

Modern Screen

DELL

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Lon McCallister?**

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Find Your Kingdom of Love!*

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It's a super-special date! He's your hero come home! So make a smooth start with a refreshing bath. Your spirits soar! Then—one step more—one quick, easy step to make sure of charm—to *prevent risk* of underarm odor in the hours ahead.



You want to stay appealing—thrillingly nice to be near—so use Mum after every bath. Takes only 30 seconds, yet keeps you flower-fresh all evening long. Without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin, or harming clothes, Mum guards charm—faithfully!

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Every day, after every bath, use
quick, dependable Mum!**

YOUR loveliness can make that furlough a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. But loveliness isn't looks alone—it's also the magic a girl uses to keep herself sweet and appealing—to guard charm. Be sure your charm is safe—don't give underarm odor a chance. Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

You see, a bath only washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum is so easy to use... so quick! Smooth it on each underarm and your daintiness is sure all day or evening. Get Mum today!

* * *

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too!



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Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

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Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs".

In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" continues a tradition—making of "The White Cliffs of Dover" another great and important picture.

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl—played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover"...in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.



The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

Just as "Mrs. Miniver" moved us, so will "The White Cliffs of Dover". A heart-warming reception is its sincere due.



Paws across the sea — Leo

modern screen

STORIES

WHO SHOT LON McCALLISTER?

We did! ... but not to kill! Just to bring him back alive for you on page 30

"THE FILTHY FOUR"

Bogie's 35000-mile visit with your fellas overseas complete with Mussolini maternity medals, mud ... and lice powder! 34

VICTORIA THE QUEEN

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A man can feel so many different kinds of love. A quiet, steadfast devotion to his country. A quick, searing love for a slip of a girl 40

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COVER: Hedy Lamarr in M-G-M's "The Heavenly Body"

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M.G.M.'s SHIP-SHAPELY MUSICAL!

Big! Beautiful! Romantic! Joy ahoy!
"See the world"
of fun and love
and melody in
this mighty
musical!

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR

VAN JOHNSON
JUNE ALLYSON GLORIA DeHAVEN

JOSE ITURBI

JIMMY DURANTE

GRACIE ALLEN

HARRY JAMES

LENA HORNE

XAVIER CUGAT

AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS
WITH HELEN FORREST

★ TOM DRAKE ★ HENRY STEPHENSON ★ HENRY O'NEILL
★ BEN BLUE ★ CARLOS RAMIREZ ★ FRANK SULLY
★ ALBERT COATES ★ DONALD MEEK ★ AMPARO NOVARRO
★ VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ★ WILDE TWINS



Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Directed by RICHARD THORPE

Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

Hear these song-hits:
"Sweet And Lovely"
"Granada"
"The Trembling Of A Leaf"
"Take It Easy"
"My Mother Told Me"

By Virginia Wilson

Bonet consents when Picard suggests giving himself up as saboteur, saving 100 hostages.



They go to scene of sabotage for info. Picard falls for Marianne (Jean Sullivan).



Picard (E. Flynn) escapes from prison. Sleuth Bonet (P. Lukas) nails him.

Her employer (Lucille Watson) suspects him. Real saboteur turns up, escapes.



Time is nearing for execution. Bonet falls ill. Fate of hostages is in Picard's hands.

MOVIE REVIEWS

UNCERTAIN GLORY

■ Errol Flynn! Paul Lukas! Can you imagine two more different types? But what a combination they make in "Uncertain Glory"! One—the reckless, bitter young criminal. The other—the shrewd detective who has followed him, hounded him, from his first petty burglary to murder and the guillotine he now faces. However, Jean Picard is not destined to die so unromantically. The prison is demolished during an air raid, and he escapes, escapes to Bordeaux, but not for long. The matter-of-fact, middle-aged detective, Bonet, knows his prey's habits and friends too well. A couple of days, and Inspector Bonet is placidly reading a newspaper in a Paris-bound train, Jean's wrist handcuffed to his.

Then along comes a twist of fate that no one could foresee. They are forced to change trains because a bridge ahead has been blown up by a saboteur. The Gestapo has (Continued on page 12)

THIS IS THE LOVE STORY OF G.I. JOE!



20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS MAXWELL ANDERSON'S

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

with ANNE BAXTER • WILLIAM EYTHE
MICHAEL O'SHEA

VINCENT PRICE • RUTH NELSON • RAY COLLINS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton





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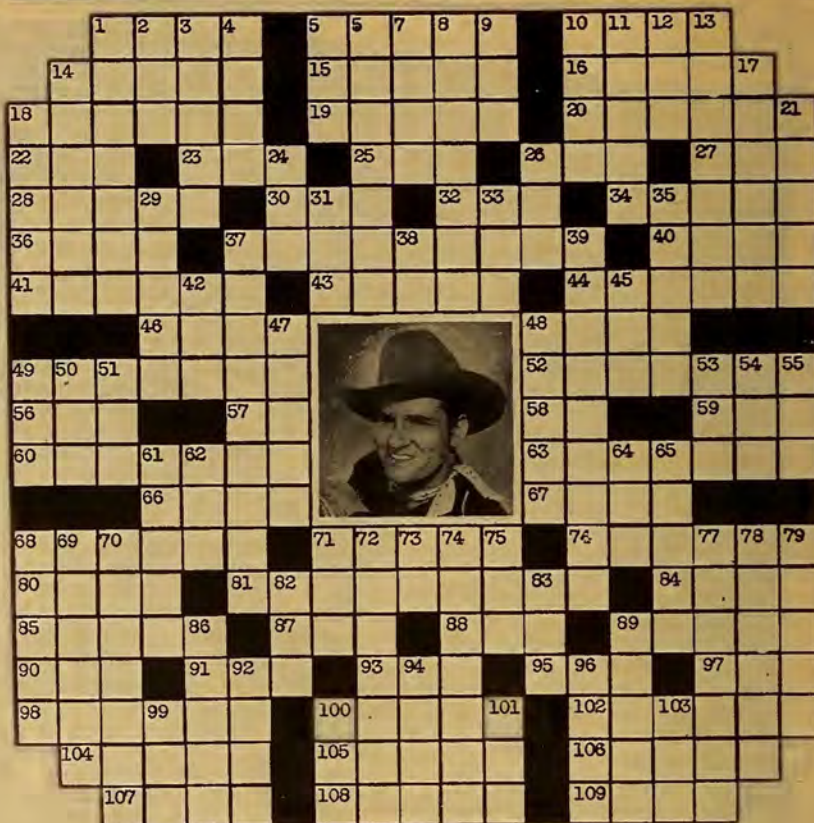
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SAFETY PINS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAP FASTENERS SANITARY BELTS

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 112

ACROSS

1. Orson's wife
5. Discomfit
- 10 & 14. Western star in khaki
15. Viennese actress
16. Old-womanish
18. Freddie's aunt
19. Reverie
20. Lead in "Song of Russia"
22. "...ignment in Brittany"
23. Cameramen's organization: abbr.
25. Reginald ---diner
26. Pat Morison's birthplace: abbr.
27. Exist
28. Beg
30. Goal
32. Hawaiian wreath
34. Respect
36. Depend
37. Tied to Ty
40. Outside: Fr.
41. Sloping
43. Beautiful blonde ingenue
44. Describes Bergen's hair
46. What 1-Down is noted for
48. Employer
49. Actor in "Thunder Birds"
52. Thrush in "Greenwich Village"
56. Veronica L---
57. Concerning
58. Mrs. Robert
59. 10 Across is in the Army --- Corps
60. Comic in "Ice-Capades Revue"
63. Colorless, gaseous compounds
66. Femme in "Eyes In The Night"
67. Rant
68. Grand actor in "The Invaders"
71. She's in "Thousands Cheer"
76. Star of "The Chocolate Soldier"
80. Medley
81. Emotional judgment
84. John Payne's ex
85. Star of "Blondie for Victory"
87. Girl in our star's films
88. Holland town
89. Spicy, aromatic plant
90. Unit of work
91. Genevieve T----
93. Entire
95. Femme lead in "The Story Dr. Wassell"
97. Ate
98. Adhesive
100. Foreign
102. Trades
104. Gibe
105. "Incendiary Blonde"
106. Parts of boots
107. Adorn
108. Wipe off
109. Producer: Sol

DOWN

1. "What a Woman"
2. "... A Date"
3. Group of three
4. Affirmative votes
5. Sum up
6. Maria
7. On the deep
8. Budding femme player
9. Edge
10. Star of "For Whom The Bell Tolls"
11. Masculine name
12. Pen point
13. Mrs. Glenn Ford
14. Theater passages
17. Mistakes
18. Famous director
21. Concise
24. Container for film
26. Nothing
29. Far Eastern native nurses
31. Wife of our star
33. B--- Lugosi
35. Beauty in "The Fallen Sparrow"
37. Lawyers
38. Two: prefix
39. Helper
42. Ambulance driver in "Dr. Gillespie" series
45. Through
47. Golfer often in newsreels
48. European grayling
49. Moccasin
50. Studio that made "Days of Glory"
51. Slippery fish
53. Miss Wynn
54. Perish
55. "... Gratia Artis"
61. Rochester in "Jane Eyre"
62. Born
64. Hasten
65. Lead in "When Johnny Comes Home"
68. Acts spiritless
69. Air raid warnings
70. Highlight of our star's films
71. Scotch for "one"
72. Thief
73. March of --- me
74. Egg dishes
75. Male lead of "Whistling in Brooklyn"
77. Whimper
78. Assaults
79. Requires
82. Yale
83. Boy's nickname
86. "---- Boy"
89. Actor in Army Medical Corps
92. An actor and explorer have this name
94. Skater: Be----
96. Pain
99. "...ling Zero" starred Cagney
100. A Fonda characterization
101. Pheasant's brood
103. Pheasant's brood

So big and so wonderful

that as we go to press, in the 200 cities known as the nation's principal amusement centers, theatre programs have been switched to make way for immediate special limited engagements ahead of the regular runs later in the season!

So Lovable and so LAUGHTER-filled

that when it comes your way you'll cherish it in your memory along with 'Sergeant York' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' as one of the very, very best of all WARNER BROS. entertainments!

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN



Starring
FREDRIC MARCH
ALEXIS SMITH
with
DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE
C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE
BILL HENRY • ROBERT BARRAT
WALTER HAMPDEN • JOYCE REYNOLDS
Directed by **IRVING RAPPER**

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer
Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY

The *greatest*
American!

Screen Play by Alon LeMay • Adaptation by Alon LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandler • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

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WOODWORTH
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Favorite

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gives your complexion that
flawlessly smooth look, with-
out the slightest drying effect
on the skin.

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glamorous new complexion! Even the
shades are new and thrilling—tested
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daylight and artificial light, to assure
the most flattering result. There's no
heavy "masked" effect. Your face has a
soft, natural-looking glow... an ador-
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hours without retouching. Bring your
beauty up-to-date. Get TAYTON'S
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and step out with a radiant new
complexion!

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TECHNA-TINT
CAKE MAKE-UP
KEEPS YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

LARGE
SIZE **39c**

Six Lovely
Shades

Guest Sizes
25c and 10c
at your
10c counter



Tayton HOLLYWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

115 pictures rated this month

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

Movie	Rating	Movie	Rating
Action in the North Atlantic (Warners).....	3½★	Let's Face It (Paramount).....	C 3½★
Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (Universal).....	C 3★	Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Around the World (RKO).....	3★	Lodger, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Background to Danger (Warners).....	3★	Madame Curie (M-G-M).....	4★
Bataan (M-G-M).....	3½★	Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic).....	3★
Behind the Rising Sun (RKO).....	3★	Miracle of Morgan's Creek, The (Paramount).....	4★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	My Kingdom for a Cook (Columbia).....	C 3★
Bambers' Moon (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	No Greater Love (Artkino).....	3½★
Bridge of San Luis Rey, The (United Artists).....	3★	No Time For Love (Paramount).....	3½★
California Joe (Republic).....	3★	North Star, The (RKO).....	4★
Chip Off the Old Block (Universal).....	C 3½★	Northern Pursuit (Warners).....	3★
Claudia (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Old Acquaintance (Warners).....	3★
Constant Nymph, The (Warners).....	4★	Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Corvette K-225 (Universal).....	4★	Passage to Marseille (Warners).....	3½★
Cover Girl (Columbia).....	4★	Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal).....	3½★
Crazy House (Universal).....	C 3½★	Presenting Lily Mars (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Crash of Lorraine, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Princess O'Rourke (Warners).....	3½★
Cry Havoc (M-G-M).....	3★	Purple Heart, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Random Harvest (M-G-M).....	4★
Desert Song, The (Warners).....	C 3★	Riding High (Paramount).....	3★
Destination Tokyo (Warners).....	4★	Russian Story, The (Artkino Pictures).....	3★
Dixie (Paramount).....	C 3★	Russians at War (Artkino Pictures).....	3★
Escape to Danger (RKO).....	3★	Sahara (Columbia).....	4★
Falcon in Danger (RKO).....	3★	See Here, Private Hargrove (M-G-M).....	4★
Fighting Seabees, The (Republic).....	3★	Shine On, Harvest Moon (Warners).....	3★
Fired Wife (Universal).....	3★	Siege of Leningrad, The (Lenfilm).....	4★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal).....	3½★	Silver Spurs (Republic).....	C 3★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount).....	4★	Someone to Remember (Republic).....	3★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	Song of Bernadette, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO).....	3★	Song of Russia (M-G-M).....	3★
Ghost Ship, The (RKO).....	3★	Spider Woman, The (Universal).....	3★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Stage Door Canteen (United Artists).....	4★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Standing Room Only (Paramount).....	C 3½★
Gung Ho (Universal).....	3½★	Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4★
Guy Named Joe, A (M-G-M).....	3½★	Sweet Rosie O'Grady (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Hands Across the Border (Republic).....	3★	Sullivans, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Happy Land (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Swing Fever (M-G-M).....	3★
Heavenly Body, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners).....	3★
Henry Aldrich, Boy Scout (Paramount).....	C 3★	This Is the Army (Warners).....	C 4★
Her Primitive Man (Columbia).....	3★	Three Russian Girls (United Artists).....	3★
Heroes Are Made (Artkino).....	3★	Top Man (Universal).....	C 3★
Hers to Hold (Universal).....	3½★	True to Life (Paramount).....	3½★
Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists).....	3★	Tunisian Victory (M-G-M).....	4★
Higher and Higher (RKO).....	C 3★	Uninvited, The (Paramount).....	3½★
His Butler's Sister (Universal).....	3★	Up in Arms (RKO).....	3½★
Hostages (Paramount).....	3★	Voice in the Wind (United Artists).....	3½★
Human Comedy, The (M-G-M).....	C 4★	Weird Woman (Universal).....	3★
I Dood It (M-G-M).....	C 3★	What a Woman (Columbia).....	3★
Impostor, The (Universal).....	3★	What's Buzzin', Cousin (Columbia).....	C 3★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic).....	3★	Where Are Your Children? (Monogram).....	3★
In Our Time (Warners).....	3★	Whispering Footsteps (Republic).....	3★
Jack London (United Artists).....	3★	Whistling in Brooklyn (M-G-M).....	3½★
Jane Eyre (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Wintertime (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists).....	3★	Woman of the Town (United Artists).....	3★
Kansas, The (United Artists).....	3★	Women in Bondage (Monogram).....	3★
Lady in the Dark (Paramount).....	4★	Youngest Profession, The (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Lassie Come Home (M-G-M).....	C 4★		

**4...COUNT 'EM...4
HEAVENLY HONEYS**

(And One Lone Wolf)

In A Heavenly
Musical Laugh Hit
FROM PARAMOUNT

WITH THE STARS OF 3 'GREAT'
1944 PARAMOUNT COMEDIES
UNITED IN ONE SUPER SHOW!

DOROTHY LAMOUR

of "Riding High"

FRED MACMURRAY

of "No Time For Love"

BETTY HUTTON

of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" ... with

Diana Lynn

Sassy Sensation of "Morgan's Creek" ... and

Mimi Chandler

And The Angels Sing

**AND THEY SING AS PRETTY
AS THEY LOOK!**

"It Could Happen To You" • "For The
First Hundred Years" • "His Rocking Horse
Ran Away" • "How Does Your Garden
Grow" • "Bluebirds In My Belfry" by
Burke & Van Heusen — 3 Other Songs

The swinky, zinky story of 4 singing sisters
and the big, bad band leader who tried
to make love to the whole darn family!

with

RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL**

Screen Play by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama

Based on a story by Claude Binyon



Romantic

as Texas moonlight!



Thrilling

as a stampede!

Big

as the mighty state it honors!



Here's America's favorite entertainer in a musical adventure you won't want to miss!

ROY ROGERS
King of the Cowboys
and
TRIGGER Smartest Horse in the Movies
in

Yellow Rose of Texas

DALE EVANS
George Cleveland
Harry Shannon
Grant Withers
BOB NOLAN
and the
SONS OF THE
PIONEERS



Songs

"Take It Easy"
"Lucky Me, Unlucky You"
"Song of the Rover"
"Down in The Old Town Hall"
"Western Wonderland"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

seized one hundred hostages who will be shot unless the saboteur gives himself up. Jean has an idea. He isn't afraid to die, he tells Bonet, but he dreads the guillotine. Now a firing squad—there is a death for a man. Suppose he goes to the Gestapo, tells them he is the saboteur. They will shoot him, release the hundred hostages, and Bonet will have saved the lives of all those innocent men.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Bonet tells him roughly. But Jean just grins. He can see the idea working in the detective's mind. . . . Why not let this criminal die in place of the hundred hostages? Why not?

So that night, instead of being in jail in Paris facing the guillotine, Jean lies in a bedroom of a village inn. The village by the bridge which was sabotaged. He is not alone. Bonet doesn't trust him to that extent. But he is, in a way, free as he has never been before. Because Bonet, against his own better judgment, has phoned the Sureté in Paris. "The prisoner, Jean Picard, tried to escape. I shot him as he was swimming the river. The body has not been recovered." Jean Picard is officially dead. There is left Jean DuPont, saboteur.

The next day they go to study the scene of the explosion, for the Gestapo will ask questions, and Jean must know the answers. In their search for details, they meet a pretty young girl, Marianne (Jean Sullivan). The dashing, handsome Jean greets her with pleasure, and in spite of Bonet's grumbling and objections, manages to spend considerable time with her that day. But somehow he can't make love to her with his usual facility. Marianne is different from any girl he has ever known. He thinks of her that night and finds himself wishing that he had led a different life. Ridiculous, of course. She's only a village girl. Still, if he can wriggle free from Bonet, he might even take her with him to some far part of the world and start all over again.

For it has never been any part of Jean's plan really to give himself up to the Gestapo. Why should he? What does he care for the hundred hostages? He has as much desire for life as they! If only Bonet were not so ready with that pistol. . . .

The next day another curious trick of fate leads them to the real saboteur. They find out from him just how the thing was done. Then he goes back to England, and now there must be no more delay. The time for the death of the hostages is coming closer and closer. They must go at once to Paris, to the Gestapo, and tell them Jean is the saboteur.

But Bonet is ill. He has had a cold for days, and now it is suddenly worse. "Probably pneumonia," the doctor assures them cheerfully. "He can't travel, for days." It is like a sentence of death to Bonet. Everything depends upon his accompanying Jean to Paris, to see that he goes through with the plan. Because otherwise Jean won't do it. He will never walk into the Gestapo headquarters alone and give himself up. After all, he is a criminal—a murderer! Bonet knows that better than anyone. . . .

Well, you take it from there. Paul Lukas turns in a performance as good as in "Watch On The Rhine," and you've never seen Errol in a more exciting role. The things that guy can do to a girl's heart! —War.

P. S.

tation from "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and describes the picture as a tender love story: "Oh, how this spring of love resembleth the uncertain glory of an April day." . . . Errol Flynn says his part in the picture is "the best I've ever had." . . . Newcomer Jean Sullivan is 20 years old, a student at U.C.L.A. when she isn't emoting in front of the cameras. Studio scouts pursued her for six months before succeeding in getting her name on the dotted line. Came here from Logan, Utah, to study drama and was in no hurry to join the professional ranks. . . . Now that Paul Lukas has won the Academy Award, Warner Bros. is doubly gleeful that he's cast so importantly in the film. Paul, amused by the sudden turn of events, says that in "Watch on the Rhine" he was "discovered" for the seventh time in his 15 years here in Hollywood. First time was in 1928 when Paramount brought him here from Austria to play opposite Pola Negri in a minor epic called "Loves of an Actress". . . . Technical director for the picture was Paul Coze, noted French artist, ethnologist and historian. Coze supervised the construction of an entire French village on Warner Bros. famous Dijon Street, permanent Gallic set near the back lot. . . . Before the troupe could work on location at Escondido, California, they had to promise to help the local farmers pick the lush grape crop, ripe and almost spoiled for lack of workers. All 200 of the men, led by Flynn, worked two hours before and two hours after the day's shooting, saved the entire crop.

THREE MEN IN WHITE

Dr. Gillespie is rapidly becoming as much of a medical institution as the Mayo Clinic. People write him detailed descriptions of their symptoms and demand a diagnosis by return mail. All of which stems from the fact that Lionel Barrymore is a fine, convincing actor who makes Gillespie as human as your own family doctor. He has his troubles. At the moment he's in a devil of a mess. Dr. "Red" Adams (Van Johnson) and the young Chinese-American doctor, Lee (Keye Luke), are both determined to win the position of Dr. Gillespie's assistant. There doesn't seem to be any way to choose between them. Sometimes he thinks that Lee is the smarter of the two—but then, young Adams has a lot of persistence and curiosity, both good qualities in a doctor. Well, he's got to decide, no more shilly-shallying. The thing to do is to give each of them a test case and go by the results. Sure, that'll settle it!

Dr. Lee's test case is Mary Jones. Mary is a little girl who gets convulsions and turns green in the face every time she eats candy. "I'll clear this up in a hurry," says the confident Lee, never the modest type. Somehow it doesn't seem so easy, though, when he gets working at it. . . .

Dr. Adams gets his case by accident. And I do mean accident. A pretty girl, apparently drunk, crashes her car into his. Jean Brown (Ava Gardner) isn't drunk as it turns out, but by the time Adams finds that out, he has his case. The case is Jean's mother, Mrs. Brown, who has arthritis in an incurable form. "If it's incurable—and I know it is—why don't I just give up?" Adams asks himself. He doesn't give up, though. He keeps working at it. . . .

He also tries—feebly—to keep away from Ruth Edley (Marilyn Maxwell), the

Title is lifted from a Shakespearean quo-



*Days of danger...
one night of love*

They could plan no tomorrows
... for life was theirs to give
... not to keep. Yet this night
was theirs ... and love was
not to be denied ... by two
so young, so vital, so eager to
live out each reckless moment!

A CASEY ROBINSON production

DAYS OF GLORY

Starring the screen's fascinating NEW lovers

TAMARA
TOUMANOVA
GREGORY PECK



ANOTHER
OF THE
GREAT
R. K. O.
RADIO
PICTURES

with ALAN REED • MARIA PALMER • LOWELL GILMORE
Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR • Produced and written for the screen by Casey Robinson

beautiful social service worker who is determined to marry him. He loves Ruth, but love and marriage are two different things. His job as a doctor leaves him no time for a wife, he's sure.

Well, there are the cases and the problems. Maybe they sound insoluble, but when old Doctor Gillespie takes a hand, things gradually straighten out. The ending will delight you. So will Van Johnson as "Red" Adams.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Our of-all-things dept.: Keye Luke spent hours between takes learning to speak and read Chinese! Seems Keye, who yearns for a post as interpreter for the War Department, must know the Mandarin dialect as well as the Cantonese with which he's already familiar. . . . Scene where Mr. Barrymore drives into a parking lot was strictly impromptu. Photogs were shooting background shots in the studio parking lot when Lionel accidentally drove his car into camera view. It was a perfect "take" and was left in the picture. . . . Entire cast and crew took afternoon off to listen to the world premiere of Lionel Barrymore's musical composition "Partiah," played by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, and short-waved to Hollywood. . . . Metro employees, used to seeing the famous in their commissary, were impressed when Lionel brought his famous sister Ethel to lunch there several times. . . . Studio made a glamour gal out of Marilyn Maxwell and brought oomph to the Doctor Kildare series when they introduced several Irene gowns to the picture in addition to the usual white nurses' uniforms. . . . Picture was produced in 34 days—something of a record for M-G-M. This was possible be-

cause the hospital, offices and restaurant—familiar by now to Kildare fans—are left intact on the sound stages. . . . Van Johnson left for Florida and "Thirty Seconds Over Tokio" day after final scenes were taken, and Marilyn went to another stage for an Abbott and Costello picture in which she plays the queen of their harem.

MEET THE PEOPLE

Rosie the Riveter and William the Welder seem to be coming into their own, with an M-G-M musical practically dedicated to them. It's a big, fancy, extravagant show. Beautiful Lucille Ball plays an actress turned welder, and Dick Powell is a riveter who's a writer on the side. Bert Lahr is as funny as ever, and so are those sterling props of all M-G-M musicals, "Rags" Ragland and Virginia O'Brien.

Julie Hampton (Lucille Ball), red-headed musical comedy star, meets a riveter called Swanee (Dick Powell) when he sells enough war bonds to win a date with her at a shipyard rally. She soon finds that Swanee is a guy with imagination. He takes her to what he calls his "Starlight Roof"—a romantic spot on a hill overlooking the fiery glow of the shipyard. Instead of making passes at her, he reads her a play he's written, called "Meet The People," complete with music. Julie is surprised to find that it's good. She persuades a Broadway producer to put it on, with her as star.

Comes the dress rehearsal. Comes also Swanee, fresh from the shipyard. He takes one look at the show and says, "Nothing doing!" He's written about real people, workers in overalls and slacks. They've hopped it up into a dream world of riveters in rhinestones and welders in chiffon.

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SPEARMINT
GUM today has
the same delight-
ful flavor you have
always known.
Because now, as
always, its good-
ness is assured by
this company's
familiar Beech-
Nut oval label
on the package,
the famous hall-
mark of fine
quality and ex-
ceptional flavor.

Also BEECH-NUT
PEPPERMINT GUM
and BEECHIES,
the delicious candy-
coated gum: Pepper-
mint, Spearmint,
Pepsin.



FREE OFFER!

How would you like a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES, filled with exciting stories of all the latest movies? You're crazy for one? Then fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to us quick, because the first 500 people who reply get a SCREEN ROMANCES absolutely free. Be sure you've mailed your entry by May 20th.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Who Shot Lon McCallister?..... | ☐ | "Days of Glory"..... | ☐ |
| "The Filthy Four" (Humphrey Bogart)..... | ☐ | Dearest Mom (The Reagans).... | ☐ |
| Victoria the Queen (Betty Grable)..... | ☐ | Love Story (Lana Turner)..... | ☐ |
| Sour Puss (Helmut Dantine).... | ☐ | Donald O'Connor, Part II..... | ☐ |
| | | Good News..... | ☐ |

Which one of the above did you like LEAST?

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

My name is.....

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

I am..... years old.

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

Swanee calls the show off and goes back to the shipyard, leaving a note for Julie saying, "Some day you ought to *really* meet the people."

Julie broods a while, then arrives at the shipyard, complete with mink coat and Hollywood slacks. She puts in a couple of weeks of her very best acting as a welder. She convinces Swanee that she's on the level, that she really has met the people at last. He tells her that now he will let her do the show on Broadway. Then he catches her posing in her welder's outfit for some leg art for the photographers and realizes that the whole thing was an act. But the joke is on Julie, for along comes a Presidential edict freezing war workers to their jobs. Julie's a welder now for better or worse. The show goes on at the shipyard instead of on Broadway, but who cares as long as we get to see it? And hear it, too—lovely tunes, and Vaughn Monroe and Spike Jones.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Desi Arnaz, husband of leading lady, Lucille Ball, was most loyal visitor to the set. Each time Desi would get a pass to come home from his camp at Arlington, California, Lucille would have to work most of the time he was here. He'd go to work with her and spend long days on the stage just to be near. . . . Another husband on the set was Kirk Allen, bridegroom of dead-pan Virginia O'Brien, who was acting as technical adviser for the film. Kirk is a swing shift inspector at one of the large California war plants. . . . Bert Lahr became a father on the one and only day there were 300 extras working on the set, which ran up a fancy cigar bill. . . . Party was given by the cast to celebrate the birthdays of writers Harry Clork and Alfred Block. Guests each brought beautifully wrapped gifts which turned out to be personal belongings of the two men, swiped from their homes by Bert. . . . Lucille was thrilled at being voted the "Sweetheart of the Chinese Air Force" and presented with tiny gold wings with the Chinese emblem by a delegation from Luke Field. . . . Boys in South Pacific sent Miss Ball a grass skirt with the stipulation that she must send it back unless she had her picture taken in it for their quarters. Lucille turned up several hours later in the still department insisting that she be photographed in the skirt. . . . Charles Riesner is now nick-named "One-take Charlie." His methods for getting a perfect "take" the first time have always been a mystery, but now the secret is out. Each afternoon Charles has the commissary bring in huge hunks of cake and slabs of ice cream which he sets before his cast. If the scene is a good one, everyone has refreshments—if not, back it goes to the kitchen and no amount of begging can make him change his mind!

AND THE ANGELS SING

Once upon a time there was a family of angels. They didn't have wings, but they all had beautiful voices—and beautiful legs. Their names were Nancy, Bobby, Josie and Patti Angel, but you know them as Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler.

The Angels have a father whom they call Pop (Raymond Walburn). Pop wants to buy a farm, but since he has no job except cooking for his four beautiful daughters, the chances of getting it don't look too good. Still, Nancy has a secretarial job, Josie gives piano lessons, and Patti takes care of the neighbors' children at so much per hour. Now if Bobby would break down and get a job, too, they might

(Continued on page 15)

3 ways to tell a Fib

(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

Only FIBS*
of all tampons
give you all 3



1. Fibs are "quilted"



... for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion . . . so Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. Fibs have rounded ends



... smooth, gently-tapered ends
... for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs; they're not too large, not too tiny.

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... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton*, the soft, super absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many of America's foremost hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality—you get protection as safe as science can make it.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection



Co-ed

That old black magic got you in its spell?

Here's how to cope with the date situation

from backward parents to forward fellas!

■ Here we are knee-deep in Spring, and we've just been wondering if your young man's fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of stuff. Well, yes? Well, good! You can skip this edition and go write in your diary. If, however, you could stand some date data—how to get 'em, how to act on 'em, etc.—this is especially for you. Read on.

Date Bait: You needn't be beautiful to get the eye from a guy, but you can't be a crumb, either. Shampoo your hair every week and brush it between times so it shines like a G.I. button. Scrub your face morning, noon and night, and remember that make-up—when and if—should be smooth and subtle. Briefly, make the most of You with the help of our chart "Glamour for the Teens," which is all yours for free. (See page 26). Then, having turned yourself into a slickeroo, go on from there.

First move is to get over your awe of men; to be as casual with them as you are with the gals. Best way we know to acquire poise with the boys is to pick on some nice shy one and try to make him feel at ease. Maybe there's a quiet lad in your Chem class. Smile at him. Chat with him about Frank Sinatra or Henry Aldrich or the track team. Walk with him to your next class. You think you wouldn't dare? Sure you would, if you'd just keep concentrating on the fact that he's the scared one, and he's getting the thrill of his life out of your attention. Work on a few shy numbers until you gain confidence, then put some big shots on (Continued on page 24)

Of course it couldn't happen...

But it did!



Cary GRANT

Me?... I'm a
full-time genius!



ALEXANDER
HALL'S

Once Upon A Time

with

JANET BLAIR

JAMES

TED

GLEASON · DONALDSON

A Part-Time Broadway Genius Muffs His Cue!

...Since the first time a guy
sold the Brooklyn Bridge, and
another guy the Aquarium,
this is the most fabulous of
all fame-and-fortune ideas...
whimsical...different...chuckle-
some...and you'll never guess
what it is!



Screen play by
Lewis Meltzer and Oscar Saul
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

(Continued from page 15)

save enough for at least a down payment.

Bobby, however, doesn't want a job. Not in a hick town like Glenby Falls, where they live. If it were New York, it would be different! New York, as everyone knows, is full of handsome, exciting and eligible men. And if there's anything Bobby likes, it's men! Particularly men like Happy Chandler (Fred MacMurray), a band leader whom the Angel sisters meet at a little roadhouse where they've been hired to sing. The Angels hate to sing, but ten bucks is ten bucks. Happy looks the Angels over and picks Nancy, but Bobby picks *him*. She thinks he's wonderful. She thinks so even after he borrows 190 dollars (she ran the ten up to that in a crap game) and leaves for New York with his band. The rest of the Angels don't see Happy in quite that light. To them he looks like the common or garden variety of thief. They decide to go to New York en masse and get their dough back.

It's something of a shock to Happy when they arrive, but he's a fast talker and could probably have fixed everything if he hadn't fallen in love with Nancy. That complicates matters because Bobby thinks he's in love with *her*. There's a hilarious scene when he takes them both to the same night club, and each one thinks she's alone with him. Don't ask me to explain—hurry over to the theater. You'll have a wonderful time! Fred MacMurray's scenes with Betty Hutton couldn't be funnier! —Par.

P. S.

Dottie Lamour was taken out of her sarong and put into some glamorous Irene gowns. Leg art was supplied by Fred MacMurray (and a couple of very nice limbs he has, girls!). . . . Fred exposes his

nether extremities in an eccentric comedy dance, garbed in a Tyrolean costume. . . . Dorothy's jitterbug routine not only caused her many bruised muscles before she'd mastered it, but also cost her five pounds the day the scene was shot. . . . Betty Hutton goes back to the ridiculous (after her sublime performance as worker of the "miracle" that happened in Morgan's Creek) with one of her knock-down, drag-out arrangements of "Bluebirds in My Belfry". . . . Huge one-ton chandelier was concocted by the property department out of ash trays, small glass candle holders, little glass cupboard knobs and other scrap glass around the studio. . . . Cigarette gal with the beautiful torso is Julie Gibson making her debut in pictures. Julie is the girl with the lovely voice who once sang with Jimmy Grier's band. . . . Studio make-up men have decided Betty is to keep her hair the exact ash-blond shade she has it for this picture. Seems to photograph better that way. . . . Betty has had only two days off in the past two years. As a reward for her hard work, Paramount granted her a much-needed eight week leave of absence. Betty rested for one day then headed for the South and toured Army camps for the rest of her vacation.

. . . Girls have 52 changes of costume for this one. Conservation-minded studio designers saved precious materials by using identical patterns and material for many of their dresses. . . . Raymond Walburn's eyebrows should get equal billing with Ray. They get an extra heavy workout sitting on the brow of the father of three beautiful and zany daughters who constantly thwart his ambitions toward a soy bean farm. At one point they actually merge with his hairline.

MAN FROM FRISCO

You've heard a lot about Liberty ships and Victory ships. Probably you never knew much about how they were made, or why, though. In "Man From Frisco" you get the inside dope on the whole hustle-bustle system, plus a thrilling story. Michael O'Shea plays a guy named Matt Braddock. Matt has, in his own words, "built dams, bridges and railroads, all the way from here to China." Now he's going to build ships, and he has some revolutionary ideas about how to do it. The trouble is, Matt never heard of that old saying, "You can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar." He slambangs his way through life, issuing orders and pushing people around, and then wonders why he doesn't get more cooperation. Oh, sure, he gets results, but he gets them the hard way. Or so his assistant, Johnny (Ray Walker), tries to tell him.

Matt and Johnny come to the little shipyard at Point Pleasant to try out Matt's theories. They're greeted with definite un-enthusiasm by Joel Kennedy (Gene Lockhart), head of the yard, and by the workers. Especially when Matt opens up with his usual volley of orders. He soon finds no one will work for him. In fact, no one will even give him a bed or food. Diana (Anne Shirley), Kennedy's daughter, is particularly antagonistic, but his son, Russ (Tommy Bond), 16, is inclined to be friendly. "Maybe you could build a ship first and put it together afterward, like Matt says," he tells his father.

Kennedy decides to give Matt a chance. In a couple of weeks the sleepy little village has turned into a seething mass of welders, riggers and defense workers of

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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 Face Powder is non-drying, color-true, longer-lasting . . . a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Try Skintone, for that new AIR-WHIPT, look-alive look!

10c-25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

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

That "Irresistible something"
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



both sexes and every nationality. Some of them have worked for Matt before and are devoted to him. Others don't care who they work for, as long as they help beat the Axis. They all do a good job. Even so, Matt isn't very happy. The eyes of the whole shipbuilding industry are on him, and he's behind schedule. Besides, Diana is still unfriendly. Then young Russ has an idea—an idea that leads in startling fashion first to tragedy, then ultimately to triumph.

'Bye now. I'm off to take a course in welding. Seeing "Man From Frisco" makes you want to help build ships.—Rep.

P. S.

Michael O'Shea has an assistant named William Kahn—nicknamed "Citizen"—who acts as his cook, valet, critic and aid. During production Citizen Kahn found an abandoned bungalow on the back lot at Republic studios which he remodeled into a living room and kitchen for Michael. There he cooked hams, turkeys and Southern fried chicken each noon for his boss and anyone else who might drop in for lunch. . . . Extra list for this picture includes 50 percent of the employees at a famous Richmond, California, shipyard. Cameras were dollied through half the plant for background shots of the workers at their benches. . . . During the two weeks spent in San Francisco, the shipbuilders taught the actors to wield welding torches, rivet guns and showed them how to climb into the complicated overalls they wear. . . . Property men reconstructed a bow of a Liberty Ship on a studio sound stage where most of the action takes place. However, several of the launchings pictured are the real thing, taken at Richmond and at San Pedro, California. . . . Three-year-old Michael Barnitz, who plays the son of Stephanie Bachelor, was a model child—did as he was told and never cried—until the day of final shooting when the director tried to sit him in a high chair. "That," declared Master Barnitz, "is baby stuff!" and he would have none of it. No amount of coaxing or bribery could induce him to sit in the chair, until Michael O'Shea convinced him that it would take a bit of fancy acting for a three-year-old boy to act like a baby. That did it! Little Mike climbed into the highchair, banged with his spoon and drooled. "Like when I was a child," he grinned! . . . During the two months of shooting, actors picked up a good deal of Navy and shipyard lingo but none so quickly as Ann Shoemaker, who later confessed to being descended from a Captain Commandant of the Navy.

ONCE UPON A TIME

The hero of this one is a dancing caterpillar. You heard me. Of course Cary Grant is around, too, playing the same kind of smooth crook with the heart of gold that went over so big in "Mr. Lucky". But the whole plot revolves around Curley, the caterpillar. Jerry Flynn (Cary Grant) encounters Curley at a moment of crisis. Jerry's last three shows have been turkeys. If he doesn't raise one hundred thousand smackers in a hurry, he'll have to give the famous Flynn theater back to the Indians. By the time The Moke (James Gleason), his assistant, has paid off the cast of the last show, Jerry has exactly one lone nickel left. He tosses it over his shoulder for luck, and that's how he meets the dancing caterpillar. Because Pinky (Tom Donaldson), the young owner of this phenomenon, picks up the nickel and in return gives Jerry a glimpse of Curley's act.

"This," Jerry declares, "is something the world should know about." He arranges to have Pinky bring Curley to his hotel the next day and has reporters from all

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

We'd like to take War Jobs — BUT

...MY HUSBAND DOESN'T WANT ME TO WORK!



Answer: Your war job doesn't necessarily mean your husband needs your financial help! It means your country needs women—millions, like you—to keep civilian services going, save fighting men's lives. Explain this urgent need to your husband! Read your local want ads for war jobs that are open now!

...MY HOUSEWORK KEEPS ME PLENTY BUSY!



Answer: Are you tying yourself to your own apron strings—when our boys are dying at their "jobs"? Every day, working women manage their homes successfully. Let the family share your household chores! Or, take a part-time job. Ask your U. S. Employment Service Office to suggest a "working" plan.

...ARE CIVILIAN JOBS REALLY IMPORTANT?

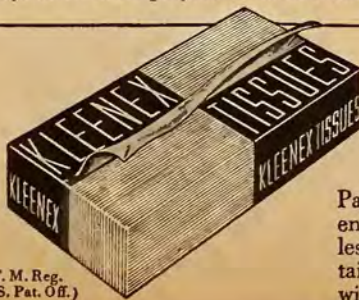


Answer: The humblest job in a home front service is as important as Victory itself! Laundries, cafeterias, hotels, stores . . . transportation, food packing industries . . . all must carry on. Help them! Even if inexperienced. Your newspaper want ads show where you're needed, or see your U. S. Employment Service Office.

...I'M NOT THE MILITARY TYPE!



Answer: Many a "home girl" makes good as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR. They work at scores of varied, interesting jobs you too can learn—if you qualify. Free a man for front line duty . . . help bring your man home sooner! Today, get complete details at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.



(*T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.)

Published in the interest
of the war effort
by Kleenex Tissues*



Paper, too, has a war job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLING
SUNTAN LOTION



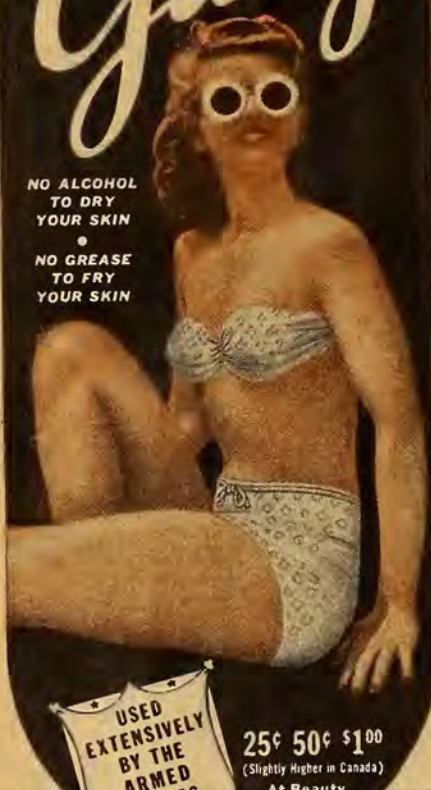
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Gaby
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Developed for the armed forces
to protect lips against tropic heat
—frigid cold, sunburn and wind-
burn. At all drug counters. 25c

the papers there. The reporters, however, are not impressed. With a world at war, who's interested in a caterpillar? "It's a symbol!" Jerry explains desperately, but Brandt (William Demarest) leads the other newspapermen out in disgust.

Then Gabriel Heatter hears about Curley, and devotes his next radio broadcast to him. Pinky and Curley become famous overnight. Hollywood is interested. The reporters flock back. Pinky decides that Jerry is the greatest guy in the world and tries to sell his pretty sister Jeanne (Janet Blair) the same idea. Jeanne isn't so sure. She thinks maybe Jerry has an ulterior motive up his sleeve. Of course she's so right. Jerry, the louse, is planning to sell Disney the movie rights to Curley and use the money to get the Flynn theater out of hock.

Everything is all set. The Moke is to steal Curley while Pinky's asleep, so Jerry can take him to the Coast. But The Moke gets drunk, and the whole plan goes haywire. Which, as it turns out, is just as well.

Cary is handsome and reckless and wonderful, as Jerry. Janet and the others are swell, too. But me, I'm writing fan letters to Curley, the dancing caterpillar!—Col.

P. S.

This picture probably holds the world's record for title changes. Originally it was "My Client Curley," was changed to "Curley," then to "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," back to "Curley" and finally to "Once Upon a Time". . . . Casting directors ran into trouble trying to find a suitable "Curley." Seems most caterpillars are without the necessary acting experience. However, "Curley" was found on the New York stage, and though she turned out to be a prima donna who had to be packed in cotton, fed specially prepared carrots and kept in an air-conditioned box, she did very well. . . . Ten-year-old Ted Donaldson makes his debut to movie audiences after an extended run on the New York stage in "Life With Father." Cary Grant named him "the greatest child actor I have ever seen," and studio officials agreed, gave Ted a long-term contract. . . . All six-foot-two of Mr. Grant spent one whole day in a four-foot-high room during scenes in the "Curley Club." Called the studio next day to say he was too stiff and sore to climb out of bed. . . . Cary set a new record for tying a bow-tie. There is a bit of dialogue to go with this process, and the tie had to be put on and tied correctly before Mr. Grant finished talking. Try as he would to speak slowly, the best he could do was eight seconds. Consequently, Cary is probably the only man in existence who can manage this ticklish job in such a short time. . . . Jimmy Gleason tried to talk Director Hall into permitting him to wear a toupee in this picture. Mr. Hall didn't think he'd like it. Jimmy took things into his own hands, including \$55.00, waltzed into the nearest wiggy and bought himself a head of hair. When he showed up on the set next day, cast took one look and broke into howls of laughter. Mr. Hall made a quick movement with his hand, and for the second time in his life, Mr. Gleason lost his hair!

THE WHITE CLIFFS

This is the kind of picture that wins Academy Awards. It's full of laughter and love and tears, and it is handled with consummate artistry. It is the story of a girl named Susan Dunn, who goes to England to stay two weeks and spends the rest of her life there. A girl who becomes Lady Ashwood but stays a Yankee in her heart. All the little differences between the English and Americans are brought out into

the open and shown up as insignificant in the face of the big things that bind our countries together.

Irene Dunne is a natural and appealing Susan, and Alan Marshal makes Sir John Ashwood a fine, romantic figure. Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson and Gladys Cooper all give superb characterizations.

When Susan arrives in England with her father, Hiram Dunn (Frank Morgan), it starts to rain. It keeps raining for two weeks, and all Susan sees of England is fog and a few museums. Then, the night before they are to leave, a kindly old gentleman (C. Aubrey Smith) takes her to a court ball and she meets Sir John Ashwood. That does it! Susan goes to visit John's family at their ancestral home instead of accompanying her father back to America.

The house is a huge old place—beautiful, but cold and a little frightening. John's mother and friends are like that, too. At first Susan can't get on with them at all, but later she learns to love them. She already loves John, and he persuades her to marry him and live in England, in spite of her father's outraged indignation. They have a wonderful honeymoon. Then—World War I, and John must join his regiment.

During the weary years of war, Susan and her mother-in-law (Gladys Cooper) become close friends. Susan bears a son, a new Lord Ashwood, but John dies in battle before he ever sees his heir. America enters the war at last. In one of the most heart-stirring scenes you ever saw, Susan holds her baby up in her arms to see the Yanks come swinging up the old London street to the strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Young John Ashwood grows to manhood, with the ever-present threat of another war hanging over him. When that war comes at last, Susan accepts with patriotic resignation the part he must play in it.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Clarence Brown has a peculiar superstition. He directs the first scene of each day's shooting with his bedroom slippers on. Then changes to his shoes. . . . Peter Lawford really went into training for his strenuous role in this picture. Spent every evening in the U.C.L.A. gymnasium, working on the bars and rings. . . . Roddy McDowall made two important speeches while this was in production. One was to the A.E.R.C.O. workers in a Long Beach, California, plant and one was at a Pacific Coast shipyard upon their presentation of the Army-Navy "E" award. Reason for these talks, of course, is that Roddy's father is an officer in the British Merchant Marine. . . . Take a good look at the lace on Miss Dunne's white gown. It's priceless heirloom lace from Belgium which belonged to Irene's grandmother and also adorned Miss Dunne's wedding dress at her marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin. . . . Technical director for this picture was Lt. Gen. Sir Sidney Lawford, father of Peter Lawford. General Lawford was one of the highest ranking officers of World War I. . . . Idea for "White Cliffs of Dover" came from the poem of the same name written by the late Alice Miller after the terrific bombings of the English Coast. Miss Miller was inspired by the courage and determination of the people who lived near the famous White Cliffs. . . . Director Clarence Brown took the cast on location to his ranch in Calabasas, California. Had done this for every picture he's made. . . . The two landing barges used in the portrayal of the Dieppe raid were built by the prop department and are exact replicas of those actually used in the 1942 raid.

PARDON MY RHYTHM

A gentleman named William Shakespeare once turned out a little opus called "The Comedy Of Errors." If he hadn't already used the title, it would have been an apt one for this Universal picture. Practically everyone in "Pardon My Rhythm" suspects somebody of being in love with someone else, and it's usually the wrong person. If you don't get what I mean (and who could?) go and see the picture. You'll not only find out who loves who, but you'll be soothed by the charming voice of Gloria Jean and the rhythmic cadences of Bob Crosby's orchestra.

It all starts with Gloria Jean's boy friend, one Ricky O'Bannon. (His pay check at Universal is made out to Mel Torme.) Ricky has a high school orchestra that's hotter than an overworked machine gun. The band practices at the home of Jinx Page (Gloria Jean) and ignores the neighbors' agonized protests. The kids are after top honors in a state band contest, and the neighbors' nerves are of secondary importance.

At the contest finals, the hours of practice are rewarded. Their band wins! Bob Crosby is one of the judges, and he goes for the way Ricky plays the drums. So much so that he wants to sign the kid for his own band, pronto. But Jinx counsels Ricky to wait till after the national finals, much to Crosby's indignation. What's this little mouse got to do with it, anyway? This is a deal between men! Irked at the intervention, Crosby dreams up a plot. He asks his beautiful torch singer, Dixie (Marjorie Weaver), to make with the eyes at Ricky and persuade him to listen to reason. Jinx (no dope, she!) gets hep and does some counter-scheming. She persuades her handsome father, Tony (Pat Knowles), to go to work on Dixie. Tony's girl, Julia (Evelyn Ankers), decides he's really in love with Dixie and is pretty upset as a result. Crosby also takes a very poor view of such goings on—Dixie is supposed to be working on Ricky, not Tony. Ricky himself has no idea what's cooking, but whatever it is he doesn't like it! See what I mean about a comedy of errors? Of course everything straightens out eventually to the sound of some very hot music from the band.—Univ.

P. S.

Hep-cats and 'gators will find a new idol in Mel Torme, 18-year-old composer-singer-drummer-actor, who gives out with some very fancy drum work along with Bob Crosby's orchestra. . . . Mel breezed through the picture breaking every standing superstition of the industry. Brought his black cat to work, whistled on stage, walked under ladders and refused to do business on any other day of the month but the thirteenth. . . . Gloria Jean signed her fifth consecutive contract with Universal during production. . . . Juvenile orchestra was drafted from among the personal friends of Miss Jean. Kids are all appearing professionally for the first time. . . . Bob Crosby gets his long-awaited (Continued on page 23)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Frank was singing on the stage of the Paramount when some smarty threw him a penny. Quick-witted Sinatra smiled and said, "There's only one kind of animal that throws a (s)cent"—then nodded to the orchestra and finished his song (amid the cheering of his fans.)

Maureen O'Connor,
New York, N. Y.

Are You in the Know?



What is she doing?

- ☐ Playing with dolls
- ☐ Studying Fashion Design
- ☐ Learning puppetry

In writing your soldier, do you—

- ☐ Rave about your dates
- ☐ Tell him your troubles
- ☐ "Talk" to him as you always did

Don't be a tear jerk...or killjoy! "Talk" to him gaily...give with the latest gag. Let your heart have a word, about the talks, walks, dances you shared. You'll be glad you didn't break those dates, when your calendar said "stay home." You didn't—for you'd learned Kotex isn't like other napkins...doesn't just "feel soft" at first touch. That Kotex is more comfortable because it stays soft while wearing.

Got a knack with the needle? Good style sense? Fashion design offers a rosy future! Meanwhile, join Home Ec and Art classes. And as shown here, practice fashion design with miniature models. Fashion, you know, inspired the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. This is a patented Kotex feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby. You can wear the clingiest creation with nary a telltale line!



Should you try this if you are—

- ☐ Shy
- ☐ On the prowl
- ☐ A five by five

Each answer is right, and here's why. Any active sport unshells the timid soul . . . pares down excess poundage. And for date bait, it's wizard! So, play up—even on "trying days". With Kotex sanitary napkins you can say goodbye to little nagging worries. For Kotex has no wrong side to cause accidents. And the special Kotex safety center gives you worry-proof protection.



Know your napkins—

More women use KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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



MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES NO. 16

"DAYS OF GLORY"

1,352 PRIZES!

1ST PRIZE I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE \$200 IN WAR BONDS *

Try and try again prizes**

1,350 Prizes of \$1 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by RKO Studios.

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

HERE'S HOW: Turn to the picture story of "Days of Glory" on page 40, and see picture No. 9. What do you think Toumanova is saying to Gregory Peck? What would you say if suddenly you found yourself in the arms of the man you loved, facing untold dangers, seeing him, perhaps, for the last time? Maybe, like Toumanova, you'd say "Darling . . . I know it now . . . A person *can* die of happiness!" Or maybe you wouldn't make any noble speeches, maybe you'd just murmur "Dearest." Try to put yourself in Nina's place, and in your caption (15 words or less), say whatever you think you'd really say in her situation. Be sure to read the story of "Days of Glory" on page 40 before writing your caption.

RULES:

1. Write your caption in not more than 15 words.
2. Fill in your FULL NAME and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families, and those who have already won big prizes in MODERN SCREEN'S 1944 contest series.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than July 10, 1944.
6. Neatness will count, but do *not* send in elaborate entries, as they will receive no preference.
8. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

BIG WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN'S "MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" CONTEST

First prize Mrs. Josephine Taylor
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second prize Miss Margie Gilliam
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Yours for the winning—this sleek block Persian lamb I. J. Fox fur coat. The slenderizing princess lines and luxurious turn-back cuffs spell glamour for you in this all-occasion coat

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES NO. 16—"DAYS OF GLORY"

Please Print or Type

Full Name

Street City State

Coat Size

If I were Nina, I would say:

.

. (Not more than 15 words)

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

(Continued from page 21)

chance at a dramatic role playing the romantic lead opposite Marjorie Weaver. . . . Marjorie hadn't heard from hubby Lt. (j. g.) Don Briggs for several months as he'd been on sea duty in the Atlantic. Got a call from him one morning from New York and talked for 20 minutes while uniformed guard kept everyone on the set out of ear-shot. . . . Pat Knowles, who is an instructor for the Army Air Corps, lets his leaves accumulate for a year so he will have enough time on his furlough to do a picture each time. Pat was once a pilot in the R.C.A.F., was given an honorable discharge when he was wounded and his eyesight impaired. Worked for months with eye doctors, exercises and charts to regain perfect vision so he could join up with Uncle Sam. . . . Saul Grauman's Musical Stairtones is the only act of its kind in the world. Took him years of constant work and study to perfect it. . . . Saul's hobby is collecting mystic finger rings. Has over 30 in his collection, several of which are authentic Egyptian and Indian trinkets taken from the tombs and crypts of the ancient world.

GOODBYE, MY LOVE

This twisted tale of passion and murder is played against the somber backdrop of Russia just before the Revolution. There is a curious quality of predestination about it. When the characters face tragedy, they never try to avoid it. Instead, they pace the floor, muttering about fate and the stars.

Take Fedja (George Sanders), for instance. He is a young judge, banished from St. Petersburg to polite exile in a country town because of over-fondness for the wrong kind of women. Does his exile teach him anything? At first, it seems it's going to. He becomes engaged to a charming and well-bred girl, Nadina Kalenin (Anna Lee). He is, he tells his old friend, Count Volsky (Edward E. Horton), completely reformed. The count, who is known as "Piggy," is a futile, silly little man, typical perhaps of the decadent aristocracy of the period.

Fedja's reform lasts only until he meets Olga (Linda Darnell). The Greeks had a word for girls like Olga, but you can't use it in a nice magazine like MODERN SCREEN. She is engaged to an elderly overseer named Urbanin (Hugo Haas). But, regardless, on the very day of her wedding she begins an affair with Fedja which is to bring tragedy to five people.

Nadina is the first. Olga deliberately lets her learn of the affair, and Nadina, broken-hearted, gives up Fedja forever. Then Count Volsky becomes enamored of Olga, and, since he has considerably more money than Fedja, finds her responsive. She is, as a matter of fact, planning to keep them both around, but this proves impossible. For one thing, her husband Urbanin, who never knew of the affair with Fedja, soon sees the Count's interest. That is when the murders begin. They don't stop until destiny at last steps in, and justice is done—by accident.

George Sanders almost succeeds in making you sorry for the passion-crazed Fedja. Anna Lee and Linda Darnell are, as usual, ornamental.—U. A.

CHANGE OF TITLE

All-star Universal picture, "Follow the Boys," is the new title of "Three Cheers for the Boys," which we reviewed in the April issue. Star-studded cast includes George Raft, Zorina, Jeanette MacDonald, Don O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Marlene Dietrich and a flock of others.



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In the sun's bright glare—or candle-light's soft-glow—Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder helps you look lovelier.

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CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

your string. They'll be noticing you by now. (They always notice the girls who get conveyed to class.) Begin dropping them casual hello's and have some sure-fire conversation-starters on hand for that terrific moment when one of them pilots you from Latin to gym. Something as trivial as, "Gosh, I used to be afraid of you!" or "No doubt you've heard it before, but you do look like Sonny Tufts," will please him pink.

Now that you really know some boys, how to maneuver them to the dating point? Half the time, you have to put the words in their mouths. For instance. You both like Duke Ellington. You've got a couple of his new platters, so you say to Bill quote come on over and I'll play them for you some time unquote. Most likely, he'll name the night, and whee! you've got a date. Other methods: You discuss picnics. He loves 'em. You do, too. So say, "Wanna try out my new charcoal stove some Saturday?" Turns out he does! He says he's going to see "Lady in the Dark" this weekend. You say, Coincidence! So are you. He says why not go together. Or maybe he's going horse-back-riding Sunday. Well, golly, you are, too. Sunday at ten, then? Fine! You'd love it! That's the way it goes at first. When you've broken the ice, things just get rolling, and you'll find yourself turning down as many as you're snapping up.

breaking it to the family...

Mother and Dad usually take the first date kind of hard. One minute you're a wee thing in a torn pair of jeans; the next minute you're all slick 'n' smooth and jabbering something about Saturday night. It kind of hits them. Better to say, "Joe Blow asked me to go to the movies with him Saturday," instead of a flat, "I'm going to the movies with J. B. Saturday." "I'm going" is frequently a red flag in your father's face, and "you are not" is a likely rejoinder. Having dropped the bombshell, be prepared to answer a million questions. They'll want to know who he is, what his father does, what crowd he goes with, what he eats for breakfast. Forewarned is forearmed, so inquire around about him. (This, incidentally, is as much for your own benefit as your family's.) And no need to tell you to steer clear of lads with not-so-hot reputations. Be as casual as you can about the whole business, because if you're practically hysterical with excitement, the family may see fit to call it off. If, on the other hand, you take it in your stride, act as if it were the most natural thing in the world, ten to one they will, too.

tonight's the night...

You look your most swoony, and you're all ready at the appointed hour. When the doorbell rings, you're the one to answer it, not Mom—who though perfectly harmless might frighten him out of his wits—nor your leering little brother. Greet him with a big smile, a "Hi!" and take him in to say hello to the family. If you're going to leave him while you go grab a coat, give the group a conversational straw to clutch at. Something like, "Bob's mother works over at Red Cross, too, Mom." Or, "He's our ace half-miler, Pops." Then hurry, hurry, and leave before anyone gets bored. Once you're out in the wide world, start the talk going with something blithe like, "I think you made a hit with Dad," or "Mmm, I like the sport coat." Let him help you going up and down curbs, praise the seats he snags at the movies, let him

recommend a delish sundae for you after the show. When you get home, hand him the door key and let him wrestle with the trick lock. It's such tiny things as these that make a man feel awfully man-of-the-world. Big points to remember: 1, Boys like to talk about themselves, but they need a starting point. Your best bet is to quiz them about what branch of the service they want and why. 2, The girl is the one to say when it's time to go home, and be sure you say when while things are still fizzing. Don't wait until you're yawning in each other's faces. 3, Your date wants to know you've had a luscious evening, so tell him, and here's one time you can lay the adjectives on thick.

to kiss or not to kiss...

We know it's a problem. When you don't kiss them, they think you're an iceberg, and when you do, they think you're fast. What to do? Well, first let's talk about when to say no. Never, never kiss them on the first date or even on the second or third. After you've become quite good friends, a nice, tender good-night kiss just seems to make a swell evening perfect. Sort of like the icing on a cake. However, it's up to you to confine your woo to that brief, sweet moment at the door. He would very likely love to come in and talk it over in your dimly lighted living room. Maybe you'd like it, too, but if you want to hang on to his friendship and to the friendship of all the other nice guys you're dating, skip the smooching department. He can hold your hand in the movies, put his arm around you walking home, kiss you good night a couple of times—but as for really sitting down and going at it seriously, nope! Your foot's down.

So much for when, now let's talk about how to say no. The first time he tries to kiss you, ward him off with, "Ah, Bill, this has been so much fun. Don't let's spoil it." Or, "Gosh, you're way ahead of me, Bill. Let's save that for awhile, shall we?" Then give his hand a nice friendly squeeze and skip inside before he has a chance to make an issue of it. He'll be intrigued, not angry. After your friendship's established, and you've progressed to good-night kisses, he may persist in trying to lure you into bigger and better lerve bouts. That's when you appeal to his better nature with such-like: "I'm disappointed, Butch. I thought you and I were a little above that stuff." Or, "I guess I was wrong about you, Joe. Here I've been thinking you were kind of special." If he gets huffy at you, let him huff straight out of your life. You're well rid of him.

* * *

Co-Ed Mailbox

I met a sailor at a USO dance for whom I am but mad! We exchanged addresses (he's on the briny now), and I've written him a dozen letters and torn them all up thinking I should let him write first. Would it be too hussy-ish if I were to scrawl him a strictly unsentimental note?—Nancy Shea, Madison, Wis.

G'wan and write to the guy. It's perfectly according to Hoyle, and he'll be thrilled. Don't drool, but break down and give him a ration of sentiment. You know, "Gosh, I miss you," or something. Then let him answer before you V-mail him again. After the correspondence gets under way, don't worry about who owes whom a letter. Just write whenever you feel particularly communicative. He'll love it!

I haven't heard from my favorite sergeant in three months, and I'm frantic. It's not that I doubt his love, because that's one thing in the world I'm dead sure of, but I'm worried about his safety. I don't know his home address or I'd write his mother, and I hesitate to trouble the Red Cross. Can you tell me if there is any other way to get information?—B. C., New York, N. Y.

Why not write to the chaplain attached to your soldier's outfit? Tell him your problem briefly and ask him for any information he has. Address the letter to the chaplain of your soldier's religious denomination (for example: Presbyterian Chaplain), using his (the sergeant's) overseas address.

* * *

What do you do when you fall for a chap at a Canteen, and it's beautifully mutual—only he's got a girl back home? Where does honor end and self-preservation begin?

Tell you next month, chicks. That and the answers to all the Canteen dilemmas. Meantime, the welcome mat is still on our desk, so if you've a problem, tiny or terrific, won't you let us help? Maybe it's a guy or a career or a baby that's got you frazzled. Pitch us the whole story, and we'll answer as fast as the old typewriter can beat it out. If there's a bit of a delay, don't scold us, please. We haven't forgotten you. Be sure your name and address is on the letter as well as the envelope, or we can't possibly answer you. There are dozens of address-less missives in our dead letter file right now for that very reason. Where to write? To Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Flash! Just got a note from Wade Magrum, president of the Roddy McDowall Fan Club, inviting all Co-Eds who like Roddy to join. Two very enticing features of his club are: (1) There are no dues at all. It keeps going on voluntary donations. (2) Through the club you can acquire pen pals from all over the world. For more information, write to Wade at Box 452, Peace River, Alberta, Canada.

NO ROOM FOR TROUBLES IN THE NEW KIT BAG . . .

But plenty of room for magazines and note paper, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades . . . shall we go on? Or is it enough to say that all the small essentials servicemen keep writing home for are being packed in Red Cross kits and sent overseas. Trouble is, somebody's got to do the packing. Somebody's also got to make the thousands of surgical dressings . . . and the layettes for servicemen's babies . . . and sweaters and endless other items. Does a finger seem to point to you? Well, swell. Stop by at your local Red Cross and get the dope on their Production Corps. You know, if you're too tied up to come downtown, there's work you can do at home . . . with patterns, materials and instructions furnished by the Red Cross. And if your club just happens to be casting around for a project, what nobler one than this? There've been lots of surgical dressing contests in high schools through the Junior Red Cross. And, boy, you should have seen that white gauze fly.



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Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously different idea in lotions! Trushay, used before you wash undies—before you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps prevent soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today—at your favorite drug counter.



*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.

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Newest in spring styles. What to wear and buy. How to dress up oldies for 1944. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FOR ROMANCE



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

Co-Ed Personal Advice

All your very own problems answered personally by our expert Jean Kincaid. 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.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.



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

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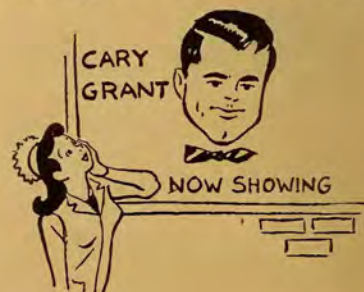
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Modern Hostess will answer all your questions about cooking and how to cope with rationing. Free recipes, too. See page 85 for details.

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32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

Information Desk

Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See page 100 for details.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bands and Records (5c).....

New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20 page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hep cats. Send 5c as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



1 Winnie had the glooms the day Mommy snapped this picture. "I'm nobody's pin-up girl," she sobbed. "What I need more'n anything is a complexion like your velvet-cheeked baby's." Mommy smiled sympathetically: "Baby's beauty routine is no military secret. Listen . . ."



2 Then she learned my Beauty Secret—regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap. My doctor backed Mommy up on that! He told Winnie why my Ivory's so good for grown-up girls' complexions . . . "It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating."



3 Now, she's a Pin-up Girl—the prettiest one in the whole darn barracks. Her Corporal says so! That "Ivory Look" is what he goes for—that smoother, velvety complexion she wanted and won. No wonder Winnie's piling praise on me, and my one 'n' only beauty soap—Ivory.
99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats

“Us
pin-up
Girls—



—gotta
share
beauty
secrets!
”

Look lovelier with Ivory—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!



★ Plea to Pin-up Girls—DON'T WASTE IVORY! Soap uses vital war materials. Never leave it in water! Always keep it in a dry soap-dish! Use up every sliver of every bar!

Memories of a kiss

Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness, Schlitz captures the affections of those who really love fine beer. Once you taste Schlitz, the memory of its famous flavor will remain with

you always



JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

...none of
the bitterness



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

surprise!

for our readers



Is there anything duller than a bowl of oatmeal (with or without lumps)? If there is, it's a magazine without surprises. Having spent a quarter of a century hating oatmeal, you can imagine how I love a surprise... To make a long story short, we've just signed Louella Parsons to write our Good News each month. Henry and I are fixing to take a walk in the clouds. And will Superman kindly move over and let a couple of good men pass? ... Yeah. That's how this newest surprise makes us feel. And why not? We're going to be the best-informed movie magazine in America. Shucks—in the world! ... You all know Louella Parsons. In Hollywood, nobody has a baby—not even a twinkle in the eye—without Louella's knowing it. She's as much a part of Hollywood as Metro or Grauman's Chinese. She's seen stars grow—and fade, helped build them. She loves Hollywood, and it's a two-way romance! ... Turn right now to page 58, where Louella greets you. Perhaps you'd like to answer in kind with a little note to welcome her. She'd love to hear from you. We're proud to welcome Louella Parsons to the MODERN SCREEN gang. ... P. S. Fredda Dudley's still going to be with us, knocking out those swell stories as only she can. Take a look at the terrific job on Betty Grable's new baby on page 36!

Al Delancey

EXECUTIVE EDITOR



● It was a night to remember. A thing to take away with you. Lon, standing on his head in a corner over some darn fool charade. A couple of guys at the phonograph drooling over James. The Great Dane kissing each guest as he entered. And later, the wonderful mellowness of midnight with the fire toasting their toes and oiling their tongues. After-the-war talk of a sloop off the Bahamas. Lon's sloop . . . and Bill Eythe's. And two hours later the way they all unfolded themselves and said they really had to go and promptly stayed till three. Then, finally, on leaving, the way they stood

at the front door telling us from MODERN SCREEN what a fine party we'd thrown for Lon. "Wonderful party! It's awful he has to go, but since he does, darn it, this is the way to do it." That evening just about wound things up for Lon. Except for the large to-do at the studio just the day before he left for camp. (They'd managed somehow to rush through prints of his new film, "Home in Indiana," for him to see before going.) Lon stumbled through those last weeks at home looking forward and backward at once. Melting at the old things and, gosh, so eagerly toward all the newness ahead.

We did! Yep, lined up the victim . . .

aimed our Rolleiflex . . . and clicked! And,

honestly, we never shot a sweeter guy.

McCallister?



Lon and pol Eythe greeted guests effusively. First arrivals were Mary Anderson, Morj Riordon (above) who sped over from set. Left of ll, to make 6 A.M. colls!



Object of Eot the String game: to roce opponent down to dollar bill in middle. Winnoh: Mory Anderson. Soid runner-up Lon, "Aw, I let her. She's my guest."



Bolloon-blowing John Horvey took terrific ribbing from Lon and Morj. But he was lost to leove. Hoted to go 'couse wife Judy was in hospital with their first child, 4-day-old Joonno.

Prize-winning chorade was Mory Anderson playing o more; Bill, o doe, and Lon o lomb. Cotch? Four days later Mory celebrated second onni-versary alone with book. Husband's in Navy.





Gong split into 3-mon teams, proctically blew brains out trying to woft balloon into center of room, on hands and knees. Blonde June Hover, just 18, piono soloed with Cincinnati Symphony Ork at 7, studied ot some dramotic school as Ty Power. Dotes Farley Granger.



Grandma spent most of evening rustling victuals for party. At studio party, few days later, pils optimistically presented Lon with pocket af razor blades and poem to fit. Other gifts: books, 6 Bibles.

Who Shot Lon McCallister?

Continued



This one's colled "Cross the Stick" or "How ta Break Yaur Bock in Two Eosy Twists." Drag bath feet over broom handles, if you con, pull stick up behind bock and over head without chonging position of your paws. (Mary, above, checks up twice weekly on husbond, Leonard Behrens' juke box business in Los Angeles.)



Gong watched from bleachers while Lon tried walking across floor in foot-long strides, on string seen only through telescope. Mory Anderson and Mory Riordon, Lon's official cheerers, wrote him stocks of letters, made him promise to open just 1 o day in Army.



Few days after this, Lon was answering to name of Herbert, issuing clodhoppers to new G.I.'s. Got pass from 2:30 Sat. till 9 P.M. Sun., first week-end. Trolleyed straight home. Spent evening with Eythe.



By George Benjamin



Humphrey, who never saw Hollywood's "Casablanca," did see real thing an overseas stint with wife, Dan Cummings and Ralph Hark, above.



Humphrey and Sluggo (short for Mayo) took off on Nov. 24 for war zones, lighted back in Los Angeles, 35,000 miles later, after intensive entertainment tour of the Mediterranean and African theaters.



Flying over old Pompeii, Bogie yelled, "Look at those ruins of Pompeii." Tough little G.I. beside him shrugged, "Heck, you ought to see what we did to Bizerte." (Above with wife Mayo and Co.)

"The Filthy Four"

It was a thing, that tour! Bogey and Co. jouncing in jeeps
over shell-pocked roads . . . thumbing rides on fighter planes . . . toss-
ing gags off the backs of trucks to hand the weary guys a laugh.

■ The set that day was a cheap waterfront barroom. Hollywood extras made up like tough mugs leaned on the counter, and in one corner a colored boy banged a piano, honky-tonk style. A greasy bartender slopped over drinks on the bar. Flashy half-caste tootsie extras swayed in and out.

"Okay!" called the director. He had lined up the first scene of "To Have and Have Not," Ernest Hemingway's hairy-chested shocker of the Florida keys. It was a setting for violence, vice and rugged love. It would be Humphrey Bogart's first scene in his first picture since he came back to Hollywood from entertaining Uncle Sam's overseas soldiers.

"Okay, Bogie," repeated the director. "Now you stroll into the dive—plenty tough, see? C'mon, let's go through it once. Just to get the feel of it."

Humphrey Bogart left the side of his wife, Mayo, who had driven him to the studio. He strolled on the scene, dirty denims, a sweat-stained shirt, cigarette drooping from his twisted mouth. A bad *hombre*, you could tell. Slowly Bogie sized up the joint. He raised his ice-tea "whiskey" to his lips.

But suddenly he grinned, then laughed out loud. That wasn't in the script. But Bogie couldn't help it.

"Well, honey," he yelled to Mayo, "I guess this is where we came in!"

It was indeed. But with all that familiar Bad Man Bogie setting, it still seemed mighty strange to Humphrey Bogart to be back in Hollywood making faces for a camera again. Like it seemed queer to be sleeping in soft beds, taking shower baths, seeing lights blaze at night, eating (Continued on page 98)

victoria the queen

By Fredda Dudley

Some people die and go to heaven. Some—

like Vicki Grable James . . . are born right into it!

■ The band assembled quickly for rehearsal at the broadcasting station. Two dilatory members, taking Gulliver strides and breathing hard, rounded a corner and made for the rehearsal room. Outside they took an extra second to smooth their hair and straighten their ties. Even late, they didn't want to look as if they *thought* they were late. When they sauntered in, they discovered that their brief drama was without an important audience. For the first time in the memory of band members, Harry James was absent from rehearsal.

With their eyes doing splits between the clock and the door, the band waited. At last, 30 minutes (Continued on page 113)



At Long Beach Bond rally, Groble's nylons went for \$40,000. Army poll places James above Groble, rates him as favorite maestro.



Before baby came, Betty played backgammon with Harry for staggering stakes. Winner socked money into baby bank. (Above: "Pin Up Girl," with John Harvey.)

Betty, who's a crony of Lono Turner's, hopes her Victorio will bloom into the gorgeous, gurgly tyke little Cheryl's turning into. Lono and Steve set the Jameses up with bossinet. (Here with Crosby at airing.)





Dedicated to her by Horry—"Only You Have Kissed My Heart." B. is only femme among top 10 entertainers named in Army comp poll.

It used to be practically sword-
at-dawn each time they tried to

rib him. But Helmut's catching on.

One day soon after Helmut landed, cop overtook his car, said "Pull over." H., thinking cop was chummy W. Union boy, smiled, drove on. Got ticket.

■ The other morning Helmut Dantine walked into the office of an ambitious press agent at his studio.

"Could you," Helmut inquired politely, "show me a picture of this young lady I am always going out with to the Hollywood night clubs?"

The press agent did a double take and thought fast. He dug around in his files and came up with a picture. "Here," he said, "that's her. Your current heart beat—Gloria Van Vaincourt, the New York society heiress!" It looked a lot more like Fifi La Tour, burlesque queen, than any society heiress.

Helmut studied the still thoughtfully. "Charming," he said, with just a touch of Vienna accent. "I must meet her. When can you arrange an introduction? I want to thank her for being so nice to me."

The press agent gulped and grinned. Then he had to confess what Helmut Dantine already suspected—that there wasn't any Gloria Van Vaincourt—except for publicity purposes. He had to wise up Helmut (Continued on page 86)

By Jack Carson

Sour Puss



Helmut wongled advance of \$200 on first role, sunk it safely into filling station. Juiciest role to date, dork-eyed Greek in "Mosk of Dimitrios."



Seeing British Army pic, "Desert Victory," Dantine gossiped to find, among prisoners, the Nazi who'd tossed him into concentration camp 5 yrs. before.



"days of glory"

By Maris McCullers and Kay Hardy

STORY. The plain lay flat and ugly, war-scarred, rising slightly as it approached the forest. On the horizon was the bomb-shattered outline of a city. Here on the Russian plain around Tula even the sky was grey, heavy, forbidding. A wagon came hurtling down the dirt rutted road; its driver was standing on the seat urging the panting horses forward. Behind him, still in the distance, two German (Continued on page 106)

PRODUCTION. Not one member of the cast will look familiar to movie-goers. Producer Casey Robinson, armed with a strong, stirring script, said "No" to agents wanting to sell him top-ranking stars, ordered the RKO Art Department to turn out sketches of the characters in the story as he pictured them in his mind. The finished sketches were then sent to talent scouts. to little theater groups, to drama editors all over the country. Robinson's (Continued on page 112)



1. One of Vladimir's (Gregory Peck) guerrillas finds Nina (Taumenava) slumped at edge of marsh, carries her to darkened cavern hiding the little band.



5. In long night in forest, after raid, he guesses why Nina has stayed so willingly, tells her he'll keep her near him always.



6. Yelena, quietly, hopelessly in love with Vladimir, is sent on mission, claws her way back to die of bullet wound. "Love him for the two of us," she tells Nina.



7. Later, Nina and Mitya bring Vladimir vital message from headquarters. Nazis search their meeting place.

This was no place for a dancer . . . not here with this tiny guerrilla band, in the midst of war and death. This surely was no time for love.



2. To the disgust of his sister (Dena Penn), 15-yr.-old Mitya (Glenn Vernon) is smitten by dancer's fragile beauty. The others are cool to Nina.



3. When they're ordered to join other guerillas in drawing off Germans in coming attack, Nina's forced to stay. If she leaves, hideout might be revealed.



4. In quick, heart-stopping moment, Nina kills Nazi, is accepted by Vladimir, blonde Yelena (Maria Palmer) as equal.



8. Vladimir is safely hidden. Mitya is doggedly silent before cruel grilling of Nazis. Next day, in public square, he's hanged but Vladimir and others work on.

9. Stolidly facing their certain death, Nina and Vladimir prepare for the crucial battle ahead, fearing nothing while they're together . . . caring for nothing but their work.







For awhile the O'Connors' future looked like a turkey's the day before Thanksgiving. (Part II)

■ Donald O'Connor's sensational hit adds up to something Hollywood has never seen before. Not only is Don a brilliant new deal in juvenile pep, personality and talent, but at 18 the marvelous "Mister Big" is a star for the second separate time in his young life—something considered practically impossible in Hollywood before. Kicked out of pictures at 13 by the fatal "awkward age," Dynamite Don came back to set Hollywood on its ears, a bigger, better young star—but a real movie freak—something the screen sages said "can't happen here."

But it's not such a miracle considering his life story from the beginning. Don's solid star sensation has been luck. (Continued on following page)

DONALD O'CONNOR



Ambition to dance was stymied by aversion to practise. Loves swing, especially James, Dinah Shore. Current pic, "Follow the Boys."

As kid, worshipped J. Barrymore, always yearned to play Hamlet. Last year shared birthday party with co-songwriter Peg Ryan, guested J. Withers.

By Kirtley Baskette

ing in the cards since he was born, the baby of the famous O'Connor Family, the "Royal Family of Vaudeville"—known on every American show circuit, Big Time or Tank Town. Acting and entertaining since he could open his eyes, cradled on a dressing room table and schooled between acts, Don never considered being anything but a star one day. A spunky, precocious, mischievous, wise and high-spirited kid, still he owned a tremendous loyalty to his acting clan and also never considered being the one to break up the fabulous O'Connor Family.

Yet at 12, that decision faced Don in Hollywood. When the O'Connor Family entertained at the Motion Picture Relief Banquet an offer bounced right back for the first big O'Connor movie break. But not for the O'Connor Family—just Donald. Don knew if he accepted, it meant the breaking up of the O'Connor Family, a vaudeville tradition, and his whole life up to that point. A big part with Bing Crosby meant a lot of wonderful things, too. But family loyalty won out. At the banquet that night he told the agent who had brought the exciting tidings, "I'm a vaudeville artist. I was born that way. And anyhow I don't know anything about making movies. Skip it."

The rest of the O'Connor Family had other ideas on the Hollywood break that 12-year old Donald had decided to turn down. That night in the hotel they ganged up on him—his mother and big brothers Billy and Jack.

Effie O'Connor told Don what the manager of the last theater they had played together as a family had told her. A big theater it was, in a big city, and the manager had seen thousands of entertainers come and go.

"In all the years I've been here," he told Effie, "I've predicted greatness for mighty few artists. Most of them are ham-and-egggers and always will be. But of the few I have predicted a future for—not one of them has crossed me up. And I say, Mrs. O'Connor, that that youngster of yours, Donald, is going to be a star!"

His mother hadn't told Donnie that till then; it might go to his head. But now she thought it was time. Maybe he could see that a kid with his talent couldn't deny it—family feelings or no. Sentiment went far in show business—the racket was sugary with it. But a break always kicked sentiment out the window—that's the way the (Continued on page 70)



Night Don and Mom moved into new home he built for her, Jock O'Connor and wife (left) and daughter Pot come over for housewarming. House is small, with only three bedrooms. Don made solarium-like room over garage his official quarters!



Lets Mom know when he disapproves of her togs, but thinks Gwen's a queen in anything! Especially in cortwheel hots.

DONALD O'CONNOR

Continued



First job in Army was fitting shoes on other buck privates. Qualifies for K.P. by ability to cook creamed carrots and peas and steak! Won't mind mobile G.I. life. Longest he's ever stayed in one spot was 2 1/2 years in Calif.



Don has vast store of medals gathered while mascot of Chicago's 124th Field Artillery, at 9. First uniform came this year, from Army!

Going-away presents from Peggy Ryan, co-star in "The Merry Monahans," were Army cold-weather necessities—his "Aleutian trousseau"!



MR. & MRS. DONALD O'CONNOR

She's Engaged to an Air Force Officer



HER RING—a beautiful square-cut diamond

Another charming Pond's bride-to-be...

Helena Rausch of Middletown, Ohio, is engaged to Lawrence Richard Nelson of Dayton—now "somewhere overseas"

Helena's great, great grandparents went West in a covered wagon and settled in Ohio.

And now Helena is a pioneer, too—one of numbers of lovely Pond's engaged girls who are "war-working" for the safe return of the men they love. At the Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, where Helena has been since September 1942,

about 60% of the workers are women.

Helena's own job is inspecting spare parts for airplanes—and very close to her heart. "Every girl who takes a war job is helping to bring our boys back sooner," Helena says.

All kinds of necessary jobs need women—in plants, stores, transportation, restaurants. Won't you see what you can do? Check help wanted ads, consult local U.S. Employment Service.

ON HER JOB—or at home—there's always a flower-fresh charm about Helena's soft-smooth face.

Her complexion is exquisite... porcelain-fine, and fair! "I don't know what I'd do without my Pond's Cold Cream," Helena says. "It's perfectly lovely to stroke on Pond's and smooth off that factory grime."

Helena beauty creams her face like this: She slips Pond's satin-white Cold Cream all over her face and throat. Pats lightly, quickly. This softens and releases dirt and make-up. Then she tissues off.

She "rinses" with more Pond's—swirling her creamy-tipped fingers round and round her face. "And when I tissue off again my face is sparkling clean," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Helena's way—every night and every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too. It's no accident engaged girls like Helena, exquisite society women like Mrs. William Rhinelanders Stewart choose Pond's.

She's lovely She uses Pond's!

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR!

Large sizes save glass and manpower! And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the wide-topped Pond's jar!



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

HELENA's soft Pond's complexion enhances the beauty of her golden hair and dreamy eyes.





Paraine D...

Dearest Mom

There's so much Ronnie can't talk about
—the smile when you said good-by . . . the
wonderful way you took Janie into your heart.

Jonie and Mom Reagan are closed corporation,
periodically hold rove sessions over their Ron-
nie; but *only* when he's out of the vicinity!



Reagons occasionally night life, prefer home and
fireside. Ronnie first went into Army as cavalry
reserve loopy. Later was switched to Air Corps.



Before Maureen was born, Reagons salted away \$5,000 for
offspring's education. Planned on Notre Dome if they had a
boy. Decided to let M. pick her own school when time comes.

■ Dad was taking a bath when the letter came. Mom pounded at the door. "Jack, listen, listen! Ronnie says we're to come just as soon as ever we want to."

The splashing stopped for a moment, then it sounded like a couple of porpoises in the tub.

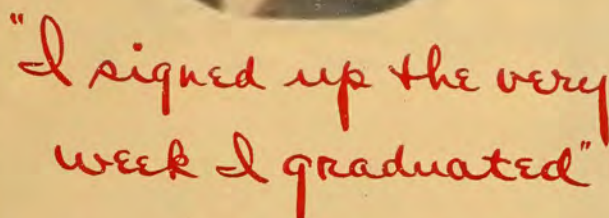
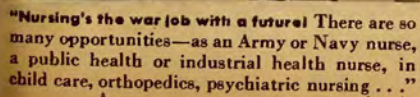
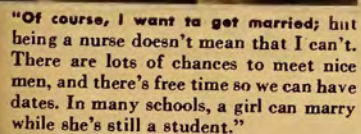
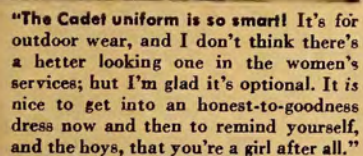
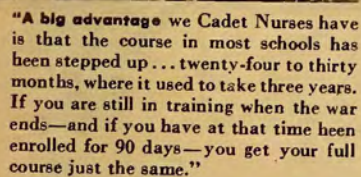
"Jack! What on earth are you doing in there?"

"Singin' glory hallelujah and scrubbin' my back!"

It wasn't a surprise exactly. Nell and Jack Reagan had known since June that they were going to join Ronnie in California. Only they hadn't expected it quite so soon. "About six months maybe," Ronnie had said. "Always provided they don't give me the air—" And here it was hardly three months . . .

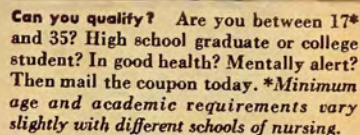
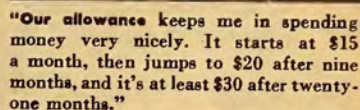
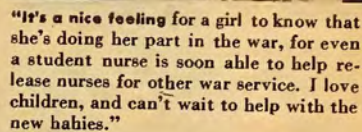
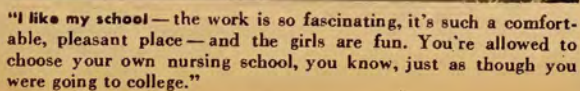
Three months since Ronnie had phoned from Des Moines. The minute she heard his voice, Mom knew something was up. Always kept his feelings under control, Ronnie did, ever since he was little. But he couldn't fool her—

"I wrote you today, (Continued on page 52)



"I guess just about every girl has thought at one time or another that she'd like to be a nurse. Now 65,000 girls like me are getting the chance this year . . . the U. S. Public Health Service is paying our way. Tuition and fees, room and board and uniforms—all are free . . . and we get a monthly allowance besides."

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Please send free booklet and list of
approved schools.

Age_____High school graduate?_____

Graduation date _____

High school graduate this June?_____

High school senior next fall? _____

Present occupation, if any_____

Name_____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Moureen, whom parents call "our greatest accomplishment," will be 3½ in July. Determined not to spoil her, Jonie gives her household chores.



Jonie's so hoppy over her first starring role in "Moke Your Own Bed," she's infected everyone on set with beams. Inherits tolent from her mom, Porision octress-thrush.



Before landing in films, Jonie tried modelling, stenography, monicuring, crooning. She's 28; Ronnie'll be 30 in Sept.

Dearest Mom Continued

Nell. But you won't get the letter till tomorrow, and I can't wait!"

A movie contract! That sort of staggered them. They were just beginning to get used to his having done so well in radio. Things were moving pretty fast for a couple of Dixon stay-at-homes. They began moving faster—

"You know what's going to happen," Ronnie was saying. "When I get out there, and I'm sure I'm going to stay, you and Dad are coming out to live."

Mom choked up. Even Dad looked a little shaken, though of course he'd have boiled in oil rather than admit it. Dad and Ronnie were alike, only Dad was more so—seemed to think it was some kind of crime to betray emotion. Neil was more like Mom. He'd come up behind her at the stove, "How's for a kiss?—Okay, never mind the act. You know you're dying to kiss me!"

"There! Now get out before I throw you out—"

Ronnie's heart was just as warm, but he wasn't demonstrative. Which didn't bother Nell at all. "The Lord makes the pattern," says Nell. "Who are we to try to change it? . . ."

"Read me the letter!" (Continued on page 54)



Last year at Donny Millond's birthday party flirty Moureen plonted kiss on photographer. No such hussy, Jonie thinks only of her "sweet little felloh"—R.R.!

LOST: *One ham on rye*

WANTED: A roll of good old "Scotch" Tape to seal lunch packages

The little strip of transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape that would have saved Blondie's lunch is busy saving food packages for Uncle Sam these days.

In fact, wherever American soldiers fight, wherever American production lines roll, you'll find a wide variety of "Scotch"

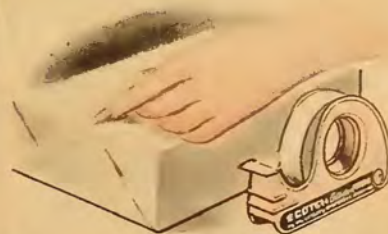
Brand Tapes—sealing, holding, identifying, masking.

When Victory comes, all these "Scotch" Tapes will be back again in your home, office, store, or factory . . . mending torn book pages, sealing packages, and doing a hundred and one other jobs quickly, easily.

[Look for the "Scotch" brand—it identifies the maker and assures you of quality.]



Emergency food rations are packed in cartons sealed with "Scotch" Acetate Fibre Tape.



SCOTCH *Cellulose* **TAPE**
BRAND

One of the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. under the trademark "SCOTCH," by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., SAINT PAUL, MINN.

INVEST IN VICTORY • BUY WAR BONDS

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Why Veronica Lake likes Woodbury Natural



VERONICA LAKE, STARRING IN "THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN,"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

✓... it gives angelic fairness...
lends lovely flower-fresh clearness
brings a satin-smooth texture!

Girls! For the love-lure of lovelier skin, wear your exquisite shade of Woodbury Powder—there's one to glamorize EACH complexion type... The Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even—makes it stay color-fresh *always* as you wear it... gives it clinging, smoothest texture, that helps hide tiny blemishes, lines... Choose *yours* today from the 8 bewitching Woodbury Powder shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

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

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



Dearest Mom Continued

Jack was yelling now from the bathroom.

"I'll do nothing of the kind. You come out of there and we'll read it together."

Ronnie had written: "Come whenever you're ready, but don't travel in a hurry. Take in the Grand Canyon and all the little canyons, because once you're out here, you won't want to budge."

They packed, sold their furniture and were gone by the end of the week, owing no man anything. They stopped at Des Moines by invitation to see Ronnie's first picture—"Love Is on the Air"—previewed. As Dutch Reagan, Ronnie was Des Moines' adopted son, and the town was out to honor his parents. They did the preview up brown—with reporters and everything—and sent the clippings around to Nell and Jack.

"There sat his tearful mother—", read Jack.

Nell winced. "They must have meant cheerful—"

"Every little while she'd murmur, 'That's our son.'"

"I never opened my head!"

"There sat his gray-haired father," They got one thing right anyway—

"One thing right!!! Why, Jack Reagan, there's not a gray hair in your head!"

"Just a moment, please. 'There sat his gray-haired father, *handsomer than either of his boys—*'" He slipped the clipping carefully into his wallet. "All I know," grinned Jack, "is what I read in the papers."

They took their time driving out, saw all the wonderful places they'd always dreamed of seeing. Ronnie was working the morning they arrived, but he got an hour off and dashed over to the hotel where he'd taken an apartment for them.

The whole thing seemed too good to be true. To have California and the boys as well—because Neil came out, too, before very long—was almost more than anyone had a right to ask. If it hadn't been for Jack's heart...

They'd found out about it several years ago—that day he'd told Nell, of his own accord, to send for the doctor. Her own heart (*Continued on page 79*)

love story

You have no words for it . . . it's simply there, in Lana's voice and in her eyes when she talks about the baby.

■ If Lana were twins, she'd be perfectly happy. One of her could go to M-G-M and make "Marriage Is a Private Affair." One could stay home with the baby. As it is, she trots bravely off to the studio each morning, and leaves her heart behind.

"Look at inventors," says she, "and the wonderful stuff they invent. Look at Einstein, figuring things nobody understands. Why don't they get busy on something important—like how you can be in two places at the same time?"

You think she's beautiful? Brother, you ain't seen nothin' till you've seen her face when she's talking about her baby. It's hard to describe the transformation. Take all the words the poetry boys toss around—like tender (*Continued on page 57*)

In midst of supposedly idyllic marriage, Lana's divorce action came as bombshell. Steve, recently signed by Columbia, is expected to become screen star.

Before Cheryl came, fans hoped for another Lana. deluged Cranes with wee pink items. Cherry's all the baby Lana wants right now, will have no more for while.

Night Cranes turned up at Academy Award dinner with Frank Sinatra and Gloria De Haven. Lana wore flat-top chignon hair-do created for her role in "Marriage Is a Private Affair."

By Ida Zeitlin

Helmut Drantne



love story

Continued

and luminous and starry and radiant—combine their best features with Lana's, and you begin to get the general idea.

She's ready to admit that there've been babies before Cheryl Christina, and babies since. Even prettier babies maybe—how should she know?—she hasn't seen them all. ("I don't believe it," she whispers in Cheryl's ear.) She wouldn't brag about her child—certainly not. It's not bragging to say that at seven months she weighs 21 lbs. Stick her on the scales if you don't believe it. It's not bragging to repeat what the doctor said—"the Cranes have a perfect child." That's just science or something. She knows Cheryl's no different from hundreds of other babies. ("Don't you believe it, darling—of course you're different—you're the only one that belongs to me.")

To say she counts every moment lost that's not spent with her daughter is a mild exaggeration. Very mild. Look what she misses when she's away. For instance, the night she got home and her mother flew to meet her—

"The baby's walking!!!"

"You're kidding!!!"

"All around her crib—hanging on to the bars—"

"And I wasn't here to see—"

"Come on in. Maybe she'll do it again—"

But you can't fool Cheryl. Having been fed and sponged and stuck in her crib, she knew what came next, and it wasn't walking. She smiled dreamily up at her mother—"There's a time for everything"—and went off to sleep. Lana had to wait till Sunday to see the miracle with her own eyes. And though she'd been prepared, it still came as something of a shock. Her baby standing on her own little-bitty feet. (She doesn't say little-bitty, she coos it like a dove—it's a kiss, a caress, adoration, thanksgiving and laughter all rolled into one.)

Next, she was at the phone, calling the doctor. "But she's only seven months. They don't walk till they're practically young ladies. Do you think it's all right?"

"I don't know what you can do about it. If she's walking, that means she's ready to walk." (Continued on page 93)

"chic"

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good news by louella parsons

Turner sheds sweaters . . . three glamour girls vie for Gable . . . Laddie back in Army . . . Fontaine may quit films!



Academy Award guests Sanja and Dan Tapping chattered of nathing but her brand new nephew, Leif Wilhelm, named after his pap, Sanja's brother.



On his last furlough, Geo. Montgomery brought Dinah a diamond brocelet. They rarely entertain, prefer to be alone!

The '43 Academy Award winners: Paul Lukas for "Watch on the Rhine" and Jennifer Jones for "Sanctuary of Bernadette."



■ Hello, all you MODERN, SCREEN readers. Let's get acquainted. You and I are going to do Hollywood together for a while—so it's best we get to know each other.

I hope what you have heard about me is nice—at least, fair. I'm not half the Lady Ogre I've been painted. I know YOU a great deal better than you suspect.

I know that most of you are young, eager and very interested in what makes Hollywood go 'round. Well, so am I.

Maybe I'm not a debutante, or a size 16 any more. But I've never grown blasé about the movies and the people who make them—and I hope I never will.

If you feel like writing, I'll be glad to get your suggestions about people and parties you would like to hear about. So—here we go!

* * *

As a hostess there's one thing I have never had the courage to do—and that is to invite two girls who like the same man to the same party.

So wouldn't you know it would be a man, Eddie Mannix, who would invite three of Captain Clark Gable's favorite "dates" to the same shindig? Only a man could pull a thing like that!

The ladies, all blondes, were Betty Hutton, Virginia Bruce and Kay Williams. Far be it from me to take sides, but here is what happened:

Virginia Bruce talked "politics" all evening. It was Betty Hutton's birthday—so she talked mostly about herself.

Kay Williams didn't do much talking.

P.S. Captain Gable took Kay Williams home that evening. (There should be a moral there somewhere.)

* * *

From a supposedly "secret" destination, Bob Hope sent Bing Crosby a Panama hat with the note:

"Guess where I've been?"

* * *

Frank Sinatra and Gloria de Haven got along like a Welsh Rarebit and a dish of ice cream on "Manhattan Serenade." There were fireworks from start to finish between The Voice and the little cutie from M-G-M who apparently never was a Sinatra swooner.

The big flare-up came two days before the picture was finished.

Gloria walked out on the set wearing a huge feather in her hat. It got in his way, and Fracaaaankie was annoyed. There was some foot-stamping and tears on Gloria's part and some sulks from Sinatra.

But it all had the most beautiful ending: Frankie presented Gloria with a watch set in rubies when the picture was finished. "Thanks" he wrote, "for being so swell about—everything!"

* * *

Richard Jaeckel's at the age where he feels he has to swallow life and drama in big chunks. One day he talks about getting married. The next, he's going to join the Coast Guard.

He's 17 now—and a movie hero ever since "Guadalcanal." But I can remember when he was in short pants and used to come out to Marsons Farm with his mother.

It's just three years ago Easter that he came to me and said: "Aunt Lolly, I'm too big to hunt Easter eggs with the other kids. They're so little—and I find them all. It isn't fair!" Now, when I see him, he talks about his next starring role!

* * *

Inscribed in a ring Paul Lukas gave his wife, Daisy, on their 16th wedding anniversary is, "For Services Far Beyond the Line of Duty!"

* * *

Betty Hutton's dying to fall in love!

"Gosh! What's the matter with me? What's the matter with the men? I have a date—and the guy sends flowers—and we go out to dinner—and the lights are low—and the music is sweet—and maybe he's going into the service next week—so we get sentimental—and you both think for a little while that maybe you're in love.

"So what happens? The next morning—it's just a flashback!"

She's the craziest kid in Hollywood. But one of the swellest—and most honest.

Maybe if Betty would stop trying so hard to fall in love, the real thing might come along.

* * *

"Van Johnson," one of the M-G-M executives told me, "is Frank Sinatra without the voice!" He based this amazing claim on the reaction of the girls at the preview of "Two Girls and a Sailor." They didn't swoon—but they squealed plenty!

* * *

Alan Ladd is I-A again, as you know—but I wish everyone would quit taking the attitude of being (Continued on page 62)

"IT'S WONDERFUL . . .

the easiest-to-apply, smoothest leg make-up I've ever used"

Leg Make-up Stick, currently featured in "The Great Outdoors," Universal picture starring Glenn & Johnson.

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12 to 20. \$14.95. Oppenheim Collins.

Mexico cotton stripe sunbock. 9 to
15. \$8.95. Oppenheim Collins.

Bolero converts sunbock
(left) for street wear.

fashion guide

by Marjorie Bailey

Strictly U. S. A. Starspun shirt-frock by Lynbrook. About \$8.



New balloon cloth—ascending fashion by Judy 'n' Jill. Under \$15.

■ A man needs a fresh girl once Summer starts to set in. Now, hold on a sec'. Who said anything about switching partners? I mean flower-fresh, dew-fresh. You all along, silly—cotton-fresh! From one stylist to another, there's nothing better. Why d'ya suppose Adrian mixed cotton up with sequins for evening the way he did? And why do you think that—right this minute—gals with that kind of money are paying around \$100 a throw for cottons in the hoity-toity New York shops?

There's more to it than meets the eye—even the fashion eye. For instance, most men can't stand anything *but* cotton next to them—which should give you an idea or two. I'll admit it takes plenty of tubbing. But it takes *to* tubbing so beautifully. If Sonja Henie can go for the soap-suds routine the way she does in the interests of spic-'n'-span-ness—so can you.

First off, you need a suit to wear right now in town. If you're a lazy-bones about ironing, seersucker's your dish. But it won't win you an Oscar for originality in 1944. Chambray, now, is something to shout about. Especially when it's tailored the way I found it here. Comes in misty blue, rose or "brief case" tan (that's just war-time for "luggage," pal). Wish they'd let me send along a sample of the big crystal buttons. They're super.

Of course, I know you're itching to wear those shoulders of yours sunny side up. And you needn't be a Maria Montez to do it in my pet Mexico sun-back cotton. Has a ghost of a bolero to keep you within the law within the city limits. Notice closely the way the bolero stripes go cross-wise atop the up-and-down stripes of the skirt. An old Latin trick that broadens the shoulder line, makes the rest of you slim by contrast. Comes in south-of-the-border color combinations—brown, purple or green predominating. Another Mexico idea is black cotton in the same kind of outfit. Wonderful if your (Continued on page 97)

Fashion spins a cotton yarn, this summer . . .

drapes you in dew-fresh chambrays and
gingham. 'Cause that's the way he wants you.

This is a **Bride**.... Isn't she Lovely?



She's so lovely she leaves the groom breathless. He's crazy about her. What gift can you send her that she'd be crazy about?

These are **Pyrex** dishes. Aren't they Lovely?



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This is what a bride can do with **PYREX** dishes. Isn't it wonderful?



Yes, it's wonderful. Food bakes as much as 1/3 faster. She can see when food is done. PYREX Ware helps make any bride a better cook. And she can bring it right to the table! Leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again, in the same dish. With no transfer from dish to dish, she saves precious food.



IDEA FOR IN-LAWS: The new PYREX Cake Dish (next to the Sergeant). Note the handy glass handles. Grand for tasty layer cakes, fluffy biscuits, puddings, chops, potatoes. Give her a pair. Each only . . . **35¢**

TIP TO BEST FRIENDS: The PYREX Double Duty Casserole (above) is a super-dandy gift. Two dishes for the price of one... a swell baking dish. And the cover does extra duty as a pie plate. 3 sizes: 1½ qt. (small-family size) only . . . **65¢**

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"so sorry." and moaning, "What a shame about Ladd."

I'm sure that is not the way Alan feels. He was honorably discharged from the Army because of his health. He took a month's rest at Palm Springs before returning to work at Paramount in a picture with Loretta Young.

All the time he was making the film, he took good care of himself—stayed away from the night clubs and kept to the old early-to-bed-early-to-rise treatment.

If the good rest and the good care have rebuilt his strength and recovered his health—I'm sure Alan would be the last guy in the world to feel with his maudlin sympathizers—"so sorry"—that he will be back in Uncle Sam's uniform after he completes "Two Years Before the Mast."

I WISH: Judy Garland would start looking more like she did when she was plump, saucy and happy . . . Maria Montez' studio would forget those sarongs for awhile. She's one of the best dressed girls in Hollywood off screen . . . Dennis Morgan would reduce just a little . . . Joan Fontaine would change her mind about retiring from the screen after she makes "Forever" . . . the Stork would make Loretta Young very happy by making it a boy for the Tom Lewises!

It is a good thing there wasn't anyone from 20th Century-Fox around to hear Betty Grable's first words to Harry James after the arrival of Victoria Elizabeth: "You aren't disappointed because it's a little girl, are you, honey?" Betty asked. "I'll have a little boy for you, too, honest I will!"

The studio that can hardly wait for their Million Dollar Pin-Up Girl to come back to work, would have swooned en masse at that.

"Vicky" James is bedded down in the prettiest nursery in town. She sleeps in the white lace bassinet Lana Turner gave her—but everything else in the room is pink or blue.

She's a Pin-Up Baby if I ever saw one—blonde hair, blue eyes, just like her mother's.

By the way, Betty and "Vicky" wear identical little jackets—Betty's bed jackets were copied from the cute baby jackets she received at a baby shower.

The whisper around town that Shirley Temple had a boy friend named Dare Harris, the good-looking lad who accompanied her to the Academy Awards at the Chinese Theater, was greeted with laughter by the young lady herself.

"It's very funny," she told me after her picture appeared with Dare's in a morning newspaper, "I'll tell you the truth: He works for Mr. Selznick and so do I—so the studio thought it would be nice if we went to the theater together." Never thought I'd live to see the day when Shirley Temple was telling me about a publicity romance.

In spite of a few lukewarm statements to the contrary, there were paternal objections to the elopement of Donald O'Connor and Gwen Carter just before he joined up.

But the folks need have no worries. Gwen is a plenty smart little girl. She's got a very level head on both their shoulders even if she is just out of high school.

In her spare time now that Don is in the Army in Texas—she's been studying typing and shorthand.

"You never know what will happen—or how long this war will go on," Gwen says. "It's only fair for me to prepare myself to share our financial burden while he's in the service. I've read where the boys worry more about the folks at home than anything else."

"Well, it's true, Don is getting a movie star's

salary in the Army. But even if he weren't, I'd want him to know there wasn't anything to worry about back home. That is," she giggled, "there won't be—if I ever learn shorthand!"

* * *

What's come over Lana Turner?

She is going in for dignity plus. The last few times I have seen her she has been arrayed in severe all-black, her hair parted in the middle and low on her neck and no trinkets or the jewelry she used to love, at all.

And I can remember when Lana was THE Sweater Girl!

* * *

Don't think for a minute that Universal is going to neglect Peggy Ryan just because Donald O'Connor is in uniform. I understand they are shopping around for some of the old Mabel Normand hits for Peggy—particularly, "Mickey."

Speaking of Peggy—she lives about a block from the Hollywood Canteen. She's a riot with the boys every time she shows up.

But most of them don't recognize the kid who gets out and spades the Victory Garden or who washes her own car in the driveway on Sunday mornings.

"It's not everybody who can be a star at the Canteen one minute—and an Ella Cinders in her own back yard right around the corner," Peggy told me.

* * *

I'm crazy about Danny Kaye. Might as well admit it. He came over to my house the other day with his wife Sylvia, and nicer people I've never met.

Danny gives Sylvia the credit for all his success. "She stuck by me when no one else could see me," he says. Both of them refused cocktails. Sylvia drinks coffee—Danny drinks nothing but milk.

Strangely enough, because he is a comic, Danny's idol (Continued on following page)



When war is over, Ingrid Bergman and husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom plan to build house in Calif. For her role in "Goslight," she learns to sing 2 songs while Boyer plays her accompaniment on piano.

good news

(Continued)



Bill Holden's furlough come in time for Academy Award with Brenda. Left in few days for Texas base.



Crosby ribbed Lucille Ball about nonnying 2 babies who, with moms, moved in with her for duration.

Mother's little helper



When Junior tears his daddy's book,
His mother doesn't gape
With horror—she just fixes it
With handy Texcel Tape.

And when he eats, the painted walls
And woodwork stay quite clean.
A paper shield with Texcel Tape
Provides a makeshift screen.



It's Texcel Tape for packages
And scores of other things,
For quick and handy mending and
In place of glue and strings.



For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't dry out, it won't come off—
Before the judgment dawn.



Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

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good news Continued

of idols is John Barrymore. He has seen every movie the late star ever made.

I always thought it was the red-headed gals who were supposed to have the most sex appeal. But when Greer Garson was to be her most devastating self in "Mrs. Parkington," she decided to don a black wig. Which reminds me that Ingrid Bergman also went femme fatale by donning a black wig for "Saratoga Trunk."

Greer's flaming hair is so gorgeous I never thought she would ever resort to covering it up on the screen. But she has a marvelous sense of humor.

"I really wasn't in favor of the black wig at all—at first," she laughs, "but when I crossed the lot—and one of the boys whistled as I went by—that made up my mind!"

Dropped over on the set of "The Conspirators" during the first days of shooting to visit with Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid.

"Louella," Paul said, "Hedy owes me ten dollars and I think she should pay it."

Hedy looked almost as surprised as I did. "How come?" she asked.

"Don't you remember in Vienna, when we were working for Max Reinhardt, I said that I bet we would co-star in a picture in Hollywood one day—and you made it ten dollars that I was wrong?"

Hedy laughed, "You're right"—and forked over the ten spot.

The newsiest V-letters I get come from Richard Ney who is somewhere in the Pacific aboard the USS Jaguar. He writes:

"The Academy hi-jinks were short-waved to us, and it was a kick to tune in on Hollywood for the celebrating. Did you know, Louella, that the lads hereabouts rate Spencer Tracy as tops among the Hollywood hemaes and that Robert Montgomery is something of a legend among the MTB men of these waters."

"Jackie Briggs has been a sick boy. He was down for the count (105 temperature) with dengue fever. But he's back on the job again manning and operating the output of an advance radio station. Also my hat is off to Mrs. B. (Ginger Rogers to you.) By honest count Jackie received 15 letters in one day from the little woman. I am also able to report from first hand knowledge that he is still a champ at gin rummy."

Sometimes I feel like turning Veronica Lake over my knee and spanking her. She can be such a grand girl when she wants to—and then she does a right-about-face and is as naughty as the little girl with the curl right down the middle of her forehead.

Veronica was very temperamental during the filming of "Bring On the Girls"—reporting late to work and leaving early almost every day. She should remember that movie-making is a business—a serious business these days—and those temperamental antics just don't go anymore.

One of the really tragic things about the Dick Powell-Joan Blondell parting is that little "Normie" Powell did not know he was not Dick's own son until the story broke.

"Normie" is Joan's son by a previous marriage to George Barnes, the cameraman. But he was so little when his parents separated that he knows just Dick as his father.

It was one of the unhappiest moments of Joan's life when she had to tell the little boy. I remember something that Fredric March once told me about his adopted children.

Freddy said: "As soon as they are old enough to understand what I am saying, Florence and I intend to tell the children that they are adopted."

"We want to spare them the heartache of learning the truth from other children some day. We want them to understand and to be proud that of all the children we could have had—we chose them because we loved them so much."

Paulette Goddard's overseas wardrobe weighed exactly five pounds and consisted of various and assorted bras and shorts and a few dresses—not one of which hit below her celebrated knees. Because there are no hairdressers where Paulette was heading—she very practically planned to wear her hair in pigtailed with colorful flowers for ornaments.

Did you ever have a Christmas party in the Spring?

I did—and I don't remember having more fun. It was a crazy idea planned to make up to Major Ross Shattuck (who has been overseas for two years) for missing out on two Christmases at home.

The fun started when I tried to buy a Christmas tree. Everybody looked at me as though I were absolutely crazy. But I soon got the ball rolling.

The Robert Youngs sent over a potted Cedar tree that was just exactly the right size—and they also sent along a Santa Claus centerpiece for the table. It was so funny putting Spring blossoms in the pot-bellied "Santy" and filling little red boots with sweet peas from the garden.

The evening was so balmy that by the time the guests started arriving, and we turned on the lights on the tree—the doors and windows were open.

Captain Clark Gable brought Kay Williams to the party.

The Herbert Marshalls arrived with a beautifully wrapped Christmas present which turned out to be an assortment of things from the Five and Dime store.

And just to keep in the spirit of the thing, Don Ameche mixed an eggnog. Unseasonable, but oh, so good!

Gene Tierney is radiantly beautiful since the birth of her daughter, Daria. I asked Gene where she ever got that name—it's unusual to say the least. "It was my great-grandmother's name," she explained, "I liked it because it is so unusual, and there's not much chance to make a nickname of it. I hate nicknames."

The baby weighs 14 pounds now, and the doctor says when she weighs 20 she will be big enough and strong enough to travel to Hollywood and be with Gene. She was so tiny and so fragile when she was born that she has never been taken out of the apartment in Washington where she is with her adoring grandmother.

It was her sixth-month wedding anniversary—and Maria Montez was the bluest gal in town. It's true she had received a nice fat letter from husband Jean Pierre Aumont—but that wasn't the same as having him home.

The doorbell rang, and Maria's maid came back quickly to say there was a man calling who had to deliver a certain package just to her alone.

Maria ran to the door. "Before Mr. Aumont went away," the stranger said, "he told me to mark this day well and to deliver this package to you with his love!"

It was an exquisite topaz set—clip, earrings and bracelet, all in true French taste, and engraved inside the bracelet was "My little wife."



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Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying . . . Quink with *solv-x* costs no more than ordinary high-acid inks. So don't take chances with that pen of yours. Give it the protection it deserves. Keep it out of the repair shop by filling it with Parker Quink, today! Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

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PARKER Quink the only ink containing *solv-x* 65

keep those honeymoon hands!

Presenting handsome hand hints that your Beauty
Dept. has collected from Hollywood. Here's the latest
on keeping your fingers lily-white, your nails a-sparkling!



■ When *he* held your hand 'twas soft and dainty. Then the gold band was slipped on third finger, left hand, to the strains of Lohengrin. You know the rest of the story . . . dishes to wash, beds to make, stoves to clean. Your lily-whites took on a red and angry tone. But cheer up . . . we've unearthed Hollywood hand-hints that will help you revive those honeymoon hands.

Now whoa, there. Don't all you MODERN SCREEN-ers, involved in everything from jam-making to arc-welding, go fractious and say that Hollywood stars do nothing to soil their dainty digits. That's where you're wrong. Hollywood-ites come fully equipped with children, houses (and housework!), gardens and dogs. Further, the stunts they have to do in assorted pictures would make arc-welding look like a picnic. Screen stars are between two fires—a job that musses 'em up plenty, while demanding that their hands look as if they never do a thing heavier than hemstitch a handkerchief.

How do they manage? Jane Wyman says it's done with good old soap, hot water and brushes. Says that, while all of us wash our hands a dozen times a day, it still takes a thorough scrubbing, preferably at night, from finger tips up to and including elbows. After this nightly soaping, Janey wipes her hand thoroughly, pushes back the cuticle at the base of each nail.

CREAM CUE. If you're a WIFE, a WAC or a WORKER, your hands get constantly into things that dry them out. After the washing and rinsing that Jane speaks up for, finish off by wringing your paws in hand cream (yes, go ahead—wring those hands *hard!*). One hand cream we dote upon is a rich, whipped-up job that lathers in well because of its smooth texture.

Evelyn Keyes, Columbia bright hope, may be coyly keeping a secret here . . . but it's no secret that the Keyes fingers are dainty and well-manicured.

PROTECTION PAYS. Use a protective cream when a-toiling at anything really messy. The worst of the dirt will give you the go-by, having no place to cling. Which is okay by you! And just listen to what one of these greaseless creams will do: You put it on before starting work. There's no sticky deposit. It seems to disappear . . . but really doesn't! Not at all, it's right there to keep grime and grease on the surface of the skin so that when clean-up whistle blows, it can be washed away like a flash without de-skinning yourself.

LOTION LURE. No "absentee hands" for you. Do all you can (for patriotism, as well as prettiness) to avoid 'em. Wear gloves when possible. But, gloved or not, use a good hand lotion before work and every time you wash. Keep a bottle handy, and several times a day smooth generously all over hands, wrists and even your arms. There's a particularly wonderful, pearly lotion, about the consistency of rich, creamy milk. It goes on with a silky texture, leaves a pleasant, almondy scent.

MANICURE MUSTS. What with creams, protectives and lotions keeping your hands so super-smooth, it's only fair that you should treat them regularly to a really bang-up manicure. Learn how by a glance at page 68. And here are some extra cues. For your shaping job, an emery board is really much gentler than a steel file—especially if your nails are thin. Incidentally, if your nails are fragile as egg-shells, it proves you're low on vitamins. Begin to enliven your menus with carrots, tomatoes, oranges.

Is there lacework around your cuticle? That means you're the careless type. But you're going to reform, aren't you? You won't use horse-and-buggy methods of cutting your cuticle. It's apt to be dangerous. Instead, you'll try a special liquid cuticle remover that's absolutely safe.

Lucille Ball thinks two coats of nail polish last longer than one, appear clearer in color, smoother in finish. But she says the second coat has no value if (Continued on page 105)



Use FRESH and stay fresher!

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

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

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

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





by Carol Carter

finger tips!

Just follow the directions given on our nail-care chart below. Result: one first-rate manicure for you!

For inspiration glance at Annie's lovely digits.

The musical opus, "Shine On, Harvest Moon," stars Ann Sheridan and her pretty, rosy-tipped fingers.



OFF WITH THE POLISH. Saturate a wedge of cotton in polish remover and do the trick. Be ultra-careful to re-cap the bottle of remover after you are finished, or you may find it empty next time. Warning: always use a liquid polish remover. Never, never, scrape and tear the old color off your nails. It's bad for them.



GET YOUR NAILS IN SHAPE. File them into graceful ovals with your emery board. Don't be over-zealous about cutting corners because you don't want dated, clawlike fingertips. Medium length nails help you to be your most efficient self these days, whether you keep company with a typewriter, kitchen sink or riveting machine.



SOAP AND WATER, HERE YOU COME! Fill up a basin with warm sudsy water and soak your paws for a few minutes before scrubbing them with a hand brush. (Of course you'll use a pure soap!) After hands and nails are scrupulously clean, dry them well. While the cuticles are softened, gently push them back with the edge of your towel.



NEXT, A GAY SHELLACKING OF POLISH. Over the initial coat of colorless polish foundation, apply the polish in four long, smooth strokes. For long-term endurance, go over the nails with a second polish coat. Later, give your fingertips a special overcoat to insure against chipping. Your nails will be a-sparkle for days and days.



SMOOTH OVER ROUGH SPOTS. Be sure to massage your hands with quantities of soothing lotion when the nails are dry. If redness and cracked fingertips are your present peevs, smother your neglected mitts in hand cream at bedtime and slip on cotton gloves overnight. Before embarking on a really messy job, apply a protective cream.

Maria Montez

IN "COBRA WOMAN" A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

ORIGINAL color harmony shades to accent the appeal of your lips...glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds, all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*...one dollar

ORIGINAL COLOR HARMONY SHADES FOR EVERY TYPE



BLONDE



BRUNETTE



BROWNETTE



REDHEAD



Max Factor - Hollywood

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



DONALD O'CONNOR

(Continued from page 44)

show world wagged. It was natural and right. His mother told Don this, and she said she ought to know. Hadn't she been in show business since she was five years old?

Jack and Billy chimed in, too. Billy had terrific comedy talent. He had ideas for a double with just his brother Jack, he said, and maybe this break could give him a chance to develop—maybe it was the answer to everything! Mom could stay in Hollywood with Don. She wasn't as young as she used to be, and a stay in the California sun would do her good, also a rest and a home that wasn't running on wheels. She deserved it. And that movie check—O'Connors could always use money. They were good arguments.

Jack said he and Billy could throw together a new act in jig time. Billy for comedy, Jack for stunts, and Jack's baby daughter, Patty, who even as a tot had a voice like Kate Smith, could still make it a family act. Maybe Millie, Jack's wife,

off the stage since an accident, could fill in a spot—anyway she could take care of the troupe. It ought to be a grand act.

"What's the name of this act?" Don wanted to know.

"Why, 'The O'Connor Family,' of course!" said Jack. "What else?"

Young Donnie grinned. "Okay," he said, "if you'll keep it that way, and save a spot for me. Where do we find this studio?" he asked.

mighty atom . . .

They found it over on Marathon Street in Hollywood. Paramount Studios, where Wesley Ruggles was getting ready to shoot "Sing You Sinners" with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray. At first, Don's small build almost lost him the chance before he got it. On the testing stage Ruggles saw how small he was. Because, for his age, 12, Don then looked like he might be eight. He was only four feet, eight inches tall. He was to grow four inches in hardly

more than a year, grow so amazingly beanstalk fast, in fact, that it was to toss him right out of his contract. But at that time the California sun hadn't got to work on Don. He was still a runt—a mighty atom.

But when they tried him on the songs, "Pocketful of Dreams" and "Small Fry" and saw how nimble he was at catching on to anything, Don's years of trouping paid off. The main doubt all along had been whether he could take the rough work. Because in "Sing You Sinners" Don was slated to play the part of a jockey and take some pretty dangerous spills in a race. He didn't look rugged enough, but when they brought that up, Don said nothing. He just went over to a side of the stage and tumbled across it with trick falls, somersaults and acrobatics like he'd been learning from his big brother all his young life. That convinced everybody quick.

Donald O'Connor came through nicely in his first picture, "Sing You Sinners."

TWO PROMINENT SOCIETY BEAUTIES TELL —how to choose your right summer powder shade

MISS CYNTHIA MCADOO, blonde, very charming, and very young, says, "Fair skin like mine turns a rich, rosy tan in summer—and ordinary sun-tan powders show up yellow, especially around the nose and mouth. The shade I love is Pond's Dreamflower 'Dusk Rose.' It has a soft glow that blends marvelously with my tan—makes my skin look smoother! If you're a blonde, choose Pond's 'Dusk Rose' for summer."

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

features 2 gorgeous shades for summer
DUSK ROSE—for rosy-tan blondes
DARK RACHEL for golden-tan brunettes
49¢, 25¢, 10¢

Pond's "LIPS" —stays on longer

Five wonderful shades that stay on
and on. Gay, flower-sprinkled
cases—49¢, 10¢.

MRS. LAWRENCE W. EARLE, a beautiful, starry-eyed brunette says, "Summer sun turns my brunette complexion a golden bronze. My favorite summer powder is Pond's deep golden 'Dark Rachel.' It makes my tan look richer and softer—and never gives that whitish, powdered look. I really think that Pond's Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel' is the ideal shade for sun-tanned brunettes!"



There were a lot of reasons. One was that Don was good. He could sing and act and read his lines like they were meant to be read. He had grit, too. He took nine falls at a barrier off a race horse until the cameraman got what he wanted. He won the admiration at once of Arthur Jacobson, the associate producer, and his part kept growing. And he captured the fancy of both Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray, the stars. They became pals.

Bing and Fred and tiny Don used to sit on the set between scenes and sing while Don played his accordion and showed them just what it was like to play the five-a-day. They used to toss gags at him and watch him bounce back with ad lib answers, like all seasoned vaudevillians can, from Fred Allen on down. They traded jokes and old minstrel nifties—the Joe Miller kind—that Don knew by heart.

Bing and Fred got a terrific kick out of it and decided that Don was an O.K. kid. The clambakes got to be such a daily habit on the set that Wesley Ruggles would shout, "All right, boys—when you finish the vaudeville show—how about starting this picture?"

It ended up with Don O'Connor getting third billing in the picture, a hit, and he stole his share of it from Bing and Fred. Before it was half through, he had a contract. He was in. For years after that Donald O'Connor called himself "Small Fry" for good luck. And up until a few weeks ago—until his new studio, Universal, decided it was bad publicity to continue—he signed all his fan autographs "Small Fry." Now he's signing them "Mister Big."

Those set shenanigans on his first picture banished 12-year-old Don's early misgivings that making pictures wasn't going to be fun. He had the time of his life, and it staved off the homesickness he knew he was going to feel some day for "the road"—his real home. He moved into a Hollywood bungalow court with Effie on DeLongpre Ave. and settled down to being a hard working movie star. That was no idle phrase. Suddenly more parts for the cocky undersized actor appeared on the Paramount schedule than he could handle. He did two and three at a time. He made 11 features in a little over a year.

He liked making "Men with Wings," the story of the Wright brothers, where he played Fred MacMurray as a boy and pal-ed around with him and Ray Milland. There was some excitement when a burning plane lit in a wheat field and set it on fire with Don up to his tiny neck in the stuff. It was fun, too, making his first starring picture, "Sons of the Legion," and co-starring in "Tom Sawyer, Detective." But the factory side of Hollywood studios began to make him restless.

The pictures rolled by—"Boy Trouble," "Night Work," "Million Dollar Legs," "Death of a Champion," "Beau Geste," and over to Warners' on loan for "On Your Toes" with Zorina. There he played the kid of an old vaudeville family—and it made Don homesick for his old irresponsible homelessness.

kokomo blues . . .

He'd get long letters from Billy and Jack all this time, out on the road again, and postcards from little Patsy. And each one would hand him a pang. He could see the footlights, hear the band tuning up and feel real live audiences rustling, daring him to make them applaud. Each letter or card came from a place he knew like the palm of his hand. He'd picture the O'Connor brothers backstage and in the hotel rooms that he could frame in his memory, and wonder where they were going after the show. He longed for the

ing lullaby of a Pullman berth and the midnight arrivals at brightly lighted stations, the roar of each city, every one different, each with its different pals to greet. He wanted to know, "How are all the kids in Kokomo?"

Don O'Connor had enough fun around Hollywood. He didn't particularly care for school on the set four hours a day, or even the Hollywood Professional School where he put in a term. He didn't like school—period. But he had some fun swimming and boxing at the Athletic Club and at the roller skating rink at the old Warner studio on Sunset Boulevard. There were a lot of cuties around he could kid with, and Bing Crosby would pedal over on his studio bike to see him on his set every time he made a picture.

road work . . .

But Don O'Connor missed the O'Connor Family. And all the big names and great actors in Hollywood couldn't make up for Billy and Jack and little Patsy. His mother sat on the set with him every day and got paid for it—Don was a minor—but she was bored, too. She missed the spiced existence of vaudeville life. After being on the road you felt like a vegetable in Hollywood. What was most swell about it to Don and Effie then was—that check. And it was good. Up around \$900 a week. Although, oddly enough, money had never meant a thing to the O'Connors. They'd never saved any because they put no premium on it. They made good checks for their acts on the big time—\$500 and \$600 a week for the family. And when it was gone, they were never really worried. The O'Connors could always work. They had a good act, and they were welcome. All it took was a wire or two and maybe some "get-away money." Don O'Connor grew up firmly believing that line, "he who steals my purse, steals trash." He had a contempt for riches. And he still has today. If the law hadn't forced half of his earnings into a trust fund, he'd have come away from Paramount cheerfully broke. Just as today, the money that passes automatically into the same fund is just the same as if Don had never earned it. A while back, he got a studio bonus of \$1500. Don cashed the check in 150 ten-dollar bills and carried it around with him. That was real money; he could feel it in his pocket, although much more goes into his accounts every month. Pretty soon, by the way, the \$1500 vanished.

So—back when his first Hollywood star flared and then died—Donald O'Connor had little cash money—and no regrets—when the bad news came. It was logical: The wardrobe man said he was too big for his britches—Wesley Ruggles told him the truth when he jerked him out of "Invitation to Happiness." "You're too big. Grown too fast. There aren't any 'awkward age' parts." He knew it wasn't his fault, because he'd never held up a take once in his life, and his fan mail was swelling. He blamed it on the California sun that he should shoot up four inches in a little over a year. But Don wasn't sorry.

He felt let down, of course. Everyone does—even an actor—when he loses a job. For a few days Don was lost and despondent. He was still only a kid—almost 14. There were plenty of other studios in Hollywood, and jobs he could have got—because he'd done all right at Paramount, and the other studios knew it. Independents and smaller outfits would have welcomed Don and found something for him. But even though he was a kid, he was wise. Before Paramount dropped his option, he told his mother, "If they let me go, I'll leave this town and go on the road. Then, when I get past that awkward hump—I'll come back and wow 'em." He meant

PLAY SAFE!

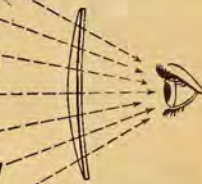
COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES
KEEP YOUR EYES IN THE

"SAFETY
ZONE!"

SUMMER OR WINTER SUNLIGHT

may be hard on your eyes, for some sun glasses—regardless of how "dark they are"—admit annoying and harmful rays.

Here's what happens when Sun Glasses provide no Zone of Safety



BUT COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES

—made by American Optical*—provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." For these A. O. glasses have lenses made from specially compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays and excessive light. The "Safety Zone" of Cool-Ray Sun Glasses keeps your eyes cool and comfortable.

Here's how Cool-Ray Sun Glasses provide the "Safety Zone"



A. O. COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES

do something else. They admit plenty of "seeing" rays—light that lets you see more comfortably and without annoyance. A. O. Cool-Ray Sun Glasses are being supplied to our armed forces—so the civilian supply is limited. They're \$1.95 up.



COOL-RAY
SUN GLASSES

Provide "The Safety Zone"



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COMPANY

*World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

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**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

Many loyal year-round friends of Tampax first discovered it in summer. Tampax is monthly sanitary protection based on the principle of *internal absorption*. You need no pins, belts or external pads when you use Tampax. There isn't a "line" to show under the thinnest dress. Tampax can cause no odor or chafing. And it actually may be worn while swimming in ocean or pool!

When you are wearing Tampax it is really *invisible*. There is nothing external to hamper you or to "show" . . . The Tampax principle has been long known but its general application to women's monthly use represents a truly modern development in sanitary protection. Long-fibered, highly absorbent cotton is compressed in a one-time-use applicator, made so efficiently that the Tampax can be inserted quickly and daintily. You can change it readily and dispose of it easily.

Tampax is sold at drug stores and notion counters in three absorbencies—Regular, Super and Junior. Month's average supply costs 29¢. Economy box provides 4 months' supply for 98¢. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
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RECOMMENDED BY A BOARD OF WOMEN
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
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Accepted for Advertising by the
Journal of the American
Medical Association



it. From the minute he walked out of Paramount's gates, Don's mind was made up. He never saw another studio, never made even a phone call for another job. And something else—a coincidence—helped Don carry through his decision to leave Hollywood clean. The same week Paramount dropped him from the payroll, the O'Connor Family—what was left of it—rolled into town—Jack and Billy and Patsy and Millie. When they tramped in the bungalow court, laughing and happy, full of plans and breezy with tales of the vaudeville circuits, Don felt like he'd just burst out of a stuffy room into fresh air and sunshine.

"Sure you're going to join us," they welcomed. "You're coming back where you belong. And listen—with the name you've made in Hollywood—why, we'll be terrific. Look—here's how we'll bill it. 'The O'Connor Family with Donald O'Connor!'"

Don's brief case of the blues vanished. They wired for bookings, and the theaters snapped them up. The O'Connor family, in force rolled out onto the broad highway, laughing and cracking jokes and singing "Happy Days Are Here Again." Don hadn't even thought how he'd fit into the act again. But as they drove along the highway to San Francisco, they planned that, too. He'd do his "Small Fry" scene, the one that had made him famous, with Bing Crosby in his first picture. In San Francisco "Donald O'Connor" went up in bright lights on the marquee. But so did "The O'Connor Family."

They rolled on East, playing as they went—Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago. And movie offers caught up with Don everywhere he stopped. One-picture jobs, spots and bits here and there. Good money, all of them, but to Don they were just buzzards winging after the dead Hollywood stardom he'd outgrown.

From Chicago Don and the O'Connors ran down to Danville to see Uncle Will and Aunt Josie and the O'Connor cousins in their "home town." They had money in their pockets and plenty of booking offers. In fact, the reason they went to Danville was to prepare for a foreign jaunt. A contract was on its way for the O'Connor Family, and Don was to leave at once for Australia on tour. They went "home"—the only home they knew—to rehearse the act they'd take abroad. As usual, whenever the O'Connors hit Danville, they played the local theater. This time, after Don's movie fame, the whole town turned out. It was nearing Christmas and excitement, merriment and good will surrounded them. Happy days had indeed come again.

hidden pain . . .

Then one night after the show. Billy O'Connor said he felt funny. He went home to bed, and the next morning he had a raging fever. The doctor said "scarlet fever." Some neighbor kids had it, but nobody had paid much attention. That was the week before Christmas. Billy died a week later, the day after Christmas. He was just 26.

For the first time in his life Don shared in the O'Connor family grief. The early deaths of his baby brothers and sisters had taken place before he was born. The tragic ends of Arlene and his father were before he knew what it was all about. But when Billy went, something happened to Don.

Everyone had loved Billy O'Connor. He was that kind of a boy. Full of life, merry, a natural born comedian bursting with talent. He had coal black hair and gray eyes, a husky build and all the good nature and confidence in the world. Had he lived, Don swears he'd have been another Billy

Hope. Billy was closer to Don than any one else in the O'Connor family. Don copied, admired and worshipped Billy. Billy had taught Don a million stage tricks. He tossed him around the stage as a baby and made him learn his profession and learn it right, for Billy was serious about being funny. He kidded about everything, as Don does today, but he was good, as Don is, too. So when he died, it was like losing half of Don O'Connor's self.

Don never made much fuss about his grief. Even the family never knew exactly how he felt because he wouldn't say anything, even to them. But they found a letter he had written to a pal of his, another vaudeville kid. Don had forgotten to mail it. In that, they read how Billy's death had affected Don.

"I'll always remember Billy as he was—alive and happy," Don wrote. "But I feel like part of me had died, and I guess that's how all of us feel. I wonder if the O'Connor family will ever be the same again."

Don's dark doubts were not idle ones. He was right. From the minute of Brother Billy's death, the O'Connor family never was the same again. Ill-luck fastened on to it like the Old Man of the Sea, and all that was left of what had once been a big, robust family of nine, had shriveled to three, and Don O'Connor, the baby, was only 15 years old! They had never stared into this tragic reality before—but when Billy died two things happened: The O'Connors realized that the Family Act was just hanging by the ropes. And, what was left of it rested mainly on the slim

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 87 and the third on page 97. 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. 84 is average for the somewhat easier quiz this month. For the answers, turn to page 117, but don't look before you're finished. Peeking spoils the fun.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Sinatra's dearest enemy
2. Bowen Charleston III
3. Cover Girl
4. Wears Croix de Guerre
5. Successor to Dr. Kildare
6. Stars on ice
7. Honey-haired, honey-voiced
8. Lou Gehrig
9. Austrian diplomat
10. Tooted by James
11. Cornell's Romeo
12. Altona's bid to fame
13. The boy from Van Buren
14. Seaman's sweetheart
15. First role snagged an Oscar
16. Spaghetti-twirler
17. Crazy over hosses, hosses, hosses
18. Mayo Methot's
19. Oona's predecessor
20. Teen-aged newcomer

(Next set of clues on page 87)

"You'll find this
luxurious Beauty Bath
makes you feel
like *New!*"

*Dorothy
Lamour*

Starring in Paramount's
"AND THE ANGELS SING"

Dorothy Lamour gives you a beauty tip you'll want to follow! "Without daintiness no other charm counts," she tells you, "and a daily Lux Soap bath makes you *sure*. The rich, velvety lather caresses skin so gently, leaves it fresh, really *sweet*. You'll find this ACTIVE-LATHER bath a wonderful pick-up. You step out feeling like a million!" Just try it and see!



SCREEN STARS ARE
RIGHT! A LUX SOAP
BEAUTY BATH IS
SO REFRESHING,
LEAVES SKIN **SWEET**—
DELICATELY PERFUMED!

FIGHT WASTE

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

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

the
difference
is

IMRA
COSMETIC DEPILED

Keep your legs
- glamorous, free of
unwanted hair, with
IMRA*. This exquisite
cream depilatory
removes superfluous
hair sweetly! No bad
smell. No razor nicks.
No ugly razor bristle.

Just smooth it on.
Later...rinse it off.
Such a difference!
Skin is hair-free as
alabaster. Lovely!
Try IMRA today!
At fine drug and
department stores.
Large 4½-oz. size

\$1

(plus Fed. tax)

BUY WAR BONDS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
U. S. PAT. PEND.

boy-shoulders of Donald. They weren't sturdy enough to hold off the weight of bad luck that came along.

draped in 8-balls . . .

Billy's death killed the Australia trip. The O'Connors laid off two weeks in Danville and tried to collect their thoughts and their courage and make a decision. A New York offer made it for them. It offered Patsy a part in "Panama Hattie," then a solid musical show hit on Broadway, with Ethel Merman. Patsy was to take Joan Carroll's part, when that kiddie star discovery trotted out to Hollywood and the movie gold mines. There was no mention of any other O'Connor. Nobody said anything, but everybody realized that from now on the O'Connor Family was mostly a name. Everyone would be on his own.

But they all went to New York. Patsy, Don's niece, but much more like his sister, like all the O'Connors, was born with talent in every inch of her body. She had a wonderful voice, was clever and cute and caught on quickly. As a tiny tot she had beat Don to Hollywood by five years, going to Fox studios for "Redheads on Parade," but getting nowhere much afterwards, because a little dimpled goddess named Shirley Temple was right on the same lot.

Patsy had the only job in the O'Connor family for a while. But soon Jack and Don teamed up in a vaudeville double and "turkeyed" again around New York and the East, playing the small towns, with split weeks and one-night stands for lunch-money, compared to Don's Hollywood salary—and that had stopped now by only a few months. If the comedown hurt Don, he never let on. One thing Effie and Jack knew—Hollywood hadn't made Donald O'Connor one bit high-hat or know-it-all. He still came to them and asked for advice on this and that bit of vaudeville business. They were still his teachers—his only teachers—as the O'Connors had always been for Don. And he stayed cheerful, although the breaks went from bad to worse.

First Jack ran into a quinsy throat and went to the hospital for a long stay. That broke up the act. Then Jack's wife, Millie, had to undergo a serious operation. Patsy, the meal ticket, began to grow on Broadway as Don had in Hollywood. She grew right out of her job in "Panama Hattie," and when it went on the road, they included her out. Then Patsy, too, immediately came down with a serious strep throat and landed in Roosevelt Hospital. There was a time when everyone was sick except Don and his mother, and nobody working—not even Don. His vaudeville act was gone. He was still too young by law to work alone in night clubs. The bills piled up. When the various O'Connors crept convalescent out of bed, weak and shaky, they put the family act back together again, but it wasn't what it used to be.

There weren't any vaudeville dates. Vaudeville was in one of its many sinking spells. The O'Connors played anything they could get. They were in hock to friends for hospital bills, and the hotel clerks were getting nasty. Times were tough—plenty. Sometimes they skipped a meal, and at the Plymouth Hotel, where Don and his mother stayed, they looked down the street once in time to see a desperate girl leap from the 20th story window to the pavement below. It made them look at each other.

But in that crucible of tough times Donald O'Connor found himself being forged into a man, even though he was only 16 years old. The turning point in his life, he thinks, on looking back, was when

Billy died, and the realization arrived that things were up to him—little Donnie. For the first time in his life he had sober thoughts, he knuckled down, he grew up. He worked. It had all been fun and a lark and easy pickin' before. But now Don carried the act, and he had to measure up to it. Two years of this had made him ready for really important Broadway star jobs. Only there weren't any jobs.

So the O'Connors went back to Illinois, as they always did when trouble was double. Back to the haven of Uncle Will's big house for a brief rest, and then to the country club in Peru, run by the old family friends, who always came up with a job for cakes and coffee when that was what the O'Connors needed most. That was in November, and for the first time in their lives the Christmas holidays were coming on again, and this time there were no bookings for the O'Connors. Christmas had always been big O'Connor family fun up until lately. They'd always doll up their dressing room with colored lights wherever they played and even hauling a tree. But last season it was Billy's death, and as another New Year approached, there seemed to be about as much future for them as there is for a turkey the day before Thanksgiving. Things couldn't go on like that. They had to make some decision.

This time Don knew the decision they made would have to be something daring and different. It couldn't be just another reforming of the ranks and setting out again on the vaudeville circuits. The O'Connor Family was still an act—but that was all. After all these years it was crumbling fast. They had to make a new decision—and again a telegram made it for them.

A friend of the family, their agent in Hollywood, Colton Cronin, had run across a movie job for Donnie that fit like an acrobat's tights. Universal was brewing up "What's Cookin'?" and needed a new Mickey Rooney. Cronin also was up on the fortunes of the O'Connors and knew that when times got tough, they'd do almost any show job to get out of debt. He wired, "Have offer for Donald Universal Studios," and he named the salary. It was good.

blue christmas . . .

That news reached the O'Connors on December 7, 1941. Some other news reached them the same day: The Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor.

Neither item that day hinted of the significant change both would bring in the life of Donald O'Connor.

Don had to wire back the truth: The O'Connors couldn't make the cross-continent jump in the financial state they were in. And as usual, where Don went, the O'Connors still went—even if there was work only for Don. "Wire getaway money," he told the agent, "and we'll come."

It came back—\$100.

That was about all the O'Connors had to carry them—five of them—from Peru, Illinois, to Hollywood. And they had just five days to get there. Trains were out of the question. They just didn't have the fare. They greased up the old car and set out.

That's a trip Don O'Connor will remember a long time. The last jump of the O'Connor Family, all of them together—Effie, Jack, Don, Millie and Patsy, all crowded into the car, racing across the country to Hollywood. Winter was breaking over the plains and the mountains they had to cross. Rain mixed with sleet and turned into snow. They huddled together, wet and not too well fed by day and shivered in flimsy auto camps and



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motels at night. The old auto creaked and rattled and groaned and slithered on the wintry highways—but it kept going. It had to—the five-day deadline was being whittled down.

Coming into Albuquerque, New Mexico, they noticed streams of cars with California licenses passing them, headed East. Some had beds strapped on the top, and furniture and trunks lashed to the sides. All were bulging with people and their worldly goods.

At Albuquerque a negro at a gas station filling their tank chattered through the icy wind. "You-all goin' to California? Bettah not. No-suh. Ev'body in California's comin' through here—headin' East. De wah! Japs gonna bomb California." He shook his head solemnly. "You-all goin' to a b-a-d place!"

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Below is one of this month's prize-winners:

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several years ago I had a bit part in an Orson Welles play. Mr. Welles thought a white spotlight, focused on us, would be very flattering. I bravely spoke up and suggested that blue and amber would be much kinder. Mr. Welles promptly replied by having all my three lines in the play cut down to one.

Anne Carlsen,
New York, N. Y.

The O'Connors had to laugh at that, in spite of their weariness and low spirits. "All we need now," said Don, "is a good bombing!" Their old happy-go-lucky mood flared up, and the O'Connor family rolled over the pass into California, back on the beam. Back in Hollywood and broke, but what did that matter? They arrived on Christmas Eve, and they had a Merry Christmas in the old bungalow court where they'd always lived in Hollywood, all five of them. The sun was shining that day and the next day, too, the day Don was due to show up at the studio. Don had a hunch he'd be starting the New Year right. He wasn't wrong.

Universal had assembled a bunch of juvenile talent for "What's Cookin'?" A sort of "Best Foot Forward" idea. The story wasn't much, but the talent was. And it was just this talent which Donald O'Connor had in bunches, that made him a hit in the picture, made him stand out and let him carry through his second Hollywood break to star again for the second time. All he had was a one-picture job. That one picture had to win him a contract or they'd be back on the boards.

now too weak to hold the O'Connor clan.

Oddly enough, what did it was a scene that he blew higher than a kite! It was with Gloria Jean, a long bit of dialogue, written stuff, that has always been hard for Don to memorize—somebody else's stuff. He wasn't particularly nervous before a camera, but he forgot the lines. So he blew it, but kept right on ad libbing as he had always done on the stage, getting funnier and funnier and piling laughs on top of one another. The camera kept running, and the director, Charlie Lamont, knew a good scene when he saw it. He kept it in the picture, and that scene was the one that made a hit for Don O'Connor at the preview.

jack pot . . .

But that lucky bit of accidental business meant far more than a hit in "What's Cookin'?" It meant more than preview cards calling Don O'Connor "another Mickey Rooney." More than a term contract that came when the Universal big shots saw what they had in Don O'Connor. It was the premium payment that insured Donald O'Connor's later solid hits which today have made him the hottest young star in Hollywood, the fan mail king of Universal and the phenomenal young wizard who has been a star twice, to astound Hollywood.

Because from then on in every picture he made—"Private Buckaroo," "Give Out Sisters," "Get Hep to Love," "It Comes Up Love," "Johnny Comes Marching Home"—and even in "Mister Big," Don O'Connor ad libbed more and more, and Charlie Lamont, his prize director, gave him more and more rein, letting Don fool around and rewrite his own lines, slip in his own gags and bits of business that were second nature to a show-kid. In fact, in "Johnny Comes Marching Home," Don got going with that seasoned vaudeville talent of his and hopped up not only his own part but the part of about every other young actor in the picture. And that had a lot to do with the hit it made.

don does a little home cookin' . . .

Nobody is a bit surprised any more on a Donald O'Connor set to see a scene about to roll, and then hear Don yell to his director, "Charlie—I've got something! Keep the cameras rolling." What it is Don has no one ever knows—not even his director. Sometimes they can't even see it, but people have learned by now not to be too baffled—when Don says he has something—he's usually not kidding.

The biggest laugh, for instance, in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" came from a Don O'Connor quick idea that stayed hidden right up to the preview. "I got one for you!" Don had cried, and Charlie Lamont had said, "Okay, we'll keep them running." Don climbed in the taxi set in full dress and top hat surrounded by three beauties, Gloria Jean, Jane Frazee and Peggy Ryan—all in fur coats. There wasn't much to the scene, and when it was over, Lamont asked:

"What was it, Don? I didn't see anything."

"Wait till you see the picture," said Don. Lamont saw the scene in the rushes. Nothing gave. He was still puzzled. But he'd had too much experience with Don's hunches not to leave it in. And at the preview when the scene came on, there was a titter from the crowd, a growing snicker, some out-and-out laughs and finally a roar. Lamont was still fairly mystified. All there was, was Don slumped down in a frame of fur coats with his top hat tilted square on his head, and looking stupid. But all you could see was that face buried in fur coats, and there was something about it—something very funny.

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There have been a lot of things responsible for Donald O'Connor's big hit in Hollywood this time—sympathetic directors like Lamont, a fatherly producer like Ken Goldsmith, who died of a heart attack right before "Top Man" and made Don feel as though he had suffered another death in the family. There have been talented girls like Gloria Jean and Peggy Ryan to balance his comedy and plenty of good tunes, dances and production money, too. Every picture Don has made since "Mister Big" has been brought back for scores of added scenes and an almost doubled budget.

But what is really behind his success is the wonderful feel that Don has for audiences. He plays into the camera like he was on a stage. What he's really got is a show business "savvy" that was born with him, grew up and will stay with him all his life.

In other words, what Donald O'Connor has is a feeling for the stage boards that is innate in the O'Connor family.

That's why, even though the act is scattered now, it's still as real to Don as if it were to open next week at the Orpheum. Actually, the last time the O'Connor family—what was left of it—trode the boards was at the Golden Gate Theater in San Francisco. That was right after "What's Cookin'?" was finished, and that was where the agent's wire came, "Universal wants a contract. You're in!"

But all the O'Connors are still all within a nickel phone call of Don. Effie, his mother, lives with him. Jack has just signed a contract at Warner Brothers, and Millie is busy taking care of both her husband and Patsy, a starlet at Universal who can sing, dance and act like a trouper. So while they're not before the footlights, the O'Connor family is still in there—plugging.

Now there's a new member of the O'Connor Family. At first, Don had a heavy case on Gloria Jean, gave her a gold bracelet with "I Love You" engraved inside and everything. But about a year ago that wound up in the "just good friends" state, when Don met a petite 16-year-old named Gwen Carter. Now, a year later, she's his wife.

As Don O'Connor found himself nearing the draft age, he started thinking about what he could do in the Big Scrap. He'd already entertained at camps and hospitals and over the air on benefits and bond drives, and his hobby of tearing down and rebuilding old jalopies gave Don an idea. Something mechanical was his best bet for defense.

So he started skipping his Saturday night dates with Gwen and traveled 200 miles from Hollywood every Sunday for flying lessons, and every spare hour away from Universal he went to Cal-Aero Tech in nearby Burbank. By now Don knows his airplanes, and Uncle Sam's training him to be a pilot.

Playing the Hitler-Hirohito circuit, Don will be leaving Gwen and the family and Hollywood, too, for the duration. Besides shelving a flock of Universal epics, domestic bliss with Gwen and Mom O'Connor's hot biscuits, Donald will be putting off his dreams of a dozen things he wants to do such as write, direct and produce his own pictures.

What's more, it means that Donald O'Connor, when he returns on that wonderful Day of Victory, will have to make himself another comeback in Hollywood.

It's a large enough order building two starring careers from scratch like Don O'Connor has already done. A three-star movie triumph is not only unheard of so far, it's out of this Hollywood world.

But if any family can produce such a miracle man, I'll bet on the O'Connors. They've got what it takes from away back

DEAREST MOM

(Continued from page 54)

skipped a beat, because—in common with most healthy males—Jack's everyday sentiments on the subject of doctors didn't bear repeating.

The doctor had come and listened with his stethoscope and put it slowly away, while they both waited. "Can you take it, Jack?" he asked.

"Anything you have to tell me."

"Well, you've got a bum ticker. It's wearing itself out."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning if you sit on your porch and take life easy, you can live your years out."

Nell had wired Des Moines, asking Ronnie if he could get home for a few days. Having the boys around always chirped their dad up. Ronnie laid down the law to him—or tried to. Jack grinned. "Lookahere, young fella, you can't kill an Irishman with an axe. Anyway, I'd rather rush out than rust out."

He'd been pretty good though—for Jack. And out here in California he was like a new man. All his life he'd had to keep his nose close to the grindstone. Now it was as though he were lifting it for the first time. "I never knew there were birds before," he told Nell. "I never knew there was anything so pretty as a flower."

He kind of hankered after a garden. But Nell and Ronnie were of two minds—afraid if he had one, he might try to do too much. Ronnie was living with them now—he'd taken an apartment large enough for all three. He'd begun going out with Jane Wyman—the pretty little girl in "Brother Rat"—but he still took the folks to LaRue's every Sunday night for spaghetti and meatballs.

just like the girl . . .

Nell couldn't help wondering whether Jane and Ronnie were in love. She knew Ronnie's theory about the girl he was going to marry—he'd mentioned it often enough. "Some day she'll come zipping around the corner, and the minute I see her, I'll know she's the one."

He'd never said Jane was the one. "A good scout," he'd called her affectionately. "Loads of fun to be with." Not love talk exactly. It was none of her business, of course, but show her the mother who wouldn't speculate—especially as they seemed to be seeing more and more of each other. All she wanted for Ronnie was a girl who'd love him the way she loved Jack.

She didn't know then what we know—the story Jane's told—how she fell in love first—(Ronnie always contradicts her: "It's just that you found out first")—how she thought he'd never wake up—how the final blow came when she was laid low in the hospital, and his flowers would arrive with some such ardent message as, "Hope you're feeling better. Ronald." Ronald! That was when she swept flowers and card from the bed, turned her face to the wall and gave up.

That was the night Nell heard Ronnie pacing. Up and down, back and forth. She tried to shut it out, she didn't want to butt in, but every time she unplugged her ears, there it was again. At last she slipped into her robe and knocked at his door.

"Come in, Nelly. I've been wanting to talk to you."

He told her that he'd gone to the hospital after work to see Jane. Her sister had come to the door. "Jane doesn't want to see you."

"But that's crazy. Why not?"

Then, the funniest look had come over her face. "If you don't know, Ronnie, it's



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most certainly not up to me to tell you."

As she closed the door, a door in his mind seemed to open. Could she mean—? Well, what else could she mean?

"I didn't know I loved Jane, Mother. But I just can't see myself going on without her. Do you think that's love?"

"I don't know what else it would be, son."

You'd have thought she'd handed him a million dollars, the way his face lit up. His eyes whirled to the clock. "I suppose it's too late to go down there now!"

"Three o'clock? I doubt if they'd let you in. But I wouldn't waste any time tomorrow."

He had to work next day, too, but he went to the hospital straight from the studio and didn't get home till they'd finished dinner. All you had to do was look at him, agrin from ear to ear. But they pretended not to notice a thing, they let him say it—"Jane and I are going to be married"—before Mom fell on his neck, and Dad pumped his arm off.

When Jane was well again, he brought her over. Nell felt a little shy at first—you know how it is when your son brings his bride home, and you're not really very well acquainted with her. But Jane fixed that. Nell had gone to the bedroom to powder her nose or something and was sitting at the dressing table when Jane walked in. Jane—the wisecracking baby who hates soft-talk—flung herself down beside Ronnie's mother. "Oh, Nelly, Nelly, I love him so. I think I've been waiting for him all my life."

Stroking the soft hair, Nell smiled out into space as if she were thanking someone. "That's all I wanted to know."

As for Jane and Jack, they clicked from the first; they talked the same language. It was Jack who said as he kissed Jane after the wedding: "Don't take Dutch away from us." Coming from Jack, who didn't like to show you his heart, that moved Jane deeply.

"Everything's going to be just the same." And it was.

The wedding was in January. In March Nell and Jack moved into the little house the children bought for them. With Jane and Ronnie, it was never my money or yours, it was always ours. They'd sent Dad scouting around to look for a place. Nell had made only two stipulations. "I want it just big enough for the two of us. And I want a view. There's no sense living in California without a view."

One day he'd come home and said: "I've found it, Nell. Just big enough for the two of us, and on a clear day you can see the ocean."

family rib . . .

They all take comfort in remembering that that last year of his life was absolutely perfect. Maybe he did too much—but that was part of what made it perfect. "If you're going to make me twiddle my thumbs," he'd said, "I'd as lief be dead. While I've got my breath, let me know I'm alive." So they'd let him do as he pleased—within reason.

The garden was his joy. He'd be out in it every morning, and not a shrub or a flower or a little vine pushed up that he didn't reach down and pat. He planted and pruned and fertilized. He built a bird-bath. It got so that, if Nell wanted anything, she found it the better part of wisdom to keep her mouth shut. Like the time she said, "Be nice to have a trellis over there."

"Cost too damn much," Jack growled. Things had cost too damn much for so long, it was hard to get used to spending money.

One day she came home from church to find the trellis built. Of course he shouldn't have done it himself, but she

couldn't help being delighted with it. "Dug it right out of your pants pocket for me, didn't you, Dad?"

He grinned a little sheepishly. That was a family rib of long standing. "Think I'm made of money?" he used to growl at the kids when they'd ask for a handout, even while his hand searched in his pocket for the quarter.

the last sweet sleep . . .

There was that marvelous trip to South Bend with Ronnie and the Knute Rockne company. She could see him now, dropping into his big chair by the radio the day he got back. It was the only time he ever alluded of his own accord to what the doctors had told him. "I've had everything now. I've seen Dutch get to be a star. Oh, I know the studio hasn't made him one yet, but the folks back there did. I wish you could have heard the welcome they gave him, Nell. Far as I'm concerned, nothing'll ever top it. I'm ready to go any time now—"

He was like a kid about the property Jane and Ronnie bought up on the hill. Even before it was cleared, he'd drive up every day and try to visualize how it was going to look. The children brought their blueprints to show him, and no man was ever prouder than when Jane said: "You've done such wonders with your own garden, Jack, so Ronnie and I want you to plan our landscaping for us."

Last and best of all, he had Maureen for four months. It was funny about Jack. Before their own children were born, he'd say to Nell: "If it's not a boy, out you go." Yet he wanted his grandchild to be a girl. Ronnie wanted a girl, too, because he'd always hankered after a sister. But he wouldn't tell Jane, because Jane wanted a boy. For Ronnie's sake. She had it fixed in her mind that every man wanted a boy, and that Ronnie was going to be disappointed with a girl. So they got themselves good and mixed up.

When Ronnie came in after the baby was born, first thing Jane did was set up a wail. "Oh, Ronnie, it's a girl, and we wanted a boy, and we haven't even got a name for a girl—"

And Ronnie, racking his brain for comfort, came up with this: "Now, Janey, just think—when she gets to be a young lady and walks up the aisle and I give her away—just think—well, think how lovely she'll look in your wedding gown."

That almost finished Jane, weak as she was. But after a while they got to explaining how they really felt about girls, which was such a load off Jane's mind that she dropped asleep and left Ronnie talking.

Jack had been too busy earning a living to fool around with his own babies. Now he seemed bent on getting out of Maureen all the fun he'd missed. Almost as if he knew it wouldn't be for long.

Every day he'd stop in. "Where's that grandkid of mine?" And he'd sit by the hour with the baby in his arms. He must have had a pull with the nurse—got around her somehow with that blarneying Irish tongue of his.

"Held the baby today," he'd tell Nell.

"Not in that old leather jacket, I hope."

"The same. And without any damn gauze over my face, either."

He died in April. Jane and Ronnie had been called East on business. On their way to the train they'd stopped to say good-by, and Ronnie did something he'd never done before. Nell and Jack had come out to the doorstep to wave them off. Ronnie was about to follow Jane into the car, when suddenly he turned and came back to kiss Mom and shake Dad's hand again. But his last word out of the car window was for Dad. "Remind me to tell you

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Lana Turner

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Nestle HAIRLAC

"when I get back. Don't let me forget—"
Dad never heard the story. He died one
night after a day in the garden. Nell had
looked out once and seen him standing
there, eyes fixed on the horizon. "Tired,
Dad?"

He'd turned and smiled. "No. Just en-
joying myself."

Neil and Bessie, his wife, were with Nell
when the end came. Jane and Ronnie got
back just as fast as they could.

The boys hadn't wanted her to stay in
the house alone, but she wouldn't have
left it for anything in the world. Janey,
being a woman, understood. "Here's one
time," said Jane, "when nobody's feelings
matter except Nell's. If it makes her feel
better to stay, that's all there is to it."

She's had people with her from time to
time, but to tell the truth, she's just as
pleased to see them go. "When I'm alone,"
she explains to the children, "Dad's right
here in his big chair listening to the
radio—I can even see the top of his head
passing the window." Sometimes she
laughs at the look on their faces. "Don't
worry. I'll never reach the point where
I'm talking to myself. Only please don't
take my closeness to Dad away from me."

Jane did the loveliest thing that Christ-
mas. "Jane," says Nell, "never does things
by littles, always by bigs." She's got to
explain first that, in all the years she lived
with Jack, she never chose any of the
furniture. He hated feminine doodads
around the house. They made him so
miserable that Nell found she could stand
the kind of furniture he liked better than
she could stand his misery. Dark, heavy,
substantial stuff with no nonsense about
it. Stuff to use, not to touch with kid
gloves.

Only once she'd revolted—when he
brought home a monstrous bookcase that
would have crowded everything else out
of her living room. Thought she'd be so
pleased with his surprise—got it cheap
from a neighbor. She'd wept that time,
and Jack had just stood there agape, like
a child that's been slapped, heaven knew
what for. He got rid of the bookcase,
though.

Jane offered to help Nell shop for the
new house. Jane has exquisite taste—you
have only to look at her own home to
realize that. "But it wouldn't be any use,
Janey," said Nell. "Jack wouldn't like
what we like, and I want him to have this
place his way."

Well, the day before Christmas Neil and
Bessie got her out on some pretext and
kept her out—and when she opened her
door late that afternoon, the first thing
to catch her eye was the loveliest flowered
chair and stool. For a second she thought
she was in the wrong place—till Jane's
head and Ronnie's popped up from behind
a new sofa.

They'd done the whole place over in the
cheerful colors she loved. Janey's idea
it had been and Janey's work, and—bless
her understanding heart—she'd left un-
touched the one thing Nell would have
hated to see touched—Dad's big chair by
the radio.

good sport . . .

That was the month of Pearl Harbor.
Ronnie was in the cavalry reserve, so
they knew he'd be called pretty soon.
But knowing it and actually having it
happen were somehow two different
things. So Nell disgraced herself that day
she went out to Warners' to watch him
do a scene for "Desperate Journey."

"Look at your son," he said. That's what
Ronnie always said when something spe-
cial happened. "Look at your son—he's
going into the Army."

Nell's no weeper, and if she had been,
her boys would have cured her. The first
time he left home for college, Ronnie



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wrote: "When I picked Sam and Ed up, their mothers were hollerin' an' bellerin'—and, gosh, I was proud of you, Nell. You sent me off with a smile."

That was her cue. No matter how often she'd felt like crying, she'd pin the smile on her face—anyway, till they'd gone.

But this time—"Oh, no!" said Nell, and down went her face against his arm.

In the dressing room later, he said: "I'm a dope, Nelly. But I thought if I told you in front of all those people, you'd show 'em how brave you are."

"It was just the first shock." She tried to smile. "Want to go out and tell me all over again?"

She knew Ronnie'd make a good soldier, because he hated cruelty which was what the enemy stood for. Even at an age when boys are often thoughtlessly tormenting, Ronnie could never bear to hurt anything. For instance, Neil once learned a trick he thought pretty smart. If you whacked a guy across the muscle of his upper arm, he'd yell blue murder. Nell walked in one day just as he'd tried it on his kid brother. Ronnie stood there, fists clenched, eyes blazing. "Gee whiz, I could kill you!"

"Stay right where you are, Neil," their mother ordered. "Now, Ronnie, you hit him just as hard as he hit you."

As Ronnie advanced, she could see the anger draining out of him. For form's sake, he delivered a tap that wouldn't have bothered a chick, muttered, "Nuts," and went back to his book.

like father like . . .

Maureen's past three now and knows there's sadness in the world and doesn't like it. Nell generally goes up for an hour each morning and often takes care of her on Nanny's day out, when Jane's working. One day she asked Maureen if she might have some of her toys for the little sick children she visits in hospitals.

"Sick in bed?" Nell nodded. Maureen disappeared into her room, returned loaded, dumped the toys into Nell's lap and her head after them and burst into tears.

"Why, darling, what's the matter?"

"Those little sick children. Make them end happy."

No matter how blissfully a story ends, Maureen insists on her own patented windup. To every tale Nell reads her, she's got to add: "And they're all happy." It's generally a duet. "AND—" says Nell—"they're all happy," Maureen chimes in. There's one specially moving saga about some goats who ate the green pasture and were threatened with dispossession, but who were saved in the end. "AND—" prompted Nell—

But this time Maureen was really transported.—"praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," she shouted.

Not long ago Ronnie, on leave, appeared in his mother's doorway. "Gaze upon your son—"

"What's there to gaze upon? You always look nice to me. Is that a new uniform?"

"No, but there's something new on it—" He pointed to an added bar.

"Oh Ronnie, how wonderful! But—forgive me please, I'm such a dummy—does that make you a general?"

"Would you settle for a captain?"

Maureen would settle for a mister. Most girls get a bang out of seeing their guys in uniform. To her, it's a novelty to see her daddy in the civvies he sometimes wears at home when he's off duty.

"You're not Captain Reagan, you're just plain Mister Reagan now," she crows. "I like you to be just plain Mister, Daddy."

Nell thinks her granddaughter has something there. Isn't it what we women are all waiting for—for our captains and privates and generals to win the war and



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what's cookin' america?

Find the answer in the first of our series on the

Regional Recipes of the Stars

By Marjorie Deen

FARE FOR FRANKIE



Little Nancy always tells Mother that she wants "A great big breakfast, just like Daddy's!" However she couldn't begin to put away a hefty meal like the one to which the slender singer does full justice every morning—consisting of fruit, a large

■ LET'S VISIT THE SINATRAS! We'll get there in no time, for the trip from New York to Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, where they live, isn't a long one.

The purpose of our trip out to the Sinatra home? No, not to see Frankie, as you would naturally surmise—because we could do that more easily by catching his new picture, "Manhattan Serenade," at a local movie. Or we could probably see him in person at CBS Studio No. 3 over on Broadway, after one of his Vimm's or Hit Parade broadcasts. But what we wanted to do was to have a heart-to-heart talk with Nancy Sinatra, to find out from her all about her husband's favorite foods—which, from advance reports, were well worth looking into and trying out.

We knew that there are literally thousands of you who'd like to know how to prepare the same dishes your favorite singing star enjoys at his own dinner table. First, for the fun of it, of course! But afterwards, as we suspected and were to discover, because these dishes are so practical, economical and all-around delicious that—once you have tried them, as we have—you'll be sure to serve them often.

Then, too, what better way could there be to begin this new series of ours on regional specialties of your favorite stars, than to let the Sinatras start us off on our merry, culinary way.

Because this young couple, in their eating habits, represent a large and interesting cross section of the population in and around New York City—the people of Italian descent who, as recent events have proved, are among the most loyal of our citizens! In numbers well over one million they live in that area which embraces not only New York's five boroughs but spreads out into Westchester and even spills over into Jersey—where Frank and Nancy grew up, met and married. And where, when success gave them her most expansive smile, the Sinatras decided to buy "the home of their dreams."

This, it turns out, is a comfortable red brick house with attached garage, situated on a quiet street where other families live, with whose children Nancy—and eventually Frank, Jr.—can play. It's a real home, this, to which Frank eagerly returned from his Hollywood picture assignment. Not a big place, nor one bit pretentious, with only four bedrooms, which—with the arrival of the new baby—isn't a bit too many. However, there's a brand new room on the second floor, built over the garage, which is all windows and is still in the process of being furnished—a project to which "the head of the family" now intends to give his immediate attention, according to Nancy Sinatra.

In the basement there's another room in which Frank takes great pride—a large, beautifully lighted playroom. It's a sort of miniature night club, with little tables and chairs, a pin-ball machine, dart game and record player. While next door to it, on the strictly utilitarian side, is a completely equipped laundry.

On the main floor you'd find a colorful and comfortable living room, Frank's den, a dining room slightly on the formal side and, back of that, a large, strictly modern kitchen. This has fluorescent lighting, crisp curtains with touches of red, a flat top range in gleaming white and plenty of strategically placed work centers. Separated from the kitchen by cabinets holding glass and china is a cheery little dinette (that's where you see the Sinatras eating breakfast, at the left). It has gay, papered walls, and radio and telephone connections for greater convenience. A "dream" kitchen, indeed, for their "dream home" and a room in which Nancy Sinatra loves to cook, "even as you and I."

Appropriately, it was to this room that we gravitated soon

after the sound of door chimes brought Nancy, Sr., and Jr., to greet us. They're a natural, friendly pair, these two! Small wonder, therefore, that you fans have also taken them to your collective heart—along with the smiling singer whose phenomenal success means so much to them! The younger Nancy is an old-fashioned child "going on four," with a sunny disposition and a growing realization that her Daddy is a pretty popular person. While her Mother is a fine and enthusiastic homemaker who still keeps no maid and who really enjoys doing all the cooking for the family. They, in turn, love the meals she prepares.



And what are the delectable dishes that Nancy Sinatra serves most frequently—by popular request—to radio's newest singing sensation? Well, we'll name 'em, and soon you can make 'em! For we took down the directions carefully, just as Frank's wife gave them to us. And these are the very recipes we are offering you this month.

Of course we tried them first, just to make sure that you will understand how to go about preparing these same foods in your own homes.

So, you see, if you send in the coupon promptly, you'll receive *tested recipes* for the following:

Artichokes Milanaise—a simply super way to prepare this fine-flavored vegetable which too many Americans ignore. Egg Plant Parmesan—another vegetable dish that will richly repay your careful consideration. Meat Balls, which incorporate a little cheese for a welcome change. And a Sponge Cake Dessert which is both dainty and delicious, with its custard filling and unusual flavoring. (Like so many men Frankie's other dessert preferences include Chocolate Cake, Gingerbread—with whipped cream, when available—and Apple Pie with cheese. But we decided to ask for the first named sweet because it doesn't cost a single point.)

The leaflet also contains a simple salad suggestion, of course, since—like most folks with Italian forebears—the Sinatras wouldn't consider a meal complete without plenty of fresh greens. And NATURALLY there's a recipe for Spaghetti—Frank's favorite food.

Fine fare, this—easy to prepare and budget-wise, too. So, how's about using the coupon for your copy of the leaflet!

THE MODERN HOSTESS MODERN SCREEN

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Please send me a leaflet containing Nancy Sinatra's own recipes for Frank's favorite foods—the first in our series on the REGIONAL RECIPES OF THE STARS.

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"I don't understand women"

"Darling, you're taking in a lot of territory. Remember, you're a married man."

"Never mind the gags, Sister. Just tell me why you put soap in my bag. This is a first-class hotel. They supply soap, I'm sure!"

"No wonder you don't understand women—I doubt if you even recognize them. That isn't just 'soap' you have in your hand. It's a bar of Fels-Naptha—the only soap that ever touches the gorgeous lingerie you blushing bought me last Christmas."

"We'll be here a week and before we leave I'll have to do a little make-shift laundering."

So just to be sure—that my favorite 'undies' get their usual beauty bath—I brought the Fels-Naptha Soap along!

"And what's more, my ambitious Casanova, I don't care whether you understand women or not—so long as you *appreciate me!*"



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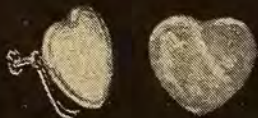
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SOUR PUSS

(Continued from page 39)

Dantine on another phase of his Hollywood education. Again Helmut had stumbled into one of those odd American puzzlers he's been running smack up against ever since he skipped a Nazi concentration camp and ended up in—of all places—Hollywood and being—of all things—a motion picture star.

Some day soon Helmut will know all the Hollywood answers, and then this tall, dark, handsome and very courtly young man will be next door to happiness. Privately he's been struggling against the great American sense of humor and the strange customs of Hollywood off and on between pictures ever since he got his first movie break, dubbing Hitler's voice in one of those Nazi thrillers. And on the screen; ever since Helmut threatened Greer Garson with a gun in "Mrs. Miniver," he's been battling for the chance to kiss the girl instead of half kill her, and incidentally, to survive himself through the last reel. When you start out as a heavy in Hollywood and do the job as well as Helmut Dantine has, it's pretty tough to change your spots. After slapping Nancy Coleman around in "Edge of Darkness," scaring Julie Bishop out of her wits in "Northern Pursuit," and generally plotting wickedly against every leading lady he bumps up against, it looked for awhile like they'd never let Helmut Dantine turn on the charm. Happily, however, I can report progress in that department; Warner Brothers have seen the light at last, and Dantine will do his stuff romantically in his very next picture, "Autumn Crocus," and from now on. He hopes also to shake that "foreign actor" tag that bothers him and be the 100 per cent American guy that he legally is, soon as his citizenship papers come through.

the great american gag . . .

But on the private side, Helmut Dantine is still having his troubles with the strange gags and goings-on of the U. S. A.

For instance, a while back Helmut found himself invited to a cocktail party that Annie Sheridan threw. It was one of those informal binges, where everybody arrives straight off the set and steamed up for fun. Well, sometime along in the afternoon, a bunch of Helmut's colleagues decided to hand him the old familiar American rib. So a gang of guys started making disparaging remarks just inside Helmut's ear-shot. One of them was John Loder, who's an Englishman with an American sense of humor sharpened up to Hollywood style.

"I wonder," mused John, "why Ann has that chap Dantine here? Frightful heel, you know. Nasty Nazi, too. Always going around trying to murder people or throw them into jail."

"Yeah," chimed in someone else. "A strictly wrong guy. Let's throw him out!" And so on and on it went, and all the while Helmut listened, stiffening and getting hot under the collar but controlling himself like the gentleman he is. Not long after that he made his excuses and left the party. He still hadn't met John Loder.

But the next day on the studio lot he passed Loder and then he walked right up to him. "Mister Loder," said Helmut, "my name is Dantine. You insulted me yesterday. I demand an explanation!" And Helmut did almost everything except present his card, strike the dismayed John across the cheek with his glove and challenge him to a duel with rapiers! Of course, Loder tried to explain with much befuddlement because he thought Helmut

knew the rib was on and was twice as shocked that Helmut had taken it all seriously. Finally he did succeed in explaining, and then Dantine was more embarrassed than John had been. They're swell friends today, by the way. But it just goes to show what Helmut is always running up against.

Helmut is no Chester the Chump or a feather-head, understand. Nor is he a humorless stuffed shirt, even if it is taking him some time to get on the banter beam in the Land of the Free. Suppose you had been chased out of your homeland, where you were studying to be a future ambassador, by a bunch of Nazi thugs, and found yourself all alone at 20 (he's 25 now) in a country whose language you didn't even speak, let alone understand its slap-happy customs. If you got hep in a hurry, you wouldn't be normal, and nobody would like you. Looking back on his early faux pas, the Americanization of Helmut Dantine seems darned advanced by now. And if I've given the impression that Helmut Dantine has a sense of humor built for a dope, maybe I'd better say that no one likes to laugh at his bulls and boners more than Helmut himself when he sees them for what they are.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 72)

1. Batty over bangtails
2. Sunny
3. Inspires genius
4. Free Frenchman
5. Successor to a guy named Joe
6. Marine wife
7. Orchestra wife
8. Sergeant York
9. Cinema Nazi
10. Joined the Stork Club
11. Khaki clad
12. Sister Eileen
13. Bazooka'd his way up
14. Born: W. Bromwich, Eng.
15. Walked out on Walker
16. King of the bobby-sox
17. Army buckeroo
18. Tough stuff
19. Meredith's pin-up girl
20. "Chicken"-tracked to fame in "Guadalcanal Diary"

(Next set of clues on page 97)

He's told me some honeys—all on himself—so I'll just peel off a few, if you don't mind. Like the time Helmut had been studying his English grammar too closely before he made "International Squadron," a good time back. He had a line, "Give them the works!" and he took it home to brood over and translate, and so when the director yelled "Action!" what did Helmut do but yelp, "Let them have the factories!"

english translation . . .

Or the time as late as last year when he got caught on Hollywood Boulevard in his car when it turned New Year's, and all the cars started switching off their ignition and backfiring, and Helmut thought it was a gang war and drove up breathless to a cop. Or the time after a big meal when he ordered sweet potatoes in the Derby, thinking it was a fancy kind of American dessert, and then had to cram down all that pulp because he was afraid the waiter would laugh at him!

You can get Helmut going on embarrassing mistakes of a foreigner and laugh yourself silly, if you want to get that way. But it's not as a chuckle Charlie that I'd like to present Helmut, either. What

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smacks you right in the face about Helmut Dantine first time you meet him is his solid sincerity and the fact that he's a gentleman through and through, every handsome inch of him. You like him because his hazel eyes are frank, and he talks right up in a deep, rich voice that has nothing phony about it. He makes faces on the screen, but he doesn't off. There's nothing of the wise guy about him, and if he seems naive and a little old-fashioned in his politeness, it's something you like.

I remember one day when I first saw Helmut away from his normal Nazi set characters. We were tossing off some lunch at the Hollywood Brown Derby, where anything is likely to happen. Pretty soon it did. A girl came over with the inevitable menu to autograph and a gush of words. "I'm a landsmann of yours, Mr. Dantine," she said, among other things. (That meant she was his countryman.) Helmut had her sit down, and they talked and talked, although his lunch was getting cold and the girl's conversation wasn't that entrancing. Finally Helmut inquired what part of Austria she came from.

"Philadelphia," said the gal.

I didn't get it, but I suppose somewhere back in her family tree Uncle Oscar had been a Vienna sausage or something. But if Helmut was baffled, he never let on. He still acted like Prince Charming, and the girl went away happy and flushed with pride. That's being a gentleman.

And here's another thing that Helmut did that you don't hear about often around Hollywood. He happened to see Gene Kelly and Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal," and he thought it was super swell. To Helmut, the groping foreigner trying to get himself Americanized, it seemed like a perfect American picture, full of the bounce and breeze that makes America like that. Well, Helmut was so entertained and grateful that he sat right down and wrote Gene and Judy fan letters! He poured out his sincere admiration just because he wanted them to know how much pleasure they had given him. And, by the way, he's still a fan of Gene Kelley's and by now a friend, too. Helmut persisted until he got a chance to tell Judy Garland to her face how much he liked her work. He met her six months later, and they've been out together some times since then. It started from a gentlemanly gesture of Helmut's that was completely sincere!

Those are the things that characterize Helmut Dantine when you get down to cases. He's a nice guy. You can't boob that. He's the kind of warm-hearted gent who likes to please people and is happy when he sees them glow. At Gary Cooper's not long ago he attended a party and ran into Claudette Colbert. Now it happens that of all the stars in Hollywood, Claudette is the only one that Helmut ever knew before. There have been times—a good many—when he could have sought the influence of someone as great as Claudette in Hollywood to give him a boost. At least he might have tried—anyone but Helmut Dantine, that is. But Helmut never considered looking her up to remind her of an incident that happened a few years ago in the Austrian Tyrol.

Helmut was up in his native Austrian mountains one winter for the skiing. Colbert was there on a European tour, and one evening at the inn there was a dance. The Austrian youths, of course, were dying to dance with Claudette, but they didn't have the nerve. So they got together and drew straws, and Helmut won. He danced a waltz with Claudette. That's the last he ever saw of her.

And so up at Gary's that night he waited until the small orchestra played a waltz. Then he asked Claudette to dance. Only when they were waltzing did he remind

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her of the Tyrolean meeting. She was thrilled of course, to relive memories of her European vacation, while whirling to a Viennese waltz with a handsome young Austrian here in Hollywood. It gave her a thrill, and that was what pleased Helmut. He always manages to do things graciously and right and always with the object of making somebody else happy.

slip of the lip . . .

I'll have to tell, here, though, about one time at least when that very talent of his backfired on Helmut. That was at a cocktail party at Humphrey Bogart's, one of Helmut's good friends. Mary Pickford was there, and to Helmut (like to most of us) Mary loomed as a sort of a Hollywood goddess who signified everything traditional about Hollywood. When he was introduced to her, he was sincerely awed and acted just like the fans who sometimes go overboard about him these days. "Oh, Miss Pickford," gushed Helmut. "I can't tell you how thrilled I am to meet you. Why, when I was only a tiny tot, my mother used to take me to see your pictures!"

They say Mary Pickford turned a shade or two of crimson in front of all those people to be reminded by a handsome grown man of all the years that have flown since her golden curls made her famous. And when Helmut saw that she was embarrassed, he was desolate. But at least he

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One of Nelson Eddy's first concerts after his marriage was given in Indiana. As he made his appearance he pointed to the tan tweed waistcoat that contrasted so strangely with his otherwise correct evening clothes and said: "No, I'm not trying to set a new style! It's just that this time my wife packed my bag!"

It was fully five minutes before either singer or audience stopped roaring.

Mrs. Gertrude Green,
Indianapolis, Ind.

was sincere, which is something in Hollywood.

Ordinarily Helmut Dantine is no party boy. He runs with no clique or social set in Hollywood. In fact, socially, Helmut's almost a mystery man. You'll see him around town occasionally, maybe with Judy Garland or Ida Lupino or Constance Dowling or some Hollywood girl on his arm, or it might be a girl you never saw or heard of before. He's a quiet operator. He doesn't like to dance, and the noisy Hollywood table-hopping heavens bore him. He takes in scads of movies in his off hours and chases around to the houses of his friends, a lot of whom are Americans he has met in his five years here. Many are from Pasadena and have no connection whatever with movies. Others are people whose families he met while a student at U. C. L. A. although how he ever made a circle of friends as a raw young Vienna refugee sometimes amazes Helmut himself.

He remembers when he had been in Los Angeles only a few months, a college chum at U. C. L. A. invited him home to dinner. After a husky meal, the family asked Helmut to have second helpings. "No thanks," he replied, "I'm fed up." He meant, "I'm filled up." A lot of Helmut Dantine's acquaintances, too, are people in whose homes he used to tutor. Because he has had to make his way ever since he landed here, with little more than pocket money after duckin' the Nazis. By the way,

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BETTER GET
NEET TO-DAY

Helmuth was surprised no end when he first arrived to discover the wonders of a checking account. His uncle opened a small balance for him in a California bank and told him how to draw on it. Helmuth went up to the window and signed a check shortly after he arrived and almost fell over when they actually handed him his money. "I was in town only five days, and the bank knew who I was," he marveled. Seems like nothing like that ever happens in Europe.

the gold fish era . . .

Anyway, to keep his pockets jingling in his early poverty days around Hollywood, Helmuth peddled his accent in bits and extra stuff, and from his first job, "International Squadron," he took the \$200 salary and rented a gas station. That's when he went to college at U. C. L. A. working around the station after classes and dragging in about 40 bucks a week.

IN THE V-MAIL BAG

Hiyah Gang:

Thanks for your long, thin envelope postmarked Dec. 14, which arrived along with a bunch of belated Christmas cards that had apparently missed the boat.

The Overseas Edition of MODERN SCREEN, you'll no doubt be delighted to hear, is the only movie mag which reaches us regularly via Special Service. The G.I. goes over here are all-out for your pin-up girls, since so many of them are practically all-out for us. You should see the mad scramble when a new Overseas Edition arrives. It soon looks like something you could play on a player piano, with wide open spaces where the pix were!

The films which Special Service gets for us have included, "Hello, Frisco, Hello," "Coney Island," and more recently, "This Is the Army" and "So Proudly We Hail."

By the way, I think the producers should be told that scenes showing luscious banquets with steaks and such are unpopular with G.I.'s who have become hardened to the "C"-ration—pork sausage—canned meat routine. You asked how last Thanksgiving was—believe it or Ripley, but we had real turkey with all the fix-ins!

Best wishes from some censored place in North Africa.

Buell R. Snyder (Tech. Sgt.)

He might have kept up the business longer—it was doing all right, but college wasn't. Helmuth never quite got hep to U. S. A. rah-rah. He thought people went to colleges to study seriously and nothing else but. He had been on the campus but a few days when he saw an admiring crowd around some students. He thought certainly they were giving orations from the classics or something. Instead, he saw a circle of heroes swallowing white mice and eating phonograph records! Remember that screwy era?

I don't mean it was entirely that which banished Dantine from the ivy-clad halls. Rather, a serious streak in Helmuth which told him he ought to get a toehold on something to make his living. He thought of stage managing and directing, and somebody sent him to the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse to learn the ins and outs. Everyone at the Playhouse acts in something or other, and Helmuth found himself getting interested. Then ex-



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Playhouse actors like Vic Mature and Bob Preston and Laird Cregar were still coming over from Hollywood to hang around the little theater. Their successes in the movies gave Helmut advanced ideas, and pretty soon he knew enough about acting himself to leave the Playhouse behind. He's frank about the attractiveness of the money, too. In Pasadena, Helmut earned his cakes and coffee teaching tennis, fencing, German and French to rich young moppets which was okay but hardly held out a rosy future.

Because Helmut Dantine is a thrifty, hard-headed and serious fellow about his dimes and nickels. Now that he's making real folding money every week, you don't catch him tossing any of it away at the folly spots or anywhere else. He still lives in a \$50-a-month bachelor apartment on Orchid Avenue in the old part of Hollywood. He bought a shoe shine kit and still polishes his own shoes. He prepares his own breakfast, too, and sometimes dinner. He has a second-hand car like a lot of other people (his pet peeve is parking charges), buys hand-me-down suits (which he wears with such elegant grace that you'd swear they were hand-tailored), and he doesn't own one speck of expensive jewelry or doo-dads.

What money and time he does spend, canny Dantine spends on his own self-improvement. Helmut's ancestry really is Huguenot French (the name originally was D'Antin) and he's practical. For instance, he'll sock his dollars in books, because he's a wolfish reader. And between picture parts right now he's buying Linguaphone records to learn Spanish and Portuguese. When he takes care of those two, he's going on to Russian! That's the kind of guy he is. The mental type—not stuffy, understand—but cerebral. And

right in keeping you might know Helmut's favorite diversion would be not gin-rummy, but chess.

chess-nuts . . .

He met a fellow chess-nut in Humphrey Bogart, by the way, out at Warners'. Bogie has been pushing pawns and rooks and things around for years between takes. So when he and Helmut discovered each other during "Passage to Marseille," it looked like they'd never finish the picture. Turned out Humphrey and Helmut are just about even in chess skill, which makes for those prolonged porings over the board before either makes a move. They started one game on "Passage to Marseille," and then when Helmut went on to another picture, they kept that game up by telephone. "This is B on Stage 2," the operator would hear, "to D on Stage 21—checkmate!"

Helmut even has a tiny portable chess board he lugs around in the glove compartment of his car, just in case. It has come in handy. A few weeks ago, a certain Hollywood starlet suffered a crush on Helmut, or maybe it was a publicity crush. Anyway, nothing would do but that Helmut take her out on a date. It was practically in the columns already so Helmut had to come through. The girl got all gussed up for a large evening at the glamour gulches. But when Helmut arrived, he never said a thing about stepping out. Instead he unlimbered the chess board.

"Wh-what's that?" gasped the dismayed girl.

"Chess," repeated Helmut. "I'll teach you how to play. We'll have a wonderful evening." It may have been wonderful to Helmut, but the young star decided she could get along without another one. She hasn't bothered Helmut since.

Helmut is no Hermit, understand. In

fact, when he had to have his hair clipped and grow a spiky stubble of whiskers to play a Devil's Island criminal in "Passage to Marseille" which altered his dark beauty considerably, there were feminine wails from one end of Hollywood to the other. But it's true he's never had a serious heart attack since he split up with pretty Gwen Anderson—Helmut and Gwen met at the Pasadena Playhouse as student actors, fell head over heels in love. They were married and lived happily in Hollywood, with not a cloud to mar their happiness—until Gwen's career took her to New York to play in the Broadway show, "Janie," and Helmut's bound him ever closer to Hollywood. Then both revealed what really came first in their lives—their work. But, in facing this problem, Helmut revealed the same level-headed good sense he shows in most everything he does.

"If we must separate," they told each other, "let's do it now. We've been together only about a year. Five years from now the separation will hurt." So they got their divorce and, if you can believe Helmut on that score, they're still great friends, and he thinks she's one of the most wonderful girls in the world.

There's that philosophical twist to Helmut Dantine's outlook that is really amazing in a fellow so young. He keeps calm and collected and honestly fair even when the breaks go against him. They had made him up for a pip of a part at Warners—"Mask Of Dimitrios," a sympathetic part, by the way, and Helmut at the time was getting sick and tired of his dirty dog days. As anyone can tell from the title, the actor who played the part had to look like a Greek, and for several days the studio thought Helmut was their boy, being dark and with classic features. He was getting congratulations around the lot when the

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casting director uncovered another actor whom he thought would fit the part like a wet glove. Instead of huffing and puffing jealously about somebody beating him out, Helmut took a look at the newcomer's test and chimed right in with the tentative verdict. "He'll be better than me," he said simply. Turned out he wasn't though, 'cause Helmut got the part after all.

Disappointments just aren't mean enough to ruffle the guy. Take the time a while back when his New York trip got all balled up. Helmut hadn't had enough cash to travel East for some years after he hit California, and being a big city boy and alone in California except for a couple of relatives, Helmut yearned to visit New York.

pollyanna in pants . . .

Finally he saved up enough sugar and had ten days between parts to make it. He knew a train would be too slow so he hopped a plane. Well, the plane sat down for two days in Albuquerque waiting for good weather. He took another and it dallied another 48 hours in Kansas City. He lost another bad flying day in Chicago. And he ended up in New York two days later than the Chief would have arrived. It cut his long cherished trip short, but Helmut stayed happy about the whole thing, not sore a bit. "The other cities were so interesting," he explained, Pollyanna-like—only he really meant it.

Because if there's one thing that has absorbed Helmut Dantine since he hit these shores—and still does—it's America—all of it. He would rather become a regular American Joe than anything he can think of. For a while chewing gum threw him, and a lot of other quaint customs of Uncle Sam's nephews. But now he knows all about apple pie and cokes and jitterbugs and such. He still prefers wine with his meals, but he can

down an American cocktail and wade into mashed potatoes, corn bread and gravy, and really like it. If you knew how Helmut likes to eat, you'd appreciate his sacrifices for his art that got him his first crack at movie fame.

That when he made the kitchen scene in "Mrs. Miniver" where he stumbled in half starved and ravenously wolfed some ham and milk that Greer Garson slipped him. They scheduled that take one day when Helmut made the mistake of stoking up on a large lunch. And he was very realistic, practically toying with his food. So they took it again. It was still only fair, so Helmut decided to get realistic in a big way. He didn't eat any dinner that night, no breakfast the next day and no lunch. When his scene came on again in the afternoon, he almost chewed off his own fingers.

He smoked a rugged pipe when he first came over and still does every now and then, but by now American cigarettes have him in their clutches. He's a sucker, too, for the American funnies—partly because Helmut thinks he can pick up more Americanism there than he'll ever find anywhere else in a month of Sunday supplements. Yep, "Lil Abner" is one of his favorites. Another course in Americana is the radio. He can really laugh now at Hope, Allen, and McCarthy. For a long, long time, though, Helmut just didn't get the gags.

Helmut wrote out his first citizenship papers three years ago, and he has just applied for the final tickets to Independence. When that happens—or maybe before, if Uncle Sam says so—Helmut Dantine will probably be trading those costumes of his for the real thing, U. S. A. design and model, government issue. Because he's healthy as a young goat. Helmut has always kept fit with regular exercise of some sort, horseback riding or tennis or boxing.

His major personal ambition is to rescue his family, still penned up in Naziland. He hears from them only through the Red Cross at the chatty rate of 25 words a month, and if there is anything that will ruffle his Continental calm it is thoughts of what is happening there. And things are always happening, it seems, to remind him of the past.

shadows of the past . . .

When Helmut made "Northern Pursuit" he came on the set one day to find a bit actor playing a German colonel in the Canadian concentration camp that featured part of that picture. Helmut thought the actor's face was familiar. Then he caught the guy's eye, and they both almost jumped out of their skins. Last time they'd seen each other was in a concentration camp in Austria before they'd escaped—and that wasn't acting—no indeed!

There was a time when his set life, being generally draped with all the trappings of Hitler's horrors, gave Helmut a turn in the tummy that made his work—well, not exactly a picnic. But he's got over that.

In fact, the other day in "Passage to Marseille" he saw a prop work sheet pasted up on the set. It read, "Need two dozen helmuts." That's the way it was spelled, "helmuts"—but it meant those coal-scuttle things the Nazis wear.

Helmut ripped off the mis-spelled prop sheet, walked innocently up to Humphrey Bogart and waved the sheet.

"Don't you think one Helmut is enough for this picture?" he asked.

They chased him off the set after that one.

But it proves one thing: Helmut Dantine has been around America long enough by now to shake the Vienna Blues.

Any day now he'll be hep to Hollywood and then Helmut will be home.

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LOVE STORY

(Continued from page 57)

"Does it mean she's smart?"

"Of course—in the back and legs."

"In the head, too," crowed her ma. "Else how would she know about hanging on to the bars?"

Lana's got a long and exacting part to play in "Marriage Is a Private Affair." There's hardly a scene that doesn't require her presence. She's had no time off. So Nana and her mother hoard up the baby's doings and spread them out for her at night like so many jewels. She's inordinately grateful. Because suppose when she came home, hungry to hear about Cheryl, they were the kind who'd say: "Oh, she's fine. Period." Thank heaven they're not like that. Thank heaven they help her keep close to the baby.

Every day some new little something happens. It's like planting a tree—you know how you keep running out in the spring to watch the buds and the shoots and the leaves, and you hate to miss a day, because every day they look so different. This is the same, only so much more exciting. Of course they're all little things, even silly, maybe, to some people, but only to people who've never had a baby. Mothers, says Lana, will know exactly what she means—

Before starting work on the new picture, she'd been with Cheryl constantly. It was hard to break away. But when she got home that night, they had the most wonderful things to tell her.

Over the fireplace hangs a pastel of Lana, a gift from her fans. On a bond tour that took her to Seattle she'd met the girl who made it. Only 17 the girl was, and she'd done it from a black-and-white. But it looked as though Lana had sat for her for days.

Well, after she'd left that morning, her mother said to the baby: "Cheryl, where's Mommy?" And the baby looked around, kind of lost at first, then suddenly she was staring at the picture. She didn't do anything, didn't reach out or cry, just looked at it, then back again at her grandmother. Thinking maybe she was imagining things, Mrs. Turner asked her again: "Where's Mommy?" And the baby did exactly the same thing again, so it wasn't an accident. Now, even when Lana's holding her and they ask: "Where's Mommy?"—half the time she'll turn to look at the picture, before ducking her head into her Mommy's neck.

no greater love . . .

Parting is such sweet sorrow that Lana bids her daughter good-by 19 times each morning. The final good-by is a kiss blown from her palm. Nana used to lift Cheryl's palm to her mouth in return. Till that miraculous morning when the baby got ahead of her. Up went the little hand under its own steam and flattened itself against her face. Lana went out of her mind. She got to the studio late that morning.

On Sundays you couldn't pry her loose from the house, and her high holiday is Nana's Sunday off. Nothing to do but take care of her darling. Nana leaves about nine while Cheryl—who's been up since 6:15—is taking her nap. She's asleep when Lana tiptoes into her room.

There's no inch of that room that Lana doesn't know by heart and love. She and Steve started planning it as soon as they knew for sure that the baby was coming. "I want it as feminine as possible—"

"But suppose it's a boy—"

"Well—he'll still be a baby, Steve, so he won't mind. And later we can fix it

NO GREATER

Loneliness



To live in the same house with the man
you love . . . and yet be miles apart!
That is the greatest loneliness! A revealing
story every wife should read!

THE silence in the living room was so deep that the ticking of the small desk clock sounded loud and sharp . . . the way it does in the middle of a sleepless night. That—and the rustle of Rod's newspaper were the only sounds in the room since dinner.

Bitterly, Enid remembered the happy evenings they once had shared. Now they shared nothing but the same roof . . . What had come between them?

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Because of this dainty, carefully designed

up with sort of boy cut-outs—airplanes and cowboys and stuff."

Its wide windows, curtained in billowing white organdy, look out on terrace and lawn. The floor is blue congoletum, and before Cheryl came, the dimpled pink cherubs on the pale blue walls were all Lana's babies. She'd sit gazing at them—their small chubby backs, tipped with little-bitty gold wings, their adorable antics—one on his back, pushing hard with his foot against a fleecy cloud, one tugging manfully at the other end, two lazy rascals looking down from a cloud above, watching the other fellow sweat. She'd sit there, dreaming of the day when they'd bring delight to a real baby. She'd go over and touch the crib with its frisking lambs and bunnies and dream of a baby lying there who'd never be afraid of the dark, because if she woke at night—it was always "she" with Lana—little phosphorescent stars would twinkle down from the ceiling to keep her company. . . .

Now the dream's reality. There she lies in her crib, waking up. The auburn head stirs—it's auburn now, Lana's natural color, but it's coming in blonde. The fingers uncurl—they're slender and tapering. The dark brown lashes—thicker than they are long—lift over the smoke-blue eyes. Steve's eyes are brown, Lana's blue, so Cheryl compromised on dark blue. She took her nose and mouth, her transparent skin and the shape of her face from Lana. Her brows are Steve's—tilted just enough to be piquant. And she has his forehead. As a kid, Lana used to sit and push her hair back.

"What for?" Mrs. Turner would ask. brow-beater . . .

"Oh, a woman looks so wonderful with a brow. But I might as well quit. All that happens is, my hair grows lower."

She still thinks a woman looks wonderful with a brow. Merle Oberon's fascinates her.

It's about 10:30 when the baby wakes up. Lana's first job—pleasure, to be more accurate—is to bathe her. She was scared the first time. Wouldn't have believed a child could be so slippery. Now she's a veteran.

"Wait till she gets too big for the bath-inette and you have to stick her in a tub," warned a friend who has two. "There's a back-breaking job."

Lana smiled at the vision of Cheryl in a tub. "I don't know a nicer way to break one's back," she murmured.

Tub-time's followed by playtime. She's put into her little blue rocker that plays tunes, and she rocks away like mad. Music's already an important part of her life. For a while they had "Silent Night" coming out of their ears. Nancy Sinatra sent her a fuzzy white horse with a blue mane and tail and a red tongue. She loved him at sight, because the tongue stuck out and she could pull it. But not till she found he could sing "Silent Night" did the grand passion blaze. She fell asleep and woke up with him, stuck him under your nose 20 times a day and went "Nnnnn—". Meaning, "Wind him up, please."

Lately, she's taken to making her own music, though only a mother could call it that. Sits at the piano and pounds. Thinks she's a genius. Turns and throws you this broad smile, this silly adorable grin. Lana's always torn between the enchantment of that grin and the fear that she'll hurt her pink, unbelievably fragile, doll hands.

At 12:30 comes the business of "Eat your mush, darling." (To Lana, born in Idaho, hot cereal will always be mush.) Cheryl prefers her bottle. She waves the mush aside and makes a grab for the milk. But Lana's always firm. She doesn't want her Cheryl to be spoiled, and she is very conscious of the fact that love and over-



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indulgence are two different things. So Miss Crane doesn't get her bottle till the mush disappears.

A nap till 2:30, a bottle at 3. (Lana can rattle the time-table off in her sleep.) Then, if the weather's nice, an outing in her carriage. Of all the lovely dresses that hang in her wardrobe, she's never worn one. "If you want her to look just darling," the doctor said, "put her in dresses. If you want her to be comfortable, keep her out of them." So she wears little silk or challis sacques over her shirt, and soakers over her diapers. Mrs. Turner knits the soakers, with sweaters to match, for cold weather. Of course she looks just darling in anything—or nothing—but extra-darling in blue. It brings out the transparency of her skin. Of course yellow is lovely, too. And in white she's gorgeous.

Born in California, she's no true daughter of the Chamber of Commerce. Wrin-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Pvt. Francis Haverty, Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pa., is an autograph hound extraordinary!

Recently, when Judy Garland appeared at the post, Haverty, 5 ft., 3 inches tall, approached Judy as she was busily engaged in conversation with a brigadier-general and two colonels.

Drawing himself up to his full height, he saluted smartly, asked for Judy's autograph, received it, saluted again, executed a snappy about-face and made his exit.

What a man Haverty—performing such a maneuver in the face of so much rank!

Cpl. Sam Greenberg

kles her eyes against the sun. The breeze is her baby. She gurgles at the movement it makes in the willows and the way it drops olives off the olive-tree. She should worry if the gardener has to spend half his time sweeping them off the lawn.

Back in the house she's ready to be entertained, and she does mean entertained. Gone are the days when you could just wave a toy at her. Now you have to work. Many's the time Lana's clapped her hands red, playing pattycake. But even that's high adventure. Because at first Cheryl's hands would cling to her as she clapped, then suddenly one day she started clapping all by herself. . . .

When things like that happen, Lana's squeals can be heard all over the house. Everyone comes running and the excitement's good for half an hour.

"You're my wonderful baby. Do you know how wonderful you are?"

By which time Cheryl's blowing bubbles or going after the phone. If you call Lana's house and the line's busy, it's likely to be Cheryl on the phone. She's modern that way. Doesn't make dates yet, just crazy to take the receiver off the hook. You let her take it off once, then try to sneak her attention into other channels. "Nnnnn," she says firmly. So you put it back on—and she takes it off again. This goes on till one of you's had enough, and it isn't Cheryl.

At 7 she's fed and sponged and oiled and put to bed with the lambs and the bunnies. Lana gives her the smooth blue rattle she likes best because she can't get her mouth around it, but some day she will, by golly, if persistence counts. The lights are turned out, and the stars in Cheryl's ceiling began to twinkle, and a soft kiss is dropped on the brow that a woman looks so wonderful with. And two minutes later

YES...IT'S THE SAME GIRL!



BEFORE

Mary McGinty of Brooklyn, N. Y. started her Powers training; she was self-conscious about her weight, lacked grace and assurance. Hair style, dress and make-up lacked distinction.



AFTER

Powers individualized instruction worked a "miracle." A lovely new figure (25 lbs. lost without starvation diet), correct hair-do, make-up and style sense have made her poised, glamorous!

Read what the
JOHN ROBERT POWERS
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girl—how it can make YOU
lovelier, happier!



Before Mary McGinty learned how to do her hair, how to use make-up to bring out her most attractive features.

Her Photo-Revise (an exclusive Powers feature) showed her how to realize her own best possibilities. See photo above.

TODAY, because of her Powers Training, Mary McGinty looks different—is different. She's gained poise and vitality she never dreamed of before Mr. Powers and his expert instructors showed her a fascinating, easy-to-follow way to greater loveliness.

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John Robert Powers, noted beauty authority. At his famous school on Park Ave. "just average girls" are transformed into beauties. Now the exclusive advantages of his training are available right in your own home.

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Write John Robert Powers for your free confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way," and full details of the famous Powers training.

You will enjoy 60 "just for you" beauty secrets. Here are a few:

YOUR FIGURE—Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. No faddish, starvation diets—no strenuous exercises. **YOUR FACE**—Photo-Revise drawn by an expert over your own picture shows you make-up secrets to bring out your beauty high-lights, the ideal hair-do to emphasize your best features. **YOUR STYLE**—Shows you how to be "best-dressed" yet save dollars on your wardrobe. Your color chart. Drama in accessories for YOU. **YOUR GROOMING**—Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. Easy short-cuts to good grooming. **YOUR GRACE**—How to walk and stand for beauty—as a Powers Girl. How to acquire poise. **YOU**—The man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers gives the formula for charm and magnetism.

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Mrs. L. A. Baldwin,
Washington, D. C.

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If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you postpaid, for only \$1.00. This \$1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE, Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

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MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 61)

complexion's all glowing. Otherwise, skip it this Summer.

Now I'm not pretending that I discovered cotton shirt frocks—you've been wearing them for years. If the jobs in your closet right now are up to a return engagement—good girl! But if you've got your eye out for a new one, here's a tip. Choose it the way a fussy man does his shirts. Examine the cut and workmanship of lapels, how the shoulders set, how the seams are finished. And make sure, above all, the fabric's durable and tubbable. If you want to ring in a new trick—Starspun, one of the "famous name" gingham, is the finest I've ever seen. This you can throw into the electric washer without a worry. Buttons all the way up the side for smartness—which means it *unbuttons* as well for easy ironing. (See how I watch out for you?)

Grand climax—balloon cloth! Don't look dead pan about it. The government recently released 4,000,000 yards of it for us "civvies" and what a fashion windfall that was! You can imagine how strong and wash-proof it is, when it was originally loomed for barrage balloons. Still, it's the softest, finest, most "lady-like" cotton I've seen since the fine Swiss imports we used to get (way before *your* time).

You'll have balloon cloth in one form or another before the Summer's out. But I'd like to see you wearing it in a soft date frock. Like the square-neck dirndl sketched. Comes in all the pretty candy pastels, but if your coloring can take it, take it in dove grey. Looks so-o-o suave and know-it-all that way.

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16. Four's a family
17. Co-stars with Champ
18. Upped morale abroad
19. Just back from Chungking
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(Answers on page 117)

MAKE-UP
CREATED
BY THE
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WHO
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THE
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star of the Warner Bros. picture "SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"

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"THE FILTHY FOUR"

(Continued from page 35)

good food in restaurants, hearing people talk of a distant war instead of one just over the hill. Seeing guys walking around in sport clothes instead of mud-streaked O.D. Seeing women night clubbing in silks and satins instead of bandaging wounded soldiers all night in evacuation hospitals while the earth shook.

Yep, it was strange. Because for the three months before that Humphrey Bogart and his wife and a couple of other guys had traveled 35,000 miles in planes, trains, boats, jeeps, trucks and what have you up around where the going was rugged, to hand Uncle Sam's soldiers a laugh or two and maybe a nostalgic whiff of that good old U. S. A. which they longed for plenty, each after his own fashion—like the G. I. at the Volturno river bridge—

a whiff of home ...

He was jammed in an Army traffic squeeze stretching for miles back of this bridge, the only one Jerry had missed blowing sky-high in his retreat up Italy. It was gray dawn, but his sharp eyes recognized the guy huddled in the open command car while the bucketing rain bounced off his helmet. He leaned out of the cab of his truck and tilted back his own helmet to reveal the map of a typical U. S., city-raised, down-by-the-gas-works hard cookie.

"Hey!" he yelled to the command car. "Ain't you Humphrey Bogart?"

"You've got me, Pal!" admitted Bogie. "Well, whaddya know! One of the boys—and way out here in Italy! Say, whatta you hear from the mob, Bogie? How's Rosetti? Can he beat da rap?" His face was anxious.

Bogie caught the act like a shortstop grabs a bounder. He put on his best gangster face and growled,

"If he don't sing, he's a cinch!"

"And what about Lousy Louie, an' Willie the Rat an' Lepke—say, what about Lepke?"

"Oh," barked Bogie, "he'll burn. He'll burn!"

"Just what I t'ought! Cheez, it's great to get news from the good old U. S. A.!" Just then the whistles blew, engines raced and gears clashed. Tires spun in the mud, and the driver had to move on.

"So long, Bo!" he yelled happily over the din; "—and t'anks!"

"Okay, Kid," shouted Bogie. "Take it easy!"

That was a memory. Then there was the soldier in the hospital in Naples. A young kid like the one who lives next door with a boyish face and fair skin that might have been rosy once but was gray now and lined with worry. He was trying to tell a nurse writing a letter for him what to say to the girl he was supposed to marry when he got back home.

"What I can't figure out," he was saying to the nurse when Bogie and Mayo passed by, "is how to tell her." How to tell her that both his legs were gone and an arm, too.

Or the doughboy right up behind the lines sitting in a tent bawling like a baby when Bogie ducked in. A big man he was, built like a varsity tackle.

"Don't know why I'm bawling," sobbed the soldier, "but I just can't help it!" He'd just come from 3 days' fighting. Bogie stayed with him until he slept before he dragged out his own handkerchief.

And the other memories. The Arab

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went "B-r-r-r-r!" like a machine gun when they saw him. The German prisoners who said, "Ach—Cinema, cinema!" The soldiers who sighed, "Do you *really* know Betty Grable?" The ones who came bashfully up to present Mayo with their treasures, battle souvenirs, keepsakes that she didn't have the heart to refuse. Funny ones like the Fascists big-shot's silk sash with the tassels that the guys made Bogie wear so they could howl at him—and the Mussolini maternity medal with 12 stars for 12 babies they handed Bogie for a gag!

And the soldiers who were anxious about how things were back home—when there they were ready to catch a bullet the next day. "How are things back in the States? Are the home folks backing us up?" And, "Think they'll try to sneak over Prohibition while we're away?"

Yep, a movie star who has been over there where it's going on comes back with a lot of memories—funny ones, sad ones. He sees sights he'll never forget, and when he comes home, he gets surprised all over again—but in a different way. He sees a garbage truck rolling down the avenue, for instance, loaded with waste food (like Humphrey did the first day he hit Hollywood), and he shakes his head and asks his wife, "Can you imagine what would happen to that truck in Naples?" It would be stripped in a few minutes—eaten up by hungry Italians, that's what.

But Humphrey Bogart didn't go overseas with any message for the soldiers. He made a point not to. And he makes a point that he hasn't come back with any message for the home folks, except for a Red Cross fund-raising short. All I want to tell is about a trip that happens to a Hollywood star once in a lifetime, although Bogie would like it

to happen again soon. It was a trip that cost Bogie ten pounds of the flesh he hasn't much of and countless hours of sleep, countless units of energy, discomforts a movie star seldom runs into—but which paid dividends in heart tugs, memories and satisfactions that all the gold in Hollywood couldn't buy, if you could sell things like that.

the bogarts go native . . .

They called themselves "The Filthy Four," and they weren't kidding, because they carried lice powder and used it. They went for days without a bath or a shave or clean underwear. They traveled in jeeps and command cars without springs, over shell-pocked roads when they were up front and had their teeth shaken loose, and they hitch-hiked rides in fighter planes and bombers to get from sector to sector. They traveled with full equipment—helmets, raincoats, galoshes, blankets, dufflebags, flashlights and water canteens. They ate C-rations and K-rations and Spam and Vienna sausages and powdered eggs until a leaf of lettuce, a hamburger and a cup of good coffee loomed like caviar and champagne. They slept on coats over mud in tents or on straw pallets in abandoned Italian villas, and they rustled for cold hotel rooms when they hit a town. And at that they felt pampered because the soldiers had it easily ten times as rough.

That was the style of the "Filthy Four"—Humphrey Bogart, Mayo Methot, his wife and two New York entertainers, Don Cumming and Ralph Hark—all the way on the 35,000 mile trip. Mayo and Bogie had volunteered through the Hollywood Victory Committee for the USO-Camp Shows tour, of course, and when the going got particularly rugged, when,

for instance, they woke up in the icy dawn to face a rainy day bumping over cavernous roads with only cold Spam in their tummies, or something equally bleak, Bogie would hang up a gag sign in the tent, one he'd printed for just such occasions . . . "Idle Talk Caused This!" There was another sign Bogie made up, too. He used it as a gag with the G.I.'s to apologize for a not very glamorous backdrop for the entertainment, like—say, the back end of a truck for a stage, "If you Think This Trick Stinks—Applaud Anyway!" it suggested.

The Filthy Four got together in New York, where Bogie and Mayo flew right after "Passage to Marseille" had wound up at Warners'. They made their first ocean hop—29 hours—in a big Army Transport Command plane to Natal, West Africa, and that was when Bogie first realized he was in for some new experiences.

They'd barely left Miami before one of the passengers, a young Army officer, came up to Bogie.

"Are you," he asked, "a short-snorter?" "Why, no," replied Bogie pleasantly. He'd heard vaguely about short-snorters but he wasn't exactly clear just what they were. He found out on the spot.

"Hand over one buck!" demanded the officer. Bogie did, and as there were 31 short-snorters aboard, he handed over 31 bucks. Then Mayo got the same treatment, so that in a few minutes the Bogarts were out \$62! Sadder but wiser, from then on they kept their own short-snorter bills within quick and easy reach, even took them to bed with them—when they could find a bed.

The Bogies discovered something else, too, on that first hop—that ocean hops in these Army days aren't exactly joy-

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rides. First time Bogie pulled out a cigarette—and he's a steady smoker—there was that sign: "No Smoking!" When he went into the lavatory to scrub his teeth, the plane decided to drop 700 feet in a pocket, and he practically bit his hand off. And when he first tried to eat—well, his stomach wasn't having any.

But Humphrey's air discomforts were as nothing compared to Mayo's. Bogie has flown here and there at times, but Mayo has always looked on planes with rank suspicion, to put it mildly. In fact, they scare her to death, and she makes no bones about it. Mental sufferings are always the worst, and it's to Mayo's credit that she lived in and out of planes for three months and survived without a

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Dear Fans:

I know most of your mail these days is addressed to an APO number. Of course, that's the way it should be, but there's no G.I. anywhere that gets a greater kick out of mail than I do. So if you've got a moment during the month, please do scrawl a quick note, just to say hello and to ask whatever you'd like to know about movie people or movie-making. (Only please make your questions specific—and don't forget to include your return address.) You know, there's a world of information available to me that you can't get your hands on. Below are a few of the questions most often asked this month. What's yours, huh? And do you know how to write me? It's just INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Beverly

Frank Curry and George Shearer—Forest Hills, N. Y. . . . **HOW LONG IS IT SINCE JEAN HARLOW'S DEATH?** June 7, 1937, was the date of Jean's death. Seems hard to believe that it's seven years already—doesn't it?

Doris and Lila Litchenstein . . . **DOES SINATRA REALLY WANT FANS' PICTURES IN RETURN FOR HIS OWN?** Uh-huh—he has over 26,000 already, and gets fighting mad when fans don't live up to their part of the bargain. Jackie Gimpler, B'klyn, N. Y. . . .

WHERE DID VAN JOHNSON GET THAT BRACELET HE ALWAYS WEARS? WHAT'S ON IT? Van's St. Christopher bracelet is a gift from June Havoc. It's engraved with his name, social security number and nickname—"Swede."

nervous breakdown. Because one worry piled on another.

First off, she noticed the pilot of the big transport plane fingertipping the controls, leaning back now and then, and talking with the crew and not getting a bit hot and bothered about herding the big crate. The only piloting Mayo had ever seen up close was her husband, Bogie, or some other camera sky-hawk, wrestling in a desperate Dick Dauntless fashion with the controls, tugging around and knocking himself out in some desperate scenario situation. "Do you think he's flying it all right?" she would ask Bogie. "Look—he isn't even steering!" "I'll show him how," Bogie would crack.

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with a grin, "From Take Number Six!"
no magic carpet . . .

The Bogarts, especially Mayo, never got entirely plane happy, in the literal sense of that word, although if they weren't climbing in one plane they were tumbling out of another, it seemed. From Natal to Dakar, to Marrakech to Algiers to Casablanca to Naples to here and to there. They had plenty of wild rides, but the wildest took place one late afternoon from Naples to Foggia. That is, wild in Mayo's vivid imagination.

That day they were supposed to ride in a B-17, but something went wrong with the schedules. (Something often goes wrong with schedules when you're up near where the bullets fly.) Their only chance to make it to Foggia in time to throw a show for the boys was to "sweat out a ride" on a B-25 medium bomber. In Italy you "sweat out" everything you do; it's one of those Army expressions. But this time nobody was fooling. At least in Mrs. Bogart's mind.

First something went wrong with the communication system, and the pilot worked out some signals to the crewman in the rear. He told Mayo, "When I touch you, you touch Humphrey, then have him touch So-and-so" to communicate the signal. Mayo was so anxious to do it right that when she got touched, she whammed Bogie and knocked the wind out of him!

They flew over Pompeii, the ancient Roman city of ruins. But Bogie didn't get a good gander. So he asked, "Can you fly a little nearer? I didn't get a good look." That was all the pilot needed. He dropped a few hundred feet on a 50-degree bank, and Mayo's heart stuck in her throat. She could see herself

landing on a marble pillar with Roman ruins wrapped around her neck. But the worst moment came when they started to land. There above the Foggia field their pilot circled around a pattern of P-38's in formation, which is something like playing tag with a swarm of bees. And Mayo heard the soldier on the radiophone signal to the field. "We're out of gas . . . out of gas . . . out of gas."

It was only after she had staggered weakly out on the air field that Mayo had strength to remark, "Lucky we made it—with you being out of gas. I thought we'd crash for sure."

"Oh that," said the soldier with the earphones. "We had plenty of gas, Mrs. Bogart. I just didn't want to wait around up there for a landing signal. When you're out of gas, they let you come right in." Mayo almost swooned.

There was never a dull moment for the Bogies with thrills packed into every day. Thrills like staying at the Anfa Hotel in Casablanca, where Churchill and Roosevelt met. Or like going down into the wicked Kasbah at Algiers with an Army provost marshal and two MP's. (They never saw Hedy Lamarr or Charles Boyer anywhere!) And the thrill of watching a couple of plain, unheroic looking muddy little Yanks drawn up in battlefield review to receive citations for outstanding heroism under fire. A million thrills like that every minute.

But the greatest thrills of all to Humphrey Bogart and his crew were the kicks they got every time they put a show on for the Yanks—whether it was in a big barracks or at a dinky battle outpost set up in the Italian mud. Those were the times Bogie got paid off with genuine appreciation—the stuff money can't ever get you—and in person.

It wasn't a polished, slick act the Filthy Four gave the boys. There were lots of comic cut-ups with Don Cumming, and Ralph Hark joked and squeezed his accordion and Mayo sang a bunch of songs she used to sing on Broadway, and Bogie tried card tricks that flopped crazily and the boys socked each other around the stage. But mostly it was just Bogie standing up there and ribbing himself and letting the G.I.'s rib him too—seeing if he could come back with some fast answers that would hand them laughs. He usually started out with "Duke Mantee's" tough speech from "The Petrified Forest," Bogie's first Hollywood hit.

"Now everybody stay where you are, see?" he'd snarl.

"We'll have a little music—see?—and some laughs . . ." and so on. Then Bogie started kidding his own killer reputation. "What I'm really over here for," he'd tell them, "is to get me a new mob. The draft took all my best rod-men. Anybody want to get in on the racket?" There'd be yells at this and ribbing. One kid piped up, "Say—there's something I'd like to know. How in h— can you shoot an automatic pistol for thirty shots in one of those movie gun fights and never reload?"

kicking the gag around . . .

"S-h-h—" Bogie'd reply. "That's it, kid—that's my secret weapon. It's gonna win the war!"

Or he'd be confidential. "Now listen, guys. I'm gonna let you in on the real, inside dope. I got secret information. You want to know where you're going next?" Sure they wanted to know where they were going. Rumors buzzed around like flies all the time. There'd be a hush in the audience then. "Well," stage-whispered Bogie, "I gotta be cagey about

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rick's bar . . .

But maybe the biggest kick concerned with his Hollywood screen killer past was the nightly broadcast from Berlin. Herr Goebbels used Bogie's tour seriously and Sally, "the B—— of Berlin," as the G.I.'s called her, took him up as a pet propaganda subject. Sally is a German gal with an American accent who plays the piano and then launches into a program intended to simply devastate Uncle Sam's troops. They tune in on Sally for the belly laughs she hands them trying to be a poison voice when she's only absurd. Anyway, Sally chirped out one night after her usual "Hello, Suckers! And now what do you red-blooded Yanks think," cracked Sally, "about Hollywood sending over a phoney movie gangster killer to show you guys how to be tough? How do you like that? Ha-ha-ha!" The same line was dished out in Jerry's army magazine (comparable to our "Stars and Stripes") so Bogie knew it was official from Goebbels' headquarters. To be honored as a Public Enemy of Hitler's Gang, he considered a high distinction indeed.

Once "Al Recovero," for Bogie and his comedy crew, was a villa up where the shooting was hot and heavy. They put on a show there one afternoon, the day after shells had knocked out all the windows, and the day after they left, more Jerry shells made powder out of the place for keeps. That was as close as they came to being under fire. They never got bombed, although escorting officers kept cracking, "Bear with us, please. We'll get you bombed yet!"

icing meringue and bayonets . . .

Fact was, about the greatest personal danger Bogie encountered on the trip was last Christmas night. Christmas is Humphrey's birthday, and Mary happened

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to make a crack in an afternoon show that "it was the first birthday of Bogie's I haven't baked him a cake!" Well, that night right in the middle of the act, an Army cook and his helpers marched up the aisle with the biggest block-buster cake you ever saw, with the works—icing, meringue, even "Happy Birthday" all over it. Bogie was really touched. He couldn't say anything for a minute. Then he made his big mistake.

"Any of you guys got a bayonet or knife or something to cut this with?" he yelled. "Bring me one and then come and get your piece of cake!"

Well, a couple of hundred bayonets and trench knives bore down on Bogie in no time flat along with a few hundred cake-hungry soldiers, and Mayo thought it was all over for Bogie. The last she saw of him he was being swept down the field, cake and all, with steel sticking all around him! But he survived. Maybe because he's so tough—the softie!

In fact, by that time Bogie and all the F.F.'s were pretty rugged in spite of no green goods, fresh fruits or meat and the killer-diller tour schedule. Most of their shows were set up any old place, with a couple of G.I. trucks backed together for a stage, and they kept physically fit setting up the props and mentally alert figuring up in lire and other foreign dough their U.S.O. expenses; "worrying," as Bogie recalled, "far into the very night over what happened to five bucks!"

Maybe the oddest stage they ever did their stuff on was in the harbor at Dakar. There, after a diet of C-rations, Mayo rashly stated she'd give an extra show for a steak. The naval officers at the station came through, so that night three destroyers anchored together and gobs hung off the rigging while the Filthy Four

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Among the few sailing from Cannes, late summer of '38, were Don and Honore Ameche. We were ferried out to the Rex in a small launch, and all of us were parcel-free . . . that is, all except Don. He took the gangplank ahead of me and could manage neither his hat nor his bundles because of the swaying, to say nothing of his feet. By the time he'd reached the elevator in the ship's foyer, he had lost not only his self-composure, but what was worse, his wife. And as the elevator door clamped shut, he wailed, "My wife . . . where's my wife? I don't know what I'm supposed to do or where I'm supposed to do it!" And then, with his load threatening to follow the course of gravity, he moaned, "Damn it! Where is my wife!"

Mrs. Eleanor Thoresen,
Providence, R. I.

put on the longest show of the tour. It was there, too (but on the way to Italy), that Bogie got his present official service rating—"Second Class Seaman." In the last war, Humphrey was a real Navy Seaman, First Class. The sailors knew this, so to make him more matey they demoted him a stripe. Then they stencilled his rank all over his luggage, so that from then on, wandering around Army outfits, Bogie drew baffled looks from Yanks with that "Humphrey Bogart, Seaman Second Class" label.

Luggage, by the way, was almost as much of a problem as those tricky expense accounts in Italian lira. When they flew (which was practically always), the baggage limit was 55 pounds. The bags were almost always getting lost, too, in the shuffle, and that was tragic, because they carried only absolute necessities. One necessity to Mayo was, believe it or not, snoods, and I'll have to tell a story on Bogie about that:

When they were packing for the tour, Bogie saw Mayo putting some fancy snoods in her bag. He blew up. "If there's anything more God-awful on a woman than a snood, I don't know what it is!" he yelled. He went pretty thoroughly into the horrors of snoods in general and practically promised Mayo he'd sue for divorce if he ever caught her in one. Just the same, when he wasn't looking, Mayo slipped in the snoods.

million miles from antoine's . . .

Well, one evening in a tent in Italy, as good as a million miles from a beauty shop, Mayo had to make herself as pretty as a lady can who has to wear long underwear to keep warm. The immediate problem was her hair. "There's no one else to do it," she told Bogie. "You'll have to."

"Me," shouted Bogie. "Me—do your hair—are you nuts?"

But Mayo was right. He had to do it, else she'd look like the Medusa or something with the rain and the mud and the marks of a helmet pressed down all day. It took a full hour of sweating misery for Bogie to play a grudging Guilaroff, and at the end he was a whipped spouse. "Why in the world didn't you bring along those snoods!" he yelled. You could see the guy was desperate.

MOODS

IN

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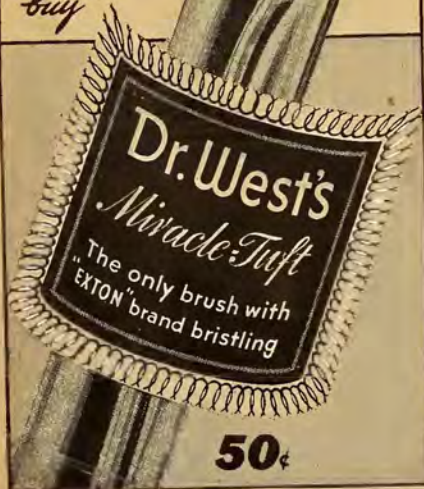
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NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS

"I thought you couldn't stand snoods." "Snoods? Why, if they'll get me off this job, I'm crazy about snoods. I'm in love with snoods. They're my favorite articles!" Almost raving he was, so Mayo dug in her bag and brought them out. And she wore them all the rest of the time without a peep from Bogie.

But around camp shows, Mayo never let a snood or anything else hide her blond hair because she discovered that the mere sight of a blond female head was enough to make Yanks in Latinland swoon. "Mi-gosh!" they'd cry. "A white woman! A real, American blonde!" It was that way at the hospital, too, where it was hardest to act like a gay American blonde or anything else—where Humphrey Bogart had to be twice as gruff and hard-boiled to kid himself because that's the way a hard guy who is soft underneath always acts when he would like to bawl.

But inside the hospitals you'd never have guessed Bogart was a softie. In fact, those were the places where he wise-cracked and kidded most. Nobody squirms under sympathy more than a soldier casualty, and Bogie knew that. He'd come up to a patient with his legs in a cast—hoisted up in pulleys.

"What you got there, soldier—a Rube Goldberg? Where does the mouse come out and ring the bell?" he'd crack. Or he'd see a Yank with a badly burned leg. "What's that—a new kind of hotfoot?" "Doc" Bogart they began calling him, the morale medic.

Well—I could go on and on. But I guess the best way to wind this up is to say that it was with a flock of memories that will never fade that the Filthy Four finally climbed aboard a plane in West Africa for the hop to America. All the Hollywood people they'd met overseas, Joe E. Brown, Captain John Huston, Lieutenant John Carroll and the other entertainers whose paths crossed theirs envied them, sighed wistfully and told Bogie and Mayo what to tell whom back home. And the G.I.'s, too, had a thousand messages to be delivered to a thousand scattered moms and sweethearts and pals.

Yep, it was a thrill at last to be heading home. The Army officers tossed a farewell dinner for Bogie and his troupe, and they had a big evening.

But when the plane took off, Bogie felt as depressed and low as a snake in a swamp, and he couldn't tell exactly why. Except that he felt somehow like he was leaving his best pals behind. He perked up when he saw the lights of New York, and it was swell to tear into a real American steak again.

no other word for it . . .

And when he was back aboard the "Sluggo" at Balboa in California, resting up, he remembered something he'd read by William Faulkner about the horrors of a nation "playing host to a war," and he remembered, too, the Army kid overseas, who said, "The one thing I'm glad about this war is that we're fighting it over here and not at home!"

"You can say that again!" Bogie had replied. And now that he's back home, he realizes more than ever what true talk that was.

But while Humphrey Bogart is glad to be back on the job, he has a craving to get going again, too—that's what a trip like his does to a movie star or to anyone else. When you see it with your own eyes, you want to be a part of it, every way you can, or you don't rest easy.

So if Bogie starts packing again one of these days, don't say I didn't tell you. But he'll have to make a couple of pictures first. Just so he won't forget how.

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KEEP THOSE HONEYMOON HANDS

(Continued from page 67)

applied while the first is still wet. Lucille (the impatient type) fixes herself up by applying one coat at night, the other next morning. She adds a third coat a day or two later. Not only does this glorify nails... but it reinforces them, makes them more shock-proof. Your choice is apt to go to bright, clear reds in polishes, but if you prefer a deeper shade, nothing should keep you from it. With a good topcoat, the manicure will last and last.

It's an artistic thought to team your nail polish and lipstick. And, listen, you don't have to be a Michaelangelo to do this. A bright manufacturer has done it for you. The set is housed in a gay green and rose-bedecked box, a real tournament of roses. It holds lipstick, polish, a base coat for nails... and, what's more, a wind-milled, blending face powder.

Polish Pointers. Conservation, you say? Well, suggests Bonita Granville, a slick idea to keep costume jewelry from tarnishing is to coat it with colorless nail polish. She adds that you should wash the pieces thoroughly before painting them with the polish. Protection is practically absolute. An excellent hint, what? Another brightie: Lacquer the tortoise-shell or plastic frames on your specs and sun glasses to match your fingertips. Polish doesn't harm the frames, and shades may be changed at your slightest whim with a dab of remover.

Hand Talk. For 1944 it's good-by to clutching claws, slithery nail-do's, hands flabby as goldfish tails or so stiff they resemble Charley McCarthy's. Hands aren't just tongs and prongs to work with. Don't be jittery, don't bite your nails. Use a dash of psychology on yourself. Treat yourself to a handsome manicure... you'll be less apt to gnaw at it. Perspiring hands often come from nervousness, of course, but you might try a little antiperspirant by way of local first-aid. When you want to pretty your hands for dress parade, try this fool-the-eye trick. Wear a little foundation cream or tinted powder base such as you use before powdering your face.

Conservative You. Six final pointers to save your precious manicure fixin's: (1) Keep bottles upright so polish won't leak out. (2) Find a cool spot to keep them in—the stuff will be good to the last precious drop. (3) Drain brush against neck of bottle before using, to guard against waste. (4) Wipe outside neck of bottle with tissue before screwing the cap on. If neck is clogged, the cap will not screw on tightly... polish will evaporate. (5) Use a colorless polish-shield on your nails to prolong wear. (6) To conserve polish remover: saturate cotton and press it against the nail for several minutes. Do this with each nail, before you begin the actual job of removing. Three "dips" of the remover should be enough to do a complete job.

Hand-some Ending. Follow these rules and you'll win, hands down, in romance. If there's any particular digit-problem or beauty puzzler that's fretting you, just scrawl off a missive with your neatly manicured hands... the solution's practically in the mail. Address it: Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Good-by now, we've just discovered a chip in our own nail polish that calls for immediate action.

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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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"DAYS OF GLORY"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 40)

soldiers on motorcycles were drawing inevitably closer.

The wagon jarred over a dip, swept into the narrow neck of land that lay between the two wings of the forest and then curved sharply to the right. The sound of the motorcycles grew loud as they approached the forest-guarded bottleneck; then over the roar of the machines came the crack of rifle shot. One of the motorcycles careened crazily, its rider slumped forward over the handlebars and then slipped sprawling to the earth in the unmistakable, sack-like posture of the dead. Another shot followed rapidly; a third. The second rider seemed to stiffen in his seat; for a moment he raised his hands in terrible surprise to his blood-spattered face, and then, with a queer, jerking, convulsive movement, he fell, tumbling forward, rolling in a misshapen heap in the rutted dirt road. Finally, he lay still; still as the first, still as the dead.

lady guerrilla . . .

A figure rose from the dark shaded forest. The dim light held and glinted very softly on the barrel of a rifle. A hand rose and waved and then paused to slip back the hood of the camouflage cape. Blonde hair tumbled free. The hand waved again; slim-fingered, feminine. A girl. . . .

Guerrillas!

Headquarters was the ruins of what once had been an ancient cloister. Here in the tumbled slabs, they lived and worked, killed and hoped . . . and waited. Underground, under the ruined building, the tiny rooms that had been the cells of the long dead monks, held strange company.

"Two Germans?" Semyon asked.

Sasha said excitedly: "Yes. I saw it. You should have seen them tumble to the ground like sacks of straw. She's dead, our Yelena, she . . ."

The girl Yelena nodded wearily: "Yes, two. Two less now. Is Vladimir back yet?"

Something stirred at the doorway. They all turned tensely. Sasha was reaching for one of the guns stacked against the wall. Then the door opened, and the man stood revealed in the flood of light. He was tall, but he was built so broad in the shoulders that he appeared almost stocky. He was young, but his eyes were old, tired now and always watchful.

"Vladimir!" Semyon cried.

They sprang around him, and you could see it in their faces: the trust, the love and respect they had for him. They flung questions at him: "... what did they say at headquarters . . ." "... can we expect an attack soon . . ." "... what did they think of how we blew the bridge . . ." "... Yelena killed two today . . ." "... did you have trouble getting through the lines . . ."

The girl Yelena whispered softly: "I'm glad you're safe, Vladimir."

He didn't notice the presence of the strangers until later. One was the wagon driver, Dimitri, and he was simply accounted for: He wanted to join the guerrillas. But the other . . . Fedor the Blacksmith had found her slumped in exhaustion at the edge of the marshes, and he had slung her over his shoulders like a young deer and carried her back to the hideaway.

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was propped up on the rude bed, and in the warmth of the fire, with the food and tea in her, the color had come back to her cheeks. She was a slim girl, somehow graceful even in repose; and beautiful.

"Your name?" Vladimir asked.
"My name?" she repeated. "Nina Ivanovna."

"Birthplace?"

"Tiflis."

"What are you doing here?"

"I lived in Moscow."

"Moscow is a long way from Tiflis . . . and from here also."

The girl said slowly: "I am a dancer, Comrade-Commander . . . We, too, tried to help in the struggle. I was with a troupe entertaining troops at the front. We were attacked . . . and in the battle I found myself cut off. I tried to make my way to Tula . . . but I got lost in the woods . . ."

"You don't belong here," Vladimir said sharply. "What can you do? Can you kill?"

"Kill? I have never—"

"Can you shoot a gun?"

"No."

"Can you cook? Can you scrub?"

"I am a dancer," Nina said.

"Unfortunately," Vladimir retorted, "we have no use for dancers."

"I'm sorry," the girl murmured. "If you want me to go—"

"Stay, then," Vladimir said. "At least until you are well."

So she stayed. And Mitya, who was only a boy, only 15, found himself suddenly, for the first time, in love. Semyon, who had been a professor in the days of peace, recited Pushkin. Sasha, Fedor, Dimitri, even Petrov, the silent one, followed her with their eyes. Only Yelena remained cool to her. Yelena and Vladimir. Vladimir rarely spoke to her; his dark troubled eyes were always distant. This was no place for a dancer, not here in the midst of war and death. And then the German soldier tried to escape.

They had captured the German and it was Semyon's idea that as long as he was still alive, to bring him to trial. "For the sake of all the dead," Semyon said, "for the sake of all the dead and living, too. Because he and his kind must answer for the miles of blackened earth, for the weeping mothers and the orphaned children and the children who will never know youth . . ." So they placed the German in one of the cells, awaiting trial.

stark moment . . .

Nina was alone in the kitchen when she saw the boots, edging forward slowly as a man in fear and caution walks. She watched stunned, stupefied until the German was in the room. He saw her and his huge, brute face contorted into a cold mask. He saw she was afraid. He came forward steadily, watching her, and she backed away from him until her back was against the wall. She was only a dancer. What did she know of how to stop an escaped prisoner? The German spoke in a low, tense voice. She couldn't understand the words, but the meaning was plain. He was threatening her, demanding that she make no sound. His great ham of a hand reached out suddenly and snatched a gun from the rack on the wall. Holding it, his face suddenly became arrogant. He gestured with the gun. Nina shrunk back against the wall.

Slowly the soldier began to mount the steps toward the exit. He climbed the steps backward, holding the gun aimed at Nina. Outside a voice called. Who was it? Semyon? Vladimir? The German froze on the steps, listening, waiting.



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Don Juan
MILLION DOLLAR
Lipstick
STAYS ON!

they weren't coming in. The gun in his hand held steady on the target of her body. If she called now... if she shouted... There was the sound of footsteps suddenly loud outside the door, and then softer and softer as they moved away. The German was motionless. When it was quiet again he moved up the steps. Reaching behind him, he pushed softly against the door.

Against the wall, her hands pressed tight against the stone, Nina felt something. Her fingers explored. A long thin barrel. A pistol. On the top step the German gestured with the rifle once. He had to turn to go out. Below him there was only a slip of a girl frightened out of her wits.

He turned... She brought the pistol forward, squinting along the strangeness of it. The German was a huge, menacing danger. She brought the pistol level. And then suddenly in the moment when the door flung open and the sunshine poured into the room like a wave of light, she fired and the sound was enormous in the quiet room. The German half turned on the top step, the rifle swung in an arc, and then he fell forward, half out of the door, with the sunlight on his twisted face.

They came running, then, Semyon and Mitya. They saw the German and Nina in the room below still holding the pistol poised in front of her. It must have been

WATCH FOR MODERN SCREEN'S JULY ISSUE

To assure yourself of a copy, ask your dealer for your July MODERN SCREEN on June 13th. Newsstands have been selling out so quickly, a few days delay might mean your having to miss an issue.

Semyon who told Vladimir. For he came to her later that day.

"I came to thank you," he said gravely. "It might have meant the end of us all if the German escaped."

"Thank me for what?" she said. "For doing what any one of you would have done in my place?"

"I know it must have been hard for you," he said softly. "It's not an easy business. Killing. Not even Germans. For some one like you."

She cried out suddenly, harshly: "I don't know. All I know is that I wasn't made for death. Whatever I did in the past I did for beauty, for life. And now—"

"Not you alone, Nina," Vladimir answered. "We none of us asked to learn this business of death. Meanwhile, as long as it is our business, we must learn to do it well. So for all of us I thank you again."

"Then I'm one of you now," she said. He looked at her gravely: "You're one of us, Nina."

"And where you go, I go, too?"

"Where we go, you go."

"On the next raid?"

"Sometimes," he said slowly, "it's not only Germans who die. It's a dangerous calling, partisans..."

"On the next raid?"

For a moment he was quiet; and then he said abruptly: "Yes, on the next raid."

death by moonlight...

The railroad track ran off in an easy curve to the right; the rails glittered softly in the moonlight. A hundred yards

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SAYMAN SALVE

of the automatic signal tower. Far off where the city was besieged, artillery flares burst against the dark night sky. But here it was peaceful; the peace of desolation. The Germans had passed through.

At the edge of the woods they paused, and Vladimir scouted the empty vistas of the single track. They were all quiet, waiting for his words. Nina lay flat at his side trying to peer over the edge of the sharp embankment.

"Yelena," Vladimir said, "the signal tower. You know what to do?"

"Let the guard train pass on the green. Stop the ammunition train on the red until the fuses are set. Then signal green."

"Right. Sasha, Petrov—guard. Semyon, Mitya—help me with the charges."

"And I?" Nina questioned.

"Watch and learn," Vladimir said. "That will be enough."

They set off quickly about their jobs. Vladimir worked hurriedly setting the charges under the ties. The night wind was sharp, cold, whistling oddly as it whipped the swaying tree-tops. Far off, dimly, they heard the sound of the trains, a steady clack on the rails, growing louder. They moved back toward the forest.

The armored train came first, and it swung down the track, traveling at a steady, swift pace. The headlight bore through the dark, picked up the signal on the tower, moved past into darkness again. Then behind, more slowly, the ammunition train pulled into the section of track. From the forest they watched the signal tower. The light blinked, flashed red. For a moment no one said anything, watching the train. Then they heard the sigh of the air brakes. The train ground slowly to a stop.

They worked swiftly then in the edge of the forest, setting the detonator. Let the guard train pass, they wanted the ammunition. Vladimir worked in silent, furious haste. Then from the left, somewhere in the depths of the forest, a volley of shots broke the stillness.

Without looking up, Vladimir said softly: "The light, Yelena, the light . . ."

Semyon said: "Bad luck—"

"There's still time . . . the light now?"

Semyon said: "Green. You can depend on Yelena."

The ammunition train dragged down the track, still innocent, still unaware. The sound of firing from the forest was moving closer. Vladimir wiped his brow viciously. Over all the rest now, they could hear the screaming whistle of the guard train as, suspicious, it began to back down the track. The ammunition train lumbered forward slowly.

"The engine's over," Semyon said.

They waited, breathless.

"Coal car . . ."

Then a moment of eternity.

"Now!"

Vladimir pressed the plunger home. Almost at the same moment they were up running to the saving dark. Dwarfing all the sounds, arching in a thick red blast against the sky, the charge went off; and then a moment later with all the sounds of creation, the ammunition cars blew.

In the forest the sound of firing was steady now. Sasha burst through. "Patrol . . ." he said. Vladimir spoke swiftly: "Separate, meet back at the hide-away." He took Nina's arm, his grasp rough: "Here, little dancer," he said. "You stay with me."

They twisted through the forest and burst back out onto the track behind the flaming wreckage of the ammunition train. Down the track now they could hear the hoarse shouts of a German patrol moving up. Vladimir flung Nina across

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ment rose sharply. Half dragging the girl, Vladimir clawed to the top, and then the two of them rolled down. They lay there breathless, silent, not daring to move. The patrol clanked past them: a voice rasped a hoarse command. They moved on. Vladimir's silencing hand was still over Nina. It was an eon before they moved.

"Safe now," Vladimir whispered. She said nothing, but pressed against him, suddenly breathless. He looked down at her, smiling. He saw her eyes, caught in the moonlight. Then wordlessly, he drew her into his arms and lifted her face to his.

"You know now," she said fiercely. "You know now why I stayed?"

"I know now," he repeated.

"And you're glad?"

"Yes, I'm glad."

"And you won't send me away? Ever?"

Tenderly, touching the soft curve of her cheek as if it were some strange wonderful flower he said: "Never. Never... until the day I die..."

The blowing of the ammunition train was a turning point. You could feel in the heavy, storm-laden air the growing tension, the final breathless wait. So none of them were surprised when Vladimir told them it was only a matter of a short time before the real thing came to pass. A messenger was needed to slip through the lines to report back to Army Headquarters that everything was ready. Yelena went, because a woman would rouse less suspicion and would have a better chance of getting through.

She went, riding the piebald horse, waving cheerily to them as she started off down the road. But only a little later the horse, alone, came running back down the same path, and the saddle was tinged with blood. They waited desperately, cursing their helpless hands, until Yelena came staggering out of the woods.

Fedor doctored the wound. But they all knew. Even Yelena knew. She looked around at them, gathered about the rude bed in the ruined hideaway, and she said simply: "No grief, comrades. Revenge. We revenge death in Russia."

Nina stayed with her that night in the quiet cell-like room. But her life was passing as surely as the hours crept slowly around the face of the clock. She made no sound. Only now and then her eyes moved toward Nina, and Nina bent to wipe gently her parched lips with a water dipped bandage roll. With the hint of dawn in the sky, Yelena said softly:

"You will take good care of him..." she said. "Listen to me: he never knew my love. But I know he loves you. And that's a good thing. There is so much hate and death with us now that we forget how beautiful it is to love. Don't let him forget. Take care of him..."

"Yelena... Yelena... you will be well yet..."

"Listen again: he will need someone to take the message through. Do you know it? Say it after me now: Red 152, White 3, Yellow 57, Stop, Green 1,000... Purple 55, Blue unnumbered..."

"Red 152," Nina said. "White 3... Yellow 57. You will see, Yelena, Fedor says you will be well..."

"The message..."

"Green 1,000, Purple 55... Yelena!"

But the girl on the bed who was too young to die didn't hear. She would never be tired again or in pain or in love...

Nina got through. She and Mitya made the dangerous trip through the enemy lines and back again to the hideaway where Vladimir and the others waited.

Vladimir said tensely: "What did they say at Headquarters?"

"I was to report to the Comrade Commander that the snow will fall tomorrow."

Vladimir said slowly: "Then it be..."

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gins . . .
They all knew what it meant. The long
awaited advance of the Red Army was to
begin. Their own attack must be coordi-
nated with the attack of the troops. No
more silent raids or sorties, no more hiding.
Out into the open now, attacking with
whatever force they had available. Vladi-
mir spoke swift orders.

They were to engage the enemy in the
open, make him believe that the full force
of attack was coming from their direction.
Then when they were overwhelmed, as
they had to be since they were outnum-
bered, they were to fall back to the hide-
away and make their stand there, holding
the Germans as long as possible. Under
cover of their flank attack, the main Red
Army troops would be able to envelope
the rear of the German troops.

And it happened that way . . .
With the dawn they crept out, and in
the dim light the first guns spoke until the
whole area was a mass of flame and fire.
They fell back slowly. Petrov fell . . .
Sasha . . . Fedor . . . Dimitri . . . Until
huddled in the ruins of the hideaway there
were only Semyon, Vladimir, Nina . . .

Outside the Germans were massing for a
final attack. The grey clanking monsters
of their tanks were drawing up. They still
believed that they were facing a large
force. They were moving cautiously. In the
ruins of the ancient cloister the three of
them worked feverishly piling their gren-
ades, checking their guns until there was
nothing to do but wait . . .

"Are you afraid?" Vladimir said softly
to Nina.

"A little . . . I think . . ."
"There is still time to slip to safety.
Semyon and I can hold here. One more
or less would make no difference . . ."

"No," Nina said.
He touched the soft curve of her face:
"So I have brought you finally nothing
but death . . ."

"No," she said vehemently, "No. Not
death. You've brought me life. What
else can love be but life? And beauty?
And all that is good? I'm happy now.
Happier than I have ever been. If I die,
I think I will die of happiness and not
because of their bullets or their tanks . . ."

The heavy tanks were moving now. Se-
myon cursed and moved up toward the
parapet that faced the enemy. They took
their places beside him. It was only a little
while longer now. From the East a flight
of planes was polka-dotted the sky. It
was going according to plan, then. They
would come dropping out, the Red Army
paratroops, but meanwhile . . .

For a moment Vladimir's hand closed
on Nina's.

Semyon recited softly:
"The heavy hanging chains will fall
The walls will crumble at a word,
And freedom greets you in the light,
And brothers give you back the
sword . . ."

The morning sun broke through the
overcast of clouds, and for the first time,
then, in all that bitter winter and early
spring, the sky was full of light . . .

CAST

Nina Toumanova
Vladimir Gregory Peck
Sasha Alan Reed
Yelena Maria Palmer
Semyon Lowell Gilmore
Fedor Hugo Haas
Mitya Glenn Vernon
Olga Dena Penn
Dimitri Igor Dolgoruki
Petrov Edward Durst
Johann Straub Lou Crosby

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

"DAYS OF GLORY"

(PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 40)

accompanying letter asked for suggestions, told them he'd like the names of any promising actors who resembled the types pictured in the drawings.

24,000 letters rolled in; Mr. R. had to retire for a week and look through all of them.

For the leading roles, he finally chose Tamara Toumanova and Gregory Peck. Toumanova, world-famous ballerina, former première danseuse with the Ballet Russe, literally let her hair down, went without make-up and played her entire role without once pirouetting on those million-dollar toes.

Gregory Peck is a recruit from Broadway, having served his apprenticeship in summer stock in Virginia before appearing with Katharine Cornell in "The Doctor's Dilemma" and Gladys Cooper in "The Morning Star." Tall, whip-lean, ruggedly handsome, he has a magnetic voice guaranteed to send shivers up and down feminine spines.

Entire cast and crew went on location to Utah, to a spot near Firken 40 miles up into the mountains above Cedar City. Producer Robinson sent the company there because the terrain and surrounding foliage most nearly resembled the Russian country south of Moscow.

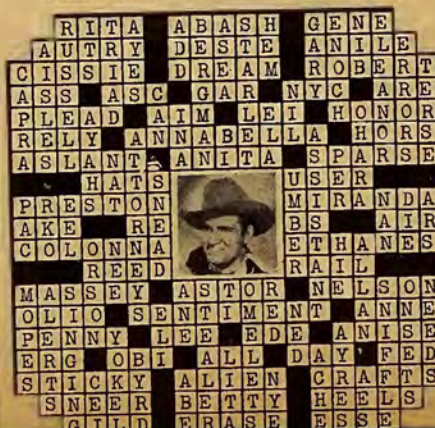
upcountry journey . . .

An abandoned resort near the spot chosen had to be opened so the troupe would have a place to eat and sleep. No help was available, of course, so the 65 players and technicians had to take turns working as cooks, waitresses, etc. Supplies for the food department were mainly unrationed items—poultry and fresh vegetables—and were rounded up from nearby farms. On the train en route, the folks ate box lunches and drank coffee from thermos jugs, all foresightedly prepared by the studio so there would be plenty of food available to members of our fighting forces traveling the same time.

In one of the most moving scenes in the picture, Toumanova (accent on the second syllable, please) reads poetry aloud to a group of guerrilla fighters whom she has joined. Every man present falls in love with her, so eloquently does she recite the words; the poem is a selection from the work of the great Pushkin.

Word got around so fast that Gregory Peck was motion picture dynamite, producers from every studio were eagerly bidding for his services long before the

Solution to Puzzle on Page 8



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picture was released. 20th Century-Fox won out and immediately cast him in one of the top roles of 1944, the part of Father Chisholm in "Keys of the Kingdom."

Another newcomer to pictures is Alan Reed, who is best known to America's radio audience as Falstaff "You Can Call Mother a Plant Tonight, She's Potted" Openshaw, the Bowery Bard of the Fred Allen show. Reed is one of the most versatile actors in the entertainment world today, was working for Alfred Lunt in "The Pirate" when the offer came for the part of the Russian Sasha. Lunt not only released him from his contract but made a screen test with him that executives describe inadequately as a "knockout."

ADD LINES: Tumanova was dubbed "Tee Tee" and called that by everyone on the set during production... Known to balletomanes as "The Black Pearl" because of her coal-black hair and olive skin, she is not particularly exotic in her personal tastes, doesn't know the meaning of temperament. Collects books on the ballet, some of which are written about her. Confessed the reference to her that was most thrilling was the chapter devoted to her by H. Allen Smith in "Life in a Putty Knife Factory." Almost never goes to a beauty parlor, does her own nails and hair.

Gregory Peck is a native Californian, went to school at La Jolla, attended college at the University of California. It was there while he was rowing for the crew of 1938, that he received a spinal injury that has kept him out of every branch of Uncle Sam's armed forces. Married, he is about to become a papa for the first time. Worries most about that and his Victory Garden which he inspects by flashlight each night when he comes home late from work.

VICTORIA THE QUEEN

(Continued from page 37)

late, on the afternoon of Thursday, March 2, Harry James walked in—a set of fine strain lines upon his forehead, a worried pallor across his cheeks. "Well?" said the pianist.

"She's gone to the hospital," Harry said briefly. "Let's get busy." He didn't add, "So that I can get out of here and get back to the waiting room," but that compulsion was in every move of his shoulders, every preliminary note from the trumpet.

It had started at noon. Betty had just finished unpacking the last coverlet for the cradle and had looked around. The nursery suite was a masterpiece. The walls of the main room were pale, pale blue, the color of spring robin's eggs, the blue of April skies. The baby was due sometime in April.

heavenly setting...

Set back from the main room was an alcove in which the nurse—just employed by Betty—was to sleep. That room was prepared with a moisture-proof panorama of bunnies, pink and blue kittens, pink and blue pups, and the bathroom was done in the same fashion.

The cradle was a handsome antique, an item for which Betty had shopped tirelessly for months. She had told her mother that it was a shame to cover so beautiful an article's intrinsic wood with a coating of white paint, but the doctor had recommended such a plan for sanitary purposes. Also (and they certainly think of everything these days) the paint selected was made of a vegetable compound which wouldn't turn the stomach of a young citizen who tried out sharp junior incisors on it.

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The decorator, when planning the furniture, had joined all of Betty's friends in asking, "What do you want, a boy or a girl?" And Betty had smiled and answered, "I just want a healthy baby."

Yet when she and her mother had been shopping one day, they had seen an adorable, fluffy dress with a skirt all of six inches long and a chi-chi embroidered yoke. "Little girl's things are so wonderful," Betty sighed. "And I've always thought those mother-daughter outfits were the cutest things in the world."

When Harry and Betty talked about names, Harry insisted that—if the new-comer should be a daughter—he wanted to name her Betty. "No. One in the family is enough," declared the mother-to-be. "First thing you know it would be Little Betty and Big Betty. I think a child should have a name all its own."

Actually, Betty's name is Elizabeth Ruth, so a compromise was effected: The daughter would be called Elizabeth, but in second place. Her first name was strictly her daddy's suggestion. When Harry first grew to know La Petite Grable, the friendship had ripened on the set of "Springtime in the Rockies." In that picture, Betty's nom de cinema was "Vicki."

So they decided that Victoria Elizabeth would be a sentimental name for a young lady. Only by accident did the name happen to belong to two celebrated queens, and also only by accident did "Victoria" stem from the word Victory. As soon as the decision was published in columns—some time before the birth of the James junior—hundreds of eager fans wrote to the studio saying that the arrival of Victoria in 1944 might have psychic significance. It might mean that V day was due the same year.

But on March 2, Betty Grable James was only surveying the completed nursery and thinking that her new houseboy should be instructed to take the stack of boxes and tissue paper out to the trash-pick-up department. And she was wondering what on earth had become of the beautiful carrying pillow that had been one of the gifts received at a shower given for the baby-to-come.

The carrying pillow was to be used to transport the baby home from the hospital; it was to be used by the nurse in transporting the baby around the room during its early and fragile months. That carrying pillow was a very important item. And Betty couldn't find it.

She telephoned her mother. She said, "I can't find . . . Mother, I feel kind of funny."

"False alarm," said Mrs. Grable in comforting tones. "You've been working too hard on that nursery. You lie down and rest."

Betty tried to rest, but she had the distinct impression that large white wings were beating the air. She telephoned the doctor and described her sensations. "I'll be right there," he said. "And I'm sending the ambulance. Call your mother."

Mrs. Grable had been driving Betty's Cadillac convertible, so she gave the little grey car a quick ride from one canyon in Bel Air to another. By the time she arrived, Harry had also swooped in from the studio. Betty was loaded into the ambulance, the doctor and Mrs. Grable climbed in beside her, and Harry followed in the station wagon.

Mrs. Grable patted her daughter's hand. "We'll only be at the hospital a few hours, or overnight at most, then you'll feel wonderful, and you'll want to go home in another month or perhaps even six weeks," she said in the authoritative tone of one who has successfully produced two pretty daughters.

Betty didn't say much. She was too occu-

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They reached the hospital at two o'clock
in the afternoon. The hands of the clock
spread wide, only to tighten in a slipknot
on another hour. Three. The noose loos-
ened, then grew taut to snare another
hour. Four. Harry had to leave for the
studio. He hurried down. He hurried back.
On the return trip he stopped at a florist's
and ordered a bouquet, and his selection
marks the thoughtful depth of the man.
He didn't buy a boatload of roses or any
showy blur of great flowers; he ordered
a little old-fashioned bouquet set on a
lacy paper doily and equipped with a
sturdy handle. It was an offering of flowers
that a girl could grip in her hand; some-
thing explicit of solicitude, something posi-
tive with devotion.

What thoughts flash through the mind
of a near mother?

stork stuff . . .

She might have remembered the baby
shower given for her by Mrs. Zanuck—
a shower to enrapture any girl. That day
Betty had worn her favorite maternity
dress—a blue gabardine made butcher-
boy style with a starched overblouse. In
it Betty looked like a plump cherub in
search of a pink cloud in which to go
wading. She was wearing her hair long,
pushed back and perfectly plain. No rib-
bons, no bows, because that is the way
Harry likes it best. Before she married,
Betty had been wearing the high pompa-
dour so becoming to most girls, but Harry
—noting her rats one night—quietly threw
them away. "Your hair is pretty enough
without any additions," he said.

Mrs. Zanuck had planned a lovely table.
The centerpiece was a cradle that, when
pushed gently so that it rocked back and
forth, played a series of nursery tunes.
The guests took turns giving the music
box a one-finger shove to keep the songs
repeating. Above this cradle, on invisible
wire, floated a flight of storks in bomber
formation.

In the living room there was a huge,
inverted pink umbrella—just the right
thing to place over a baby's play pen on
a summer day. Within this pink canvas
bowl were piled such an array of presents
that a casual observer would have said
Canadian history was expected to be chal-
lenged in California. Mrs. Zanuck's gift
was a baby set of bathroom bottles in
crystal and a mother-baby set of bed
jackets. Alice Faye welcomed the new-
comer—who might well marry her baby
one day, provided the sexes were properly
arranged—with a high chair. Ann Warner's
present was a sterling silver comb and
brush set. Lynn Bari had hunted high and
low for the play pen. And just to provide
a brilliant divergence from the pink and
blue of the party, Eve Wynn's gift was a
pair of red suede booties.

While remembering these things, Betty
undoubtedly thought of the kindly fan
in New York who had sent two pairs (one
pink, one blue) of bedroom slippers, two
pairs of booties, two wrappers and two
crib robes. Another fan had sent half a
dozen hand-knitted sopplers, and still
another had sent a beautiful baby book.

During the months of her pregnancy,
Betty's fan mail had gradually increased;
much of it was from servicemen who con-
gratulated her in one paragraph and told
her in detail in the next about their own
youngsters. In February, Betty received
90,000 letters—a little more than three
thousand a day. This fact should eliminate
forever the cherished Hollywood bugaboo
that motherhood will ruin a star's career.

Like the wife of any serviceman who
is expecting her first baby, Betty had con-
tinued to work until the end of her fourth
month of pregnancy—in November. And
she had gained weight—quite a lot for
Betty. From a constant weight of 114

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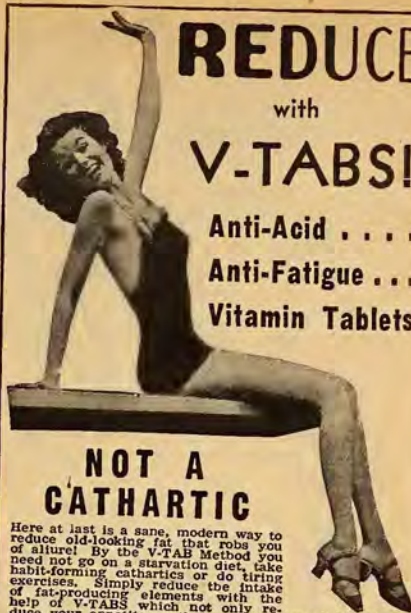
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she advanced to the lush contours of 148 pounds. The doctor suggested mildly that she diet. Betty shook her head. "No—I'm hungry, and for once in my life I'm going to eat everything I want."

Betty has never had to diet, but she has always been sensible about what she ate—quantities of vegetables, much fruit, lean meat, very few carbohydrates. And with her approaching motherhood, she developed a terrific yen for waffles dappled with butter and afloat in syrup. She could eat them at any hour of the day or night.

But the night of March 2, she admitted that—for the first time in months—she was faintly curdled by the thought of waffles. Her mind did go back to the puzzle she had been working on just before she left for the hospital. "I wonder what on earth became of that carrying pillow," she murmured.

who only stand and wait . . .

The time went by. Midnight. One o'clock of March 3. Two o'clock. Three o'clock. The doctor beckoned Mrs. Grable and Harry into an anteroom, "We'll have to perform a Caesarian section," he explained. "The baby's heart beat is growing weaker, and I don't think we should take a chance."

Like any mother, Mrs. Grable hesitated. She looked from the doctor to Harry. "I'm sure she'll be all right," she insisted. "She's so well and strong." But at the end of another hour, she gave in. She had a friend in the hospital, an anesthetist who had originally planned to take care of Betty when her time came, but Betty—having rushed matters—was deprived of his professional attention because he was busy looking after three other prospective mothers. Still, he did what he could. First, he reassured Mrs. Grable. "Your doctor is wonderful; he'll do a beautiful section."

He hurried away, then returned to glance from Harry's drawn face to Mrs. Grable's apprehensive eyes. "They've taken her to surgery," he said. "She's reacting very well." He disappeared.

The seconds ticked off. The door opened a crack, and the cheerful face thrust forward. "They've given her the anesthetic—a spinal block," he reported. "Everything is going fine."

Just ten minutes later, the beaming friend looked in again. "It's a girl," he said with as much pride as if Victoria Elizabeth were his own. "The doctor says that she has the prettiest body he has seen in years. Looks like you've got another pin-up girl on your hands."

Harry's face, which had been a fog grey, suddenly went glacier white. Then he swallowed hard, stood up and put his arm around Mrs. Grable. "Would you like to see the baby?" asked the friend. Fine question.

They followed him. Respectfully and in awe, they stood in an anteroom where the doctor was oiling the newcomer. Her hair was pale topaz, her disposition appeared to be drowsy, but cordial. "She's just five minutes old," said the doctor.

Learn something
about your War Bonds
from this fellow!



THE BEST THING a bulldog does is **HANG ON!** Once he gets hold of something, it's mighty hard to make him let go!

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

When she was tucked away, Harry and Mrs. Grable left. Just as they reached the corridor, Betty was being wheeled back to her room. She was groggy, but conscious. Harry leaned down to kiss her. "Baybee!" he said softly. And he added, "We've seen the little baybee."

When Mrs. Grable leaned over to kiss her daughter, Betty whispered, "Now we can buy those darling dresses, Mother."

Elizabeth the second . . .

The next day, when Mrs. Grable went up to the nursery to peer through the glass at her granddaughter, she found an Ensign standing thoughtfully before the window. Without looking at the woman who had joined him—and he wouldn't have recognized her if he had studied her closely, anyway—he said, "That's mine, right there. Isn't he a husky guy? And that baby right there belongs to Harry James and Betty Grable. Pretty little tyke, isn't she?" Then his gaze returned to his chubby son. "Look at those fists," he said. "Maybe he'll be a trumpeter some day and take that little girl dancing."

When Mrs. Grable repeated this to her daughter, Betty smiled. "Vicki doesn't ever have to take dancing lessons if she doesn't want to," she said.

The little non-dancing lady was allowed

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 97)

1. Bing Crosby
2. Sonny Tufts
3. Rita Hayworth
4. Jean Pierre Aumont
5. Van Johnson
6. Sonja Henie
7. Alice Faye
8. Gary Cooper
9. Helmut Dantine
10. Betty Grable
11. Lon McCallister
12. Janet Blair
13. Bob Burns
14. Madeleine Carroll
15. Jennifer Jones
16. Frank Sinatra
17. Gene Autry
18. Humphrey Bogart
19. Paulette Goddard
20. Richard Jaeckel

to spend the 30 minutes between one and one-thirty each day with her dancing mother, and both seemed to enjoy the visit. One day Mrs. Grable brought to the hospital some baby pictures of Betty, and Betty, aided by a mirror, agreed with Harry and Mrs. Grable that the young Vicki was an encore of the young Betty.

Betty noticed something else with the use of the mirror. "My hair is all tangled."

But not until March 14th did the nurse get the last snarl out of the blonde curls. That was such an event that Betty telephoned her mother to convey the news. She also wanted to remind her mother that Harry's birthday fell on March 15th. She gave him six linen handkerchiefs. "What would you really like for your birthday?" she inquired.

Harry delivered the line dead-pan. "A new car," he said.

"I should use a blunt instrument on you," opined Betty. "But I can't" because you're the father of my child."

And they exchanged one of those long glances that are forever the precious property of two new parents, deeply in love.

P.S. They found that carrying pillow. So Victoria Elizabeth travels in style befitting the namesake of two British queens and the daughter of a Hollywood queen.



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