

Modern Screen

APRIL

5¢

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

A DELL MAGAZINE
A DELL MAGAZINE
A DELL MAGAZINE

Shirley Temple

the whacky life story
of DONALD O'CONNOR



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☐ Light Brown
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A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS—ACT NOW!

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

a lovely smile has
beau-catching charm!



Help keep your smile sparkling and appealing with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

DARE TO DREAM, Plain Girl! How do other girls make their fondest hopes come true? How do they win hearts and happiness? Seldom are they great beauties. But often, very often, they succeed because *they know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a brief, hesitant smile, but one that flashes out

radiant and appealing. Remember, though, for such a smile, teeth must be sound and sparkling. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender—deprived of work by soft, creamy foods. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiant!



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Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



A Bright Star wherever she goes—the girl with a radiant smile. Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings "See Here, Private Hargrove" to the screen.

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

Robert Walker whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!



Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in "Bataan"—followed this with a role in "Madame Curie". His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie.

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It's definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweet-heart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

M-G-M's film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one.

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

George Haight produced with great gusto.

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase:
"See—Hear—Private Hargrove!"

—Leo



MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

DONALD O'CONNOR

The toughest, wickedest, smartest kid in show biz—that's what they said about him before he was washed up at 13! Part 1, life story.....

30

EVEN IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES . . .

For all the bickering about brother-in-law, politics and bringing up Maureen, you couldn't find a moonier clan than the Reagans!.....

36

FOR ALWAYS

It's all so terribly typical . . . Glenn marrying Ellie on furlough, taking her up to the big city for their honeymoon, leaving her 10 days later to race back to camp

38

"CALIFORNIA"—HERE HE COMES!

Lon McCallister just about had H'wood in the palm of his hand, when the Call came. And now he's off to the seven seas.....

40

IT'S A BOY

Sure, one kid's wonderful. But—think of the thrill of a Frank Sinatra, Jr., of your very own. Then you'll know how Nancy felt!

42

SINCE THEY WENT AWAY

There've been bad times and good—like Shirley's brother in Pearl Harbor, popping up when they weren't looking

48

HUTTON, INC.

Betty thought the way to break down a wall was to butt her head against it. Marion thought there must be other ways

50

"LADY IN THE DARK"

Ginger was having nightmares all day long until Milland barged in—and made it all a heavenly dream!.....

52

CANTEEN KID

Joan Leslie's getting a short course on "men" at the Hollywood Canteen . . . learning what to do about the homesick guy and the toughie and the calf-eyed romantic one

55

Joan Leslie in Warners' "Rhapsody in Blue".....

54

Lana Turner in M-G-M's "Marriage Is a Private Affair"....

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Susan Peters in M-G-M's "Song of Russia".....

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Margaret O'Brien in M-G-M's "Lost Angel".....

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COVER: Shirley Temple in U.A.'s "Since You Went Away"

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SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

*The First Great Rookie
Comedy of the War*

M-G-M Presents
THE LAUGHS OF
A NATION!



with **ROBERT WALKER**
as Private Hargrove

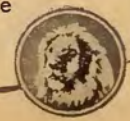


Yes! The riotous
Best Seller is
on the Screen!

DONNA REED · KEENAN WYNN
ROBERT BENCHLEY

RAY COLLINS · CHILL WILLS Directed by **WESLEY RUGGLES · GEORGE HAIGHT**
Produced by

Screen Play by Harry Kurnitz. Based upon the book by Marion Hargrove
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture



MOVIE REVIEWS

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

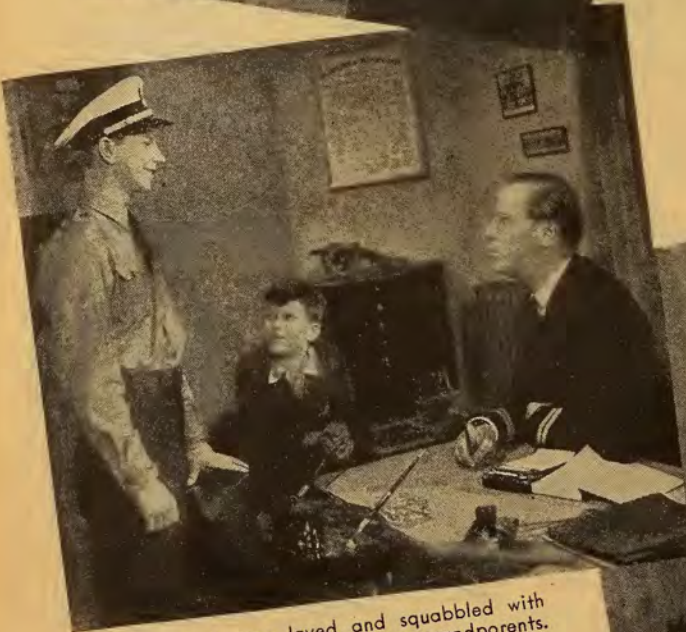
Donald (Don O'Connor) on suspension from Naval Academy, dates Glory (Ann Blyth) on train. Peg (Peggy Ryan) batches things by dewy-eyed greeting.



You can't help liking Donald O'Connor any more than you could help liking a cocker spaniel puppy. They have the same exuberance, the same endearing appeal. Donald, who in real life sticks to one girl like gum to your shoe, has a new leading lady in every picture. This one is Ann Blyth, pretty and charming, who can sing like the well-known nightingale. As usual, Peggy Ryan is around, trying to get Donald to view her with something beside a caustic brotherliness, and getting nowhere. Arthur Treacher, the world's most famous butler, is in the cast, too, playing—yeah, sure, a butler!

Donald is in trouble right from the picture's start. It's tough when you're in love with a girl, and you find out that her mother and your father used to be in love but quarreled and parted. Ditto for her grandmother and your grandfather. It sort of creates a family tradition.

Glory Marlowe III (Ann (Continued on page 8)



Don finds Dad once loved and squabbled with Glory's Mam. Feud goes back to grandparents. (With Quiz Kid Jael Kupperman, Irving Bacon.)



More trouble when Don suspects Dad is a spy. Peggy phones Glory to explain she was only "hamming" at station, is practically sister to Don. Relieved, Glory asks them to "welcome home" party where plot really starts spinning.

By Virginia Wilson

MAKE ROOM IN YOUR HEART
FOR ALL OF THEM!
THE *Sullivans* ARE MOVING IN!

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *BIGGER!*

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *BETTER!*

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *GREATER!*



THE SULLIVANS

Presented by 20th CENTURY-FOX

with
ANNE BAXTER • THOMAS MITCHELL

SELENA ROYLE • TRUDY MARSHALL

and

EDWARD RYAN • JOHN CAMPBELL • JAMES CARDWELL

JOHN ALVIN • GEORGE OFFERMAN, Jr. As "The Sullivan Boys"

Directed by **LLOYD BACON** • Produced by **SAM JAFFE** • Associate Producer

ROBERT T. KANE • Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. • Story by Edward Doherty and Jules Schermer

WATCH FOR—

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
first production since his return
from the fighting front:

**THE
PURPLE
HEART**



Romance OF THE SEVEN SEAS



They're virile and vital to Victory! Big, brave brawny lads whose might and muscle make them the supermen of the American Navy!

John Wayne Susan Hayward in **THE FIGHTING SEABEES**



with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
William Frawley • Leonid Kinskey
J. M. Kerrigan • Grant Withers
Paul Fix • Director—Edward Ludwig
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

Blyth) has a famous actress for a mother and an even more famous one for a grandmother. But they are definitely allergic to Corrigan, and Donald is a Corrigan. Glory doesn't know about the tradition when she meets Donald on a train on her way home from Honolulu. He is going to New York on an extended leave from Naval Academy. Extended by the head of the Academy—"and don't come back until you can behave yourself!" Everything is fine on the train. But when they get to New York, Peggy, a young actress (Peggy Ryan), is at the train to meet Donald, and she greets him with a scene that would have done justice to Juliet! Glory looks the situation over and goes off with her nose in the air, while Donald tries to shake Peggy off. When he follows Glory to her home, he runs into the anti-Corrigan campaign waged by Glory I (Helen Broderick) and Glory II (Helen Vinson), aided and abetted by Quentin (Arthur Treacher), a retired stage butler.

Don goes dejectedly off to his father's apartment, and there the first thing he hears is his dad (Patric Knowles) talking in surreptitious whispers to some guy with a Teutonic accent about "secret plans" and such. The conversation goes on with, "Be sure you aren't suspected" and, "Let's settle the money part of the deal." Obviously Donald's father, a commander in the Navy, has become a spy! Well, anyway, it seems obvious to Donald, who is worried half out of his wits.

He does manage to solve one problem, though. He persuades Peggy to call up Glory and explain that the scene at the station was just the "ham" coming out in her and that Donald is not really her "one and own true love" as she indicated at that time. Glory is relieved to hear it. She really likes Donald a lot and thinking about Peggy hasn't done her peace of mind any good. Now she's so happy that she invites them both to her "welcome home" party. When they arrive and find the place full of producers and theatrical celebrities, Peggy almost knocks herself out trying to attract attention. Glory sings a song, which delights everyone. Then Peggy makes Donald do a dance with her, but by then all the producers have adjourned to the library. They are in a huddle with Glory I and Glory II, persuading them to let Glory III star in a show. Everyone finally agrees that it's a good idea—except Glory III. She's been planning to do some special war work, and anyway she doesn't care about the theater. Donald persuades her to agree, and the producers sigh with relief. But the sigh changes to a scream of anguish when he adds firmly "on condition that all profits go to war relief."

Glory goes into the show, and Donald is sent back to the Naval Academy, to spend the next week worrying over the "spy" angle. But things happen fast when you get kids like Glory and Peggy and Donald as catalytic agents. The first thing you know, all the problems are solved, and everything's "very okay!"—Univ.

P. S.

This was Don O'Connor's next-to-the-last epic before reporting for Army duty. . . . Production marks the cinematic debut of famous Quiz Kid Joel Kupperman, who was not aware of the rumors that he had been hired not only to act but to figure out the income tax of the studio's top executives. . . . Joel learned his lines
(Continued on page 12)

TIPS ON WINNERS

There are things you'd hate to face life without. Like a butter-smooth lipstick. Like good, sturdy moccasins and perfume and sweaters. Especially sweaters. Because you live in them, you're a perfect fiend about details. You've got a right to be. Lois-Anne, who styled the Glamour-Knit below has turned out a collection for Spring in baby-soft colors. The no-droop, no-sag kind! For dope on Glamour-Knits and the booklet they're giving away free, flip to pg. 74. And what better time than this to tell you that if Dorothy Gray's new scent, "Lady in the Dark," were the only prize offered in our contest, this month, we'd still call it worth your while. Instead of standing at a beauty counter fingering its gold-plumed bottle, try snagging it free through the contest. You never know!



Betty Lynn in Glamour-Knit's classic slip-on sweater of 100% wool. Done by stylist Lois-Anne in luscious colors.



Dorothy Gray's tender new Spring scent is caught and held in a clear crystal bottle topped by golden feathered stopper.

*Warner Bros. present once again
the kind of story for which they are famed*

HUMPHREY BOGART

AS MATRAC, THE OUTCAST



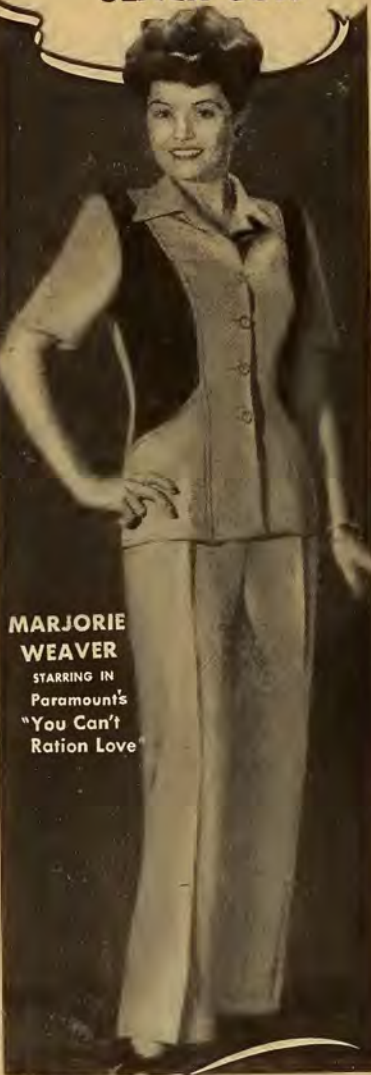
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE

By the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty"

WITH THIS REMARKABLE SUPPORTING CAST:

CLAUDE RAINS · MICHELE MORGAN · PHILIP DORN · SYDNEY GREENSTREET · HELMUT DANTINE · PETER LORRE · GEO. TOBIAS
A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION ☆ Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Jack Moffitt • From a Novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall • Music by Max Steiner ☆ DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

"SCRIPT GIRL" SLACK SUIT



**MARJORIE
WEAVER**
STARRING IN
Paramount's
"You Can't
Ration Love"

Two-tone effect does miracles to trim you—slim you! Jacket and slacks gorgeously tailored of a rich, lustrous rayon fabric that's wonderfully crush-resistant! Two deep pockets in semi-fitted jacket. Smartly designed slacks drape beautifully! Sizes 10 to 20. **\$8.98**, plus postage.

Send no money. We mail **C. O. D.**

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money.

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6402 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California

Please send "Script Girl" Slack Suit, at **\$8.98**, plus postage.

Color combinations:

Brown and Navy and Green and Red and
Aqua ☐ Powder ☐ Gold ☐ White ☐

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Co-ed



Feeling useless as a steak knife? Cadet Nurse Corps is a life-saver for you . . . and a couple dozen doughboys!

Last month we told you that henceforward "Co-ed" would be strictly love stuff, and here we go reneging on you right off the bat. Can you forgive us just this once? If we ask you very, very pretty please? If we give you an awful good reason?

Came a letter in our mail that really got us. It said: "I want to know all there is to know about the United States Cadet Nurse Corps. Why? Well, you see, there's a guy. He was wounded in Italy, and he'd be dead now if it weren't for an Army Nurse. She went without sleep for more than forty-eight hours to take care of him. She followed the doctor's orders to the letter—plasma, morphine—the usual routine for a lad who'd bled a lot and who hurt like anything. But he was too low for medicine alone to help. She knew it, and she stayed with him hour after hour, holding his good hand (the left one's gone) and talking him into fighting back at death. She did a job. He's well again, and he wrote me yesterday, 'Tell every nurse you see to come on over, the war's fine. Seriously, though, we could use dozens more of them. Why aren't they coming (Continued on page 24)

"AT LEAST YOU MIGHT TAKE YOUR HAT OFF"



Paulette
cooks up a
bed for Fred—
but a job goes
with it—he's
a butler!...
(And is he
burning!)



Melisse throws a kiss to the two lovers in the comedy of the decade about the pretty secretary and her boss who pose as cook and butler and turn Washington-town topsy-turvy!

PAULETTE FRED
GODDARD • MACMURRAY

in
**"STANDING
ROOM ONLY"**

LAUGHING
ROOM ONLY

A Paramount
Picture

Looks like Fred
and Paulette are
cooking on the
front burner!



Roland Young's
a henpecked
wolf!



with
Edward Arnold • Roland
Hillary Brooke • Porter Hall

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
Screen Play by Darnell Ware and Karl Tunberg



Edward Arnold
pours it on!



They took
Washington
lying down!



quickly, explained it was just like memorizing multiplication tables, only with words instead of numbers. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Kupperman and sister Harriet made the trip with young Joel, convoyed him safely through a maze of luncheons, guest appearances, radio broadcasts. . . . Asked what he liked best in Hollywood, seven-year-old diplomat Kupperman answered, "Everything". . . . Director Charles Lamont decided to save wear and tear on his vocal chords and began summoning young Ann Blyth to the set via an old-fashioned school bell. Ann is just 17 years old, has to spend three hours each day in school. Class hours don't run in consecutive sequence, so Ann has to grab lessons between scenes wherever she and her teacher can find a quiet spot. The bell idea went over big with everyone but Peggy Ryan. Kiddled Peggy, "Sure, it saves your voice—but what about our ear drums?" Peggy herself, now 18, is enjoying her first year out of school, sadly tsks-tsks at the sight of Ann struggling with her daily homework. . . . Picture has had three name changes, final one chosen to follow pattern of Don's other films, "Mr. Big," "Top Man." . . . Kids had real acting competition from experts Helen Broderick and Ernest Truex, both of whom were top stage stars years before they came to Hollywood. Helen and Truex spent their spare time between scenes recalling favorite curtain speeches, punch lines from their long careers.

COVER GIRL

It takes something pretty special to be a Cover Girl. The kind of thing Jinx Falkenburg has, and Betty Jane Hess. Just the words "Cover Girl" have come to mean glamour. There's plenty of glamour and beauty in this picture, but there's a lot

SEE YOU AGAIN APRIL 11!
The May issue of MODERN SCREEN will be on the stands April 11. With dealers selling out as quickly as they have been, even a small delay might find you going without your May issue. Better buy your MODERN SCREEN the day it hits the newsstands.

more than that. There's a lovely red-haired dancer from Brooklyn, who becomes a Cover Girl overnight. And a man who's in love with her and wants her to be successful, but not the easy way. And another man who offers her the world of diamonds and mink and caviar every night for dinner. It's quite a story—I think you're going to like it, and the people in it.

Rita Hayworth plays the dancer, Rusty. Rusty works in a "joint" in Brooklyn—Danny McGuire's place. Danny (Gene Kelly) knows his place is a joint. It has to be, he hasn't the money to make it anything else. But he runs it right, and he has ambition. Maybe some day he and Rusty will have a real place. "Oh well, what's the use of just dreaming?" Danny says. "Hard work is the thing—that's the way dreams come true." But Rusty gets tired of it. Rehearsals all the while and her feet hurting. So, unknown to Danny, she goes to New York to enter "Vanity" magazine's Cover Girl contest.

She sees Miss Jackson (Eve Arden), the wisecracking editor, and then Mr. Coudair (Otto Kruger), the publisher. Mr. Coudair is entranced with Rusty. She's definitely the girl he wants on the cover. So every-

thing's fine, isn't it? Everything but telling Danny. Once the cover appears, nobody has to be told anything. The columnists and reporters attend to that. Danny's place is swamped with photographers, sob sisters and baskets of red roses. The latter arrive every hour on the hour and are from a producer named Wheaton (Lee Bowman), who is determined to get Rusty in his show if it takes every rose in New York. The rest is an exciting romantic tangle, with the "Cover Girls" featured in a number that's a honey. La Hayworth is gorgeous in Technicolor, and Gene is as good as he was in "Pal Joey."—Col.

P. S.

"Cover Girl," in case there is anyone who doesn't know, is a phrase describing a young beauty who has become famous through having her face appear on the cover of one or more national magazines. . . . Fifteen beauties were brought to Hollywood by Anita Colby, dean of the cover girls, and ensconced in a huge mansion rented for them by Columbia studios. . . . Only one of them not called by name in the film is Dusty Anderson, "Farm Journal's" choice. Her name was too similar to "Rusty," Rita Hayworth's character name in the picture. . . . Mexico has officially adopted Jinx Falkenburg as the ideal American Tourist—by order of Señor Alejandro Buelna, chief of the Departamento de Turismo. . . . In one of the most spectacular dance scenes, strips of tinfoil one inch long drift down from a studio mountain top. Between takes, every bit of the silvery stuff had to be picked up for the next shot. All the experts' ingenuity couldn't figure out a way to do it quickly. A magnet wouldn't work; neither would a vacuum cleaner. Picking them

IRRESISTIBLE *as always!*

We dedicate to the
CADET NURSE

IRRESISTIBLE *air whipt* **FACE POWDER**

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is your time-saving, sure aid to beauty because it gives your skin a mat-smooth surface, clings longer, stays color-true and is non-drying. Ten flattering new shades.

10c—25c SIZES



IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

STAYS ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!



That "Irresistible something"
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



up by hand was the only way. . . . Rita got a bit cloud-sick during her dance among the synthetic cumuli. And having to trip gaily down a narrow trail with sheer drop-offs on each side (no hand rail) didn't help her unhappy tummy one bit. . . . Biggest event of the production, outside of the picture itself, was the marriage of Rita to Orson Welles. Entire cast and crew knocked off work and staged an impromptu party when she returned to finish her scenes for the day. . . . Most elaborate costume Rita wears is a red velvet costermonger outfit studded with 1866 white pearl buttons. Required the full time of wardrobe mistress Roselle Novello to check before each take to see if Rita had all her buttons!

SONG OF RUSSIA

This will probably be Robert Taylor's swan song to pictures for the duration, since he has joined the Navy. Quite a song it is, too, combining stirring Russian music with a tender love story and a background of war.

Bob (he's almost unbearably handsome in this role) plays an American composer who goes to Russia on a concert tour. The tour is arranged by his manager, Hank (Robert Benchley), but it is no part of Hank's plan that John should fall in love with a Russian girl. However, love has a way of catching up with us when we least expect it. It catches up with John in Moscow.

The girl is Nadya (Susan Peters), who has come from a little village near Smolensk to ask him if he will attend their music festival there the next month. John talks to her, listens to her play the piano, gazes into her eyes. "This," he says firmly to Hank, "is the girl to show me Russia." They have some happy days together in Moscow, but then Nadya steals away, back to her own village. She is sure that the difference in their background is too great—that the famous composer can't really love her, as he says.

John comes to her village for the festival, and this time he will have no nonsense about backgrounds. They are married, amid the delighted approval of the villagers and set off on his concert tour together. They are far too wrapped up in each other to notice the threatening signs of war. Until that black day when the Germans march into Russia. Nadya—a Russian before anything else—leaves immediately for home to do what she can to help. John must go on with his concert tour. But when he hears that the Nazis are near Smolensk, he drops all his plans and hurries away to be with Nadya. The journey to the village is a perilous one. John must take his chances with German bombers and advance guards of Nazi soldiers. What he sees along the way, and the scenes of desolation that greet his arrival, show us the strong, bitter courage of the Russian people. The ending is not only romantic but a tribute to Russo-American friendship.

Susan Peters lives up to her earlier promise in her portrayal of Nadya. John Hodiak is excellent in a small part. And you'll love the music!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Metro turned tattle tale when studio bosses discovered Susan Peters was taking a long swim in the Pacific every morning before reporting to work—called her mother, with whom she lives while in Hollywood, and requested that she put a stop to this dangerous morning routine. . . . Susan's mother assured the front office that she knew of this habit and fully approved. Seems Susie has been an excellent swim-

"Why does that red head always pick on my date!"



Jean: With all the men she's got, you'd think she'd let *my* date alone! I'd like to give her a piece of my mind. Bob's skated more with *her* than with me!

Ann: She's a snazzy skater—but that needn't curdle *you*, glamour puss! You're much prettier, Jean, and you can stop worrying if you'll listen to a word of wisdom.



Jean: . . . but underarm odor! You know I never miss my morning bath!

Ann: Baths can fade fast, my pet. Why not play safe with Mum, every day!



Jean: What a silly goose I was not to know baths simply wash away *past* perspiration. But Mum after every bath prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*.



HEY, HOW ABOUT TURNING THAT SWEETNESS MY WAY?

(TO HERSELF)
M-M-MM! BOB REALLY THINKS I'M SPECIAL—SINCE I MADE A HABIT OF MUM!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Don't let underarm odor spoil your charm!

MUM is quick! Only 30 seconds to use Mum—prevents underarm odor all day or all evening.

MUM is safe—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Won't harm clothes!

MUM is sure—Trust Mum to guard your daintiness through busy days or dancing evenings. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around.

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is dependable—ideal for this important purpose.

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"Forget-Me-Not" Memos of their friends
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and many others.

mer since she was six years old. . . . The short-wave sending and receiving set in Miss Peters' dressing room is no gag. Susan is actually studying Morse Code with an eye toward a future Civilian Defense job. . . . Dr. Albert Coates, famous composer-conductor, came to Hollywood to collaborate on the score for "Song of Russia" . . . stayed to become an actor. Dr. Coates was at the piano going over Tschai-kowsky's "Piano Concerto" when the question arose as to who would play the instrument when Robert Taylor conducted the Symphony orchestra in the picture. They took a few test scenes, and Dr. Coates got the job. . . . A few of the battle scenes were filmed in the Cheviot Hills section of Los Angeles the day after an air raid alert. Just as explosives were set off to simulate a Nazi attack, a flight of U. S. bombers flew overhead. Inside of ten minutes six local air raid wardens had reported for duty. . . . Several hundred Hollywood extras stood on tired and aching feet for three days during a concert sequence—the band was playing "The Star Spangled Banner." . . . Bob Benchley turned his portable dressing room into a business office and wrote the first three of a series of short film subjects he is doing for the Government. . . . Director Gregory Ratoff was up to his usual standards for demanding authenticity in his sets. The Soviet farmhouse is an exact replica of a Russian home, and the pictures on the wall are of Mr. R. as a small boy—taken at his home in Moscow.

THE SULLIVANS

This is the funniest, saddest, truest, most human picture you've ever seen. You remember the Sullivan boys. The five brothers who were lost when the Juneau went down? This is their story, and don't stay away because you think it's going to be war and tragedy and stuff. You'll laugh harder than you have in months, believe me. And if you shed a couple of tears at the end, they're the kind that will do you good.

The Sullivan family are as Irish as County Down. "Pop" Sullivan (Thomas Mitchell) is a brakeman on the railroad that runs past their little frame house in Waterloo, Iowa. The kids are crazy about "Pop," but they have to look out for his quick temper. "Mom" (Selena Royle) is the one they turn to for comfort and arbitration in the constant disputes that crop up between five lively boys and their sister.

The story begins when the boys are all at the sliding-down-bannisters age. All but little Al (Bobby Driscoll), who lands on the floor in a sitting position every time he tries it. Al is determined to do everything his older brothers do. He spends most of his time chasing frantically after them, yelling, "Hey, fellows, wait for me!" But when the Sullivan boys are in a fight—and that's pretty often—Al's right in there punching with the rest of them.

Those kids can get in more trouble than you ever saw! Usually with the best intentions in the world. Like the time they wanted to make a woodbox for Mom and ended by cutting a large hunk out of the side of the house (in zero weather), breaking a water pipe and turning the kitchen into a skating rink.

Of course when they grow up, things are different. They are still getting into jams but of a different kind. Al falls deeply in love with a girl named Katherine Mary (Anne Baxter). His older brothers think it's puppy love and decide to break it up. But they end by going, en masse, to Katherine Mary to apologize. They're wonderful kids. You'll love them. And you'll understand why even

Your Birthstone tells the Month



April—the month of gay, Spring finery—when hands should be their loveliest, to complete your well-groomed look. Use Sofskin to keep your hands softer, smoother, whiter than you ever dreamed. Takes only a moment to apply. Convince yourself by asking for the Sofskin courtesy application at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

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Down the Drain?

Vicky Victory

YOUR HAIR AID WARDEN
SAYS:

Don't lose precious hair and bobbie pins "Down the drain"—be sure to use the stopper and save your pins and plumber bills too.



WIN \$5 for every Hair and Bobbie Pin
Conservation Hint published. This hint from:
Mrs. Dorothy Bouillion—Columbus, Ohio

FREE Write for Vicky's new booklet—
full of interesting conservation hints.

VICTORY

SMITH CORPORATION BUFFALO, N. Y. ROY S. RAIN, President
"ORIGINAL" HAIR AND BOBBIE PINS

the Navy couldn't separate them. The fighting Sullivans always stick together! Watch particularly for Bobby Driscoll playing "Al" as a child, and Edward Ryan as "Al" grown up. Thomas Mitchell is wonderful as "Pop," and Anne Baxter plays Katherine Mary with charming sincerity.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

"The Sullivans" is based on the real life story of the five Sullivan brothers from Waterloo, Iowa, who were lost in the sinking of the cruiser Juneau in November '42. But it's not a war picture. Sam Jaffe and Lloyd Bacon, after talking to Mom and Dad Sullivan, decided on a comedy of family life. Actual combat lasts three and a half minutes on the screen. . . . Mom and Pop visited set. The movie was shot in Santa Rosa, masquerading as Waterloo, Iowa. On a blistering, 104 degree day, they shot the snow scenes—sprinkled ersatz flakes on the sweltering streets. . . . Three of the boys, Eddie Ryan, James Cardwell and John Campbell wound up with long termers at 20th because of their wonderful acting. Toughest thing for Jimmy C. was learning to ride a motorcycle. Took him two weeks.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BOYS

Married people quarrel over the silliest things! And then they're both too stubborn to say they're sorry, and the misunderstandings pile up, and the marriage goes on the rocks. That's what happens to Tony West (George Raft) and Gloria Vance (Zorina). Tony is used to being the boss—he has managed the "Three Wests," a vaudeville unit, most of his life. When vaudeville dies, he leaves his father (Charles Grapewin) and his sister Kitty (Grace McDonald) in New York, and starts for Hollywood and pictures. There he meets Gloria, who is a dancing star. In spite of the fact that Tony is only a "gentleman of the ensemble," he manages to high-pressure Gloria into thinking she needs a dance partner. Him. It really works, too, and the Vance-West combination becomes a spectacular click with the box-office.

You'd think Tony could relax a little, then. Well, he does take time off to marry Gloria. But then they go right back to work, and he just doesn't ever get around to remembering anniversaries or saying, "Darling, I love you." And the war comes along. Tony can't get into the Army because of a bad heart, but he starts organizing show business into units to tour the camps, eventually even go overseas. He's the busiest guy in Hollywood. And Gloria? Well, Gloria has a little secret she'd like to tell Tony if she could ever catch him when he wasn't at a meeting or on the long distance telephone or away on tour. But Tony goes on being "too busy," and finally Gloria walks out on him. Without telling the secret.

They are both hurt, and both bewildered by what's happened to them. If they could only talk things over—but something always intervenes. So Tony books himself and his father and his sister as a U.S.O. unit to go to Australia. Louie (Charles Butterworth) and his dog Fifi, who were in vaudeville with the Wests, go along. So does Sophie Tucker and the Andrews sisters. Their boat is destined never to reach Australia, but at the end of the picture there are still "The Three Wests" doing their bit for America.

You never saw such a fabulous number of guest stars. Charles Boyer, W. C. Fields, Donald O'Connor—dozens of them. Better go, or you'll miss your favorite.—Univ.

(Continued on page 18)

"I know I'm Needed —but how can I get a war job?"

"The More Women at War —The Sooner We'll Win!"

Getting a war job is *easy*—in most communities—once you've made up your mind to help speed Victory! Millions of women are needed, *at once*. Even if you've never worked before, you can *learn while you earn* in a job that's suited to you. Here's how you can find that job . . .



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—and choose any available civilian job you think you can do. Be a waitress! Drive a bus! Help in a hotel . . . laundry . . . drug store! Full or part time, a "home front" job is just as essential—vital to Victory—as working on an assembly line!



Inquire at Your Local Hospital

—if you're 17 to 35 years old . . . get details about training *free*, with pay, for the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps. Nurses are desperately needed to replace those who are in the Service. Help care for civilian sick or injured, new mothers and babies!



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—and find out, without obligation, whether you can qualify to join the Wacs, Waves, Spars or Marines. As a Service woman, you'll free a soldier for combat . . . shorten the war. And, you'll be learning an important job you may need, in peacetime.

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war effort by Kleenex* Tissues



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Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 106 for details.

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Illustrated, easy-to-follow instructions on how to knit, purl, increase, cast off. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Throw a Party.....☐
How to make a splash, dinners, teas, showers, entertaining year 'round. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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A primer for kitchen-shy brides. How to buy, budget, serve lush meals. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

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Tests that analyze you and your guy—what sort of twosome you'll be. Free, just send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send 5c for this chart as well as self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kinkead. How to make that PFC ask for a second date or when to let Jr. don long trousers. Every letter answered personally. See page 25 for details.

**FOR
GLAMOUR**



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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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Matchless music by **JEROME KERN**

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Dazzling **TECHNICOLOR**

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and **15** of America's most

Beautiful **COVER GIRLS!**

All this ...

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RITA HAYWORTH
GENE KELLY

Cover Girl
in **TECHNICOLOR**

with **Lee Bowman · Phil Silvers · Jinx Falkenburg**
Screen Play by **VIRGINIA VAN UPP** • Directed by **CHARLES VIDOR** • A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Produced by Arthur Schwartz

P. S.

Zorina does her first professional ballroom dancing in this picture. Also does two solos—a beguine and a ballet jitterbug number, done in front of a line of chorus boys. Used her last two pair of open-meshed lastex hose for these dances . . . will have to have her legs painted in all numbers for the duration. . . . "Black and white" dance sequence, which is done by white-costumed dance teams on a black masonite floor, was shot on the former "Phantom of the Opera" set. . . . Unable to get suitable dancing shoes for her solo ballet, Zorina dyed the pair she wore in "Louisiana Purchase". . . . The mute horn played by Charlie Spivak is his own invention. He calls it a "Whispo" because it can be played so softly, it can't be heard by anyone standing more than three feet away. Charlie spent six months perfecting the instrument—stuffed silk, satin, rags, paper and cardboard into the bell of his trumpet until he had the desired effect. Felt the horn should be muted to a bare whisper to bring out the pulsating rhythm of the beautiful "Besame Mucho."

At an airport on the English coast, an American newspaperman (John Loder) is listening to a strange story. It's told him by a Free French captain, Freycenet (Claude Rains), and he knows it must be true. But it still sounds pretty fantastic.

"At the beginning of this war," Freycenet says, "I was on my way to France on a freighter, from New Caledonia. In the middle of the sea we came to what we at first thought was a bit of floating wreckage. Mais non, it was a canoe, of the most primitive. In it were five men, half dead of exposure and thirst."

The men are, of course, taken aboard the freighter. One of the passengers on board, Major Duval (Sydney Greenstreet), immediately suspects them of being exactly what they are—convicts who have escaped from that most sinister of all prisons, Devil's Island. He does his best to trap them into admitting it, but the men led by Matrac (Humphrey Bogart) are too clever for him.

When the news of France's surrender reaches the freighter by wireless, Duval, who is a Fascist sympathizer, and his friends, try to take over the boat for Petain. But the convicts join forces with the true Frenchmen on board and defeat them. The convicts are admittedly an unsavory lot . . . murderers, Army deserters and pickpockets. Matrac is a journalist who was railroaded to prison for his political convictions. All of them love France and hate the Nazis.

Even after they dispose of Duval, the battle isn't over. The Fascist wireless operator has radioed their position to a German bomber. So the fight goes on—but you must see its exciting finish for yourself.

(Continued on page 20)



Do you belong?

Stop a minute and check up on the list below. Do you belong to any of the groups shown there? If so, then you really *must* discover Tampax, which was originated and perfected by a physician to help women keep active during those "trying days" of the month.

▶ Housewives	◀ Gardeners
▶ War workers	◀ Taxi drivers
▶ Secretaries	◀ Club Women
▶ Students	◀ Teachers
▶ Service Women	◀ Nurses
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Tampax prevents embarrassment in two ways. Being worn internally it does not cause *costume bulges* and it does not cause *odor*. Tampax needs no belts, pins or pads. Made of pure absorbent cotton, it comes compressed in throw-away applicator. Insertion is quick and dainty—disposal easy. Wear Tampax in shorts or slacks or bathing suit. Wear it in tub or shower or while in swimming. It's really modern!

Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) provide a choice of three different *absorbencies* for early days and waning days. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Or for 98¢ you can have the Economy Package containing an average 4 months' supply! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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QUESTIONNAIRE

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

Donald O'Connor Life Story, Part I	☐	Even in the Best of Families (The Reagans)	☐
"California—" Here He Comes! (Lon McCallister)	☐	"Lady in the Dark"	☐
Hutton, Inc. (Betty and Marion)	☐	Canteen Kid (Joan Leslie)	☐
For Always (Ford-Powell)	☐	It's a Boy! (Frank Sinatra)	☐
Since They Went Away (Shirley Temple)	☐	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

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SNAP FASTENERS SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 18)
That Bogart is really something!—War.

P. S.

Longest name on the payroll for this film (or any other, for that matter) was Feodor Karkovhonorostoffchovitz. Time office couldn't get his name on a check, paid him off in cash. . . . Bogart and Peter Lorre, who are great pals, spent their lunch hours wandering through local eateries, spoiling everyone's appetite with their weird appearance—beards mud-matted, eyes bloodshot, faces generally grimy and gruesome-looking. . . . All the members of the "Ville de Nancy" crew were experienced stunt men, instead of extras. Producer Hal Wallis felt they could take better care of themselves during the violent action. . . . The Senegalese troops, 324 Negroes recruited from Central Avenue, were trained in military formations by Sylvain Robert, a former commander of Spahis in North Africa.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

Growing up is a tough process. Parents can help, if they're the right kind. The wrong kind just make things tougher. There are both kinds in this picture. There is tragedy which comes of teen age girls and boys hurled along too fast by the rush of war. One of the boys—a typical one, perhaps—is Frankie (Glenn Vernon). Frankie is tired of "wasting time" in school. He wants to get out and be a welder or do something important. Besides, he wants money to spend on the girl next door, Sarah Taylor (Tessa Brind).

Frankie's parents don't like the Taylor family, who are new in the neighborhood. The Taylors work in a war plant, leaving Sarah home to care for her two younger sisters. And at night Sarah has to stay home, too, while her father and mother "go out on the town." It's not much of a life for Sarah. She loves Frankie, but she hardly ever gets a chance to see him. The night of her birthday she slips out to meet him, and that's when trouble steps up. Frankie has gone away, and Sarah meets Larry Duncan (Lawrence Tierney), who is older and has money to spend. He persuades her to go with him and Toddy (Bonita Granville) to a roadhouse. Toddy is a tough little neighborhood girl, and she isn't too pleased to have Sarah along, particularly since Larry is obviously attracted to her.

Frankie hears that Sarah has been seen with Larry. "I've got to get some real dough," he says savagely. "I'll show that Larry!" The way to fast money, he hears, is through stolen tires. Frankie agrees to try a "little job" along that line. The result—for him, for Sarah, for Toddy and Larry—is tragedy. It's one of those sorry messes that pile up so quickly from a single misstep.

Kent Smith as Dannie, a wounded soldier who tries to help the neighborhood kids, is a figure of quiet irony. Bonita Granville is appallingly real as Toddy. Glenn Vernon, Tessa Brind and half a dozen others turn in accurate portrayals of youth in a jam. We can all learn a lesson from "Are These Our Children?" and we'd better learn it fast.—RKO.

P. S.

Bonita is now a full-fledged star, complete with seven-year contract and a dressing room of her own. Became 21 in February, incidentally. Used to be in sixth place as far as the number of letters was concerned, but now she's in second place, topped only by Ginger Rogers, Queen of the RKO lot. . . . Debuting in this is Tessa

This is IT!



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Created for young skins and those that would look young!

It "sponges-on" like velvet.
It's powder and base in one.

Veils tiny lines and freckles,
Yet Campus isn't drying!

Imparts a rich, even tone that
Stays lovely all day or evening.

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Brind, rosy-cheeked young Viennese fresh from the Broadway run of "Watch on the Rhine." Tessa is now under contract to David Selznick. Is already known to radio fans through many appearances as guest on the Quiz Kids program. She speaks four languages fluently, escaped from Europe just two steps ahead of Hitler's hordes.

BROADWAY RHYTHM

Step up to anybody from Timbuktu to Teheran and say, "What's the most famous street in the world?" You'll get just one answer—"Broadway." It's the street of glamour and music and heartbreak. It's the street of stars on the way out and others on the way in—of success that's soon forgotten and failure that turns into success overnight. It's the street of people like the Demming family. . . .

Jonnie Demming is a song and dance man—a successful one. He is played by George Murphy, which is a good thing, because George is one guy who really looks and acts like the Jonnies of Broadway. Jonnie, with a record of three successful shows behind him, is producing another. His father, Sam Demming (Charles Winninger), gets a wistful look in his eye every time the show is mentioned. He'd love to be in it. "You're retired!" says Jonnie firmly. His kid sister Patsy (Gloria DeHaven) gives Jonnie the same sort of trouble. She's sure there ought to be a spot for her in the show, but he unsympathetically sends her back to school and mutters, "What a family!"

A visiting star from Hollywood, Helen Hoyt (Ginny Simms), has been suggested as the lead, but Jonnie says no, he wants a Latin type. So Helen comes around in a black wig and a mantilla, trailing a couple of duennas, and he goes for it and offers her the part. But by then Helen has changed her mind and refuses it, to Jonnie's baffled fury. Especially since he has promptly fallen in love with her.

Meantime his dad has unearthed a play from an old trunk of Jonnie's, and he and Patsy are going to produce it in a barn up in the country. Helen hears about it and not only backs them financially but agrees to play the lead herself. They hire Lena Horne and Hazel Scott, and their manager, Rochester, who doubles in brass as a chauffeur and valet, and they're all set. Just then Jonnie finds out what's going on, and the sparks start to fly—in Technicolor. In fact, the whole thing's Technicolor. And very pretty, too.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Ginny took a short vacation from "Broadway Rhythm" to make her first personal appearance in San Francisco since she sang there years ago in night clubs. This time she sang with the Symphony Orchestra. . . . George Murphy became a papa for the second time when Melissa Elaine was born while picture was in production. . . . Johnny Green was married to Bunny Waters just before the completion of the picture. Cast wasn't lucky enough to see the ceremony, but Johnny and Bunny brought back great hunks of gooey wedding cake for all to share.

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP

Martha Raye is talking to a general. "General," she says impressively, "I sure wish I was a man! I'd be right over there in the thick of the fight!" "Really?" says the General politely. "Yes, sir!" says Martha, beginning to believe it herself. "If they'd just send me over there as an entertainer of something, I'd be the happiest girl in the world!" "Me, too," chorus Kay Francis, and Carole Landis and Mitzi Mayfair. After all, it doesn't do any harm to say those things, and they want the General to go away happy. "Girls," says

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the General, "it's a wonderful idea. Be ready to start next week!" That noise you hear is the girls falling in a faint on the floor.

Anyway, that's how it happens in the picture. The girls are sent to England where they get the greeting of their life from the troops. They put on shows in all the camps, big and little, and between shows they do their laundry and pour pails of water over each other in lieu of showers and are adopted by a sergeant named Eddie (Phil Silvers). Eddie takes them everywhere in his jeep. "It's a wonderful car," he says, taking four bumps in a row without slowing down once. "Paid for, too." "Now I know how a chocolate milk shake feels," mourns Martha, holding her head.

While they're in England, Carole falls in love. The man is a handsome Air Force captain named Ted (John Harvey). Mitzi is in love, too, with a soldier, Dick (Dick Haymes), who used to do a vaudeville act with her. Carole and Ted get married, but before they can have a honeymoon, Martha meets another general, and the girls are off for Africa.

Africa is full of sand and camels—and Nazis. Life isn't very funny in Africa. Death is too close. The girls help the nurses in the hospital, and duck into fox holes when the bombers come over. And they give shows to the boys who are going into battle tomorrow. The kind of shows that for a short, enchanted hour make them think they're back home. For the soldier's dough, the four jills are tops.

So is the picture. Martha Raye has never been funnier. You'll like the jills and their jeep.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Girls had sworn that the first thing they would order when back in the good old

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last April when we attended a junior press conference for Frank Sinatra, my editor and I expected a real glamour guy—and a stuffy studio interview. Instead we found a young fellow in sport clothes surrounded by a crowd of kids. He answered nearly every question we asked him, and before long we found ourselves laughing and talking to him just as though he were the fellow next door. That's the real Frank Sinatra—a very regular guy.

C. Fannan,
Franklin Square, L. I.

U. S. was ice cream, so they headed for the café at the edge of the flying field and said, "make ours vanilla." The waitress who hadn't had ice cream to serve for two weeks, asked them if they didn't know there was a war going on. . . . Wedding dress Carole wears in the picture is an exact duplicate of the gown she wore when married to Capt. Tom Wallace in England. . . . Altogether Carole figures she has traveled over 165,000 miles entertaining troops since the war began. . . . Martha and Carole returned to England after doing their shows in North Africa. Carole wanted to see her groom, and Martha needed time to recuperate from an attack of malaria. When Martha had regained a few of her lost 22 pounds, the gals did a few more shows in Great Britain before flying back to the states.

BUFFALO BILL

There are a few almost legendary figures in American history whose very names are

exciting. One of them is Buffalo Bill Cody. Twentieth-Century-Fox has made a spectacular Technicolor production of Buffalo Bill's life. Joel McCrea is a "natural" for the role of the tall, shy woodsman who is the friend of both Indians and whites. Maureen O'Hara is properly gay and lovely as the Eastern girl who falls in love with him. Linda Darnell plays the Indian beauty, Dawn Starlight, and is probably the best looking squaw since Pocahontas.

The story opens when Louisa Frederici (Maureen O'Hara) and her father, the Senator, come West. They are assured that it's perfectly safe, but nevertheless their stagecoach is greeted by Indian arrows. Fortunately Buffalo Bill happens along to rescue them. One smile from Louisa, and its Bill that needs rescuing. Dawn Starlight would be glad to break up the romance, but it just can't be done. Even the Senator is helpless.

An Indian uprising occurs as a result of the seizure of lands belonging to the Cheyenne tribe. A New York financier wants to build a railroad across there, so the Indians are to be thrown out, in spite of Buffalo Bill's protests. In the course of the bloody battle that follows, the Senator is seized as a hostage. Louisa is desperate, and Bill risks his own life to rescue her father. After that, the Senator can't very well oppose the marriage.

Bill and Louisa have four happy years together in their primitive surroundings, until the birth of their son. But at that time trouble again stalks on moccasined feet through the valleys—the Indians are on the war path once more. Bill goes off to fight, and Louisa, wanting to save their son from this kind of life, goes back East with the child. Tragedy faces them for a while, but with the help of the writer, Ned Buntling (Thomas Mitchell), Bill at last comes into his own.—20th-Fox.

Like mother - Like daughter

both say

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

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REMOVER**

SHAMPOO

P. S.

Joel McCrea left for his overseas jaunt the minute production halted. . . . Returned safely and asked to be sent right out again. . . . His wife, Frances Dee, is touring Army and Navy stations throughout the country. . . . Maureen O'Hara spent every spare minute of her time between scenes writing to husband Lt. Will Price of the United States Marine Corps. He is stationed at Quantico, Va., could get only one short leave to spend with her. They'll become parents soon. . . . This is Linda Darnell's first character role. Linda is one-eighth Cherokee Indian, herself and has been hoping for years to be assigned to an Indian characterization. Thomas Mitchell and Maureen banded together in a Society for Overcoming Fear of Horses. Both Mitchell and Miss O'Hara have had serious accidents while riding, and it was a real problem.

THE PURPLE HEART

Here is a picture that will make you so mad you can't see straight. No. Wait a minute. Maybe it will make you so mad you can see straight—straight through the complacency and smugness which still fog our all-out fighting spirit. "The Purple Heart" is the story of a trial by jury. The jury is Japanese, so are the lawyers and the judge. The defendants are eight American fliers who have bombed Tokyo. They are accused of murder. "According to Japanese law, they will be presumed guilty until proven innocent. 'Don't bother, boys,' Lt. Bayforth (Charles Russell) tells the others as they protest. 'This is a lynching.' And in a cruel, formal torturing way, that's exactly what it is.

The fliers are an oddly assorted group. Their leader, Captain Ross (Dana Andrews), is a lean, calm Texan. Lt. Vincent (Donald Barry) is a tough Irishman. Sergeant Greenbaum (Sam Levene) is the philosophical, humorous type, who tries to look after Clinton (Farley Granger), the baby of the group. They are all united in one steely determination not to reveal a single detail which could harm America. Not for food or relief from pain or for life itself.

The entire picture is founded on the Japs' struggle to break that resolve. To break it by torture or trickery, but to break it. One by one the fliers are taken away from their companions and subjected to an ordeal calculated to drive them past the limits of human endurance. But endurance, backed by an iron will, can stretch to incredible lengths. Eventually, of course, something snaps. Sanity, perhaps. But by then it is too late for the torturers to get the information they want.

This story of a mock trial isn't pleasant. But it is effective, inspiring drama and the sort of enemy we're up against and the courage we need to defeat him. The whole cast is good, with Sam Levene and John Craven and Farley Granger especially convincing.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Director Lewis ("All Quiet on the Western Front") Milestone knows exactly what he wants in these stories of men in war, their hopes, fears, loves, reactions to danger. . . . Dana Andrews and Milestone are the best of friends, held many a long discussion after working hours about the part Dana plays. . . . Donald Barry, who plays Lt. Peter Vincent, is the same "Red" Barry who stars in Westerns for Republic. "Red" is also a prolific story-writer, has sold several scripts to RKO and other studios. . . . Farley Granger is the boy Sam Goldwyn discovered by advertising in the local paper when he was looking for a second lead to Dana in "North Star."

"This One Complete Cream is all I need," says Teresa Wright

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CO-ED

(Continued from page 10)

over?" I asked our family doctor about it, and he said that hundreds more have gone across in just the last few weeks, thanks to the U.S.C.N.C. Seems every two gals that enlist in the Nurse Corps free a full-fledged R.N. for front-line service. That, then, is definitely for me. Tell me all."

We'll begin at the beginning. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, the Army and Navy began recruiting graduate nurses like mad for overseas service. They went, thousands of them; braving the terror of the U-boat infested North Atlantic and Jap-infested Pacific. In huge over-crowded transports, they went, in Flying Fortresses, in small, uncomfortable cargo ships. To Bataan, Guam, Sicily, New Guinea, North Africa. To the enormous floating hospitals that brought home the wounded.

At home, civilian hospitals became dangerously under-staffed, and civilian health was beginning to suffer. Slim, tired girls were working long hours. A handful of nurses were left in a hospital that had once considered a staff of 50 essential. Something had to be done to relieve these over-burdened women and to keep the stream of nurses flowing into the ever-widening battle areas. There was an enormous drive to recruit more nurses. Thousands responded, but there still weren't half enough. So in June, 1943, the U.S.C.N.C. was founded by an Act of Congress, its purpose being to give a complete nursing education to every girl and woman in the United States who could qualify.

life-savers...

Hundreds of the first gals to enlist in it are already a third of the way through their training, and because of them, there were enough nurses available to the Army to care for the terrible casualties of Cassino. Enough to staff the hospital ships that brought boys home from the fighting in the South Pacific.

"It makes me feel kind of wonderful," a pre-Cadet told us yesterday, "to know that if it weren't for me, some graduate would still be doing my job, instead of patching up a Yank somewhere. I've never done anything very important before, and gosh, here I am saving guys' lives. Isn't that terrific?"

That then, is why the U.S.C.N.C. was created, and here is what your enlistment in it will give you. Full tuition in an accredited nursing school of your own choice, the course taking between 24 and 30 months. Your room, board and uniforms, indoors and out. (And these, incidentally, are knockout.) A monthly allowance of \$15 during the first nine months of training. Twenty dollars a month for the next 15 to 21 months. Thirty dollars for the remaining time. In addition, upon graduation, you're assured of a job and a good one in war or peace.

Maybe you're asking what's the catch. You old cynic you, there is none. The situation is just like we say. Better even. All races and creeds are acceptable to the U.S.C.N.C. Marriage is no barrier to enlistment. And even if the war ends before you complete your course, you are eligible to go on with it, if you've been in for 90 days. Naturally, upon graduation, you are expected to go into some essential nursing field, though not necessarily with the Armed forces.

Now, do you qualify? You do if you're between the ages of 17 and 35; in good health; a graduate of an accredited high school, which school, and what goes on once you're in. There are as many different types of nursing schools as there are dif-

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quite snooty ones and some terribly stiff ones. There are some in the country with all kinds of athletic facilities (swimming pools, tennis courts, etc.). Some in the city with access to plays, lectures and concerts.

Make up your mind which environment you're happiest in before deciding on a school. Consider, too, the educational program it offers—pediatrics, psychiatry, obstetrics, surgery. If you're interested in being either an Army or Navy nurse, be sure the school you choose is connected with a hospital having a daily average of 100 patients. That's a basic military requirement. And just in case you didn't know, you can enlist in the Army or Navy Nurse Corps even come Victory, at a base salary ranging from \$1,800 to \$4,000 a year. Additional note: It's now possible for nurses in executive and supervisory positions in public health centers, hospitals and nursing schools, to earn up to \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year. Which ain't peanuts.

As for what goes on in a nursing school—lots. And while much of it's work, there's a hunk of fun thrown in. Like the Saturday night dances and the bull sessions when you're through cramming for an anatomy quiz.

You'll live in a nurses' residence, which in addition to bedrooms, will have a nice living room. It may also have a kitchen, a laundry for general use and a library.

During your first nine months, you'll see demonstrations of nursing technique, including supervised work in hospital wards, classroom and laboratory. As a Junior, you'll spend less time in class, more time in operating rooms and in out-patient departments. You'll be taking care of patients, helping the doctors and meeting emergencies head-on. As a Senior cadet, you will assume, under supervision, the duties and responsibilities of a graduate nurse. When you graduate, you're called a cadet nurse, and you may become a registered nurse by passing a state exam.

That's the story, and if it sounds good to you, write immediately—this very instant—to us: Cadet Nurse Corps, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y., for a list of accredited nursing schools and for any additional information.

P.S. Want to know how to jilt some laddie painlessly? What sort of clothes are right for movie dates, dances, parlor jobs? How to cope with a family that "doesn't understand"? Ask us about it. That's what we're here for, you know. A note to Co-ed, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., will un-dilemma you quick like a P-47.

We're Upping the Ante from \$1.00 to \$5.00

Frankly, we love gossip. With greatest relish, we dive into the mail each day, pore over your intimate little stories of stars and finally settle on the best four or five to be printed in MODERN SCREEN each month. We think these true experiences with Hollywood people are bright spots in the magazine. And, too, we think that perhaps you ought to be rewarded a little more generously for them. So, instead of sending you \$1 for your letter if we use it, we're going to mail you \$5.00, beginning next month. Of course we reserve the right to edit and revise your letters and will return them to you only when a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Do write us. It's such a heck of a lot of fun hearing about the stars on Bond tours and vacation jaunts and other off-screen moments.

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WHEN WOMEN voluntarily write about a personal subject like sanitary napkins—and when 8 out of 10 agree—doesn't that make news? Well, it happened recently. Look...



10,086 women took the time to write frank, intimate letters telling *why* they're glad they switched to Modess! They were women of all ages—in every kind of job you can imagine. Women who'd used other kinds of napkins (almost every brand and type.) But they'd switched to Modess—they said they were glad of it—and 8 out of 10 gave its wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable safety as their reasons! Now remember...



These "8 out of 10" included teen-agers, young marrieds, mothers. But typical of their opinions is this letter of Mrs. E. J. S. "Modess stays soft and absorbent much longer and that's important when I spend long hours taking that soldier's place on the farm." Modess is made with a special softspun filler—not close-packed layers! (No hard tab ends. No telltale out-lines.) Its triple, full-length shield at the back gives full-way protection, not just part-way, as some napkins give. Why not try softer, safer Modess yourself?

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

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1ST PRIZE—For a beautiful "Lady in the Dark". A test by Harry Conover. Excellent chance of becoming a glamorous COVER GIRL. . . . ALSO round trip travel expenses to New York paid—one week at a large New York hotel—CONOVER GROOMING COURSE, FREE!—Television test—a complete going over by Dorothy Gray; her \$35 Personality and Styling Course given FREE!

2ND PRIZE—For a "Gorgeous Hunk of Man" \$300 in War Bonds*

3RD PRIZE—For an older woman. I. J. Fox Fur Coat

4TH PRIZE—For an older man. \$100 in War Bonds

5TH PRIZE—For a beautiful child. \$100 in War Bonds

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Try and try again prizes**

7TH—16TH PRIZE. . Dorothy Gray's "Lady in the Dark" Perfume

1050 Prizes of \$1.00 each in War Stamps—Open to all "types"

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Pictures.

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

The pictured person in each case will win the prize, regardless of who submits the entry.



3rd prize—this silky Persian lamb I. J. Fox fur coat.

Are you a "Lady in the Dark"—in the dark about yourself? Maybe you've got the makings of a Ginger Rogers or a Paulette Goddard and just don't know it. Harry Conover, creator of the Conover Cover Girls, is looking for a beautiful girl—maybe you'll be that girl, or maybe you'll fall into one of the other categories, an older woman type, a handsome hunk of man, an elderly man or a zooty teenster. Maybe you've got an adorable baby that'll walk off with a prize. Remember you don't have to be a raving beauty—that's not always the type that makes the best model. Maybe your mouth is too wide, but your eyes are something terrific! Or maybe your fella's one of those clean cut G.I.'s that looks too wonderful in a uniform. If you win any one of the 1066 prizes offered—gosh! what a thrill! Incidentally why not blow yourself to a couple tickets to "Lady in the Dark"? And if you don't win, go see it anyway. Honestly, it's the best thing to come—MODERN SCREEN'S way in a long, long time.

HERE'S HOW:

To enter the "Lady in the Dark" contest, all you have to do is send us a picture of yourself, your mother, father, husband, sweetheart, baby, girl friend or child. Send pictures of as many members of your family or friends as you want; one picture of each. Paste the contest coupon on the back of each picture or write all the necessary data on the back. Any size picture will do, snapshots, candid or portraits, but remember, we cannot return them to you. Mr. Harry Conover will judge the contest.

RULES:

1. Paste a contest coupon on the back of EACH picture submitted, or write the pictured person's FULL NAME (see Rule 3) and address on the back of each picture.
2. Send as many pictures as you like, but only ONE picture of each person.
3. Be sure to give FULL NAME and address. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give woman's first name, not her husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families and those who have already won big prizes in MODERN SCREEN'S 1944 contest series.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than May 10, 1944.
6. The entries will NOT be returned.
7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. The contest will be judged by Mr. Harry Conover. His decisions will be final.

Modern Screen's Contest Series: No. 14 "Lady in the Dark" (Please Print or Type)

Full name of person pictured _____
Street _____ City _____ State _____

I understand that this picture will *not* be returned.

Mail your picture to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



Painted Desert bedspread with matching draperies inspired by America's colorful West. Also with blue, dusty rose and slate backgrounds.

Tomorrow's Weather Report, by Joan Leslie

"If you buy enough War Bonds today", says JOAN LESLIE, star of Warner Bros., "RHAPSODY IN BLUE", "you can write your own Weather Report...always fair weather! The day will come when you can install your own air conditioning." • Those who want a touch of tomorrow in their homes today are selecting Bates bedspreads, designed to provide warmth and beauty...and they see in Bates spreads with matching draperies tomorrow's answer to decoration.

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

“**F**rom where I sit, Cousin —

seems as though my
beauty tip won
you a husband!”



“LOST YOUR LAST FRIEND?” Mommy asked my nineteen-year-old Cousin Kate. “Not my *last* friend, just my best beau,” Kate sobbed. “He’s too interested in another girl. I’ve lost him, I *know*!” “He’s not lost yet, darling,” Mommy comforted. “My dimpled dumpling (that’s me) has a beauty secret that may bring your lieutenant back into camp.”



“SOME VELVETY CHEEK—EH?” Mommy chuckled, pinching mine. “Switch to regular cleansings with pure, mild Ivory and I’m sure *your* complexion will grow clearer and lovelier. More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating.”



“OOOOOOH—LOOK AT THEM! That’s Kate with Tom—and they were married at our house! See how happy—and pretty—she looks. As a matter of fact, right after she started those regular, gentle cleansings with ‘Velvet-suds’ Ivory Soap her complexion began to bloom like a dewy rose. And Tom forgot the other girl! Ivory is wonderful!”

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Save Soaps! They use Vital War Materials!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN WATER when you're through lathering yourself.
2. BE SURE THE SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back.
3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth.

Look lovelier with Ivory

... the soap more doctors advise
than all other brands together!



TO OUR READERS...

We are just recovering from a bad case of false modesty!

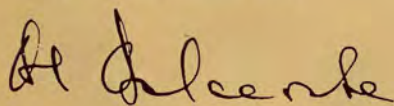
It's almost a year since we began publishing our OVERSEAS EDITION FOR THE ARMED FORCES . . . a bright magazine with the best pin-ups and the best stories from both MODERN SCREEN and SCREEN ROMANCES. In Algiers, Naples and Bombay, American boys are keeping up with pictures and picture folk with our help. And all this time we've sort of taken it for granted.

Somehow we never felt too puffed up about it. One gold star on a service flag makes any civilian contribution small. A single American boy dead on the field of battle outweighs all the magazines ever published.

That's tough talk, but it gives you an idea why we never felt like saying much about our Overseas Edition. We kind of figured we were like a guy who shipped out dehydrated eggs—maybe a little less important, because you can't eat magazines.

That's where we were wrong. From all corners of this battered globe the good word keeps coming: "We love the damn book. We eat it up!"

That's a gorgeous tribute! We think we understand what it means. It means that MODERN SCREEN'S simple, true pictures of typical American families bring to the dead ends of the world a vital seed of home. Maybe the seed is small. But if it can grow strong and alive in a soldier's heart, we think we're doing a pretty good work.



EXECUTIVE EDITOR





DONALD O'CONNOR

His crib was a scarred suitcase propped on a dressing room wall, his lullaby the brassy slur of a slide trombone. Part 1, life story.

One afternoon five years ago a skinny kid of 13 sat on a chair in the wardrobe department at Paramount studios and tried to stuff his feet into a pair of shoes that were obviously too small. He twisted and pushed and perspired, but he couldn't make it. The wardrobe man watched him with a half-amused, half-sorry smile. Another man came in the door, stood and watched, too.

"Having trouble?" the new man asked.

The kid grinned apologetically. "They're kinda tight."

"How's the rest?" The new man was talking to the wardrobe fellow now.

"Pants are two inches too short and the coat sleeves the same. That shirt looks like a joke on him. "Mr. Ruggles," protested the wardrobe man, "the truth is, this wardrobe just isn't big enough for Donald. I think—"

Wesley Ruggles, preparing to direct a picture, broke in. "Don," he said, "when you get dressed come into my office, will you?"

Behind closed doors, Ruggles, a veteran Hollywood director, did what he hated to do. He explained to Donald O'Connor why he would have to take him out of the picture he was about to shoot, "Invitation to Happiness," with Fred MacMurray and Irene Dunne. Don's part was the small son of Irene, and he'd shot up so in size in the past months that he was just too big. Ruggles' eyes *(Continued on following page)*



"Variety" praised young Donny, predicted terrific future in show bus.

DONALD O'CONNOR Continued

were suspiciously moist as he told Don O'Connor the blunt truth that afternoon. "You've come into that awkward age, Don," he said. "It's tough on kid stars. Some can hold on but not many. Here's the straight dope: There just aren't any parts around here for you any more."

When Donald O'Connor's option came up in a few days, the front office told him the bad news: It wasn't going to be renewed. What they were telling him really was that he was through in Hollywood. Through at 13!

Don O'Connor had made 11 pictures and had his name billed with Hollywood greats like Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Betty Grable and a dozen more. He had even been starred in a couple, "Tom Sawyer, Detective" and "Sons of the Legion." He'd made hits on the screen, ever since he played Small Fry with Bing Crosby in "Sing You Sinners." His salary was \$900 a week. He had fan mail flowing in and stories in the magazines about him, pictures in the papers. And now something as normal as breathing, something he couldn't help kicked him out of all this—just plain growing up.

Donald O'Connor tossed back his head with a defiant tilt to his cocky, *(Continued on following page)*



This is the O'Connor clan in "Bomboy Unit" of Fonchon and Morco vaudeville act, when Don was 4. Back row, Mom, Billy, Jock, Mildred. Foreground, Don, niece Potsy.



Don and Potsy used to play backstage between acts. Don always wore diamond rings for luck, often had to go to bat to keep 'em from hoodlums!



At 12, had first featured role in "Sing You Sinners" playing kid brother to Fred MacMurray and Bing Crosby. Role fit like an old shoe; routine was same he'd gone thru with his own brothers. Scored solid hit singing "Small Fry."



A ladies' man from way back, Don can't even remember first date but recalls that first kiss was planted on Boston chorus girl.



After H'wood stretch, returned to family's act, appeared in World's Fair Irish Village. In '41 Univ. rediscovered him.



Up until he was 11, he'd never had time for regular schooling. Even with work, he's maintaining above-average grades under tutelage of L. A. high school teacher. Also took navigation course for future role in the wor.



Don, currently in "Chip Off the Old Block," says when he's in role, he *lives* character he's portraying at home as well as studio!

"What's Cookin'?" with Glorio Jeon and Peggy Ryan started onslaught of fan mail boosting him to stardom.





Says most embarrassing moment was when he took Gloria Jean to movies and forgot the money. Had to borrow from her dad. Worse still, studio publicity department spread the story around.



He and Peggy Ryan will be 20 this August; birthdays are two days apart.

DONALD O'CONNOR Continued

Irish chin when they told him the bad news. "So we're closing the run," he said. He was a show business kid from the word "go," and he'd been in spots like this before. "So what? I'll play this circuit again!"

It was a bold boast. Not one in a hundred kids leaves Hollywood, as Donald O'Connor did, and comes back to set it on its ears. Usually they vanish into the limbo of forgotten child stars. Unless they stay runty like Mickey Rooney, or grow up quick like Deanna Durbin, they've got two strikes on them and a fast curve ball coming their way.

But Donald O'Connor has made good his cocky boast. At 18, Small Fry O'Connor was back in Hollywood as Mister Big—from the Universal picture of the same name.

What made that a hit and all the O'Connor hits before it was—Donald O'Connor. And what brought him back again as the biggest new juvenile star of Hollywood's year was the same buzzing, bright and fascinating little guy, simply spilling over with personality and talent. That's all there is to it. The public discovered Don O'Connor again. Universal, an

up-and-coming young-minded studio, can take a bow for handing Don a second chance. But Don really pushed his program pictures across to the Hit column. Now he's the hottest thing on the Universal lot, and only postage stamp rationing can stop the 7000 letters that swamp him every week.

They're calling him a new Mickey Rooney out in Hollywood, and a lot of people think that Don O'Connor has as much on the ball as Mickey the Great ever had. If "This is the Life," "Top Man" and "Chip Off the Old Block" don't boost Donald O'Connor into the top ten box-office honor roll this year—then a lot of movie prophets will have to swallow their long grey beards.

So he's done it—has Donald O'Connor—what has never been done in Hollywood before: Been a star once. . . . Left Hollywood cold to grow up. . . . Made a comeback—bigger, better and brighter than before. And made chumps of the wise ones who cracked, "It can't happen here!"

But, looking back, it's hard to see how Donald O'Connor could have missed this bright destiny. From the day he was born he has been (Continued on page 96)

Even in the Best of Families . . .

By Ida Zeitlin

Things do happen. Nothing to send Janie fluttering home in tears to Mother, but still . . .



Ronnie's mom, dishing doughnuts of H'wood Conteen heard G.I. soy oim of his life was to buy Jone o drink. Mrs. R. phoned Jone, who scooted down to oblige.

After Ronnie left Jone and H'wood for Army, his fon moil swelled to second ploc on Worner lot. Errol Flynn, 1st in heorts of mosh-note-writers, beat him by couple of stocks.

Things have been happening to Captain Ronald Reagan's women.

Button-nose Senior—Jane Wyman to Warner Brothers—has burst into stardom.

Button-nose Junior has slipped out of babyhood. She's no longer Murmur, nor even Mau-ween, but an independent 3-year-old who can lick her weight in Rs. "I'm Mau-rrreen Rrreagan," she says and looks as if she dared you to contradict her.

As for Ronnie, the Army's got him, body and soul. For him the movies have ceased to exist. Jane tells him about something that's happened at the studio. He listens quietly—too quietly—

"You don't hear a word I say, do you, Ronnie?"

"Hmm? Gee, I'm sorry, hon." (Continued on page 79)





Capt. Reagon's wife can lure Canteen with "St. Louis Woman," in 5 languages. G.I.'s say she's terrific.



Jonie rapidly tumbled from, hoidressing to switch-board operating, office work, modeling, scorch singing, writing (recently hod two stories published).



Reagons get mildly hysterical every time they think of their "hommy" child sweetly kissing photographer at Donny Mil-lond's birthday party. (Mom's next, "One Mare Tomorrow.")

After making and breaking first date, Ellie asked Glenn to
 house for dinner, saw eye to eye an roast-beef-mashed-pota-
 to-ice-cream routine. Discovered like tastes in music, books.



For Always



Night Ellie and Glenn wound up at Florentine Gardens after her trousseau shopping, they found Eng. soldiers swamping place.
 After orchestra had packed up instruments for the night, each of 'em twirled Ellie 'round once, to piano player's tunes.

By Abigail Putnam

Sometimes it's a smile or a sweet, quick glance that says what you can't put into words. To Glenn and Ellie it's a tune . . .

They knew they'd be married in 1943. But not till a week before, did they know it would be on October 23rd.

Ever since he joined the Marine Corps, Glenn had been saving days. "I won't ask for anything now, sir," he'd say when the question of leave came up. "Because I *would* like to have ten days when I get married."

The minute he came in from Camp Pendleton that week-end, Ellie knew something was up. In moments of excitement, Glenn can be very calm and collected—only his eyes give him away. They look as if a small bonfire had been lighted behind them.

"Doing anything special next Saturday?" he asked. "Because if you're not, I have a furlough, and I'd like to get married."

* * *

The stars represent an interlude that has nothing to do with us. When we see them next, Ellie's

eyes are on fire, too, but they've both reached the stage where plans can be discussed.

The first plan was to be married at Santa Barbara—with no witnesses but Ellie's mother and Glenn's. There was so little time for preparations, it seemed the sensible thing to do. But sitting there in front of the fire, Ellie's heart cried out against the sensible thing—

She turned to Glenn. "I've always wanted a wedding to think back on. I've always wanted to be married in a white dress—"

"Me, too," he smiled. "And if you think you could manage it in a week, I'll manage dress blues."

That was all she needed, if she needed anything—the vision of Glenn in dress blues. On Monday morning she was at Magnin's, where she always shops. If you think her best talent lies in her dancing feet, you're wrong. It lies in her talent for human relationships. Magnin's isn't just the place where she shops. It's the place where the girl behind the bag counter waves hello as Ellie passes, and Ellie knows exactly how long it is since the elevator girl last heard from her husband somewhere in the South Pacific. (Continued on page 116)



Cues for Ellie's coming "Sensations of 1944" are so befuddling, she and electrician rehearse together 4 hrs. a day. She's turned down \$7500 a wk. P.A. tour, to be near Glenn.

Glenn (who's won sharpshooting medal) used to rout the Powells out of bed with 5 A.M. phone calls. Three minutes later, Ellie'd start letter. Wrote two a day. (Above, Glenn with Bill Lundigan and Marine Raiders' Colonel Evans Carlson.)



Lon's "California" role topped career that started 40 pictures ago. Climb was blocked by Army induction Feb. 16 at Fort MacArthur where exterior shots of "Stogie Door Canteen" were made

"CALIFORNIA"—

They've got Lon McCallister so darn tied up that a day off is a blank check straight from heaven.

There's a clause in Lon McCallister's contracts that says nothing can be printed about him that's not the truth.

He's been in the movies, playing bits and extras, since he was 12. He knew lots of movie kids, and it embarrassed him to read stuff about them that was all hoked up. So when his turn came to sign with Sol Lesser, he had the no-hokum clause put into the contract. "The truth never hurt anyone," says Lon.

He's 20, but he eyes you with the clear candor of a child. His smile trusts the world. He thinks people are the most important thing in life, and the most important thing to be is a friend. His other ambitions include movies, writing and boats.

He doesn't think he's an actor. If people continue to like him, it will be because they like him as Lon McCallister, not as Hamlet or Mr. Hyde. He loves Shakespeare to read, but not (Continued on page 104)



June Haver (opp. Lon in "Home in Indiana") had him eating out of her hand at 20th-Fox party to honor 5 most promising starlets. Guests included surest male bets: McCollister, Eythe, Andrews and few others.



Lon, on location during dog's 3rd birthday, wired shaggy Done, "Greetings. Wish I were with you." Star-dozed clerk let wire slip through.

HERE HE COMES!

By Nancy Winslow Squire





Swoon Boy of 1944 kicked up a racket with improvised words and music 5:50 A.M., Jan. 11, when he arrived weighing 8 lbs., 12 ounces.

It's a Boy!

Three lovelier words he never heard—poor frazzled Frankie, pacing the floor a continent away. And now Pop's singing a lullaby in blue.

Nancy Sandra was just about two days old when Frank began talking more babies. "What's one kid?" he said. "Nothing. It's pathetic. You need five or six before you're a family." Frankie had been an only child, lonely as the dickens. Nancy had been one of seven, constantly stalking a bit of privacy and solitude.

"One kid's all right," she said softly, from her throne of pillows. "One kid's kind of wonderful."

Frankie squeezed her hand and looked deep in her eyes. "Yeah, it is, isn't it?" he said, feeling all gooshy for a minute; then added doggedly, "For a starter."

Nancy was right, it so happened. One kid was wonderful. Maybe she did tie you down a little. And maybe she did knock hell out of your best clothes via tiny white-shod feet. She was still terrific, and for a long while she was all he wanted. Nancy, soft and lovable, impish and (Continued on following page)



Usually about 10 o'clock, Mom throws breakfast together while Pop tumbles Nancy, fusses over newest doll sent by fan. Birthday means shower of gifts from Pop's public.



After breakfast, 3 Sinatras huddle over Mother Goose few minutes, then Frank dashes. Once, when Nancy Sandra was en route Frank's bookings got mixed and he and Nancy ate onion sandwiches 2 days.



Quick review of headlines, trade news over juice, cereal, ham and eggs, toast and coffee. Daily routine is dictated by rehearsals, interviews, shows.



Frank, who's proved he can lick his weight in hecklers, says, "Sure, I'm skimpy, but I'll take on any 3 guys at once." Always wears identification tag given him by Mouriello, with ditto's name an inscription.



When Frank leaves, Mrs. S. tears into household chores, has never had maid more than 2 days a week. With 10-room set-up comes playroom, gym, practice golf range, archery.



When time allows, heavyweight Tami Mouriello bangs Frank around Gotham Health Club gym. When day's jammed, gets quick workout by masseur.



12 o'clock rehearsal. Finicky about phrasing and such, Frank very often grabs baton to show swingmen how. After last year's tangle with Darsey, manager announced, "Sinatra now owns Sinatra 100%".



Back in 1939, Frank was staggering through 18 radio shows over local stations, netting 70c a wk. (for carfare). Studied Darsey's music then, learned about those lang, sweet notes uninterrupted by breathing.

Swaenster turns up at Lucky Strike Hit Parade rehearsal looking like fan: tweeds, laungy spart stuff. Wears specs cause of spotlight glare. Present pic, "Higher and Higher."

It's a Boy! Continued

noisy. Nancy, pink-cheeked and laughing in the daytime; all scrubbed and shiny in the evening. She was enough.

Then suddenly she graduated from overalls to pinafores, and one day Frankie came home to find her with pink on her nails and her hair up in a pompadour.

"Look, Mom," he told Mrs. Sinatra at dinner that night. "That babe's practically grown-up. I wish we had a nice tiny new job around."

"That," said Nancy smugly, "is what I've been trying to tell you ever since you got in, only you got so involved with your daughter . . ."

"What do you mean?" Frankie flew over to her side of the table. "What do you mean?"

"The new baby, dope. It's all set for December."

"It is? Oh gosh. Oh gee, that's wonderful. Are you okay, Mom? I'm gonna call the boys right away and let them know." Frank was like a wild man.

"Butch, sit down and finish your dinner. And for the love of Mike, don't go telling everyone already." Frank didn't answer. He was too busy thinking how he'd spring the news on people. By the next day, everyone knew. Including Dotty Kilgallen and Louella Parsons. Including Nancy Sandra.

"What do you (Continued on following page)





Frank stewes over orchestrations, often cocks ear toward individual instrument, asking special effect. Hopes Nancy Sondro will be horpist some day. Anyhow, hopes she'll be some kind of musician.



While orchestra runs through things "just once more, boys," Sinatra sleeps. Sweetest dream was "This Love of Mine" (written with Hank Sanicola). Sold 1,000,000 platters.

It's a Boy! Continued

want for Christmas?" is how Frankie led up to it.

"A train—a doll—a doll carriage—a dog—and a tricycle," she rattled off without a moment's hesitation. The promptness of the comeback sort of threw her mom and pop, considering it was only May.

"How about a brother?" Frank prodded. "Would you like a baby brother?"

"Sure," she said. "I told Mom that already. A train—a doll—a doll carriage—a dog—a tricycle—and a brother with blond curls."

"Okay, honey. I'll tell Santa Claus right away, so's there won't be any hitch."

There now, there wasn't anybody left to tell. Frank sat back in his chair and eyed Mom dotingly. Life was indeed good. He doted on her all through the summer. Everytime she looked around, there was Frank with a glass of ice water or an electric fan or both.

"Relax," she'd tell him. "I'm perfectly all right, honey. I'm not even warm." He ignored that and pushed a chair under her—just in case.

"Haven't you any whims, Mom?" he'd ask her. "All expectant mothers have whims."

"Not a whim, Frank. Not even one." He'd bring her pickles anyway, and spiced ham and candy, just in case. And she ate all of it, which pleased him.

The first of December, Frank left for a Boston booking, positive that the minute he got out of town his son would arrive. (He'd been calling it "my son" from the very beginning.) He'd hang on the phone with Nancy by the hour. "As I see it, Mom, he should appear on my birthday at the latest." That was the 12th.

"The doctor says around the twentieth, honey," Nancy soothed him. "You'll be home by then."

"Yeah, but Nancy came so darned early, he probably will, too." (Nancy had been born two weeks ahead of schedule, on June 8, 1940, while Frank had turned his back for a couple of hours for a rehearsal with Tommy Dorsey's band.) "I give him till the twelfth."

When the baby didn't show on the 12th, Frank gave him till Christmas. "That's the deadline," he said grimly. This business (Continued on page 85)



Junior brigade gallantly conveys The Voice out of CBS studios. June '43, Par. Theater grossed \$11,000, gave F. \$2500 weekly plus extra weekly bonus of \$1000!



Suave night clubbers sardined into Waldorf Wedgewood Room to see what teensters were meaning over. "Night and Day," which won him first contract, ran over older set at Waldorf, making Sinatra a universal thing.

At swank Waldorf or backstage of Paramount, night ends same way; with tight huddle of autograph hunters mesmerized by Sinatra's tender tones. Hollywood fans are doing the honors now that Frank's an West Coast shooting newly hatched RKO flicker.



SINCE THEY



Shirley, shopping with Mom, used to howl, "Why do I have to dress like a baby?" Thought Marine duds she tramped around in at El Toro, Cal., station pretty keen.



Days off from set of "Since You Went Away," Shirley directed stage-shy teensters in Red Cross play. Tool all parts to show 'em. (Here with David O. Selznick.)

WENT AWAY

By Kaaren Pieck

No brothers around to heckle Shirley about her "men," nobody to whistle "wheu" at her new dress!

Shirley calls them her Army and Marine brothers. They're so different, she doesn't know how they ever managed to get into the same family. But she's certainly glad they both got into hers.

Imagine if she'd had sisters instead, all the fun she'd have missed. Not that she'd have minded a little sister, that would have been nice. But an older one? Goodness, no! Older sisters act bossy. So do older brothers sometimes, but in sort of a nice way. They don't get all steamed up about it.

Jack was 14 when Shirley appeared on the scene, George was 10. So they never really played around together, like kids nearer the same age. A lot of the time they weren't even home. By the time she was old enough to kind of look around and take notice, George was going to military school in New Mexico, and (Continued on page 90)



Guys at El Toro Marine Air Station dubbed S. official "kid sister," said, "No glomour girls for us. This wor moy lost owhile. We want o gol young enough."



After chirping for mob of Col. shipyard workers, feminine welders showed her tricks of seaming up a ship. Between pics, Shirley wodes through heavy war activities schedule, recently lounded Liberty ship.



Conteening is glowy-est port at week. Shirley loves to dance, says mast fellows, like this Missouri pvt., hove sisters ot home. Hears reams about them, likes taking their place for little while.

Hutton, Inc.

By Rosemary Layng

Marion was an angel; Betty a hellion who danced and screamed and sang—and hoped someone was watching.

Betty and Marion had relatives in Battle Creek who used to send them things for Christmas. One Christmas they both asked for roller skates. When the package came, Betty—who could never wait—got her hands on it first and went tearing through it. There were roller skates for Marion, none for her. Her face went white, but she didn't say a word. Which only served to twist the knife a little deeper into her mother's heart.

Mabel Hutton's heart was used to aching over her little black sheep, who thought the way to break down a wall was to butt her head against it. Fiercely protective, she'd hunt for words to console Betty. Marion was two years older. Marion took better care of her things. But this time the stock arguments turned her stomach. What kind of stuff was that to hand out to a grieving kid at Christmas- (Continued on page 76)



Weak-kneed over scene with DeMille in early pic, Betty covered jitters by grobbing him, screaming, "Get in and pitch a great scene, C.B. We're for you."

Betty, who squanders everything but time, takes showers instead of baths to save minutes. Gobbles egg sandwich, milk before bed. Right, Red Skelton.





Betty chucks fuzzy brown teddybear on pillow beside her each night 'cause when she was a kid she never had one. For same reason, melts at sight of doll with real hair. (Above, with Mrs. Hutton, Betty 4, Marion 6.)



Marian Hutton (former Glenn Miller vocalist) is proud as on old biddy over (1) son Johnny, who's beginning to stand on own two chubby legs, (2) Mom, who's debuting as extra in Betty's "Incendiory Blonde."



Hollywood Canteen warriors swear Betty's only gal alive who can out-rumba and out-Lindy them. Leaves 'em frazzled. (Above, Al Dexter, fother of "Pistol Pocking Mama.")



Betty (currently in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek") added new gag to Hope repertoire. Told him of paratrooper who asked her to autograph his arm, then screamed, "This arm's not gonna get washed for the duration."



1. Liza Elliott (Ginger Rogers), tabulously successful editor of "Allure," finds herself suddenly haunted by fears, inexplicable dreams, asks Dr. Brooks (Barry Sullivan) for help.



2. Publisher Kendall Nesbitt (Warner Baxter), who's loved Liza always, tells her his wife is finally coming thru with divorce. When can they marry? Liza's too tired, bewildered to think.



3. Tearing back to doctor's office, Liza pours out dreams, bits remembered from childhood; how it oched to be so plain when her mother was so beautiful, how disappointed mother was.



4. Cosuol, brilliant Chorley Johnson (Roy Millond) works under Liza, keeps jabbing, mercilessly about the barren, loveless life of successful "Boss" Lady." Liza hates him.



5. From dreams and remembered fragments Dr. Brooks learns that Liza once lost high school beau to prettier girl, has since stifled her own charm and beauty, afraid to be hurt by men.



6. A breathlessly lovely Liza turns out for date with Rondy Curtis (Jon Hall), meets Chorley with octress who sets to work on Rondy. Liza abruptly leaves.

"Lady in the Dark"

To Ginger, brilliant, secure, fantastically successful,

life's a headache. And, it turns out, Ray's the Bromo.

7. Randy would have proposed that night. Kendall has. Reality merges with dreams in which Liza has to make up her mind. Randy... Kendall... which?



Dr. Brooks tells Liza what she needs is a stronger, surer man than either Ken or Randy. Later Chorley announces he's quitting. Liza, to keep him, practically hands over her job.



9. Chorley? Could it possibly be self-assured, razor-edged Chorley? And could he possibly be looking at her as though she weren't just office equipment as though she were a woman?



STORY—She was frightened.

That never happened; it might happen to other people, the little, worried people who were clerks and stenographers. But not to Liza Elliott. Not brilliant Liza Elliott, editor of the smartest magazine for women in America; not Liza Elliott who thought of, created, pushed and scrabbled until "Allure" was the cream of the whole fashion parade.

But she was frightened; there was no denying it. What was it Dr. Carlton had said? "It's not your health, Liza. You're fit and sound. It's something in your mind." He had wanted her to see another doctor, a Dr. Brooks—a psychoanalyst. She? Liza Elliott? What in the world did she need a psychoanalyst for? She was happy, wasn't she, secure in her job, successful? But why was she frightened?

The office door swung open a bit, and she jumped a bit nervously and then bit (Continued on page 71)

PRODUCTION—The technical experts assigned to "Lady in the Dark" read the script before production began, groaned and asked themselves why they hadn't chosen some simple profession like weaving baskets under water.

For the circus sequence, they had to construct a jury box that would bob and sway in time to the music, yet be strong enough to hold 15 clowns. The two circus rings, the focus of attention for much of the scene, had to make revolutions in exactly nine and six-tenths seconds. After the details essential to their correct timing were completed, the arc lights were turned on, and immediately the amount of power was reduced (a small item that had been overlooked). The rings slowed down to ten-second revolutions and spoiled everything. Auxiliary generators had to be borrowed, and practically all other filming on the lot had to cease 'til the electric lines could cope with the heavy load again! (Continued on page 89)



Joan Leslie

Canteen Kid

"You won't remember me," Bill wrote. But he was wrong. As long as Joan lives she'll remember.

One night Joan was serving coffee behind the Snack Bar at the Hollywood Canteen, when a boy came up.

"I don't believe it," he said.

Now lots of boys might have said the same thing, and she'd have recognized it as an invitation to some breezy give-and-take, and replied in the same spirit.

But this boy was handing it out straight. Sincerity was written all over his quiet face. "What don't you believe?" asked Joan.

"That I'm seeing you. Maybe that sounds silly, but here's what I mean. I got in a couple of days ago, and I was pretty thrilled, especially coming from overseas. Hollywood's something wonderful to us fellows, and I kept looking for something wonderful to happen, but (Continued on page 109)



The two joes who didn't come for sandwiches are engineer and radio man of 14th Air Force stationed in China. Joan learned insignia on backs were notice to Chinese they were friendly.



Around studio, "Rhapsody in Blue" has been redubbed "R. in Black and Blue" since dance routine pitched Joan downstairs with sprained ankle, assorted bruises.



Discipline on set of "This Is the Army" was so rigid, G.I.s had to let a grin substitute for a "line." Military restrictions forbade their talking to Joan during work.



Anna Turner

Good News

Cooper troupe invading South Pacific! Lt.

Eddie Albert with Coast Guard in Tarawa land-

ing! Irene Dunne launches S.S. Carole Lombard!

BABY OF THE YEAR:

The J. Walter Thompson Company is an august business enterprise, ensconced in elegant offices behind dignified double doors. One afternoon in January, the Thompson Company eyebrows ascended as one arch; the Thompson Company was being mobbed. The invading army wore a uniform: saddle oxfords, bobby sox, pleated skirts and sloppy joes. The invading army spoke a language all its own, "Murder, he says!" "Roger and Wilco." "Who's beating her gums about what?" "Take a pleat in your tongue, your jaw is hanging."

Here and there appeared the obvious officers of this force: leggy characters wearing blue windbreakers on the back of which was the gold felt inscription, "I am a Sinatra Swooner."

Frank Sinatra, the Sultan of Swoon, was to inaugurate his series of broadcasts, and the B. Sox Brigade was stampeding for tickets. When the supply was exhausted, a small red sign was hung on the door, to wit: "No More Sinatra Tickets." Nonplused late-comers had to content themselves with writing bitter comments on this sign.

The line before the Lux Radio Theater began to form around 3 o'clock for the 6 o'clock broadcast. The conversation along the line dealt with prized Sinatra recordings and favorite Sinatra anecdotes. One favorite confidence, bandied about from one ardent group to the other, was that Frank was to caddy for Bing Crosby at a forthcoming charity match. The second most engrossing item was the advent of Frank's second child. One partisan summed up the group emotional condition neatly, "We've just been suffering like crazy with Frankie, waiting for that baby to get here."

Ten days later, Nancy and Frank became the parents of a boy, to be named Francis Wayne, (Continued on page 62)

1943's been gold-plated for Jameses. She—first actress in 12 yrs. to climb atop Motion Pic Herald Poll. He—\$7000 a week at Palladium.





Susan Peters



MARY JANE IS DEMURE AND SPRING-BLOSSOMY. Her smooth, silky hair has a baby-fine quality. Her exquisite complexion is so clear and so soft. "I just take care of my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "The more I use it, the more I love it."



ENGAGED! MARY JANE MAXSON

of West Orange, N. J. to William B. Eppler of Maplewood, an army officer, now overseas. She is a graduate of Mary Lyon Junior College; he attended Princeton.



VICTORY FARM HAND—Mary Jane's war work on the family's victory farm is no glamour job! She's working where she's needed! All kinds of jobs need women workers. Check Help Wanted ads—consult local U. S. Employment Service.

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE

"She's so pretty!" people exclaim after they meet Mary Jane Maxson. Her heart-shaped face has a sweet elfin charm—quiet stillness one minute, mischievous laughter the next.

Mary Jane herself has definite and practical ideas about how to keep her lovely face looking its prettiest. "You've just got to have sparkling clean skin," she says. "It has to look and feel soft, too. That's

why I'm so keen about a Pond's cold-creaming for my face every night and every morning. Pond's is such heavenly soft-smooth cream. It feels grand to use and makes your skin look so nice."

Copy Mary Jane's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. This is what she does!

First—She smooths Pond's snowy Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats with quick fingertips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Next—She "rinses" with more Pond's,

working her white-tipped fingers over her face in little spiral whirls. "This twice-over creaming makes my skin feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Beauty-clean your face with Pond's every night, every morning. Use it for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident engaged girls like Mary Jane, society beauties like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III and Britain's Viscountess Milton love this soft-smooth cream. Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

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



ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR! Large sizes save glass and manpower! And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the wide jar!

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



MARGARET O'BRIEN

It's Spring... and she has shining hair!



No wonder love is in the air!

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

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

Springtime! Time for hearts to be young
and gay . . . time for you to be lovelier
than ever with radiant, glamorous hair
that invites romance!

So DON'T let Springtime find you with
hair that's dull from using soap
or soap shampoos!

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

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

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

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

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



Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble



TINY HATS which show most of your hair
are among the smartest this Spring. So
lovely hair and a becoming hair-do are
more important than ever! For the shin-
ing-smoothness so essential to any smart
hair-do you'll find no shampoo that
equals Drene with Hair Conditioner!

*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!





Dilemma at the Ladds: The day they sold almost every snitch of furniture, expecting new stuff to arrive momentarily. Bendixes offered bed and board till new equipment turned up.



Big moment: When Lana and Steve suddenly realized that tiny Cheryl was stacking up more Christmas presents than her Mom. Bad moment: When Mrs. Turner took to bed, threatened by pneumonia.

At tea party, Frankie gave rugged rendition of "Old Man River" for Admiral Halsey, who applauded wildly. Frank was honored till he learned he'd sung through dead mike. (With Ginger right.)

and to be observed critically through infancy and adolescence by the largest group of vicarious Little Mothers ever accorded a junior citizen.

BRASS BUTTONS:

The troupe consisting of Gary Cooper, Una Merkel, Phyllis Brooks, and Eddie Arcari, landed at an airport somewhere in the South Pacific and noted with interest the presence of great quantities of gold braid on smartly squared shoulders. Obviously, something dramatic was in the offing, but none of the welcoming committee vouchsafed an explanation to the entertainers. They just waited around. By and by a second plane landed, and from it descended General Marshall.

That afternoon the General addressed the troops briefly. Thereafter, Gary, Eddie and the girls put on their show, an entertainment which General Marshall remained to watch. "We were so excited we almost blew our lines," Una confessed afterward.

At the close of the show General Marshall met the four wanderers and explained in his modest way that he hoped they didn't mind his addressing soldiers who had really gathered hours early to hear the Cooper show. "I was just a fill-in," he grinned.

Gary looked at the sky and the earth for an answer. Then he grinned right back.

Days went by, and the incident was not discussed. Then one evening Gary suddenly observed, "Gosh! Some fill-in, huh?"

* * *

We have been snooping, in your behalf, through the fan mail of certain persons, and we come up triumphantly with the following:

"Our dear Miss Lamour:

"We, the commissioned members of the crew of the United States submarine Gudgeon, have taken it upon ourselves to send you our most cherished possession—not a Jap battle flag or the scalp of an enemy commander, but a picture! A picture placed within an unused gauge, many months before, in the engine room of our gallant vessel. A picture that has done wonders in seeing us through numerous engagements with the Nippers. It was looked upon for protection and comfort countless times during depth charge attacks—and comfort and protection was always found. It is a veteran of ten war patrols in enemy-controlled waters, scores of depth charges (hence the name "Depth Charge Dottie") and has witnessed extensive damage to our enemy.

"You became a veteran early in the war when, during an especially heavy attack, the glass covering your face was shattered, leaving an ugly scar across your cheek. Beyond that, excluding a little scotch tape and good old Gudgeon dirt, you look none the worse for thirty months of sea duty.

"And so, it is with kindest regards that we send you the enclosed picture and hope it will find its way to your scrapbook.

Most sincerely,

Ship's Company,
U.S.S. Gudgeon."



The picture went into Dottie's scrapbook, and a new and luscious portrait went to the ship's company of the gallant Gudgeon. Those of you who have seen "Destination Tokyo" know what sort of action Dottie's pictures—and the men to whom she gave comfort—have survived.

* * *
Lieutenant Van Heflin was able to place a second overseas call to his pretty wife immediately after Christmas. He said wistfully, "I'd give almost anything if I could only see you and Vanna in front of our Christmas tree."

That did it. Frances can't bear the idea of taking down the tree. So she has decided to leave it where it stands in the living room until Van comes back to Hollywood. When last seen, the tree was more haystack than needles.

* * *
As you undoubtedly know from news dispatches, Lt. Eddie Albert participated with the Coast Guard in the landings at Tarawa. It was there, a fact that none of us must ever forget, that over a thousand men gave up their lives in 76 short hours.

Fiercely attending to duty, which in this case was the evacuating of wounded men and getting them back to the ships, Lt. Albert literally swam through a sea that broke red on blood-soaked shores.

He told friends with wry solemnity, "I've always said I craved adventure. Well, I got it." But he had never expected adventure to wear so hideous a face.

However, any man who emerges from such an experience abruptly finds himself to be the possessor of such riches as heart can scarcely hold: He is the owner of life, of being, of awareness of the magical power of laughter.

Out of the depths of this laughter, Eddie told of several Marines who came upon a cache of Jap beer and got to work, opening cans with anything that would penetrate tin. Abruptly a grenade landed in their midst, and everyone leaped backward into fox holes and behind coconut logs. When, after a fearful few moments, there was no detonation, someone gingerly lifted his head to find another Marine calmly stacking his arms with cans of beer.

"Take cover, you lug," someone yelled. "That grenade's about to go off."

The Marine, almost invisible behind his loot, observed urbane, "Nope, it won't go off. I took out the powder before I tossed it in there to scare you monkeys away from my beer."

GOLD FISH:

Because their house seemed too big for Ann's wartime need, and because she and Bob have postwar plans for a one-story, rambling house out in the country somewhere, the Sterlings have offered their Beverly Hills home for sale.

Bob came in from his current job of acting in Air Corps training films and made a bee-line for the shower. The sequence which had been shot that day involved the technique of handling a plane on which the oil line had broken. To simulate oil, yet not dissipate such valuable material or run the risk of starting a real fire, the Army producers had been using chocolate sauce in the oil line. Bob was a sweet sight—face the color of molasses and hair likewise.

The shower felt wonderful. He tried a few bars of some unrecognizable air. Hearing voices—apparently from the neighboring bedroom—Bob opened the sand-blasted shower door and thrust out a dripping head. "Zat you, Ann?"

It wasn't Ann. It was the local realtor, showing a family of prospective buyers through the house. "Personally conducted tours at all hours," said Bob cheerfully and closed the door in the faces of the ogling visitors.

Why Cheryl Walker wears Woodbury Natural



CHERYL WALKER, IN SOL LESSER'S MOTION PICTURE, "STAGE DOOR CANTEN"

✓ "it makes my complexion look blonder... lends baby-skin clearness, velvet smoothness," she says...

Girls!... your shade of Woodbury Powder will do glamorous things for you... Because Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type... And the Color Control process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, super-fine—to stay color-fresh, velvet-smooth on your skin, hour after hour... Choose from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades including: Natural, Flesh, Rachel, Brunette, Windsor Rose.

Woodbury Powder

COLOR CONTROL

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP!... Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost... All 3 for only \$1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



No finer fit
at any price



BESTFORM BRASSIERES

79¢

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS

\$2.50 to \$6.50

BESTFORM

means "best form"

Good News Continued

RUMOR BLOOMER:

If you haven't seen "Lifeboat" with the incomparable Tallulah Bankhead, run—do not walk—to your nearest theater. Playing opposite her is one of the most exciting personalities to hit town in a long time, name of John Hodiak. After the picture had been seen generally in Hollywood, Metro executives cast a covetous eye upon 20th Century-Fox Studios, where the picture had been made by Alfred Hitchcock, and where—presumably—the desirable Mr. Hodiak was under contract.

Tactful negotiations were begun to borrow this rarest of all local wartime commodities, a rugged leading man. 20th Century was polite and regretful. They would, they allowed, dearly love to lend Mr. Hodiak to Metro, were it not for one technicality. Mr. Hodiak had been borrowed, in the first place, by 20th Century. His contract was held by Metro.

RING, DOUBLE RING:

When Alexis Smith announced her engagement to Craig Stevens, she postscripted the news with a firm declaration that there would be no wedding until the war was over. Recently, however, Craig was given his medical discharge from the Army. A few days later Alexis was spotted amid the lonely floor spaces of a furniture store (no Los Angeles home outfitter has enough merchandise to soil a good-sized dustcloth). Perhaps this means that Alexis has changed her mind about being a lady-in-waiting for the duration, since her personal soldier is home from the wars.



Judy (here with Jack Benny) brainstormed into studio with suggestion that full-sized photos replace postcard-size pics to overseas servicemen. Idea took pushing, but Judy got final O.K.



Edward Arnold and everyone else who'd listen heard Paulette's Spring seeding plans, her overpowering yen for dungarees and good N. Y. soil. Paulette said she'd work form herself until next pic.

RE-TAKE:

Christmas, 1943, has long been just a memory. About all that remains of the festive season around your house is that Christmas card from a distant friend, giving her new address. You are positively going to write her a long letter—in June.

This being the case, perhaps you can endure a final report on Hollywood Yuletide Highlights, to wit: Annie Sheridan—gifted with a toy train that wound through her entire house—was determined to supply the donor, Steve Hannagan, with a pair of firehouse red silk pajamas to get even with his stunt of having her met in Chicago by the fire chief.

Unfortunately, the demand for red silk pajamas is practically nil, and the haberdashers whom Annie telephoned verbally recoiled from her query. So she bought a pair of white pyjamas and had them dyed.

Just before Christmas, incidentally, Jane Wyman had poked her head into Perc Westmore's make-up department in time to catch him displaying—to his employees—the full-length maribou negligee he had bought for his wife, beautiful red-haired Margaret Donovan. Jamie advanced to model the coat and promptly went into ecstasies over it.

On Christmas morning Jane received a duplicate coat from Perc.

And the following is a somewhat belated report on the Whiskers Situation, Hollywood Division, Rental Department.

As you probably know, Cary Grant is the only male member of the Hollywood Women's Press Club, and, as such, acts as Santa Claus by delivering the grab bag (25c) presents which they exchange each year. It has been the custom for some member of the entertainment committee to rent a set of flowing white whiskers and a red cap for Cary.

This year he passed gifts around, wearing a face unblemished by even so little as a faint five o'clock shadow. Someone demanded to know why the traditional beard had been shed.

Explanation: it seems that beards were so much in demand (the supply being scarce) that the rental time was stated in hours instead of days. Cary's whiskers had been rented from 8 A.M. until noon on the day before Christmas, and presentation of Golden Apples took so long that Cary didn't play Santa until 2:30 P.M.

By that time the uneasy-footed rental company had taken its whiskers and departed to its next customer.

"THE FLOOD MAY BEAR ME FAR":

Undoubtedly you read the newspaper account of the launching of the S.S. Carole Lombard, and saw the pictures of Irene Dunne wielding the christening bottle of wine. Many Hollywood know-it-alls have asked why Miss Dunne was selected, as she and Carole had been acquaintances but not close friends.

It happened this way: Mrs. Walter Lang, the beloved "Fieldsie," had been Carole's closest friend. This was so well known that Mrs. Lang was asked to give the short dedicatory speech and to launch the boat. She declined, saying that she would be so emotionally overcome that she would be unable to utter a word. Who, then, the officials asked, would be suitable?

Fieldsie thought it over and reached a conclusion. Of all the women in Hollywood, Irene Dunne had always been the actress most admired by Carole Lombard. Miss Dunne's voice, her graciousness, her perfect poise had been cited repeatedly by Carole as her ideal.

So it was she who consigned to the honesty of the unchanging sea, the honesty of the unchanging spirit called Carole Lombard.

The Beedle family had three sons: Bill, Bob and Dick—all tall, all handsome, all likable. Bill went into pictures several years ago, made his mark (Continued on page 113)



Use FRESH and stay fresher!

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

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

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

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



A Smile that Glistens

Mayhap, sassy one, you've been disposed to poke fun at the stories of eternal youth that trickle out of Hollywood via the pens of precocious publicity peddlers. But here's something you can swear by any time you feel the urge: the gilded gals who leave the most famous footprints in the slabs at Grauman's Chinese Theater are the ones who've learned to take care of their health. If you follow their example in hygiene as faithfully as you copy their coifs, you're even smarter than grandma gives you credit for being . . . Take the matter of teeth. Teeth are terribly important, not only to good looks, but to good health. The girls who live by the lens know this. Glance at the pix of June Allyson for a smiling example . . . When June was doing a stint at New York's Capitol Theater, your gallivanting beauty editor fought her way backstage through a crowd of milling fans and cornered June in her dressing room. We were there to pick up any ideas she might have on brightening and improving smiles . . . and we had come to the right place. This Allyson lass is gay as an M-G-M musical. The audience was happy, no end, when June flashed her dazzling white smile . . . "First impressions," said she, "are so important . . . and nobody fails to notice your mouth!" A person just can't be healthy with

sick teeth. Teeth grind food. If the teeth are sore, broken-down or missing, digestion is interfered with at the start. 'Nother thing: nothing causes an ill-smelling breath more quickly than decayed teeth or an unclean mouth . . . **Brush-work.** "Make the tongue-test," is June's idea. Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth . . . inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? It doesn't belong on teeth. It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking. Your tongue tells you what others see—filmy coating

← June Allyson boasts a bright smile 'cause she cares for her teeth. She's in "Two Sisters and a Sailor" with Van Johnson.



that dimes the natural brilliance of your smile.

June fixed us with a stern eye: "Do you select a toothbrush for the color of its handle instead of the quality of the bristles?" While we were busily denying any such thing, June went on to chat about the all-important brush. "A toothbrush shouldn't be used oftener than once in 24 hours." Right, she is! It's a bright idea to own two toothbrushes. With proper care (which means only cold water is ever applied to the bristles) and 24-hour drying in the open air, a pair of brushes used alternately will do efficient work for about four months.

Choose a toothbrush to fit the mouth. Don't, oh don't, use one whose bristles are broken or loose. Brush the teeth, if possible, after every meal. Also, of course, upon rising and before going to bed. Never saw back and forth, for this injures the gums and cuts grooves in the teeth. Simplest and most effective method consists of a slight rolling, away-from-the-gums motion for the outside walls of the teeth, small-circular strokes for the biting surfaces and a vertical scrubbing for the inner surfaces of the front teeth.

"It's important," added June, "to brush the gums as to brush the teeth." Care must be taken to brush them only in the proper direction; toward the crowns of teeth, never away from them. Brush the upper gums downward, the lower gums upward. This massages them and also sweeps out food particles from between the teeth. June's enthusiastic about the whole subject. 'Fact, she spends ten minutes every morning and evening in caring for her teeth.

Dandy Dentifrice. June's a gal who likes variety. Sometimes she uses a paste, sometimes a liquid, sometimes a powder dentifrice. Whichever you hit upon, if it's a nationally advertised product you can be assured it's scientific tooth cleansing at its best. When you make your choice, use it regularly. You'll be the proud possessor of beautiful white "tooties!"

Dental Floss. June, bright girl, always uses it. Of course, we're talking about dental floss. Don't jam it against the gums. Just insert the dental floss carefully between the teeth and run it along the sides. Floss is wonderful at removing food debris from spots that your brush can't reach. It's important, any dentist will tell you, to remove this stuff for it rots and, among other cheerful things, helps to decay teeth and to taint your breath.

Mouth Wash. Use mouth wash to rinse away any and every particle of food debris after the use of dental floss. In fact, if you're a smart girl, you'll use mouth wash all the time. In this day and age, we needn't go into the hazards of b-a-d b-r-e-a-t-h! Come, come, does yours make you a girl to be looked at, but never danced with? Well, do something about it. Gargle with a fresh, clean-tasting mouth rinse every time you wash your teeth. And here's an extra gleam-tip that June passes along to you: "Once a week scrub your teeth with a pad of cotton saturated in your pet mouth rinse. To reach the back teeth, I twine cotton on an orange stick." This is a neat trick to keep your fangs a-gleam and is especially helpful for lassies who like to smoke a lot.

Food Facts. While we were chatting June munched a ham-on-rye. With pickle on the side. June loves dill pickles and is mighty glad that rationing hasn't hit them yet. All of which brought up a discussion of food and its importance to gleaming teeth. And it's mighty important, say we, joining our soprano to the chorus of all U. S. medicos.

(Continued on page 104)

MY WIFE SURE MAKES FOOD FIGHT FOR FREEDOM !



HERE'S HOW
I SAVE PRECIOUS
FOOD WITH
**PYREX
WARE**

TO MAKE THE MOST of the grand things out of your Victory garden, use this Pyrex Double Duty Casserole! Saves time and fuel by cooking 1/3 faster. Clear glass lets you see exactly when food is done. Wonderful too for scalloped dishes or small roasts. Cover keeps food hot on the table and doubles as a pie plate. Three sizes. Family (2 quart) size.....only **75¢**



THIS PYREX MATCHED BOWL SET designed for baking, serving, storing or mixing. Clever new rim makes pouring easy. Perfect for serving salads, cakes, custards, puddings or fruits! All 3 bowls—2½, 1½, and 1 qt. nested to save space.....only **95¢**



THIS PYREX FLAVOR-SAVER is the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles. Special fluted edge and extra depth keep flavor and juices in the pie—not in the oven. As lovely a dish as you'd want to set on your table. Full 10-inch size.....Only **45¢**

Uncle Sam wants stronger nephews and nieces and leaner garbage cans. Here's how you can help! Ever notice how much food gets wasted when you cook in an ordinary baking dish? Look at the chart below.

You probably lose at least a full helping. Now see how you save with Pyrex Ware. You bake, serve and store in the same crystal clear dish. You even reheat leftovers in it and use it again for serving. You haven't made a single dish-to-dish transfer.

You've saved precious food. And you've saved time and dishwashing, and soap and hot water besides!

SAVE FOOD - BAKE, SERVE, STORE IN ONE DISH !

**YOU LOSE FOOD WHEN YOU
SCRAPE IT FROM DISH TO DISH**



**NO TRANSFER FROM DISH TO DISH
WITH PYREX WARE**



ONE PYREX DISH DOES THE WHOLE JOB



LOOK FOR THIS TRADE
MARK STAMPED IN THE GLASS
ON
PYREX
U.S. PAT. OFF.

"PYREX" IS A REGISTERED
TRADE-MARK OF
CORNING GLASS WORKS,
CORNING, N. Y.





SWEEP 'EM CLEAN. Have two toothbrushes both tagged Private Property. You're to use 'em three times a day. And when you spread your dentifrice, it can be liquid, powder or paste. Grasp your firm-bristled brush at an angle and swivel it among your molars.

Sweep up from the lower set of teeth and down from the uppers. Give extra attention to the back teeth and the inner sides of your front teeth. Allow three minutes for all this brush work, and you'll notice the difference. Your teeth will be whiter, brighter. Slight stains may sometimes be removed by putting a little dentifrice on a piece of clean gauze and rubbing carefully over the discoloration.



SLICK 'EM SPRUCE. No matter your conscientious sweeping and rinsing, persistent food particles will stick in the crevices and crannies of your teeth. So tote a roll of dental floss with you and use it discreetly after each meal. And we mean discreetly in your own room, not surreptitiously at the table. Do not jerk the floss down under the gums, or saw it back and forth at the gum line. Slip it gently between the teeth. Then slide the floss up and back until every errant food particle has been thoroughly routed. It's a bright idea to go through this routine each morning and at night before turning down the covers. It's an extra bit of insurance against decay.



SWISH 'EM SWEET. A vigorous swishing with mouthwash follows your tooth brushing and that cleansing with dental floss. A mouthwash will remove all the particles that have been loosened by the brush and leave your mouth feeling cool, clean and invigorated. Try a mouthwash immediately after you get up, following each meal and before you retire at night. Hold it in your mouth a few minutes swishing it lazily round and round. It'll give you a baby-sweet breath. Your toothbrushes will give you better service if you remember to wash and rinse them in this same antiseptic mouthwash after each brushing. Why, it just murders those germs!



CHEW 'EM STRONG. The gum chewing habit is a good one for teeth, gums and chin line. But it isn't practical or pretty to do your face grooming in the subway or at a dance. Chew gum as you catch up on your knitting, at your machine in the defense plant, in your good-morning shower. It will keep your smile bright and shining and your chin a firm, lithe, determined line. You can chew your teeth strong the vitamin way, too, if you tuck a raw carrot, two pieces of hard bread, or a stalk of crunchy celery in your lunch basket. Or if yours is a white collar job, slip a hard apple in your pocket-book and gnaw away at it during your lunch hour.



CHECK 'EM OFTEN. Your dentist is not an ogre. Visit him at least twice a year. Let him do a professional cleaning and simonizing job to remove stubborn stains and tartar. He'll polish your teeth until they shine. He can catch tooth decay before it gets too serious and wretched toothaches result. If yours are problem teeth that just break out in cavities, ask your dentist to recommend a special diet. Crooked, uneven teeth can be straightened even if you are over sixteen. And all sorts of wondrous magic can be worked with your molars whether they've been neglected or not. So visit the man with the drill regularly. He'll keep your-teeth pretty.

SMILE ROUTINE

Laraine Day, an M-G-M star, smiles brightly.

"LADY IN THE DARK"

STORY

(Continued from page 53)

her lip, trying to laugh at herself. It was only Charley Johnson. He popped his head around the edge of the door, grinning.

"Got time for an advertising manager, Boss Lady?" he said.

boss lady . . .

She pursed her lips in annoyance; he was always calling her that, Boss Lady. She didn't like Johnson, for all his vaunted charm; he was a conceited puppy, but for all of that he was the best advertising man in the business.

"What's on your mind, Johnson?" she said shortly.

"The usual thing. Girls," he said.

"That's not very funny," she said.

"I don't like funny girls," Charley said. "I like them beautiful—and feminine."

"So Paxton tells me," Liza said. "Look here Johnson, I don't mind what you do after hours, but Paxton's been hollering his head off that you kept his models out all night, and they look like wet dish rags now. They're not worth a dime for posing, and we've got to get our picture layouts taken today. Stay away from our girls, will you, Johnson?"

"I can't," Johnson said. "It's a hereditary weakness."

She didn't want to argue. She said abruptly: "What did you want?"

"It's about the Easter issue," Johnson said. "I've got a wonderful idea. A circus cover and carry out the same motif all through the book. The advertisers would go for it like a million. I could line up enough ads to tide us over for a year."

"We have a traditional Easter cover," Liza said.

"Traditional—and dull," Johnson said.

He laid his layouts on the desk, and she looked at them blankly. Johnson was talking excitedly. His voice was like a dim montage of sound. She felt tired.

"Can I go ahead?" Johnson said.

"You'll do nothing without my okay," she said sharply.

Johnson shrugged: "Okay, Boss Lady."

He looked at her insolently, and then quite casually he reached over and stroked the lapel of the smart, tailored suit she was wearing.

"Just like mine," he said. "Only I like bow ties better with it."

He turned laughing and started out of the office. For a moment she hated him and his gibes. Blindly, angrily she reached toward the desk. Her hand closed around a paper weight. In a sudden, conclusive movement, she flung it. It crashed against the wall an inch from Johnson's head. He turned sharply and then bent and picked up the paper weight. He grinned a little.

"Thanks," he said. "I always needed one."

Then he was gone, and Liza Elliott was alone in the office. Alone with the bitter tired feeling and the fright and the ebbing anger. She buried her head in her arms.

Dr. Brooks was a calm man, surprisingly young. He listened impassively while Liza Elliott told him that she had come almost against her will. She didn't want to come, she didn't believe in it. But if there were no other way—she'd try it, be fair. For she was frightened, depressed, panic-stricken. There had to be something that could be done. Dr. Brooks asked her to do only a very simple thing. He asked her to relax on a couch and simply to tell him whatever thoughts passed through her mind. She lay there a while relaxing.

"It's odd," she said. "I keep thinking of the beginning of a little song. I can't re-

member all of it. Not even the words. But it's been running through my mind for days. Last night, just before I fell asleep, I remember trying to think of the rest of it, beyond this little fragment I know. And it kept running through all of the dream . . ."

"The dream?" Dr. Brooks said. "What did you dream?"

"I can't remember all of it."

"Try," the doctor said. "Try."

"I was in a large room . . . a little like my office . . . but immense . . . and then suddenly there was music . . . out of nowhere a dress came floating down . . . it was ornate and beribboned . . . blue."

"Is that a color you usually wear?"

"I loathe blue," Liza said. "I never wear it."

"The dream?" the doctor said. "Go on."

"Suddenly I was wearing the dress . . . there was a whole crowd of people . . . they were admiring me . . . I seemed to like it . . . I danced for them . . . and they applauded wildly . . . then there was a loud blast of trumpets and a figure came in . . . dressed like a Marine . . . I seemed to recognize the face . . . the face of the advertising manager at the magazine . . . he insisted on painting my portrait . . . he did it there immediately . . . suddenly everyone was laughing at me . . ."

For a moment there was silence in the room and then Dr. Brooks said mildly: "How long have you been working for the magazine, Miss Elliott?"

"Ten years," she said. "I started it."

"Your own money?"

"No," she said. "A publisher backed me. Kendall Nesbitt." She paused slightly and then added dryly: "Perhaps you might as well know now. Mr. Nesbitt is in love with me, has been all the time. He'd marry me, but his wife won't divorce him."

Dr. Brooks nodded calmly: "About the dream. Doesn't it strike you odd that you should dream of a woman who is so entirely your opposite, one who likes glamorous dresses, wants to be admired for her beauty. Or is that what you really want?"

Liza said sharply: "Of course not. I despise useless women. If I wanted glamorous dresses, do you think I should have to dream about them. I'd only have to reach out my hand and take."

She was still thinking of the doctor's words when she returned to the office a little later. She swung down the smart hall, and out of a doorway one of the girls, a clerk, brushed by her hurriedly, apologized quickly and then went running down the hall, saying ecstatically: "He's here!" Her office was empty. Almost all the offices were empty, it seemed. She frowned. Then she heard the noise coming from the photographic studio.

gorgeous hunk . . .

They were all in there, the whole staff, girls and women, crowded around the figure of a man. He was tall, handsome, broad-shouldered. She heard a fragment of words as a girl said, sighing: "... what a hunk of man . . ." Then she recognized him. Randy Curtis, the movie star.

Of course; he'd been due for a series of pictures for a layout in the magazine. But to create such an uproar! She raised her voice sharply.

"Girls," she said. "This is disgraceful. Mr. Curtis is here on business. I'm sure he doesn't relish being mauled!"

When they were gone, a little sheepishly, but looking back over their shoulders

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for one last look, she apologized to him for their rudeness.

"You don't remember me," he said. "We met once before. A year ago. You promised to have a drink with me. We never did get around to it."

"If it will make amends—" Liza said.

Randy said eagerly: "This afternoon?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then tomorrow. Tomorrow night."

Liza smiled graciously: "All right, then. Tomorrow night. I may be a little late. We're going to press, and I may have to stay overtime."

no time for love ...

She walked back to her office swiftly, a little eager to get at her work. That was the only thing that saved her really. Immersed in her work, she could forget the other things, the nagging fear and the sudden depressions. She was glad she'd gone to Dr. Brooks. She felt a little better.

She found Kendall Nesbitt waiting for her. Kendall seemed to be in an odd mood. There was a repressed gaiety about him. He took her arm and mysteriously steered her out to the terrace. Below them New York lay silver with sunlight.

"Liza," Kendall said. "You'll never guess."

"Guess what?" she said.

"Kate's promised to give me a divorce. Did you hear that, Liza? She'll divorce me. Of course she's driving a hard bargain. She gets almost everything but the kitchen sink. But we'll be free, finally. It's worth anything to me. I've been worried about you, Liza ..."

"I'm all right, Ken."

"Think of it, Liza. Free. We'll be able to do what we've always wanted. Isn't it wonderful news?"

Was it? Was it? Was she too tired to think? Or was there something else. She could feel nothing. What was it Ken was saying? A divorce. And then, free. Free for what? To marry.

"Liza," Ken said. "It is good news, isn't it?"

"Wonderful, Ken," she said. "Only I'm a little tired now. Just let me think about it a while."

His name kept whirling through her mind: Kendall ... Kendall ... Kendall Nesbitt ... On the way home and then later in the little study in her apartment: Kendall, Kendall, Kendall Nesbitt. She found herself humming and then stopped abruptly for it was the same fragment of a song, the song she couldn't remember. She flung herself face down on the bed. She was tired. So tired. The name kept whirling through her mind: Kendall, Kendall, Kendall Nesbitt.

Was that her ... where was she ... oh, all the girls were running ... where were they running ... wasn't that a statue there ... no it wasn't a statue ... they were running toward a man ... she knew him ... of course, she did ... it was Randy Curtis ... look at me Randy, look at me ... wasn't she beautiful ... wasn't she? ... what was that music ... it sounded like a wedding march ... why, it was for her ... look at the dress she was wearing ... it was a wedding gown ... it was Liza Elliott's wedding day ... here comes the bride ... and the minister ... why, he looked familiar ... it was Charley Johnson ... do you take this man ... of course she did, wasn't it Randy Curtis ... why no, it wasn't ... it was Kendall ... what happened to the music ... why were all the girls shouting at her ... what were they saying ... you don't love that man, you don't love that man ... get away ... get away ... she was climbing ... away ... away ... and then suddenly she wasn't wearing the wedding dress anymore ... it was the blue dress ... and she could see someone ... it was her father ...

she was running to him, hands outstretched ... Daddy ... Daddy ... why was he looking at her like that ... why was he saying, take that dress off, take it off immediately ...

Dr. Brooks listened intently while she told him of the dream. For a moment he didn't say anything, and then he spoke carefully.

"In your dream you think you're marrying Randy Curtis, but it turns out to be Kendall Nesbitt. Then you see your father, and you run to him, is that right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"You're not sure you want to marry Kendall Nesbitt, are you?"

"No. I'd given up the idea. I was satisfied with things at her were."

"Isn't it possible that you never wanted to marry him. That your affection for him is based on the fact that he resembled your father. That really, he was a refuge to you; as long as you thought you were in love with him and there was no chance of marrying him, it kept you safe from competing with other women for a man ..."

"You mean that I'm afraid to compete with other women?"

"Exactly. You don't dare."

She said angrily: "That's ridiculous." "Is it?" the doctor said. "I think you'll find the interpretation is correct."

"I'll find nothing," she said sharply. "Because I'm not going on with the analysis. You're entitled to your interpretation, Doctor. I'm entitled to mine. Good-by."

Back at the offices of "Allure," Charley Johnson was waiting for her, his good-natured face a little sober, but still grinning that infectious, maddening grin.

"Well, Boss Lady," he said, "what about the circus cover?"

"I haven't decided yet."

"I wish you would," he said. "I want to go out in a blaze of glory."

"Go out?" she said. "What do you mean?"

"It's my last issue, Boss Lady. I'm quitting. Got a better offer. I hate breaking your heart, leaving. But you'll bear up."

"Look here, Johnson," she said sharply. "I don't like you. I admit it. But I like your work. I'll meet any offer you can get elsewhere. Fair enough?"

insolent pup ...

"You couldn't meet the offer, Boss Lady. You see, I'm after your job. At this other place I run the whole show. Here, well, here you're married to your desk, aren't you, Boss Lady?"

"You insolent puppy," she shouted.

"Now, now—" Johnson said. "Naughty."

"Get out!" she snapped.

Charley Johnson grinned. He took the paper weight she had once thrown at him out of his pocket and toyed with it in his hand: "Mind if I keep it?" he said. "Get out!"

She had no peace. Suddenly her whole, small tight world was crumbling around her; the familiar world she had dominated for so long was becoming a frightening place, full of alarms and fears. She went back to her office, determined to work. But she couldn't make her mind concentrate on the details before her. Every small decision was painful. She couldn't make up her mind. She was staring angrily at her desk when her secretary announced, Randy Curtis. She had almost forgotten.

Randy was splendid in white tie and tails. He came into the office with a great, handsome rush. He stood staring at her, plain in her tailored suit.

She said: "I'm sorry if I'm a little late, Randy. I haven't had time to change."

"Don't change," he said eagerly. "Go as you are. I was so afraid I'd run into a glamour girl again. I'm sick of them."

"Are you?"

"That's what I always liked about you." Liza Elliott frowned deeply. "What?"

(Continued on page 74)

"Want a lovelier Complexion?"

This Beauty care really
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As from a long distance the memory of the doctor's voice whispered in her ear. "... you're afraid to compete with other women ... you're afraid ... you don't dare." She was suddenly angry.

"I'm afraid I am going to dress, Randy."

They went to all the swank places, and she was striking in a wonderful gown. Randy was attentive. Sometimes, it seemed as if he were in love with her.

At the Monaco Club, later that night, they ran into Charley Johnson and a blonde. The blonde knew Randy from Hollywood. She prattled on while Liza sat stiff.

Charley Johnson slipped into the seat next to Liza: "Boss Lady," he said. "You look almost human."

The blonde was saying to her: "Of course, everybody's crazy about Randy. I am, too. But he won't give me a tumble."

"You don't like me," Charley said. "Because I want your job. You don't like my blonde either. She wants your man ..."

Liza stood up suddenly; Charley Johnson said. "What's the matter, Boss Lady?"

"Randy," Liza said. "You won't mind, will you? I've got to go now. I've still work to do, you know."

She started toward the door. Randy was following after her awkwardly. She heard Charley Johnson's mocking laugh, "What's the matter? Can't take it? Can't stand competition, Boss Lady?"

On the desk in her room the Easter cover for the magazine gleamed in the soft light. Next to it lay Charley Johnson's layout for the Circus cover. She wanted to do something. To stop thinking about Randy Curtis and Kendall Nesbitt, she stared from one cover to the other, concentrating. One or the other. The Circus cover or the Easter cover. She grinned wryly at herself. She couldn't even decide that any more. The covers whirled before her tired eyes. The Easter cover or the Circus cover ... which ... Easter ... Circus ... Circus ... Circus ...

What happened ... look, the animals were moving ... the circus cover was alive ... they were pulling a cage into the ring ... who was that in it ... why it was herself ... and there was Charley Johnson ... the ringmaster ... he was opening the cage ... he was leading her toward a shadowy figure ... why, it was a judge ... they were putting her on trial ... they were going to make her make up her mind ... and there, there on the white horse ... that was Randy Curtis ... he was going to defend her ... now there was a witness in the box ... Kendall Nesbitt ... she can't make up her mind ... what was that music they were playing ... the song again ... no, no, not that, please don't play that ...

Dr. Brooks said gently: "So you had this dream or hallucination, call it what you will, and you've come back to me?"

"I must get to the bottom of it," Liza said. "I'm sorry I ran out. I'll do everything I can to help."

"The blue dress," Dr. Brooks said. "Evidently it has something to do with your father. Can't you remember anything about it at all?"

"Yes," she said. "It was my mother's favorite dress. She was a beautiful woman. She was disappointed in me, and I knew she was. It hurt me terribly. I wanted so to be beautiful."

"I remember, after she died. I was only a child. I saw how sad my father was, and I wanted to do something to please him. I stole up to my mother's room. I found her favorite blue dress there. I thought somehow it might please him if I put it on, let him see it again. He found me there, trying it on. I think it was the only time

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in his life he ever spoke a harsh word to me. I ran to my room crying
 "And ever since then you've hated blue?"
 "Yes. I vowed then that I was going to win a place in the world. I knew I could never do it by beauty. I studied. And I worked. Well, I was a success . . ."
 "And the song . . . the fragment that keeps running through your mind?"
 "It was a song my father taught me."
 For a moment Dr. Brooks considered. Then he spoke quietly. "I think we can see the full pattern now," he exclaimed. "You've been afraid of beauty because your mother was so beautiful, and you were so plain as a child. You were shocked, then. You built a wall against the outside world. This breakdown is a rebellion against that wall. You can't deny your womanhood forever, Miss Elliott. Perhaps what you need now is love."

"Thank you, perhaps you're right."
 Randy Curtis was waiting for her. For the first time in months she felt herself free to smile. The weight was gone.

"Liza, I want you to marry me."
 "Marry you?"

He said quickly: "It won't mean giving up anything. Look, I've been offered a chance to set up my own production unit in Hollywood. I'm afraid of it. But if I knew someone like you would help me, I'd take it. It hasn't got anything to do with why I love you. Or maybe it has."

Suddenly she wanted to laugh. Poor Randy. He needed the same thing she needed. Security. A sense of being cared for. He wanted a mother.

She said no to him as gracefully as she could. He finally left, and then she sat down calmly at her desk. Now is the time, she thought wryly, for all good men to come to the aid of Liza Elliott. Someone knocked on the door. Charley entered.

"Look," he said. "I have an apology to make, or should make. I've needled you and egged you-on. But I can't really apologize because deep down I feel I was right."

"Maybe it's because down deep, really, too, I've always liked you. I got a look at you last night, Liza. You're lovely."

Suddenly she was looking at him. Nice hair. Nice smile. Nice way of talking. Charming. She felt a deep hidden stir.

"Charley," she said, "I want you to stay. Don't quit."

He shrugged: "I'd like to," he said. "You know my terms."

"Maybe we can run the magazine together, Charley. And then if it works out all right, I can even get a divorce from my desk. You might like that."

"For more reasons than one," he said.

The other reasons came out while they were working on the Circus issue. She was bent over the layout, and then suddenly his face was beside her, pointing out some detail. Their eyes met. It was strange: Suddenly the whole room seemed to melt away, and there was nothing in the world but the even stare of his eyes. And it wasn't until a little while later that she realized he was kissing her.

Afraid? Liza Elliott afraid of love?
 She kissed him again.

CAST

Liza Elliott.....Ginger Rogers
 Charley Johnson.....Ray Milland
 Randy Curtis.....Jon Hall
 Kendall Nesbitt.....Warner Baxter
 Dr. Brooks.....Barry Sullivan
 Russell Paxton.....Mischa Auer
 Maggie Grant.....Mary Philips
 Allison Grant.....Phyllis Brooks
 A dancer.....Don Loper
 Dr. Carlton.....Edward Fielding
 Herself.....Mary Parker
 Miss Foster.....Catherine Craig
 Martha.....Marietta Canty

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HUTTON, INC.

(Continued from page 51)

Time? How she did it heaven only knows, because she was already scraping to the bone. But somehow she managed to scrape beyond the bone and to buy her younger daughter a pair of skates.

Marion was the lady, Betty the hellion. Marion had the face of an angel, Betty was a plain little frecklepuss. Everybody loved Marion. Except to her mother, Betty was a wild young nuisance. And Betty got a whale of an inferiority complex.

low man...

In those days she didn't know a complex from a hole in the wall. All she knew was, it hurt like fury to see Marion fussed over while she was ignored. So she danced and hollered and screamed and sang and peeked out of the corner of an eye to see if anyone was looking. Asserting your individuality, the psychologists call it.

By any name, Marion didn't like it.

"Do you have to be so loud?"

"Do you have to be such a prude?"

"You're just making a show of yourself."

"Oh, break down and be human."

Marion was the wholesome sweater-and-skirt girl. She didn't use make-up till she was 16. Betty was all for ruffles and lipstick and being an actress. When people said, "Why aren't you like your sister?" she'd burn. And burn all the hotter, because she'd have asked nothing better than to be a beauty and a lady like Marion.

They were alike in two things. Both adored their mother. Both hated their poverty. Marion tried to put up a front against it. Betty stamped her foot. "We're poor. Why not say we're poor?"

Yet, deeper than their temperamental differences ran the bond of kinship. As kids, they were always scrapping. Marion was the stronger of the two. She might get Betty down for the count, but she'd never hurt her. "Some day," she'd promise, "I'm going to slow you." (Slow was her own word and it rhymed with cow.) Betty would stick her tongue out. She knew her Marion.

And headstrong though she was, she recognized the fact that Marion was wiser in the ways of the heart. One night the larder held only a can of beans. Mother said she wasn't hungry.

"Then I won't eat either," stormed Betty.

Marion, dividing the beans, gave her a look that shut her up. "Listen," she said, low-voiced, "you're not helping mother any. She's got to be tough. It would only hurt her worse if we didn't eat. She'd lose that toughness she needs to stand up to things. Now you eat if it chokes you—"

Betty ate.

When Marion got a job in a drugstore, she'd sneak candy and sodas home to the brat. And she did something else the brat will never forget. Once in a blue moon Marion got a new dress. Betty never did. Being the younger, she'd have to wear Marion's hand-me-downs. Worse than anything else, she wanted a dress no one else had ever worn, and Marion bought it for her. Not only the dress, but a hat and bag and shoes. It took her months to pay for them.

Just the same, not till both were launched on their professional careers, did they really draw close. Partly it was the process of growing up—partly the fact that now for the first time Marion followed where Betty led. Boy, was that balm to a bruised and battered ego! Here at last was something she knew more about than her sister. Something she could wrestle with.

Marion was singing at the Nuthouse in Detroit when Betty got her job with Vincent Lopez. Marion had never sung before—but if Betty could, why couldn't she? That was fine with Betty. She knew their money lay in the entertainment field. Mother'd had it all fixed up for her to be a secretary, Marion a nurse, but Mother reckoned without the driving ambition of her youngest. The world with a fence around it—that's what Betty wanted. Nuts to 25 a week.

With the Lopez outfit, she went to Atlanta. A hotel manager said: "Where can I get a vocalist like you?"

"I've got a sister who sings just like me." Which was true up to a point. Their style is similar, only Marion's not so wild.

On Betty's say-so, her sister was hired. Next, she talked Lopez into giving Marion a four-week engagement. Both girls sang with the band in Boston, and Betty did the managing. Marion had to take her name—she'd been changed from Thornburg to Hutton by the process of numerology. Marion had to wear the same kind of dress—a style Betty herself had designed to work in. The night Glenn Miller came in, Betty gave Marion her best numbers to do. Then she collared Miller. "How about giving my sister a job?"

"I'll try her out. If I keep her, you pay the plane fare. If not, I'll pay it."

He kept her. Pretty soon they were both in New York, Marion making 50 a week, Betty a smart 65. Betty wowed 'em at the Casa Manana, Marion's chance was coming up. Miller was about to open at a big night spot—and Marion came down with a cold.

now I lay me down to sleep . . .

But a cold. Pneumonia, practically. On opening day, she wandered into Betty's place, looking like a ghost. Mother's heart dropped into her boots. Betty started tearing round. Phone the chiropractor. Let him fix her up enough, so at least she can go on. Get her into bed. Make a hot stew. Get her out of bed. Dress her. Make her up. You look swell, kid. Come on, let's go—

But first they knelt down beside their mother. "From pups on up to big cows," as Betty tells it, they'd said their prayers every night at their mother's knee. And at moments of crisis, they continued to pray together. Putting themselves on the right side of God, they called it.

Marion was a sensation that night, and zoomed on up from there.

The two are as different today as when they were kids. Everybody still loves Marion. "Not me," says Betty, who still can't be bothered with lies. "I'm not sweet and charming, and I never intend to be. It would bore me stiff."

Marion remains serene, like a mountain lake. Betty's turbulent as ever, a plunging torrent that no dam can hold. It takes Marion months to be your friend, but once she's accepted you, she's your friend for life. Betty can love today and hate tomorrow—Marion takes time to sit down and write long letters. Betty wires or phones.

mother by proxy . . .

"I'm selfish," she says. That depends on the point of view. Several weeks before Christmas, Marion wrote that her husband had been called to the service. It was a lonely letter, and between its lines, Betty read an appeal. Christmas was coming. Marion would be alone at Christmas-time. But if Mother went to her, Betty would be alone. She couldn't quite face it—

So she went to work, and couldn't keep her mind on the work. Marion's letter haunted her, Marion's face got between her and her lines. At home, the phone rang.



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HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

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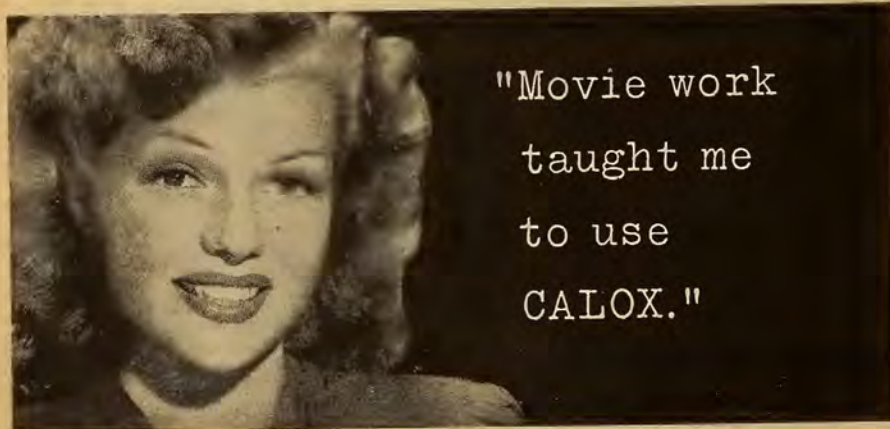
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knows all
the glamour
tricks..."



"Such as
teeth that
shine
beautifully."



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Mrs. Hutton picked it up. "Better get your bags packed, Ma, and be on your way."

With Marion husband and child come first. She turned down an M-G-M contract because it would have meant long separations from Jack. Now Jack's in the Army, so she's got to work. But she'd rather be at home with him and the baby.

With Betty, career comes first. She looks at her sister and yearns for what Marion has—marriage to the man she loves, an adorable kid. She knows that Marion's still wiser than she in the ways of the heart. But she knows herself, too.

Jack Philbin was managing Glenn Miller's band when Marion joined it. They fell in love and married. For Marion, it was as simple as that.

From the moment she heard a baby was on the way, Betty went wild. "Our baby" she called it even before it was born. As she was getting ready for a show one day, Marion walked in. "Sister, I feel so strange. I've got spots in front of my eyes—"

She phoned the doctor, and Marion was rushed to the hospital. Somehow she got through her performance, tore over to the hospital and arrived as they were taking the baby from the delivery room.

All she could see were the two blue marks on his forehead where the instruments had touched him, and brother, she was fit to be tied. Out she stormed and flew at the doctor.

"You've scarred our baby."

He managed to keep her at arm's length. "Now hold it, Betty. What are you talking about?"

"Those two blue marks. What kind of a thing is that to do to a kid?"

"They'll disappear."

"When?"

"In a couple of weeks."

Her eyes filled. "If they don't," she gulped, "you're a dead duck, doctor."

Soon after, she went to Hollywood. Last time she saw her nephew, he was just under two. He looks like her and, when she takes him out, she pretends she's his mother. One day they were in a taxi together, John standing beside her, peering out the back window. Suddenly he turned and looked at her, as if he were seeing her for the first time. With a funny little gurgle, he put his arms round her neck and planted a soft wet smack on her cheek. For that thrill she wouldn't take a thousand bucks. She bawled for 15 minutes.

Yes, she wants home and husband and baby, but she can't compromise.

Because you can't have her kind of ambition and divide your energies. It's no ordinary ambition. She's driven by a force beyond her understanding. She aches and hungers with a burning intensity to get to the top. She wants all of life; she wants something way up there that she can't reach, and she's going to reach it if it kills her.

For that kind of success, you've got to gamble. Marion won't. Betty begged her to go out alone when she left the band. Marion was scared. She joined the "Modernaires" instead. Later she quit them to stay with her family. Then when Jack was called, her place with the "Modernaires" was filled. So she had to go out alone, and she's doing fine. But she didn't jump from the diving board, she was pushed.

No gamble's too great for Betty. When "Incendiary Blonde" came up, the Paramount biggies sent for her. "Are you ready to shoot the works?"

She knew what they meant. If she missed, it might set her back five years. She was scared blue, but they weren't going to know it. "I'm ready," she told them. "God help me," she said to herself.

When the day's over, she's too tired for anything but bed. She couldn't be a wife

and mother, too—not the kind she wants to be. She might try to talk herself into it, but deep down in her heart she knows it's not in the cards. And no matter how hard she fell for a man, if he tried to take her work away, she'd hate him.

mr. genie . . .

Marion's life is happier, hers is more exciting. Marion's proud as punch over Betty's success. No touch of professional jealousy clouds her feeling. "If it had been the other way 'round," says honest Betty, "I wouldn't have been so happy."

Marion says: "It doesn't mean that much to me. Only the people you love matter."

Betty cries: "All of life is important. If you've lived, you're rich and it shows. Otherwise, you grow old and get narrower and narrower till you're nothing."

But if some genie showed up and said, "Love or career, sister! You can't have both. Take your pick," she'd knock him down and sit on him.

"I'm having both. I'm squeezing all I want out of this first, and I'm getting the other, too. Want to make something of it?"

Mr. G., being no dope, would holler uncle. After all, why not? The whole girl is 22. She's got time.

EVEN IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES . . .

(Continued from page 37)

It's not that the screen has permanently lost its savor, but that the war has dwarfed everything else. Acting is something he did in another life. His mind has no room for it now. Morning or noon, midnight or five o'clock, he's buried deep in the war. Every scrap of news, every analysis, every commentary is duck-soup to Ronnie. Nothing else is worth reading, nothing else worth talking about.

The war's also of paramount importance to Jane. As you know from MODERN SCREEN, she's poured her time and strength into war work, in Hollywood and out. But like most of us, she needs occasional surcease from the subject. Ronnie doesn't.

Jane has served a long apprenticeship at Warners'. Time was when her recognition as a star would have called for cheers and whoopee from Ronnie. His own brand of whoopee, to be sure. Nothing ostentatious on the surface, but definitely steamed up inside.

armchair generals . . .

As it was, he only said: "That's swell, Janie. It's about time. By the way, did you see that story on page 3 of the 'Times'? It says—"

She looked wildly about for something to hit him over the head with.

Jane is devoted to her brother-in-law. But when Ronnie's home of an evening, Neil's arrival sends her heart into her boots. Argument is meat and drink to them both, and they'd rather argue about the war than sit down to a pre-Pearl Harbor steak. As for trying to break them up, a butterfly might as well try to break up a couple of bears. They don't even hear her. Or at most, one or the other will flap an abstracted hand—

"Shoo-fly, huh?" she said bitterly one night. "Okay, gentlemen. I'm going to bed."

If she thought they'd stop her, she had another think coming. Their voices rose to the bedroom, where she was trying to read. She stuffed her ears with her fingers, but the sound filtered through. Suddenly the sense of her injuries overwhelmed



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her. Down went the book. Was she a woman or a worm? She rang for Nanny. "Will you please ask Mr. Reagan to come up?"

"Which one?"

"Both of them."

Nanny, she decided, was a better man than she was. At least they came up.

"Moon," she began firmly, "you've got to go home."

"Why, what did I do?"

Her firmness broke into a wail. "First you won't let me get a word in edgewise, and now I can't even read. Don't look at me that way," she blubbered. "I know nothing matters but the war. But somewhere there are beautiful people who do talk about something else some of the time—"

By now Ronnie's arms were around her, and the rest was smothered in his chest. It was just as well that she missed the glance exchanged by her menfolk. "Women!" said the glance.

But if Ronnie's shoved movies out of his life for the present, it's plain that the fans haven't shoved him out. Along with other screen personalities, he and Jane were asked to attend the first birthday party of the Hollywood Canteen. Since his post isn't far from Hollywood, Ronnie agreed. But he wouldn't sit on the platform. He was in the Army, he wasn't a star. He'd sit with the audience.

That didn't faze Bob Hope, who emceed. He introduced Ronnie from the audience, and the boys went wild. The din was so deafening, you couldn't hear yourself think. On and on it went, Bob beaming, Ronnie blushing—his eyes pleading with Bob to call a halt. Instead of which, Bob started it all over again by yelling through a lull: "For my money, that rates another bow, Captain Reagan."

Of course he was pleased. Who that's human wouldn't be? But he didn't say a word—then or later. Just grinned what Jane calls his "cute, crazy grin."

Indirectly, Bob Hope also had a hand in Jane's new deal at Warners'. With no pictures lined up after "One More Tomorrow," she was planning another camp tour. One night she went to a party at Mack Miller's. Bob and his wife were among the guests. Judy Garland sang, then Jane was asked to sing. Bob whispered to Mack: "I've got to get that girl on my program."

Mack told Jane. "You're kidding!" she gasped, having played in professional hard luck so long that she'd almost quit believing in the other kind.

But sure enough, along came Bob. "When do you finish 'One More Tomorrow'?" How about a spot on my show afterwards?"

She had two camp shows to do first—one at Las Vegas, the other at Lemoor Field. The latter was a Christmas present to Hick Marks, Mary Benny's brother.

"Any chance of your coming to sing for us?" he'd asked.

She'd been racking her head about a gift for Hick. What could you get a guy whose sister and brother-in-law were the Jack Bennys, who gave him everything? Well, here was something they couldn't give him.

"I'll make a deal with you, Hick. I'll come up in my free time, and that'll be your Christmas present—"

"Okay, if you come in cellophane and a bow—"

On her return, she did the Hope show—sang "Fuddy-duddy Watchmaker" and had a comedy routine with Bob. It proved to be one of his most successful airers. Suddenly the town re-awoke to Jane. Everything happened at once. A radio bid from Abbott and Costello. Stirring at the studio. Alex Gottlieb handing her a

script, called "Make Your Own Bed"—a honey of a script.

"Glad you like it," said Gottlieb. "We're teaming you and Carson in it—"

claim to fame . . .

That was to Jane's career what the first robin is to spring—a harbinger, a symbol of new birth. Because here was a producer telling her about her next picture. Whereas for lo! these many moons she'd been getting the glad tidings from the wardrobe department. "Come in for a fitting," they'd phone. And being no dope, she'd deduced that a picture was coming up.

All that's changed now. No fanfare accompanied her graduation to stardom. It never does. Nobody sends you a notice or throws you a party or even gives you a passing pat on the back. One day you happen to see an advance billing. Instead of "Hearts and Flowers" with Winnie Whatapuss, it reads WINNIE WHATA-PUSS in "Hearts and Flowers." So you know you're in.

That's how it happened to Jane. She meandered over to Ann Sheridan's dressing room.

"What's different about being a star, Annie? Do folks tip their hats? Or serve you golden pickles in the Green Room?"

Ann was busy with a lipstick. "The difference," she threw back over her shoulder, "is that when you take a suspension, you get bigger headlines in the columns."

Just the same, don't miss "Make Your Own Bed," if you want to see BUTTON-NOSE coming into her own. (Adv.)

Between her duties as Jane Wyman and Jane Reagan, life continues at a mad clip. Thanks to Nanny, she no longer has to wield the dust cloth, though it wouldn't be Jane if she didn't run a finger over the woodwork in moments of abstraction. On the whole, however, the household spins smoothly. X, the unknown quantity, stands for Maureen and the dogs.

"If Scotty and Soda weren't our children in another incarnation," says Jane, "they should have been."

Scotty takes after her, Soda after Ronnie. Scotty rants and tears and ties himself up into bowknots. Soda watches the goings-on with reflective detachment, and Jane wouldn't be too surprised to hear him say: "Take it easy, hon. Now about the Polish question—"

the great sinner . . .

They have one thing in common—the wanderlust. Gates and hedges can't hold them. They crawl through one, and sooner or later, somebody's bound to leave the other ajar. Also, as if by pre-arranged plan, they choose that moment to disappear when Jane is about to leave for the studio. While she's beating the bushes for them, the phone rings. They've been picked up, trotting in brotherly companionship round the corner of Melrose and Fairfax, miles away.

"How'd they ever get this far?" asks the picker-upper.

"Must've hitch-hiked," groans Jane.

It turns out that Scotty has a conscience. Not long ago he killed a neighbor's chicken. Plunking down two fifty, Jane bethought herself of the huge hen it would have bought, and turned a cold eye on her dog. Next day a strange voice called.

"Have you lost a black Scotty? We found him under a pew in our church. Looked so woebegone, we figured he must be a great sinner."

As for Maureen, she's reached the copy-cat stage, and Mother's her model. It therefore behooves Mother to watch her step. Some of Maureen's imitations are just funny. Others are funny but.

Jane gets home tired. She says she's

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tired, she says it several times, she makes quite a thing of being tired. Next morning down trots Maureen, fresh as a daisy after 12 hours in bed. Suddenly Jane hears a sigh, heaved all the way up from her daughter's toes. Maureen's arm rests on the table, her head on the arm.

"What's the matter, Maureen?"

"Oh, I'm so tired, Mummy."

That one's just funny. On the other hand—

The Reagans don't go in for conventional terms of endearment. When Jane's feeling really affectionate, she's likely to address Ronnie fondly as "you old goat—"

On the bus with Nanny one day, Maureen looked particularly fetching in a white bunny coat and cap. Smitten with her charms, an elderly lady began whinying over her in the way elderly ladies have. Maureen eyed her stonily—

"Say hello to the lady, Maureen—"

"Hello, you old goat."

Nanny jerked her off the bus. At home Mother gave her a talking-to, uneasily conscious that this was all her own fault. Maureen was conscious of it, too. "Well, you said it—"

"Well, I made a horrible mistake."

The child seemed to be thinking that one over, so Jane let it rest. That night she was tucking her into bed. "Good-night, darling, and God bless you."

"God bless you, too, you old goat," said Maureen with the smile of an angel. "Excuse me, I made a horrible mistake."

Discipline has just begun to be a problem. Up to now, a fairly simple device has worked. Maureen would be sent to her room and told to recite her misdeeds to her favorite doll. This proved such a devastating experience that it wasn't long before a small voice was quavering: "I'm sorry, Mummy."

As the years creep up on her though, she grows more complex. Ronnie was at home for the holidays. It was dinner time. Jane was due at a radio rehearsal, and sat down with her hat on for a bowl of soup. At this point Maureen decided she wouldn't have any soup.

"If you don't eat it now," said Jane, "you'll get it for breakfast, then lunch, then dinner, till you do eat it."

"I won't," said Maureen.

She was sent to stand in a corner in the hall. Which produced no effect. The underlip quivered, but she wouldn't cry.

"Ronnie, will you discipline her for me tonight? I just haven't time."

Ronnie's method, as you might suspect, is reasoning. He reasoned, making no perceptible progress till the distracted Jane swooped down on them both, bore her child upstairs and treated her to her first spanking.

Then of course, the minute she was out of the house, her heart began to smite her, and she couldn't wait to get home. Maureen was asleep, with her usual body-guard—on one side, the Army murl (mule, to be technical) and the healthy monkey—on the other, the sick monkey (because ear is gone) and Bobby Jiggs, named after the beloved pup of Ronnie's childhood. She won't go to sleep without them, and her last tender glance is for the earless monkey. "You sick? Hm?— Take your pill then—"

Jane sought fearfully for traces of tears, but the cherubic face between the toy animals looked tranquil as always.

"Ronnie, d'you think she hates me for having spanked her?"

"Not since I fixed you up."

"How?"

"Sneaked her some supper. With love from Mummy."

But the storms are few. Mostly, Maureen lives in the sunshine, and the sun shines especially bright when Daddy's at

home. There are some games you have to have Daddy for. Like the bus game and the camp game.

all aboard . . .

The bus game is played on a long bench that stands at the foot of Jane's bed. All three bestride it, Maureen's chubby legs sticking out in front, Daddy as conductor in the rear, Jane tucked between.

"Lady, where are you going?" the conductor asks.

"I'm goin' to Cucamonga." (That's another word she likes the sound of.) "Where you goin'?"

"I'm going to San Francisco. Fares, please."

That's Jane's cue. "Just a moment. I know I'm a mere mother, but would anyone on this bus care to know where I'm going?"

For some reason, that hits Maureen as the joke of the world. It takes the combined efforts of her fellow-travelers to keep her from rolling off the bus in hysterics.

For the camp game, *Mother and Daddy* are lined up on the sofa. They're soldiers. Enter Maureen. "Fellas, I'm goin' to sing you a song, want to hear it?—Packin'—pistol mah-ma, yay yat pistol down. Yat's good," crows Maureen, *th* being the only sound that throws her.

Or: "Shoo-shoo, baby, your daddy's off—" An anxious frown gathers. "Where you off to, Daddy?"

She wanted Santa Claus to bring her a doll's house, but Jane couldn't find one. Nor a doll's buggy. She did finally manage to run down a doll's bed.

"That's from me," she told Ronnie pointedly. "What are you giving her?"

"I don't have time to wrestle with Christmas crowds. Can't the bed be from both of us?"

"But you're the child's father. You should get her something or other—"

She might have relented and bought it for him, if she hadn't come down with the flu just before Christmas. So sure enough, Ronnie appeared on Christmas Eve, pleased as Punch, a long something-or-other under her arm.

"Look what I found in a little toyshop—" Unwrapped, it proved to be a wooden duck-on-a-stick.

"Is that your daughter's Christmas present?"

"Why not? It cost a dollar. This is war."

dead duck . . .

On Christmas morning, aunts, uncles and grannies gathered for that high moment when Maureen would see what Santa Claus had brought. Ronnie carried Jane, still running a temperature, down to the living room. The tree looked pretty skimpy—not only because you couldn't buy ornaments, but because the cream of their leftovers—including the crowning star—had been used to trim the small tree in Maureen's room.

They'd unwrapped everything—the bed and the duck, the cardboard dollhouse from Julie Payne, the rocking-horse and the miniature spinet from other kind friends. They were all in plain view under the tree when Maureen came in. But her eyes went to the top of the tree, and filled with woe. Nobody said anything for a moment, because nobody knew quite what to make of it. She walked over and laid her cheek against one of the branches. "Poor tree," she said softly. "Yere's no star on top."

That fixed Jane. She had to go back to bed. So she missed seeing father and daughter push the duck around. With Maureen, it was love at first sight. They pushed it till it broke and had to be mended with tape. It is now the sick duck.

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Jane gave Ronnie the two lots adjoining theirs. It couldn't be a surprise, because they own everything jointly, and he had to sign the papers. But lots and no surprise, he assured her, were infinitely preferable to surprise and no lots.

He gave her a delectable maribou robe and a wrist-watch, to keep her from borrowing his. And a box into which he'd carefully tucked two doll-dresses of Maureen's with a note: "These aren't the right size, but you'll find yours waiting at Howard Greer's."

Their most welcome gift was Eddie Albert. It was like old times to hear his characteristic greeting: "Wouldn't you know Wyman'd pick Christmas day to play Camille?"

Just the same, he was a different Eddie. How could he fail to be different?—just back from Tarawa, having seen what he'd seen.

Ronnie was quieter, too, after Eddie had gone. It was dusk. From their hilltop, Jane and Ronnie saw the lights go out and then come on again. Now, whenever he's at home, Ronnie goes to watch the town bloom out of darkness like something from the Arabian Nights.

Jane wanted to watch, too. So he wrapped her in blankets and pulled a big chair over to the window.

"Last Christmas it was dark," said Jane. "Yes," he answered slowly. "And this Christmas it's better. But it won't be really Christmas again till the lights are on for those other kids like Maureen all over the earth—"

She slipped her hand into his. "Next year maybe, Ronnie?"

"Please God," Ronnie said.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

It's awfully easy and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. But do keep score accurately if you want an idea of your Star Intelligence Quotient. The quiz offers three sets of clues, the first on this page, the second on page 96 and the third on page 103. If you can guess, on the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you get it on the second clue, give yourself 4. And if you must turn to the third clue before guessing the name, score yourself 3. For your total score add up all 20 individual scores. 62 or thereabouts is average, this month. For the answers, turn to page 112, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Camp-toured in Aleutians
2. Margaret Sullavan's ex
3. "The South American Way"
4. Bojangles
5. In "Behind the Rising Sun"
6. Longest puss in H'wood
7. 3 sharp girls
8. Bulky Britisher
9. Disney's protégée
10. Buxom beauty
11. Reno in his beano
12. Tops with "Top Man"
13. Jules Garfinkel
14. Claudia's husband
15. Marriage before movies
16. Coast Guard
17. Heavenly body
18. Brooklyn bruiser
19. "Skylark"—ed
20. Tubby director

(Continued on page 96)

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IT'S A BOY

(Continued from page 47)

of hanging around waiting for the little guy to make up his mind was a bit of a strain. And Nancy was beginning to heckle. "Do you think Santa will remember my baby brother?"

"Sure, sure," Frank said with an effort at heartiness.

Came Christmas, but no baby. "He was delayed, sweetheart," Frankie told his inquiring child. "Transportation is lousy these days." She wasn't terribly disturbed. After all, she had a doll carriage and stuff, and you can't have everything.

Mrs. Sinatra gave Frank all kinds of things, shirts, pajamas, ties, books—all tied up beautifully and sitting under the tree. For a while it looked as if he'd forgotten to get her anything, but when he couldn't bear her crestfallen face another minute, he produced his gift. A diamond bracelet consisting of one hundred stones, including four 5-carat square-cut diamonds. She just sat and looked at it for a minute with all the lights from the Christmas tree reflected in it, and then she began to cry. "It's too beautiful," she whispered damply. "And I love you so."

time stood still . . .

The time was drawing near when Frank would have to go to Hollywood for his new picture. The studio had expected him long before Christmas, but he'd stalled them off for a couple of weeks. Finally, on the 27th he could stall no longer, so he deposited his two gals at Nancy's mother's in Jersey City, and left. His publicity representative, George Evans, who's also about his closest pal, saw him off, and the admonitions at the station were something.

"Call me the second Nancy thinks things are happening," Frank told him. "Don't wait till it's all over. I want to know everything. Get her whatever she needs. Call me if she gets scared and wants me to come home. I'll come—"

"Take it easy, kid," said George. "Stop worrying. She's got a wonderful doctor, a swell family right on hand. She'll be okay. I'll take care of everything. I'll even bite my nails while she's in the delivery room."

And he would have, too, if she'd give him a chance. He called her a couple of times a day to check on how she was doing, and on January tenth, he called her about 4:30 for the usual bulletin. "Nothing doing yet," she reported glumly, and George said something joshy like, "If you don't have it soon, it'll probably have you." They hung up, and she started down to the kitchen to relay the conversation to Mama. Halfway downstairs she felt a funny twinge, and she dashed to the telephone. "This," she said triumphantly to a startled George, "is it."

George called Frank immediately, and in true expectant father tradition, Frank lost his mind. "She's going to the hospital, you say? She is? How far apart are the pains?" He held on while George called Jersey City on another line to ask her. "Eight minutes," he told him.

"Gee," said Frank, "Isn't that awful close? Well, what are you waiting for? Aren't you going over to the hospital?" George tied up a couple of loose ends at the office and then dashed for Jersey City. She'd just gone to the delivery room when he arrived, and he got on the phone to tell Frank.

"Yeah?" The Voice was hoarse with nervousness. "Well, I'll hold on." "Listen, Pop," George told him. "It may take time. I'll call you back." At six

EVEN IN A CLOSED BOX, I WOULDN'T BE SAFE FROM NASTY GERMS THAT CAUSE LOTS OF BABY SKIN TROUBLES. I'M LUCKY THAT MOMMY PROTECTS MY SKIN WITH MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER!



Germ often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive*; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

I WIGGLE EVEN WHEN I EAT - AND EACH WIGGLE RUBS MY SKIN! I'D BE SORE ALL OVER IF MOMMY DIDN'T USE THE POWDER THAT'S SMOOTHEST 'CAUSE IT'S 'HAMMERIZED'. THAT'S MENNEN POWDER.



Which baby powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier.

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FOR RING SIZE

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SEND NO MONEY

"clock he phoned to deliver the bomb-shell. "Congratulations, Sinatra, it's a boy!"

"What? A boy?" Frank dropped the phone and jumped up and down screaming. Then he got on again, breathless and subdued. "You're kidding," he said. "It's a girl, isn't it? Not that I care. I'd just as soon it was a girl. I'd rather, in fact."

"It's a boy, jerk. Practically a nine-pounder."

Frank tore around his hotel room like a maniac, yelling the news at Frank and Axel and Hank, who'd been sitting around sharing his vigil. "Jeepers, it's a boy!" he screeched at them over and over again, while George poured quarters into the hospital telephone.

Finally he got on the wire again and rasped, "How's Nancy?"

"Fine; just swell."

"Will you have three dozen red roses right by her bed when she wakes up?"

"Sure. What'll I say on the card?"

JOEY WRITES FROM ITALY

My brother is in Italy now, after a journey through England, Scotland, Ireland, Tunisia, Pantelleria and Sicily. This is what he writes:

"Dear Harriet,

It wasn't until recently that I came to realize the things we take most for granted are our most effective weapons. White bread is our greatest ally. The people in this war-torn place haven't had it in at least three years. They sit around the table and look at it. The minister comes and blesses it. Finally, the father takes a bit and tastes it, then gives a morsel to the family. It must last. The bread is then placed under a glass where everyone—even the neighbors—can come and look. We are slowly supplying their needs, but it takes time—a long time. I read your plan about saving more than 10% of your allowance for War Bonds, and I think it's a grand idea. You see, Harriet, soldiers have to buy Bonds and fight also. Tell this to your friends. Tell them my buddies get awfully homesick, and I do, too, sometimes. Don't tell Mother because I don't want her to worry. So buy Bonds and Stamps. I can't stress to you how much 10¢ more means to a soldier who needs just one more bullet. So long, Sis, and take care of Mother.

Love,
Joey"

Frankie tried to toss it off casually, but you could see he'd been working on the wording for weeks. "Say 'Congratulations to you, darling, and to the little guy, for picking himself such a wonderful mom. All my love—'"

About 45 minutes later, Frank called the hospital for a late bulletin, and whose cheery voice did he get but the little mother's. "How do you feel, sweetheart?" she asked him.

"Me? I'm perfect. Wonderful. But you, Mom, are you doing okay?"

"I'm doing fine."

"How's my boy?"

"He's beautiful, Frank. He isn't even red. And he's got sort of blond curls."

"Gee, I'm lonesome. I'm coming home."

"Don't be goony. I get along without you very well." But she was lying in her teeth, and when she'd said good-by she cried and cried.

All her sisters came to see her, Jewel and Tina, Aida and Madeline and Lillian,

and her brother, too. Not to mention her parents and Frank's. All beaming at her. All making her feel like the queen bee. And it was fun to be so important, but when they'd gone home, it was lonelier than ever. She asked the nurse to turn Frank's picture around so she could see it better. Then she looked and looked at it until she fell asleep.

melancholy moma . . .

The next day, there were the photographers, and Nancy smiled and looked light-hearted, and nobody dreamed how blue she was because her guy wasn't around.

"I'd rather have him right here," she told Aida, "with a couple of bucks in his pocket, than out there with a couple of thousand."

"Cheer up, Nance. He won't be away very long." Nancy managed a grin, but it wasn't too good.

There were long confabs outside her door on how to go about raising her morale. "Be funny, George," Tina would tell George Evans. "Be a scream," and George would go in and be very, very quiet. Once he attempted a quip.

"Gosh, Nancy," he said, "When I saw you the night the baby was born, you looked as if you'd just been given birth to. What did they do to your hair?"

She obviously didn't think that was very funny. "They didn't do anything to it. I'd washed it that afternoon, and it was up in a net."

"Oh." Well, that was that. "I can't cheer her up," he told Tina, when they were going down in the elevator.

It remained for Miss Sweeney to do that. On the third night, she became Nancy's regular nurse, and from that day forward, the big room at the end of the sixth floor corridor was literally jumping. The other nurses had been kind of awe-struck by it all. Not so, Miss Sweeney. She was a Bing Crosby fan herself and completely unimpressed. Nancy loved her from the first minute she saw her, and it was mutual. By Thursday they were calling each other Nancy and Sweeney and howling at each other's wit.

When visitors wanted to see Nancy's array of nighties and bedjackets, Sweeney would first trot out the hideous hospital number, white cotton sans frills. "This," she'd say with a deadpan, "is her flashiest job. For press interviews and stuff."

Everyone that came oh'd and ah'd about how quickly the baby had been born. "How come?" they'd say. "That," said Nancy, "is because I'm a goo-ood woman." And Sweeney fixing flowers primly in one corner of the room would guffaw. "Ignore her," Nancy would say. "She has these seizures."

They entertained each other royally, and it got so Nancy resented visitors because they were never as much fun as Sweeney.

hospital bulletin . . .

Nancy Sandra telephoned every morning, furious that children weren't admitted to the maternity floor, insatiably curious about her brother. "Can he talk? Can he laugh? Did he ask for me?"

Frank called twice a day, at which points Sweeney would bow out discreetly, making lovelorn faces as she went. Nine times out of ten when she came back, her charge was bawling. "Like I said," she'd say, "that Sinatra guy is poison." But she'd rally round with the Kleenex and the mirror and the powder puff. And make with the latest dirt about the kids.

The kids, Frankie's fans, came in droves. No one knew how they got in as the stairs were supposedly guarded, and the elevator operators weren't supposed to let them up. "I think they get here by sling-shot," said Miss Sweeney. They all wanted



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to see the baby, and if they were cute, shy kids, Miss S. obliged. If they were heckly, she disposed of them with a look.

Every day, Mr. Evans would come over with a bunch of mail that had arrived at the office. Letters from Eddie Cantor and Toots Shor and Michele Morgan. Letters and packages from the fans. Baby books; silver spoons; tiny sweaters. He'd also bring news on the nurse and diaper situations, usually bad.

"George," Nancy beamed at him, "you think of everything."

"Don't think I don't," he said. "Here's a bunting to take the kid home in, and here's the cap you left at your mother's." He handed her the infinitesimal woolly cap. "Not that that thing will ever get on the big lug's head. That guy's a strapper."

"Stand-in father," said Sweeney. "Even has delusions of grandeur about the child's size."

"Well, he is big," Nancy said a trifle huffily. "He looks about two months old."

So the days passed, and finally January 20th, going-home day, arrived. Sweeney packed Nancy's bag. The lush bedjackets, the nail polish, the perfume, the book she'd brought but hadn't had a chance to read. Before she put in Frankie's picture she gave it a kiss. "Uh-uh, Sweeney, Crosby could get you for infidelity." That was Nancy.

"I've decided," Miss Sweeney said, "that my heart is big enough for two." She'd kind of fallen for the gent listening to his Vimms program the night he sang "Oh What a Beautiful Morning," and stuck in "Nancy is feeling okay" instead of "Everything's going my way." She'd thought that was terribly cute, though she hadn't confessed it to Nancy. Sweeney wasn't much for drool.

At last everything was packed. The baby was dressed, and Nancy was ensconced in the wheel chair looking darling in a brown gabardine suit that was the twin to one of Frank's. The new nurse was on hand, and George, and swarms of people. Sweeney waved them onto the elevator, then watched the door close with a funny lump in her throat. She went to the window and saw them get into the car.

"Bye, Butch," she said out loud to the tiny man in the blue bunting. "Hope you're as nice as your mom and your old man. . ."

Than which she couldn't wish him anything sweller.

"LADY IN THE DARK"

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 53)

Specialists in the art and paint departments were assigned to paint faces on 180 three-foot eggs. Care had to be taken to get exactly the right degree of mobility in the egg-head's expressions because they had to turn and twist and appear to be watching the action. Special prize went to the artist who turned out his egg-face with a leer, for Ginger Rogers' semi-strip tease number.

Ginger's gown in this number was the fabulous mink-and-sequin creation Edith Head designed for her. She couldn't enjoy wearing it, because she had to do her dance on a coco-matting covering the circus ring, and something in the atmospheric conditions caused electrical charges to sweep through the fur into Ginger!

The sets are the work of Designer Raoul Du Bois, who drew hundreds of color sketches. Luis Vance was assigned to execute them practically, and he reports that to make dreams photograph-able takes the combined efforts of some 17 studio departments. Du Bois uses French poster paint for his sketches, which isn't easy to match with American dyes. So that was the first headache. Next, all, every inch, of material used had to be flame-proofed because Technicolor arc lights often throw dangerous carbon sparks.

In the dance scene with Don Loper, Ginger had to be shown apparently floating on clouds, so the boys dreamed up a "cloud cooker," a contraption that creates carbon dioxide by blowing steam through dry ice immersed in hot water. For clouds higher up, Britt guns were used. These machines spray white smoke-producing chemicals in the air. To clear the air between scenes, mammoth vacuum cleaners were constructed. The hoses on these sweepers were nearly 100 feet long, 5 feet wide and had a 35-foot nozzle made of wood connected to air-conditioning equipment. Seems smoke gets in the Technicolor camera's eyes, unless this is done often.

Ginger wore a wig in this particular number that had to be glued to her head, then pinned. Then the bangs were sewed on with needle and thread! This was necessary to keep her hair in place during the strenuous dance routine.

The limit of \$5000 on any new material for a set stymied the producers at one point. They thought the set had been completed, but when everything was checked, a complete backdrop was still to be built. Paint for it would have cost \$600 more. There is no priority on labor, however, so it cost the studio \$2500 extra to hire four women to work days appliqueing velvet and satin on the huge wooden expanse!

Ginger worked approximately 84 days out of an 89-day shooting schedule, in addition to three weeks of dance rehearsals before camera work began. Of her five days off, three were a honeymoon with Marine John Calvin Briggs, now overseas.

spangled milland . . .

Ray Milland blushed bright red the day he saw his costume for the circus sequence. The coat and top hat were made of red, blue and purple sequins in a sunflower pattern, the breeches were pure white, and his boots were constructed of red suede. The days he had to wear the outfit, he used to sneak back and forth from his dressing room to the set enveloped in a great ankle length polo coat.

"These hands come out of the wash soft and pretty!"



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PHOTO BELOW shows results of test. Hand at left did *not* use Hinds lotion



before dipping into dirty oil. Grime clings after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But notice—it washes up *clean!*

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SINCE THEY WENT AWAY

(Continued from page 49)

Jack was studying at Stanford University.

They were always so much older, it was almost like having three dads looking after her. Only of course the boys were her brothers, so she didn't have to mind them as much as she minded Daddy. One of the earliest things she remembers is getting all three of them down on the floor to be her horses. She'd ride on the middle one, and the other two would gallop alongside.

bringing up shirley . . .

Jack was really the one who took care of her. So they tell her, anyway. Naturally, she doesn't remember. But she can well believe it, because Jack worries a lot, he takes life more seriously than George. For instance, when Shirley first started working, and Mom had to go to the studio with her, and they didn't have any help, it was pretty hard on Mom, who'd be up till 12 sometimes, fixing carrots and spinach for dinner next day. So the boys were supposed to help with the housework. Well, Jack always did, while George had a cute little habit of disappearing into empty space like the vanishing lady. Being younger might have had something to do with it, but not much. George just never worries; he laughs. That's where Shirley's lucky again. Two worrying brothers or two laughing brothers might get monotonous. One of each is just right.

When she was a baby, Mom and Daddy'd want to go out together once in a while, so they'd have a woman in to look after Shirley. Till Jack said, "I'm almost 15, Mom. I can do it better." So they let him. Well, one night they came home, and Shirley was asleep, and here was Jack sitting by the crib in Mom's robe. They must have looked pretty astonished—you can hardly blame them—but Jack never gave it a second thought.

"Oh, I forgot to take it off," he said.

"What did you ever put it on for in the first place?" Dad asked.

"Because I always put it on when she cries. Then she thinks I'm Mom and shuts up."

There wasn't much squabbling round the house. The boys wouldn't deign to squabble with her; they put her in her place. When Jack got mad at her, he'd call her La Temple. On account of being in the movies, he'd keep on the watch to see that she didn't get bratty or show off. "Mom," he'd growl, "you going to let her get away with that?" At first she couldn't understand what the movies had to do with it. She didn't know actresses were supposed to be more conceited than other people. Herself, she thinks that's pretty silly. She doesn't like show-offs any better than Jack does.

The only trouble she had with George was over the funnies. Or maybe she ought to come clean and say the only trouble George had with her. Because she used to hide them. George would turn the house upside down, then she'd hear him in Mom's room. "Mom, where are the funnies?"

"Shirley has them."

Then, to be ready for emergencies, she'd start racking her brain, trying to remember where she'd put them. But when Shirley hid the funnies, they'd stay hid. Half the time she couldn't find them herself.

The boys never call her anything but Shirley—not even Shirl, the way Mom does sometimes. Jack is short for John Stanley, and they call George Sonny. Which must sound pretty funny now to other people, because he's six foot one and weighs 220. On the subject of Sonny's height, there's

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one-inch difference of opinion between Mom and Shirley. Mom calls him a straight six, but Shirley insists on the extra inch. Next time he comes home from Mojave, where he's stationed right now, she plans to measure him.

There's no argument about how tall Jack is; he's six foot four, but built on slightly less colossal lines than George. He's a sergeant in the Army Air Corps, and George is master tech sergeant in the Marine Air Corps—she thinks that's equal to chief petty officer in the Navy. He's the best-looking thing you ever set eyes on. She'd call him the all-American boy, except she has an idea it might not hit him just right. Jack's awfully goodlooking, too, but in a different way. He's the intellectual type, kind of dreamy-eyed and sensitive like Jimmy Stewart. Shirley's more like George, easy-going and rather obstinate. She *thinks* she's obstinate anyway. She asked Mom once, and Mom gave her that dry look and said, "Let's call it independent, darling." So she guesses she's obstinate, like George.

Then in other ways she has lots in common with Jack. He talks to her about books, and it's on account of Jack that she got to love music so much. He's mad about it, simply mad. He used to send her records from Stanford and told her he could always study better when he had a symphony going in the background, and why didn't she try it? Now she can't do her lessons unless the radio's on. It's not always symphony music, as Mom points out on various occasions, but is it Shirley's fault if the symphony goes off and Inner Sanctum comes on?

Jack plays bridge and gin rummy with her—and she has to admit, if you ask, that she beats him quite often. Card games are too settled for George, he's up and away. Jack's the home-loving one. George doesn't spend much time at home, but he likes to know it's there. If they're all not around when he gets in, he's very upset. He used to keep writing from Hawaii that he wanted to come home and find everything the way he left it.

The most important thing that happened to Jack was getting married. The most important thing that happened to George was Pearl Harbor. And that's another thing that shows how different they are. Jack told Mom and Dad he was going to elope. George just went ahead and enlisted.

Really what Jack did was elope with permission. He'd been going with Mims quite a while—her real name is Miriam, but they call her Mims, and she's just darling. Anyway, Jack phoned one night and said they'd like to get married without any fuss, and was it all right with Mom and Dad? Mom told Dad, and Dad said, "Sure, tell them to go ahead," so they did. . . .

The only one that really got gypped was Shirley. Ever since she was little, she wanted to be a flower girl at her brother's wedding. Maybe it was just as well though. She was 13 at the time and really too old for a flower girl. Maybe when George gets married, they'll be kind enough to let her be a bridesmaid. She loves church weddings and everything that goes with them, like having your engagement announced by your Mom and Dad. That's how she wants it if she ever decides to get married. Not that she has any plans, almost-16 still being a little young. . . .

It was way before the war when George enlisted. He didn't come home one night, and Mom was a little worried but not much, because sometimes he'd stay overnight with a boy friend and forget to phone. Then Dad called from the office and asked Mom if she'd seen the papers, and Mom hadn't.

Dad said, "Your son's in the Marines." Well, that was pretty exciting, and he

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looked simply super in his uniform, and then he was sent to Hawaii, which was all right, too—better than some other place, because Hawaii was almost like a second home to Shirley. She'd been there three times and she just adored it. George sent her a darling little Marine pin with pearls around it, and he wrote to her an awful lot. It was funny. At home Jack expressed himself more, George was always quiet. But he certainly expressed himself in his letters. She never knew he liked her as well as he did till he started writing. . . .

happy tears . . .

Then, that Sunday she was down at the pool, and she saw Mom coming and she knew right away from her face that something dreadful had happened. First Mom and Dad thought they'd try to keep it from her, on account of George. But you can't keep anything as important as a war from people when they're 13. So they told her the Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor.

Shirley's not much of a weeper. When things happen, she goes off and wrestles with them by herself. Mom says she's calm on the surface—that's the Dutch in her—but seethes like a pool underneath. This time she didn't go off by herself, she wanted to stick close to Mom and Dad. For a while she couldn't say anything, then she broke down and really cried. It was nothing she could help, it took hold of her like something outside herself, and she thought she'd never be able to stop. . . .

She doesn't like to think of the days that followed, when they didn't know about George. She'd rather think of two days before Christmas, when the news came that he was safe. It was merry and unmerry Christmas all mixed up together—unmerry on account of the war, but very merry for the Temple family on account of George.

About six months later they talked to him on the phone. The call didn't come through till one at night, but Mom promised to wake Shirley up, and did. George was frightened because he thought something had happened to them, and by the time they got him calmed down, you couldn't say much but hello, how are you, good-by. Except George asked her how tall she was, and he thought she said five foot eight, and he kept saying, "You can't be!" and he was perfectly right, you can't be five eight when you're only five and half an inch. It was all pretty confusing, but simply miraculous just to hear his voice.

That was nothing, though, compared with when he came home. Shirley's told you MODERN SCREEN readers how she was sitting in the car, waiting for Mom who was shopping, and how George stuck his head through the window, and first she was stunned and then she started to bawl. Then Mom came and all they could do, driving up Wilshire, was hold George's hand and cry. They stopped in at Westlake because she wanted Miss Mills to see him—Miss Mills is the head of Westlake School. The girls were all buzzing around, and Shirley was pretty proud of her brother, but in Miss Mills' office, she started crying all over again. . . . That was the cryingest day—

Then they went home, and George had to see every inch of the house and garden, and he noticed every little change, like, "This radio wasn't here before" and "That's a new picture of Shirley." He told them about Pearl Harbor, how he'd been to a wedding the night before, and all the other boys were sleeping out in tents that morning, he was the only one in barracks, and someone came in and said, "The Japs are attacking," and he thought it was a gag and said, "Oh, go away—" Then he heard the sounds. But he wouldn't tell

any more after that—anyway, no Shirley, though she has a deep suspicion he told Mom and Dad and Jack. . . .

All she wanted to do was look at him. He looked older and more serious to her at first, but not any more—and she guesses she looked all right to him. Now he gets in about once a week from Mojave, and she says hello to him and that's about all she sees of him; he's off with his gang. When her friends are around, he's very nice to them, he just doesn't pay any attention to them at all, especially girls. They don't mind though; they know he's an older man.

Jack's been in the Army Air Corps a year now. First he was stationed at Palo Alto. That's where the baby was born. They wanted a girl, but Shirley told them a long time ago it would be a boy, because most first babies are boys. She had a name all picked out for him, too—Dwight, after Eisenhower—but before she had a chance to tell them, the baby was suddenly John Stanley Junior. That's because Mims was so disappointed, she turned her head away and said, "Oh, just call him after his father." Now she can't stand it to think she was disappointed even for a second, so she loves him twice as hard.

Shirley got the usual thrill out of being an aunt. She didn't see the baby till he was two and a half months, when Jack was transferred to Culver City. He looks like a professor and, having such an intellectual father, she expected him to walk and talk like a fiend, but all he did was blow bubbles. . . .

Jack and Mims bring him over week-ends. You can't do much with him yet because he goes to sleep a lot—just tickle him gently, or hold him for a while and put him down again. They call him Johnny for the present. Later on he'll be Stanley, which sounds more adult.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

About two years ago Warner Bros. were filming "Flight Angel" at an airport right behind our high school. We kids naturally hounded the field for autographs. After we'd gotten all the important ones, we noticed a good-looking young man in grease paint and asked him for his. He laughed and said, "Oh, I'm nobody," but we thought maybe some day he would be. And that some day came sooner than we expected, for the young actor is John Ridgely, star of Warners' "Air Force."

Jeanne Henry,
Temple City, Cal.

closed corporation . . .

Shirley thinks it's quite a coincidence that the picture she's in now for Mr. David O. Selznick is called "Since You Went Away." Because she thinks she can understand it better since the boys were away and came back again. She doesn't know if she can explain it, not being very good at analyzing, but—if you're sad or happy, it makes the sadness easier and the happiness more so, with people you love around. For instance, she thought she couldn't bear it when Chingie died. (Ching is the Peke who's been her beloved playmate for years.) But when George put his arm around her and Jack said, "I'm sorry, sis," it somehow helped the hurt. . . .

And for happiness—well, she was having a very good time one night at the Riviera Country Club when her two brothers walked in. And she danced with them both and didn't tell anyone they were her brothers, and everyone thought, "Well, now, who's that fine-looking soldier and

that handsome Marine?" So the dance was twice as much fun.

Christmas was twice as much fun, too. Jack gave her the score of "Showboat" and some lovely gardenias, and George gave her a pair of Marine wings. And it's fun if they're there when she comes down dressed for a dance, and they like her dress. She can always tell, because George goes "Whew-whew!" and Jack says, "Gosh, that's sump'n!" She doesn't even mind when they tease her about boys—all big brothers do.

Sometimes she thinks it's not so wonderful for brothers to have a sister in the movies. As if it were their fault. Not that she thinks they'd want to change her for anyone, she's not that silly. But Jack—he's a whiz of a technician and all steamed up about television—Jack took lots of ribbing when he worked at the studio. He doesn't even know she knows, but you kind of catch on to things.

And when Sonny first went to camp, the other boys said, "Just wait till he gets here, we'll take him apart." A friend of Sonny's who was there told Mom about it. And this friend said, "Have you ever seen Shirley's brother?" And they all said no. And he said, "Okay, wait till you see him." And they said it was very funny how they seemed to forget about taking him apart when they saw how big he was.

Except one corporal who saw him doing k.p. "Not much like home, is it, Temple?"

And George went kind of grim and said, "What anyone else around here can take, I can take." He can, too. And more. They both can.

You don't have to ask Shirley what she thinks of her brothers. It shines out all over her. But she doesn't mind telling you either. "Whew-whew!" she thinks, in a treble imitation of Sonny's best whistle. "My brothers are sump'n!"

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CUBA



Xavier Cugat, assisted by the wife of the drummer in his band, prepares a wine-flavored specialty in the kitchen of the Maxie Rosenbloom house which he rented in Hollywood.



"Ah-h," says the Rumba King as he samples this dish. He stars next in M-G-M's "Mr. Co-Ed," "Two Sisters and a Sailor."

SI, si-si-si, SI, si-si-si! To the softly throbbing strains of a rumba, punctuated by the staccato sound of the *maracas*, we continue our culinary tour of the Caribbean by taking an imaginary trip to Cuba—only a short plane ride from the Dominican Republic which we visited last month with Maria Montez.

Our guide to this "Holiday Isle of the Tropics" is—as you can see—none other than the Rumba King, Xavier Cugat. Cugat, the colorful orchestra leader whose Latin American rhythms survived with equal success the crazes for swing and sweet—to stand out in the dance world as a beacon pointing to our good neighbors to the South.

Cugat, the cartoonist, whose clever and often devastating black and white sketches of famous folk are regularly distributed all over the country by King Features. (His drawing talents, by the way, were originally developed under the encouraging eye of a fellow-cartoonist—the opera star, Enrico Caruso!)

Cugat, the movie actor, by virtue of the fact that—surprisingly enough—he turned out to be, on the screen, a comedian as well as a baton wielder! Cugat, the Spanish born American citizen, whose early childhood years were spent in Cuba—which country bestowed upon him its highest decoration, The Grand Cross, "... for promoting good will between Cuba and the United States through popularizing Cuban music..." Which is still another link in the historic chain that binds our two countries together.

Cugat, the versatile, who here steps into our own particular spotlight as a connoisseur of Cuban foods. Which in his eyes, as well as ours, is no mean achievement in itself!

"In Cuba, where I spent fourteen years of my childhood and early youth, I learned to look upon food as a *verry* important subject," Cogie started our interview by declaring with conviction. "Why, Havana," he went on, "between the hours of one and three is a 'dead city' because its citizens invariably take two hours for lunch—crowding all means of transportation to return to their respective homes for this important mid-day meal, which is followed by a short siesta. This daily 'intermission' is a habit I should hate to see them give up in favor of the weighty business discussions and the drug-store-snacks-eaten-on-the-run which we go in for in this country.

"Cuban dishes," continued Mr. Cugat, obviously warming to his subject, "are very simple. The fact that they are also very bland and not at all rich may surprise many people! This is because foreigners are familiar only with the dishes that are served *them*. But these are 'exhibition' dishes and, like 'exhibition' dances, are not meant for ordinary use but

are reserved for special occasions only. Why, if the natives were to eat that way every day it would ruin their digestion!

"Among the foods that Cubans enjoy and eat constantly are such essentially simple things are *Frijoles Negros* (Black Beans) prepared with a tasty sauce; and *Arroz Blanco* which is nothing more than White Rice, cooked really well, for a welcome change from the soggy grey mass that one so frequently encounters elsewhere. Then there's *Picadillo* which you can translate into Hash, if you must—although so plebeian a name scarcely does it justice. And we mustn't omit one of my favorites—of Spanish origin as are so many Cuban favorites—*Bacalao à la Viscaina*. It's made of salt codfish—of all things, in a country famous for its fresh seafood!

"It may also surprise you to learn," went on Mr. Cugat (who surprised us even more by sketching away madly while he was being interviewed!) "that probably 99 percent of all Cuban men are excellent cooks. This is doubtless because they have such high regard for the pleasures of the palate. I, for example, take pride in making *Sufrito*." (Our photographer caught Mr. Cugat in the very act of adding a little wine to this specialty of his, which combines chick peas with ham and other interesting items.) "While my friend, Roberto Hernandez, the Cuban Consul General in New York, is famous among gourmets for his *Fricase de Pollo*. You must ask him to give you the recipe, because readers of MODERN SCREEN will find this particular dish a far cry from the anemic Chicken Fricassee that is served in so many American homes."

Well, Senor Hernandez did give us the recipe. And, at the same time, he made the helpful suggestion that we get in touch with New York's Havana-Madrid, noted as the most authentic of the Cuban-Spanish clubs in North America, and ask them for further information on Cuban foods.

Well, we did! And as a result we secured from Anatole Pujol, the capable chef of that famous restaurant, directions for making the very dishes we had discussed with Mr. Cugat. Thanks, therefore, to this all-Cuban team we have a prize collection of easy-to-follow recipes to offer in this month's attractive little leaflet, which will make *Cuban Cooking à la Cugat* a pleasure as well as a novelty for us all.



They sound like Latin-American song titles—these Cuban dishes that Cugat recommends: *Bacalao à la Viscaina*, *Picadilla*, *Arroz Blanco*, *Frijoles Negros*, *Sufrito* and *Fricase de Pollo*. But they're practical, too. And the coupon will bring a leaflet telling you how to prepare them.

**THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN**

149 Madison Avenue
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DONALD O'CONNOR

(Continued from page 35)

the real McCoy. Talent was bred in his bones. The sunny spunk and spirit, the never-flagging fight of show people has raced in his blood from babyhood on to this day. His crib was a scarred theatrical suitcase propped on a dressing room shelf. His lullaby was the brassy slur of a pit band slide trombone.

Effie Crane was a Decatur, Illinois, girl of French-Irish blood, who shook the dust of that town from her tiny feet when she was five years old. She ran off then with a visiting stock company and never came back. When she was 14 and a veteran of the boards, she joined a show in a small Pennsylvania town and met a husky, hearty Irishman named "Chuck" Connors. John O'Connor he called himself. He was from County Cork, begorra, the son of a rock-muscled miner, and like Effie, he had skipped out young to join a wagon show and come to America. Because he was strong and quick and fearless, he learned to be an acrobat and circus strong man when he wasn't socking leather as a prizefighter or swatting horse-hide as a pro-baseballer in the Three-I league. Chuck had a tumbling act when Effie laid eyes on him, and the minute she did, she fell in love.

sawdust circuit . . .

He was 24 then, ten years older, but that didn't make any difference. They were married, and Chuck broke in his 14-year-old wife as his acrobatic partner. They traveled with circuses after that—Hagenback-Wallace and the Ringling Brothers, and off season they'd join up with tent shows, pitch shows, five-a-day vaudeville, traveling tank town stock or "what am I offered?" Effie played an ingenue in corn belt dramas like "The Two Orphans," sang and danced as a soubrette in burly-Q, or flew through the air with the greatest of ease, in pink tights and spangles, over the center ring. Along the way she collected a family, every member of whom, as soon as they could walk, joined whatever act Effie and Chuck were working. The Crane Family they called it for a while, then the O'Connor Family fastened on, and later they got fancy and billed themselves "The Royal Family of Vaudeville."

By August 28, 1925, John O'Connor and

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 84)

1. Sportin' Life
2. Father of 3
3. Fruit goes to her head
4. King of the hoofers
5. Torchy-voiced
6. Hungry-looking
7. L____, M____, P____
8. Wife: Elsa Lanchester
9. Quack-wacky
10. Been over the "bumps"
11. "Happy Go Lucky"
12. In Deanna's footsteps
13. Toughie
14. Scandal-less
15. Kid sis: Georgiana
16. Genius
17. Loder's lady
18. Alan's buddy
19. Mrs. Joel Pressman
20. Deals in suspense

(Continued on page 103)

his wife Effie had six children. Three were dead, but three survived; Jack, the eldest, then 19, Billy, 12, and Arlene, 5. And in Chicago in a modest theatrical hotel her seventh and last baby was born.

Effie O'Connor was alone. That didn't strike her as unusual. Nor the fact that up until a couple of weeks ago she had played every night in the act. The O'Connor family was booked for small town fairs at little Illinois towns around Chicago. That's where they were now, singing and hoofing and joking and doing acrobatics while she lay and looked out into the dingy dusk of the big city, and occasionally gripped the side of the bed with pain. But that's what happened to show people; they were a separate breed, Effie O'Connor thought—born to keep people laughing.

A woman from the next room poked her head inside and asked, "How are you feeling?" She saw the path of pain that crossed Effie O'Connor's face, and not waiting for an answer she said, "I'll get Martha tucked in bed, and then I'll stick in here with you." The woman's name was Peggy Reed, and the daughter she tucked in was to grow up and become Martha Raye.

It was three o'clock in the morning when she called a taxi. An hour later at four A.M. the baby was born at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Peggy Reed stayed there all night at the bedside, and in the morning when Effie opened her eyes, she said, "He's a fine boy. And his name's Donald O'Connor."

"Who said so?" whispered Effie weakly. "Me. I've always liked the name Donald. And this one seems just like my own boy."

sound as a watch . . .

Donnie, as his family called him, did grow fast, although the more eminent pediatricians would hardly prescribe the formula and routine he got to grow on. He was a funny little kid, with snow white fuzz on his skull and snow white eyebrows and lashes, like an albino. He had the same gray laughing eyes of his Irish dad and a wide, mischievous mouth. He wasn't big, but from the start he was sturdy and sound as a dollar watch. He had a voice, too, like a cavalry bugle's blast. Effie O'Connor's biggest problem of the day was to get Donnie to sleep backstage in time for her to go on with the act. Usually she succeeded, but the trouble was Donnie didn't always stay asleep. More than once, in the middle of her tumbling, she would see the theater manager out of the corner of her eyes—standing in the wings, dancing anxiously on one foot and then the other. "P-ss-ss-t!" he'd stage whisper, "Hurry and wind up the act, Mrs. O'Connor, and come take care of your baby!"

They traveled around plenty then, these vaudeville vagabonds, the O'Connors. Trouping was their life, and six children had had to face it and three had survived. Little Donald, like the rest, shared the family's good breaks and bad luck from the minute he was born, it's soft touches and it's hardships. Early in life Don O'Connor found he could take it.

John O'Connor had rigged up an old Reo Speedwagon for the family to tour in. It had bunks and lockers, lanterns, tables, a tiny stove, blankets, cupboards and even closets. That was the first home Donald O'Connor knew. In his infant memory the world jounced and rumbled by and curious people looked inside. The kaleidoscope of his baby mind whirled with images of gas flares and clowns and hoochy ladies and red show banners with gilt lettering. With long all-night trips between towns, and dawn breaking through the dusty windows of the Reo as it parked beside a country road, busted down, or out of gas or just stopped for the night because a hotel was too far away or it wouldn't take in "show

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people." Or because John O'Connor and his wife were temporarily "out of funds."

One time when he was a tiny tot, the gypsy-like O'Connors were headed across the Northern prairies hastening to meet a booking in a Wisconsin town. The sky was tattletale gray, and it turned swiftly to downright black. A snowstorm sifted down on them, and the flakes were whirling fast. Effie wanted to turn back, but Jack, always confident, and not to have his Irish bluffed by any storm, kept driving on. Little Donnie swung from his hammock rolled in wool blankets. The snowstorm turned to a blizzard, though, and the thermometer plummeted. The road piled high with blinding scoting flakes, and the Reo ran up to its radiator in a drift. The O'Connors hugged each other to keep from freezing and took turns holding the shivering little Donnie inside their coats. There wasn't anything to do, and it looked like a tragic headline for the morning paper in Milwaukee.

Then they heard a strange whirring, sucking sound, and a snow plow broke through the drifts on the road ahead of them. Two giant men, swathed in mufflers and bearskin coats leaped down, with icicles in their whiskers. They came up to the Reo, peered in and saw Effie huddling her brood.

"Lady," exploded one, "what the hell are you doing with them kids out in this blizzard?"

Jack popped his big Irish head out. He explained they had to make it to So-and-So. It was their living. The family went as one, and if one made it, all did—or vice-versa. But the man still boiled. "You ought to be in jail!" he raged. "Don't you know you might have frozen them kids? Say," he said, "what's your name, anyway?" The tone suggested he was all set to run them into the local law.

"O'Connor."

"Huh?" said the man. He breathed deep. Then he turned to his partner in the snow-plow cab.

"Hey, Finnegan!" he yelled. "Come on, let's get these dam' Swedes out of this snow!" So he pulled them out, took them to a train, and the O'Connors made their play date.

royal family on the rocks . . .

The law was one reason John O'Connor and his "royal family" seldom hit the Big City, New York. They played the cider circuit because New York was the home of the Gerry Society, and that was the same thing as the Big Bad Wolf to show people who used their small kids in their acts. The Gerry Society sleuths searched high and low for vaudeville folks who violated the child labor laws, and when they caught up with them, it was a big fine or a revoke of their license or worse. As a kid, to Don O'Connor the heavy of heavies was a Gerry official. He always walked furtively off the stage his first night in a strange town expecting to see the wagon backed up to the steps, ready to haul him and his folks to the cooler. Don got wise and tough and wary young in life. He had to. He was one of the men of the family—he and his big brothers Jack and Billy. Because Don doesn't remember his dad at all. When Don was hardly a year old, Effie O'Connor was left a widow.

The other O'Connor kids remembered that year of sadness well for a long time, and the tragedy of it seeped into the early awareness of Donnie.

It started, the run of bad luck, when the family tried out in New York for a booking on the big time. In the middle of the tryout Billy slipped from a handstand and snapped his arm like a matchstick. That ruined the tryout, and the engagement went glimmering. The O'Connors had staked about everything on getting that

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play run—even the trip to New York, which they couldn't afford, and the risk of tangling again with the Gerry Society. When it fizzled out, they found themselves broke in the big city. They didn't have a speck of work for nine weeks and not a penny to eat on. Show business friends fed the O'Connors, with the big heart that show people always have and the spare bit of emergency cash most of them keep tucked away in an old shoe or somewhere. Rescue came at last with a four week engagement at good pay. Things looked rosy.

Then tragedy struck again. And this time Donald O'Connor's brilliant future almost died aborning. He missed being killed by the merest chance.

heart-break ahead . . .

The engagement started at Hartford, Conn., at the Capitol, and things went fine for part of the first week. Then one day Arlene, six years old, took Donald out for an airing in his baby buggy. There was a candy store across the street from the Capitol, and Arlene had a sweet tooth. She started to push Don's buggy across the rough cobblestones, neighbors said, but decided it was too big a job. So she left him parked on the sidewalk and dashed across to the candy store alone.

Effie O'Connor was ironing out some of Don's baby things in her dressing room when she heard the scream and the screech of brakes. When she ran out, she found her daughter pinned under an automobile. Arlene was killed instantly.

The O'Connors went on with their engagement. They had to. More than ever now they needed the salary checks. So, right after little Arlene's funeral they sang and joked and picked up their heels on the stage as the act swung north through New England. Then one night, in

Full of surprises—that Don O'Connor! Up and elopes as we're going to press! But don't miss next month's big issue! Don's giving us an exclusive tell-all story!

Brockton, Mass., only nine weeks later, the O'Connor Family heard the band cue for their family entrance. They all trooped out on the stage. Last came John, daddy of all the O'Connors, running out, red-faced and jolly, greeting the people with a big laugh and a quick tumble to warm up the audience. But this night when he tumbled he didn't get up. He lay still, and Effie O'Connor screamed when she saw the color of his face. John O'Connor was dead at 49, mercifully quick from a heart attack.

Young Donald, still a mere infant, was too young to know about these tragedies. But he heard about them from the minute he could understand what words meant, and he always felt that he had shared in them, too. He sensed at once that the world could be rough on show business folks. In some ways it made him tough, standing up to the world, even as a tot, going after what he wanted. Even when he was barely out of diapers, Don O'Connor was known around vaudeville haunts as "the toughest little kid in show business."

junior black bottom . . .

Donnie walked when he was eight months old, about twice as soon as most babies. At the old Kedzie Theater in Chicago, when he was still wearing diapers, he broke loose from his dressing room pen one night when the O'Connors were on, toddled out before the lights with his "pacifier" still in his mouth. He grinned at the orchestra professor, dropped the pacifier

in the pit and started stamping around on the stage to the tune of "Black Bottom," chortling, "Boom-pah-boom-pah-boom" and wiggling his little behind. From that night on he was part of the act. And his "Black Bottom" was always a riot.

Soon Donnie became the junior partner of an O'Connor Family act which had been revised, of necessity, after the tragedies of Chuck and Arlene's deaths. There was Effie, of course, and brother Jack, now a grown man, and Billy, the heavy set, merry comedy-talented brother right above Don. Jack's wife, Millie, was in the act now, too, and after a while her daughter, Patsy, Don's niece—but more like a sister to Don—would arrive to join the group.

Little Don became a tumbler the minute he dropped his diapers. Jack and Billy used to toss him around like a basketball on the stage in their acts. He was tiny, but he could take it. In fact, although Don was always short and small as a boy, he was tightly knit with a web of muscles all over him. Like his dad, Chuck, he was just naturally tough. He learned to dance early, too, and sing. One of his first successful routines was a team dance with his two brothers. He sang "Looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses," "My Mom" and "Keep Your Sunny Side Up," and right after he could talk, he learned how to time gags and dialogue.

When he was no more than three years old, Donnie worked in a tiny tuxedo. He was crazy about clothes in those days, as he is today. Nothing pleased him more than to strut down the street in his stage finery and watch the other kids stare in awe and admiration. Once in Lancaster, Pa., he disappeared when his mother was busy backstage. She rushed out on the crowded streets looking for Donnie frantically, then called the police. Finally, one came back leading Don by the hand.

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"Guess where I found him," grinned the cop. "Down in front of the Good Will Mission with the Salvation Army Band. The kid was singing to beat the band and dancing in this monkey suit. And the coin was rollin' in."

The normal life that normal kids led was something Don O'Connor never knew. Normal kids had houses and back yards and a home town, and they went to school. In his whole life Don O'Connor went to a real public school only twice and then for only a few months each time. His mother taught him his ABC's and his multiplication table and everything else, in between shows in her dressing room. She used a correspondence course put out by the Pennsylvania Board of Education. Effie O'Connor, among all the hundreds of things she had to do daily, held class each morning in the dressing room of whatever show house the O'Connors happened to be playing. She remembers Donnie now, poring over his lessons while the rest of the family dabbled on grease paint. He used to mix her rouge, powder, cold cream and mascara all together when she wasn't watching and paint pictures on the wall with it. He studied his lessons on the cinderly seats of jerk town trains, wrote them out, and she mailed them in. He did his home work by the dim light of hotels where show people paid in advance, and they nailed down the towels.

That was the kind of childhood Donald O'Connor remembers, "turkeying" all over the country, eating at "Maw's Places" or sending out for sandwiches and milk between shows, because there wasn't time for anything else. Working one night stands and split weeks on the five-a-day—or sometimes a schedule where you did 10 and 12 shows a day and marked them off on the dressing room wall so you wouldn't forget how many performances you'd done.

endearing young charms . . .

But he thrived on it. He was never sick—if you can count out the time in St. Louis when the act right before the O'Connors had a gag that spilled mothballs all over the stage, and Don, thinking they were candy, stuffed them in his mouth. He had some accidents, too—once when he was three, and he climbed adventurously upon a prop wall backstage in a Chicago house, fell off and cracked his arm. Tiny as he was, Don had guts about those things. He never cried or folded up. The time, for instance, in Detroit, when he fell in the middle of his tumbling act and cut an artery in his arm. The way he kept on with the act, holding his arm tight with his other hand and wiping off the blood with his handkerchief until the act was over.

Don's boyhood vitality spilled over in the form of mischief. The excitement and constant change of his childhood didn't allow him the quiet luxury of toys or books or pets. Outside of the white rat a traveling entertainer gave him or the rabbits that Blackstone, the magician, bestowed as reward for help in his act, Don never owned any pets. His playground was no back yard or school ground, but the streets outside theatrical hotels or the empty rows of seats in a theater before and after shows. As a result he found ways to spill his dynamite spirits around the show house. Managers and vaudevillians soon tagged him as a terror.

short snorer . . .

But the most serious escapade occurred one night at the State-Lake Theater in Chicago where the O'Connors had a big time engagement. A man slumped in the front row of the house, sound asleep through the entire act; what's more, he



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snored. It was ruining the act. Everyone was laughing at the snores instead of the O'Connors, and that burnt all of them up. First Brother Billy started stamping his feet on the stage, but the man snored peacefully on. Then Jack shot off a blank pistol. But still he snored. The audience was roaring now, and the joke was on the O'Connors. Don ran off stage, sore as a boil, grabbed a bottle of seltzer water and squirted it right in the sleeper's face. He jumped up, ran out of the theater like he had been stung—and then sued the O'Connors, the theater management and everyone. It put them in a nice pickle for a while.

When Don was only seven, the O'Connors landed on a bill with a Fanchon and Marco revue of beautiful tootsies. The girls had a dressing room of their own, built of beaverboard and set apart backstage. One afternoon there was a commotion and indignant girlish outcries, and when the O'Connors investigated, they found Don in the middle of the outraged chorines getting the daylights spanked out of him.

He'd punched holes in the beaverboard walls to watch the girls change costumes!

Another time they found him, dolled up in his stage outfit of cutaway coat, gray spats and cane, leaning against the wings like an old roué as the chorus tripped on the stage. As each girl skipped by, Don looked soulfully into her eyes and repeated "I love you . . . I love you . . . I love you." He was all of eight years old.

Don was just as tough with boys as he was bold with girls. Like his Irish dad, who had punched out his living in the ring, Don loved a fight, just for the fight's sake. He wasn't mean, but he was belligerent. And he was good. Don is slim today and light, but his punching muscles are overdeveloped, and his favorite sport is still

boxing. In his early days he'd come into a town, collar the first ragamuffin he'd meet on the street and ask, "Say—you know any kid in this town that wants a fight?" Usually there were plenty, and usually Don could take them, although he'd got whopped for it when he showed up at certain time bruised and bleeding. That era ended suddenly when a gang of Chicago newsboys heard about the tough little punk down at the theater and ganged up on him. They gave him such a working-over that he was cautious from then on about advertising his pugacity.

That wasn't often, of course. As a kid, Donald O'Connor's home town resembled a timetable. But there was one place he could halfway tag as his "home town"—one stationary place. That was Danville, Illinois, where his Uncle Will and Aunt Josie and their big family lived in a big house. Uncle Will was John O'Connor's brother. Irish, like Chuck, he had done all right in Danville in the plumbing business, and with his natural Gaelic gift for politics, had even been elected mayor a couple of times. Sticking around one place, he had also outdone his brother Jack by siring eleven children to Chuck's seven. A few extra visiting cousins make little difference in a family of 13. So between layoffs, or when they ran into bad luck or got busted, the O'Connor's made quick tracks for Danville. They had another haven, at Peru, Illinois, where an old friend ran a country club and where they could earn their keep entertaining until bookings opened up. But Danville was where Don remembers feeling like he belonged to a place longer than just for the run of the engagement.

Being a real stage actor, Don was a great glamour boy in Danville, and he played it to the limit. The other kids, seeing him come in off the road with wonderful stories

about stage life, looked on him with feelings mixed with awe and resentment. The Danville boys yelled "Sissy" a few times at his dandified clothes—until they got their noses bloodied—but the girls tumbled like a load of bricks for his worldly charms. Closest of all to Don of his cousins was Lois, only a year older.

He used to tell Lois confidently, "When you and me grow up, we'll get married." Lois knew Cousin Don pretty well though, and she never took it too seriously. He told that to all the girls.

sweetheart on every circuit . . .

Because Don O'Connor was hardly ever without a sweetheart from the time he could learn to wink. And like a sailor, he had a girl in almost every port. He was so wised up for his years that usually they were older than he was, like the crush he had on a girl who used to travel with a sister act. He'd run across her here and there on the circuits. She had a turned up nose, and she could sing like a bird, even as a kid, and her name was Frances Gumma. Don and Frances wrote a love song together when they were just kids and rehearsed it. They were going to grow up and be big stars—and get married. But Judy got the jump on Don—as she was bound to. She became Judy Garland.

Life was never dull around Uncle Will's and Aunt Josie's when the Cousin O'Connors showed up. All of them loved to have fun, from Effie on down. They'd usually play a date at the Danville theater, and Don and Billy would get enrolled in school—only to be jerked out again as soon as the hungry O'Connor family fattened up or a play date arrived to support them again. They always made good enough money—on the standard time \$500 a week for the act. But they were show people, and they spent it, or Jack and Effie and



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Millie, the oldest members, got mixed up in their weakness, poker, and lost the family roll. They never banked a cent. There was always more to be made in the next town. Happy-go-lucky was a phase coined for the O'Connors. And it was all for one and one for all—always.

As a youngster Don O'Connor never considered that it would ever be any other way. Life to him was "the boards," and the O'Connor family the center of the world. Once only, as a tiny tot, had he run away nursing a prieve. He was about five or so, and Brother Jack had spanked him or something. Don suspects he deserved it. Anyway, he lit out, resolved to show his family a thing or two. He got as far as two stories away in the same New York theatrical hotel where they stayed. A vaudevillian friend of his father came home that night and found Don sitting on his trunk, looking disgusted. "Our act's going to pieces," Don informed him. "I've shaken the dust. Say, can I join your act?" The friend hauled him by the ear back to his family.

pistol-packin' O'Connor . . .

Never in his young life, however, did Donald O'Connor ever consider the possibility of being anything but an entertainer. He used to say, when he was younger, that his big ambition was to be a grand opera singer. He still collects every Caruso record he can find. But Don never took lessons on anything in his life. He picked up the accordion and the drums and a honky-tonk piano proficiency, which he still has today. He learned a million tricks allied to show business, bits of magic, singing, dancing, juggling. But, in spite of the hard life actors led—and he'd had personal proof from the minute he let out his first baby cry—it never entered Don's head that when he got big he'd be anything else but an actor. Acting was for him.

He dramatized everything. Uncle Will had an old pistol around the house, without any cartridges. Don found it one day, and for a week the O'Connors wondered why the milkman and the bread man gave their house a wide berth. Finally learned it was because Don had been getting the drop on them with the real revolver every time they showed up and backed them off the place, hands up and terrified. He was playing a stick-up man.

He used this acting talent to wiggle out of scrapes, too. Once the Danville O'Connor kids and their friends staged a picnic when the Traveling O'Connors arrived. They had it out by the river. Effie O'Connor had lost enough children. Don was her baby, and she was always terrified of losing him. Particularly she feared the swift river. She told him not to dare go near it; if he did—there'd be plenty of trouble.

Well, some other boys were there; they dared Don, and he couldn't take a dare like a drip. So he went in, and when he came back home, he showed the tell-tale signs—wet hair, muddy socks and shoes. He knew he was in for it.

"I had to go in, Mother," explained Don nobly. "A girl fell in the river. The current grabbed her. She swirled down the stream. I heard her desperate cries for help . . ." and so on. He acted out the most gripping rescue drama imaginable, complete with all details, with himself in the role of the hero, rescuing the helpless maiden from a watery grave. Don sounded like he ought to have the Carnegie medal, at least, and Effie believed every word. But Lois, who had been there all the time, could hardly keep from exploding with the truth.

It was from Danville that the O'Connors left for California, the time that was to



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change 12-year-old Don's life.

Donald had been in California before. Once when he was still being wheeled around in a baby carriage, the O'Connor family, Chuck and Arlene and all, had played the old Hippodrome in Los Angeles, and another time when Don was only seven they'd come out for a Fanchon and Marco Revue and played all around Southern California—and Donnie O'Connor, again, had narrowly escaped with his life in the great California Earthquake of 1933.

This trip an even bigger upheaval was to hit the O'Connors. Hollywood was to do what even the Long Beach earthquake couldn't do. It was to break up the O'Connor family after all these years.

It started as just another circuit tour for the O'Connors. When they arrived in Los Angeles, strapped as usual for money, something went wrong with the bookings, and there they were without a salary. That's when their booking agent asked if they'd like to give a free show.

"Nothing doing," replied Jack, who was managing the business end of things then. "We O'Connors like to work—but not for free. It's not nourishing."

"But this is," laughed the agent. "You'll

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 96)

1. Women trouble
2. Society wife
3. Supple singer
4. Darcy
5. No last name
6. Never gets the lead
7. Close harmony
8. Fiftyish
9. Devastates Donna Drake
10. Naughty girl
11. Troubadour
12. Universal's golden girl
13. Vice Pres. of H'wood Canteen
14. H. M. Pulham
15. Last name same as No. 14
16. Lost to Welles
17. Head-y
18. In "Lifeboat"
19. Fringed hair-do
20. Initials: A. H.

(Answers on page 112)

get a swell dinner. It's at the Motion Picture Relief Fund Annual Banquet. All the movie Big Shots will be there, and you never can tell what that'll lead to. Besides, it's a good cause."

Jack said okay. They came late to the Biltmore Bowl the next night. They went on with the act first and had dinner later. Right after they'd finished, it seemed, the agent came bustling up to their table. "What did I tell you," he gasped. "They want you over at Paramount tomorrow to try out for a picture part!"

"We'll be there!" Jack grinned. "O'Connors on parade."

The agent yanked out his handkerchief and patted his face. "They've got Donald in mind for a Bing Crosby picture."

Nobody said much for awhile. Don finished his ice cream. Then he spoke up. "That's out," he said. "It's the O'Connor Family—remember?"

The agent shrugged. "Just you they want," he repeated.

"I'm a vaudeville artist," said Don slowly. "I don't know anything about movies. I guess I'll just skip it."

Editor's Note: Part II of Donald O'Connor's life story will appear in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN.



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gives exciting effects
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A SMILE THAT GLISTENS

(Continued from page 67)

They'll tell you to eat your way to health... and sparkling dental work! Proper diet assists originally in building sound teeth. It later helps protect them against disease, through nourishment of tooth structure, through tooth exercise and through influence on mouth secretions.

In general these foods are best for building as well as maintaining sound teeth and healthy gums: fruits, green vegetables, milk and other dairy products, whole grain bread and cereals, eggs and some coarse foods requiring thorough chewing. Let your diet be a help to your teeth. Which reminds us of a simply awful pun: "Be true to your teeth, and they won't be false to you."

Dentist Duty. We're sure you know all about visiting your dentist twice a year... but here's a gentle reminder in case you're a bit forgetful. Visit him regularly for preventive dentistry, for a check-up and to have stains and tartar removed. Remember you're not only to run to the dentist, howling with pain, to have an aching molar pulled. He's there to catch tiny, hidden cavities and to fill them before they have a chance to grow to Grand Canyon proportions and cause you floods of agony.

A dentist can also do wonders at replacing missing molars and straightening crooked ones. Perhaps when you were young and careless, you chipped a front tooth—on a diving board, say, or in a sled collision. If it's gone uncorrected up to now, have it jacketed. No one but you will be the wiser, and you'll smile unself-consciously again.

Smiles, Inc. A smile is part of a woman's charm. Not only movie stars have a public... a housewife meets hers at the grocery store, clubs, shops. Her smile may mean the difference between a small, brown-edged head of lettuce and a large, crisp, green-leaved one! So don't be afraid to smile. Glance at the chart on page 68. Treat your teeth to these beauty and health hints advocated by pert June Allyson. You'll be pleased with the happy results!

"CALIFORNIA"—HERE HE COMES!

(Continued from page 41)

to play, in spite of the scene with Katharine Cornell. Before doing that scene, Miss Cornell invited him to spend the day at her home. He felt greatly honored, but he wasn't tongue-tied. They talked about dogs and other things they had in common, not about Shakespeare.

He's always wanted to write, and he always will. Movies were just a way to make money till he saw "A Star Is Born," which captured his imagination. After that, he wanted success in the movies, too. He's written some poetry and short stories which his friends like. "But of course," he tells you, "that doesn't mean very much."

Ray Sperry, who used to be Freddie Bartholomew's stand-in, has been Lon's friend since their days at the Mar-Ken Professional School. They had it all fixed up that in 1940 they'd buy a sloop and sail around the world, Lon writing as they went. In 1940 a war was on. Besides, they didn't have the money. But it's a dream postponed, not abandoned. In Lon's contract, there's another clause which says that, in five and a half years, if he's still working, he gets time off for his round-the-world trip.

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Another dream's just come true, and a nightmare's banished. Somewhere he read that Eddie Cantor's grandmother, who meant everything to him, died as Eddie reached the brink of success. Lon was haunted by the fear that some such thing might happen to him. He wanted to make life easier for the folks before they were too old to enjoy it. Just before going off on location for "Home in Indianá," he bought the new house at Malibu. Just after he got back, they moved in.

The folks are Mother, Granny and Iya. How he started calling his grandfather Iya, Lon doesn't remember, but everyone calls him that now. He himself had been named Alonzo after his father, but was Bud—and still is—to family and friends. Not till "Stage Door Canteen" did he become Lon, and he's just getting used to it. Girls sometimes call him Lonnie, which irks him. Billy and Jackie irk him, too.

He's always lived in and around Los Angeles. His parents, divorced when he was five, have remained friends. After '29 they all had it tough. Iya's real estate business went to pot. He got a job as parking lot attendant. Mother and Granny took in sewing. One Christmas they couldn't scrape up enough to buy Lon a gift, so they had to tell him there was no Santa Claus. At the ripe age of eight, he had it pretty well figured out for himself. It didn't seem right that everyone should work but Lon.

Things got a little tougher. People weren't having much sewing done. Mother worked as a waitress, then as receptionist in a dental office. Iya went from night watchman at Universal to gateman at RKO. Through him, Granny got some extra work. "I want to make money," Lon told his mother.

"You're pretty young."

"Some of the boys at school make money in the movies."

the hard way...

You got into movies through dancing or singing. Lon took tap lessons first, decided he wasn't much good and joined the Maxwell Choristers. M-G-M sent for them. If they'd been asked to sing, Lon would have been sunk. As luck would have it, he was picked as one of the torchbearers for the ballroom sequence of "Romeo and Juliet." He thinks maybe "Romeo and Juliet's" lucky for him.

Other jobs followed in movies and radio. Nothing startling. Extra work and bits. But enough so that, after a nervous breakdown, Mother was finally persuaded to quit work. Iya seemed to be set at RKO. Granny was managing the apartment house where they lived.

He discovered the world of books and ideas. He entered Chapman College, majored in English and took as many units of philosophy as he could squeeze in. Girls?—Oh yes. When he saw them, it was nice—and just as nice when he didn't. Girls weren't in it with boats and writing, with studying and getting ahead in "the industry," as he calls it.

Then one day, during sophomore year, he took time off to go to town for two interviews. One was at Republic, the other with Victor Sutker, who was casting for "Stage Door Canteen." He knew one of the soldiers was a young kid named "California," who'd never kissed a girl.

Lon was 19 and a Californian. He'd kissed girls in kid games like post office. It was just something you did, like playing darts. He'd never kissed a girl and really meant it. He hopes it doesn't sound egotistical, but he couldn't help thinking maybe this was the chance he'd been waiting for.

At Republic the part was a soldier, too. They said he looked too young, didn't look like the typical American soldier. Mr. Sutker said: "Take these two scenes home, and we'll call you back to read later on."

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Back at college, he studied the script and waited for the call—which finally came. Friday—3:30. On Tuesday he caught cold, so he went home and stayed in bed till 2 o'clock Friday. That's his mother's training. She always puts him to bed when he has a cold.

They were tested by Frank Borzage. Which was a good thing, because Mr. Borzage has the knack of calming you down. Lon wasn't called till next to last, by which time his nerves stood in need of calming. Then he went back home to bed. Sunday night he returned to college and tried to put the whole thing out of his mind.

pepsi toast . . .

Hints and rumors started coming through.

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Don Campbell, N. Y. . . DO STARS SEE AND ANSWER THEIR MAIL? It depends entirely upon the star and studio involved. Frank Sinatra receives some 5,000 letters a week, and it would be a full time job if he even attempted to answer them. Same applies to Turner, Grable, Power. A younger player—Donna Reed, Bob Hutton, Ann Savage, Jim Brown will generally try to answer all their letters since more fan mail means better parts.

Dorothy H., West Chicago, Ill. . . HAS A LON McALLISTER FAN CLUB BEEN ORGANIZED SINCE I RECEIVED MY FAN CLUB CHART? Yes, Lon has placed his stamp of approval on a grand club in his honor started by Mildred Cox, 120 Cassidy Avenue, Lexington, Ky. She'll supply details.

Pvt. Albert Kanterman, Ark. . . WHAT IS SCARLETT O'HARA DOING? Vivien Leigh is spending most of her time entertaining troops in England and North Africa. There are a few pictures scheduled for her—one of which is "Caesar and Cleopatra." Write her at 2 Cities Film Ltd., 15 Hanover Sq., W. I., Eng.

I suppose I should be satisfied by the tower of mail stacked up on my desk each morning. I'm not. I probably never will be, as long as your letters go on being as much fun as they are. If you've written once, please write again. If you haven't, get that note off to me today because I've got the information you want about Hollywood and its stars—you might as well have it. Address your envelope: Beverly Linet, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

He closed his ears. "I hear they like you," his agent phoned. That made him feel as if he'd been lifted into mid-air and sort of left hanging. It was Mother who cut the string and sent him up like a balloon. Mother and Mr. Sutker. Mr. Sutker's been kind enough to call Mother. "Lon has the part. I thought you'd like to know as soon as I knew myself." When she called him, Mother was crying. Lon took his three roommates down to the hangout, where they celebrated with sodas. Next day the news was in Hedda Hopper's column.

From start to finish, the picture was fun. (The funniest part was having a stand-in who'd once worked extra with him.) But he wouldn't sign for more than the single

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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 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 beat 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 29C, New York City, New York.

picture, because he was expecting to be called to the Army. He wouldn't even go back to New York for the opening unless Mother went along.

He got pretty stubborn about it. He thinks you'd be right to call him a stubborn guy. For instance, he made up his mind to buy a car when he finished high school. Financially, that turned out to be his worst year. He bought the car anyway and just got through paying for it. Another thing he wanted was a Great Dane. "I'll buy it," he promised himself, "when I get my first coast-to-coast program." That happened three years ago, and three years ago he bought Mac. "A Great Dane in an apartment!" said people. "You're crazy. Absolutely mad." But Mac wasn't unhappy in the apartment, and Lon was very happy, having him.

Mr. Lesser sent Mother along. Marjorie Riordan and her mother went, too. Marjorie's the girl Lon kissed in the picture. The four traveled together and had a wonderful time in the big town. And in the end Lon signed his contract. He couldn't afford not to, what with the terms and bonus Mr. Lesser offered.

But he didn't expect to make any more pictures till after the war. He'd had his physical exam for the Army. A week before the second was due, Twentieth Century-Fox intervened. They wanted to borrow him for "Home in Indiana." They agreed for his deferment on the ground that the picture would be released to all overseas outposts before being shown at home. Since movies have been classified as an essential industry, the request was granted. And Lon bought a house.

treasure hunt . . .

They'd wanted one for so long. They were so house-hungry that they'd study ads and even go looking at houses for the sake of looking, knowing they couldn't afford even a small one. Now Lon made one of his decisions. His bonus from Mr. Lesser would almost cover the cost of a house. Then the folks would have it, no matter when he was called.

Because Lon loved the ocean, it had to be on the beach—and they found it at Malibu. He and his mother went down to look at it first, and the minute he clapped eyes on it, Lon knew that was his house. Green-and-white. One story—which made it nice for Granny who's beginning to get winded, climbing stairs. A high wall—which made it nice for Mac. The biggest fireplace they'd ever seen in a house—which made it nice for them all.

Granny took Iya down to see it. Having been in the real estate business, Iya catches flaws invisible to the amateur's eye. Besides, he's English and reserved. But even Iya said, "Maybe," which amounts to enthusiasm with him. So Lon bought it.

While he was gone, Mother and Granny made drapes and 12 string rugs—a fan-shaped one for in front of the fireplace. Lon got back on Tuesday and had the pleasure of seeing Granny turn over the management of the apartment house to her successor. On Wednesday, he went shopping with Mother and bought three lamps. On Thursday he had to report for work at 12:30, so he got up at six and drove down with some of the fragile things you can't trust to vans.

Iya proved how he felt about the house by doing an unprecedented thing—treating himself to a week off so he could share the fun of settling in. In all the world, no four people were happier.

Now that they're settled, Iya's with them only for week-ends, because he won't give up his job. Dad's a frequent visitor. He always wanted Lon to be something stable like a doctor. Now he thinks it's just as well his son turned out stubborn.

They're painting and sanding the floors

HE WILL REMEMBER...

Sheila Ryan

Appearing in
10th Century-Fox Picture
"Ladies in Washington"



just as his dad did!

His mother's hair was gorgeous when daddy sailed in '17 with the AEF...and still she keeps her hair beautiful with Glover's! Naturally he cherishes the memory of your lovely hair, kept lovely by this old American beauty secret—hair so luxuriously soft and rich in glimmering highlights—a memory he can never forget!

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Annoying SCALP and
Excessive FALLING HAIR.



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themselves. Having managed apartment houses, they're good at that kind of thing. Lon's bedroom is strictly nautical—sea-green rug, tropical drapes, ship book ends. Only the beds are like nothing a sailor ever slept in—two of them, both double, one for Lon, one for Mac. More often than not he bunks in with Lon, sometimes at the foot of the bed, sometimes with his head tucked cosily on the same pillow. Mac's short for MacDanois—Mac, son of—Danois, sort of French for Dane.

When he's not working, Lon's a night owl—stays up till two and loves to sleep till eleven. Breakfasts on dry toast and hot chocolate, except when he gets an urge for waffles. Likes sandwiches for lunch—tuna and peanut butter—and his favorite dinner is ground round, new peas, salad, milk and lemon pie. Lemon pie the way Granny makes it.

A day off—especially now at the beach—is a blank check from heaven. He spends it outdoors, paddles around on his surfboard, hauls his typewriter out and answers his fan mail. Mother helps him with that. And he studies. Wants to get his degree if he can, though right now the prospect looks dim. However, he's still carrying eight units of college work.

twilight and fire light . . .

The hour before dinner finds him in front of the fireplace with some reading matter—Whitman or Conrad, Don Blanding or Stephen Benet. Twilight and fire light and a quiet house and the smell of good cooking and an open book—that's something to keep with you as long as you live.

He never misses Sam Grafton's column and, when he's home at night, always tunes in on the gas company's music program. Cole Porter's his favorite popular composer and "Easy to Love" his favorite song. Anything Koussevitsky conducts, he'll listen to.

At the beach he wears as little as possible. Generally speaking, his interest in clothes is lukewarm. He'd rather stay at home than go out formal. His wardrobe is about evenly divided between browns and tans, which he likes, and blue, which his mother likes him in. Just now he's going through the tie-buying stage, because ties are about all a fellow can pick for himself that have color. But he rarely wears them.

He's a regular at the Hollywood Canteen. Used to work as a busboy, but now that the fellows know him, they seem to like him mingling around with them. He and Marjorie go out together quite often. If it's a twosome, they play miniature golf and stop in at a drive-in for nutburgers and a soda or a malt or a shake—doesn't matter, as long as it's chocolate.

Mostly they go with a crowd—the Gene Kelly crowd you've heard so much about. Gene and Betsy Kelly are among Lon's closest friends. They all gather at the Kellys or the Cronyns or the Wynns for games, music and mutual entertainment. Lon dislikes dancing. He's not bad, it just doesn't appeal to him. Neither do cigarettes nor liquor. He's not against either on principle, it's a matter of taste. Once he sampled a cigarette of Iya's and didn't like it. He takes issue with Emily Post on the etiquette of not drinking. She says you should accept the glass and touch it to your lips. That sounds silly to Lon. "Why waste it? I just don't take it."

Sometimes he and Marjorie wear matching colors. Just for the fun of it though. Romance? That makes him smile. "She's a sister of mine." And when Lon says it, you know it's the unvarnished truth.

One thing all you gals want to know: Is he like "California", off the screen? The answer is very definitely yes, and the proof's conclusive. Ten minutes, and you're shamelessly in love with the guy.

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DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS

CANTEEN KID

(Continued from page 55)

nothing did. Then they told me about this place. One guy said I'd see movie stars, and another guy said, 'Nah, nobody shows up,' and I walk in and there you are. And now—well—now here I am talking to you." He flushed, conscious of having been carried away. "I hope you don't mind. What I'm trying to say is—on account of seeing you, Hollywood hasn't let me down."

"Why should I mind?" said Joan gently. "You've said some very nice things, and it makes me feel good."

That boy, symbolizing many, is why Joan goes to the Canteen week after week—every Tuesday night.

Once you're in, you forget you were ever tired, the boys are so smiley and glad to see you. Sometimes Joan dances, sometimes she's at the Snack Bar. Not long ago she sprained an ankle and couldn't dance. The boys were inclined to be skeptical—

"C'mon, Joan, don't give us that oldie—"

She had to stomp out and show them, after which they went protective on her. "Just sit on that high-chair. Never mind the grub—"

A soldier glared at a Marine who'd missed the excitement and innocently asked for coffee. "You got a bum ankle?—Then how's about you gettin' her a cup o' coffee?"

shine and sign . . .

As a matter of fact, Joan feels "honored when they ask her for food. It seems so much more useful than just signing autographs. Good training, too, now that she's a waitress in "Cinderella Jones," plug! But generally, whoever's in charge at the Bar says, "Just shine and sign, honey. That's what they want from you—"

Even more than autographs, what they want is to talk. She wishes there were time to sit and talk to them all. She's never forgotten the crack one disgusted soldier made in a magazine article. "Iceland," he said, "was named not for its temperature, but for its girls." No matter how corny that line sounds about being a sister to them, it describes what they're looking for better than anything else. One of the nicest compliments ever paid her was by a sailor who'd been talking about his girl. "You understand," he said, "and that kind of brings my own girl closer."

She thinks being an actress helps you to warm up easier. An actress meets so many different people, and she's used to the sociable atmosphere of the set and, come right down to it, the boys are the same kind of boys as the grips and juicers at the studio—younger, most of them, but with that same fun and friendliness and that easygoing American way—

If they're shy, she tries to break the ice by finding some place they've both been to—

"You're not from Michigan, by any chance?"

"Oh—just Detroit—"

When that happens, they go at it hammer-and-tongs, just a couple of home town pals—

military tactics . . .

She's glad she's been to Canada, on account of the English boys who come in sometimes. They generally know Montreal and the Mount Royal Hotel, and they're homesick for snow and winter sports. The thing to remember about reminiscing though is, do they enjoy it or does it make them suffer more because they're so far from home? So you've got to feel your way, you can't go barging right in.

Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

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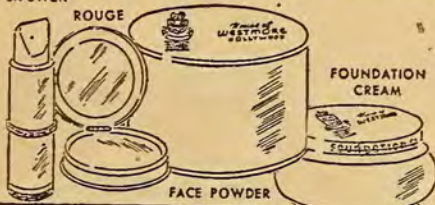
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Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

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stead of dancing, he drew her off the floor. "Your rat shows," he informed her. "I'll hold the wolves off while you fix it."

That's the protective type. Then there's the deadpan ribber, and you can't be quite sure whether he's laughing with you or at you. The one with the broken-beer-bottle line, for instance. Every time they danced, he'd tell her about some friend who was dying to meet her—

"He'd come three thousand miles across broken beer bottles to dance with you." "Barefoot, no doubt?" she flips back.

"No doubt. Where would he get shoes?" This went on and on till the gag got to be pretty tired. But Joan played along. Why not, since it took so little to amuse him? Then one night he asked if she'd sit the dance out. He said he wouldn't be coming back to the Canteen, it looked as if they were headed overseas—

"I want to thank you for putting up with my stale jokes. They must have been pretty tiresome. You know—you're a good sport, Joan. I guess I was trying to get your goat. But he never showed—"

"He's got a long way to come," said Joan demurely—

"Three thousand miles across broken beer bottles," they chanted, and people turned their heads to see what was so funny.

There's also the romantic type, as exemplified by the boy who'd seen "Stage Door Canteen."

His eyes were rapt, his voice intense—"Miss Leslie—" Not Joan—perish forbid!—did "California" call his deity Katharine?—"Miss Leslie, do you remember the poem you said in 'The Sky's the Limit'?"

"You mean the one about the man I wanted to marry—?"

"Yes. Would you recite it for me, please, Miss Leslie?"

She glanced hastily around. Well, let them laugh. The only thing was, would she be able to go through it? Looking back into the lost-puppy-dog eyes upturned to her, she took the plunge—

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles—"

He pulled a sigh up from the toes of his G.I. shoes, murmured a simple, soulful thank you, turned on his G.I. heel and walked off, gazing into space. Joan dabbed a handkerchief at her face. "Coffee, boys?"

the broken record . . .

There was another young romantic present one night—Gerard Darrow, aged 9. He and the other Quiz Kids collected autographs as zealously as if they'd never heard of an I.Q. As Joan handed the book back, Gerard spoke with impressive fervor, "This is the most exciting moment of my entire life, Miss Leslie. I'll never forget it." Joan was charmed. The words echoed in her ears—or were they an echo? There was nothing disembodied about the clear treble, sounding off yet more fervently a few feet away. "This is the most exciting moment of my entire life, Miss Hayward. I'll never forget it—"

That's what he said to all the girls.

Her own most exciting moment occurred one night when a voice called, "Hi, Terror!" She whirled swiftly, her face alight—

On a bond selling tour in Washington, she'd been shown through a bomber. As she talked to the crew members, one said, "Hey, wait a minute, fellas, we haven't named this ship yet. How's for letting Joan name it?"

"Swell—"

"She's a redhead. She'll bring us luck." They brought a stepladder. She was to chalk the name in, and her handwriting would be traced later in paint. "But what are we going to call it—?"

After her, of course. But also they wanted

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QUIZ ANSWERS
(Continued from page 103)

1. Errol Flynn
2. Henry Fonda
3. Carmen Miranda
4. Bill Robinson
5. Margo
6. John Carradine
7. Andrews Sisters
8. Charles Laughton
9. Donald Duck
10. Mae West
11. Dick Powell
12. Susanna Foster
13. John Garfield
14. Robert Young
15. Loretta Young
16. Victor Mature
17. Hedy Lamarr
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19. Claudette Colbert
20. Alfred Hitchcock



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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 . . . with-
out 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 buy-
ing 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 af-
ford"? Well, young soldiers can't afford
to die, either . . . yet they do it when
called upon. So is it too much to ask of
us that we invest more of our money in
War Bonds . . . the best investment in
the world today? Is that too much to ask?

**Let's All
BACK THE ATTACK!
DON'T
LET
DOWN
NOW—**

something with fire—
"I've got it. The Leslie Terror!"
That's why "Hi, Terror!" set her pulses
leaping. Yes, it was one of the original
crew. Yes, their ship had seen action in
the Attu and Kiska fighting, had been
damaged but not beyond repair. The boys
had come through okay—

"Maybe because you're a redhead."
"Maybe because I prayed," she said to
herself.

What impresses Joan most about the
servicemen she meets is their spirit—
the way they accept the job, the way they
loathe any trace of hero-worship—even
those that come back with stripes and
medals—you're not supposed to notice such
things. The way they're so grateful for
what you do, when what you do is so
little. Often, when her shift is over, she
doesn't have the heart to go home if
they ask her not to—

"Why do you have to go?"
"I've got to be up at 7—"
"We've got to be up at 5:30—"
"Oh dear, I know—"

Her hours are long, but theirs are longer.
Her work is safe, theirs is difficult and
dangerous— It makes her ashamed.

One letter she treasures especially, be-
cause it expresses so simply and beauti-
fully what she herself feels and can't put
into words—the spirit of the men, the
spirit of the Canteen, the spirit of America.

"Dear Joan Leslie:
I'm one of the hundreds you were
dancing with Tuesday. You won't re-
member me, but I'll never forget
you . . . I want to tell you why. It's
not because you're pretty, though you
are. It's not because you're a good
dancer, though you're that, too. It's
not even because you're becoming a
big star. To be honest with you, I
didn't even know who you were till
they called you to the platform.

I'll never forget you because you
made me want to live. Your sincerity,
your friendliness—those are the things
that made my heart beat faster. No,
not for you, Miss Leslie—I haven't a
crush on you—I have a crush on the
things you stand for. I want to fight
to live in a world where a girl like
you can smile and bring happiness to
a guy like me. You and your cohorts
are doing that at the Canteen now.
We're on our way to make a few
adjustments.

Carry on,
Bill."
Bill was wrong about just one thing.
She remembers him all right. She'll re-
member him as long as she lives.

Reduce FAT!

**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."



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AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO. MA.
871 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.

Name _____
Address _____
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Promotes fresh loveliness. Also bleaches down freckles. Apply this dainty cream before retiring. Caution: Use only as directed. At drug counters.

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You Women Who Suffer From HOT FLASHES then CHILLY FEELINGS

If you—like so many women between the ages of 38 and 52—suffer from hot flashes, weak, nervous feelings, are blue at times—due to the functional middle age period peculiar to women—start at once—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS—to relieve such annoying symptoms.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against such distress. They also are a great blood-iron tonic. Follow label directions.

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

in "Golden Boy" and continued his march to success. He married dimpled, dark-eyed Brenda Marshall, legally changed his name and hers to Holden and fathered a son, Peter Westfield Holden—the Westfield in honor of the younger Beedle brother, Bob.

When war came, Bill joined the Air Corps. Bob and Dick both joined the Navy. Dick went to boot camp, but Ensign Bob was placed on active duty in the South Pacific.

The word filtered home with heart-breaking inescapability. First one letter arrived at the address of the elder Beedles. It was from an officer who had served with Bob; he mentioned in glowing terms the ability and courage of the young Ensign. Then a letter arrived from a shipmate of equal rank, telling something of the circumstance of his death. Finally there arrived the wire from the War Department saying merely that Ensign Robert Beedle was missing in action.

During the ensuing week, proving the curious way of life, Brenda Marshall Holden received her first word from her father since the fall of the Philippines. Returning passengers on the Gripsholm brought news that he was interned in Manila, that he was well, that he was keeping himself busy with work.

Brenda cried again, but these tears—unlike those bitterly shed for Bob—were sweet.

ALADDIN WITHOUT LAMP:

It has long been Alan Ladd's habit to accumulate any stray serviceman he happens to see, bring the chap home for dinner.

The sailor whom Alan picked up a few weeks ago was trying to get home. His sister was having a baby, presumably within that week. The sister's husband was in service in the South Pacific, so the brother was doing his best to be with the expectant mother.

The Ladds staked him to a long distance telephone call which assured him that the stork hadn't yet appeared. Then Sue bundled up some clothing which Alana had outgrown, and the sailor was transported to the station, round-tummied with dinner, round-eyed with wonder and full-hearted with gratitude.

On the way home, when they were halted by a stop light, Alan leaned over to kiss his wife. Like tinsel-thrilled children they said, "Don't we have a wonderful time?"

THE KIDDIE CAR SET:

Judy Garland's niece, Judeleine Sherwood, is now six; an energetic young thing beating out a bit of fame for herself. She writes songs so good that Jose Iturbi, hearing some of them, decided to rearrange them slightly and to prepare them for publication in the form of a book of nursery songs. Judy—having turned artist—is doing the illustrations.

Ordinarily a quick study and a flawless deliverer of lines, Ray Milland ruined a morning's shooting by fluffing one scene after another. "What's wrong?" the director finally asked in bewilderment.

Ray looked sheepish. He was worried. Danny (the Milland scion) was to have his tonsils removed the following morning. Ray hadn't slept the night before, and he didn't expect much rest tonight.

"Danny kicking up quite a fuss, huh?"

Looking even more sheepish, Ray explained that Danny was totally indifferent. "I'm the one who's suffering."

The following morning he drove Danny and Mrs. Milland down to the hospital. "You wait outside," smiled Mrs. Milland. "You won't be helping Danny by going upstairs, and you will be torturing yourself."

So Ray waited. He burned his way through three packs of cigarettes and blinked his way through several magazines. After 15 minutes of

NOW YOU CAN LAUGH AT THE CALENDAR!

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	



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- 1. EXTRA COMFORT.** San-nap-pak is cotton-faced for extra comfort—stays soft as you wear it!
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- 3. EXTRA PEACE OF MIND.** San-nap-pak is cleverly designed to fit without tell-tale bumps or bulges!
- 4. EXTRA CONVENIENCE.** San-nap-pak stays fresh longer—requires fewer changes.



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This month experience a wonderful new feeling of comfort and security! Switch to San-nap-pak—the pad with the "Pink Layer of Protection"! Extra comfort and protection, at no extra cost!

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Beautiful Sample Enlargement, also a De Luxe Studio Folder—both absolutely free! Just send this ad with any photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. One Oil United sent C.O.D. for only 58c plus postage. New 59c. New York Art Service, 200 W. 72 St., N. Y. C.



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It's All So Easy! Learn how
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how we shed, merge,
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Smart, new, yellow gold finish, sweetheart
design, Hollywood Locket
GIVEN for selling just 5
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Remover and Cleaner at 25c
each and returning the money
collected. We trust you. Write to-
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Nothing to buy. YOUR package
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NURSE, and thankful to
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NURSING for training me
at home, in my spare
time, for this well-paid,
dignified work."

YOU can become a nurse, too! Thousands of men
and women, 18 to 60, have studied this thorough,
home-study course. Lessons are easy to understand
and high school education not necessary. Many
earn as they learn—Mrs. R. W. of Mich. earned
\$25 a week while still studying. Endorsed by phy-
sicians. Easy tuition payments. Uniform and
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Dept. 234, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____ Age _____
City _____ State _____

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

this he glanced up to find his wife and son
approaching calmly.

"Is he all right?" Ray shouted.
"Just settle down," smiled Mrs. Milland.
"Danny has a slight sore throat, so the doctor
isn't going to operate for a few days."

The surgery was performed later that week.
Danny was eating ice cream a few hours
later. The father is progressing as well as
can be expected.

Dennis Morgan's older son Stan and his
daughter Kirsten were overheard by their
bemused Dad in deepest conversation. "I know
the worst words in the world," confided Kir-
sten in a horrified whisper.

"I bet you don't know as bad words as I
do," sniffed Stan, not to be outdone by a kid sister.
"Tell me your words."

Kirsten breathed deeply. "I know 'doggone
fool!'" she admitted amid vocal exclamation
points.

Stan shrugged, his brief laugh a masterpiece
of deprecation. "That's nothing," he said.
"I know 'lady's girdle.'"

Auburn-haired Nancy Coleman and her
husband, Whitney Bolton, are to become proud
parents in July, 1944.

Epigram factory on the Metro lot is a quaint
but self-assured young thing named Margaret
O'Brien. Currently she is doing the role of
Tootie in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Tootie was
practically a hellion.

Someone asked Margaret how she liked her
part. "Fine," she answered promptly. "It's
the first time in my life I've been able to say
'devil' without getting punished."

TECHNICAL ADVISER UNAVAILABLE:

"Heaven," proclaimed the Warner Brothers
call sheet, "is working on Stage 14."

This startling declaration was the result of
filming "The Horn Blows at Midnight," one
sequence of which finds Mr. Jack Benny stroll-
ing amid celestial clouds. An emergency arose
at noon when the entire angelic cast zoomed
over to the Green Room for luncheon; their
wings were so large that there wasn't room
to seat the sky-kids and accommodate, at the
same time, mere ordinary mortals. So the
cast had to be allowed an additional 30 minutes
for luncheon so that they could be served in
small companies over a long period of time.

Another technical problem arose: What do
angels wear on their feet? The unadorned
human foot being signally non-photogenic,
some sort of gear had to be perfected. Finally
someone decided after diligent skull search-
ing, that angels probably wear golden sand-
als. Therefore, the proper number of golden
sandals were constructed. About the same
time someone else decided that the entrance
courts of Heaven would be cloud-strewn, so
smoke pots were brought to the set, and all
actors were obscured from toe to hipline by
cumulus clouds which also hid the golden
sandals.

LINES ABOUT QUINES:

If the employees of the Carolyn Kelsey shop
in San Francisco have noted with pleasure
that one of their most faithful customers is
Mrs. Richard Quine (née Susan Peters), they
might be interested in the reason.

Susan, as avid readers of this column know
from previous reports, has been living in San
Francisco, keeping house for her Coast Guard
husband. While they were window-shopping
shortly before Christmas, Susan saw a yellow
sweater vest displayed in the Kelsey window
and expressed a desire for it.

Dick didn't have an opportunity to finish
his Christmas shopping until the evening of the
24th. Breathless, with coat fluttering in the
breeze, he reached the shop door just as
it was being locked. He tapped until one

Won't somebody pick me up?



EVERY TIME you go shopping, won't
you take us empty soft drink and
beer bottles, together with our cases,
back to your regular dealer?

You see, war restrictions have cut the
number of us bottles available. Today
each of us simply must do double-duty.

So please pick us up just as soon as
we're empty and take us back for re-use.
Both your dealer and bottler will ap-
preciate it. And besides you'll get back
your bottle deposit.

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DRAGS YOU DOWN**

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Get them at your drug store. Read di-
rections and use only as directed.
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ATORIES, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.**

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60¢ TEST You've choked, wheezed, gasped and strangled
for breath—you are sick and tired of sitting up
nights losing rest and sleep—but you haven't tried **FB Ta-
blets**, the medicine that gave me relief! I suffered agony
for six years. Now I have no awful spells of choking, gasp-
ing, wheezing. I sleep sound all night long. I can't promise
your results will be the same or better, or worse than mine.
But if you'll ask your druggist for the 60¢ **FB Tablets** and if
not satisfied with results from the first package, I'll refund
your money! Take as directed. Ask for **FB Tablets** today!

TODAY'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN . . . EXPERT BOOKKEEPING

Never, except during the first World War, has there been
such opportunity for women in bookkeeping. New plants,
expanded factories, arsenals, ship yards—new regulatory
and taxing laws—all calling for accountants, cost and
statistical clerks, bookkeepers, record keepers, etc.

Women can fill the need splendidly. With short prepa-
ration—in spare time, at home—they can qualify for these
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If you are ambitious, and like figures, investigate this
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PESTER ME
I FIND THAT MILES NERVINE
HELPS NERVOUS TENSION
TO RELAX
AND LEAVES ME
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WHEN functional nervous disturbances
such as Sleeplessness, Crankiness,
Excitability, Restlessness, or Nervous
Headache, interfere with your work or
spoil your good times, take

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GIRLS!
LADIES!
BOYS!
LOOK!

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Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H.S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation. American School, Dept. H414, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

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GOOD NEWS

For Piles - Colon Sufferers



You may now have a copy of this 122-page FREE BOOK by asking for it with a postcard or letter. No obligation so write today. The McCleary Clinic, 459 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

of the salesgirls, noting his uniform, allowed him to enter. He bought the vest and tendered a \$20 bill in payment.

The owner of the shop had closed the cash register for the day; he was in jovial Christmas spirits, and he obviously wanted to benefit the armed forces, so he waved the bank note aside. Not only was Dick supplied with the sweater, but he was invited to join the festive staff in a quick Tom & Jerry.

Completely overwhelmed, he took the gift home to Susan who was deeply touched. The sweater, of course, became one of Susan's most treasured possessions.

MASK TASK:

Currently, Bette Davis is deep in production of "Mr. Skeffington." The scenes being shot show Mrs. Skeffington as a beautiful woman who has aged toward the late fifties. In order to achieve realism, for which Bette is a stickler, Perc Westmore's make-up department planned and executed a very lightweight rubber facial mask which has the quality of falling into hundreds of delicate lines. It requires 2½ hours each morning for this mask to be adjusted.

After a week's shooting, Bette found that the mask was drying her own skin to the point where she looked as if she had spent 20 days in a lifeboat, so each day she had to spend another hour having a facial.

Personal aside to Miss Davis: Van Johnson, the brilliant young actor under contract to M-G-M, is one of your most ardent admirers. He'd give a lot to take you to dinner.

(This marks the inauguration of the Dudley Date Bureau.)

SOUPED-UP SURREY:

Lon McCallister is in love.

The affair, however, is not a happy thing because he has a rival with previous rights of ownership.

Relax, girls, the love of the McCallister life is the dark blue Fiat owned by Bill Eythe. This raunchy vehicle gets a mere 50 miles to a gallon of gas. Lon's buzz wagon gets a meager 18; furthermore, it is hoodooed. The other day after Lon had his car serviced, he discovered that the oil had been drained.

Oh, fine. So back the car went to the garage, giving Lon a good excuse for borrowing the Fiat. While the car is in Lon's possession, he spends hours dreaming up a way to trade Bill out of the buggy. So far no success.

HOME TOWN BOY:

Bob Walker—just as attractive wearing his glasses as he is without them—recently made his first post-fame trip back to the old home town in Utah. He took his small son, Bobby, with him.

The second evening Bob was home, about 20 of the neighborhood kids dropped in to ask questions and to get Bob's autograph.

He spoke over the local radio in behalf of War Bond sales and gave speeches at several of the schools. For the first time Bob began to taste the sweetness of triumph.

Then Selznick broke up the idyll by summoning Bob back (after a week's vacation) for further scenes in "Since You Went Away."

NON-SKID LID:

Maria Montez recently out-Hedda-d Hopper by appearing in a CORK hat. The shape was traditional sailor, and the decorations were pressed wood roses. Recommended for those planning to tip over in canoes.

BLONDES!

Men Admire...Women Envy



Hair with that
Glamorous
"Golden Look!"

• Hair that's gloriously golden, that frames your face with a soft, sunny radiance...what an irresistible appeal it has to men!

So don't ever let darkened, streaked or over-bleached hair spoil your precious blonde beauty! Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to give your hair that lustrous, "golden look"!

Perfect by hair-beauty experts, the new improved Marchand's Golden Hair Wash now is easier than ever to apply! It comes complete in itself for use at home. Best of all, with Marchand's, you yourself can control the exact degree of lightness you desire.

Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make blonde hair blonder or to give dark or red hair more lightness—more brightness! It's not a dye! Not an expensive "treatment." Use Marchand's, too, for lightening hair on arms and legs...At all drug counters.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

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TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems to
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SAY GOODBYE TO THAT

CORN!

How to get instant
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pressure and remove corn

• Home-paring corns gets only the top, usually leaves the core behind. Instead, get Blue-Jay! It works 2 ways: 1, the soft pad gives instant relief from pressure pain; then the medication loosens the corn, so it can be removed—with the hard core. Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter today!

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CORNS

HERE'S FAST RELIEF!



DON'T suffer needless torture from corns or sore toes! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for fast relief. These thin, soothing, cushioning protective pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure—the causes of misery from corns. They ease new or tight shoes—stop corns, sore toes, blisters *before* they can develop!

Included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are separate wonder-working Medications for speedily removing corns. No other method does all these things for you! Costs but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters. Get a box today! Free sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and Foot booklet. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. A4, Chicago

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



FROM one woman to another, flies eager, delighted praise of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

For every-day skin cleansing, the mild, fluffy, easy-rinsing lather of Resinol Soap is preferred because its action is so thorough, yet gentle. It leaves skin smoother, softer, lingeringly refreshed. Fine for tender skin.

Applied to a chafed place, patch of dry eczema, little pimply spot, or similar irritation, externally caused—soothing, medicated Resinol Ointment relieves the itchy burning, and so speeds up natural healing.

At all druggists. Buy now. Use freely.
Send This Valuable Coupon Today

Resinol, Dept. MS-3, Balto-1, Md.

For enclosed 10c please send me a sample each of Resinol Soap and Ointment, also a convenient little Hollywood Stocking-Run Mending Kit.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

QUICKIES:

Freddie Bartholomew recently returned to town, having been honorably discharged from the Army because of a back injury suffered when he was still a kid, playing football.

It is now Lieutenant (i.g.) Robert Langford Stack. The local rumor is that Bob has done so well that he is to be transferred from Alameda to Washington, a fact that will cause chests of 230,000 fans to swell with pride.

Beautiful and talented Dolores Moran, who was 18 on January 26, gets her first big break in "To Have and Have Not" opposite Humphrey Bogart. Watch for this goodie.

John Payne, stationed in a microscopic town in Nevada, recently signed a letter "Don't get-around-much-anymore-Payne."

See you next month.

FOR ALWAYS

(Continued from page 39)

They couldn't find the kind of simple bridal gown she wanted. Everything had trains a mile long. But there was a black dress that was perfect, and if they could have it copied in time—Ordinarily, it would have taken them weeks. But Ellie was practically family, and for a family wedding Mr. Joseph and the girls could work a miracle.

It wasn't only that they got the dress ready, it was all the little extras that no money could have paid for. Like sewing a blue fourleaf clover into the bodice. Like making her bring one of her white slippers down, so they could stitch a sixpence into it for luck. And after her last fitting, they were all lined up to wish her happiness. And the doorman said, "Not today you don't get your own car, Miss Powell. Today's something special," and he brought it round himself.

The whole thing was like a wedding present—a box of good will tied up with friendliness—that sent her home in a glow.

It was to be a home wedding—15 or 20 guests, with more coming in for the reception later. The mantel in Ellie's living room was banked with white chrysanthemums and gladioli. She wanted to stick to every possible tradition, but they had to break the one about not seeing each other before the ceremony, because Glenn didn't get in from camp till that afternoon, and they had to rehearse.

The bride made no pretense of hiding her excitement. The groom, outwardly cool, gave himself away by bumbling aimlessly out at one door and in at another.

To both, the all-important thing was an atmosphere of simplicity and friendliness. They hadn't wanted to be married by a stranger. So Glenn had asked Dr. Ray Moore, whose Sunday School he'd attended at Santa Monica, to perform the ceremony. Ned Crawford, one of his oldest friends, was best man, and the matron of honor was Stebbie, Ellie's secretary. Dave Gussin, her pianist, was to play, and she was to be given away by her mother.

The minister must have forgotten that Ellie was a dancer. "Do you think you'll be able to kneel, Miss Powell? It may be a little awkward because of the long dress. You've got to go down on both knees, you know." She went down. "Oh—that's excellent."

The hardest time was between rehearsal and ceremony. It seemed days and months. Glenn paced in the dining room. Ellie

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waited in the bedroom. For something blue she had the four-leaf clover, for something old—her slippers, for something borrowed—Stebby's handkerchief.

Her eye fell on the phone. Horrors, suppose it rang while they were saying "I do." Against all the rules of the telephone company, she stuck the receiver under her mattress. Let it ring there.

The hairdresser came in. "I just saw your bouquet. Such lovely sweetpeas—"

A swift twinge, which Ellie refused even to acknowledge. She adored sweetpeas. Sweetpeas were beautiful—

"A little everydayish for a wedding, though," said the twinge.

In came the bouquet. White orchids. They'd been ribbing her. "Just the same, I'd have loved sweetpeas, too," she told the twinge firmly.

More days and months—

Eight o'clock. In the living room, Dave played softly as the guests were being seated. "Oh Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly." Then he did something sweet and unexpected. At opposite ends of the house, Glenn and Ellie smiled as he broke into "Sweet Leilani," which has a special significance for them. It was almost as if the walls had melted, and they'd suddenly looked into each other's eyes.

As the last guest took his place, Dave struck a chord. Glenn came in from the dining room with Ned. To the strains of the "Wedding March"—old but always new for the new troth it plights—Ellie appeared on her mother's arm, preceded by Stebby in powder-blue. All she and Glenn saw through a haze were each other. Mrs. Powell stood between them till the minister asked, "Who gives this woman?" Then she joined their hands and stepped back. All they heard was, "I now pronounce you man and wife." All they felt was in their eyes as Glenn kissed his wife for the first time.

Everyone cried but Glenn. All evening he was the busiest person. Ellie hardly saw him. But then she was pretty busy herself. They did cut the cake together, and they did snatch a minute to look at the inscriptions in their rings. And that was another miracle, because they'd never said a word to each other about it, yet the inscriptions were almost identical.

To understand why they picked San Francisco for a honeymoon takes us back. About a month earlier, Ellie had done two weeks of personal appearances in San Francisco. She'd stayed at the St. Francis, and the St. Francis had become a place of warmth to her.

When she'd first started writing to Glenn at boot camp, she'd hit on the notion of using blue stationery, so the minute he spotted the color in the shuffle of letters, he'd know that one was coming up for him. Now they both use blue stationery.

Every night when she got in from the theater, Julius, the doorman at the St. Francis, would say: "Seems to me there's a blue envelope inside." The girl at the desk would have her little joke. "Sorry. No letter today." Then she'd bring it out from behind her back. The whole hotel was wise to Ellie's envelopes, and all the world loves a lover.

There was Bob, too, boss of his own taxi. Ellie'd engaged him to take her to and from the theater. Bob knew about Glenn, and Ellie knew about Bob's two children and his swell wife who was up waiting, no matter what time he got in.

So when Glenn asked where she'd like to go for the honeymoon, she said San Francisco. "Because I like them at the St. Francis, and they like me, and it'll be a little like going home. Besides—don't

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laugh at me, Glenn—I'll be kind of proud to take you back there and show you off."

He laughed but said he'd love it. Stebby made the reservations. They boarded the train Sunday evening in a hail of rice.

"What d'you suppose they're all smiling at?" Ellie murmured.

"Look," said Glenn. A trail of rice marked their passage through the car. Rice gleamed in the folds of Ellie's mink coat, dropped from her hat into the lap of her blue pinstripe suit.

They sat like scared kids, afraid to open their mouths. A waiter stopped before them, two B and Bs on his tray. "The gentleman down at the far end sent these up," he beamed. "Wants to drink your health."

The gentleman at the far end lifted his own B and B in smiling salute. Their answering smiles were grateful, if a little sick. Presently Glenn said in desperation, "Let's go."

Back in the compartment, they clung to each other and howled. "Anyway," gasped Ellie, "it was awfully sweet of that man—"

All along Ellie'd been saying, "How nice if we could get Bob to take us around." And he was at the train to meet them. Stebby had let him know—

"Hope you two'll be as happy as me and the missus," grinned Bob.

And Julius said as he opened the cab door, "Welcome home, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford, and no more blue envelopes."

Nowhere could they have had a lovelier homecoming. Harry Owens and his band were playing at the St. Francis. Not only did Harry write "Sweet Leilani," but he and Glenn were old friends.

There were flowers on their table in the Mural Room that night. Harry came over. "I hear they played 'Sweet Leilani' at your wedding. Well, from now on, it's your song. I'm going to find the original and dedicate it to you—"

Returning to the grandstand, he called for a fanfare. The room fell silent. "Two people are here who were married Saturday," said Harry. "This is their song, which I've just given them for always."

The silence was broken by the first notes of "Sweet Leilani." Across the table Glenn and Ellie smiled at each other. Next moment she was in his arms, and they were dancing to the melody of their own song, and to a deeper melody in their hearts. Whether anyone else danced, they wouldn't know. For them, nobody else was there.

Ten perfect days. Never by any chance did Ellie refer to Glenn as Glenn or Mr. Ford. It was always, "my husband." Looking back, she thinks maybe she overdid it and wouldn't mind having it all to over-

do again—

Dinner downstairs every night. Their first-week anniversary at the Copacabana. The day the flowers came, and she stood mooning over the box, because it was the first thing addressed to Mrs. Glenn Ford. But who in San Francisco could be sending her flowers? The mass of fragrant pink carnations told her. Who but her husband would know that pink carnations were her favorite flower?

There were no tears at parting. Ellie would have felt like a pig to cry. They were too happy and grateful to have had so much—ten perfect days.

Glenn gets in a couple of times a month—for part of Saturday, and Sunday. He drops in at the studio where Ellie's making "Sensations of 1944" for Andrew Stone, then goes to see his mother. Saturday evenings, he and Ellie are alone. Night clubs never meant much to them; now Glenn revels in the quiet of his home.

They go for a walk with Tanz—short for Tanzer, or dancer. He takes his name literally—does wild Nijinski leaps when he smells Glenn coming.

After dinner they sit before the fire, reading, talking, listening to records. Ellie used to wear slacks round the house, but no more. Glenn doesn't like them.

Ellie's usual breakfast is a poached egg on toast and coffee. Sunday morning she tries to keep up with Glenn, but flounders halfway. He starts on eggs and toast, moves on to sausage and wheatcakes, winds up with cinnamon buns and applesauce. Yes, he eats lunch, too.

Afternoons they get together with the family, and maybe one or two close friends. Glenn and his mother have a couple of hours alone. Incidentally, Glenn's mother hasn't yet got over the wonder of having a daughter—a daughter who phones from the studio every noon just to say hello—a daughter you can talk woman stuff to, like shopping and recipes.

Ellie's making no picture plans. If Glenn's still at the base when "Sensation" is finished, she'll go down there and be with him as long as she can.

Among dancers, the name of Eleanor Powell outshines most. Her kind of work is more exacting than that of an actress—it takes more time and energy and self-discipline—so many hours for rehearsals, so many for rest, else you won't be in shape. You can't meet those grinding demands and give your best to your husband. And she won't give Glenn second best. That's not her idea of marriage.

So when the war ends, there'll be just one career in the family, and she'll be Mrs. Glenn Ford, trying to help in what she calls an invisible way. She's in training already, takes lessons from Anna, her cook, because Glenn's crazy about Anna's Hungarian dishes.

She also takes care of Glenn's fan mail. Ellie's no glamour girl. She'd rather buy a lamp for her house than a diamond for her throat. She's rather get a monogrammed handkerchief than orchids because the handkerchief shows that your friend thought of you beforehand and didn't rush out at the last moment just to buy you something. That's what she adores about Glenn—his thoughtfulness—the sweetheart bouquet he sent her when the picture started—the little notes he writes. They're all worn thin from being carried around and lying under her pillow.

Glenn didn't fall in love with a dancing marvel, but with the warmth and kindness and simplicity of a girl named Ellie.

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