a Western horse-opera hero.

James Craig might still be hi-hoing and twirling six guns on the screen for a living if he didn't have higher ideals—because one look at Jim, and you can see he's a perfect rugged rider type. He found the only way you could shake a pair of chaparrajos in Hollywood was to get out and start fresh. So he went to Broadway, promoted himself a stage job with Guthrie McClintic, Katharine Cornell's husband, and got himself some real dramatic polish in a couple of Broadway plays. He did all this deliberately—just as he came back to Hollywood deliberately when he figured he was smooth enough. And to show you how Jimmy Craig figures things—not long after he hit Hollywood again, he had a chance to clean up with a fat Western contract.

It meant money in his jeans—and at that time he could use it—but he said "No!" Instead, he jumped at a chance to play in "Kitty Foyle" when Sam Wood gave him a break. Not many people know that Jimmy's salary for that job—the one that made him—was exactly \$75 a week! For that matter, Jimmy played later in his biggest starring role to date, "All That Money Can Buy," for only \$175. But he had his eye on what both those pictures would pay off with in bigger contracts. And so today he's right where he decided

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 91)

1. James Cagney
2. Susan Hayward
3. Clark Gable
4. Dinah Shore
5. Lew Lehr
6. Ann Sheridan
7. Eddie Cantor
8. Robert Benchley
9. Shirley Temple
10. Veronica Lake
11. Tommy Dix
12. Mickey Rooney
13. Rosalind Russell
14. John Payne
15. Eleanor Powell
16. Jean Arthur
17. Don Ameche
18. Greta Garbo
19. Donald O'Connor
20. Lionel Barrymore

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City _____ State _____

to be when he first came out—at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Hollywood's top league. Smart? Well, all I can say is that Jimmy Craig actually planned it that way. That's the kind of guy he is.

no art, no nothing . . .

But if he's primarily a business man rather than a dream artist—that's no sign James Craig doesn't take acting seriously. He does—only he doesn't art around about it. He considers it a job to do, and when he was a kid on his Grandpa's farm, the old man used to tell him: "Son—whatever you figure on doin'—do it good! Whether you're choppin' corn or buildin' a house or courtin' a gal—do a good job—then you'll feel right with yourself!" That's the way Jimmy feels about his acting. That's why of all the pictures he's made, he likes "The Human Comedy" best. Because he knew he did the best he could in that, and he thinks the picture was worth it. He's got a funny feeling that it helped a lot of people see things straight in these war-muddled times. And I think he's right.

Even when his picture jobs aren't exactly to his taste, Jimmy gives them all he has. Jimmy has had some doubts about playing a Caliph of Bagdad in "Kismet." He feels a little silly running around with a turban on, phony jewels, sequins (an M-G-M wisecracker told him, "You look just like Susan Peters in an Adrian hat!"), but while he gripes around the lot like a G.I. on KP, he hasn't missed a minute doing his stuff. In fact, one morning he arrived looking a little peaked, but not saying anything and went into the scene. It was one where he lifted Joy Page up on a high wall, and nobody noticed that when he did it, he almost fainted with pain. Because a bull on his farm had slammed into him the day before and broken four ribs. And anything more painful than four freshly busted ribs when you have to heave-ho is hard to imagine.

But then if he's anything, James Craig is all man. That's why he lives the life he does without any Hollywood frills or phony trimmings. That's why he sticks to the ranch every spare minute away from the camera. Jim got his ranch, by the way, because again he just had to have something—namely a horse.

He was over on location near Taos, New Mexico, a few years back making "Valley of the Sun," when the local caballeros lined up a free-for-all horse race to climax the fiesta. Indians, Mexicans and rancheros lined up a motley bunch of cayuses to dash across the dusty desert, and right in the middle was a spotted horse that grabbed Jim's eye and held it

the cart before the horse . . .

Being a Tennessee-Texan, Jimmy knows "hosses" from head to hooves, and the way this particular pony pranced and reared he knew he had real blood in him. The funny part was that a little girl about 12 years old was sitting his saddle, and Jim rushed up to the owner before the race got going and begged to ride the horse himself. He was afraid the girl would get herself killed in all that mob of wild horses, and maybe the horse would, too. Already he had the idea. He wanted to own that spotted horse. Before the race even started, he had the deal on the fire too. And sure enough, with the frail little girl who stuck to the saddle all right, Jim's spotted prize bounded out like a jackrabbit and won like a champion. Only after he found himself with a horse on his hands did Jimmy Craig realize that he had no place to keep it! So when he came back to Hollywood he practically had to go into hock for a ranch.

It has really been the greatest invest-

Craig's ranch has kept him thoroughly happy though a movie star. He doesn't go much for movie social life—he can't stand the "gossip," and anyway all his best friends, as he says, are gas station attendants. Night clubs and cafés are okay with him for a gay evening out. But he's too Scotch to enjoy them when they put the bite on him. A while back some old friends from Texas came out to Hollywood, and Jimmy got dolled up and took them to the current Hollywood showcase. The drinks were bad, the waiters snooty, and after a couple of tired sandwiches or something equally nourishing, Jim drew the check. It was \$88! He realized he was stuck and paid off, but he punched himself in the jaw the minute he got outside for being a sucker. He thought of what all that dough could have done on the ranch.

Because that's where he's sinking his money—right in the ground. He makes enough of it these days, too. And after the War Bond allotment is taken out, Jimmy's dollars and his spare time go into improving the place. When he took it over, there wasn't much besides a California ranch house and a few rickety sheds. The barn had burned down, and about the only livestock around there were some rabbits and field mice.

Since then Jim has built all new buildings himself with the help of a carpenter. "Punch," his horse, and Punch's mate, "Judy," have a swell stable and so do the cows, dogs, chickens and other farm life that crow, cackle and moo around the place. When the war broke, Jim ditched his golf clubs, greased up his guns and fishing tackle and put them away. He put all his energies, thoughts and money, too, in the ranch, adding thousands of chickens. All in all, he figures he's sunk around \$18,000 in it, and every spare minute of his time away from a busy picture schedule. Sometimes he wonders if it's worth it when the pip or something cleans out his chickens, or when a night's midwifing with a cow doesn't work out right. But at those times Jimmy Craig, who loves animals and crops and everything about a farm, charges it all off to entertainment and exercise.

His big body keeps in shape hustling around his farm chores. He's never had any trouble with extra pounds or any kind of regimented body care—which is rare when a big fellow who's been an athlete starts to get his age, around 31. And it keeps him feeling like a million dollars, because there's nothing at all the matter with Jimmy Craig's health except a few busted bones here and there and some joints that still feel the effects of his football days. He doesn't baby himself either—eats everything in the world with emphasis on Southern cooking, smokes pipes one after the other and cigarettes when he's nervous.

Maybe because he's always feeling fit as a fiddle, Jim Craig owns a disposition like a lamb, despite the fact that he's built like Jack Dempsey and has some Cherokee Indian blood in him, too, to make him ornery. Like all big guys, he's a particular sucker for kids, and all the time he was making "Lost Angel" with Margaret O'Brien, he spent his extra studio time with that cute little miss, playing games with her on the set and teasing her—because if there's one weakness Jim has, it's stirring up a little fun with everyone he meets.

"sughah" and spice . . .

In "Lost Angel," Jimmy and Margaret play a sort of sentimental man and kiddie love affair in a very pretty little story, and they kept it up on the set between scenes. Every morning Jimmy bowed when she arrived and said, "How's my Sugar?" only, he says, "sughah" with

some of that Tennessee mushmouth that even diction coaches haven't been able to iron out—they had lunch together every day, and he was always bringing her intriguing presents from the ranch, like baby ducks and chickens. So it got to a very serious stage. And Margaret very boldly stated one day right to Jim's face, "When I grow up I'm going to marry you!" But little Maggie also liked Van Johnson, and Jim started kidding her.

"Van Johnson" he stated wisely, "has false hair!"

Maggie was shocked. "He has not!"

"Yes he has," stated Jim soberly. "I saw him putting his wig on in the dressing room."

Margaret was loyal. "Just the same I'm going to get his autograph in my book," she said, "and he hasn't false hair, either!"

"Now listen," said Jimmy, "if you're going to be my girl, you can't go around getting other men's autographs. At least, if you do, you've got to get it on the very last page of the book. I'm jealous!"

Next day Margaret showed up with her book and brazenly spread it open before Jim's eyes. She had Van's autograph all right. It was right on the front page. Jimmy Craig grinned and applauded the kid's spunk. That's the stuff he admires above everything. And that's why he treats his own boy, James, Jr., rough and ready. Jimmy wants the Bub, as he calls his son, to grow up to be a real man.

When he tumbles off ranch ponies, Jimmy puts him right back on, just like his own Grandpa used to do on the Tennessee farm when he was a moppet. And already Jimmy has taught the Bub to put up a scrap, although Jimmy the Second was only four this last December. For a while Jimmy was worried because the Bub was turning out to be good-looking, almost too good-looking. One night re-

AMERICANS SUFFER when careless talk kills!



cently he came home to find that Junior had tumbled off the porch on his face and blacked his eyes and puffed up his nose. His mother was worried and upset. Jimmy promptly made her mad to boot when he smiled broadly and said, "He looks a lot better this way!"

Of course, the process of toughening up his son sometimes backfires on Father Craig. Like the other day when Junior would have no truck with his milk, and Jimmy tried to be a stern papa about it. "Drink your milk!" he ordered.

"No!" said Bub.

"Drink it!"

"No! No milk now! I don't want it."

"All right, if you drink it, you can go out to the ranch and ride."

Bub gave him a low look with plenty of steam on it. "I'll bust your ribs!" he growled.

Since the bull butting had revealed a weakness in his Dad's chest armor, the Bub thought that threat might turn the trick. However, Jimmy doesn't think he's in any danger of getting manhandled by his son quite yet. Because when he was playing with the Bub later on, letting the kid hit him here and there, and wailing like he was badly hurt, he overplayed the part a little, and when Bub's tiny fist socked him in the stomach, he fell off the chair in a mock knockout and rolled on the wall like he'd kissed the canvas and was hearing the birdies sing. When the Bub saw the devastating results of his hay-maker, and his pappy stretched out, he set up a dismal wail and ran to his Mother. "Daddy's dead," he wailed. "I just killed him." What pleased Jimmy after he broke up the gag was that his son was at least sorry enough to cry after he'd bowled over his poor old dad.

Matter of fact, the Bub is pretty proud of his old man, even at his tender age. He calls all movies "pich," but whenever he refers to them as "the big pich"—that means his pop is in them. Bub calls Jimmy's studio "M-D-M."

But you can see that with the Spartan ideas James Craig has about the raising of sons and heirs, his wife has plenty to put up with around the house. She doesn't seem to mind. In fact, there aren't many couples around Hollywood who get along as smoothly as Jimmy Craig and his wife, Mary. She was Mary Ray, from Washington, D. C., when Jimmy first met her, and she was in Hollywood with movie ambitions. In fact, they met over at the David Selznick lot. Mary was one of the Southern

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belles at Tara in "Gone with the Wind," and Jimmy, who at that time was briefly under contract to Selznick (as he has been under contract to almost every studio in Hollywood at some time), was spending his time making tests with all the ambitious Scarlett O'Haras and Melanies in Hollywood: Paulette Goddard, Frances Dee, Olivia de Havilland, Dorothy Jordan, Vivian Leigh and all the rest of them.

cupid on a broomstick . . .

At that time Jimmy Craig had little to vouch for his future except his own supreme confidence, but just the same Mary Ray married him one Hallowe'en night—of all times—and from then on, wisely enough, she tossed her own screen ambitions out the window. Maybe that's why they've remained so happy. One career in the family.

Mary is a slim, pretty, auburn-haired girl who could land herself a job in a studio any day in the week just on her good looks. But she prefers to supervise the care and feeding of Jimmy Craig and the Bub as a career. It's a toss-up with Mary just which is the biggest problem at times—such as when Jimmy tangled with Homer.

Homer is this young bull who handed Jimmy the one-two and cracked his ribs. Jimmy acquired Homer along with his milk cows from Director Clarence Brown, when he was making "The Human Comedy." At first he was a bull-ette or whatever you call a young bull, and among Jimmy's recreational delights was wrestling him around the barnyard. That was okay until Homer started getting big enough to toss his weight around. And one morning when Jimmy was trying a half-Nelson on his horns, his hat slipped, he loosed his grip on Homer to jam it back on his head, and Homer let him have it. Things like that make Mary heave hopeless sighs. But ordinarily she doesn't have too many worries about her husband. He's a pretty decent husband around the house. In fact, in some ways, Jimmy is downright helpful.

He can fix anything that needs fixing, a handy man supreme, whether it's an egg-beater or a tractor. He can even cook, having "bached" around a good many years before he got married and camp-cooked on a thousand or so fishing and hunting trips. His specialties are pancakes, fried chicken and spaghetti—not exactly a health diet, but good when you're hungry. Jimmy's neat and clean—even fussy about his personal habits—and he's been trained to hang his barnyard dungarees out on the back porch. He goes to bed early, gets up feeling fine, likes books and records and generally qualifies as a home-body. The only vice that's been discovered in his private life is a weakness for poker parties with the boys, but being a wise wife, Mary doesn't mind this—especially since the game is usually penny-ante, and most of the time the poker club is smoking up somebody else's house.

no banking on banks . . .

The Craigs don't live all the time at the ranch. Jim's brother lives there and runs it because since James Craig began clicking he's been busier than a bird dog, and with the gasoline drouth there had to be a haven nearer the studio. So the Craigs rent a house in Beverly Hills, but that is just a halfway stop to the ranch. Jimmy will never sink any of his hard-earned money into a city house. "When you step out on a sidewalk, where can you go?" is the way he looks at it. His ambition is to buy himself a real ranch with thousands of acres some of these days over in Arizona or New Mexico near good fishing and hunting, and his idea of Heaven, he swears, would be to step out on the front

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After
Using

porch and see "a herd of white-faced cattle as far as I can look."

A dream like that come true would take a sockfull, of course, but James H. Meador always was thrifty. He dresses like Mr. Joe Average, with a leaning toward tweedy stuff, but he seldom wears these clothes out because half the time he's in boots, jeans and a checked shirt or zipped up in a leather jacket on his motor-bike. He hasn't a speck of personal jewelry except a chronometer wrist watch that will do about everything except cook and a heavy silver identification chain. The only sartorial weakness Jim confesses to is bright red ties.

He drives a soft top convertible car that you'd never look at twice and the motor-bike, which started as a gas-saving measure but has grown to a hobby with Jimmy so that he's expert enough now to make those cross-country hunting dashes we told you about. Jimmy bought the machine second hand from Ray Milland, and a Beverly Hills traffic cop taught him how to make it do tricks. He's been particularly interested in getting really good on it, too, because he thinks the proficiency might come in handy in the Army one of these days when they call him up.

Jimmy Craig was 3-A until the father draft came along, but he's 1-A now, so he has a hunch he'll be trading in his air raid warden's helmet for the real McCoy one of these days, which is fine with Jim. Typically Craig and figuring out his shots, Jimmy has been taking celestial navigation in his off-hours ever since he was classified 1-A. He'd like to be already at something useful when he gets into G.I. rags.

the man behind the moustache . . .

About the only extravagance or indulgence or whatever you'd call it that James Craig will miss in the Army is his barber.

There's just one thing a capable cuss like himself hates to do—that's shave. When he doesn't have to, he'll let his black beard sprout like devil grass, but when he makes pictures, which is almost always of late, he depends on Milo at M-G-M to keep his face smooth. Milo is used to almost anything in the male movie whisker line, but lately he just missed a nervous breakdown over Jim Craig's moustache.

Jimmy always wears one, if possible, in a movie—it's almost his screen trademark by now, and in "Lost Angel" and "The Heavenly Body" he wore it straight as usual. Then came along "Kismet," and

SURPRISE ON PAGE 76

We're very proud of page 76. It's the first step toward a very ambitious idea and, we think, a heck of a sweet one. It involves you and us and one of the divinest pieces of costume jewelry free, or practically free. That's all we're saying. You can either guess the rest or turn to page 76.

as the caliph he had to grow one of those droopy Oriental muzzies. That was okay—only in the middle of "Kismet," which has been dragging on for months, Jimmy had to chase back and do retakes and added scenes on both "Lost Angel" and "The Heavenly Body." Every day, it seemed to Milo, Jimmy Craig was rushing in saying, "Change the moustache!" Either he wanted it straight or headed down in a droop. Pretty soon the thing looked like nothing human—half curved and half straight and nicked here and there by Milo's baffled

razor as he inquired, "What the heck is it today—up or down?" Finally after patching Jimmy's lip up with phony fuzz and painting on false droops and what have you, the only thing to do was to shave it off and grow a whole new one over a week-end. That's really not such a feat for James Craig, either. He can sprout a lovely trained lip lure in a week at the outside. He can handle some other strictly he-man assignments, too, can Jimmy Craig, such as fighting, although he never picked a fight in his life, and like most big bruisers, is peaceable by nature. When he was a kid only 15, he stood 5 ft. 11 and weighed 160, but even in those days he never went on the warpath unprovoked.

"I was always afraid I'd hurt somebody," remembers Jimmy. "I always figured, too, that if I hit somebody and he didn't fall, I'd better run!" But they usually fell when James hit them.

He always noticed, even in those days, that it was the cocky little fisty kids who were always picking fights, as if they had to show the world they were hard cookies. Kids who could grow up and become Hitlers or act like sneak-punch Japs. As a boy, Jimmy never had much trouble with them when the chips were down, and he figures he can handle this end of the Big Scrap now if he has to and still get back to Hollywood after V-Day and start making pictures again.

He'd like that very much because by then the Bub will be big enough to help him herd around those "white faced cattle" and tote a 30-30 along on the deer hunts over in the desert mountains somewhere. You see, Jimmy Craig never lets up on that dream ranch of his for a minute.

And remember—what Jimmy Craig really sets his heart on he gets. Dollars to doughnuts you'll find him there one of these days. Just wait and see.

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clerk said, with a note of finality.

"Cancelled?"

"Oh, yes," said a voice.

Lee Stevens swung around; Jean Rogers smiled pleasantly at him.

"I cancelled it," she said. "You should have seen the rooms they gave us. Little holes. They weren't even fit for gophers. I told the clerk what he could do with those rooms—"

"Yes, ma'am," the clerk said. "I rented them to a convention."

"Where do we have rooms then?" Lee said quietly.

"Oh, we'll find something," Jean said airily. "After all this isn't the only hotel in Washington."

"You mean," Lee said tensely, "that you don't have any rooms anywhere else?"

"Don't worry," Jean said. "I'm your secretary. Let me worry about the details."

That night they slept on the lee side of a statue of a Civil War general. It rained. The general, being a military man and made of stone, didn't mind. Lee Stevens caught a cold.

"Well," he said hoarsely the next morning, "that's one detail you attended to."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens," Jean said. "I'm sure I'll find a room today."

"I wish I were sure."

"Don't you worry one bit about it."

"It seems to me," Lee Stevens said, "that I've heard that line before. Do you use it on all the men you work for?"

"You'll see," Jean said.

"That's one thing I'm sure of," Lee said. "I'll see. I'll probably see our old friend the General again tonight. You don't think he'll be angry if I stay over again? Or did he invite us for the duration?"

"You have an appointment," Jean said briskly, "at ten this morning with Mr. Ritchie of the O. P. D."

"We have an appointment," Lee said.

INFORMATION DESK

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"Me—and my cold germs."

washington merry-go-round . . .

Lee Stevens came back to the statue some seven hours later. It was getting on toward dusk. Lee had laryngitis. He had a cold in the head, in the chest, in the throat, in the nose and in such assorted bones as he could still feel. He glared at Jean.

Jean said brightly: "Did you see Mr. Ritchie?"

"I did not," Lee said. "There were only three hundred and forty-seven people ahead of me. Did you get a place?"

"Well," Jean said.

"Did you?" Lee roared.

Jean nodded. "I think you'll like it . . . I hope."

As a matter of fact, Lee liked it very much. The house was grand, spacious, pleasant. It looked about as much like a

tourist home as the Taj Mahal looks like a shack. The Cromwells, the owners, seemed to be pleasant enough people. Lee relaxed on the big double bed in their little suite of rooms. There was a small room off the bedroom with a sofa. They could make that up into a bed for Jean.

"Wonderful," Lee said through his stuffed nose. "I take it back, all the harsh things I ever said about you, Miss Rogers."

A buzzer shrilled imperially. "As a matter of fact, Miss Rogers, you are undoubtedly the most resourceful secretary in America today. I didn't think anyone would ever find a room in Washington these days."

"Mr. Stevens," Jean said.

The buzzer began again.

Lee said: "What were you saying?"

"I was saying that it really is very hard to find anything at all in Washington. There must be a hundred people applying for every empty space—"

"But you did it," Lee said smiling. "Remind me to give you a raise when we get back."

"I think you ought to know—" Jean began again.

The buzzer became a single, harsh, penetrating sound.

"What the devil is that?" Lee said. "That sound."

"It's a buzzer," Jean said.

"What do they need a buzzer in the room for?" Lee said.

"I suppose they ring it," Jean said slowly, "when they want the butler."

"The butler," Lee said, "well, let him answer it."

"That's what I was going to tell you," Jean said. "You're the butler."

For a full minute Lee Stevens didn't say anything; then slowly he rose from the bed, holding his aching head. He stood over Jean Rogers like a menacing Buddha, and

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then he slowly said: "Just what are you trying to say?"

"Well, you see," Jean said hurriedly. "I looked all over town, and there wasn't a single room to be had. And I knew we just had to have a room. There you were with that miserable cold and everything. Then I saw the ad."

"What ad?"

"The ad for a butler and cook. And they said they had a lovely room for the couple applying, good hours, decent wages, plenty of time off—and this room. We just had to have a room, so—"

"So," Lee Stevens said slowly, "so you took the job?"

"Yes," Jean said. "I'm the cook and—"

"And I'm the butler," Lee said.

The buzzer blared harshly.

Lee Stevens stared at it for a moment. Then, still slowly he crawled back into bed, pulled the covers up to his chin, placed a pillow over his head.

"That's it," said Jean. "You just get yourself a good night's rest. Don't worry about a thing, I'll attend to all the details."

"Go away," Lee said from under the pillow. "Go away!"

But Washington being what Washington is, Lee thought better of it in the morning. At least they had a roof over their heads. And, after all, even butlers were entitled to days off. He promptly asked Mr. Cromwell for the day and hustled off to waylay Ritchie of the O. P. D. He returned with a good deal of the hustle worn off him. He found Jean in the kitchen, busily pattering with pots, pans and assorted dishes.

ain't frisking friskies . . .

"Washington," he groaned.

"Didn't you see Mr. Ritchie today?" Jean said.

"Not one hair of his balding head," Lee said. "But I saw something worse. Farenhall's in town."

"Farenhall?"

"Of Farenhall's Friskies. Our competitor. He probably smelled something in the wind and is down here, too. Probably trying for the same contract we are. It's his hide or mine. We've got to see Ritchie first."

"You will," Jean said. "Now just stop worrying about it and get dressed."

"Dressed?" Lee said.

"In the butler uniform. The Cromwells are having a party tonight. You'll have to serve, of course."

Lee closed his eyes for a moment as if in great pain. When he opened them, they had a dazed, resigned look. "All right," he said. "But first I want you to take a letter. You're still my secretary. To T. J. Todd—"

"Mr. Stevens—"

"Dear Todd: Am here in Washington and am sorry to report—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens," Jean said. "But I can't take shorthand."

Lee swung around sharply. "What are you talking about?"

So she told him. Of the Dopey Donkeys. Of overhearing about his need for a new secretary. She hoped he didn't mind. She was really trying. She could do almost everything . . . but she couldn't take shorthand.

"Why did you do it?" Lee groaned. "Why in the world did you do it?"

She gave him a long searching look: "Well—"

For a moment he didn't understand; and then suddenly he did. It was very quiet in the kitchen. Lee Stevens was aware, very sharply, that he was standing very close to Jean, that she was leaning forward a bit, and that she was (odd!) that he had never realized it before) very beautiful. He kissed her.

She said a little unsteadily: "We better start serving, don't you think? . . ."



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Just as unsteadily, he said: "Where's my monkey suit . . ."

The butler's uniform was a little tight in spots, and it creaked ominously at the seams every time Lee raised an arm. But he managed. Carrying the tray of hors d'oeuvres, he grinned at Jean just before he went through the swinging door and into the main dining room. Five minutes later he was back, white and shaken. He leaned against the wall.

"He's out there," Lee said tensely. "Ritchie's out there."

"Why, that's wonderful," Jean said. "You couldn't get to see him in his office, and here he is all wrapped up and waiting right here."

"Wonderful," Lee groaned. "He'll certainly be impressed, won't he? A butler trying to sell him on an ordnance contract."

"I think he'll admire your initiative," Jean said.

"Hmm," Lee said. "Maybe he will, at that. He's supposed to be a shirt-sleeve democrat. Bring on the next course!"

Jean opened the stove.

"Mr. Stevens," she said. "I have something to tell you."

"What's wrong now?"

"I put the turkey in all right," she said. "But I forgot to turn on the gas. It's still raw."

"Well, cook it or something. They're waiting out there."

"You can't cook a turkey in five minutes," Jean said, moaning. "I've ruined everything."

Lee said grimly: "I'll get to Ritchie if it's the last thing I do. What have you got in the kitchen?" He rummaged through the closets. "Ah, flour, buckwheat. Get out the griddle, Jean. The Cromwells and the Ritchies are going to have buckwheat cakes. North Woods style. . ."

"At a formal dinner?" Jean said. "You can't."

"Got any other ideas?"

"Well—"

"Buckwheat cakes it is, then," Lee said.

So it was buckwheat cakes, and after he served them, Lee came back hurriedly into the kitchen. Jean was waiting for him tensely.

"How did it go?" she said.

"I didn't stop to watch," Lee said. "I just served them and ran. We'll find out soon enough. . ."

The swinging door to the kitchen began to edge cautiously inward. A head popped around and peered into the kitchen. Mr. Ritchie advanced with his finger perched warningly over his lips.

"Mr. Ritchie," Jean said. "What—"

"Shh," he whispered. "I don't like to do this. But those buckwheat cakes. Best I ever ate."

"Thank you," said Jean.

"Matter of fact, I wonder," Mr. Ritchie whispered urgently, "I wonder if you two would be interested in coming to my house. . ."

Lee cleared his throat: "Mr. Ritchie—" he said.

Ritchie said: "Don't worry about pay. I'll meet the price."

"The pay isn't important," Lee said. "What I do want to talk to you about is—"

"Then it's settled," Mr. Ritchie said. "We're having a little party over at my house tomorrow. You'll be there?"

stevens stymied . . .

"Yes, yes," Lee said. "I've been trying—"

"Fine," Ritchie said. "I've got to get back now."

He was out of the swinging door before Lee could say another word.

"Well, he liked the buckwheat cakes," Jean said.

"The buckwheat cakes!" Lee said.



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posively. "I want a contract. That's what I want!"

"It certainly ought to be easier to talk to him in his own house," Jean said. "Just stop worrying about it."

Lee looked at her glumly: "Stop using that phrase," he said. "Just stop using it."

It was unfortunate that the Todds, T. J. and Alice, chose to come to Washington early the next day. They peered up at the Cromwell mansion a little dubiously. T. J. checked the address with a letter in his hand, then shrugged and rang the bell. The butler answered it.

T. J. looked at Lee Stevens; Lee Stevens stared back.

"What goes on here?" T. J. roared.

"I can explain everything," Lee said.

In the kitchen the Todds listened doubtfully while Lee began telling his story. Jean came in. Alice Todd took one look at Jean, and an ugly glint came into her eye.

"So that's how it stands, T. J.," Lee said.

"You understand."

"I do not," T. J. said. "This town is mad."

Alice said frigidly: "And who is the girl, Lee?"

"My secretary," Lee said.

"You don't say?" Alice said.

"He does say," Jean said. "And what do you have to say?"

"A few things," Alice Todd said. "I want you to get rid of her, Lee. Fire her."

"Wait a minute—" Lee said.

"Why she's nothing but a cheap—"

"Listen, you parasite—" Jean began heatedly.

"Girls, girls!" T. J. said.

Alice turned to Lee: "I'm waiting, Lee. Does this—this female—mean anything to you?"

For a moment there was a dead silence in the kitchen. Then Lee Stevens spoke slowly.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I think she does."

"Then we're finished," Alice said frigidly.

"I guess we are," Lee said.

Alice turned tensely to her father: "Aren't you going to do anything about it? Fire him!"

"If my job depends on that," Lee shouted, "I quit!" He stalked out of the room, and T. J., after a quick glance at his daughter, followed him hurriedly.

"We're alone now Miss Whatever-your-name-is. . . ."

"Rogers," Jean said.

"Do you know what you've just done?"

"I got a man," Jean said brightly. "What have you got?"

Alice said: "So you have a man. A man who's just thrown his future away. Did you know he was going to get a half interest in the plant when this contract went through? And you think you're worth that? You must certainly love him a great deal to make him give up his whole future. . . ."

Jean said slowly: "I didn't know that."

"You know now."

"Yes," Jean said. "I know now. Thanks for telling me. No, I couldn't ask him to give up all that. You'll tell him something, won't you? I don't think I could manage it . . . if I had to see him again . . ."

Alice Todd watched Jean walk slowly out of the kitchen: "I'll tell him," she said. "Don't worry about it."

So when Lee Stevens returned to the butler's room in the Cromwell house, he found that Jean was gone. Disappeared. T. J. followed him in talking volubly; T. J., it turned out, didn't want to fire him at all; what's more he was pleased that Lee had given Alice her lumps, she was a spoiled brat. All T. J. was interested in was the

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"She's gone!" Lee said breathlessly. "You can always get a new secretary," T. J. said impatiently. "Let's get after Ritchie."

But at the offices of the O. P. D. they found the waiting room glutted as usual. "I've got an idea," Lee said.

"Shoot," T. J. said.

"Remember I told you that Ritchie offered Jean and me a job at his house? Well, we're going to take it. We may not be able to get in to see Ritchie in his office. But no man can hide from his butler. Come on, T. J.!"

At the Ritchie house they were welcomed with open arms. Lee hurried into the kitchen. There was a familiar figure bent over the stove. Lee grinned.

"Hello—" he said.

Jean didn't answer.

"Why did you run out?"

"You got your job back, didn't you?" Jean said tonelessly.

He just grinned. And then he moved forward a few steps, and before she could turn, he had her in his arms. He kissed her with a sort of decisive crispness. Then he stepped back and said sharply:

"Now, let's get some things straight. First: I love you. . . ."

"Yes, sir," she said, shining-eyed.

"Second: I've got to get Ritchie to listen to me—"

quick trick . . .

T. J., clad in a footman's uniform, came hurrying into the kitchen.

"Listen," he said excitedly. "Farenhall is out there. One of the guests. We've got to move fast before he can talk to Ritchie."

Lee frowned; he thought for a moment.

Then softly, he said: "The soup!"

That's how it occurred that the new footman, quite carelessly, happened to spill a plate of soup over Mr. Ritchie's gleaming new suit. That meant, of course, that Mr. Ritchie had to change. His new butler was quite sympathetic; he worked quickly and deftly, helping Mr. Ritchie out of his wet clothes. Mr. Ritchie stood a little impatiently waiting for his trousers.

"No trousers," Lee said firmly, "until you listen to me."

"Look here—" Ritchie roared.

"No trousers!"

Mr. Ritchie collapsed: "All right. What's the story?"

The story was simple: Here was Todd's Toys, a fine plant, well-equipped, no manpower shortage. How about a contract? Sign on the dotted line. . . .

"Now can I have my trousers?"

"Of course, sir," said Lee.

"And you'll finish serving dinner?"

"Of course, sir."

Mr. Ritchie signed happily: "Mad town."

Of course the dinner turned out to be slightly unorthodox. The footman, who had bungled with the soup, bungled, too, somehow, with a Baked Alaska, and the whole gooey mess was draped around the protesting puss of one Mr. Farenhall. And there was one rather odd moment when the guests were sure they saw the butler kissing the cook. Not that they could blame the butler. That cook! Some cookie!

CAST

Jean Rogers.....Paulette Goddard
Lee Stevens.....Fred MacMurray
Ira Cromwell.....Roland Young
T. J. Todd.....Edward Arnold
Alice Todd.....Hilary Brooke
Major Cromwell.....Ann Revere
Glen Ritchie.....Clarence Kolb
Hugo Farenhall.....Porter Hall
Opal.....Marie MacDonald
Miss Becker.....Josephine Whittell
Peggy Fuller.....Veda Ann Borg
Mrs. Ritchie.....Isabel Randolph



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"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

(PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 35)

the picture, which was just one more thing to attend to before facing the camera. . . . Both Paulette and Fred had such a wonderful, wacky time making the picture that you just can't help feel their enjoyment exuding from the celluloid. The cockeyed sequence of the plot was just their dish. Both of 'em are mad for comedy and have no Hamlet or Lady Macbeth leanings. . . . Edward Arnold, who was borrowed from M-G-M to do his bit as another Babbitt, was busy being the proud papa in off moments. His son just graduated from the air cadet school at Mather Field with such high honors that they are keeping him on as an instructor there. The cast stopped their bucolic chatter long enough to have a good laugh on Arnold. His assignment came through at the last minute, and he was lolling around Sacramento when the rush call from the studio reached him. He made a mad dash for H'wood to get there in time for the first scene and literally came panting on to the set. Lanfield, the director, found him in such a state of exhaustion that they had to call off shooting for the day to give Edward a chance to rest up. . . . Lanfield, too, had his troubles. Right in the middle of the picture he developed a terrific case of laryngitis but wouldn't give in to it. Did his directing by writing instructions on a blackboard, and just sat megaphone-less and voiceless. Then Paulette got the bug, right when they had planned to shoot the rainy night in the park scene. Couldn't wait till she recovered, so compromised on using warmed rain water. . . . Hilary Brooke turned out to be the find of the picture. She handled her part of the rich, spoiled gal so beautifully that Paramount nabbed her right on the spot for a long term contract. The gowns she wears in "Standing Room Only" are out-of-this-world. In fact, Paulette was so crazy about one of them that she had it copied for herself. . . . Roland Young was the only one to add a cosmopolitan touch to the horticultural discussions. He'd just returned from touring in a play and gave with all the latest stage stuff. Right now he's back on his beloved Broadway in "Another Love Story" . . . Porter Hall again drew a double-crossing role, which gave everyone a laugh. Actually you couldn't find a more honest gent anywhere. In H'wood he's a deacon of the First Presbyterian Church!

HEP KITTEN

(Continued from page 32)

named Peggy Ryan will finally Get The Guy in the person of one young Donald O'Connor.

Peggy is clinching with Donald in this one, after a succession of pictures in which she had to comfort herself with that corny crack about it being better to have loved and lost, etc., simply because she has a large and articulate group of fans who started to write irate letters to the studio.

One letter in particular is cherished by Peggy. It reads, "Make them let you win Don in your next picture. Gloria Jean is very pretty and she can sing like a choir of canaries, but there's nothing wrong with you either. Tell them that for us!"

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Only a woman who has suffered with bad skin can know what joy came over me when I awoke to see my face so fresh, clear and smooth again. It seemed like a miracle! If you have pimples, blackheads, big pores, oily skin eruptions and ugly spots (externally caused), don't fool around with greasy, messy make-shifts. Let **NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM** help you. Use my private secret skin formula. See its amazing effects start overnight. I call it **NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM**. Try it for seven nights. If it doesn't heat anything you ever tried send back and get your money. This may seem too good to be true, but the test will tell. My **MONEY-BACK** guarantee protects you. **SEND NO MONEY**, unless you wish. When postman delivers, pay only \$1.00 plus charges. (Orders with cash mailed prepaid.) Special double size \$2. See if you don't bless the day you found **NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM**. Write today—NOW! Miss ALMA, 103 Park Avenue, Suite 29B, New York City, New York.

stealth on the loose . . .

That letter is genuine. Peggy investigated to be sure. The reason for her Nick Charles attitude may be found in an incident that occurred about two years ago and has to do with the Man in Her Life, one Ray Hirsch, currently of the Marine Corps.

In those ancient days back in 1941, Ray was convinced that Universal had in its newly signed ingenue a veritable goldmine of unexploited talent. He had heard that the amount and texture of a contract player's fan mail might well have a bearing on the number and excellence of the parts given that player. Being resourceful, he hit upon a scheme.

Shortly thereafter, Peggy began to get erudite letters from some attorney in Madison, Wisconsin. The attorney was, it seemed, exceptionally interested in Peggy's career. He wanted to know a great deal about the making of pictures. Peggy pestered the technicians for days, then wrote a letter filled with words she had carefully looked up in the dictionary. Back came an answer in no time. Peggy dried her brow and went to work again.

Meanwhile, letters were arriving from the president of a woman's club in Pensacola, the president of a bank in Peoria and a research chemist in Portland. All in all, it was fairly harrowing. Peggy worked with vigor. Finally, when her fancy letters became only a nucleus for a growing body of fan mail, she showed Ray Hirsch her early cap-and-gown correspondence. He tried, but he couldn't control that chuckle. He, personally, had been sending the letters to the postmasters in the various cities, and they in turn had politely mailed them to Peggy.

Peggy first met Ray on October 29, 1941, a date which they celebrate annually with dinner, dancing and appropriate gifts. They became engaged on Valentine's Day (February 14) 1942. Between October and February, the whole world changed.

They had attended church that Sunday morning, December 7, and emerged into the brilliance of California noon sunshine to be confronted by headlines four inches high. Ray, slamming his right fist into the palm of his left hand, announced fiercely that he was going to join the Navy right then. He learned by telephone that the recruiting office would be open Monday. That respite gave Peggy a chance to make a suggestion.

Why not, she said, wait until after Christmas? The holiday was only 18 days away—surely it wouldn't be too criminal for them to have this one Christmas together. Who knew how long the war would last or how many Christmas seasons they might have to spend apart? Ray gave in, reluctantly.

Meanwhile the papers were filled with stories about the valiant stand of the Marine Corps on Wake Island. So—when Ray telephoned Peggy one morning to say that he had enlisted in the Halls of Montezuma—all Peggy could gasp, bloody headlines in her heart, was, "Oh, Ray, why on earth did you do that?"

"If that's the way you feel about it," he said, crestfallen, and hung up.

Peggy called him back to explain that she thought the Marine Corps was super; she just didn't like the things that seemed to happen to the boys, history or no history, medals or no medals. He accepted the apology for himself and for his outfit. He said just wait until she saw him in those greens with the red stripes (maybe).

In February when Ray was a boot, hence practically a military cipher, the Ryans decided to drive down to San Diego to help celebrate his birthday. Peggy roasted a large and luscious chicken and baked a three-story birthday cake with frosting thicker than the snow on Mt. Everest.

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Removes
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1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
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4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radian, all new, approved ingredients.

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, when used on feet or toes, quickly relieves Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots. Stops shoe friction; eases pressure. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

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War Coverage & other valuable benefits.

Triumphantly, the three Ryans arrived with the food at the sentry post.

Father Ryan explained that his daughter's boy friend was being forced to celebrate a birthday in the confines of camp and that it wasn't right. He and his family wished to see the boot.

He was told that no boot could see anyone, birthday or not.

Father Ryan, a man with a true Irish tongue, begged to differ. The conversation grew more rugged, and finally the corporal of the guard allowed the Ryans to pass through the gate to petition a commissioned officer.

taxpayers par excellence...

At that office, Mr. Ryan became more eloquent than Parnell. He said that his nephew had never been away from home before, and that—with no invasion pounding at our doors—it was absurd to keep the boy away from a birthday cake and a bit of juicy chicken, with maybe now a drumstick for a reasonable officer.

Despite his forensic zeal, Mr. Ryan won only the chance to take up the matter of a few hours freedom for Mr. Hirsch with a higher officer.

He approached this officer with righteous indignation. He said that his son was a

FOUR-STAR THRILLER!

It's a breath-catching story! A story of action on battlefronts and lives saved and people comforted. This month the Red Cross must raise \$200,000,000. That's a lot of money; it's going to take a lot of giving. But just remember, whether your guy's in Alaska or in the tropics, the Red Cross is with him! **GIVE TO THE RED CROSS WAR FUND!**

good soldier, but hungry. He said that the Ryans were taxpayers, hence actually the employers of the Army, and that as an employer he demanded the right to see his only boy.

The next scene shows Peggy Ryan and Ray Hirsch seated in the back of Mr. Ryan's sedan. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan tactfully went for a walk and an incidental inspection trip of the camp, in the capacity of taxpayers and Army employers.

Ray ate every smidgen of the chicken, including both wings and the neck. Between bites he managed to explain to Peggy that he had never missed anyone in his entire life as much as he had missed her. "Honey," he said, "you're for me."

Then he went to work on the cake and devoured it to the last lonesome drop of frosting clinging to the platter. That delightful mission accomplished, Private Hirsch made a statement: "I could spend the rest of my life eating your cooking," he allowed, which sealed the bargain.

A week later he was allowed his first pass; he made good use of it by buying a slim gold ring set with a small, perfect diamond. "It won't ever double for a kleig," he told Peggy, "but it's ours, and it's paid for."

To commemorate the first anniversary of their engagement last spring, Ray gave Peggy a gold cross set with baguette rubies, strung on a delicate gold chain as a lavaliere. Because of Marine salaries, he bought it Dollar Down system. Each time he could come up to Los Angeles, he bounded



Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY: "I can't afford to buy an extra War Bond." Perhaps you've said it yourself... without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

Yet it is ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high... with people making more money than ever before... with less and less of things to spend money for... practically every one of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very least that you can do is to buy an extra \$100 War Bond... above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, you will probably find that you can buy an extra \$200... or \$300... or even \$500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you "can afford"? Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either... yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds... the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?



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BACK THE ATTACK!
DON'T
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NOW! *Beautiful* **NAILS** AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

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Here's One Of The Best Ways To Help Build Up Red Blood!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood iron—start at once—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS.

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traditional Marine enthusiasm and handed Mother Ryan—over Peggy's rapturous shoulder—a small envelope containing the current payment, a task to which Mrs. Ryan had agreed to attend.

Frequently Mr. and Mrs. Ryan join Peggy and Ray in an evening at the Palladium. Mrs. Ryan appears to be about two weeks older than her slim daughter. They are so similar, in fact, that during the run of "Meet the People" in Chicago, Mrs. Ryan doubled for her daughter. It happened the day after Thanksgiving, when Peggy was suffering from turkey-dressing-pumpkin-cranberry-ice cream complications.

Mrs. Ryan idly slipped into one of Peggy's costumes and found that no snap would have to be moved, no tuck would have to be taken. "I know every line you speak, because I've stood in the wings so long," she said tentatively.

"You go on," groaned Peggy, "so I can die happy."

No one would ever have known the difference if an alert newspaper reporter, who had known the Ryans in the old days, hadn't been hep. He made quite a picture spread of the event when Peggy was well enough to be photographed without a greenish tinge.

Ray, who was at one time the national jitterbug champion, has taught Mrs. Ryan to jitter with the poise and accuracy of a Dorsey whirling dervish, but Father Ryan considers such agile antics unbecoming to the mother of a rising star. He dances the samba, the rumba, the tango and several complicated versions of the one-step so beautifully that Mrs. Ryan doesn't mind relinquishing the Suzy Q.

One night Ma and Pa Ryan were just enjoying themselves when the rest of the dancers gradually formed an admiring circle around them . . . exactly as it happens in the movies. Several of the more rhythmic observers beat it out with flat hands.

"Who are they," someone asked Peggy. "My Dad and Mother," she averred, grinning with pride.

The retort came back incredulously, "If they are anybody's dad and mother that makes me Lewis Stone's big sister. Don't be sil'."

With such a family background it isn't astonishing that Miss Peg performed her first professional dance at the age of 3 for an Elks' Club benefit. She was paid \$3.00, or a dollar for each of her years.

When she was four, in the fine tradition of Scarlett O'Hara, she danced in a frilly net dress that her mother had manufactured out of an old lace curtain.

Peggy was six when it became apparent that Mrs. Ryan was too ill to continue to guide her daughter's dancing career, so Peggy was sent to a private school. It was frightening and lonely for a youngster who had always been pals with her family, and she didn't understand it. She gathered, from visits to her mother, that something was seriously wrong, so she decided to do something about it.

peggy's prayers, inc . . .

She instituted what amounted to a prayer league. One after another, she persuaded every enrollee in the school to say one prayer a day for Mrs. Ryan. Once the promise was exacted, she checked up regularly to find out if the petitions were ascending with proper frequency.

Mrs. Ryan began to improve gradually, so Peggy canvassed her schoolmates. "This week could you say two prayers a day instead of just one? Mother's getting better, and I think if we give her a big boost, she'll be well."

When Peggy was eight, Mrs. Ryan was recovered enough to decide to bring her prodigy to Hollywood. They took a small

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Would have had some time to spare—
If she could have had HAIRTAINERS
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with a touch of Blue Waltz perfume



To get your wings, aim
straight for his heart!
Tonight, wear saucy, un-
forgettable BLUE WALTZ
PERFUME... and his solo
days will be over!

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And its fragrance lasts!



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premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order,
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WILSON CHEM. CO., Inc., Dept. 10-33, TYRONE, PA.

apartment and set out to crash the movies.
One day they made a date for a dancing
tryout the following morning, so the Ryan
ladies rushed home jubilantly to clean and
press one of Peggy's ballet dresses.
"Our great moment!" announced Peggy
with considerable exuberance. "Get us—
going Hollywood." She leaned with force
on the ironing board which promptly col-
lapsed, dropping the iron neatly on one of
Peggy's more important toes.
The doctor told them there was nothing
to do but to wait for the foot to heal in
due time. Peggy danced anyway the next
morning, but the effect was more crane-ish
than swanlike, so another child got the
part. That was one of the bad times.
One of the good times was the celebrated
evening when Peggy was signed to dance
at the Trocadero, at that period the swan-
kiest spot in town. When she pirouetted
out onto the dance floor, her ballet slippers
did a six o'clock, and Miss Peggy sat down
with force. She collected herself, brushed
off her landing gear and made a second
attempt to do a junior Spectre de la Rose
with full fanny effect.

About this time an ingenious head waiter
decided that the floor was possibly a trifle
too slick, so the disgruntled danseuse was
lifted to a table top and there performed
her steps with gusto. When she had finished
and was taking repeated bows, Robert
Taylor strode across the room, bowed and
presented Peggy with one brilliant red
rose. She almost swooned.

Years later, the Ryans in force descended
upon the Troc as patrons. Peggy and her
father walked ahead; Peggy's mother and
grandmother came after. As they tripped
down the stairs, Mrs. Ryan, Sr., stumbled
and almost dived into the center of a
nearby table.

"Mama!" cried Mrs. Ryan.

"Mother, are you all right?" demanded
Mr. Ryan.

"Madame!" moaned the head waiter.

Grandmother Ryan brushed away help-
ing hands. "Just you never mind," she
ordered. "The last time my granddaughter
performed on a table here, she was given
a red rose. I should do as well."

no grass for grandma . . .

Grandmother has, at other times, had a
succinct opinion to express. When Peggy
and her parents moved into a bungalow on
Cahuenga Boulevard and were discussing
the manner in which the small front door-
yard should be landscaped, Grandmother
said, "Don't sow it to grass for goodness
sake. Your father will be so busy he won't
have time to cut it, and you girls are so
dainty that you don't need the exercise.

Plant a good sturdy crop of ivy."

So Peggy planted the entire plot to ivy,
watered it religiously and is now re-
warded by a fine, dense growth in which
you could lose a dachshund forever.

The house itself had been allowed to
retrograde by its previous tenants, so Peggy
and her Ma painted the walls in
each room. That done, they made cur-
tains: ecru for the living room, frilly white
crisscross for the bedrooms and plaid
gingham for the kitchen and breakfast
room. The furniture is blond throughout.

For Peggy's room they made a quilted
white satin spread with a matching bolster
and bought thick white string rugs. Peggy,
with several yards of white net and blue-
barred taffeta, built herself a dressing
table that looks like something filched from
the star department at the Metropolitan.

Peggy's next ambition, if the acting de-
partment continues to be so successful
(and those who know insist that her career
is just getting well started on a terrific
upsweep), is to buy her parents a substan-
tial house in some comfortable suburb.

Peggy's father, who is a color engineer
for Technicolor, says he is still head of
the household, thank you, and Missy will
take orders from him about how she
squanders her money on others. When he
wants a house, he will buy it.

But Peg and her mother exchange know-
ing smiles. A man has his pride and his
own plans, of course, but what chance has
he against the guile of two pixies?

advice to the lovelorn . . .

Speaking of careers, Peggy's has grown
right along with that of Donald O'Connor,
and the two are practically soul mates in a
casual sort of way. She asks him for
advice on the Technique of Handling a
Man. She wants to know, should she
buy Ray this present or that? Don tells
her. When she and Ray have one of their
very, very rare misunderstandings, she
tells Don a highly involved story about
two anonymous friends of hers who have
argued about such and such.

Don, from the heights of utter impar-
tiality, hands down a decision . . . usually
in favor of his fellow male being. Even
if it's partisan, it's helpful.

On the other hand Peggy needles Don
into doing many of the gallant and
thoughtful things that endear a man to a
girl. She reminds him to send flowers to
his hostess after a social affair and urges
him to write thank-you notes to those who
have done him a favor.

Together, they commit grand larceny
upon any and all scenes in which they ap-
pear. The understanding is that they will
never steal from each other, but that
whenever possible they will filch the
camera interest from other players. They
aren't certain yet how successful they were
in this attempt when they appeared with
Richard Dix in "Top Man." Mr. Dix is
an old hand at the game himself. When-
ever they thought they had a particularly
hot bit of business scheduled, Mr. Dix
went before the camera with a few tricks
just a trifle more torrid.

Unprejudiced onlookers have expressed
a desire to see Peggy and Don work in a
picture with Mickey Rooney, no slouch at
dramatic theft himself.

That the relationship between Don and
Peggy is antispectically platonic is indicated
by his answer when a friend asked him
why he didn't date a terrific number like
Miss Ryan. "We go out on double dates,"
he explained. "Gwen and I, Peggy and
Ray. But I've never had a real date with
Peggy because, after all, she's engaged. I
mean, she's engaged to be married."

After placing great emphasis on that last
phrase, he added, "But she's the swellest
girl in the world."

That says it.

Why risk cutting cuticle?

— when it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

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CUTICLE

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the
same method used by professional manicurists.
Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and
apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle
soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be
amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the
10c or 25c size now — at drug, department or
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... keeps cuticle trim without cutting

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BLONDES

All Shades
All Ages

New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights. Safe for children's hair. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry" Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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The unsightly itching misery of many pimples, blackheads, rashes externally caused, and eczema is relieved on contact by Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment the first time used. Then simply use as needed while nature heals. Millions have used Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. It is time-tried and tested. Insist on the genuine Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment, 25c at drug counters or sent postpaid from E. T. Browne Drug Co., 129 Water Street, New York City. (To complete complexion beauty try Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap—effectively medicated—25c.

Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS OINTMENT

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

Newcomers You Should Know:

As you read this item, the name John Harvey probably means very little to you unless you saw the New York production of "Kiss and Tell." In that case, your eyebrows will be up to here with anticipation, and your ears will be extended like the hand of a six-year-old at the word "candy" for news of Mr. Harvey.

John is tall, brown and humorous. He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox and is currently working in "Four Jills and a Jeep." Before that he made "Pin-up Girl" with Betty Grable.

The reason Señor Harvey is important to you readers—pending the release of his pictures—is the fact that he has thought up, in the secrecy of his nifty noodle, a neat gift gadget for his wife. He has started a gold charm bracelet; for each picture he makes, he will add an item to his wife's collection. At present the bracelet consists of a heart (with a picture of John engraved on the outside) for "Pin-up Girl," and a gold jeep for "Four Jills, etc."

Brain Gain:

Did you know that Sonny Tufts has established a scholarship at Yale for some outstanding student each year? When asked if he had specified the course that such a student must take, he said with a grin, "Nope. What good would it do? After all I'm an actor, yet my degree is in anthropology."

Don't let anyone tell you that Carole Landis' book was written by anybody but herself. It happened while she was in New York. She was sitting in her hotel one night, reading, when the thought struck her—as it has you and me—"Why don't I write a book?"

So she did. So three publishers bid on it. There is no particular surprise in her success as anyone who has ever interviewed Carole will be glad to tell you that she handles words the way Harry James handles brass.

Brass Buttons:

Originally, Lt. Robert Taylor had planned to be home for Christmas. His graduation ceremony, awarding him Navy wings, was to have taken place on December 20. However, flying conditions had been so bad at his training field that not enough flying hours could be accumulated, so the ceremony had to be moved forward several weeks. This meant that he couldn't get to Hollywood for the holidays, and Barbara Stanwyck was working in a picture, so she couldn't get away. Thus the Taylors, like many another service family, were separated during the holidays.

Susan Peters has taken a small apartment in San Francisco to be near her husband, Seaman Richard Quine of the Coast Guard. She will be in Hollywood only when picture commitments make her presence necessary.

Last summer, when George Montgomery was a-courtin' Dinah Shore, she said on several occasions, "Shall we stop at my sister's house and take her kids to the beach with us?"

The children consisted of (1) Peter and (2) Linda. Peter had met George on several occasions and was so impressed with that rugged gentleman that he refused to answer to his own name thereafter. "You should have named me George," he announced. "That's what I want to be called from now on."

Last fall Peter and Linda, along with their parents, were transferred to an Army post in Texas. Their father, Captain Maurice Selig-

MISERIES OF

Baby's Cold Relieved As He Sleeps



Now... here's wonderful home-proved medication that works 2 ways at once to relieve distress of child's cold—even while he sleeps!

Just rub throat, chest and back with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Instantly VapoRub starts to relieve coughing spasms, ease muscular soreness or tightness, and invite restful, comforting sleep. Often by morning, most of the misery is gone.

For your baby's sake... try Vicks VapoRub tonight. It must be good, because when colds strike, most modern mothers use **VICKS VAPORUB**

TIPSTIK



... for New Lip Beauty!

It's the lip rouge and applicator combination that enables you to apply the enticingly smooth rouge with the easy skill of a Hollywood makeup artist.

The clever, flame-shaped applicator provides precise lip lines, eliminates brush struggles and messy, red-stained fingers.

Lips stay fresh looking for hours and every last bit of the rouge, in its gleaming black plastic container, can be used.

TIPSTIK shades are rich, fashion-right and as exciting as their names.

5 Glamorous Hollywood Reds

RUMOR RED ☐ ROOKIE RED ☐
darker rich-red
RALLY RED ☐ RIVAL RED ☐ RENO RED ☐
light medium blue-red



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25c

If your favorite store is out of TIPSTIK mail this coupon with 25c to: TIPSTIK COSMETICS—3424 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, 26, Calif. Check color preference above. Your TIPSTIK will be mailed postpaid.

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NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
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DIAMOND
WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT
RING BARGAIN

**TEN DAYS' TRIAL—
SEND NO MONEY**

Introductory offer:—With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight simulated diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful simulated Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of \$2 each, total only \$4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money back guaranteed. War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.

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STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 45 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 2257, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

**GET THIS
FREE
BOOK!**

man, is a flight surgeon attached to the Army Air Corps.

Recently, through one of those inexplicable military happenstances, George Montgomery found himself stationed temporarily at the same camp and was invited repeatedly to the Seligman home.

And here, the question of military rank arose. As a gag, Captain Seligman explained to Corporal Montgomery that the corporal must salute and remain standing while the captain consumed his own morning cereal and/or fruit cup, and that of Corporal Montgomery as well.

It was a good gag, but it didn't work because the first morning it was tried, Peter-George set up such a howl in behalf of his hero that military courtesy had to go by the boards out of respect for the neighbors' ears.

Two Navy ensigns were driving along the highway, bound for Alameda Air Base, when their car spluttered and swooned by the wayside. They checked gas, oil and battery. They checked distributor points. They couldn't discover the woe. Finally they decided that, because of the hour, they must leave Betsy to her lonely devices beside the highway and thumb their way to the station.

The blond ensign stepped a few paces down the highway and assumed as pathetic an air as possible while his fellow traveler tinkered listlessly with the car. Whiz went one car; whiz went another; zip went a third. No ride.

The blond ensign was joined by his buddy, who had given up the car as a lost cause. Still the cars whizzed by shooting back a prop wash that threatened to give the thumb-ers a severe case of pneumonia.

They waited five, ten, fifteen minutes. Twenty, thirty, forty. The situation was well out of hand. "I've got an idea," said the dark member of the duo and turned the spotlight on his blond buddy. Believe it or not, a car stopped. It was, however, a U.S.O. vehicle and would have picked up the stranded pair regardless of any consideration except their uniform.

Safely back at base, the dark gentleman began to rib the light gentleman. "And to think that any one of those cars would have stopped in a minute if they had known who you were," he laughed. "Just for an autograph, they would have stopped."

The blond ensign was Robert Stack.

When Frances Neal answered the telephone one afternoon, she was astonished to learn that the caller was the transoceanic telephone operator and that Lt. Van Heflin was going to call his wife in 36 hours. This pre-call arrangement has been found to be the only possible way in which calls can be completed.

For 36 hours Frances moved in a mist of vital questions to be asked, messages to be delivered and a combination of both.

An hour before the call was put through, the operator called again and explained certain restrictions. During a transoceanic conversation, one may not ask what clothes a man is wearing nor how the weather is. One may not refer to any cablegrams or letters previously written.

At last, Van's voice came over the wires. All his overjoyed wife could think of to say was, "Honey, are you well?" and, "Darling, it's so wonderful to hear the sound of your voice."

And—very important—"Yes, honey, Vanna is getting along fine; she looks more like you every day."

Here is one of the stories just coming to ear, after the whirlwind departure of the Great Mature. When he entered the foyer of the studio publicity department for the first time since his active duty with the Coast Guard, he uttered a yelp of pain upon noting the pictures framed upon the walls. On one side of the lobby were enlarged photographs of Tyrone Power in uniform and John Payne likewise; on the opposite side were two glamour girl shots.

"S an outrage," announced Vic, storming through the halls. "I'm the only guy on the lot who has seen active service overseas, and do I get my picture in the rogue's gallery? Do I? Fine thing!"

Although he kidded the issue, those who knew him well realized that Vic was a little hurt by the oversight, so a matching picture of The Hunk suddenly appeared on the wall above Ty and John.

This, of course, was one of his minor accomplishments. He swept into town like a tornado. He was everywhere at once. He entered more night clubs than the beverage shortage, and he created more laughs than Skelton on a load of feathers. He was a dynamo, a titan. After he had gone, a friend drew a deep breath and described The Hunk: "He's a trim craft about the size of a dinghy, but he's powered with four Pratt & Whitney engines at full throttle."

It was a great day at Paramount when the fair-haired boy of the lot, Alan Ladd, came home from the wars. Word had spread throughout all departments that he would arrive around nine A.M. for the first day of shooting on "And Now Tomorrow," so glad hands were thrust from every doorway, and there were Welcome Home signs festooned from set to set and from roof to roof.

He waded through a thousand greetings and shook hands by the hundred. His voice was getting weak, his back had a distinctly tender spot from the good-natured thumpings he had taken, and he was ready for a breather when he reached the stage on which he was to work.

There, he found that in the midst of all the gala celebration, one colossal detail had been neglected. No one had thought to supply him with that one most important possession of a star: his portable dressing room. It was still languishing in storage.

Bing Singing:

There is an epigram to the effect that if you cast bread upon the waters, it will return as milk toast.

Tenny rate, in the Paramount music department there works a girl named Jeanette Mendelson who is a celebrated do-gooder. Several years ago she was working in New York and knew, because they dropped into her office regularly, a group of ambitious but starving singers called The Rhythm Boys. A good deal of the time they were suffering from hunger, so Jeanette always brought along several extra sandwiches in her luncheon. When any of the boys—and usually it was all three



Can't SLEEP?

Maybe It's NERVES

Don't take the day's worries to bed with you—good advice but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless. DR. MILES NERVINE (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store—Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

DR. MILES NERVINE



I'm not
following
an old
feminine
custom

Thanks to the improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills—and the girls at the plant who told me about them—I no longer suffer on "difficult days". Chi-Ches-Ters are so effective for simple periodic distress because they're more than just a pain-killer. One of their ingredients is intended to help relax cramps and tensions that cause pain. And there's an added iron factor tending to help build up your blood. Be sure to try them for "those days". Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50¢ size, and follow directions on the package.

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

"Before and After"
Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations.
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Free Examination. Send Your Poems to
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BURNS

Quick Comfort for Minor

For a minor burn or scald, spread a liberal quantity of Sayman Salve on a clean cloth or gauze and lay it gently over the affected area so as to exclude air. Leave this dressing on for a few days—then re-dress daily. This grand medicated ointment usually helps to bring welcome relief from pain in surprisingly short order. That's why so many rely on it—for minor burns and scalds; chapped, rough, red skin; externally-caused eczema.

SAYMAN SALVE

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

—dropped in, she would complain loudly about her inability to enjoy a peaceful luncheon hour and would mention sadly the drying condition of the food she wasn't going to have time to eat. The boys always came to her rescue at this point and disposed of the food to keep it from spoiling.

Zip denotes the passing of time which moves Jeanette from New York to Hollywood.

At her desk recently she found that she wasn't going to have time to go to the Commissary, so telephoned and asked them to send a salad, a sandwich and a pot of coffee to her office so that she could have a desk luncheon and so continue her work.

Along the corridors there came, in due time, the genial crooning of one Mr. Bing Crosby, formerly of The Rhythm Boys. He had been in the commissary when Miss Mendelson's order came in, so he had become a singing waiter in memory of the times when he had been a waiting singer.

C'est La Guerre:

When the Victory Committee was arranging itineraries for the stars who left during Christmas week to entertain at Army camps throughout the United States, they approached Lucille Ball apologetically. They explained that not every tour was equally pleasant. There were some camps where accommodations were limited in the extreme and where adjacent towns were so small that only the most rugged of quarters were available. As an illustration, they cited one particular camp and described the surrounding countryside. It sounded like the atmospheric setting for a Boris Karloff picture.

To put it briefly they were breaking the news to Lucille that she had drawn a scrummy assignment. Lucille, nevertheless, was all sweetness and light. She said that a camp in such a locality undoubtedly needed entertainment far more desperately than some of the more pleasantly situated training spots. She would be glad to go, she said with a secret smile, regardless of problems entailed.

What she didn't confide was that her sister's husband happened—by one of those amazing coincidences—to be stationed at that camp, and her sister was living in a tiny house in the nearby village. It appeared that in Lucille's case she was to have the satisfaction of being patriotic and having a wonderful Christmas visit with her sister at the same time.

Two days before Lucille was to leave, she received a jubilant telephone call from the Los Angeles Union Station. It was her sister; her husband had been granted a 14-day furlough, so the pair had sped to Los Angeles to spend the holidays with Lucille.

Altogether, Lucille and her relatives managed to spend three days together—in Los Angeles.

* * *

When Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Mayo Methot, left for overseas on an entertainment tour, M'sieu Bogart dragged out his old trunk, a relic of the time when Bogie served an enlistment in the Navy. On the side was neatly stenciled the legend, H. Bogart, Seaman, 1st class.

Upon arrival at their first port of call, Bogie discovered that he was utterly without luggage. It seems that the Navy, spotting its own, had shipped the trunk to some unannounced destination with other Navy luggage. So Bogie borrowed some G.I. fatigue clothes to give his one shirt a much needed rest.

Macaw Gnaw:

This is a story of mankind's inability to conquer the animal kingdom.

Specifically, it deals with the reason for Sonny Tufts' current Big Stories explaining why his hand has just returned from ban-



for family colds!

When a "cold wave" hits the family, keep plenty of Sitroux Tissues on hand. They're soft enough for tender tot... strong enough for robust pop... and absorbent enough for the most worrisome colds in the family. Keep those germs out of circulation with thrifty, sonitory Sitroux Tissues.

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**NO EXERCISE
NO REDUCING DRUGS
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS**

**THOUSANDS LOSE
3 to 5 LBS. A WEEK,
YET EAT PLENTY!**

Simply take a half teaspoonful of KELP-I-DINE with any meal, (preferably at breakfast). **EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT fatty, starchy foods, merely CUT DOWN on them. That's all there is to it!**

USERS SAY

"Doctor approved."
"Makes one feel wonderful."
"Lost 15 pounds in 5 weeks."
"Feel so much better."
"Lost 21 pounds in 4 weeks."

\$1.00

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY

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947 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for one month's supply of KELP-I-DINE to be sent to me postage prepaid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my \$1.00 will be refunded.

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**"You'll
Love this easy
Skin Care!
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**Dryness
&
Chapping
Blackheads
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externally Caused
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Rash**

YES, even if your skin is grimy from unusual war time duties—Resinol Soap can really cleanse it. Yet it acts so gently and leaves skin so smooth, soft and refreshed, no wonder it's the first choice of so many.

Enjoy this luxury soap with the modest price. Its delightful cleansing helps you "feel like a million."

For dryness, chapping, chafing, minor rashes, surface pimples, that frequently annoy—smooth on some Resinol Ointment. It's wonderful to ease itchy burning and so quicken healing.

Resinol, Dept. MS-2, Balto-1, Md.

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GENUINE DIAMOND**

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

dages, and there appears to be a small but nasty scar on his thumb.

Some time ago a friend of Mr. Tufts was bitten by a pet dog. "If you keep pets that bite," ribbed Sonny, "you have to expect occasional demonstrations. Me, I keep a bird."

The bird is a macaw; his conversational gifts are extensive. The only trouble with him is that he likes to sleep all day and to describe his dreams in ringing tones all night, a habit distasteful to the tired Tufts. One Sunday, Sonny decided to teach the macaw a lesson. Every time Feathers went to sleep, Sonny inserted a hand between the bars of the cage and stirred him until he awakened, blinking.

This went on all day, a contest between Sonny and slumber. The macaw, at first puzzled, went rapidly from bewilderment to fury. The next time he dozed, only to be rudely startled by a human hand, Feathers took a good, juicy, deep bite out of it.

Sonny has told his dog-loving friend that he battered his hand when he ran into a door.

Sub-Par Car:

There was a time in Utopia-On-the-Pacific when a star was known by the car he kept. Currently, however, a paintless kiddie car with an outboard motor which will get 30 miles to a gallon is considered le cabriolet parfait. Ella Raines drives an alleged motor with a finish like a hopeless case of small-pox and more squeaks than a convention of mice. But it gets wonderful mileage.

Recently Ella picked up four sailors and drove them to their destination. "What do you do?" one of the blues asked.

"I'm an actress," replied Ella.

The middies exchanged glances. Three of them suppressed polite smiles, but the fourth observed, "Driving a heap like this, you sure prove that you're in the chips, Sister. But I'm all for you. Always give yourself a build-up, I say."

Dream Sack Lack:

The Schoonover family, of which Gloria Jean is one of the most remarkable members, have been having their troubles. The first thing that happened was that the house they had been renting was sold from under them. By dint of great ingenuity and physical effort they found a house in North Hollywood and bought it. The former tenants were returning to the midwest, so took their furniture with them, and the Schoonovers were faced with the stupendous task of equipping a home.

Beds, of course, were the major problem. After shopping like mad for days, they finally ordered a complete feather equipment. It was to be delivered on a Tuesday morning, but nothing arrived. Nor Tuesday noon. Nor Tuesday afternoon. When the evening paper arrived, they learned that the store from which they had ordered their dream sacks had burned down.

That night they slept on the floor. The next day they started their shopping all over again. It required three days for the mattresses (victory type) to be delivered.

Yes, they all had colds. And stiff necks. And a new respect for G.I.s who go out on five-day bivouacs.

Social Scene:

One of the great cinematic social events of December was the premiere of "The Song of Bernadette" starring sensitive, beautiful Jennifer Jones. The premiere itself was held at Carthay Circle Theater, an impressive showplace halfway between Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. Absent, of course, were the elaborate gowns and jewelry that used to supply the dazzle for such occasions, but very

Corporal George Montgomery and his burn-haired Dinah were there; so were Colonel Tom Lewis and his lovely wife, Loretta Young, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Don and Honore Ameche, Lana Turner and Steve Crane, Mary Pickford and Lt. Buddy Rogers, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, the Fred MacMurrays.

Lon McCallister brought Marjorie Riordan and stood around in agony for several moments, wondering what to do next. He had discovered, when he dived into his pocket for the tickets, that he had forgotten them. It didn't occur to modest "California" that all he had to do was to approach the box office, say "Hello" to the girl there who would have recognized him instantly and supplied replacements. Duplicate ticket stubs had been prepared for just such emergencies, which was a lucky thing for your Good News correspondent as she, also, left her tickets safely on the desk in her office.

As it was, Lon—getting pinker by the moment—struggled through the crowds until he found a studio representative, then explained his dilemma. "My boy," quoth the flabbergasted 20th Century employee to Lon, "just stay as sweet as you are. Such modesty is not only refreshing, but practically unknown hereabouts."

Since it was not only Jennifer Jones' first picture but undoubtedly that which will make her a star, she had been planning for weeks to attend. She had bought a short dress and a long dress, so as to be properly prepared for either a simple or a grand debut. She had her hair done. But the night of the preview she was given instruction—according to intimate friends—to stay at home. Jennifer is under contract to D. O. Selznick and made "Bernadette" on loan-out to 20th Century. Recently she has been working for Selznick in a picture titled "Since You Went Away."

The local presumption is that she is being saved for that premiere so that she can first appear before press and public under the aegis of her contract holder. Such a plan may have been good business, but it was a bad break for the girl who has already had her share of Hollywood heartache.

Quickies:

Rudy Vallee's time is no longer our time. It all belongs to the new Mrs. Vallee, née Betty Jane Greer, who recently married the curly-haired Coast Guard lieutenant in a ceremony held at the Westwood Village Community Chapel. Miss Greer set a bridal precedent by wearing a long-sleeved gold lamé dress, the long skirt of which was slit to the knee in front. Her hat was brown velvet with a starched brown veil. The groom wore the conventional naval uniform and an ecstatic beam.

Also married this month were Robert Hut-ton (for whom Warner Brothers is holding out high hopes) and Natalie Thompson.

Brenda Marshall Holden has been supplied by her husband with nicotine-less cigarettes. Purpose: to help her get rid of that small, throaty cough. By the time you read this, her son, Westy, will be four months old.

Judy Garland and Tom Drake, the Metro sensation who will knock you flatter than an ungummed postage stamp when you see "Meet Me In St. Louis," have found each other.

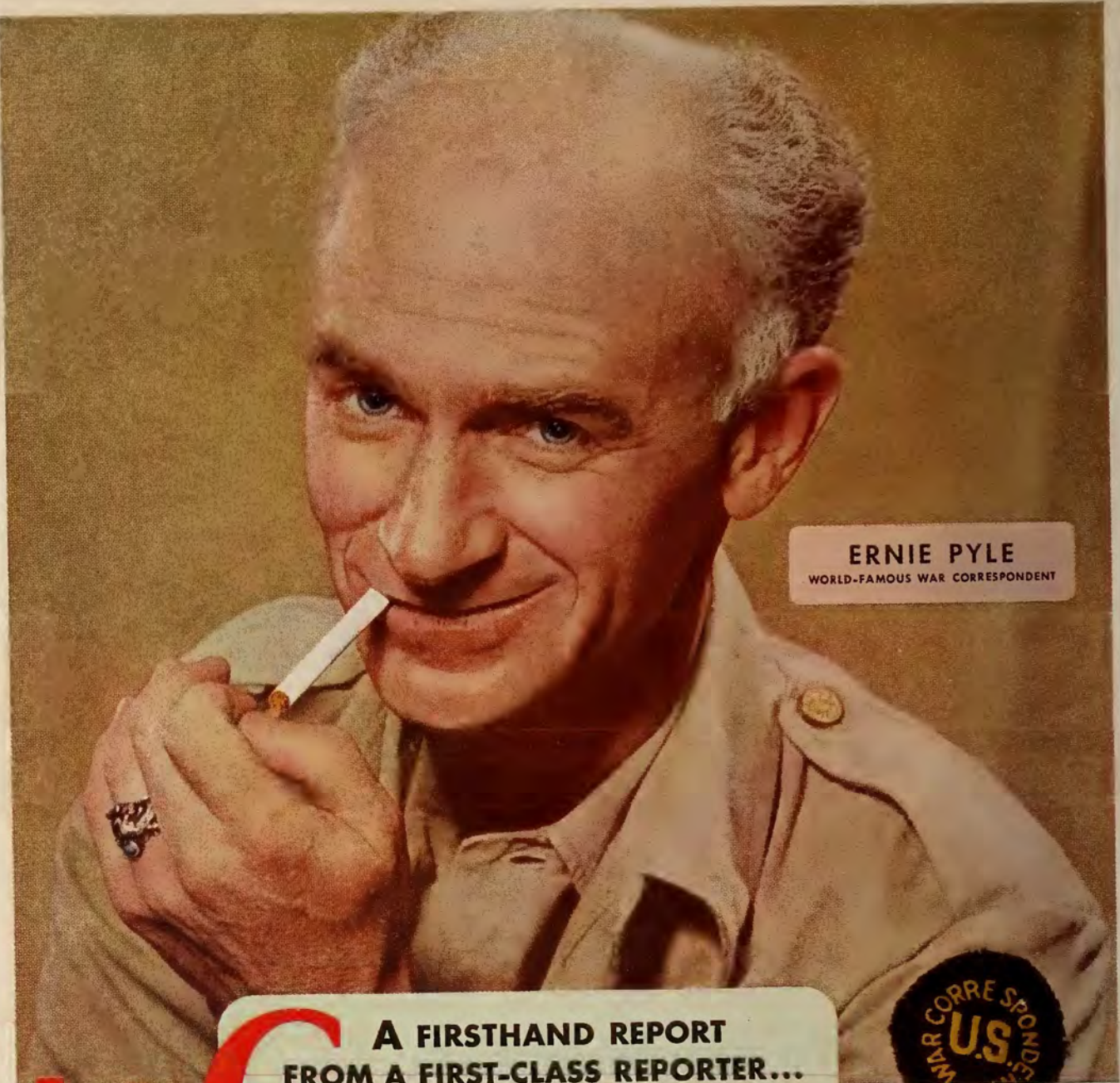
Gene Tierney is currently back in Hollywood, at work on "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." She left her small daughter, Darci, in Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Tierney because the Cassini house is rented, and Gene had no place to live. Cobina Wright, Jr., insisted that Gene move in with her until she could find quarters.

Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson became the parents of a 6 pound 4 1/2 ounce boy. We'll



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