

Modern Screen

AUGUST

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**SPECIAL
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE**

JUL 15 1944

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Mrs. Kenneth Bryan Neal, New York City
"I'm devoted to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," confides
this lovely bride. "My very first cake of Camay
brought such delicate new softness to my skin."

For romance...win
**Softer,
Smoother Skin**
*with just
One Cake of Camay!*



Actual tests by doctors prove—Camay is really mild!

The magic of a softer, more velvety complexion can be yours... with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, you can have lovelier skin as quickly as *that* when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the *first* cake of Camay, most complexions sparkled with fresh new radiance, looked more sweetly soft.

It cleanses without irritation

In these tests, you see proof of Camay's mildness... proof it can benefit skin!



"Camay is really mild," said the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation." Surely the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring such striking improvement to *your* complexion... so start with Camay tonight.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take just one minute, night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin's oily, add a C-O-L-D splash. With your *first* cake of Camay, you'll see enchanting new beauty.



Precious materials go into Camay—make it last!



Be saving with *all* soap during wartime. To help your Camay last, do this:

- ★GET GOOD LATHER from just a few rubs on Camay.
- ★TAKE CAMAY FROM THE WATER after lathering. Wipe your soap dish dry.
- ★TUCK CAMAY SLIVERS inside a bath mat. You'll get grand lather!

If you want to be Loved... **BE LOVABLE**— Keep that after-bath freshness with Mum!



• **TONIGHT** you'll be wearing his flowers! How thrilling! You mean to match the freshness of those flowers—so after your bath remember to guard precious charm. A quick touch of Mum keeps you dainty for hours. Use Mum every day—after every bath. After all, a bath merely removes *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* underarm odor—to stay popular—smart girls like you depend on Mum!



• **YOU—AND THE MAN**—and the moment! How precious to have! How easy to lose—if the tiniest trace of underarm odor tells tales about you. Don't give underarm odor a chance. Use Mum every day! After baths, be yourself—sure that Mum will guard charm all evening long—from the first exciting moment to the last lingering "good-night!"



So many popular girls depend on Mum because:

MUM SAVES TIME! Half a minute and you're through. Even busy days, there's time for Mum!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum works instantly! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of underarm odor. Get Mum from your druggist's.



Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable. Use it this important way, too!

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

King Vidor, who directed "The Big Parade", the first outstanding MGM picture twenty years ago, now delivers to the same company, as an Anniversary gesture, his mighty production "An American Romance".

This film is the flesh and blood story of the American dream come true.

It's about a guy called Steve Dangos, a young immigrant who came to this land of freedom with his bare hands and a shining hope. (Brian Donlevy gives all his sincerity to this role.)

It's also about a girl called Anna O'Rourke. Who shared in the struggles, the tribulations, the dreams of her man, as he made it the hard way, from iron mine worker, steel puddler, factory worker to great industrialist.

While their story is intimate, personal, glowing, it is also symbolic of the fight, the love, the surge, the drama, that has made our way of life the wonder of the whole, wide world.

"An American Romance" is the big adventure, told in wonderfully human and exciting terms—in a robust screen play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig.

It is dramatic fiction. It is also the truth. For this story in its scope parallels the life stories of many men who have helped to make America great.

King Vidor has found the movie material that many directors have been reaching for ever since the beginning of films. What he has done with it is magnificent.

"An American Romance" is photographed in perfected Technicolor. Red-brown earth tones of Mesabi; fiery reds and yellows of Steel Town; the bluish-gray colors of the automobile factories; the bright sky-blues of America's conquest of the heavenly skies above, follow in storied sequence.

"An American Romance" has caught the mighty cadences of the American dream. Something of you, yourself, is surely in it.

Presented with pardonable pride by



STORIES

LEO GOES TO WAR

These were the personality kids that Metro captured on film track to warm the world... they're pic's now and boots and big shots outdoing a writer's most fantastic war script.....

VAN JOHNSON LIFE STORY (Part II)

Van's the dream-rich little poor boy who thumbed his nose at death in time to clinch his biggest break.....

"MISS PRECIOUS CARGO"

So you thought all she could do was give nylons a good name! Next letter ask your G.I. beau—he'll tell you how Paulette Goddard took it in woman-wilting China—and how she dished it out!.....

KELLY IS THE NAME!

That glint in Gene's eye is star dust—and the tap in his toe is genius.....

DUCHESS ON WHEELS

Maybe Greer would look silly jivin' with the heps—but she'd like you to know she wasn't born with a bustle!.....

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO JUDY

"Garland the Glutton" they call her, but Judy insists that that dawn-to-droop routine she pulls for our servicemen is too drop-in-the-bucket-ish to even talk about.....

"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

With three strikes against her, Momma insisted that no marriage ever works out—and Theo nearly believed it!.....

"ONE PUNCH" LUNDIGAN

"One take" Lundigan, maybe, but Marine Corps hopeful Bill won't stop slugging until they become the little men who aren't there.....

AS TIME GOES BY

These were the great and near great, the flicker-famous synchronized with the wobbly dialogue captions, the bright new stars with the spine-tingling baritones—these were the M-G-M stars.....

WAITING FOR JEAN PIERRE

Waiting is made up of little things; hectic work-filled days, long, lonely nights, the side-tilted head of Maria Montez listening for familiar footsteps.....

SUSY Q.

Susan Peters never wanted Hollywood, she never wanted marriage—meet Mrs. Dick Quine, Metro's shiningest new star.....

WHAT A BLONDE!

She felt like a D.A.R. at the Palladium, but when those whooping G.I.'s yelled, "Make it Ave Maria, Susie," the Foster gal discovered that curves in the right places make up for notes in the high places!.....

Lt. Jean Pierre Aumont, M-G-M star, and Maria Montez in Universal's "Gypsy Wildcat".....

Susan Peters M-G-M star.....

James Craig in M-G-M's "Marriage is a Private Affair"....

Editorial Page.....

Short Course in Applied Make-up.....

What Is My Weakness?.....

Modern Screen Fashion Guide.....

Movie Reviews.....

Modern Hostess.....

Co-Ed.....

Super Coupon.....

Good News.....

\$1,750 PICTURE PUZZLE!.....

COVER: Lana Turner in M-G-M's "Marriage is a Private Affair"

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FEATURES BEAUTY

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you'll find everything in "The Village!"

CARMEN MIRANDA • DON AMECHE • WILLIAM BENDIX...

GREENWICH VILLAGE

IN TECHNICOLOR

Just a rumba-
sway from the
Gay White Way!
Dancing in the
streets! Loving
in the Park!
A joy-mad
Mardi-Gras
from dawn
till dark!

With VIVIAN BLAINE (the Cherry Blonde) and FELIX BRESSART

...TONY and SALLY DeMARCO • THE REVUERS

Suggested by a story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan • DIRECTED BY WALTER LANG • PRODUCED BY WILLIAM LE BARON • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Walter Bullock

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

WATCH FOR THE BIGGEST EVENT IN THE 50 YEARS OF SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT... Darryl F. Zanuck's WILSON in Technicolor!

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson



She meets macking gambler Clint Maroon (Gary Cooper), and flaunts their love to humiliate family. Clint, finding she's used him as taal, flees to Saratoga, writes of rich Van Steed who's "ideal."



Abetted by servants Angelique (F. Robson) and Cupidon (Jerry Austin), Clea poses as Countess, captivates both Saratoga society and Van Steed who hires Clint to rout gong that's seized his R.R.



Realizing she loves Clint, Clea denounces fiancé, sees wounded Clint return with dying dwarf who saved his life. Cupidon mutters, "Bass" and sabbing, Clea vows past is over, Clint's her bass, taal.



Exotic Cleo Dulaine (Ingrid Bergman) returns to her native New Orleans bent on avenging wrong done her mother by Dulaines, to "marry a millionaire, become respectable."

SARATOGA TRUNK

■ **THIS, MY FRIENDS**, is really it. This is the picture that has everything—romance, excitement, humor, Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper. For sheer entertainment, it's the best bet since "Casablanca." If you had any doubts about la Bergman being the type to play the volatile half-French Cleo, forget them. She is perfect. She has even turned brunette in the interests of accuracy. Gary is lanky, Texan, and pleasantly humorous as Clint Maroon.

The story starts with Cleo Dulaine's desire for revenge on New Orleans society for its treatment of her dead mother. Cleo has come all the way from France for this revenge. Once she has accomplished it she intends to "marry a millionaire and become very respectable." Looking at the glint in Cleo's eye, you are sure she'll have no trouble with the former but you aren't so sure about the latter.

The first person Cleo meets in New Orleans is Clint Maroon. Not that Clint is Creole society—he's a gambler from Texas. Cleo deliberately picks him up. "A fine way to go about acquiring respectability," sniffs her mulatto servant, Angelique (Flora Robson). But Cleo has decided to use Clint in her revenge. When he finds it out, he leaves her and goes off to Saratoga.

From there he sends her (Continued on page 12)

"The Kiss-off!"



"Yes, it was the kiss-off for both of them. They had gone too far... they had tried to get away with murder and they found they couldn't get away from me!"

Paramount
presents

FRED

BARBARA

MACMURRAY • STANWYCK
EDWARD G. ROBINSON

in

"Double Indemnity"

WITH PORTER HALL • JEAN HEATHER • BYRON BARR
RICHARD GAINES • JOHN PHILLIBER

Directed by BILLY WILDER

Screen Play by Billy Wilder and Raymond Chandler

— From the best seller and
Liberty sensation by
JAMES M. CAIN
author of "The Postman Always
Rings Twice" and "Serenade"



*And now the gala
that began with
continues with these*

KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION



IN TECHNICOLOR

BRIAN DONLEVY

starring

Here is the fight, the love, the drama, the adventure that
is America! It's the story of a million guys like Steve...
and a million girls like Anna who believe in their dreams!

with ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY • Photographed in perfected Technicolor
Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
MUSIC BY MAX YERGEN • SCREEN TESTS ON THE MUTUAL NETWORK MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 9-15 P. M. EWT. ☆

Anniversary Celebration
The White Cliffs of Dover
Magnificent M.G.M. Triumphs...

DRAGON



SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Walter

Aline

Akim

Turhan

Huston • MacMahon • Tamiroff • Bey

Not since "The Good Earth"... a picture such as this! The mighty drama of a brave people and a great love... flaming from the pages of the novel that thrilled millions!

with HURD HATFIELD • J. CARROL NAISH • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HENRY TRAVERS • ROBERT BICE • ROBERT LEWIS • FRANCES RAFFERTY • JACQUELINE de WIT
Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by JACK CONWAY and HAROLD S. BUCQUET
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IS ON THE SCREEN!

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and
MARSHAL OF RENO
featuring
WILD BILL ELLIOT
as **RED RYDER** with
Bobby Blake as Little Beaver
Alice Fleming as The Duchess
and George "Gabby" Hayes

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

PICTURE PUZZLE See page 79 for contest details



WAS WARNED

BY HER MUCH MARRIED MA

THAT ALL



WERE



AND AFTER SHE'D



SHE GREW



THEN SHE



TO THE



OF A



-BEARING CHUM.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES—NO. 18
"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

Please Print or Type

_____ **WAS WARNED**

BY HER MUCH-MARRIED MA

THAT ALL _____ WERE _____

AND AFTER SHE'D _____

SHE GREW _____ THEN SHE _____

TO THE _____ OF A _____ -BEARING CHUM.

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Coat size

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ELEANOR POWELL
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Music and Mirth plus
the Greatest Stars of the
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in One Gay Package
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THE STEEL-NERVED COPELAND SKATERS



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The Kotex Tampon
for Internal Protection



Only 20¢

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

a letter one day describing the town's society, its money, its gambling, its eligible millionaires. One in particular—Bartholomew Van Steed. "If he wasn't tied so close to his mamma's apron strings, he'd be just what you're looking for," Clint writes mockingly. Two weeks later, Cleo arrives in Saratoga. But she arrives as a widowed French countess—and drives from the station with Bart Van Steed (John Warburton)! Clint can't believe his eyes, and neither can the rocking chair brigade on the hotel's long shady porch. The battle is on—Cleo DuLaine vs. Saratoga Society.

Meanwhile a real battle is in the making. Clint, working for Van Steed—and a share in the profits—has guaranteed to free the Saratoga trunk line railroad, Van Steed's property, from the Soule mob which has seized it. To tell you any more would spoil a superb climax, but don't miss "Saratoga Trunk"—War.

P. S.

Warner Bros. drafted the entire Gumbo speaking population of Los Angeles to appear in the French Market scenes—a total of 26 people. Gumbo is the Louisiana negro's dialect of Creole French. . . . Also in the Market scenes is the first Razzzy Dazzy Spasm band to appear on the screen. No, not double talk. It's a Negro band composed of home-made instruments. . . . For the first time in movie history, eggs laid by the performers were edible. The fowl used in the market scenes were penned on the stage at night. First person on the set each morning was the one to go home with strictly fresh eggs that evening. . . . All those beautiful fruits and vegetables were artificial—studio-made props. . . . Miss Bergman set a record by working 62 consecutive days.

BATHING BEAUTY

Remember the spread Life magazine ran on the beauties in this picture? Seldom have bathing suits been so well filled. Esther Williams, swimming champ, plays the feminine lead opposite Red Skelton, and her scenes in the water ballet are the McCoy. Red is as funny as ever, and that's very funny indeed. Nothing he says makes much sense, but you laugh like mad. He plays a song writer named Steve Elliot, who is in love with a beautiful swimming instructor, Caroline (Esther Williams). They are both having a blissful time in Mexico City when George Adams appears on the scene. George (Basil Rathbone) is a Broadway producer who is waiting for Steve to dream up some hot new songs. But Steve has been too busy sitting in the moonlight with Caroline to write any. In fact, he and Caroline are to be married the next day. "I'll fix that," George says grimly. He hires a pretty Mexican gal to appear at the ceremony with three red-headed boys, all of whom greet Steve enthusiastically as "Papa." Caroline is not inclined to be broad-minded about this, and goes back to the girls' college where she teaches, in utter disillusionment.

Steve, of course, follows her. He even discovers that the college charter provides for the admittance of men to classes and promptly enrolls as a student. That was one of those things that seem like a good idea at the time. It turns out to be pretty bad. The other students—all girls—as well as the instructors, gang up on Steve. He gets demerits at the drop of a hat. Any-

Evans' dog—Evans (Bill Goodwin) is also in love with Caroline. He is practically drowned by beautiful Glamazons during a swimming lesson. And he still hasn't written any songs for George.

On the other hand, the faculty hasn't found a legitimate excuse for tossing him out of college. Caroline, moreover, has given signs of thawing. But then George shows up again, and so does the little Mexican girl. There is hell to pay, until the Dean gets an idea. . . .

Besides all the bathing beauties and Red Skelton, you get music by Ethel Smith, Xavier Cugat and Harry James.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Strange torso model standing between the figures of Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr in the Metro wardrobe department is that of Red Skelton. Red had to have female clothes for his part in this picture so designers moved his dummy to the women's department. . . . Red was a busy boy during production of "Bathing Beauty"—made 18 personal appearances in seven days, played to more than 230,000 servicemen and wrote his first book, "The Ubangis Will Win The War." . . . In addition to writing, Red found time for keeping up with his oil painting. Almost fainted when Ed Gardner offered him \$250.00 for a Skelton original entitled "The Clown." . . . Made several thousand dollars for Uncle Sam by selling other paintings for Bonds.

THE STORY OF DOCTOR WASSELL

Probably you were listening to President Roosevelt the night he broadcast the story of Dr. Corydon Wassell. It was a simple story, about the kind of unassuming heroism Americans are famed for. It is still a simple story, in movie form, with a heart-warming quality of homespun courage. Gary Cooper plays Dr. Wassell with an almost casual, good humored excellence. The find of the season is probably Carol Thurston, as Three Martini, the young Javanese nurse. She's that beautiful.

Dr. Wassell, ex-Chinese missionary, was stationed in Java as a medical officer in the Navy. He is there when the cruiser *Marblehead* limps into port after a terrific battle. Wassell is told to take charge of the wounded. There are a lot of them, and they come from all over the United States. There is one from the doctor's home state of Arizona. Wassell is also pleased to discover an old friend from China, Ping (Philip Ahn), among them. "Hoppy" (Dennis O'Keefe), the boy from Arizona, needs a transfusion, and Wassell takes the blood from Three Martini and puts her in charge of the case. "Now we are the same blood, you and I," she tells "Hoppy." "We are for each other always."

Dr. Wassell accidentally meets a Red Cross nurse, Madeline (Laraine Day), whom he has loved since the first day he met her in China long ago. He gave her up then to a younger man, and he hopes she is happy with him. The doctor can't even talk to her now—he must get the wounded on a train for a hospital in the interior where they'll be safe.

Safe? Well, not for long. On a gloomy, smoke-streaked day a few weeks later, Singapore falls. With it goes the safety of all Java. Dr. Wassell gets orders to evacuate the walking cases to a ship for America. Stretcher cases are to be left behind. But Wassell won't obey those

WORKING GIRL

NAME: Bette Davis

OCCUPATION: Actress

EMPLOYER: Warner Bros.

NATURE OF DUTIES: Helping to maintain the Warner standard of great entertainment.

REMARKS: We at Warner Bros. have been proud of Bette Davis, of her magnificent artistry and enormous talent, ever since she came to work with us. (And no matter how easy it looks on the screen, "work" is the word — with a very large "W"!) But we've never been so proud of Bette as since we (and she) finished making MR. SKEFFINGTON!

MR. SKEFFINGTON is the enthralling story of a very rich man and a very beautiful woman, and of their life together . . . and apart. A love story? We think that even when you've seen it, you won't be sure!

But you *will* be sure that MR. SKEFFINGTON is one of the finest motion pictures ever made — by anybody, anywhere . . . and that Bette Davis has no peer among screen artists!

You'll be sure, too, that the company which produced MR. SKEFFINGTON can be counted on always for the *best* in entertainment!



WARNER BROS.

JACK L. WARNER

Executive Producer

BETTE DAVIS

GREAT AS ONLY
SHE CAN BE, IN

"MR. SKEFFINGTON"

with
CLAUDE RAINS
RICHARD WARING
GEORGE COULOURIS
MARJORIE RIORDAN
VINCENT SHERMAN

Produced by JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPSTEIN · Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein · From Story by "Elizabeth" · Music by Franz Waxman · Directed by

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Rates for dotes! You'll never notice the man shortage in this nifty little number! Darling suspenders, trimmed with gay, colorful braid! Slim girder-fit waist...flaring, flattering skirt! Lovely rayon fabric that's truly crush-resistant! Sizes 10 to 16. \$4.98, plus postage.
Blouse—"Frankly feminine" and as appealing as a shy glance! French-smacked neck; drowstring throat and sleeves! Lush new rayon fabric! White only. Sizes 32 to 38. \$3.98, plus postage.

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NAVY ☐ RED ☐ GOLD ☐ BROWN ☐ GREEN ☐

(Mark 1st and 2nd choice of color)

Size: 10 12 14 16 (Circle size wanted)

Please send Blouse, at \$3.98, plus postage.

Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size wanted)

(Please print name, etc. plainly.)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

orders. He's going to get the stretcher cases out, too, if they shoot him at sunrise for doing it. With stubborn courage, he defies every risk, every moment of panic, with the Japs only a little way behind in the trek across Java. When you've seen this, you'll know why the President talked about Dr. Corydon Wassell.—Par.

P. S.

When F.D.R. told the story of Dr. Wassell during a fireside chat one Sunday evening, C. B. DeMille grabbed the phone at his side and officially registered his intention to film the life story of this man. . . . Thus he stole the march on four other big producers who waited until Monday morning to begin work on the subject. . . . Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount studios, made a trip to Washington to work out details of the picture with Navy Secretary, the late Frank Knox—also pledged a percentage of the profits to Navy Relief. Dr. Wassell was recalled from Australia to work with DeMille's writers. . . . Novelist James Hilton and an entire research staff were sent to Mare Island Navy Hospital at Vallejo, Calif., to interview every available wounded veteran of the Houston and Marblehead engagements.

GOING MY WAY

When they pass out the Oscars, "Going My Way" will probably corral a whole herd of them. Certainly Bing Crosby's performance as Father O'Malley, and Barry Fitzgerald's as Father Fitzgibbon are Academy Award material. The whole picture is handled with a warm, tender humor that makes it a delight.

Bing isn't the type you'd usually think of as a priest. But Chuck O'Malley isn't the usual type of priest. And when he first comes to St. Dominick's, old Father Fitzgibbon greets him with about the same enthusiasm he'd accord the bubonic plague. That's partly because reports have been coming in for half an hour of Chuck's progress through the neighborhood. There's the matter of the baseball that broke a window. And the street cleaning truck that came along just as the new priest was on his hands and knees in the gutter, looking for the baseball. Of course it's just bad luck that Chuck's luggage hasn't arrived yet. But it doesn't do a young priest any good to have to greet his superior in a sweatshirt marked in large letters "St. Louis Browns."

(Continued on page 16)

FREE OFFER!

Here's how you can get a free copy of that marvelous magazine **SCREEN ROMANCES**—with stories of all the latest movies, colored pictures, too! All you have to do is fill out the following Questionnaire, then pop it in the mail—but quick, because we can only send a **FREE SCREEN ROMANCES** to the first 500 readers who send in the coupon. Be sure to send yours in before July 20th.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Leo Goes to War | ☐ | "One Punch" Lundigan (Bill Lundigan) | ☐ |
| "Marriage is a Private Affair" | ☐ | As Time Goes By | ☐ |
| Kelly Is the Name! (Gene Kelly) | ☐ | Waiting for Jean Pierre (Montez-Aumont) | ☐ |
| Duchess on Wheels (Greer Garson) | ☐ | Susy Q (Susan Peters) | ☐ |
| Nothing Ever Happens to Judy (J. Garland) | ☐ | Good News | ☐ |
| "Miss Precious Cargo" (Paulette Goddard) | ☐ | What a Blonde! (Susanna Foster) | ☐ |
| | | Van Johnson (Part II) | ☐ |

Which of the above stories 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.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

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.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

I am years old.

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149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

*All for fun
and fun for all!*

FRANK
SINATRA ★ GEORGE
MURPHY

ADOLPHE
MENJOU ★ GLORIA
De HAVEN ★ WALTER
SLEZAK ★ EUGENE
PALLETTE

IN

Step Lively

WALLY WITH ALAN GRANT ANNE
BROWN ★ **CARNEY** ★ **MITCHELL** ★ **JEFFREYS**

Produced by Robert Fellows
Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen play by
Warren Duff
and
Peter Milne

Songs
**7 NEW SONGS...
AND SINATRA
SINGS 5 OF
THEM!**

ANOTHER
OF THE
GREAT
R K O
RADIO
STARS

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: 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.

All in all, it's a wonder that Father Fitzgibbon puts up with the young man. Everybody says so—at first. Him and his golf clubs and his baseball and that crazy friend of his, Father O'Dowd (Frank McHugh). Furthermore, there's that independent little James girl (Jean Heather), who should have been sent straight home to her family. Wants to be a singer, she does, and Father O'Malley sits down and plays the piano for her. No hymn, either, but some song about "Day After Forever." A love song!

Well, old Father Fitzgibbon stands for all that. He stands for Chuck taking the neighborhood kids to the World Series. But when they start practising "Three Blind Mice" in the church basement, it's too much. He goes to the Bishop.

That's when he finds out what Chuck has been too kind to tell him. That St. Dominick's has been getting run down and needs a younger man with new ideas. The Bishop sent young Father O'Malley there to replace the old man, but Chuck says "Stick around, Father. We'll work this out together." And they do.

Jean Heather and James Brown make young love look very attractive. Rise Stevens plays, by an odd coincidence, a Metropolitan star. The entire cast is perfect. It's really a swell picture.—Par.

P. S.

Second picture for Rise Stevens finds her virtually playing herself in the film. Stevens fans will be thrilled with her vocalizing of the famous "Habanera" aria from "Carmen." When the picture was completed, Rise left for the Metropolitan to do "Carmen" for the first time in her career. . . . Bing, Lakeside Golf Club champion for three consecutive years, has

his first chance to play golf on the screen. Golf scenes were shot at the Riviera Country Club in Los Angeles. The Lakeside Club, where Bing is usually found, is most always filled with movie stars. Paramount couldn't shoot the golfing scenes there for fear of including some famous name from another studio. . . .

THE CANTERVILLE GHOST

This is really tops in ghost stories. Wait till you see Charles Laughton as the spirit of Sir Simon de Canterville—he's really terrific. Sir Simon is a pompous ghost, pleased with his record of terrifying countless people into insanity or suicide in the centuries he's been haunting the family castle. He's an awful coward, though, which is just how he got to be a ghost.

Back when knighthood was in flower, Sir Simon was challenged to a duel. He was so terrified that he ran and hid in the castle. Papa de Canterville, furious at having his son publicly appear as a coward, walled Simon up in his room, and left him to die of hunger. He also put a curse on him, with the result that Simon has to haunt the castle until the day when some Canterville descendant shall perform a brave act in his name and release him.

Unfortunately for Simon, all the Cantervilles turn out to be cowards from then on. Finally in 1944, only one descendant is left—little Lady Jessica (Margaret O'Brien). She's a coward, too, or thinks she is, which comes to the same thing, and doesn't live in the castle. It has been closed for the last twenty years, but now it is to be opened as quarters for a platoon of American rangers.

The Americans are amused to find that "Lady Jessica" is a small, grave eyed little girl. One of them, "Cuffy" (Robert Young),

takes a particular fancy to her. She tells him about the ghost but he frankly doesn't believe a word. Neither do the other Rangers, until midnight, when Simon goes to work on them. He puts on all his best acts, but the Rangers are not only unimpressed, they gang up on him and chase him all around the castle. The poor old ghost is a wreck by morning, and retires to the graveyard to brood bitterly.

Then Lady Jessica finds out that "Cuffy" is really a Canterville. He is also an obviously brave guy. So why couldn't he get rid of the curse that keeps Simon hanging around the castle? It's an idea, but there are complications, which . . .

Margaret O'Brien is wonderful—you'll love her. Bill Gargan is particularly good in a comparatively minor part.—M-G-M.

P. S.

The Santa Monica Uplifters Club played host to the biggest crowd of spectators in its history, day Charles Laughton took a ride on a delayed action bomb straight across the polo field. Scene was for the sequence where Laughton, as a ghost, guides a bomb by sitting astride the thing and directing its course. Bomb was actually tied to the back end of a Robert Young-driven jeep. . . . Next day Mr. Laughton was back on the studio lot teaching small Margaret O'Brien the fine art of cutting newspaper dolls. . . . Charles sings in this one for the first time since his Gilbert and Sullivan days in London. He and Young sing a boogie-woogie arrangement of "Dirty Gertie From Bizerte" with Jose Iturbi eight-beating at the piano. . . . Mr. Laughton adds to his list of famous movie speeches (remember the Gettysburg Address in "Ruggles?") with the ghostly wistful soliloquy on the "Garden of Death."

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For that clear, flower-fresh complexion, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist, Irresistible Face Powder is non-drying, color-true . . . clings longer, giving your skin that satin-smooth, wonderfully clear complexion. Try Skintone, the new AIR-WHIPT Powder shade!

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



That "Irresistible something"
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was muggy and very quiet on that hill in New Guinea, and suddenly the air was split with thunderous applause—the surprise which the Major had promised the waiting soldiers was here—Joe E. Brown!

He looked very small on the platform down there in the valley, but even from their seats which scaled the hillside they could see him blush and try to brush aside the tear in his eye as he yelled, "Thanks, fellas, thanks a million!"

And then he went into his routine. All alone and with no stooges or music to back him up, he had the G.I.'s holding their sides with laughter, and when he was done, his voice changed, and you could see that what he was asking meant a lot to him. Would they sing "God Bless America?" Would they!

Maybe that song's been sung a million times during this war but never with so much strength, and hope and determination. A thousand voices ringing out against the lonely New Guinea jungles and, too shaken to join in, the little man with the big mouth, Joe E. Brown, his face streaming with tears, alone on the boards, remembering the son who would never sing again—killed while fighting for this blessed America.

If ever a man deserved a letter of thanks, it's funny-man Joe E. Brown.

Miss Cecilia Rider,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED

The servant problem is providing a lot of material these days. The standard gag is to have a young couple (unmarried) hire out as cook and butler (married) for purposes of their own. In "Make Your Own Bed" this progresses into a combination spy-thriller and bedroom farce. Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are starred, and it won't tax your brain unduly on a hot day.

Walter Whittle (Alan Hale) is the head of a gunpowder factory. He's a busy man and it seems to him that his wife, Vivian (Irene Manning), should be able to attend to the servant problem. Vivian tries hard, but the servants leave in droves. So Whittle takes over. Instead of hiring a cook and butler, he hires a detective and his girl friend to pose as a butler and a cook. He tells the detective, young Jerry Curtis (Jack Carson) that his life is being threatened, his wife is falling for another man, and his gunpowder factory is in danger of sabotage from Nazi agents. He even, to make things convincing, invites some actors and actresses out for the weekend to make like Nazi agents.

Jerry is sure it's going to be a big case. When he breaks this one, he can get his own agency and marry Susan (Jane Wyman). But meanwhile, Mrs. Whittle thinks he and Susan are already married. She assigns the new "butler" and "cook" to a nice room with a lovely view—and a double bed. Susan is very indignant and Jerry ends by sleeping in the bathhouse dressing room.

Unfortunately, he picks the women's dressing room, where two of the actresses turn up. Susan finds them, and all is not peachy. "Maybe," she suggests, "Mr. Whittle made the whole thing up. Maybe he just wanted a butler and a cook."

"Ridiculous," says Jerry. "I have evidence that these are real Nazi agents." And darned if he's not right! The action speeds

Are You in the Know?

What's wrong with this picture?

- ☐ The rase is on the wrang lapel
- ☐ The Lieutenant is allergic to rases
- ☐ He's forbidden to wear nan-military ornaments

Your rose may be as precious to him as a campaign ribbon. But—only military ornaments are permitted on an officer's uniform. Be sure about military etiquette! And to be sure of yourself, on "trying days" choose the napkin that doesn't show even under your filmiest formal. With Kotex, you needn't fear telltale outlines, for the ends of Kotex are pressed flat—different from other napkins because they're not thick, not stubby. Thanks to this patented Kotex feature you'll pass inspection always!



This type of coat is a good bet if you are—

- ☐ Pleasingly plump
- ☐ Lang and lean
- ☐ A "packet edition"

Shopping for back-to-school togs? The short box coat is just your dish if you're long and lean. It breaks your height, adds "heft" you need. Wear it with dash, any time. Breeze through "that" time, too—with the special confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give. For this is the napkin with the patented safety-center that keeps moisture away from the edges, gives extra protection exactly where you need it most. And with Kotex, there's no wrong side to cause accidents . . . no chance to make a mistake!

Would you say she was —

- ☐ Planning an elapement
- ☐ Practising fire drill
- ☐ Slimming the fatted calf

Climb up the ladder to bareleg beauty! Daily sprints up stairs or ladder will trim chubby calves. And try this: Lie on your right side, raise left leg high, touching ankle with left hand. Then reverse. Mild exercise is good for you on "problem days." And you'll find Kotex different from ordinary napkins . . . far more comfortable. For rather than just "feel" soft, at first touch—Kotex stays soft while wearing. Unlike flimsy pads that bunch and rope, Kotex is built to hold its shape—to give you longer-lasting comfort.



Know your napkins

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins



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

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

P. S.

Irene Manning earned the admiration of her colleagues by being the only member of the cast who didn't succumb to the "flu" germ which circulated the set and put all the others to bed for a week . . . This is the first picture Miss Manning has made in which she plays a strictly dramatic role—she doesn't sing a note . . . The framed picture of a curly-headed blond child in one of the bedroom scenes is Jane's favorite photographic study of her three-year-old daughter, Maureen.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

Do you read murder cases in the papers? Then this is for you. The story of "Double Indemnity" is a story that happens all too frequently in real life. Most murders, police records tell us, are done coldly and deliberately for money. This is an almost clinical study of the cause and results of one such murder. It will undoubtedly scare hell out of you. Barbara Stanwyck is sultry and spectacular in what looks like a blonde wig. Fred MacMurray is more convincing than you would expect as a murderer. Edward G. Robinson, as usual, walks off with the acting honors.

Walter Neff (Fred MacMurray) is an insurance salesman. One of the prospects on his list is a Mr. Dietrichson (Tom Power). But Walter meets Dietrichson's wife, Phyllis (Barbara Stanwyck) first, and that sets the stage for murder. Phyllis would like to take out a policy on her husband's life—a large policy. Without his knowing about it. Now Walter Neff is no dope. He understands immediately. He tells her he wants no part of that deal, and he thinks he means it. Till that night, when Phyllis comes to his apartment.

It would, after all, be simple enough to

VAS YOU DERE?

Did your knees quake, did your mouth go dry, did you drool like your two-headed cousin from Squeedunk? Bet you did, but so what! Good personal contacts with our Hollywood stars are few and far between, and if you've ever had a really unusual encounter with one, well, for pity's sake, whaddaya waitin' for!! We're just as movie mad as you are, and when you send us in a terrifically tingle-y tale that we think the rest of the gang would enjoy, those five dollar checks just fly!

So, if you saw it happen—won't you let us in on it, too?

kill Dietrichson. Walter knows a way it could be done so that even Barton Keyes (Edward G. Robinson), the insurance company's crack trouble shooter, could never prove a thing. A way, furthermore, that would make the company pay a double indemnity.

So Dietrichson dies. The case comes to Keyes, and he is reasonably sure that it is murder. But proving it is another matter. Phyllis was probably mixed up in it, but who helped her? The only suspect is a young Italian who has been going around with Dietrichson's daughter, Lola (Jean Heather). Could he and Phyllis have worked together? Perhaps. . . .

Meanwhile tension mounts in the minds of Walter and Phyllis. How much does Keyes know? What can he prove? The tension flares into violent scenes between them. They begin to suspect each other of betrayal. The thought of going through

life tied together by this secret is unbearable. And murder strikes again.—Par.

P. S.

Movie-goers will find some interesting and rare antiques in this one. Inside of Jerry's market is stocked with 1,000,000 ration points worth of sliced pineapple, chocolate, and solid pack tomatoes . . . Studio officials haggled with the Office of Civilian Defense for several days before permission was obtained to do night scenes in Burbank under dimout restrictions. After wading through yards and yards of red tape, bosses obtained the okay—shot night scenes with Kleig lights dimmed from above. This necessitated building special blinders and covers for the dozens of lamps. Two days after the scenes were taken, dimout restrictions were lifted completely . . . Story called for a scene at the Glendale depot. It was more convenient for the studio to shoot these sequences at Burbank. All of the Glendale Depot signs were copied and hung at Burbank for one day. Since the trains out of Los Angeles go through Glendale and then into Burbank, passengers were most confused to find themselves going through Glendale twice—missing Burbank altogether.

SENSATIONS OF 1945

Do you like the circus? Tap dancing? Hot piano? W. C. Fields? Swell. You'll find them all in this picture, plus Eleanor Powell, Dennis O'Keefe, Cab Calloway and Woody Herman. The circus is a sort of night club version of Ringling Brothers. It has a lot of the same acts, including the acrobats and the trained bears. It gets into the picture because Ginny Walker (Eleanor Powell), has an idea. Ginny, a musical comedy star, is slightly nuts about publicity. She even persuades her under-

"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant—once you try different Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get powerful protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



3 Main Deodorant Troubles—WHICH IS YOURS?

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora—because it is made with a cream base—stays smooth as a fine face cream to the last!

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

YODORA deodorant cream

study to appear, mysteriously veiled, and shoot her during a performance. Just to make the front pages. Of course Ginny isn't really shot, but she cops a lot of space.

Her press agent, Gus (Eugene Pallette), thinks she was pretty clever to dream that up all by herself. But his son, Junior (Dennis O'Keefe), disappears. Junior thinks press agency should be lifted to a higher intellectual plane. Gus decides to teach him a lesson by going away and putting Ginny in charge of the office.

That's where the circus comes in. Ginny gets a lot of the firm's delinquent accounts together and finds herself with circus material on her hands. Also a penthouse restaurant. The obvious answer is a night club called "Circus In The Sky," and it's a great success. Junior is silent, but annoyed. He's even more annoyed when Ginny gets a tight rope walker to cross the Grand Canyon, or its movie equivalent, for publicity purposes. Junior seethes. "Suppose the guy gets killed? What good will publicity do him then?" Ginny, it seems, has never thought of that. It makes her nervous for all of a minute.

She dreams up a lot of other bright ideas, one of which lands her in jail. When she comes out, she still thinks publicity is wonderful. Junior gives up. Maybe the girl is right. But her next scheme is definitely bad—he has to do something about that. That, you've got to see. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Sophie Tucker is in the picture, too.—U. A.

P. S.

Movie fans looking for missions and messages in their motion pictures will find neither in "Sensations." Acts were drafted from circus rings, five spots, supper clubs and vaudeville acts all over the country and woven into the picture as part of the story . . . This is Ellie Powell's first freelance picture since leaving M-G-M studios. She was the first person cast for this show . . . Miss Powell worked for two months perfecting the dance routine she does as a whirling ball in a pinball machine . . . David Lichine, her partner in the opening boogie-woogie number, is a dance director engaged to supervise dance numbers for this film. He's a former star of the famous Ballet Russe.

ROGER TOUHY

Gangsters aren't very smart. If they were, they probably wouldn't be gangsters. Even a super-gangster like Roger Touhy was really stupid, as you'll realize when you see this picture. Touhy was the last of the big time mob. He is now serving a life sentence in the Illinois State Prison. Preston Foster plays Touhy and does an extraordinarily good job of it. He manages to look tough, venomous, and yet in some curious way, commonplace. A man who might have been a butcher or a factory foreman, but who chose to live by violence.

The story begins with the kidnapping of Joe Sutton (William Post, Jr.). Joe is a prosperous broker, and Touhy wants \$100,000 ransom. The mob finally settles for \$70,000, and Joe is released. When the police question him about the kidnappers, he suffers a sudden lapse of memory—as witnesses against the Touhy mob were apt to do. "I never saw their faces," he insists, but the police break down his story. The mob is arrested—Touhy himself, his right hand man, Owl Banghart (Victor McLaglen), Troubles O'Connor (Frank Jenks). The boys aren't worried. Nobody's ever pinned a rap on them yet. But this time things are different. One of the lads who was in on the snatch talks. Smoke Reardon (Henry Morgan) turns state's evidence. So Touhy and the others go to prison.



TRUSHAY* ... THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Helps prevent soap-and-water damage to soft hands! Use it before daily household tasks!

Trushay's different from other lotions. Specially made to help guard against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water. Smooth it on before you wash dishes—before you tub undies. It's lush, creamy. Helps prevent damage to your lovely hands—instead of trying to correct it after it's done. Economical. At your drug counter.



*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different

What's Cookin', America?

By MARJORIE DEEN

NEW ENGLAND . . . The second in our series on the

Regional Recipes of the Stars, brings you Sonny Tufts

■ If you were trying to decide on an actor who is "just the type" to play the part of a typical New Englander, I doubt if you would think of casting Sonny Tufts—the big, smiling "Kansas" of "So Proudly We Hail"—for this sort of a role. That is, you wouldn't, unless you already knew some of the interesting biographical details that we picked up in the course of a most entertaining afternoon spent with the Tufts in their present home—a fantastic Grecian house with black floors and teal and terracotta walls, out in Bel Air.

In this completely incongruous setting we discovered that the mercurial Sonny was born in Boston, that his family has lived in and around that city since the early 17th Century and that Sonny (who has never been called anything else, by the way) was originally christened Bowen Charleston Tufts the 3rd, if you please! All of which sounds very "Back Bay Society" indeed.

We also learned that one of his forebears founded Tufts College, that he went to Phillips-Exeter and then to Yale (although boys in the Tufts family were always supposed to go to Harvard . . . but then Sonny started out early in life to be "different"). Finally we discovered that, come August, this six-foot-four overnight sensation and his little wife Barbara will move to the new home they have just bought out in Hidden Valley—a typical New England farmhouse, complete with chickens and vegetable garden and a lovely big kitchen where Mrs. Tufts can proudly display the shining copper pans which she brought with her all the way from Rome.

Add it all up and you can clearly see why we were so happy to have hit on the idea of asking this particular young man to represent New England in our Regional Recipe series.

Not that Sonny himself attempted to tell us anything about the actual preparation of the fine fare that is traditional in the section of the country from which he comes! Instead, he confined himself pretty much to telling us what Yankee specialties he likes and then went on to advise us to get the necessary culinary details from Barbara. It turned out that Sonny's wife is both an excellent and an enthusiastic cook—the kind who loves to invent new recipes and to flavor sauces with wine, herbs and spices. But above all, she enjoys trying her hand at fixing up her husband's favorite dishes. So she was naturally able to speak with considerable authority about many of the tried and true New England treats for which Sonny has expressed a marked preference.

However when—as was frequently the case—Barbara was unable to supply us with a recipe which she knew to be authentic in its every detail, we wisely turned to "THE YANKEE COOK BOOK*". For this book is a veritable treasure trove of native New England customs as well as cookery, we learned. So much so, in fact, that it is accepted by New Englanders, everywhere, as *the* authority on the way food is prepared in their own home States. So you see you have double assurance as to the authenticity of the things we are going to tell you about Sonny Tufts' favorite foods.

** Edited by Imogene Wolcott, well known food authority. Coward-McCann, publishers.*



Sonny Tufts, now starring in "I Love a Soldier," likes to watch his wife cook . . . always hangs around hungrily whenever Baked Beans are being prepared!

Being a born and bred New Englander, Paramount's new "find" likes to eat beans on Saturday night—in line with a custom which dates back to Puritan days.





Here, then, is a short description of the traditional treats that this particular "Yankee Doodle Boy" recommends and that we offer you in this month's free leaflet. When you get these recipes, you can serve Boston Baked Beans, Brown Bread and other New England dishes—made the way the Tufts like them.

Since Sonny likes highly spiced foods, Barbara uses a little garlic when preparing her beans. *That* suggestion is one to make any dyed-in-the-wool New Englander cringe . . . so we mention it here only because she did. However, many residents of the Nutmeg State (Connecticut) insist on placing a big onion plunk in the middle of the bean pot, while Vermonters argue vociferously in favor of using maple syrup instead of molasses as the sweetening.

Where the culinary controversy gets really heated is on the subject of Clam Chowder! "To be or not to be" made with tomatoes, 'that's the question,' declaimed Sonny with mock seriousness—before admitting that he, himself, emphatically belongs to the NO TOMATOES school of thought.

Indian Pudding, one of the oldest of New England desserts, is another of Sonny's preferences. For, although he usually likes to end up a dinner with cheese rather than with a sweet, he considers that Indian Pudding teamed up with Vanilla Ice Cream is "but terrific."

Also included in the leaflet is a cranberry recipe, since no New England story would be complete without mention of this fine fruit, first discovered in wild state on Cape Cod. Traditionally served in the form of a rich "Sauce" to go with roast fowl (incidentally we're also giving you the recipe for Barbara's favorite poultry stuffing in the leaflet) the Tufts' collection includes directions for a Cranberry Sherbet—just to be "different" again. Made with canned cranberry sauce—available the year around—this is a delicately tinted, delightfully flavored ice such as is served in one of Massachusetts' most famous eating places—The Toll House, of Chocolate Cookie fame. You have Barbara's word for it that the characteristically tart flavor of cranberries, in this colorful frozen delight, will be quite as welcome in the warm weather as it is in the Fall and around the holidays.

In fact, all these dishes which stem from New England deserve nationwide acceptance; so be sure to send for your copy soon.

THE MODERN HOSTESS MODERN SCREEN

149 Madison Avenue
New York 16, New York

I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, in which please send me the Sonny Tufts leaflet of New England favorites—the second in the series on REGIONAL RECIPES OF THE STARS.



"It's time you knew, Dear!"

When the time comes for little Garments to hear 'the facts of life,' it seems only proper to rely on someone who has—so to speak—been through the wringer.

So if Kitty Kerchief isn't learning the 'facts' about Fels-Naptha Soap, we've missed our guess on wise, old Auntie Slip.

Fels-Naptha Soap is a source of long and wear-free life for garments of all kinds. And for all kinds of family wash. This good, mild soap—blended with active naptha—turns out the whitest wash you've ever seen. It saves needless wear on fabrics because it makes harsh rubbing unnecessary.

If you haven't already learned the 'fact' that it's better to wash with Fels-Naptha Soap—it's time you knew, too!



Fels-Naptha Soap
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"—

make-up with
a glow that
adds **GLAMOUR**



Tayglo

—the new
miracle make-up
from
the Hollywood
House of Tayton

It's NEW! It's DIFFERENT! A vial of loveliness with nothing to dry your skin. It covers . . . it tints . . . it glows. And that flattering satin finish stays on and on.



Virginia Mayo—see her with Bob Hope in "The Princess and the Pirate"

You'll positively radiate glamour with TAYTON'S TAYGLO—the make-up that dreams are made of! Four enchanting shades. Choose yours today.

\$1, 50c and 25c sizes

Other famous Make-up creations — Tayton's Cake Make-Up and Cream-Powder Base

TAYTON'S

HOLLYWOOD
CHICAGO
NEW YORK

(Continued from page 19)

Eventually Reardon goes, too—framed by friends of Touhy. He is murdered there. Then Touhy breaks jail. It's quite a thing, that jail break. You'll find yourself getting awfully excited about it. Split second timing, sheer brutality, and a sort of desperate, crazy courage make it a success. And the Touhy mob is "outside" again!

Now the FBI goes to work on the case. Roger Touhy hasn't the brains to cope with this outfit. He makes mistakes—bad ones. The FBI traces tiny clues with the utmost care. A torn paper in a garbage pail. An empty bottle of hair dye. A new customer at the local meat market. And so at last, in a thrilling climax, we see the end of the Touhy gang.

Vic McLaglen is fine as Banghart, the "intellectual" member of the mob. Frank Jenks and Henry Morgan are helpful, too. It's an exciting picture.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

More screen tests were made in casting the title role of this picture than for any other movie to come off the Fox lot. Preston Foster was finally selected because of his ability to give the impression of brutal purpose, not because of physical resemblance to Touhy . . . Production was greatly facilitated by Dwight Green, Governor of Illinois, and Joseph Ragen, warden of Stateville. They acted as technical advisers, granting permission to studio officials to reenact the famous Touhy escape. Even allowed the "shooting" to take place inside prison walls. This is the first time such photographs have been permitted.

GASLIGHT

Can you imagine what it would be like to feel that you were going slowly out of your mind? The cumulative horror of each additional bit of evidence—the picture you took from the wall and hid away in a drawer for no good reason, the letter you sat reading when there was no letter there at all? Madness creeping slowly, eerily.

In "Gaslight" Paula Anton (Ingrid Bergman) is indeed in danger of going mad, but it's because she is being systematically driven mad. And the person who is doing this, deliberately, cruelly, is her husband, Gregory (Charles Boyer).

Paula doesn't, of course, realize it, but from the first day they met, Gregory has planned this. His ardent love making was only a preliminary. Their marriage was part of his plan, and the moment they come to live in the gloomy old house in London which Paula inherited from her aunt, the plan accelerates. Perhaps if she hadn't found that faded letter in the drawing room, it wouldn't have been necessary to hurry so. The letter was addressed to Paula's aunt, Alice Alquist, who was murdered there many years before. If the police should learn about that letter. . . .

But as far as Scotland Yard is concerned, the Alquist case is closed. Unsolved. Only one detective is still interested. His name is Brian Cameron (Joseph Cotten) and when he meets Gregory Anton and his beautiful wife, he is more interested than ever. Something is very wrong with these two. Even their neighbor, Miss Thwaites (Dame May Whitty) points out that Mrs. Anton never leaves the house, whereas Mr. Anton goes out every night. None knows where. The plot against Paula's sanity goes on, but now Brian works feverishly to counteract it. There must be some clue, something that would tell him where to look. And at last Paula remembers. . . .

Ingrid Bergman was never so lovely as in this terrifying drama. Charles Boyer is both fascinating and sinister as the villainous husband, and Joseph Cotten makes a satisfactory hero. Spend your next free evening by "Gaslight."—M-G-M.

INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi . . .

You know, I've been thinking. Most of you kids can answer all of the questions some of the time and some of the questions all of the time—but gee, I can answer all of the questions all of the time!! Not that I'm a Quiz Kid, understand, it's a just that I've all these files and personal letters and, gosh, oodles of dope on your pet movie people swamping me out of the office—isn't it a shame to let it all go to waste when here you are racking your should-be-on-vacation brains with cinema stickers?

So, write me, Beverly Linet, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., and see if you can stump me. Last one in's a movietown icky.

Natalie Reiff and Victor Morales, N. Y. C.: CAN WE HAVE A LIST OF ALL THE METRO STARS AND PIX THAT WON THE ACADEMY AWARD? (Better'n that, here is a list of all the awards—going as far back as possible. The Metro winners are in italics.)

1943 "Casablanca"—Jennifer Jones, Paul Lukas, Katina Paxinou, Charles Coburn.

1942 "Mrs. Miniver"—Greer Garson, James Cagney, Van Heflin, Teresa Wright.

1941 "How Green Was My Valley"—Joan Fontaine, Gary Cooper, Donald Crisp, Mary Astor.

1940 "Rebecca"—Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, Walter Brennan, Jane Darwell.

1939 "GWTW"—Vivien Leigh, Robert Donat, Hattie McDaniel, Thomas Mitchell.

1938 "You Can't Take It With You"—Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan.

1937 "Zola"—Luise Rainer, Spencer Tracy, Alice Brady, Joseph Schildkraut.

1936 "Great Ziegfeld"—Luise Rainer, Paul Muni, Gale Sondergaard, Walter Brennan.

1935 "Mutiny on the Bounty"—Bette Davis, Victor McLaglen.

1934 "It Happened One Night"—Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert.

1933 "Cavalcade"—Charles Laughton, Katharine Hepburn.

1932 "Grand Hotel"—Helen Hayes, Fredric March.

1931 "Cimarron"—Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore.

1930 "All Quiet on the Western Front"—Norma Shearer, George Arliss.

1929 "Broadway Melody"—Mary Pickford, Warner Baxter.

1928—"Wings"—Janet Gaynor, Emil Jannings.

P. S.

The replica collection of the British crown jewels make their movie debut in "Gaslight." They were originally brought to the United States for exhibit at the New York World's Fair. Created by the London court jewelers, many of them were fashioned for the coronation rehearsal of George VI of England . . . Other famous pieces in the picture include the pair of Cornucopia sofas, the only ones of their kind in this country; the rosewood piano

(Continued on page 25)

**DAVID O.
SELZNICK**

presents:



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



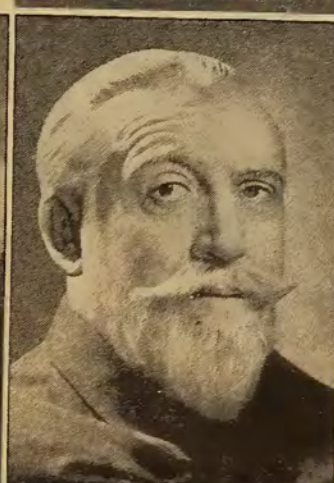
JENNIFER JONES



JOSEPH COTTEN



SHIRLEY TEMPLE



MONTY WOOLLEY



LIONEL BARRYMORE



ROBERT WALKER

The screen's most distinguished cast in

“Since You Went Away”

The producer's first picture since
“Gone With The Wind” and “Rebecca”

DIRECTED BY JOHN CROMWELL RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS



Coped

Clothes, chitchat, come-hithering, rebuffing—there's definitely an art to this canteen game. Here's how to maneuver the right guys your way!

■ Aren't we all leaving our hearts around at various canteens these days? Sometimes we leave it with the right guy. Sometimes with a lad who collects hearts like your kid sister collects autographs. And romance isn't the only canteen dilemma. There's conversation with strange men: How to make same? There are wolves: How to cope? There are—but you know all the questions. What you want are the \$64 answers. Here are a few of 'em.

WHAT'LL I WEAR? Something eye-catching and feminine. A colorful wash dress with a soft round neckline and a full skirt. A checked taffeta skirt with a ruffy white blouse. A conversation-making print. Wear gay colors, rather than navy or black; they seem to go over bigger. And consider the back of the dress, for that's

really the stag's-eye-view. The boys love sashes that tie in big bows in the back. Nice whirly skirts. Crisp, cool-looking jobs. Low but not too low necklines. They like light perfume that haunts them without practically blacking them out. And becoming make-up that doesn't drool all over their uniforms when rugs are a-cutting. They like stockings or leg-goo, but bare legs are tabu. High-heeled shoes, *please*, unless your little man is truly a little man.

WHAT'LL I SAY? You see this cute little sailor off by himself, and you long to chat with him, but suddenly you haven't a thought in your head. Well, just take your courage in your two little fat hands and give him your most Sunday smile. He'll smile (Continued on page 80)

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 22)

with which Charles Boyer accompanies Ingrid, which was discovered in a depleted English countryside estate and is fashioned entirely of one piece of wood; and the bedroom suite which is also from England and is inlaid rosewood done entirely by hand.

REWARD UNLIMITED

Just what is patriotism? More than just devotion to your country, it's acting upon that love, and in a way, maybe it can be a little selfish, too, 'cause country is you, yes? In "Reward Unlimited," Peggy Adams (Dorothy McGuire) is in love, but really in love. Even proposes to Paul (Jim Brown), a shiny new second Lieutenant, and suffers the ignominy of being turned down. Turned down, that is,

ROCKING IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

Remember them dear, dead days when you'd pull an "oops-I'm-going-down-for-the-third-time" routine when you got a gander at that biceps hunk o' man lifeguarding at your pet bathery? Well, them days are gone forever, and while our watery Apollos are off to the wars, it's up to us gals to play aquatic guardian angels. The Red Cross has announced that surveys of last season's femme lifeguard records proved that in many cases we gals showed a greater sense of responsibility and ability than the men we replaced—do you wonder they're all het up about getting more of us trained for this truly vital and oodles-of-fun job?

If you're at least 19 years old and have your senior lifesaving certificate, why not contact your local Red Cross chapter today and ask when you may join one of their 17 schools which will be holding ten-day sessions in aquatic first aid, accident prevention and life saving techniques from June through September? . . . just to make sure the WAVES don't get too many unsuspecting recruits. . . .

till after the war. He's got his pride, and like a lot of the boys you know, wants to provide a home with all the trimmings for his bride. Peggy dries her tears and makes up her mind to do something to make that day come sooner—anything to bring Paul back. Through Mrs. Scott (Aline MacMahon) Peggy discovers the job that'll do it, and in a hurry. She enlists in the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps. Peggy learns not only how to handle a stethoscope and a hypodermic needle, but also the satisfaction that comes with alleviating suffering. It's chasing bogeys for a little boy, it's teaching a wounded soldier how to walk on crutches. That's where the real thrill comes in, and you know at the end of the picture that Paul will come back to a Peggy twice as beautiful and respected as the Peggy he left. And it wouldn't surprise us at all if hundreds of you girls made a dash for the nearest hospital to sign up for the Cadet Nurse Corps, after seeing "Reward Unlimited." P.S. The uni-



Does your
face powder pass the
"Compact Close-up?"



Happy discovery! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder glorifies your skin, because its color stays true in any kind of light.

NATURALLY your compact close-up gives your skin a passing mark under a soft, kind light. But—out in the sunshine, or under bright, electric light, your skin may appear oldish and withered. This spiteful trick may be played on you—by the color of your face powder.

Why not use a face powder made to flatter your skin in any kind of light?

Yes, do try Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder! You'll be thrilled when you see

how this incredibly fine face powder seems to impart fresh, young radiant color that looks for all the world like your skin's own natural beauty.

It's because Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. And for *YOU* there's a particular shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder . . . to flatter your natural beauty . . . to help lend your skin enchanting smoothness, ravishing color, tempting young loveliness in any kind of light.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all 6 exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.

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CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE • NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED



FOR GLAMOUR

Fashions for Tall Girls—by Marjorie Bailey.....☐
Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for you in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Fashions for Short Girls—by Marjorie Bailey.....☐
Fashion tricks to make you the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Fashions for Stout and Thin Girls—by Marjorie Bailey.....☐
Jam-packed with ideas on how to appear thinner or more curvaceous. The lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. What's meant for you in coats, suits, dresses, hats, furs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

How to Be Beautiful.....☐
For over 18's—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your need. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

How to Have Lovely Hair.....☐
Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

★How to Lose Weight.....☐
12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow diets based on scientific calorie counts. Exercises for reducing every part of body, plus daily scoring chart to help keep tabs on yourself. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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



CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

Handwriting Analysis (10c).....☐
Send a sample of your or your guy's handwriting 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.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c).....☐
Fill in your birthdate: Year.....month.....date.....time.....
Name..... Street..... City..... State.....
Send 10c. No self-addressed envelope required.

FOR HOMEMAKERS

★Sonny Tufts' Favorite New England Recipes.....☐
Here are all the recipes of Sonny's pet dishes on attractive, simple-to-follow index cards. Baked beans, clam chowder, luscious corn pudding—all the tempting New England favorites. Free, send a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.



FOR ROMANCE

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

How to Write a Love Letter.....☐
How to bolster morale, avoid usual pitfalls, woo via the mails and win! Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

Co-Ed Personal Advice

Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinhead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 80 for details.



FOR FANS

Super Star Information Chart (10c).....☐
Here it is—our new, revised 32-page booklet that tells all about the stars. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and reams of other data everyone wants to know. Complete section on your favorite Western stars, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Music Makers, their Lives, Bonds 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.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club.....☐
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 box in middle of page 22 for details.

Give Yourself a Glamorous

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Soft, *natural-looking* waves and curls . . . that's what every woman wants from a permanent. And that's what you get when you give yourself a CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave—right at home! Here is a permanent that you don't have to coax for months in order to get a natural-looking wave. A CHARM-KURL Permanent is lovely . . . soft . . . *natural* from the very beginning! Treat yourself to this new home permanent wave sensation. Thrill to soft curls and shimmering waves . . . hair that gleams with life and beauty. CHARM-KURL gives just as lovely a wave to bleached and dyed hair, too . . . is absolutely safe because it contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. Try this machineless, cold permanent wave . . . and see for yourself new, dazzling curls and waves that sparkle with bewitching high-lights day and night.

JUNE
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Glamorous
Movie Star
praises
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Please send me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 59¢ to my postman (69¢ in Canada). If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. If you want more than one kit, check below:

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TO HELP WIN THE WAR.....

TO HAVE SECURITY.....

Every Wartime Baby should own War Bonds!

Baby-mild Ivory Soap helps the idea along by giving War Bonds to 500 Wartime Babies!



Why Ivory makes this offer . . .

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Babies come first with Ivory Soap!

That’s because Ivory comes first with millions of babies. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate their tender skin. More doctors advise baby-gentle Ivory for babies (and you!) than all other brands put together!

You can think of dozens of reasons why a baby should own War Bonds. One of them may win a bond as a gift to your favorite baby from baby’s favorites soap—pure, mild Ivory!

More doctors
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THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS
PUT TOGETHER!



EASY TO ENTER! NO WRAPPERS NEEDED!

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE: Dear Ivory Soap —
I think every wartime baby should own
war bonds because
(IN 25 WORDS OR LESS)

Then add your name and address and mail to Ivory Soap, Dept. M, Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. If you win, you receive a handsome certificate saying that through your love and generosity, your favorite Wartime Baby is now the proud owner of a War Bond. Look for your dealer’s big Ivory Soap display. Get your entry blank from him today—or simply follow the easy rules below.

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FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Complete this sentence: “Dear Ivory Soap: I think every Wartime Baby should own War Bonds because . . . in 25 additional words or less. Write on official entry blank or one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address, the name and address and birth date of the baby you would like to have

receive a \$50 War Bond and, finally, the name of the co-owner or beneficiary. Only babies born on or after December 7, 1941, are eligible for War Bond prizes.

2. Mail to Ivory Soap, Department M, Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. No Ivory wrapper is required.

3. Any resident of the United States or Hawaii may compete except employees

of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and local regulations. Prizes in the contest are 500 \$50 (maturity value) denomination U. S. War Bonds, series “E.”

4. The contest closes September 9 and all entries must be postmarked before midnight September 9 and received by September 30, 1944.

5. Entries will be judged for sincerity and interest. The Judges’ decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete winners list will be available after November 1, 1944.



TO OUR READERS...

Today Leo is a lion. And today MODERN SCREEN is very sentimental. Read us and weep. Twenty magnificent years of Metro! . . . Or shouldn't I fuss so? After all, making motion pictures is a business just like manufacturing full-length woolen underwear is a business. All I can say is I remember my beautiful, beautiful young-love for Greta Garbo a helluva lot more tenderly than my first glamorous set of droopy-drawers. Pictures and stars somehow get tangled up in our personal lives. I used to stick pins in Jack Gilbert's picture just 'cause he had Greta and I didn't. . . . So, in this issue MODERN SCREEN looks back—with the help of Lolly Parsons, the best looker-backer in Hollywood. With due respect to her grand book, "The Gay Illiterate," the story of Lolly's 20-year romance with Leo (page 59), is the finest, sincerest Parsons I've read! . . . And while Lolly rummages in the past, Kirt Baskette (page 30) tells another saga. He tells the glorious tale of a gang of "phoneys," a gang of actors who went to war. Get a load of what Kirt says about those "phoneys," and you'll be proud that you *have* taken guys like Clark Gable and Jim Stewart into your hearts. . . . When you're all done with the issue, come back and tell us—have we a right to get sentimental over Leo?

A stylized, handwritten signature in dark ink, likely belonging to the Executive Editor mentioned in the text below.

Executive Editor

Leo goes to war

By Jack Wade

These were the boys with the greasepaint
and the lopsided grins—but there aren't any
Kliegs over Berlin now and their only applause is ack-ack.

■ Bob Taylor got the news at breakfast that morning. He snatched an official looking envelope out of the usual stack beside the toaster, ripped it open with shaky fingers and then let out a whoop—"Wowee!"

That brought Mrs. Robert Taylor tumbling downstairs, out of breath and ready to call the cops, the fire department or the Beverly Hills senior air raid warden. She didn't know for sure just what, but she didn't have to hold her breath long.

"Look—it says here—hey—I'm in! I'm in the Navy!"

Barbara Stanwyck eyed her handsome husband with a very happy grin. "You know what you are. Bob Taylor, don't you?" she said with just a touch of envy.

"Sure, I'm a lieutenant, junior grade, U. S. Naval Aviation Reserve, or darned (*Continued on page 32*)



LT. ROBERT TAYLOR, Naval Air Corps, passed entrance exams with straight A's. When he won wings at New Orleans Naval Air Station, his C.O. gave him a pot, "One of the best seconds."



LT. VAN HEFLIN, Army Air Corps. Proudly showing the priority Oscar of plaster and glue to superior officer, before going overseas, it dropped to floor, smashed!



Clark Gable

soon will be," began Robert Taylor. "I'm—"

"That's wonderful," said his wife, "but it's not exactly what I mean. Bob Taylor, you're the luckiest guy in this world, that's what *you* are!"

Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert Taylor seconded the motion that very morning and has ever since he joined the double dozen other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars who have traded make-up kits for service gear and snagged the biggest starring parts they ever played in their lives. Leo the Lion's litter of fighting cubs, some 1100 of them, pepper with stars the big service flag that waves over the studio at Culver City. They're not all movie stars by a long shot—they're grips and props, gaffers and errand boys, gatemen and secretaries, too. But there are plenty of dog tag numbers in the Army and Navy, Coast Guard, Marines, Air Corps that only yesterday were names that packed a box-office punch from Boston to Bombay, and back again—names like Clark Gable, James Stewart, Melvyn Douglas, Van Heflin, Bob Montgomery, Jean Pierre Aumont, Bill Lundigan, John Carroll, Richard Carlson, Lew Ayres. And Barbara Stanwyck might have been speaking right up for the

whole bunch when she told Bob Taylor, "You're lucky!" That's the way every one of them feels about it—this biggest bunch of big stars to ditch any Hollywood studio flat and duck the glamour spotlight for service obscurity and, incidentally, to trade fancy four-figured Saturday night checks for Uncle Sam's modest payroll.

All of them left their homes and their jobs just like Joe American, grimly and eagerly, to do a rugged job. And all of them are doing it in a way that has made the world breathe a soft whistle of respect, because, when war broke, eyes burned down on Hollywood male stars with a new and critical intensity. Two strikes went up against Hollywood stars at the start. They were swell at make-believe—sure—but what about the real thing? Were they men or just pretty shadows? Could they take it? Could they come down off their Hollywood pedestals and buddy with the boys?

Even service men, soldiers and sailors, looked at them with a skeptical cocked eye at first—but they don't any more. You earn what you get in Uncle Sam's league. (Continued on page 105)



LT. COM. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, USNR, with George Murphy at S. S. Lombard lounging. After 11½ mos. in S. Pacific he came home, fever-ridden, white-haired, 20 lbs. lighter.



MAJOR JAMES STEWART, Army Air Corps. When his contract expired, M-G-M offered him \$1,000 a week while he's in Army if he'd renew it. He declined with thanks. Above, with Ginger Rogers.

leo goes to war

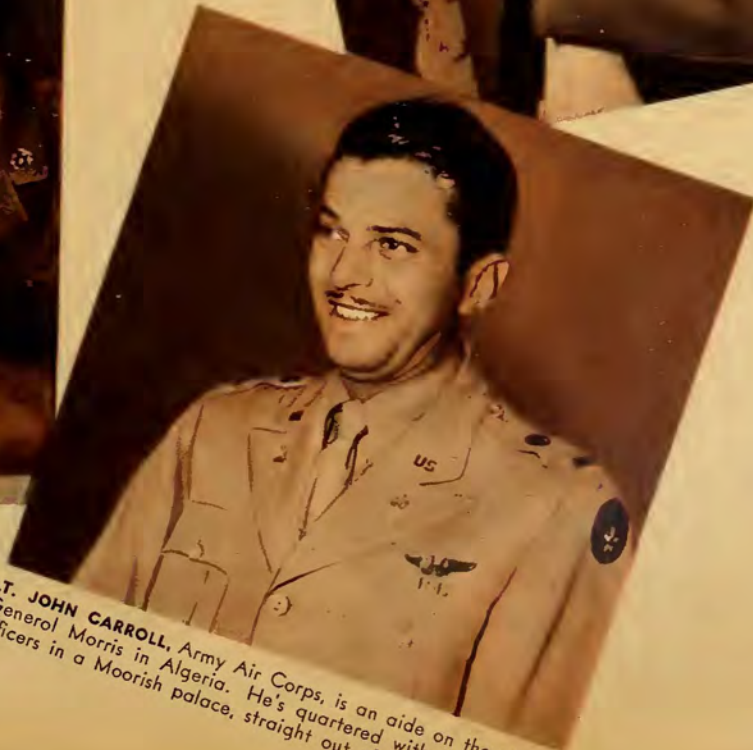


CAPT. MELVYN DOUGLAS, Special Service Division of Army, moved from Australia to India, where he and Paul Bern are putting on stage plays for the guys. Between acts they're mapping huge musical.

LT. ROBERT STERLING, Army Air Corps, hopes he won't be shipped out from Mother Field, Calif., before baby comes. Tho he enlisted under real name, Bill Hort, buddies call him Bob.



CORP. WM. LUNDIGAN, Marine Corps, (above, with Morgoret Chapman) is learning technique of talkies under combat conditions of Quontico.



LT. JOHN CARROLL, Army Air Corps, is an aide on the staff of General Morris in Algeria. He's quartered with several officers in a Moorish palace, straight out of "Arabian Nights."

Since his accident, Van and his huge record collection (including the Lunts, M. Evans and—Sinatra!) have been homebodies. (That's Evie W.)



Van Johnson

By Kirtley Baskette

The 5 bucks worth of nickels didn't jingle long and the brown brogues were scuffed—but they carried him on to make S. R. O. history!



■ Van Johnson surveys a Hollywood future today as bright as his shining red-gold hair. Starred at last in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" after making hits out of bits on his own sunny ability, Van's star is at last high in a cloudless Hollywood sky.

But it wasn't always that way. Van is where he is today because he had a stubborn faith in himself, and could answer "I'll do it!" to every tiny opportunity that knocked.

Born of serious, industrious Swedish immigrant parents in snooty Newport, R. I., summer kingdom of Astors, Vanderbilts, and high Society's Four Hundred, Van fought as a kid against stuffy conservatism and severe frowns on his dreams of becoming an actor. He was patronized as a "town native" by the rich kids and even at home, where a family separation left him motherless at three. He had kindness and care from his thrifty, cautious father and aging grandmother—but no sympathy with his eager desire to act.

But Van kept trying beyond (Continued on page 36)

"Are you kiddin'?" Van showers pol Keenan Wynn kids with nursery recordings, croons them to sleep. He just soved job of gol caught peddling his private phone no.

Van Johnson



Van Johnson

Continued



Sports-loving Von relaxes after a day on "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" set. He's on "I'll take one o' dem and one o' dose" dressers, so he's grateful for recent costume (intern, aviator, etc.) pix.



Von set record by returning to work after illness in 8 weeks instead of expected 12 mos. Big break came when he went on with ptomaine after lead he understudied in "Too Many Girls" fell ill.



Spence Tracy was so impressed with Van in "A Guy Named Joe," he introduced himself on set, proceeded to rove. V. J. is thrilled he's finally met Bette D. whom he's hero-worshipped for years.

his school work and heavy chores, spunkily grabbing every chance to try himself in school, church and town shows. He drank inspiration from Newport's summer theater, the Casino, where Broadway stars spent "the season" from vaudeville, the Provincetown circus, and particularly the movies at the local Bijou, where he became Newport's champion all-out movie fan. Naturally shy and unassuming, Van made himself loved by everyone, and at Rogers High School where he played football, basketball, sawed a violin in the school orchestra, and drum-majored the band, he won "the most popular contest" and carried on romances with Newport's prettiest town girls.

But his frantic activities made his studies slip, and high school days over, Van felt unprepared for Brown College and unenthusiastic about the legal career his father had planned for him. Confused, he took a job

frying clams in a highway drive-in restaurant and there met Lois, a Newport girl who had been away to school, traveled in Europe and knew her way around so well, that, sensing his mixed-up dreams and frustrations, she told him off straight from the shoulder.

"Get out of this town," she said. "Go to New York and get a job on Broadway. Follow your dreams, or you're lost!"

"I'll do it!" replied Van impulsively. Next day, he left Newport with a new suit, a wicker suitcase, five dollars cash and his father's frowning disapproval. But Van Johnson's hopes were on wings. He knew he was on his way—but where?

* * *

Van was nineteen when he left home, determined to show Broadway he had what it takes. And he was as theater-green as the plush (*Continued on page 98*)

A dyed-in-the-wool sentimentalist, trouper Van is drooling over prospect of doing "Oklahoma!" with Judy G.



Van's a real water baby, loves to be near oceans, is tops in aquatic sparts. (With cute G. De Haven, in "Two Sisters and A Sailor.")





Two and half weeks after her trip, she and Burgess Meredith eloped to Tijuana, Mex. Bugs, now an Air Corps Captain, has just returned from overseas. Left H'wood in '42 as Army private.



For six weeks Keenan Wynn, Paulette, accordion man Andy Arcari and rest of the troupe existed entirely on C-rations. "That's what did it!" bemoans Paulette of her added eight pounds!

"miss precious cargo"

By Virginia Wilson

That's what she is in Chinese radio code. But to

the lonely Yanks in Asia, she means glamour, home . . . Goddard!

■ Everything was quiet. Too quiet—you could hear the mosquitoes buzzing angrily against the netting around the cot. Away to the South, a scout plane zoomed off toward Jap-held territory. And in the corner of the tent something moved . . .

Paulette sat up and grabbed her flashlight. Its yellow glow caught the thing in the corner, and she gave the little shudder that the sight of rats always evoked. She ought to be used to them by now, after two months of this trip, but she just wasn't. She *hated* them! And this was a really enormous one, with horrible fiery eyes. It slithered around the tent, trying frantically to get away from the light. Suddenly it popped into the water bucket. There was a splash.

"Wonderful!" Paulette thought and started to relax. The creature would drown. But the splashing continued. Come to think about it, there were water rats, weren't there? That *lived* in the water! Maybe this

was one of them. Maybe this awful rodent would swim around and around all night!

"I won't think about it," Paulette said out loud, in a firm voice. "I'll think about the show tonight instead. It went over very well, considering the rain . . ."

It *had* gone over well. But it always did. These kids were starved for entertainment. They had been out here in India so long, and they hadn't even seen a white woman for months, let alone anyone who looked like Paulette Goddard. If the show had consisted of nothing but Paulette walking on stage and walking off again, they would still have loved it. But it didn't. It was a complete USO Camp show, with Bill Gargan and Keenan Wynn for comedy, and Andy Arcari playing the accordion and singing. It was fast and funny and gay.

Tonight the rain hadn't kept the audience from getting there hours early, as usual. They'd sat around in the downpour from six to (Continued on page 91)



Goddard's message to American girls, "If you only knew how idolized you are by all kinds of soldiers—American, Chinese, British and Indian, you'd be very proud. Don't let them down." Individual missives all said some thing—just "love" or "I'm fine." Her next film: "I Love a Soldier."

On May 3rd, troupe landed in New York after 38,000-mile trek through 15 countries. Eleven weeks without one, a bubble bath was Paulette's first objective!



kelly is the name!

By George Benjamin

The cocky grin's from Eire and the home-grown corn's

from hunger—but when he makes like Nijinsky you know it's genius flashing.

■ At the Hollywood preview of "Cover Girl," when Gene Kelly's amazing dance ended, and one of the biggest thunders of applause any Hollywood star has ever earned died down at last, an expert on the dance turned to his companion in the audience.

"That's the greatest dancing since Nijinsky!" he said.

Gene Kelly didn't hear that remark, until somebody passed it on to him. Then he was pleased, but not as thrilled as he might have been. Gene had his big thrill weeks before when he saw the complete rushes of the part in that picture that was to make him famous.

He'd dreamed about and planned the dance himself, argued with studio technicians who said it couldn't be done, plugged for it 'gainst the advice of half of Hollywood, worked it out painstakingly through tedious, weary weeks. It was his baby, and a million tiny things could have wrecked it along the way. But at last it

was over, and the results were right there on the screen, and perfect.

Gene sat through it all in silence. Then he strolled out of the dark projection room at Columbia Studios. He didn't say anything, but he felt swell. The cameraman who shot it followed him out. "Gene," he said, "Congratulations! The public will love that dance." And the public did.

Hollywood had never seen a dance like the one Gene did in "Cover Girl." And Hollywood has never seen anything exactly like Gene Kelly, either, not for a good many years. He's a perfectionist, an artist from the tips of his flashing toes to his sparkling black eyes and inky hair. He's a guy who knows what he wants to do and how to do it and who says what he thinks, without any helping of hooley.

Naturally, after showing his (Continued on page 119)



He works wonders with Kerry who giggles head off when Pap rehearses dances. Gene's a sweet-tooth hound dotting on beer, late snacks, crossworders and is a lamb save at picnics and bad pix.



Radio-nixing Kellys trioing with Kerry who's loud if not good. Gene tutors G. I. Jones once a week at A. Murray's, played 26 hospitals in as many days, is going deep 'n' dark in Univ.'s "Xmas Holiday."





After snatching few days in New York with Greer for delayed honeymoon, Lieut. Ney got orders to leave for West Coast assignment, caught wife's train back. Had spent months in Aleutians.



Van Johnson got lift out of Radium Society's decision to award Greer medal for "Madame Curie." Scientists said it was finest effort yet to publicize radium.



Except for rare, gold-plated evenings like CBS broadcast with Ronald Colman, Greer wears young, campus-y clothes. Is trying to wind up drama she's been scribbling at for almost a year.

duchess on wheels

Duchess Garson! You should see her
chugging uphill on a bike or slithering through a rumba.

By Nancy Winslow Squire



"Mrs. Parkington" required weeks of make-up and costume tests, 36 wardrobe changes, hours of hair-styling. Greer, who's always wanted to be brunette, stuffs taffy hair under black wig for pic.

■ One of the most astonishing things that happens to an able actor is the conclusion reached by the public mind that the actor is actually very much like the characters he or she portrays on the screen. Boris Karloff (born British Henry Pratt) has gone through professional life scaring the daylights out of children he meets on the street, much to his chagrin. Bogart, a cinematic toughie, is frequently embarrassed by the willingness of perfect strangers to engage him in fisticuffs.

And Greer Garson, the gentle, spiritual Mrs. Chips, the mature Mrs. Miniver, and the scholarly Madame Curie of films, sometimes finds herself catalogued as austere, aloof and distinctly the Grand Duchess.

This aura of dignity and elegance bothers Greer Garson. She is, with the protocol scraped away, a high-spirited red-head who likes to rumba, to go cycling, to romp with her dog and to exercise her sense of humor in scintillating wise cracks.

She is both astoundingly young and unnecessarily beautiful. There is no sense in one woman having such an array of talents. Perhaps it is Nature's way of levying a tax upon Miss Garson, by making her seem to strangers somewhat august.

One afternoon recently, a resident of a quiet street in Beverly Hills was standing at the front window conning the activities of the neighborhood, when a cycling pair rolled past. The man was long-limbed, mustached and dark. The girl was wearing a faded bandana from beneath which escaped a few carrot curls; her shorts were rough blue ticking, her shirt was open at the throat and her feet were encased in weary sneakers. "It's Greer Garson and Richard Ney!" gasped the householder, shouting to her daughter.

"You're seeing things," the younger generation dismissed the suggestion. "I can't imagine Greer Garson on a bicycle."

That was libel. Actually, (Continued on page 117)



Judy attempts Gargantuan job of answering G. I. letters without benefit of secretary. Her name graces two bombers in Italy; one RAF, other, American.

nothing ever

■ Nothing's happened to Judy since she got back from her bond tour. Nothing but work. She started right in on "Meet Me in St. Louis," and she's been at it ever since. Nothing's happened to write a story about—

She just gets up and works from 9 to 6 with an hour for lunch, and who wants to hear about that? Dorothy, the maid, gets her up with orange juice. Hands it to her and ducks, Judy not being the type who leaps lightly from slumber, trilling, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" By the time she's showered and dressed, life begins to look possible. In knee-length skirt and sweater, moccasins and long socks—to keep her legs warm—she's ready for her truck driver's breakfast. Bacon and eggs and coffee and jam and five slices of toast. The way she eats, she should be a baby Kate Smith. But she works it off—

At 8:15 she's driving (Continued on page 88)



Writing poetry under an assumed name, she refuses to let studio handle it under her real moniker. Surprised Mom on birthday with a bound volume of her verses. Only 21, she is at work on her 17th picture, "Meet Me in St. Louis."



Dates slew of guys, including Van Johnson, Leonard Sues, Bob Walker, but prefers Mocambo-ing with Peter Lawford, one of top dancers in town.

happens to judy

By Ida Zeitlin

Nothing but two-fisted fights with drill-totin' dentists, cheering wilted G.I. souls in New Guinea, crying her heart out over Orson Welles. . . .

Song dedicated to her, "I Last You," made Judy weep. At end, gasped, "Please play it again—that made me sa happy."



"marriage is a private affair"

How could it be private with Mother

shaking her head "No," with Tom away

and gosh, that glint in Miles' eye . . .

STORY Softly, so softly that the music seemed vagrant as a breeze, they were playing the Wedding March. At the head of the aisle Theo Scofield looked down toward the altar and the small knot of people waiting in front of the minister. Hazily, she could make out the figure of her mother, the burly body of Joe Murdock and very lean, very handsome, the young man in the Lieutenant's uniform whom she was going to marry. She thought in a sudden moment of panic: I've forgotten his name. I've forgotten his name com- (Continued on page 82)

PRODUCTION Metro bought this story for Lana Turner two weeks before she told them she expected her baby. Instead of casting another in the role or shelving the picture until Lana's return to movies, officials turned it over to writers and artists for screen preparation. Top-name technicians worked on the picture for a year before the cameras started shooting it. It's probably the most thoroughly prepared story to come to the screen. . . . This picture is the first to give Lana solo star billing. There are two star (Continued on page 113)



1. It's "this is it" at first sight when Theo Scofield (Lana Turner) and Lt. Tam West (John Hodiak) meet at Canteen. Poppa is withholding congrats til Theo "realizes meaning of marriage."

2. After magnificent wedding, Tam prepares for overseas duty, is discharged to supervise his lens factory. Theo, feeling cheated of anticipated frivility with Tam away, is bitter over child to be born.



By Maris McCullers

5. Months pass, and Theo, in Reno, finds Miles has followed. Realizing that it's still "it" for her and Tom, she ferrets out his Australian post, long-distances her love.



4. Encouraged, Miles confesses love and Theo goes to his apt. to resolve her dilemma. Tom returns unexpectedly, leaves her when she admits visit.



3. For a year, the Wests lead normal, dull life and Theo, growing restless, returns to Canteen where she bumps into old flame, Capt. Miles Lancing (James Craig). Tom bursts in, fights with officer, quarrels with Theo.



By Fredda Dudley

"ONE PUNCH" LUNDIGAN

Well, maybe not one punch—but the only
time Bill ever threw in the towel was after a bout
with some haymaking fudge!



Marine G. I. Bill has phobia against memorizing song lyrics, learned "Holy Night" as choir boy, is now wrestling with "Mother Machree." He insists all his lucky breaks pan out on 15th of any month.

■ Uncle Bill O'Brien was always Bill Lundigan's hero. Uncle Bill had been a Marine in the first world war; true, he hadn't been lucky enough to get across, but he had been through the rigorous Marine training, and he was thoroughly indoctrinated with Marine lore. Nephew Bill used to don Uncle Bill's service topcoat and strut around. The coat was so big that it trailed the floor, and the shoulders were so wide that they hung to junior elbows, lowering sleeves far beyond the most ambitious stretch of young fingers, but the aura was there: the excitement of the uniform and the esprit de corps.

Young Bill learned to offer his rifle for Inspection Arms, and he learned the other side of the ritual, too—the officer's responsibility. He learned the Manual of Arms, and he learned to march and salute like a true devil-dog. "Some day," he told his uncle, lower lip thrust forward solemnly, "I'm going to be a Marine, too."

"God grant that it isn't necessary for you to fight another war," said Uncle Bill.

But in June, 1942, Bill Lundigan—rising young

Hollywood actor—paced the floor one night, then turned to his father, Mike Lundigan. "I think I'm going to join the Marines if they'll have me," he said. It had always been his habit to talk over any move with his father and mother; he always considered their wishes; he always deferred to their judgment. And they, in turn, gave him—and his three brothers—wide rein. They let their sons think for themselves.

Still, when the question of joining a combat outfit as rugged as the Marine Corps was raised, Mr. Lundigan—like every father on earth—hesitated. "The studio wants to defer you for a few more pictures, Bill," he reminded his son. "Maybe you can serve just as well behind the camera as behind the gun. Each of us has his own abilities and has to use them in his best way. Why not wait until you're drafted?"

"You wouldn't mind if I joined up, would you?"

Mr. Lundigan shook his head slowly. "That you'll have to decide for yourself."

So, before you could say (Continued on page 95)

As Time Goes By...

Some loved it, some left it—the acclaim
and heartbreak these Metro stars knew as
the First Men and Ladies of Hollywood.



Starting out as film cutter, Myrna Loy got first pic job through Rudy Valentino, became famous as sultry Oriental siren. At M-G-M, Producer Arthur Hornblow Svengali-d her into more sympathetic roles, married her 4 years later.



When Norma Shearer started out on her career at 14, she came to N. Y. on funds from sole of family piano, lived on ragged edge of nothing posing, playing in movie houses. Years later at M-G-M, married gen'l prod. mgr. Irving Thalberg, made film-history with him.



Wally Beery's life is more drama-packed than any film. Ran away in 4th grade, worked as riveter, elephant boy, chorus boy. Mode and lost fortune in '29 crash, staged comeback, won Oscar for "The Champ" with Jackie Cooper.



The Sinatra of H'wood plush era, John Gilbert was idolized by millions of mature, otherwise level-headed women. Reached peak in "The Big Parade" with Rene Adoree. Divorced 3 times, he courted Garbo who, when he hit skids due to advent of sound, gave him boost.



Garbo's first Swedish film was comedy in which she whacked lead over head with a fish. When Louis B. Mayer brought her and director Stiller to U.S., she was a gangly 16, unable to speak a word of English. Our Yankee enthusiasm sent her into shell of silence.



In her 50's, down and out after a life on stage, Marie Dressler told reporters she was just a tired old woman whom nobody wanted. Little did she know that ahead of her was "Anna Christie" with Garbo and an Oscar on her 60th birthday!



Unlike brother John, Lionel Barrymore was stable, amiable, a devoted husband. When John was down and out, he brought him to H'wood, cared for him, got him job. Won Oscar for "A Free Soul." Due to crippling arthritis plays Dr. Gillespie role from wheelchair.



As
Time
Goes
By...



One of the greatest love affairs was Bill Powell's with Jean Harlow. Heartbroken over her death, he went into seclusion for 2 years after, seriously ill. Bathroom scene in "The Thin Man" with Minna Gombell become famous.



Clark Gable picked up dramatic training by working as call boy, tool hand, tromp, lumberjack, mule driver in Oregon hop fields. A terrific screen lover, he played with Joan Crawford in "Chained."



The immortal Jean Harlow will always be remembered as the vivacious Platinum Blonde, with the memory of her courage and gaiety obliterating the tragedy of her 2 unhappy marriages and the horror of Paul Bern's still unexplained suicide.



At one time former hubby Fritz Mandl spent millions trying to corral all the prints of 17-year-old Hedy's "Ecstasy." It's still being bootlegged around, and she's had a stiff fight overcoming that publicity!



When Katie Hepburn was cast opposite Trocy, she asked, "Aren't you kind of short to play opposite me?" He replied "I'll cut you down to my size!" He copped 2 Academy Awards for "Boys Town" and "Captains Courageous."

Back in "the old days", the little red schoolhouse was a hothouse for budding genius with those *enfants terribles*, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, twitting lo Turner, "How much are 2 and 2, Lono?" Execs ore still mourning "How sod I am" after releosing Deonna.



Lowest ebb of Judy Garland's life come when Deonna D. went on to Univ. to become a star, while she was left sitting! Her first love was Mickey Rooney. It all started with blackface routine in "Strike Up the Band."



When Jimmy Stewart was senior of Princeton storrng in commencement play with guesting Moggie Sullovan, your editor Al was freshman lugging props backstage. After graduotian, Stewart got first stage rcle thru college contact. Hit top in "Philadelphio Stary" with Hepburn.

Maria Montez
Jean Pierre Aumont



Waiting for Jean Pierre

"Say my name as she says it—and

9000 miles away Maria dreams and

murmurs "Hon Pierre, Hon Pierre." . . .



■ Everywhere, all over the world, there are women waiting for letters; the rich and the poor, the married and the single, the obscure and the famous . . . waiting for the clink of the metal postbox cover, or the postman's brisk whistle to say that word from the beloved has arrived. Hollywood is no different from Tempe, or Yellow Creek, or Cherrytown.

And in Hollywood, after the long make-believe day is done, Maria Montez sheds her glamorous trappings and waits for letters from Jean Pierre Aumont.

After such war letters are received, they are stored in some secret or tender place, to be read and reread by women everywhere. Sometimes they are tied with blue ribbons, sometimes they are penciled with the date of receipt and carefully filed in a dresser drawer or in any of the little secret niches women reserve for their most precious belongings. As for Maria, she stashes her letters away in an old shoe box with her favorite ones tumbled in on top because they are reread more frequently than the others.

While wives wait for letters and the war's end, they find various ways of passing the long time. They work in aircraft factories or munition plants, they teach school, or work in the telephone exchange, or operate a busy typewriter—Maria acts. When she is between pictures, as she is now at Universal, having completed "Gypsy Wildcat" and not yet scheduled to go to work in "Bowery to Broadway," she busies herself in other ways.

For one thing, she is writing a book. It is now nearly finished and Maria is hopeful that it may be on the spring lists. She is uncertain whether the title will be "The Sin of Sins" or "Among the Shadows," but those to whom she has told parts of the story, say that it is a delicate and sensitive chronicle of a beautiful girl in love.

In wartime, it is easy for women to believe in such a love story because a ghost is nothing but a dream—a projection of the mind—and sometimes a man long (Continued on page 126)

← Lt. Ahh-mont, now with his old motorized unit, is wearer of Croix de Guerre for bravery in 1940. Learned English from Wharf, Larre, Calleia on set of "Cross of Lorraine."



Susan Peters

Susy Q

It came mighty close to being "Calling Dr. Carnahan"—

but whatcha' gonna do when they team you with Taylor

and Colman—and there's Quine makin' with the cracks?

■ Susan wanted to be a doctor. She was going to Pomona for pre-medical work and needed all the points she could roll up. So in senior year at Hollywood High, she took five solids instead of the four that were required. As the fifth, she picked dramatics, because it sounded like the kind of course where you could get away with murder. That's how she got to be an actress. If she hadn't been an actress, she wouldn't have met Dick Quine. So she's Susy Q. today because she wanted to be a doctor. Fate's wonderful—

Mr. Kachel, who taught dramatics, told her she was the world's worst actress. Susan agreed. What was Shakespeare to her, or she to Shakespeare, that she should sweat for him? All she wanted was her points—

"I'm going to have to (Continued on page 58)



Loyal to her G.I.'d agent, she pays him his full commission while he's in service. Goes fishing in spare time, baits own hook.

Solved gas problem by riding her motor scooter to and from studio where she's currently making "Secrets in the Dork."



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STOPS PERSPIRATION

(Continued from page 57)

flunk you," Mr. Kachel would warn her, and she'd droop like a wounded fawn. But that didn't bring her and Shakespeare any closer.

The day before graduation, a mysterious stranger came in with Mr. Kachel. Nobody knew he was Bud Sholem, Sol Lesser's talent scout, on the hunt for a girl to play Bobby Breen's sister. But they all noticed that Mr. Kachel was calling on the class luminaries, and that the stranger was very attentive. Till he caught sight of a small pig-tailed figure, sitting wide-eyed in the back row, out of Teacher's line of vision—

There was a murmured exchange, heard distinctly by those up front.

"What about Big-Eyes back there?"

"She doesn't know the time of day."

They murmured some more and, when class was dismissed, Susan was asked to wait. Uh-uh. Mr. Kachel was going to tell her she'd flunked—

Mr. Kachel said nothing. It was the stranger who spoke, and his words were weird and wonderful. "Would you be interested in making a picture?"

She looked from one to the other. Mr. Kachel seemed intent on detaching himself from the whole business.

"I don't think so," said Big-Eyes.

"Well, why don't you go home and talk it over with your mother?"

Susan had planned to work that summer. She had no illusions about medicine. You studied for years, and when you were old and gray at 45, you made ten dollars, if you were lucky. She'd always known she'd have to work her way through. She'd been 8 and Bob 6 when Dad had died. Mother'd been working ever since. Grandmother'd taken over the responsibility of Susan's education, but neither could afford to send her to college. Maybe this was a heaven-sent chance to earn some money. Mother told her to go ahead if she wanted to. So she went ahead, but didn't get the picture. "Too young," they said.

"I'm 17."

"You look 12."

Bud Sholem gave her a letter to the Reinhardt School. The Reinhardt School gave her a scholarship and the lead in "Holiday." Henry Blanke of Warners' saw her, gave her a contract at \$75 a week and a new name—Susan Peters for Suzanne Carnahan.

She didn't take it big. Hollywood girls are wise to the ways of Hollywood, where many are called but few are chosen. Besides, she lived in an atmosphere of healthy cynicism. Salka Viertel, Garbo's great friend who was also a friend of Susan's French grandmother, used to say: "I'd like to get that child into pictures." Grandmother'd laugh her head off. Now she laughed harder. Mother went hysterical every time she looked at Susan. Bob snorted, and her friends gave her the razz. But you can't laugh off \$75 a week.

At Warners' she sat for two years and made every test in the calendar—"Ser-geant York," "Constant Nymph," "Kings Row." "You're a sweet little girl," they'd tell her, "but you can't act." Or, by way of variation: "That was a swell test, Susan, but you're too young." Then the part would go to Joan Leslie, who was a sharp 16.

When they dropped her contract, she was heartbroken. Not because she couldn't be an actress, but because she'd wasted two years and missed her chance at medicine. A girl can't wait till she's 50 to start earning money—

"I'm going to learn another trade," she told her agent, "and don't ask me what, because I don't know. All I know is, I'm through with pictures, which makes it nice

(Continued on page 114)

LOUELLA PARSONS

GOOD NEWS

For 20 years Louella's was the shoul-

der Metro stars cried on, the ear they

confided into—here are her memories.

■ Twenty years is a long time to look back—longer than some of you kids have lived. And, yet, as I thumbed back over my old columns getting material for this special feature for MODERN SCREEN, I would come across a famous name, a face, the title of a movie and think, "Why, that was only yesterday."

Turning back the pages of time, reviving memories of the great ones who are gone, like Marie Dressler, John Gilbert, vivid little Jean Harlow, I would feel a lump in my throat.

And then, I would come across a picture of a chubby-faced little boy of six, Jackie Coogan, who, I had once long ago told my readers would soon be seen in "Rags." It made me very proud to think of that boy now—a movie tyke who grew up to be one of the real heroes of this war.

Other names—so nostalgic: Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, Conway Tearle (he of the cynical lifted eyebrow), Mae Murray as "The Merry Widow," Lon Chaney. Great names then. Just memories now.

But they are glamorous, exciting memories—so let's turn back the calendar: Let's pretend it is again—

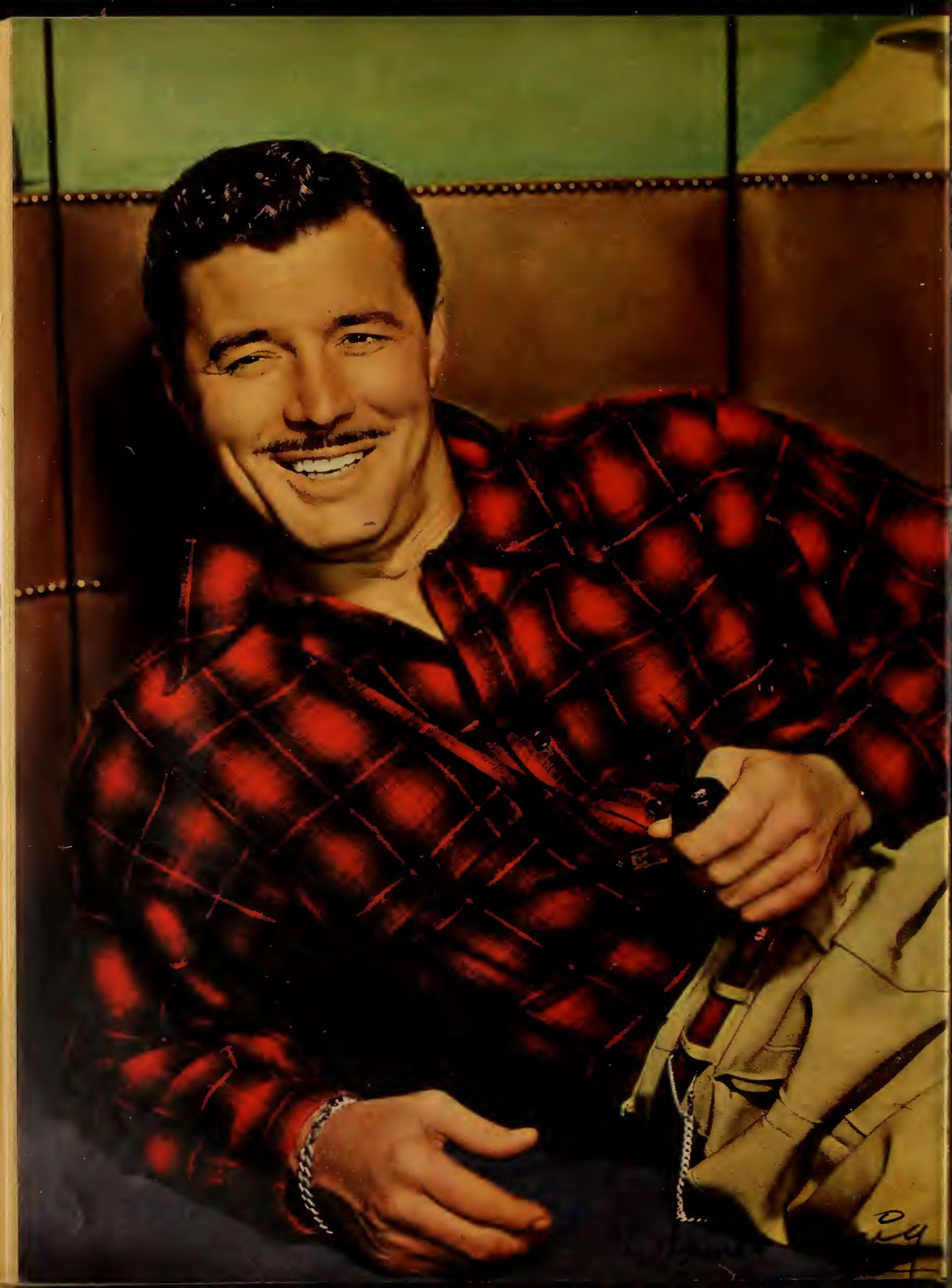
1924: Even now the M-G-M lot is the biggest in the world. The stages are smaller and not so factory-like as they are today. A long tier of dressing rooms that look like barracks face the center of the lot. The (Continued on page 62)



Ladd's Alano is first film kid to have own fon club. Started in Alon's hame town, Hot Sprinas. members sent her \$100 bond.

When Lono Turner (here with W. Pidgean) brought doughter to studio, Cherry napped on set, didn't once whimper!







Clipper Ship bedspread with ready-to-hang matching draperies shown in blue. Other choice colors are rose, green, or gray backgrounds.

Diana Lynn's Design for Decorating

DIANA LYNN, featured in "AND THE ANGELS SING," a Paramount Picture, shows how Bates bedspreads with matching draperies do just about a complete decorating job. Cheerful surroundings are morale builders to both the college girl and her older sister living near a service camp or war work. Bates bedspreads with matching draperies are wrinkleproof, washable, rugged and right! What's more, the spreads serve as extra covering at night. Of course, war work comes first at Bates . . . that's why your store may be temporarily out of your favorite bedspread or drapery pattern.

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Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES



Premiere of "Show Business" came on maid's night out, so Capt. Ronald Reagan and Janie almost didn't make it! At last minute providentially found high school gal to take care of Maureen till midnight, wouldn't accept cent over four bits.



For years an ardent Benny Goodman fan, Janie Withers is now more idolatrous than ever. 'Cause he's responsible for her meeting Johnny Miles at his house a few months ago. They've been dating nightly ever since, mostly at the Palladium.



At Harry James reopening at Astor Roof in May, 2000 fons turned out to welcome him back. If Betty has her way, she'll stay with him all summer, won't make another film till Fall. It's rumored she's taking a house in New York suburb.

GOOD NEWS continued

men dress "downstairs"—the women "upstairs." There is a large censor-proof sign reading **GENTLEMEN NOT PERMITTED UPSTAIRS. ABSOLUTELY NO EXCEPTIONS!**

The three great stars are all men . . . Lon Chaney, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro. They couldn't be more unlike.

John is a flame—restless, vivid, intense, who is almost consumed by his fame—but loving it. Just like Frank Sinatra loves it today. Jack once told me: "I live for all this. It's the breath of my life!" I can't think of that now without a tug at my heart. The breath in him literally was snuffed out when his fans forgot him.

Lon Chaney! There was a grand person. The greatest "horror" star of them all who played one monster after the other in the movies, was the folksiest actor who ever lived. His salary was \$10,000 a week—but he drove his own coupe to the studio and it was always filled with studio workers and "extras" he had picked up on corners along the way. He mowed his own lawn and pruned the rose bushes. In the evenings he talked politics with his neighbors at the corner drug store.

Norma Shearer was Lon's leading lady in "He Who Gets Slapped," and he always called her "the Beauty" and himself, "the Beast."

Ramon Novarro was the esthete, a moody, sensitive, introspective boy. He lived in a world of his own away from the studio. He bought his family a rambling old mansion in the exclusive old West Adams district and behind this the young Mexican star built his own apartment.

The windows were stained glass equipped with lighting effects that poured artificial moonlight into the big, heavy draped room across Ramon's bed. There was an enormous piano in the bedroom for Novarro had a lovely singing voice and liked to play and sing into the night.

Once, I remember saying to him: "It is too bad the fans cannot hear you sing, Ramon." He laughed: "Perhaps that is the beauty of the silent screen."

* * *

By 1926 two queens ruled the roost at M-G-M: Norma Shearer, the adored wife of Irving Thalberg was one of them. But a plump chorus girl from the Winter Garden had arrived and her name was Lucille Le Seur. She promptly changed her name to Joan Crawford and her figure to perfection. On every hand you heard about Joan: "She won't last. She's too giddy! Up every night until all hours in dancing contests. Drives young Mike Cudahy's car like a demon down Sunset Boulevard. No, she won't last!" (Oh, Joan—how you made them eat those words. Bravo to you for a sustained career of eighteen years with M-G-M. My newest John Fredricks is off to you.)

William Haines, brash, good looking Bill, soared to stardom in "Brown of Harvard" and as a present to himself, Bill furnished the most distinctive home in Hollywood. Everybody was begging young Haines to "do" his or her place. "Might as well go into the interior decorating business," he laughed. "But I haven't got time. Too many movies to make."

Nobody pays much attention to a tall, blonde Swedish actress who has just been imported—that is, nobody but Jack Gilbert who always has an eye out for pretty girls. Her name is Greta Garbo and Jack tells everyone, "She's wonderful. She's divine." But much to his chagrin—the lady refuses his dinner invitations!

Greta, who didn't speak English well, had an interpreter named Svend Borq. I don't

know whether she had a sense of humor or not—but Svend did. Whenever she was asked to do something she didn't want to, Svend would come back, saying: "What she said in Swedish—I wouldn't dare tell you in English!"

But this I know—Greta was not a recluse nor a cold girl in the beginning. True, she was lonely and homesick. She did not make friends easily. She did not dress well. But my mind goes back to a party Clarence Brown, her director, gave at the old Montmartre.

She was madly in love with Gilbert by this time. She was like a happy, laughing school girl gowned in a simple pink evening gown, dancing every dance in his arms.

Another time I saw her at a football game with Jack, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. It started to rain. Lilyan and the boys wanted to leave but Garbo said: "I stay."

And stay she did—covered up from head to toe in the pages of a newspaper she bought for protection.

I'll always believe that Garbo changed and went into her shell after her romance with John was in ashes. But she remained his friend—even after the talkies ruined his career and she insisted that he stage a comeback with her in "Queen Christina." But the fire had died between them. The tables in their glory had turned—and Jack could not take kindness—and pity—from the woman he had loved with such fire.

By 1928 Marion Davies was the undisputed Queen of Hollywood both in beauty and in popularity. There was no one like Marion—so perfectly natural, so gay. John Barrymore once said: "Marion is the only woman in the world who can be beautiful and funny at the same time."

Everyone flocked to her parties at her Colonial Beach house or gathered in her imposing bungalow dressing room—really a Spanish hacienda in the middle of the M-G-M lot. Marion loved people and wanted them around her always, which reminds me of an amusing story which occurred when she was making "Zander, The Great."

So many of her friends visited on the set every day that the director finally lost patience. Taking Marion to one side, he said: "Can you get rid of the gang after lunch?"

After lunch—not a soul showed up—no cameraman, no crew, no cast. "What's this all about?" gasped the startled megaphoner when he found just himself and Marion had reported for work.

"Well-I," stammered Marion mischievously. "you said you wanted me to get rid of the gang. So I sent them down to the Beach house to swim for the afternoon!"

The years roll on, as I turn the pages, and by 1929 the most amazing starring duo in all movie history are going strong at the box office—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. What a grand person was Marie. Solid gold. And yet she once said to me, sadly:

"My success came too late. I can buy all the things I have wanted all my life and yet I find I haven't the energy to enjoy them that I had when I was young."

But Marie did love her beautiful home in Beverly Hills and she was so grateful for the comfort and devotion given her by her two colored servants that when she died she willed them fifty thousand dollars "in appreciation!"

No career in Hollywood was ever as amazing as Marie's rise to fame. When the movies were just flickers she had been in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" with Charlie Chaplin. Even then Marie was not young and seemingly the fans forgot about the funny old character actress.

Then Louis B. Mayer brought her back to the screen—and to glory in one of Garbo's

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$\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$

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RUB SOAP into collars and cuffs. Soak 10-15 minutes in warm soapy water. Wash in plenty of hot water. (8-10 minutes, if using machine.) Don't skimp on soap.

STARCH
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RINSE
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RINSE three times in clean hot water. To restore the "finish" of the fabric, improve appearance and make ironing easier, add a light LINIT starch solution (1 part LINIT to 10 parts water) to final rinse.

WORK basic LINIT starch solution (full directions on package) thoroughly into collars, cuffs and button-hole band. LINIT penetrates easily and evenly, protects and preserves fabrics.

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Back from 9-week tour in South Pacific, Ray Milland snoozed 36 hours first day home. Backstage at New Hebrides camp show, a Morine came up to say hello—turned out to be MacDonald Corey!



Cary Grant, who helps subsidize plastic surgery hospital in Eng., plans past-work clinic here. (With D. Share of CBS show.)



Laraine Day (with husband Roy Hendricks) just signed 7 yr. tie-up with M-G-M. Scene in recent pic had to be rewritten 'cause Laraine wouldn't smoke. Takes milk instead of Scotch.

Livvy and Paul Lukas, who star on same lot, talked shop after "Radio Theatre" at CBS. While mom tours comps in "Arsenic and Old Lace," Livvy and sister Jaon bunk together.

GOOD NEWS

continued

first talking pictures, "Anna Christie." That was the beginning of the real success that so heartbreakingly came in the twilight of her life. My most vivid memory of Marie goes back to a birthday party L. B. gave in her honor at which he said, "The studio is at your feet." It should have been the happiest moment of her life.

Instead, try as she would to be brave, two enormous tears rolled down her face. Marie had just recently learned that she had an incurable disease—cancer—and that her days were numbered.

"You know, Louella," she said soon after when we were having dinner—just the two of us, "if Life were a thing that money could buy, the rich would live and the poor would die." I hope that doesn't sound too sad. Marie had great pride in what she had accomplished. She realized that her success gave hope to other middle-aged actors who said, "See what happened to Marie. Old age is no barrier to fame."

There will never be another Dressler. She stands in her niche of fame alone—so much so that many fine plays bought by M-G-M to star her have never been filmed with any other star.

* * *

I would love to be able to brag that the first time I saw Clark Gable I realized he was going to knock the ladies cold! But t'aint true!

To tell the truth, when Norma Shearer introduced him to me on the set of "A Free Soul," I was far from impressed. Clark was tall and thin and his ears seemed unduly conspicuous. Nor, in talking with him, did he flash any of the terrific personality that later earned him the greatest feminine following ever corralled by a male star.

My heart did no flip flops that day when Clark told me that he owed his movie break

to Lionel Barrymore. Barrymore had seen him on the stage in "The Last Mile" and was impressed by his performance.

Clark was not happy in those days. He was married to Ria Langham, a woman much older than he, and she was socially ambitious which annoyed Gable no end.

It was not until after their divorce, when he met and married Carole Lombard, that he became a completely different person. Carole's terrific sense of humor gave him a new perspective on life. She kidded him constantly and never let him forget "Parnell," the one dismal flop of his movie career.

Today—he deeply misses Carole, her nonsense and her love of life. But I noticed that when Major Gable was recently home on leave that still another change had come over his personality. The many times I saw him he always had a funny story to tell. And he is a wild-eyed Gin Rummy enthusiast. Not a particularly good player, I might add—but he loves the game and will play at the drop of a hat or in the middle of the most social cocktail party.

Whether or not he remarries, and the girl is fun-loving, blonde Kay Williams or someone else, there is no gainsaying that Kay has been an outstanding influence on him. She has the same gay spirit and love of laughter Carole had.

As much of a man's man as Clark is—he has always been influenced by the women in his life. His first wife, Josephine Dillon, taught him the fine points of acting and she did much for his career. Ria, in spite of their unhappiness together, taught him appreciation for the niceties of life. Carole brought him life, laughter and love. Clark is the type of man who needs to be in love—and to his everlasting credit it must be said that he never fails to credit the women who have loved him with their share of glory in his success.

About the time of the advent of Gable, another young actor named Robert Montgomery, was coming along by leaps and bounds. Bob had the reputation of being a young "intellectual" off the screen and for being a cocktail-shaking roué before the cameras. He hated those roles. "If all those cocktails I've mixed were consumed," he once told me, "they would produce the world's greatest hang-over!"

He had the reputation of being a bit "difficult" and also a bit of a rebel. "If anything important ever came along," he said, "I could toss this all over in a minute."

I thought—"Oh, yes?" That is fine talk—but I had never seen an actor yet who would toss it all over.

Well, Bob made me eat those thoughts and words. When the war came along he was among the first Hollywood actors to enlist and now, as a Lt. Commander in the Navy, he has proved himself one of the finest officers in the service.

A man high in Navy circles told me: "Montgomery is a natural leader. His men would follow him to the bottom of the sea."

Today, Bob's wife and two children live in a modest home in Westwood—a far different place from his elaborate estate in Holmby Hills when he was a top-salaried star. Certainly he meant it when he said, lo these many years, "If anything important came along—I could give this all up!" He proved it!

I can't think about Jean Harlow without a tug at my heart. Vivid, intense, restless, unhappy little Jean. She streaked across the movie heavens like a white flame bringing with her a new warmth and light. She was



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You can make your pen give extra years of faithful service—you can stop pen troubles before they start—if you switch to Parker Quink, today!

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GOOD NEWS continued

married three times. First, to a childhood sweetheart in Kansas City. Then, tragically, to Paul Bern, the gentle little producer who killed himself, and finally, the third time to Hal Rosson, the cameraman. All these men loved Jean very much. But she loved just one man in her life—William Powell.

Everything about Jean was white. She wore nothing but white evening gowns. Her big home in Beverly Hills was decorated in white satins and brocades. Her famous platinum blonde hair was as silvery as Christmas tinsel.

She was an individualist if I ever saw one. She had an unusual habit of receiving her best gal friends when she was in the bathtub. She even gave interviews to the femme press lying back in bubble-soaped water.

At one time, she and Joan Crawford indulged in a feud. They didn't speak when they passed on the lot and it was hard to be friends with both girls.

But Joan did a terribly sweet thing after she learned that Jean was a very sick girl with a kidney infection. She went over to the set of "Saratoga" one afternoon, took Jean's hands in hers and said: "It's about time we grew up. I admire you so much. Can't we be friends?" The little Harlow who had the warmest heart of any girl I have ever known, threw her arms around Joan and cried like a little girl.

Jean was twenty-seven years old when she died—an intense white flame consumed by her own youth, beauty and fire.

* * *

The early 30's were grand days on the M-G-M lot. There are so many memories—



When Bing was recording at Shrine Aud. in L. A. for new pic, he'd wander over to U. S. C. campus during lunch. Bumped so many sandwiches from kids, had to square with hunks of chocolate cake. (Above with Sonny Tufts.)



Business-wise Sonja Henie grossed cool 2 million with her touring ice show. Studying singing for next pic, she says. "It's a pleasure." (With Capt. Topping.)



Premature Dorio Cossini stayed in Wash. 'cause she was too tiny to move, was later brought to H'wood by nurse. Pop, recently commissioned 2nd Lieut., is stationed at Fort Riley, Kans.

Helen Hayes, believed by many to be "the first lady of the Theater" made "The White Sister" with Clark Gable. Helen is a wonderful actress with a fine screen personality. But she always hated herself in the movies. Although she won the coveted Oscar in 1932 for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" she told me, "I am too plain looking for the movies. The fans want beautiful girls like Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Garbo and Jean Harlow. Not a plain mouse like me."

William Powell came over to M-G-M from Warner Bros. He was married to Carole Lombard at the time. They were marvelous hosts in their honeymoon home in Beverly. I remember one costume party at which Carole was arrayed as "a Lady" and Bill wore a sweat shirt and a pair of diapers masquerading as "No Gentleman."

And believe it or not—it was as far back as this that the big exodus toward the Valley—farm life and farm homes—began. Noah and Wally Beery opened their famous Trout Club. Clark Gable bought land in the Valley. So did dozens of other stars. So you see, "I'm Going To Make The San Fernando Valley My Home" isn't such a new idea after all.

In 1934, M-G-M celebrated its tenth year and they were ten important years that changed the appearance of the big Culver City studio as greatly as the advent of talking pictures changed the destiny of the movies.

Much of the informality of the lot is gone—the old rambling stages giving way to modern, factory-like sound stages crowded close together.

A beautiful new dressing room building has been erected in which each star has his or her individual suite consisting of two rooms and a kitchenette and is furnished to set off each player's personality.

"Darn it," Lionel Barrymore complains, "I can't stand all this elegance. Can't find anything with somebody coming in all the time and cleaning up after me!"

There's a man for you, this Lionel, turning everything into a laugh or a gentle jest even when he is racked by excruciating pain from arthritis. There are times when he can hardly walk from his dressing room to the set. When no one is looking his face drops into lines of pain from the effort he is making. But if there is anyone looking, or when the cameras start turning, no one would suspect what he is going through.

Myrna Loy, the perky red-head born Myrna Williams, and I have one thing in common. We hate our nicknames. I hate to be called "Lolly" and Myrna, when I first met her, couldn't stand for anyone to call her "Minnie" but Arthur Hornblow.

I've known Myrna a long time—even before she brought her freckles to M-G-M and when she was still playing Oriental sirens in the movies. In fact, her nickname "Minnie" sprang from so many roles in the setting of "The Voice From the Minaret."

Myrna is quiet and reserved and refuses to go in for glamour away from the screen. At one time I thought she was a very indifferent dresser. But believe me—that is all past now. Since her year's retirement from the screen at the time she married John Hertz, her subsequent divorce and her triumphant return as "Mrs. Thin Man," Myrna is chic—and how!

Turning the pages among my 1936 columns, I came across this comment: "You'll be hearing more of Rosalind Russell, a new contract player at M-G-M, said to be a rival of Myrna" (Continued on page 70)

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Maybe Lana did start us off—but comes Fall,
a gal's fancy turns to thoughts of . . .

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide . . .

■ Thank Lana Turner for all this. Me—I'd clean forgotten how wonderful pin-checks were. Forgotten about *all* fashions, almost, sitting there at the pre-view of "Marriage Is a Private Affair." Then—smacko! Gorgeous Lana in the scene where she wears that pin-checked suit. Tell me how it ended, will you? Because, with that, out I went (stumbling over Al's new No. 2 Airplane Stamp shoes). Yep, off to find checks that would be just as flattering to your own five foot three-or-so figure.

Tough assignment? You can say that again! Not that the woods aren't full of checks this season. It was just that I wanted something specially wonderful for you. But just look—in case you think I'm not a never-say-die snooper-outer. A waistcoat two-piecer of wool



Check! Two-piece
has velvet collar.
Personality classic.
About \$13.



Shirtwaister. Sleek
crepe and trick buttons.
McKethrick classic.
About \$11.

and rayon check with lapels and buttons of deepest black velvet. Bet *you* take a turner for the lana glammer when you show up in it. And I hope you take my tip and top it off with a black velvet beret.

This is as good a way as any to get hep. To the fact that it's later than we thought. Time to buckle down and rustle up the look of Fall in our duds. Notice I don't say, "back to school," "campus," "career" or anything like that. Today, we all want the same colorful, sensible wearable stuff no matter what we're doing. We're on the job, all of us. So let's get going, looking the part.

Oh sure, checks are wonderful. But they have a way of bouncing if your figure's not in scale. All the world's not Lana Turner—even if the sun *does* rise and set on her for a lot of us. Maybe you never wanted to be the cuddly type anyhow, just wished you weren't quite so lanky looking. Your trick is to saw your height right in two with a break of color. The way it's done here in the rayon (Continued on page 71)



Jumpes. Juilliard's
"Shadow Top" Queen make.
About \$10.



Leather jacket frock
in two-toned gabardine.
Wanda Lee. About \$6.



Arrow dirndl in wool.
a "Heart Throb Fashion".
About \$10.



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I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

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GOOD NEWS continued

Loy's. Since Miss Russell has been in Hollywood she has played in seven pictures and it seems almost sure to predict that she will soon be playing featured roles! Quite a fortune teller, wasn't I? Certainly that was the height of understatement about Roz's success and we've often laughed about it.

My first impression of Robert Taylor was that he was an unduly modest boy for his startling good looks—actually suffering agonies over a New York writer's observation that he was a "pretty boy." He was worried sick that he would never live it down. For months, Bob thought that his career was ruined.

I think he found the heart to go on only because he thought he owed such a big debt to Louis B. Mayer. "When I started" he told me, "I wasn't making enough money to buy the clothes I wore on the screen. Mr. Mayer called me into the front office and said he would stake me to a complete wardrobe. The tailor's bill was terrific. I tried to tell him that maybe that "pretty boy" label would ruin my career and I would never be able to pay him back. He said he would take a gamble!" L. B. certainly put his money on the right boy! In the great respect the fans now have for Lt. Robert Taylor, U.S.N.R.—most of them have forgotten that he was ever called a "pretty boy."

1937 is Jimmy Stewart's year to rise and shine. I think more glamorous women fell in love with Jimmy than any other actor. A tall, lanky boy—just like the kid next door, I guess he appealed to the maternal instinct of the glamour girls. Marlene Dietrich liked Jimmy plenty at one time. So did Olivia De

Havilland. Strangely enough—and it was almost ridiculously untrue, Jimmy was supposed to be carrying an undying torch for one of his best friends, Margaret Sullivan.

Perhaps they had been in love at one time when the two of them and Henry Fonda (who later married Maggie) were in summer stock companies. But it was all over before they came to Hollywood. Nevertheless, the legend stuck and it seemed to give Jimmy a sad romantic aura.

When the war came along, Jimmy was one of the first Hollywood actors to join up. And now he is one of the real heroes—Major James Stewart, squadron commander, who has been decorated with the shiniest medals our country has to offer for his exploits over Nazi Germany.

The years roll by and old faces disappear and new ones come along to take their places in the spotlight. Two children—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney come along to take their place at the top of the box-office list as a team.

I felt closer to Mickey when he was a little boy than I do now that he is grown-up and a divorced man. His marriage to Ava Gardner, whom he adored, went on the rocks, and that rift left its mark on the little kid who used to be such a cocksure youngster.

Even when he was about twelve years old, Mickey used to call me "Toots." "Hello, Toots," he would greet me when we met on the lot, "what's new?"

One day, the producer of his picture, said to him: "Why do you call Miss Parsons, 'Toots'—Mickey?"

"Say, is that wrong?" gasped the juvenile Rooney who wasn't really being fresh but who thought the world was his oyster. "Say,

I'm sorry. It's her name, isn't it?" he puzzled, scratching his head.

The team that has taken the place of Gilbert and Garbo on the M-G-M roster today is Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. Walter isn't new on the lot—far from it. He has been with the studio more than ten years and strangely enough, much of his background has never been told.

Walter came out to California almost 14 years ago—to die. He was a very sick man. He believed he was suffering from a malignant ailment and that he would never be cured.

For a long time this fear of his had a marked effect on his career. He actually preferred supporting roles that weren't as big because he thought starring parts were too strenuous on him and taxed his strength too much. But finally, through a combination of fine medical treatment and faith, Walter licked the bugaboo of ill health and almost simultaneously with his changed mental attitude his star began to rise.

He calls Greer Garson "A swell guy" and in that, I certainly agree with him. I adore Greer and cannot agree with any fellow journalist who finds the red-headed Irish charmer "difficult" or un-cooperative.

The new idols come along so fast it is almost impossible to keep up with them. The past two or three years have given us Van Johnson, Robert Walker, the wholesome young actor who starred in "See Here, Private Hargrove," Jean Pierre Aumont who would have become THE romantic idol of the movies if he hadn't chosen to serve with the Free French; Gene Kelly, the dancing hero who has all the girls winging.

Gene is young and boyish looking. But I think he understands perfectly how much is at stake. Reports from the M-G-M front are that he isn't letting Fred Astaire get away with a thing in the picture they are both making, "Ziegfeld Follies."

Among the new girls, Lana Turner and Susan Peters show the most promise, I believe. Sometimes I could spank Lana. On other occasions I bless her for being a colorful, exciting, glamour girl and furnishing plenty of interesting "scoops" for my paper.

Lana, in private life, belongs to the Clara Bow-Jean Harlow type of actress. She seems to be continually in hot water as witness her elopement, annulment and remarriage to Steve Crane and then, just when everyone thought they were happy with their baby, her equally sudden divorce. If I had one word of advice to Lana right now it would be to "Slow Down." Flames can sometimes burn too brightly—they have in the past.

Where Lana is an extrovert, little Susan Peters on the other hand is definitely an introvert to use some good psychological words. A shy, retiring girl, she is so very modest that when she recently had a very serious operation she told her studio that it was just a minor "throat trouble." When it came out later that Susan (Mrs. Richard Quine) had lost an expected baby, her explanation was that she hadn't been able to discuss such a personal thing with business associates.

But mark my word for it—this girl with her charm and refinement will go far. She is a wonderful little actress.

And so now we come to the end of our memories back over twenty years of M-G-M's great glamour stars. It has been a long and brilliant parade of colorful and loveable personalities. Great names all of them. Many are gone now—but they wrote Hollywood and movie history that should never be forgotten by the legions to whom they gave so much pleasure.

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 69)

gabardine lumberjack dress. Coffee-cream beige up top, coffee-bean brown below. Pretty good eye-opener, if you ask me, morning or any other time. Comes in other combinations just as eye-opening and mouth-watering.

Or let's say you've a nice enough waistline, but your hips just won't cooperate. Your best bet is a dirndl—and are you in luck! Yep, dirndls are still with us but the skirts can't be too whirl-around. That ballerina stuff's no go once you start wearing a coat. The lacy wool arrow dress sketched is aimed straight at the heart of somebody. I can picture you wearing it now in a color like purple or chartreuse or coral—the round neck making you look all innocence, you faker. Pretty smart of you, too, to think of matching the grosgrain arrows and belt with a short bead choker!

What's that? You never got slimmed down at the waistline or anyplace else? I'm not frowning—just thinking. That you ought to see page twenty-six and send for reducing chart. But, meanwhile, a smart new shirtmaker will help keep those bulges a secret. Look closely at the one in rayon crepe with the dagger buttons. (Arrows, daggers—is it safe 'round here do you think?) The V neck and long mid-section tucks do wonders for the figure. This has a zipper—and all the time we figured that was just a post-war dream!

By the way—remember the shirtmaker I showed back in June that you fell for so hard? The one with the buttons up the side? You can have practically the same thing for Fall if you like. It's in "Whippet cloth"—an all rayon gabardine. Costs about nine dollars, and I'll tell you where if you write me.

I know you're still plenty envious over the way the half-pints have been hopping around all Summer in those frisky pinafores of theirs. Never mind—your day has come. With jumper dresses designed to slim the frame like a hunger strike. Looks like a rich diet I know—the one I've had sketched. But take note of the way it darts clear to the waist and that tucked mid-riff trick again. You'll find out for yourself what the flat peplum effect can do for you. Because when you see this in kelly green or coral or purple, you're going to want it like mad. And—if I know you—what you want, you get.

Maybe you think I'm asleep on my feet because I don't tell you to head for dresses with waistlines plunged way down low. No, pal. I know that there's talk about lower belts, but they're hard to take at the start. So I say wait a while to see what happens. If it's a real trend, not a false alarm, we'll do it up super in date dresses later on but right now it would be kinda foolish of us to scramble around busting up the old nest egg and find out later that it's been a budget-breaking false alarm. Right? Right!

Come to think of it, why don't I hot-foot out for some Fall duds myself 'stead of sitting here all day talking? For news regarding the whereabouts of the dresses sketched, send me a postcard or letter a-wingin'. Or, if clothes in general just get you down, write me all, and we'll see what's to be done. Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Be good, now.

The housewife's friend



When this gay calendar was hung
No hole was left to gape,
For neither nail nor tack was used.
What was? Why, Texcel Tape!

And when the little woman paints
Her work is clean and neat.
For Texcel Tape helps do a job
That hubby couldn't beat.



So many things about a house
This Texcel Tape can do —
From wrapping up to fastening down
In place of string or glue.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-ums" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out,
It's one, like grass and lawn.



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

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.



Susie doesn't mind doing "weirdies," prefers them to little girl roles. Between horror scenes of "The Climax," she and Boris Karloff tore off a lullaby. Karloff did the lyrics, S. the music.

Susanna collects records like a puppy collects fleas. Hundreds of discs range from Bach to Victor Herbert but, says Susie, "No swing." Thinks dislike for swing is probably reason she can't dance.



And what a perfect dream of a date!

Sit Susie Foster behind a platter of dough-

nuts and you can keep the Crepe Suzettes!

what a blonde!

By Sylvia Katz

■ It's 10:30 at the Hollywood Canteen. If one more soldier edges through the door, the walls will start bellying out. In the corner a guy's picking out scraps of melody on the piano. Behind him half a dozen boys are yelling for "Pistol Packin' Mama." He slides into it and above the clatter of dishes and the noise and the laughing, you can hear the tight little knot at the piano doing a Calloway, hot and loud. Feet start stomping, the piano's rumbling and somebody yells over to you, "The joint's sure rockin'! Get into it, soldier. Get into it." So you do.

But after a minute or so, you realize something's happened. The guys are standing quietly looking toward the platform; the piano's trailing off to a murmur; and the joe whose elbow was just jammed into your rib is looking like he just saw gold. "Man, what a blonde. WHAT A BLONDE!"

She's young, about 18, and she's got dimples and shiny hair. Long—past her shoulder. You don't know what she's there for exactly, but it doesn't matter. Just being there's enough. So you start clapping and soon the whole place is clapping and hooting and pounding. She smiles a stiff little smile, then tells you she's never been to the canteen before, that she sings, but not boogie-woogie, only Nelson Eddy-ish stuff and maybe you won't like it but she'll do her best. Thank you. She says it fast, sort of breathlessly. And then she sings something from Victor Herbert, with that frozen little smile still on her face. When it's over she walks off quickly—practically runs.

But the guys are yelling now. Yelling for Susie. "Make it Ave Maria, Susie. Make it good!" It was good, all right. The guys said later it made them think of Sunday morning and how they'd never gone to

church and wished they had. They said it—well—it was plain beautiful—that's all.

That's what Susie's first night at the canteen was like. She's thawed out by now. After a half hour's singing—when her throat's gone froggy—she sits down behind a platter of doughnuts and talks between bites. The fellows get statistical. Where does she come from and that kind of thing.

"From Minneapolis and my real name's Larson. I'm half Swede and half practically everything else." You can tell she's Swedish by those clear blue eyes—and that hair again. She squeaks, "Hair. Don't mention it. They spend hours building me a hair-do at the studio and then I go home and knock it to pieces. Look at the stuff." You look, start to mumble something appropriate, but Susie beats you to it. "Did I ever tell you about the time I socked Rooney? I'm talking too much, I know. I always do. But this time we were playing sandlot football during recess. I threw a pass. Mickey intercepted the ball and went flying for a touchdown. I yelled, 'You can't do that.' He yelled back, 'I did it!' So I socked him. Hard. On the chin."

That was before Susie started growing up. Now that she's grown, there's no football. In fact, there isn't much of anything that's fun.

"You could call it grim," she says. "Practice, work, no men! Not even the slightest crush in years. Only how grim can it be when you've worked with Don O'Connor eight hours a day. Gosh, I miss him. You think he horses around in his movies. You should see him when he's *unrestrained*. You should settle down over a coke and really talk with him, or spend a couple of hours running through a stack of records. Donnie knows the stuff. Not just Basie or James but the hefty, solid items like Brahms. You should see him slumped down in a chair with his big feet up on a coffee table, looking solemn. He used to kid me about not knowing how to dance. (A jeep's lighter on its feet.) And about getting dispossessed so many times. Dad and I have had a ghoulish time. It's my practicing. I always seem to be doing it (Continued on page 98)

Young mothers dare not ignore this advice



Scientific research has proved that every infant, every growing child needs the protective benefits of the "cod liver oil" vitamins A and D.

That is why doctors recommend and prescribe these two essential vitamins. They know that a prolonged deficiency may seriously impair normal growth, retard the natural development of bones and teeth, cause life-long, physical handicaps.

Every day, children of all ages need adequate amounts of Vitamins A and D. Before it is too late—before a threatening shortage undermines health, start giving your child Vita-Baby.

Vita-Baby is a liquid concentrate of the health-aiding Vitamins A and D. Derived from biologically tested fish liver oils and activated ergosterol, and manufactured under the latest and most scientific laboratory control, Vita-Baby's formula meets the rigid requirements of recognized vitamin therapy. Yes, when you give your child Vita-Baby, you can be sure you are giving an outstanding product. A few drops in cereal, milk or direct on the tongue with the handy dropper provide full, daily requirements.

Don't deny your child the wonderful, protective benefits of this *proved, growing-aid*. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Show it to your doctor. He will approve the formula or your money will be refunded. Regular size—75c. Large, economy size—\$3.00.



VITA-BABY

A PRODUCT OF THE GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Vitamin Division

Manufacturers and distributors of quality pharmaceuticals for over fifty years

short course in applied make-up

By Carol Carter

■ No books to tote! No quizzes to answer! This is one summer course you're going to enjoy. All you have to do is c'mon along with us and learn the beauty-making rules. But, of course, you'll have to do a spot of homework. You'll have to analyze this glowing, sunkissed version of You. Now that Old Sol has warmed over your wan winter complexion, be sure your make-up matches your new skin tones.

Clean Sweep—You want your make-up job to look Durbin-fresh, so away with leftover rouge and lipstick before applying powder foundation. Sloosh cleansing cream over your face from widow's peak to neckline, then remove with a wisp of tissue. Follow up with a sudsing; rinse in cool water. Dab on an astringent that will send tingles down into your pores. Nice feeling? You bet! On days when the mercury is brimming over the thermometer, swathe an ice cube in a square of cloth and slide it over your hot little face. You'll think you've dived into a mint julep.

Smoothie-Puss—That's what they'll call you after you've sleeked on make-up base. No glossy nose for you when you meet your warrior at the station. It seems the boys excuse shiny noses on buddies plodding back from thirty-mile hikes, but on their pet pin-up girl, uh, uh! If your skin is dry, you may prefer a cream or the liquid foundation that casts a glow over the complexion. Cake and stick foundations are favorites with the oily-skinned. Only puh-leese, my pretty, remember that make-up is meant to be smoothed over your lissome throat right down to the neckline. We underscore this point 'cause we've seen the effect of many a charming round-necked peasant blouse spoiled because dark make-up ended at the chinline. When choosing make-up, key it to skin tone and be guided by face powder color. One cosmetic house has a twin powder and make-up cake packaged together to guarantee you a perfect match.

Tips On Lips—Just for fun take a look at your lipstick wardrobe, a good impartial look. Sure, you're strong for



◀ A sweet sight is Janet Blair . . . she's wise to the ways of summer make-up. Her new pic: "Tonight and Every Night."

blue-red and purple tones, and they're mighty luscious with your winter woolens. But you're looking on the sunny side of things these days! How about keying your lip color to your new complexion? If you're a brunette, you'll find that cherry red will set you Apart. Copperheads and golden blondes can heighten their natural radiance with warm orange-red lipstick. For the ash-blond with delicate, untinted skin, shell pink and raspberry are still prettiest. Arm yourself with one of those wonderful smearproof, waterproof lipsticks that weather the saltiest surf and come up bright as ever. All you have to do is apply the lipstick once, dust on powder, repaint lightly, and touch the lips with tissue. Presto, but no change for hours!

Role of Rouge—Don't we know you, though! Almost every one of your letters poses a problem—a reader with scant lashes, spreading hips or straggly locks. Typical is this plea from Alice J. "I'm sixteen and I've begun to use make-up, but my mother objects to the rouge I wear. Am I too young for it?" In our opinion, no, but "too much, too early" is the pitfall Alice has to skirt. Most girls find that rouge puts an impish sparkle in their eyes. Skillfully placed rouge can subtly accent the best planes of a girl's face.

Here's the one-two-three of rouge application, depending on whether you prefer liquid, cream or cake. Liquid rouge should be applied directly to the skin before the make-up base and powder. Cream rouge is applied after the foundation in a series of dots that are blended together with the edges feathered off. Cake rouge is patted on after the make-up base and powder. Needless to say, if you're aiming to be a four-alarm beauty, you'll match rouge to lipstick and fingertips.

Eyes That Shine—Face the critical north light and gaze eye to eye with yourself in a mirror. How do you measure up? Wish your orbs were spaced à la Colbert, appealing like Joan Leslie's, or tilted like those of Maria Montez? Cheer up! We'll tell you how to make yours something special, too. Brush mascara only on the outer half of the lashes to make the eyes appear wider. Pluck your brows back from the center and under the arch to create the (Continued on page 80)

Why Gene Tierney wears Woodbury Sun Peach



GENE TIERNEY, STARRING IN "LAURA", A FORTHCOMING
20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

✓ It gives a vivid summer glow . . .
stays color-true, color-fresh . . . lends
long-lasting velvet smoothness

Girls! Wear exciting *Sun Peach* for rose-gold glamour.
Or try exotic *Tropic Tan* for darker, bronzy beauty.
Hollywood helped create all 8 Woodbury wonder shades
Color Control blending gives them smoothest,
clinging texture to veil tiny blemishes . . . creates
true tones that never turn yellow or muddy.
Get your exquisite Woodbury shade today.

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 lipstick
and rouge—at no extra cost! . . . All 3 for \$1.

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





Uneven tan

Getting lobster red

peeling nose

Parched lips

by Carol Carter

too many freckles

UNCOMFORTABLE BURN

SQUINTY FOREHEAD

LAUGHTER LINES

Skin's too dry

Leather-brown complexion

? Personally, I'd rather swing and swoy with Sommy Kaye, but come summer, I like to spend some time at the beach. I'm mighty proud of my peaches and cream complexion, however. How can I sun-bothe and still keep my fair skin untanned? How to avoid on unwanted toasting?

You were born to look as fragile as a southern belle. Languish under a sweeping brim and saturate every square inch of exposed surface with suntan lotion. Keep your camellia complexion intact, but don't stint on the leg make-up for street wear. You'll love the sleek effect.

? I'm the blonde type that tans to a nifty branze in a pair of afternoons. My formula for an A-1 summer equals a white bathing suit, a wacky crowd, and plenty of Vitamin D. My only beauty problem is skin dryness and tiny lines around my eyes. How can I stove 'em off?

Lucky you—the All-American Summer Girl, Grable version! Swirl a frasting of dry-skin cream over your face and forehead every night. Sleek it in in wide arcs and then concentrate the cream around the eyes, working it in with tiny circular motions. No "eye squints" for you!

? With a patch of blue water to swim in, my summer's complete. But hoving reddish hair, da I freckle! When the Life Guards' Ball rolls around, I always look like brawn and pink dotted swiss. How can I be beautiful without sitting on the porch with a fan all day?

Be as outdoor girl-ish as you please, chum, but smooth on a film of protective cream or lotion to strain out many a budding freckle. If Old Sol should paint you lobster color, reach for a soothing medicated cream to relieve the stinging burn. You'll feel human again.

? If I can get off from work in time to enjoy a weekend at the beach, I'm lucky. So I look strictly Indian for a few days and do an onemic fade-out for the next couple of weeks. How can I keep my tan on an even keel without the customary nursing?

You'll have to depend on a screen of suntan oil or lotion to keep you scorch-proof on your scattered outings. Use a tinted make-up base in cake, liquid, cream, or stick form (colors bisque to butterscotch), if you'd look freshly toasted 'tween-times.

? Maybe I'm doing on Amozan's job by life-guarding at the beach this summer, but I don't like to look it. How can I keep my dark skin from turning mahogany color? And what should I do to erase my newly-acquired squint that only a sea captain could love?

Best way to avoid on overdose of tan is to wallow in suntan lotions. Unless you want a little strip of corrugated nose, swash on a dark foundation cream or make-up base. First-class sun glasses with goy, bewitching frames will pay dividends in eye comfort . . . and add a dash of glamour.

Mellow as moonlight

There's a smoothness about Schlitz that captures the devotion of true beer lovers. For Schlitz is brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops to bring you rare delicacy of flavor, coupled with that famous Schlitz quality known all over the world.



JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

*none of
the bitterness*



Copy. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



*IT started as a
FURLOUGH ROMANCE*

—BUT!

**Lovely Hair made him
want me for keeps**

I met Jim when he was home on a furlough. What a wonderful time we had! Then, his letter came—



"You were so lovely that last day at the beach as the sun played hide and seek with the soft highlights in your hair.

I'd like to feel that the girl with the lustrous curls will be waiting for me when I get back."



How happy I was—and how I thanked Nestle Colorinse for taking away the dull, drabness of my hair and giving it richer color, sparkling highlights and a glorious silken sheen.

Colorinse can make your hair lovelier, too. Why don't you try it tonight?

P.S. For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

**Nestle
COLORINSE**

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
At beauty counters
everywhere



KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down—a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your self in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢



Nestle HAIRLAC

back, and you'll discover your head functioning again. You'll hear yourself saying, "Hi, there. Will you be my guinea pig?" He'll bite on that, and you'll say, "I'm learning Navy insignia, but I'm not too flashy at it. Let's see if I can get yours straight." You will get it straight, of course, and he'll beam. Then ease into the where-are-you-from business.

can I get him back?

We know how it is. A certain sergeant gave you a beautiful whirl. Every Wednesday night he'd turn up at the USO and book you for every dance. He'd admire your eyes and ply you with Pepsis and walk you home in the moonlight. He was heaven with three stripes, and when suddenly, for no reason at all, he jilted you, you died. How can you recapture him? Well, lady, for our ten cents, he's a lost cause and chalk him up to experience. Maybe you fell too hard too fast, and he lost interest. Maybe he's the kind of a gent who likes variety. Anyway, the spark went out, and—leave us face it—it's a blow.

should I wait for him?

You're really carrying a big one for this Air Corps guy. You like all the same songs. You laugh at the same jokes. You think this is it, but you want to *know*. So when he asks you to wait for him, you'll handle it this way. Don't be coy. Let him know he's Mister Big with you, but that you're not quite ready to hit the shelf and just wait. Tell him he'll be filed away in your heart for the duration under the heading **IMPORTANT**, and when the war is over, and you can see each other in a good light, he'll come up for reclassification.

what about letters?

Well, don't go taking down addresses in your little black book unless you're really going to write. It's too unkind. And don't sign up for a correspondence with some-

one who doesn't appeal to you at all. It will just be a grisly chore, and your letters, if sincere, can't possibly do anything for him. Obviously, you won't exchange letters with married or engaged guys—for what future is there in that? And stamps are expensive nowadays. There will be a few boys to whom you will want to write, and really work a bit over your letters. You'll send them V-mail, of course, for you-know-how-many reasons, and you'll write just as clearly as you can. More important still, is the warmth and friendliness you'll put into them.

would my fella mind?

Your lad is overseas, and you're lonely. The kids keep begging you to go to the USO dances, but you just can't reconcile yourself to getting all smoothed up and flirting with a lot of lads that aren't Him. What to do? Well, some girls can keep gay and perky minus any male companionship, but they're a dying race. If you find yourself fed to the ears with stork showers and female chatter, if you can't talk anything but dress patterns and recipes, we'd say it was high time you did head for the USO and hear some nice masculine laughter for a change. It'll be good for you, and—indirectly—for The Man. Just remember a couple of suggestions. Don't dance with one lad too often. You might get yourself talked about, and you might, for a few deluded moments, think you were really liking the lad who was rushing you. Don't exactly wear your heart on your sleeve, but make it plain if the subject comes up, that you aren't available.

There now, that about covers all the canteen problems that have turned up in our mail, but if you've a special one—canteen or otherwise—ask us about it, and we'll answer you personally. You know where to write, don't you? Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

SHORT COURSE IN APPLIED MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 75)

same illusion. Pencilling the brows in short, light strokes gives a frame to light eyes. A touch of vaseline to the lids will give them a natural sheen that's tops for daytime. On gala evenings, your eyes deserve the flattery of eye shadow, artfully smoothed on the edge of the upper lid.

P.S.—Let's hope, as you peer into the mirror, you don't see angry squint lines around your precious peepers. Good sunglasses worn on bright days will squelch 'em, remember?

Powder Puffing. Last, but mighty important, is the final dust-off with powder. First, though, can your puff pass inspection? If it isn't fresh and fluffy, you rate a demerit. Reach for a spanking clean puff before you proceed to whisk powder airily over your face. If you crave a clear-skinned finish to your make-up, try patting your face with a damp sponge. To remove those last traces of powder at the hairline, moisten a wedge of cotton with cologne and touch it to the hair.

The Speckled Band. We've borrowed a phrase from Sherlock Holmes' adventures to nickname our freckled readers. Now that summer has arrived in earnest, we

can count on at least one letter a day with this refrain, "Please, Miss Carter, won't you tell me how I can get rid of my raft of freckles?" We've tried to lull our spotted friends into forgetfulness by telling them boys think freckles are cute, and we still maintain a poll would prove our point. We've tried to comfort them with the assurance that they're playing on Katie Hepburn's team. To no avail. So for those stubborn freckle-haters, here's a thought: In summer use a darker foundation with a covering of warm, rosy powder. There's a bleach cream available that will make freckles less noticeable in time and do wonders towards clearing summer-sallow skin. Feel better, kids?

Close-Up. Sooner or later, you'll have to undergo one. So give yourself a flawless make-up job every single day. Then you'll take close-ups in your stride and get a cool one-hundred percent rating from friend and beau.

* * * *

But if your close-up leaves you glum, pen a note about your problem to Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16, N. Y. We have the answer to brighten things up!

Tender moment
for this girl with a

LOVABLE LUX COMPLEXION



"My Beauty Facials really
make skin lovelier!"

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved! "I never neglect this care," says lovely Rosalind Russell. "I cover my face generously with the creamy Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly, rinse with warm water, splash with cold—then pat to dry." Why not give your precious skin this gentle care that really works! See if you don't win—quickly—a smooth, really lovable Lux Complexion!



ROSALIND RUSSELL

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

Keep Your
Eyes in the

SAFETY
ZONE

with **COOL-RAY**
SUN GLASSES

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



GUARD AGAINST brilliant sunlight. It's hard on your eyes. Ultra-violet "sunburn" rays and infra-red (heat) rays are both annoying and harmful. These rays pass right through some sun glasses, as shown above.

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



COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES, made by American Optical Company*, provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." These AO sun glasses have lenses of scientifically-compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet and infra-red rays, and excessive light. Your eyes feel comfortable within the "Safety Zone."

"SEEING RAYS"—plenty of them that let you see clearly and comfortably—are admitted by Cool-Ray Sun Glasses. That's why you'll like them.

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses have been supplied in great quantity to the armed forces, so the civilian supply is limited. Price \$1.95 and up.



COOL-RAY
SUN GLASSES

Provide "The Safety Zone"

American  Optical

COMPANY

*World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 46)

pletely; no, no of course I haven't; it's Tom; Tom West.

Yet she might have forgotten the lean, young stranger who was going to be her husband. Three days. It takes a fool, she thought, to meet a man and marry him in three days; it takes Theo Scofield.

Of course her mother scoffed at the idea, when she gave it any thought at all. Mother somehow was much more interested in the next tea party, in the fluctuations of her bank balance. And in the matter of marriage, Mother was all for Miles Lancing because—well, to put it simply—because Miles had money.

You never married a man about whom you could think: he's nice, but—It had to be as it was with Tom, not thinking at all, just doing, hoping and, perhaps, keeping your fingers crossed. Marriage was an odd business, as Theo had a right to know. Mother had been married four times, and just a half hour ago Theo had stood talking with a man, a stranger to her. He had been her father, and Theo had never known him because in Mother's life he was three marriages ago.

What was it he had said to her, softly, gently: "If you're like your mother, you never will be married. You've got to know clearly that you belong to this boy for good. Tell me that, and I'll wish you all the happiness in the world."

There was the music again, and she was at the end of the aisle, and someone seemed to be touching her. She saw with immense surprise that he was leaning toward her, and a moment later he kissed her, and she felt a small flurry of embarrassment that he had kissed her here, before all these people. Then she knew she was married.

It was odd how many things could happen in a little time. The honeymoon had been wonderful in the quiet and splendid beauty of Vermont; in that small space of time she discovered Tom, the little surprising secrets that were somehow more important than the large issues and the big words: That a small wrinkle shaped like an arrow appeared on his brow when he was thinking, that the fingers of his hand had a swift, moving, brown grace...

But then, just at the end of the honeymoon, things happened with devastating swiftness. Tom's father died, and they raced back to Boston. And abruptly, without warning, the Army ordered him to take over the West Optical Works, insisting that after his father's death it was absolutely necessary that he stay on the job of producing valuable and important range finders. That had hurt Tom; he wasn't prepared to be thrown back into the civilian world. Something in him, a sense of duty or a patriotism of which he never spoke, had demanded overseas duty.

He hated it even more because Joe Murdoch should have been able to take over at the West Optical Works. Joe was competent, brilliant at the tricky business of producing range finders, already deferred because of an old heart ailment. But, and it hurt because Joe was an old and dear friend, Joe drank and the WPB refused to allow him the responsibility.

It frightened Theo; not that Tom would be near, close to her, but that suddenly she had to make a home, prepare for a married life. Marriage was one thing when it was compounded of love and kisses and the hurried tender good-by of two people who had not very much time; but faced with all the suddenly huge details of building a common life. Theo was frightened.

She turned to Sissy Mortimer for advice because her marriage to Ted Mortimer was a shining success.

"I didn't expect it," Theo said, "—so soon. I don't know what to do Sissy. Making a home—Boston—out of nothing."

"You'll do it," Sissy said.

"Help me, Sissy," Theo said.

"Of course, darling."

Mother came to visit them in Boston, staring with a faint distaste at the pleasant three room apartment in which they lived. Mother thought three room apartments were just a little common; couldn't Theo have arranged something with a bit more flash? After all one can't get very excited about an all-tile bath or an enamel sink.

"Of course if you like your little rut—" Mother said.

"I adore it," Theo said.

"As much as all that? Three rooms and a bath?"

"Three rooms, a bath—and Tom."

"Oh, yes, Tom of course. I forgot Tom."

"We mustn't forget Tom, must we?"

Theo said gently.

"I always remember my husbands fondly," Mother said.

"Look, Mother," Theo said. "I like being a housewife. I like just being a wife. A plain, ordinary, common, everyday wife. The kind that makes breakfast in the morning and cleans up the house and runs out to do the shopping—"

"Aren't you forgetting something in your little paradise?" Mother said. "The pattern of little feet?"

"There will be," Theo said softly. "Soon."

Mother looked at her briefly: "Well, dear, I'm glad in a way. I thought you were getting vulgarly fat."

It turned out to be a boy, and of course it was named Tom. Tommy was a strange and awesome bundle to Theo. It was incredible that anyone so young and so small could demand such a vast amount of attention, or have such an assortment of queer habits, customs and abilities. There was Tommy's voice which he seemed to exercise almost continuously, and where that huge amount of wail came from in so small a body, Theo could never understand. There was the sometimes indelicate matter of Tommy's diapers; the miles and miles of Tommy's bottles. There was Tommy's smug demand that he be "bubbled." But somehow, despite everything, Tommy grew and thrived.

Mother was passing through Boston the day of Tommy's birthday. She couldn't quite make it to the apartment. There would be only a half hour between trains she told Theo when she called her, but Theo promised to come down to the station and say hello. She came, staggering under the weight of a huge bag of mason jars she had stumbled across at a bargain, looking hot, and her slip was showing.

"What in the world do you need all those jars for?" Mother said.

"Tomatoes," Theo said. "I'm going to can them."

But Mother wasn't listening. She was waving to someone in the station, calling in her shrill, possessed voice: "Why, Miles—Miles Lancing!"

It was Miles—Major Lancing now—and he looked very tan and very fit, and there were colored ribbons on his tunic for overseas service. Looking at him, then, all of the past, the glamorous past, rushed back into Theo's mind, and she was suddenly uncomfortably aware of the awkward bag

(Continued on page 84)



A swing-shift beauty rests. Her hours at war production are long and demanding. Housework takes the rest of her waking time. So, her sleep must be *sound!* And it *is!* For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky. You have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, a sag-proof border, busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Cherish it, for we don't know when you can buy another. (Simmons plants are roof-deep in war production.) If you need a *new* mattress now, we

recommend **WHITE KNIGHT**. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, *and* comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! A real Simmons buy at \$39.50. **NEWS!**—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at \$39.50 each, the ideal box spring to use with a White Knight Mattress. Ideal box spring for *any* mattress!

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?

Speaking of CALF LOVE



What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's... well, eyes... turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry... and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed... are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today!" This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.

BETTER GET
NEET TO-DAY

of jars in her hand.

Miles was polite, eyeing her with a sort of ironic courtesy.

"In town for long?" Theo said.

"Four weeks."

"We'll see you, of course, won't we?"

"Oh, yes," Miles said. "We must get together."

He said it like a man discussing an unpleasant spell of recent weather.

"How about tonight?" Theo said.

"Well—" Miles said uncomfortably.

And suddenly Theo knew that he didn't particularly want to come; and she was aware that out of the corner of his eye he was staring at a long, thin, cool looking blonde who was passing by. Theo felt a sudden wave of anger. Once Miles had been glad enough to look at her.

Miles left her at the station exit, and she watched the even stride of his down the street, walking with never a turning look over his shoulders. Suddenly she lifted the bag of mason jars and dumped them sharply to the gutter. Willfully she straightened her hat, pulled at the erring slip. She hurried to a cab.

"West Optical Works," she said.

She didn't know just why she had to see Tom. But she felt she had to. She stood waiting for him in the plain office, and she watched him as he came to her, anxiously.

"Something wrong?" he said.

"Wrong? No, darling. Nothing wrong."

"But to bust in this way. It's not like you. And we're up to our necks in work right now. Joe's off on another toot and—"

"Tom—"

"Eh?"

"You do love me?"

"Of course I do."

"Thanks."

"You mean that's all you wanted. You came busting in here, breaking up a lens test, throwing me into an uproar just—"

"Isn't it important, Tom?"

"Of course it's important but—"

"Then there can't be any 'buts,' she said angrily.

She saw someone waiting outside the door, one of the workmen, waiting for Tom.

He said: "When are you going to grow up, Theo?"

And then without waiting, he went out, and she saw him hurry down the corridor with the workman. She watched him, feeling again and more sharply that same sense of shock and outrage and surprise that she had felt with Miles Lancing.

She poured it out to Sissy in the kitchen of her three room apartment, speaking willfully and angrily: "Am I different now, Sissy? Have I changed?"

"You've become Mrs. Thomas West," Sissy said softly.

"And does that mean that Theo is dead? That I have to give up everything?"

"It depends on what you mean by that."

"I don't feel different. Not inside. I still want fun and laughter. I like to have people say nice things to me. That isn't wrong. It can't be wrong—"

Tommy began to cry then. And suddenly the whole place seemed hateful. Boston, the apartment, cooking and cleaning, shopping and miles of baby's bottles. Martha, the maid, came in, her broad face very calm. Theo flung past her into the bedroom. In the closet she found one of her old dresses, the pretty one.

"Where are you going?" Sissy said.

"I don't know," Theo said. "I'm going to join the Army."

The Officers' Club was still the same. It was still the same room where she had met Tom in those almost-forgotten days when she had been Theo Scofield, and life had somehow been fun and laughter. Nothing had changed. And she knew, in a sudden pleased moment that not even she had changed. Because the very young flying

officer whistled, low and slow, when she came in. Someone was at the piano. Across the room she saw Miles Lancing, and she flung a triumphant smile at him.

It was wonderful until Tom came in. That was the first time she looked at the clock. Was it as late as that? It couldn't be. She'd walked in only a moment before, meaning to stay only a little while, just time for a dance and a joke.

Tom didn't say anything until they were in the taxi going home.

"I thought we were going to celebrate the kid's birthday together," he said. "I didn't expect you'd be out playing pin-up girl with the Army—"

"I only dropped in to—"

"Dropped in? For hours?"

"I didn't realize . . ." she began.

"You don't realize a lot of things."

Then, there in the taxi they were staring at each other, and there was something close to hatred in their eyes. They were silent, then; silent with the terrible silence of bitterness.

Theo fled to Sissy. But at Sissy's apartment there was no answer to her ring. Instead, in the lobby, she found Joe Murdoch. He looked a little the worse for wear, but if he had been drunk he didn't show it.

"Sissy isn't in?" Joe said.

"She isn't," Theo said. "But you should be. You should be in at work at the West Optical Works."

Joe smiled crookedly: "All right, Mama."

"Come on," Theo said grimly.

Joe had to drop off at his place to change. Theo refused to let him out of her sight; she was afraid he might go off on another drunk. Joe was strangely quiet; he asked her to wait in the living room of his apartment while he changed. Then he walked toward the bedroom.

There was someone in the bedroom, Theo suddenly realized. She shrank back against the wall, and then very clearly she heard the voice say: "Joe, sweetheart, are you all right?" Through a mirror Theo could see into the bedroom, and in one sickening moment the whole thing was clear.

It was Sissy there in Joe's bedroom, moving about as if she were perfectly at home. She crossed to Joe and kissed him, and it was a kiss that gave the whole story away. Joe, desperately, was trying to act natural, but it was too late.

They all knew it was too late even when Theo in a determinedly gay voice called: "Hi, Sissy!" And then Theo fled. She couldn't stay to listen to the forced explanations that would come.

She didn't know how long she wandered around in the streets of Boston. Yet through every street the haunting thought followed her. That it should be Sissy. Why, Ted and Sissy Mortimer were the perfect married couple.

And it meant: That dingy scene in Joe's bedroom. Theo felt cheated. Marriage, so they told her, was based on honor and trust. Or was Mother right after all? That marriage was a selfish game that each partner played to his own advantage. Like Sissy. Why did it have to be Sissy, she thought hopelessly; for somehow Sissy had been a symbol to her.

Back at the apartment she found that Tom was gone. Martha told her that Joe Murdoch had called, and then the two of them had rushed off together. Tom had left word that he was going to Vermont and wouldn't be back until the next day.

Here, safe in her own apartment, under her own roof, the whole problem became unbearable. Was that what marriage was? Is it all a cheat, she thought, living with a man even if you don't love him, out of habit or because of convention or for security? No, that wasn't what she wanted.

That was why, at five o'clock that morn-

(Continued on page 86)

You were such a pretty baby!

YOU HAD THE BLUEST EYES, the softest cheeks, the most enchanting smile. I loved you the minute I saw you.

And like all fathers, I wanted to give you everything in the world . . . the stars to play with, the moon on a silver platter, a beautiful dream every night.

Something interfered with a lot of my plans, baby; there were too many birthdays made up of makeshifts before things started breaking my way. But maybe *this*

birthday, the fur coat I saw you admire will make up for all the other times you pressed your little nose against shop windows . . . looking wide-eyed at treasures beyond our reach.

Maybe that very becoming Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is saying it all for me, my darling — saying that I always wanted to give you beautiful things.

You were such a very pretty baby!



Better stores will be glad to show you this tag on Hollander Blended Muskrat.

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Furs
KEEP THEIR BEAUTY... LONGER

...next to WAR BONDS,
the best-loved gift... FURS

YOUR FAVORITE FUR RETAILER HAS THEM

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



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

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
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3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly 'loose' dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.



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Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. military hospital and a state public health officer.

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reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you will find the most improvement in your figure.

- NO EXERCISE!
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NAME
ADDRESS

ing, Miles Lancing found her curled up on the sofa in his apartment. He was tired; he was just back from a long test flight. As the light of the snapped electric switch filled the room, Theo sat up.

Miles said: "Is it Christmas? Are you my present?"

Theo said brightly: "Hello, aviator? Don't fliers ever come home?"

Miles said, still standing there, very seriously: "You poor kid, why did you leave Tom?"

"Leave Tom?"

He understood then, and he said harshly: "Is that why you came? A little test game for yourself? Or some other silly idea? Trying to play both ends against the middle, Theo?"

"No," she said slowly, "it's not that only—"

"Only what?"

"Only I'm here," she said softly.

He didn't move toward her at all: "You're here," he said bitterly. "Yes, you're here. Here with all your stupid, selfish tricks. You ran out on Tom tonight because of whim. Because you're still so wrapped up in yourself that you don't see that marriage cuts both ways."

"Miles!" she said.

"I'm not through," he said. "I loved you once. Maybe I still love you. But I can see you for what you are. A vain, little, pampered, silly fool."

She stood up white with anger, trying to sweep past him out of the apartment. But as she passed, he reached for her and in a savage movement he kissed her.

"Theo," he whispered. "Theo. I've dreamt of you. I've tried to get along without you. But I couldn't."

She hardly moved in his arms, and she said in a tired voice: "It's no good, Miles. Because everything you said to me was true, I suppose. Maybe you were right."

And then she left him with the same thought hammering in her mind: Marriage is for fools. . . .

Then the whole incredible mess came to a climax. Tom had gone to Vermont with Joe because Joe wanted to get married. There was a girl there, and Tom, knowing nothing of Sissy, had urged Joe to marry her and had gone up with him, believing that marriage would settle Joe, help him. And Joe and his bride, a shy, quiet girl, had come back to Theo's apartment. Come back to Theo's apartment at the same time that Sissy and Ted came in.

It was a scene Theo would remember all of life: The amazed, incredulous look on Sissy's face, that terrible moment when Sissy wavered in the room and fainted, and suddenly everyone knew why; everyone, even Ted and Tom. The whole ugly thing was in the open, and the next few hours were a nightmare until the house was empty again, and there was only Tom and Theo, alone now, and together.

It might have been all right even then if Tom hadn't gone tearing at the thin, frazzled shreds of his emotions. He'd had faith in Sissy and Ted, faith in their marriage and by symbol in all marriage. It was just the sheerest bad luck that he stumbled on the fact that Theo hadn't been at home the night he went to Vermont.

He stared at her: "Where were you?"

She couldn't hurt him anymore, and in the state he was, he wouldn't understand. "Please, Tom," she said. "We'll talk about it some other time."

How could she inflict her own torments and doubts on him now? He had been shocked enough, hurt enough. She wanted to help him, protect him. But he wouldn't leave it alone.

"You told me you were out to a movie. You weren't, were you?"

"No."

"Where were you, then?"

"Tom—"

He said slowly: "A man? You were out with a man?"

She said helplessly: "I was out with Miles Lancing."

"All right," he said harshly.

"Tom," she said, "it's not what you think."

"What am I supposed to think?" he said.

"Tom," she pleaded, "trust me, I had to find out. I had to find out whether I could trust myself. Whether I could trust you."

"That's a new one, isn't it?"

Then, suddenly, her own nerves were gone, and she couldn't go on, trying to explain it calmly, as it had happened.

In a very tired voice, she said: "I'm sorry, Tom. But that finishes it, doesn't it? It's all over now. It's good-by."

"Yes," Tom said slowly. "I suppose that's what it does mean."

She had been in Reno three weeks when her father called her from San Francisco. And because she had liked the quiet man who had been her father and because she wanted to know him better, she went.

Her father didn't try to talk to her. He told her only that in marriage you had to be sure and then left her to herself. She liked to sit in the large room that overlooked the ocean, in the darkness.

It was odd how the images formed there, in the dark, against the background of the swelling Pacific. They seemed almost real. The young Princeton boy who had once proposed marriage to her, the man in Reno—old and wise—, the pursuit flier who on one mad week-end had decided they were meant for each other.

The images faded out. But not quite. There was one more. It was somehow a little more solid, a little more substantial than the rest. It seemed almost real. And then with a little shock she realized that it was real, and that Miles Lancing was in the room waiting for her to speak.

"Theo," he said softly, "I had to come. Knowing you were here, I had to come and see you. Listen to me, Theo, I'm leaving again for active service. But I want your promise before I go. Promise to marry me. We could make a go of it—"

It was like an echo of what she had been thinking. "Yes," she said. "I think we could. But don't you see, Miles, once there was a man I thought I could marry and be happy with. I could have made a go of it with him, if I'd tried. I married him for a reason, and that reason, somehow, still holds good. I love him, Miles. And I wish I could tell him that I could make a go of our marriage—"

Miles said: "Tom?"

Theo nodded: "Yes, Tom. Do you know where he is, Miles? I've tried to get in touch with him but he's gone. He applied for overseas service, and this time they let him go. Miles I've got to talk to him. . . ."

Miles smiled crookedly: "I'm a pretty funny looking duck to play Cupid."

But somehow he arranged it. And speaking into a phone her voice went out, thousands of miles, through the whole labyrinth of wires, across an ocean to an island somewhere in the South Pacific where a lean, young man who was a fighter pilot listened, intently at first and then with a foolish, ecstatic grin.

It seemed a little silly, because it was something she could have said any time, without trouble or for a nickel call; maybe it wasn't portentous enough for the miracle that allowed her to speak across thousands and thousands of miles.

"Tom, darling, I love you and Tommy loves you and we both miss you terribly. And we want to stay married. Can you hear me, Tom? We want to stay married."

It was as simple as all that because marriage is always simple if you see it straight and hold to what's true and good.

See Shirley Temple, one of the seven stars in

"SINCE YOU WENT AWAY,"

A David O. Selznick Production released through United Artists

A black and white photograph of Shirley Temple, a young girl with curly hair, smiling and holding a bottle of Royal Crown Cola. She is wearing a striped dress. The background is a red and white diamond-patterned lattice.

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In a test—
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**ROYAL CROWN
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Best by Taste-Test!



BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO JUDY

(Continued from page 45)



Should you ever feel lonely or out-of-place at lakeside or seashore during "those days of the month" inquire about Tampax. For the Tampax method of sanitary protection provides internal absorption, without any outside pad or supporting belt . . . Just give a little thought to the foregoing facts and you will realize how suitable Tampax is for use in the water!

Tampax is made of long-fiber cotton highly compressed for quick and dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax and the wearer does not feel it when in place. In fact Tampax does not hamper you in any way . . . Odor can't form with Tampax. Chafing is impossible. Changing and disposal are easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax. It is sold at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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through the M-G-M gate to her dressing room. Slaps on her hair—the picture calls for a 1903 wig—puts on her face and bids Vincent Minelli, the director, good-morning at 9. Eats all day long. Lunch is a mere item. Dot, Mary and Evelyn see to that. They're in make-up, hairdressing and wardrobe respectively, but their object in life is to fatten Judy up.

Choochoo meets her at the door, goes racing madly round the house to denote joy, then comes back for their dance. Judy hums a tune, and they waltz together, and Choochoo trips her up—on purpose, says Judy. Because she's a rowdy—an aristocrat with a barrelhouse personality.

Being clean depresses her, but not for long, because it's easy enough to go out and roll in the dirt. What really gets her down is being clipped in pompoms, the way any self-respecting French poodle should be. Choochoo can't stand it. The Scottie next door hangs around the drive, waiting for her to get home from the vet's. She slinks past him into the house, flops in a corner and refuses to be comforted by food, blandishments or rubber mice.

"You're beautiful," Judy assures her. "You're the ritziest dog in the world."

Her eyes lift, two mournful question-marks. "What have you done to me?" It takes a day to mend her broken heart.

moonin' in the mornin' . . .

She'd rather eat nails than bother cooking for herself, but likes to fuss when someone's coming over—the most exciting part's waiting to see whether everything comes out at the same time, which it never does.

Once in a blue moon she has dinner in bed—mostly to use up the bed-tray her mother gave her. She can't say she enjoys it. One end of the tray starts tipping, and things start sliding, and she starts grabbing, and any resemblance to elegance in a maribou jacket and exotic perfume becomes purely ludicrous—you get more of a Joan Davis routine—so the bed-tray goes into mothballs for another six months.

She knows lots of lovely ways to spend an evening. At least twice a week she answers letters from boys in the service.

Naturally she can't answer all the mail herself, or she'd be doing nothing else. It's sorted, and she gets the specials. Like the one from some RAF boys who'd named their plane after her. In Italy they met up with a Yank crew who'd had the same idea. So the Yanks gave the Tommies their insignia—Judy's tilted nose between her pigtailed. "And now we're fighting side by side," wrote the English flyers.

A Scotch boy wrote that his company had voted her their favorite leave-at-home girl. Which sounded like a left-handed compliment, till she realized that a leave-at-home was a furlough.

What breaks her up are the kids who write: "I'm nothing but a rookie, but I happen to like you very much. You don't have to answer, but could you send a picture, I'd be so grateful—"

Her impulse is to write back, "I'm nothing but a girl, and suppose I'm busy, what's that compared with your murderous routine, and don't be grateful because I and millions like me are so deep in your debt, there's no word to cover it."

She never knows when she's going to be called for a command performance. Once she was hauled out from the hairdresser's. Of course she knew that these broadcasts went overseas, but a few weeks ago something happened to make her realize it

in a very extra-special kind of way.
every day in every way . . .

Artie Shaw, back from duty in the South Pacific, phoned her.

It seemed he'd been ill with dengue fever on that distant island, and the hospital was full, so they'd stuck him in officers' quarters. He could hear people talking and the radio screeching, but no one paid any attention to him, and he was feeling awfully sorry for himself. Then a voice on the radio said, "Here she is," and a girl said, "Hello, fellows," and it was Judy.

He never had anything give him quite such a lift. Lifted him right out of his miseries. Sounded so friendly and home-like. Across thousands of miles of water, the voice of a girl he knew. And even if those other guys didn't know her personally, she still meant home to them—home and the neighborhood movie and a soda at the corner drugstore with their own girls. "So keep it up, Judy."

As if she wouldn't, anyway. Only now when she gives these command performances, it's as if she were planting herself over there right among the boys.

Sometimes she phones her pal, Betty Asher, and they go to a movie. You can have the musicals, they'll take the tear-jerkers. Judy's a fall guy for love and patriotism. All a fellow'd have to do to get her Academy Award vote is walk in tempo to the Army Air Corps song and walk out again. They wept through "Jane Eyre" in a projection room. The projectionist couldn't believe his eyes.

"We loved it. Oh Judy, couldn't you die, just watching that Orson Welles stalk across moors—"

Judy nodded dreamily. "In a cloud of capes and whips and horses and dogs and Joan Fontaine."

Sometimes she just stays home with the radio, Choochoo and a book. Her reading's interrupted at intervals by Choochoo and the rubber mouse. Choochoo's no dope, why should she play by herself when that girl's around? So she takes her nose and shoves the mouse under the couch and comes scratching at Judy. Judy digs the mouse out, plants it in the middle of the rug, tells Choochoo a thing or two and goes back to her book. Things are quiet for a while. Judy looks up to make sure they stay that way. "Choochoo! Stop edging over to that couch!" Her head drops on her paws. What couch? Who's edging? Next thing Judy knows, the black head's at her knee.

Bedtime's around eleven, but that doesn't mean sleep. Judy's bought books on how to fall asleep, yet the art escapes her. When everything else fails, she sticks a pillow under one arm, a blanket under the other and trails from bed to bed. She's been known to cast a speculative eye at Choochoo's ample bed on the back porch, but generally winds up on the living room divan.

It's true she's had an occasional day off during the making of "Meet Me in St. Louis," but these have been mostly consumed by the dentist. Because Judy doesn't just go to the dentist and done with it. She needs a day to let the idea begin to seep in and another couple of days to steel herself and a day to decide that maybe she doesn't have to go after all—till at last comes the day when the tooth's really jumpin' and she goes.

Once in the chair, panic grips her. "Look," says the dentist, "have I ever once hurt you badly?"

"No, but some day you will, and then I'll have to punch you right in the nose." He's reaching for that fiendish drill. She's got to stop him!

"How can anyone like a dentist?"

"Why, don't you like me?"

"That's beside the point. What I mean is, how can a girl like a guy who, when he was 12 and you asked him what he wanted to be, he said a dentist!"

"We're very helpful people. Open your mouth."

"Helpful! The only way you could help me is to pull 'em all out and give me false teeth."

"Open, Judy."

the yanks are coming . . .

The drill gleams closer, she scrounges down in the chair, lower and lower, but she can't get away from the drill, the drill keeps chasing her.

"Look, I really don't feel very well, I'm underweight, I just got out of the hospital, I'll come back next week."

"Now wait a minute."

"No, I don't have to wait a minute, it's my tooth, it aches me, not you, let it decay, did I ask to have teeth?"

Novocaine, gas and ether don't work on Judy. He reaches for a needle.

"You can't give me a shot. I have no veins."

"You have wonderful veins. Like forget-me-nots in spring."

"Ouch!!"

And a few minutes later, "Feel better now, Judy?"

"Like forget-me-nots in spring," she murmurs. . . .

Then, of course, she has Saturday evening and Sunday, which she frequently spends at her mother's in the valley. The times are out of joint unless she sees her, niece twice a week. Judaline's five now. She's named after Judy, she looks like Judy, she's left-handed like Judy and has a habit of passing on Judy's stale jokes.

Except for bad jokes, Judaline wants no part of show business. She hates movies.

"They're all sad," she says.

"Don't you want to be in pictures when you grow up?"

"No, thank you just the same."

On the other hand, she feels no prejudice against actors and developed a mad crush on Peter Lawford, when Judy took him out there to dinner one night—went all gay and feminine on him.

Being an only child presents no problems since she creates brothers and sisters at will. Right now she's got a pair of each, good and bad. For reasons clear only to Judaline, the good brother makes barrage balloons at Douglas. But it's the bad sister who comes in handiest.

"Now, Judaline, you know that was naughty to do."

"Oh, but I didn't do it. That was my bad sister Alice."

No one, thinks Judy, ever paid her mother a prettier compliment than Judaline. It was Mrs. Garland's birthday, and Judaline was helping her in the kitchen.

"Nanna, how old are you today?"

"Forty-eight."

"Goodness, that's pretty old, isn't it? But don't you mind, I'll love you, no matter how old you get."

"Oh pooh! You'll grow up and get married and forget all about me."

She thought that one over. "By the time I'm old enough to get married," she said slowly, "you might be flying around with the angels." The small figure pressed close, earnest eyes uplifted. "You know something, Nanna? I bet when you're up there, you won't be just a plain angel. I bet you'll be God's partner."

When Judy's not at her mother's weekends, she may go out dancing on Saturday



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Lovely Dana Jenney



night—with Van Johnson or Peter Lawford or Freddie De Cordova. Any place where they play a nice rumba—Clover Club or Mocambo or a little place on Sunset called the Serapi, that she and Van like. Or wherever Joe E. Lewis happens to be billed. She'd walk barefoot to hear him sing "The Guy's Got Me on a Blitz." Of course, if she can talk her escort into the Orpheum, that's so much velvet.

She'll wear a suit or black dress and preferably no hat. The ways of Judy with clothes are strange and wonderful. She likes them well enough but hates to buy them. Driven to it, she'll run into a store, grab a dress off a hanger and get out.

Three months later Betty says, "I've never seen you in that new dress."

"Neither have I. It hasn't been altered."

About a year ago she bought the hat of her dreams, and she's worn it once. It was photographed in Vogue—toast straw with a toast-colored veil—had a page all to itself and deserved it. She called John Fredericks. "I want the hat on page 35." When it came out, she swooned. No week goes by that she doesn't put it on for her own pleasure, but since that first night she's never worn it out. Somebody might turn and look and say, "Get her!"

On the night of the Academy Award show, she got out her 4-year-old mink to wear and thrust it hastily back into the closet. The lining wasn't ripped, it had quietly fallen away, so that the skins showed. "Some gentleman," said Judy, "would help me off with my coat and yell, 'It's alive!'" So she wore her ermine bolero—bought when she was 15—and people said, "How pretty. New, isn't it?"

That proves you should never throw anything away—a rule Judy lives by. Why buy hats, when you can cut a lei of shell-pink flowers apart and run them up into a snood? Or twist two strips of lace around hairpins, stick one here, one there.

the well-dressed tapeworm . . .

As for dresses, the possibilities are endless. When Judy stands meditatively at the door of her wardrobe, Betty hands her the shears. Once she took a violent dislike to the turquoise vest in her black dress, just as she was ready to leave for a party. So she ripped the vest out, folded a black lace veil and had Dorothy tape it to her. At the party a girl asked where she'd bought the dress.

"Oh, a little shop called What the Well-dressed Tapeworm will Wear."

For Sundays at home there's a regular routine. Betty comes over. They both sit all week, they both need exercise, they don't feel like a rip-roaring game of tennis, so they walk four miles up the canyon and four miles back. Their walk is enlivened by dogs and bees. No dog has ever bitten Judy, no bee ever stung her, but she knows that some day they will.

So the strange dog comes out, and she tries to underplay it. Stares straight ahead. "Think he's going to bite?"

Betty, the interpid, steals a glance. "No, his tail's wagging."

"Don't look now, but here comes that nasty character."

The nasty character's an Airedale, whose name can't be Jenny, because he won't make up his mind. Won't bite and won't wag his tail.

"Maybe our stocking seams are crooked," Judy suggests. "There's a bee headed this way, and to me he looks hungry."

"Ignore him," says Betty.

Safe home again, they fix some food and relax with their favorite Sunday night broadcasts—Drew Pearson, Winchell, Fred Allen, The Weird Circle . . .

That's all Judy's done for three months, just work. Nothing's happened. Nothing to write a story about . . .

"MISS PRECIOUS CARGO"

(Continued from page 39)

eight, while a phonograph played records for them. Then on the dot of eight, Keenan and Bill arose from their seats among the GIs and started making like burlesque.

"We will now give away ab-so-lute-ly free one solid gold set of false teeth with every package of Mrs. McGillicuddy's Headache Pills," Bill bellowed.

Keenan promptly out-bellowed him. "I rep-re-sent the Super California Fruit and Nut Company. Reserve your patronage for well-established concerns."

Nonsense stuff. Then Bill up on the stage introducing himself and Keenan. Giving with the latest news from home. "Roosevelt's still in there, boys. Hedy Lamarr is still beautiful. And 'Mairzy Doats' is still on the Hit Parade."

"What," demanded a stupefied voice from the audience, "is 'Mairzy Doats'?"

You didn't have to plant a stooge to say that, either. These kids had never heard of the song. It hadn't been written when they left the States. So when Andy Arcari came out with his accordion and introduced them to "Mairzy Doats," the GIs laughed like hell. They said, "What's the world coming to?" They said, "Has everyone gone nuts?" But they loved it. "That," Paulette remembered, trying to ignore the splashing that continued from the bucket, "was where I came in."

She had worn the white dress with the sequins tonight. That dress had already gone through over two months of three shows a day in China, Burma and India. By now "white" was the last adjective you could truthfully apply to it. For weeks Bill and Keenan had been making ribbing remarks about "tattletale grey." But today Paulette had found a GI who used to be in the cleaning business. And the GI had found some high octane gas or something. And tonight when she came on stage, it had really been a thing. Dazzling white dress, green gloves, Paulette. The boys had roared like fight fans.

"What's the matter?" Bill demanded reprovingly. "Haven't you guys ever seen a pair of gloves before?" Then he had got a load of the pristine splendor of the dress. "In the middle of the jungle the girl finds a dry cleaner! Paulette, you're killing me. Fellows, did you ever see anything quite so beautiful?"

They were crazy about the act when Bill put her in a trance. "Madame Sven-gali Goddard who does mind reading." Paulette sat on the stage looking as mesmerized as possible, while the audience asked her silly questions. "Madame, what is the date on this 1932 penny?" She couldn't answer that one. "Madame, what is the name of the Sergeant in charge here?" "Stinkie," said Paulette.

Oh yes, it had been a good show for its purpose. But now Paulette's mind was back on the rat in the bucket. The splashing seemed to be getting definitely feebler. Slower . . . slower. Now it had stopped entirely. With a sigh of relief, she lay back, took a deep breath and slowly relaxed. In another minute she was off.

You got so you could sleep almost anywhere, any time, on a trip like this. You had to. You went from post to post by plane, and always at night. So you would spread a coat on the tin floor of the plane and sleep. Or even sit up straight in one of the "bucket seats" that lined the sides, and your eyes would close and you'd tear off a quick nap. Till Keenan touched your shoulder and said, "Okay, Mabel, this is it."

That was the catch phrase for the en-



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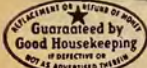
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tire trip. Not the "Mabel"—Keenan called her that for no good reason. But the "this is it" part had started way back at their embarkation point. They had been told that night to be ready to start any minute—they were "alerted," as the Army puts it. There was a little nervous tension in the group, of course. They were going to make a trip no other entertainers had made. They would cover the China, Burma and India field, and it would take three months, and it wasn't going to be any picnic. They would start out tonight, the four of them, and fly and fly and fly till they got to the end of the line, in China. Then they would work their way back, doing shows all the way. But anything could happen in that kind of a set-up.

They had sat around there, thinking about it, and then there was a banging at the door, and it swung open with a crash. A huge sergeant who looked like a cross between Vic Mature and Gargantua, stood in the doorway.

"Okay, folks," he barked. "This is it!" Very dramatic.

They tore around like mad for fifteen minutes, getting things into bags, doing all the last-moment little jobs, dropping everything they picked up, from excitement. Then the sergeant came back. He seemed to have shrunk a little.

"Planes have been delayed two hours," he announced gruffly. "Relax."

So all the way, whenever they would land somewhere, Paulette would say, "This is it. Now we're really here." Or Keenan or Bill would say politely to the officer in charge of the installation, "I guess this is it, sir. This must be the end of the line." But somehow there was always another stop ahead. And another. Till at last they were only two hundred and forty miles from Canton—and this was it.

The most unexpected incident of the entire trip was their arrival at General Stillwell's headquarters. Unexpected to them, to Stillwell, to everyone. It was an accident—they weren't really supposed to have come that far—but it was wonderful. When the plane landed they were instantly surrounded by a milling mob of Chinese soldiers, with a sprinkling of Americans. They were taken to see the General, who was as surprised as a General ever is at anything.

"Now that you're here," he said, "could you put on a show? Could you do it in forty-five minutes?"

"The war," said the General, "can wait forty-five minutes. Mr. Arcari, I hear you play the accordion. I've fooled around a bit with it myself. How do you handle 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling'?"

So Paulette and Keenan and Bill stood around, first on one foot, then on the other, for ten minutes, while the General talked accordions with Andy. It struck Paulette funny. Here she was, the only white woman within hundreds of miles and a movie star besides, and the General wanted to know about "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Meanwhile, Chinese soldiers were putting up a tent for her to use as a dressing room. One brown-faced boy with a merry grin, gave her his cap for a souvenir, and accompanied it with a message. The message, translated, said, "I hope some day I will be allowed to put up this tent for you in Tokyo."

The Chinese used two names in radio code for this slim, grey-eyed girl who had come so far from Hollywood. One was "Miss Precious Cargo." The other was "American Girl with Electric Form."

Take the time the troupe made that most perilous trip of all—the flight over "the Hump," the Himalaya mountains. They got a presidential citation for that, by the way. That's how dangerous it was. It was a clear night, with the moon shining like

crazy. You could see the mountain peaks all silver and beautiful. You could even see the Jap airfields in the valley below. The plane was flying very high, and it was terrifically cold. There was danger all around, of course. Danger of a crack-up. Danger of Jap planes. Danger of ice forming on the wings.

Paulette sat there looking like a bear cub with a crocodile's snout. That was because she had on a fur coat over her uniform, woolen underwear beneath it, high fur boots, ear muffs with a fur cap over them, a parachute and an oxygen mask. She was trying to keep warm, trying to breathe normally in this extreme altitude. Trying to persuade herself that the pounding of her heart was from the altitude not because she was scared half out of her wits. Clumsily she scribbled a note to the pilot with a fur-gloved hand. "Dear Sugar 6 Peter (the code name for this pilot)," she wrote. "What kind of band is on the radio tonight?"

The note came back addressed to Madame Cheesecake Number One. "My-dearest Miss C, what kind of band would you like? We want you to be happy. And do you feel all right?"

"If I get too much oxygen, what will it do to me?" Paulette wanted to know.

"It will make you go like this." The pilot fluttered his arms in a flying motion.

Paulette giggled into her oxygen mask. "Give me some more." Then she looked down at the moonlit sinister beauty of the country below and thought of something else. "Do the Japs know we're here?"

The pilot nodded casually. Paulette swallowed hard. She grabbed the pencil again and wrote feverishly. "What did they say?"

"They're plotting our course. But relax, my dear Miss C, nothing will happen."

Oh sure. Relax. Flying over the Hump, with the Japs plotting your course. The funny part was, Paulette did relax. Just because the pilot made with the nicknames and gagged about everything, and made her laugh.

Almost as much as Keenan, who was a walking Joe Miller joke book, having been brought up on gags from the cradle by his comedian father, Ed Wynn. Bill, too, knew plenty of comedy angles. Andy made the music. Paulette was just the stooge.

Keenan gagged off stage as well as on. But one time when they made a landing for fuel on a tiny island in the middle of the ocean, his gag blew up in his face. They had just gotten off the plane and had breakfast. (They were always having breakfast, because the time changed so fast as they flew that wherever they landed, everyone was just sitting down to powdered eggs and coffee.) Anyway, after breakfast, Keenan inquired the name of the officer in charge.

"Major so-and-so," he was told. Keenan beamed. "Say, I know that guy. He's a hell of a good egg and an old friend of mine. What a chance for a gag!" He grabbed the phone, and was connected with the Major's office.

"Good morning, Major," said Wynn, in a deep Shakespearean voice. "This is Orson Welles speaking. I have just landed with a troop of forty to put on a show here. I need some props right away. I would like one marble bathtub, two white horses, three camels, a la-a-rge banquet table complete with food—" There was a click at the other end.

"What do you know?" said Keenan. "The guy hung up. He must have recognized my voice. Guess he's on his way down here to say hello."

The major was indeed on his way down, but it is doubtful if the words he had on his mind included hello. He stalked



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into the mess hall looking like a khaki thunderstorm. Keenan took one look and buckled at the knees.

"Oh, my God! I never saw this character before in my life! There must be two majors by that name."

Paulette, who had been laughing like a lunatic up to now, held her breath. This could cause trouble. The major was not amused. Then Bill Gargan stepped in.

"How are you, Major? Remember me? We met last year in New York."

Fortunately, the major did remember. His granite countenance cracked around the edges. Everything was going to be all right. But Keenan didn't pull another gag for two whole days!

Anyone who has not been over the route the troupe took can't have much idea of what conditions are like. The poverty of those countries is almost incredible. There was great difficulty even in some of the large cities in getting the most ordinary necessities of life. Inflation has taken over. Paulette once paid three thousand Chinese dollars for a basin of water to wash in. Frequently she couldn't get water at all and had to use tea for her face instead, and brush her teeth in grapefruit juice. She ran out of cold cream and got a bottle of castor oil at an Army hospital to use instead. When there was water she shampooed her hair in two small basins of it. The GIs loved that nice, shiny, clean-smelling hair. One day at a camp in India, Paulette was surrounded by a bunch of soldiers asking for autographs. They were crowded in so close that back of her a young private's nose was pressed right into Paulette's freshly shampooed hair. He took a deep breath, then another.

"Oh, boy!" he said happily. "That will keep me going for another year."

One of the fighter pilots on the plane going over, used to brush Paulette's hair for her by the hour. As a reward she gave him a large autographed picture. At their first stop at a camp in India, the young pilot strutted around showing it off to everybody.

"My girl!" he informed an Indian bearer, pointing to the picture.

"Not your girl," said the Indian coldly. "Paulette Goddard. Cinema."

Oh, sure, they'd all seen her in the movies—Indians, English, Chinese, Americans. But they were pretty curious about what she looked like in person. The plane would land at an installation, and everyone would rush out and stare.

"Well, hello!" Paulette would say gayly to the crowd. But they were shy. They just went on staring silently, their eyes taking in the heavenly sight of a girl.

"Please," Paulette would beg, "somebody say something. Can't you say hello?"

Then the storm would break. Everyone cheering and calling greetings and flocking around. Bill and Keenan shaking hands with them all, and Paulette—always—picking out one GI and kissing him.

The soldiers did odd, touching little things. Like the joe who rushed up one day just as she was leaving and said, "Here, Paulette!" He thrust a beautiful little ring into her hand and was gone. The plane took off, and she never saw him again, never knew his name. But she wears the ring now, always.

At one jungle post, Paulette was dressing for the show in an ambulance, as usual. There was a knock. "Come in," she said, and a very GI hand appeared. It held a bouquet of orchids as big as your head. There were, in fact, exactly a thousand of them. The soldiers had been picking them for hours. Paulette promptly put on a purple dress to match and arranged the flowers into an orchid hat that would have knocked Lilly Daché cold.

AUGUST 11

We know lotsa things, secrets 'n' stuff—and we're going to spill *all* in September's MODERN SCREEN. Interested? Well, better pick us up August 11 if you don't want to be let down—we're the hard-to-get kind.

Then there was the boy in China who brought her a bullet hollowed out and filled with water, and violets in it. Like a tiny vase. The violets were cool and lovely and seemed suddenly to make the grim reality of war recede a little. They were so much like home. "They sort of reminded me of you," the boy said shyly.

Things like that pulled her heart right to pieces. These kids—doing a tremendous job, hating it, but doing it to the very best of their ability. And all the while thinking wistfully of home. The truck driver on the Burma road who wants to finish the war in a hurry and get back to piloting his taxi around Brooklyn. The tall Texans who always yelled, "Take a nice tall glass of milk for me when you get back to the States." The boys who gave you a phone number on a piece of paper and said, "Look, would you call Mom when you get back? You can't tell her where I am, but just say I'm okay." Paulette had about five thousand of those messages by the time she got back.

She wore a uniform, traveling—a regular USO Camp Shows uniform. Because she had to wear high boots, she shortened the skirt to exactly four inches above the knee. And you know Paulette's knees! But she always changed out of the uniform before each show into an evening dress that would really put their eye out. Scarlet or purple or the white sequin number. She was there to give those kids as much glamour as she could manage in a jungle installation a million miles from nowhere.

Before she left for home, she gave away all her dresses and sweaters—everything but shoes and uniform, to the few girls she met out there. Flight nurses and Red Cross hostesses. The Red Cross is doing a terrific job. The troupe saw its representatives at even the most remote outposts. Serving coffee and doughnuts, doing anything that had to be done.

Keenan and Bill were pretty wonderful to Paulette. They took care of her like a kid sister. They were sweet. They kidded her all the while, of course. Bill insisted that the first time he was ever propositioned by a girl was the night the Army gave Paulette a whole empty barracks to sleep in. She was scared to death. Bill came over at bedtime to see if she needed water or anything, and Paulette grabbed him frantically and pulled him inside.

"Darling!" she said. "Please come over here and sleep! And bring Keenan and Andy with you!"

They met a lot of exciting people on the trip. General Stillwell, who gave them a scroll calling them "Uncle Joe's Dead End Kids," because they had gone clear to the end of the line. General Chennault, who is myth and magic and inspiration to everyone who meets him. Lord Montbatten who entertained them in New Delhi. But somehow those aren't the people Paulette remembers oftenest. Instead she thinks of the GI joes, who sweat and swear and work like Army mules. The boys who waved good-bye after every stop and said "Good luck, Paulette. And thanks for coming." Paulette thinks it should be the other way—"Thanks, boys for letting me come. It's been tops!"

"ONE PUNCH" LUNDIGAN

(Continued from page 49)

Montezuma, Bill Lundigan was making with the feet in boot camp. As this is written, he is at Quantico, Virginia, enrolled in the Photographic Section of the Ciné School, taking training that the Marine Corps puts to crucial combat use.

His family is of the opinion that he should make an excellent fighting man. Not, you understand, that he ever deliberately picked a fight, but from the time he and his brothers were small fry, their father encouraged them to learn how to handle themselves.

bill, the battler . . .

When two of the boys got into a wrangle, they were equipped with gloves and sent out into the huge Lundigan back yard to settle the difference of opinion. It usually required only a few positive blows; the Lundigans were too devoted to slug it out with squared-circle venom.

Bill won his first fight when he was six. The evidence was not on his face nor skinned from his fists, for this time his clothes were the guilty informers.

"What happened to your clean shirt, Bill?" asked Mother Lundigan.

"A kid grabbed me and tore my shirt so I hit him—hard," said Bill. "Then he hit me back, then I hit him real hard, and he went away and left me alone."

Sometime later, when he was going through the Boy Scouts, knot by knot, he earned his hundred yard swimming pin and wore it proudly on his sweater. While proceeding innocently down the street one evening, Bill was assailed by a newsboy who saw the pin and made a flying tackle at same, hoping to make the jewelry spoils of war. He hadn't calculated on the Lundigan leather training. Bill's educated fist shot out once, twice, three times. The newsboy lost interest in Boy Scout pins.

As practically every one of Bill's fans who has seen his work in pictures such as "The Fighting 69th," or "North West Rangers," or "Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Case," "Back To God's Country," "International Squadron," or "Salute To The Marines"—is well aware, the Lundigans are a family of six. Beg pardon—nine. They are Mr. and Mrs. Mike Lundigan, the proud parents of four praiseworthy sons, and the following line-up: Bill, the oldest, Bob, who is an armored infantry lieutenant now overseas, Jack, and Ted. Bob is married to Muriel, and Jack is married to Eugenia and is the father of Miss Sharon Ann. That makes a total family of nine.

It is a particularly well-integrated family, about which the slogan "All for one and one for all" suddenly seems simple truth and never fraternal corn.

The sharing began when the boys were little, and the best dressed Lundigan was the first one up in the morning. They swapped clothes as fast as they became the same size.

Bill was the tidiest of the boys. He didn't always hang up everything, but he certainly wanted his outfit to be spotless and well-pressed the next morning. To this end he was frequently found working over the ironing board despite a twitting from Jack whose ensembles were strictly on the foot-loose and fancy-free order.

This insouciance sometimes came to Bill's attention. So did ears squashed too firmly to the ground during football practice, or knuckles remembering too well the black loam encountered during a marble game. A friend of the family once remarked, upon asking for Bill and being

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New Kind of Face Powder Makes Her Look Years Younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people thought she was approaching middle age.

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At last she has found a face powder that *flatters* her skin—makes it look younger, more enchanting!

Why Lady Esther Face Powder Is So Flattering

Lady Esther Face Powder is *extra* flattering because it's *made* differently. It isn't just mixed, just sifted, in the usual way. It's *blown* by Twin Hurricanes—blended with the speed and power of hurricanes—to look clearer, smoother

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Try Lady Esther Face Powder! See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much smoother and younger it makes your skin look. Get the small-size box and try it *today!*

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Used more than
all other products offered exclusively
to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-BLUES

A product of General Drug Company

told he was upstairs at that moment, "It seems to me that every time I come over to see you, I find that Bill is busy bathing one of the boys."

In addition to being Vice-President In Charge Of Soap, Bill was also Assistant General Fun Maker. Partly because he always entered into any game with enthusiasm, and partly because he was a handy man to have around in a pinch. One Christmas Jack received a motor scooter, but the weather was too bad to try it out during the first ten days of ownership. However, one freezing night in January, blue with frost and cracker-brittle with crisp snow—Jack and Bill tried the scooter out on a hill. Mrs. Lundigan waved them good-by and issued maternal caution.

lundigan casualty lists . . .

A few moments later the front doorbell rang, and some psychic impulse sent her running to answer. There stood Bill, holding Jack. "Send for the doctor," said Bill between white lips. He carried Jack up to his room, put him down gently, then hurried to get a wet towel to wash Jack's face, crimson from the long cut above his left eye. The doctor took three or four stitches in the wound, and the scooter was retired from service for several months.

Some time later, Bill was a casualty. It was a result, not of athletic adventure, but of financial ambition. From the time Bill was old enough to convince customers of his sincerity and knowledge of stock, he had helped his father in Mr. Lundigan's shoe store. For this labor, he was paid (and so were the other boys as they grew up and attained poise enough to talk combination lasts, short vamps and hand-turned soles) a salary of \$2.50 per week. But his generosity constantly pauperized him. He was always buying presents.

To bolster the exchequer, he was constantly thinking up new lines of enterprise. One day, during a quiet period in the shop, Mr. Lundigan glanced around to find that his eldest son was nowhere about. He was just ruminating over the mysteries of juvenile conduct when he heard a reverberating shout from a spot only a few inches away from dead center of the store doorway, and hurried out to find Mr. William Lundigan in the newspaper business. It seems that Bill, loitering near the doorway, had heard nearby newsboys burst forth with an extra. The newspaper office was only a block down the street, so Bill had bee-lined down, secured an emergency position on the paper and gone forth with energy and a dauntless pair of lungs.

You've been wondering about the casualty caused by his financial manipulation? To wit: Bill had a very pretty girl friend whose father owned a confectionery. Seeking to add to his income and to be handy in case the lady of his heart-flutters should appear, he applied for a job at the candy shop. As a likely lad was always needed, Bill was put to work. "What's the deal about all this candy?" he asked politely, moistening his lips so as not to drool.

In the established practice of sweet-vendors, the proprietor told Bill that the employees were allowed to eat all the candy they wanted. A sound policy.

Bill tried the chocolate creams and found them delightful. Then he unpacked some goods and put them away. He tried the nougats and approved them. Then he swept the stock room. He tried the milk chocolate cherries and decided they were all right. Then, rather slowly, he cut wax paper. He tried the fudge—all three flavors—and decided that there was something vaguely peculiar about the flavor. So he washed a window. And sampled the chocolate-coated nut meats. They were definitely, absolutely . . . oh, well. He didn't feel very well, anyway. As a matter of fact,

he couldn't recall any period of his life at which he had felt sicker.

He lagged over to the shoe store, his face a dill-pickle green. "Working in a candy store is awfully tiresome work," he confessed. Then he went home.

The first gift he ever bought for his mother was an indication of the Lundigan taste. Mrs. Lundigan's birthday is November nineteenth, perilously adjacent to Christmas for the junior budget. However, Bill—just beginning high school—had been attending to all manner of odd jobs since the term began that fall. He had his eye on something highly appropriate.

The Lundigans always have made much over birthdays—even this year when only one son could be present at Father Lundigan's natal celebration, they had a big cake, candles, presents beside his plate, and two voices joined in singing "Happy Birthday To You."

subtle propaganda . . .

On that long ago day, there were five masculine melodists to chant the refrain. And when Mrs. Lundigan unwrapped the parcel from Bill, she opened her eyes and rounded a soft little OH with surprised lips. Bill, from his earnings, had purchased a lapis lazuli pendant.

Bill's birthday falls on June twelfth. The year he was to be graduated from high school, he was somewhat explicit about the fact that it would be extremely unfair for anyone to overlook a person's birthday just because one happened to be getting a diploma at approximately the same time.

A day or so later he was late for dinner. He apologized roundly and condemned the fact that he lacked a watch. "A wrist watch," he said without reference to any holiday near or far, "is a very useful item."

In the ensuing weeks, he mentioned—with the utmost casualness—the general type, size and price of desirable wrist watches. He mentioned certain friends who were almost certain to get watches for graduation and how lucky they were.

On June thirteenth, that ticking to be heard came from the Lundigan wrist.

l'amour, l'amour . . .

Bill's romantic life began at a very early age. When he was a gay blade of six, he came home from school one day and took up a certain problem with his mother. "Do you and Dad know some people named Forester?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mother Lundigan warmly. "Your father and I know the young Foresters very well and like them."

"Well, their little girl—her name is Florence—came up to me at school today," said Bill in the tone of a deacon at whom a pretty parishioner has made eyes, "and told me that she knew my mother and father. I just wanted to be sure."

After that, there was an understanding between Bill and Florence. The understanding seemed to be that Bill would carry her books home from school, and that she would sit in idolatrous admiration when Bill—against his better judgment—sang in the church choir. However, his juvenile revulsion to singing in public restrained him from any musical feat of memory. Even from learning "Gypsy Love Song," his favorite melody. Currently, his taste runs to Chopin, Debussy and Wagner.

For three years, Bill and Florence were an item. They attended the same junior parties and agonized over the same math problems. When Florence was absent from school one day, Bill had his mother call up the Forester home to learn the reason: Florence had measles.

The next day Bill, without a word to anyone, extracted a sizeable sum from his odd job earnings and ordered flowers for Florence. It was his initial experience in

gallantry, and when his mother commended him for it—after she had talked to Florence's mother—he blushed way up to his tousled blonde crop.

In the days that followed, Florence's measles gave way to spinal meningitis, and Florence—at nine—became a brown-eyed, dark-haired memory. As Bill grew up, he used to say to his mother occasionally, "Do you know who would fit into this gang of ours? Florence."

In high school days, Bill had his quota of romances, one of which appeared to be quite serious. However, after he came to California, the girl married another man. For many months Bill and Columbia's Marguerite Chapman were a constant two-some, but this romance, too, seems ended.

During this formative period, Bill did most of his studying on the floor in front of the radio. During a particularly good program he would say, "That's where I'm going to be some day—handling a show like that." No one paid much attention.

Yet, after his second year in University, he secured a summer time job in the Syracuse radio station. He was doing commercials and gradually organized a series of daytime shows. When fall came, Bill had another of his heart-to-heart talks with his father. "I'm not going back to school, if you don't mind, Dad," he said.

contracts without contacts . . .

Mr. Lundigan had cherished a long-time ambition for his eldest son to study law. He felt that Bill could build a brilliant future for himself, not alone because of his abilities, but because the Lundigans knew many influential persons in politics. Mrs. Lundigan had long been Democratic State Committeewoman, and the Lundigan home had entertained such guests as Governor and Mrs. Al Smith, Governor and Mrs. Lehman and dozens of other celebrated politicians. On a radio occasion, a group of announcers were tried out for a job of emceeing a convention. When Bill won the competition, the sponsor said cheerfully that Fate had singled out, to introduce Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt over the air, the only contestant who knew—on personal terms—the Roosevelt family.

Despite his family contacts, Bill didn't want to study law. He had made his own opportunity in radio and had gone forward under his own power. He believed in the future of that industry and wanted to be a part of it. Yet, while he was on vacation in New York, the long arm of Universal Studios reached out and tapped him for a screen test. Bill, returning to Syracuse after the holiday, had a long talk with his parents, cosily draped over various items of kitchen furniture.

"If this goes through," said Bill dazedly, feeling as if he had bought a cheap ticket in an overseas Steeple Chase, "I'll hear on the fifteenth," and sure enough, on the morning of March fifteenth, Universal telephoned . . . not the New York office, but the Hollywood authorities themselves.

Bill had been in Hollywood only a few months when he began to be conscious of a serious lack: He missed his family as he had never missed anything before.

He wrote twice, three, and four times a week; occasionally he telephoned. The theme of this ardent literary effort, and the gist of all wired conversations was: "Please come to California." The Lundigans discussed it and decided that in union there was happiness.

Currently, whenever Bill gets leave, he makes a bee-line for a certain homelike apartment in Hollywood where his mother has (by dint of much point manipulation) a steak, chocolate cake and apple pie.

M-G-M has a nice feast waiting for him too: A juicy contract going into effect the day the war is over. Great day.

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Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

WHAT A BLONDE!

(Continued from page 73)

when other people are sleeping. One day when things were looking pretty desperate, Lou Costello offered us his pine-panelled trailer. It was on the back lot of the studio, but who could be fussy? Anyway, the river gurgled just 20 feet away, and the woods in back were thick and green. Lovely. Only trouble was, you couldn't stick your head out for air without finding a pack of Zulus camping in the front yard. Well, Zulus are O.K. and so are Indians and Zombies. But the day I rolled out of bed and looked square into the face of that thing . . . holy smokes! It had two heads, both green, and hair on its cheeks and . . . Well, anyhow, that afternoon we moved. It was too bad though, except for those roving extras, it was just like Central Park."

"Did I hear you say Central Park? And if you did, please say it again."

"Central Park."

The rookie smiled. "I sure like the way that sounds."

"I like the way it looks," said Susie. "We rode through it one night in a buggy."

"A what?"

"A buggy."

"Yeah? When?"

"Couple of months ago. I'd gone to New York for a week or so, but the first few days weren't too much fun. Just night clubs and stores, and they look the same anywhere. Then one night from my hotel window, I saw a hansom in the street below."

"Gee," said the soldier, "on my next furlough in New York that's what I do, first thing."

"And then we went down to the Battery and took a ferry over to somewhere."

"Staten Island?"

"I don't remember. But anyhow, it was cold and awfully drizzly, and the ferry looked like a Toonerville Trolley, only bigger. Next morning my throat felt like an emery board, and they dumped me into bed with a temperature. But I didn't mind, really, 'cause the night before had been so much fun."

The soldier let out a slow sigh, then grinned. "Gee! You'd be some date!"

VAN JOHNSON

(Continued from page 37)

coach seat in which he rode to Grand Central Station. He had been down to New York only once before in his life. That was when he was fourteen.

There had been an argument with his father one morning and, as happens to all youngsters, Van decided he was wronged and would leave home. A letter from his mother shortly before had asked, "Don't you think it's time you came to visit me in New York?" So Van had packed up his spare wardrobe, taken the Fall River line and a train out to Long Island to the little town where his mother lived. "What would you like to do?" had been her first question.

"See shows!" Van had answered without a second's hesitation.

So his mother gave him money every day or so—carfare into Manhattan, the price of matinee balcony seats at Broadway theaters. Van took in just about every play running on Broadway that summer. He saw actresses like Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Barrymore. All by himself he sat in the peanut gallery and drank it in. Afterwards, he rode the commuter back out to Sunnyside, L. I., his brain racing with the afternoon's glamour. Van's mother was generous. It was her way of making up to him after long years of separation.

No one had ever pampered Van before with such treats. He stayed on with his mother, and when school opened in the fall, he enrolled there. The Long Island kids were plenty tough and mocked him for a hick, and he soon got homesick for Newport. Then his grandmother had a bad fall and developed pneumonia. Van was called home right before she died. He hadn't seen his mother or New York since.

ridin' around in the rain . . .

Now he had her address tucked firmly inside his pocket—a new address, out on Sheephead Bay, because his mother had married once more. Van cashed his \$5 bill into change, with plenty of nickels. He squeezed into the subway a cop recommended and headed for his mother's. He thought maybe she would give him a place to sleep. But getting to his mother's new address was something else.

The subway rocketed through the tubes, and Van almost snapped his rubberneck off trying to make sense of the street names and numbers on the shiny tiled stations that flashed by. He rode for hours it seemed, although it was really minutes.

It was late at night before Van finally found his way to his mother's house and pounded on the door. It was raining, his hatless red mop of hair was plastered forlornly down on his face, his cheap raincoat was soaking, the trousers of his new brown suit were a soggy black and the straw suitcase no longer shiny. The only thing not wet about Van was his spirits.

new worlds to conquer . . .

His mother opened the door—and almost fell over at the sight of her bedraggled son. But she made him dry off and told Van it was all right for him to stay there. In the morning she pressed ten dollars into his hand. "You can't go around New York without a hat," she told him. She ironed out his crinkled trousers, and Van set out for Broadway. He didn't buy the hat—but there were those actorish brown brogues . . .

The only friends Van had in New York were two girls from Newport. Beth and Ann were daughters of U. S. Navy commanders, and they were both crazy about the theater. Like Van in Newport, they dreamed of coming down to New York and crashing Broadway. With him, too, they used to snag occasional walk-ons at the Casino in summer plays and stand around in awe of the great stars.

The summer Van got his clam frying job at "The Barnacle" Beth and Ann left Newport. They told Van good-by. "We're going to New York all by ourselves," they exulted. "Mother has given us fifty dollars to join Equity. We're going to stay at the Rehearsal Club, where Margaret Sullivan and lots of famous stars have lived. It's the real theater atmosphere."

"Gosh—are you lucky!" Van had marveled. He knew nobody would ever give him fifty dollars for anything, unless he earned it. At that point, getting out of Newport and living in New York seemed like a wild, impossible dream. And when Beth and Ann sent him back letters packed

with famous stage names and glamorous activities and even reports of real jobs in Broadway shows, Van's stomach squirmed with envy.

They had been on Broadway all summer. Van regarded Beth and Ann as veterans and authorities on what to do. He looked them up the first day, as full of questions as a watermelon is seeds.

Beth and Ann had all the answers about the brave new world of the theater. They weren't really serious about Broadway like Van was. To them it was fun no end and a big lark. But they did have some good ideas. About whom to see and when and how to do it. About how to eat on pennies and where to go for lunch and what gyp-joints to stay away from. About the set-up of agents and the kind of front to put on. They taught him Broadway lingo and sharp talk. Van was a good listener and an eager beaver.

One thing Beth and Ann wised Van on was this: Beginners on Broadway have to sell themselves. Before they ever get near a real job on a stage, they have to convince an agent they've got personality. Beth and Ann had stories galore of how other youngsters had sold themselves, with this or that outstanding quirk or facet of their personalities; they related their own efforts to make an impression. "You've got a swell smile, Van," they told him. "Sell it! Use that smile until every agent on Broadway knows it. That's your selling point. Now remember."

Van didn't forget. His smile won him his first chance at a part—and within the first pavement-pounding week, too. Van started out cracking Broadway agents' offices like he used to crack clams. He'd make two dozen a day, shagging from one end of the bustling, bewildering street to the other, sitting and waiting, trying to warm up cold-eyed secretaries. But for four days he never got beyond the inevitable swinging gate that separated the sheep from the goats. He was just another starry-eyed kid, and nobody knew him from Adam. He'd come down town from Sheepshead Bay on an early subway, pound away at casting offices all morning, slip his nickles into the Automat at noon and burn up his suede shoes all afternoon. He had to catch the 6:40 express back to his mother's house or he wouldn't eat. Van liked to eat, so he usually quit at six sharp. But on the fifth night, hustling past the French Casino Building on Broadway on his way to the subway kiosk, Van spotted a light burning in an office. He'd played musical chairs in that particular agent's office the day before for hours and never had got past the secretary. A bright thought struck him: Maybe at this hour the job hunters would be gone, but the agent would still be at work.

shot in the dark . . .

Sure enough, the office door was open, but the reception room was empty. The agent, Murray Phillips, was in his private office, but his wife was at the reception desk. She eyed Van.

"Mr. Phillips isn't in," she said. Van smiled. She looked at him again. "I remember you," she said.

"You DO?" Van turned on his smile.

"Yes," she said, "now that you smile. Wait a minute." She opened the private door and called to her husband. "Maybe this one is it." The gate swung open, and Van had his first interview. He kept smiling, and he lied glibly about all the experience he'd had. The job was a singing spot. Van let on like he was an undiscovered Sinatra.

"Okay," Phillips finally said. "Be down at nine tomorrow morning, Cherry Lane Theater, for an audition."

Van never even missed the dinner he'd skipped that night. He spent the evening



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wandering up and down Broadway looking for the Cherry Lane Theater. Somehow he pictured it a glorious, resplendent house, and he saw himself walking regally in the stage door while Broadway crowds gaped. A first crack at Broadway will do that to anyone—especially a romantic, head-in-the-clouds small town boy like Van Johnson was then. But it didn't turn out to be exactly a crack at Broadway. Finally, Van discovered that the Cherry Lane Theater wasn't on Broadway at all. It was down at Greenwich Village. And next morning when he showed up there, it was hard to mask his disappointment with that winning smile. The Theater—a favorite breaking-in place for intense Greenwich Village hopefuls (Jennifer Jones and husband Bob Walker used to act there in their hungry days), was a tiny, dark little box where roaches and rats chased around at will, it seemed to Van.

But the tiny stage was lighted, and the cast members were already rehearsing. All had been chosen except Van. When they stopped the rehearsals for his audition, Van felt curious eyes burn on him.

The piano player banged a chord. "Okay, kid," he said. "What will you sing?"

Van sang "I'm in the Mood for Love" with his hands awkwardly in his pockets. His throat felt dry and cracked, and he was sure he squeaked.

"Try it again."

tempest in a teacup . . .

Van did. Then he sang a couple of other songs, and his voice came back to him. He kept smiling, too, bravely, although he was scared silly. But he got by.

"Okay," said the director curtly. Then he turned his attention to the others. Maybe because Van's spot wasn't half as important to the show as it was to Van. "Entre Nous" was the name of Van Johnson's first stage job. It was a series of sketches and skits, blackouts, jokes and songs. Most of the cast were eager, anxious kids just like Van Johnson, pathetic kids who thought, like Van, that "Entre Nous" would unlock Broadway's gates pronto. They all worked like beavers, hauling up the curtain, shifting scenery, doubling in the ensemble between their specialties. And all of them found themselves without a job in four quick weeks.

It didn't discourage him. Far from it. Looking back, Van can see what a small-time break it was, how pathetic and struggling all the kids were, how tiny the tempest in a teacup. But he built it up in glowing terms to himself, and he wrote his Newport pals, Lois and Mary and Dorothy Gladding, and his father about his big "success." They thought it was wonderful, too, all except his dad. He wrote, "I'll expect you home soon."

"Entre Nous" did something else for Van. It initiated him into a little crowd of ambitious kids just like himself. His happy knack of making friends eased him in at once. He became a member of "The Penn-Astor Club."

That's what the bunch who hung around the Penn-Astor Drug Store on Broadway called themselves. Every member was deep in the business of making Broadway budge. All toted little kits of their photographs and address books with agents' phone numbers. All were broke and all were hungry. They'd gather there at lunch time, pass on job tips, gossip, describe good news and bad breaks.

Smile. . . Smile. . . Smile. Van was to get that every inch of the way to Hollywood. People liked him when he smiled. But sometimes it was hard to remember. Finally it got to be a habit, no matter how Van felt. Smile when the show opened, even if you were scared white. Grin when it flopped and closed, even if you were



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stony broke. Smile when the agents said, "Sorry!" Van had to kick himself in the pants more than once to keep pressing forward, smiling, shoving his way in, being aggressive like you had to be on Broadway if you ever expected to get a foot in that fame door. He was breezy and brash with his pals. He still said, "I'll do it!" to every chance that popped anywhere. But underneath Van remained the shy country kid from Newport, and he's still that way today. But he was lucky. On the rare times his nerve failed him, something would force his hand. Like his break in his first big show "New Faces."

tap-happy . . .

He was back from Boston only a few days and out massaging the pavements again when the Penn-Astor Club grapevine came through with an important flash. They were looking for youngsters who could dance at the Vanderbilt Theater. And the show was strictly big-time, a Broadway production. Van hustled up there—but this time, instead of his builder-upper brown brogues he changed to a pair of tap-shoes with metal tips.

When Van arrived at the Vanderbilt, it looked as if every hungry young actor in New York was on hand for a try-out. The theater was dark inside and gloomy. Van found a seat on the front row and propped his feet disconsolately on the orchestra rail. "I can't go up there and try out with all this mob," he told himself. "I haven't a chance." He was sitting there, deep in the dumps and ready to call it off when the dance director stepped out on the stage. He looked over the candidates before he said a thing. His eyes traveled up and down the rows. A metal gleam caught his eye—Van's tap-tips. They were the only ones visible. The director was in a

hurry, and he had a big chorus to cast.

"Hey you!" he yelled. "You with the tap-shoes. Come up here!" Van found himself climbing on the stage, still dazed and surprised. "Do a time-step." Van did. "Okay." Van had a job—just like that.

Because "New Faces" was a big show on Broadway. It ran nine long months, and every week Van Johnson drew his forty dollar equity minimum. It was another pot-pourri of sketches, blackouts and song and dance numbers. Van hoofed in the "ensemble," which is polite for chorus; he stooged in a specialty number and helped out the stage manager.

But "New Faces" was more important to Van than just his first steady job on Broadway. It put him at last completely on his own. With a few frogskins in his wallet, he could afford to pull out from his mother's house, because that welcome was wearing off. She really didn't understand Van any more than his father did.

too busy for love . . .

Van found a room in a brownstone house on 45th Street—six dollars a week. Bed, bureau, basin and the bathroom down the hall. There wasn't much closet space, but that didn't bother him. He still had just his brown suit, a few theatrical costumes he'd had to buy, the straw suitcase and the red-and-black skullcap he wore in a collegiate number for one of Dorothy Glad-ding's Newport shows.

Van was still a rabid movie fan. After the evening's performance in "New Faces," he'd take in the midnight show at the Capitol, watching Lew Ayres in "Doctor Kildare" and a dozen others right after dancing before Broadway audiences. On odd afternoons sometimes he could squeeze in a matinee, look at other Broadway hits.

Van hadn't forgotten Newport. When-

ever he had the price of a ticket he would run up for the week-end. Each time his father thought certainly he'd come back to stay, he'd be surprised again when Van went back to New York. Van still saw Beth and Ann. But Lois had left Newport and it wasn't until much later, when Van was doing all right in "Pal Joey," that he found a note nestling in his hotel mail box one night.

"If you are red-headed and can fry clams," it read, "call Such-and-Such." Van called the number and took Lois to dinner. They spent the evening, Van recalls, talking about Lois' husband and baby.

Romance had never entered Van Johnson's life halfway seriously since he left Newport. Pretty girls were on all sides of Van every day, and their charms were well noted for future reference. But there were two good reasons why he paid them little mind. Girls cost money—and Van couldn't afford them. They took time—and Van didn't have any to spare. Because Van Johnson hadn't forgotten that to get anywhere in show business you had to get better every day. He took dancing and singing lessons constantly, even when he had to put the fees on the cuff.

Van nursed no false pride about money. He'd take any salary if he needed the dough (and he usually did) or saw a chance to learn something. In lean periods he'd run off to a tank town and sing and dance with a pick-up unit for cakes and coffee, right after holding down a solid spot in a Broadway show. After "New Faces" his next New York job was at the Roxy Theater as a chorus boy at thirty dollars a week. He did a little stooging with Abbott and Costello, too, in a slapstick act. He wasn't purse-proud. And by keeping circulating regardless of salary Van managed to make his own breaks.

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At the Roxy, for instance, an acrobatic dancer named Lucille Page spied him in the "ensemble" and liked the way he looked and danced.

"How'd you like to work up a dance act with me?" she asked. Van would, definitely, as always. "Sure." Lucille was the wife of Buster West, the famous Follies specialty dancer. In no time flat Van was on the road touring with "Buster West and Company," wearing a sailor suit, singing "September in the Rain" and learning plenty about dancing from Buster. He hopped from city to city—new ones he'd never seen before—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington at seventy-five dollars a week and expenses. But when Lucille discovered she was to have a baby, and the act broke up, Van was right back on Broadway snatching at a chance to join up with a new male harmony team at fifty dollars per. Work was work, and you could always learn something.

They opened at Buffalo, the Eight Men of Manhattan, as they called themselves. Van had a solo, and he was sharp in the swing arrangements. He stuck and came down with the outfit to the Big Town to be booked in the city's smartest sky club, the Rainbow Room. The Eight Men wore white dinner jackets and bow ties and followed a singing star named Mary Martin, who was then the toast of the town because she had sung "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in a Broadway show.

tip to toe . . .

Rainbow Room or not, he reverted right back to the chorus on his very next job. The Broadway producer, George Abbott, getting together "Too Many Girls," heard Van's inevitable audition and barked, "No—no—not the type—next!" That might have wilted anyone but Van Johnson. But what can you do with a guy who won't be licked and says, "All right—I'll try out for the chorus!"

It wasn't just a chorus job Van was after. But that was a way in to nab the understudy spot for Dick Kollmar, one of the stars. Van never let his chorus work slip an inch. He was the hardest worker in the ensemble, but he spent his spare time at rehearsals with Jerry Whyte, the stage manager, learning the script of the show and the Rodgers and Hart songs backwards. It was a long chance, but sometimes those are the babies that come through, even if they seem to pick the most awkward moments.

Because Van was stretched out in his hotel room with freight cars rolling across his tummy the day it happened. He'd got hold of some poisoned food in a Broadway eatery, and he was as sick as a horse with the heavens. In fact, he reached for the phone to call up and report that he couldn't make the performance that night. Just as he grabbed the handle, the phone rang.

"Dick Kollmar's sick," the stage manager told him. "You go on in his spot tonight."

"Sure!" Van promised bravely. He went on that night in a daze, singing, "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." Van wasn't kidding. He didn't. He was so bushed he could have bawled.

Later, when Dick Kollmar took off two weeks to marry Dorothy Kilgallen, Van subbed again, and for the first time he hit the Broadway columns and Big League publicity. People knew who he was. When Abbott got "Pal Joey," his next show, together, Van was in with a song and lines. He pushed his luck with every tiny break that popped up, too. Like the time in rehearsal when Gene Kelly finished one of his wonderful fast dances and found himself out of breath. Gene was supposed to go into a song next. "I'm too winded for that song right after the dance," he said. He looked at Van standing nearby, ach-

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ing to sing it for him. "Give it to Johnson."

going up . . .

Johnson took it. Johnson took everything anyone offered. "Sure—I'll do it." He got a dance spot with June Havoc, too, and before "Pal Joey" had played a week on Broadway. Van Johnson was at last a Name—a pretty small one, but still a Name. Leland Hayward, the Hollywood agent, offered to manage him, along with Gene Kelly and June Havoc. Van knew he was getting somewhere.

At last, too, he was making respectable money, a hundred and fifty a week. Van could afford to have a few friends and see a little life. Gene Kelly had taken a fancy to the eager, ambitious, personable Van. Gene was courting his wife, red-headed Betsy Blair, then and Gene and Betsy and June Havoc and Van were a foursome.

But now Leland Hayward got busy on his clients, ripe for Hollywood with a hit show on Broadway. Gene Kelly's offer came first, then June Havoc's. One Saturday morning Van's telephone rang.

"Can you take a plane to Hollywood tonight?" Hayward asked. "Columbia wants to make a test."

He flew out that night after the show. Van had never been in the air before, and it was rough. He was sick. They whisked him to a sound stage bright and early Monday. Van sang a song and did a dance and then he did a scene they handed him from "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" with Janet Blair.

That night Van was back on a plane headed for New York, and he played "Pal Joey" Tuesday night. He had barely had a quick glance at Hollywood. He had rolled around on airsick legs most of the time. But the soft whirr of the camera stayed in his brain, and he knew something mysterious had happened. When the news came that Columbia didn't think he was worth the price Hayward was asking, Van's spirits sagged. "Pal Joey" closed about that time, too, and Van didn't bother to start snagging another job. Instead, he went home to Newport to visit his dad.

He had barely gotten there before the telephone in the big house on Ayrault street rang. "Long distance," the operator said. "Hollywood calling."

A businesslike voice came over the wire. "This is Warner Brothers. We've just looked at your Columbia test. Will you come out right away on a contract?"

Van took a train west this time. He piled on at Grand Central lugging a brand new suitcase, a portable typewriter, a bag of apples and a book. The book was titled "The Sun Is My Undoing"—and there were plenty of times afterwards that Van Johnson wondered how he'd ever picked such prophetic reading matter.

Because the band wasn't exactly lined up to welcome Van to Hollywood.

When he strutted up the ramp into the blinding sunshine, the only crowd was a mob of anxious travelers who bumped the suitcase out of his hands. The only music was the organ in the patio. "That can't be for me," thought Van, "or can it?" Van was just another forgotten man. He sat and he waited, and he haunted his mail box at the desk, and he asked the switchboard girl if there were any calls until she began to get nasty about it. Van knew his way around Broadway, but this Hollywood was something he had never run up against. It was like punching a feather pillow—nothing happened. All he got was a nice voice at the studio saying, "We'll let you know when we need you." His check came by mail right on time every week.

It was worse because Van didn't know a soul in Hollywood. Gene Kelly was on his way out to start at M-G-M, but he'd married Betsy Blair at last and was taking



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a leisurely honeymoon trip through Mexico. June Havoc was in town, at RKO, but busy as a ladybird. Van would go over, hang around the set and watch her, but he felt like a hanger-onner. They'd go out on scattered nights, but most of the time Van just sat and killed time.

After five months he got the news. His option wasn't taken up. He was fired. And then, just to show you how screwy Hollywood studios can be, right after he got the old heave-ho, Warners' hired Van for the lead in a picture!

It was just a programmer, a B or maybe a C, called "Murder in the Big House." It took 12 days to shoot, and Van worked from eight in the morning till eight at night. Faye Emerson and Van had the leads. He played a reporter, and he'd never played a dramatic part in his life. There weren't any songs or dances. He was raw and awkward in front of a camera; half the time he walked out of the frame. His face was loaded with make-up and his hair long. He wore an old suit of Dennis Morgan's. He went to see the dailies every night, and he crept out of the studio feeling low and lonesome, back to a little fifty-dollar-a-month apartment he had rented. When he saw his other Broadway friends, Desi Arnaz and Eddie Bracken, who had been with him in "Too Many Girls," Van was vague about what he was doing. They were all going places—June, Gene, all of them—except Van. When he finished "Murder in the Big House," Van walked off the lot and packed his suitcase. He sold the little car he'd bought, purchased a ticket to New York.

But Van's luck wouldn't let him down—not yet. Before his train left he went to dinner at Dave Chasen's star-favored dinner spot. Lucille Ball, who is Desi Arnaz's wife, had invited Van and June. In the middle of his steak Van heard someone say, "Hello, Van!"

It was Billy Grady, M-G-M's head talent scout. Once on Broadway he had spotted Van and suggested he try for an M-G-M contract, but to Van then that was a wild dream, and he didn't think he was ready. Now Grady looked like an angel.

"How are you doing?" he asked. Van couldn't help laughing. "Great!" he answered, with his wonderful smile, "I've just been fired, and I'm going back to New York tonight!"

"You ought to have come out when I told you to," said Grady. "But come over and see me anyway before you leave."

"Sure," promised Van, "Okay." He turned to Lucille Ball. "He's just being nice," Van explained.

"Like heck, he is!" chorused the girls. "Don't you dare leave tonight. Get over there the first thing in the morning."

Mr. Grady wasn't being just nice at all. He knew a good picture bet when he saw one; that's his specialty. This time Van's test was set up right. Lillian Burns, M-G-M's dramatic coach, prepped him. He made the test with Donna Reed in a scene from "Seven Sweethearts." Two days later the contract was signed and sealed.

All in all, Van Johnson has had the warmth and understanding to which his own warm sensitive nature responds at M-G-M. He's still shy enough to creep into his own previews alone and modest enough invariably to be sure he's terrible. But that's a good sign. Starring in M-G-M's "Crime Does Not Pay" shorts, as Jimmy Stewart and Bob Taylor did before him, Van has climbed steadily up, through the "Dr. Gillespie" series to "Pilot Number Five," "The Human Comedy," "A Guy Named Joe," "The White Cliffs of Dover" and now, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." So it would indeed be a happy Hollywood ending right here to the success story of this Newport, R. I., native, if tragedy hadn't

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struck Van just when he was really starting to roll.

That was the night he went to dinner at the home of his pal, Keenan Wynn, and then decided, as he had a million times before, to take in a movie. They were running "Keeper of the Flame" at the studio. Crossing Venice Boulevard, only two blocks away, a fast car smacked into him broadside, and Van found himself in the gutter with blood streaming down across his eyes. "Is it raining?" Van asked.

I won't go into the gruesome details except to say that by all rights Van should have ended his wordly as well as his Hollywood career then and there. He lost three quarts of blood.

At that it was seventy-two hours before the doctor gave him a prayer to live. And even as kind as everyone was to Van at the studio throughout his brain operation and the long weeks of convalescence, he was still haunted by the deathly fear that he would lose his memory and never again be able to learn his lines.

But just to show you what Van Johnson is made of—no sooner had he set foot on the lot than three pictures wanted him.

"Sure—I'll do it," said Van, as always. And there he was, just out of his grave on a rain check, bicycling between three pictures at the same time!

But out of all tragedy peep some gleams of good, however small. In the hospital Van read "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," the saga of Ted Lawson, that flying Yank with all the guts in the world, and because Lawson had spent plenty of time in operating rooms and looked death in the eye, Van felt that maybe his own crack-up, however uninspired, has made him have a better feel for the part that is his very best bid for stardom so far.

Because it looks as if Van will have to resign himself to being a Hollywood star for quite a while. His smash-up made him a pretty thorough 4-F. He has to take it easy from now on, and while making movies is no rest cure exactly, it's more in line with his current physical capabilities than lugging a rifle and full field pack.

But whether in uniform or out, Van Johnson stacks up today as quite a beloved Hollywood hero to a lot of people.

LEO GOES TO WAR

(Continued from page 33)

Metro's legion of star soldiers have earned a lot of things—rapid promotions and responsible posts, campaign ribbons galore and things like Distinguished Flying Crosses, too. Although when they went in, almost to a man they could agree with Clark Gable.

Clark stated it bluntly the day he signed up as an Air Corps private, got his long, black hair cropped GI style and his moustache obliterated. "I don't know beans about the Army," he said. And like Jimmy Stewart, he added, "I'm here to learn."

That's the attitude that has made first class fighting men out of most of M-G-M's silver screen variety. Take the case of Bob Montgomery, pardon, Lieutenant-Commander Robert Montgomery, U.S.N.R., Guadalcanal veteran, ex-PT boat commander, invalidated home once, now back hunting Japs somewhere in the South Pacific. Commander Montgomery didn't get salty that way overnight or by rolling over in bed and calling up his favorite press-agent.

Jimmy Stewart—excuse—Major James Stewart, U. S. Army Air Corps, holds the "first to go" record at M-G-M. Jimmy signed up on March 22, 1941, nine months before Pearl Harbor. But actually, Bob

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What he'd seen made him fighting mad. What he craved to be was a fighting man. So in July, 1941, before Pearl Harbor shook America out of bed, Bob enlisted in the Naval Reserve and was commissioned a lieutenant. Next day he left for London assigned to Naval Intelligence as Assistant Naval Attache to the American Embassy. Before the war the Montgomerys had made many trips to England. Bob had pals in British government circles, and the Navy thought he could do a swell job there.

90-day wonder . . .

But like all Americans who put on Navy blue, Lieutenant Montgomery fretted at his cozy desk job. But like Clark Gable, Bob realized he "didn't know beans" about the Navy. You don't officer a U. S. fighting ship in war-time unless you know your Navy stuff from away back. Montgomery started looking around for ways and means.

At the Embassy he uncovered an old-time chief petty officer with hash-marks up to his elbows, a living handbook on the U. S. Fleet. He was stationed at the Embassy at night. Bob promptly applied for night duty and got it. In the quiet midnight hours he tossed his dignity aside, worked into the CPO's confidence and finally frankly asked him all he knew.

When Lieutenant Montgomery was transferred back to Washington, still in Naval Intelligence, he was a pretty fair book sailor, but nobody suspected it—not yet. There was one thing the chief hadn't been able to teach Bob—navigation. That's pretty mathematical and technical stuff, but Bob knew what he wanted and how to get it. He boned on navigation at night, and when he knew he was ready, demanded the examination for a deck officer. It was a pretty brash thing for a green reserve "wonder" to do, and there were plenty of sly smiles among Bob's gold braid Annapolis colleagues, which vanished when he passed the stiff exam with high marks. Bob applied then for the PT boat training school at Newport, R.I., got it—and at last he was a real fighting Navy officer.

By now Commander Robert Montgomery has a record any blue water sailor can be proud of. He has served on a British destroyer in the North Sea. He's acted as Liaison Officer between the British Admiralty and Vice Admiral Robert Ghormley. He commanded a PT boat before going into action aboard a U. S. cruiser in the South Pacific in the early days when the Japs had the upper hand there. He was operations officer with a destroyer squadron that raided the Japs in Kula Gulf. And when malaria sent him back stateside, he had plenty of battle stars on his campaign ribbons and a mighty impatience to get back to sea.

the human comedy . . .

In fact, after he got better, Bob was put in charge of a naval shore unit in San Pedro near Hollywood, but he quickly wangled a way to get back out where the guns roar. That's where Commander Montgomery is today, back hunting Japs—and you can bet as long as there's any naval action going on in this war, he'll find a

way to be in the middle of it. He tells one on himself when he was a shore skipper at San Pedro.

Among his duties there was the unpleasant business of disciplining his men. One day a sailor was up on the carpet for some regulation rap. At the same time, one of Robert Montgomery's old M-G-M pictures was playing at the local Bijou. The sailor had taken this in, and after Bob bawled him out in his best official manner, the sailor sighed, "Gee, Sir, I wish you were still funny like you used to be in pictures!" Bob had to laugh at that, which wasn't the thing to do.

Jimmy Stewart can match Robert Montgomery's rugged record card for card. Like Bob, Jimmy wanted to swap punches with the Axis in person and knew he could handle the job from the moment he took a voluntary induction way back in March, 1941, asked for the Air Corps and got it. But like Bob, too, there were all kinds of strikes chalked up against him. If anyone anywhere has earned his Gold Oak Leaves and the Distinguished Flying Cross which brightens his blouse today, it is Major James Stewart, who was just Private J. Stewart hardly more than a couple of years ago—going through all the GI tortures that ganged up on Private Hargrove.

Being the first major movie star to line up in khaki, Jimmy, naturally shy, found himself in a spotlight about as big as the one he'd left behind in Hollywood.

He got the deglamorizing treatment at once. Mustered for mail call at Jimmy's processing camp, the sarge called his name, "Stewart!" Jimmy stepped out and back in ranks, only to hear "Stewart!" again. It was kept up for a couple dozen times because Jimmy's mail stack was still Hollywood size, and that was the Army way to rag him for his swooneroo popularity. He did KP then, too, policed latrines, and when he got his first treasured stripes as Acting Corporal, he marched his squad right into a fence! But by taking it all good-naturedly, working hard and facing his drab duties as seriously as any colossal movie part, Jimmy Stewart did Hollywood a very big favor indeed. Because he was the first to show that an M-G-M glamour boy could take it in any company.

major now . . .

I saw him on a furlough when he had just got those Acting Corporal's stripes, and we talked about life in the Army. He was studying everything in the Air Corps book then between duties, but he wasn't too hopeful about ever getting what he wanted—combat flying. At that point he hadn't had a finger on a fighting plane control. He was drilling rookies like himself around dusty barracks grounds. "They say I'm pretty old to fly," he said gloomily. "But gosh, I'm only thirty-three." Old for the Air Corps just the same, but nevertheless, Jimmy Stewart beat that age rap. Next time I saw Jimmy, he wore lieutenant's bars, and he was instructing basic flying. He had some new gray streaks in his mop, but he said he wasn't worrying about that. "I'm just hoping I can keep my head on my neck, gray or not," Jimmy cracked with a twinkle. He was taking green pilots up six hours every day then at Mather Field, and anybody knows that's rugged work on the nervous system. But Stewart stuck it, and soon he was flying four-motored Fortresses and instructing Fortress pilots. Then he got attached to a Fortress Squadron himself training at the Sioux City field and was on his way. Pretty soon it was Captain Stewart, overseas, with a B-17 bomber squadron roaring off on missions over Berlin. Too old? Not Jimmy Stewart, pardon again, Major James Stewart, DFC.

You won't be hearing much from Major Stewart about his exploits in the air blitz on Naziland. He's still the shy guy who doesn't talk much. War correspondents abroad have found him clam-like copy, the very opposite of what a reporter would expect to find in a Hollywood movie star. But Jimmy Stewart knows that this time he doesn't need publicity. He's making good as an American fighting man, not a Hollywood star—but don't think all of the ham has been processed out of him.

In fact, before he left for the war front, Jimmy sneaked into a movie at the post theater one night when they were showing his last hit, "The Philadelphia Story." He sat way in the back so the other soldiers couldn't see him and sat all through the picture, just to see what the GI's really thought of him as an actor. When they gave him plenty of applause, Jimmy was almost as pleased as he was the day he got raised to Corporal. He sneaked out before it was over, but his face was tingling with a bigger thrill than his first Hollywood premiere handed him. "The ham in me," Jimmy explained then. "I guess I'll always have it."

Clark Gable wanted real action just as bad as Jimmy or Bob Montgomery—maybe worse. Clark had a very personal reason to get away from Hollywood and lose himself in a rugged job after Carole Lombard lost her life gallantly winging her way home to Hollywood from a bond-selling tour.

dead-eye Gable . . .

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had no idea Clark Gable had enlisted as an Air Corps private until he walked in and told them. He didn't want any possible favors or furor. He just wanted to get to work and get over there as quickly as possible.

Clark was no flier. He's well into his forties, and if Jimmy Stewart at thirty-three was considered too ancient to fight in the clouds, Clark was practically senile and falling apart. But you get action quick in the air, and Clark had an idea he had something war planes could use—a knack for guns. Clark's major hobby for years had been big game hunting in the West.

But the Air Corps had bigger plans for Gable than aiming guns—if he could prove he was still tough enough to take it. They obliged him on the hurry-up business, shooting him right down to Miami Beach, Florida, as an air cadet, in competition with young men in the prime of youth. He asked no favors, and he got none. They gave him the works.

There was a funny thing about that trip at the start. Right before Clark enlisted, he'd been invited to spend the season at a palatial Miami Beach estate. His expectant hosts thought it would be good for him to get away from Hollywood and get hold of himself after the Carole Lombard tragedy. They didn't know about his Army plans. When he signed up, Clark wired his regrets.

A few weeks later he was walking a night guard tour right past that palatial estate, in a militarized zone now, toting a rifle, obscure in his private's uniform, minus moustache, minus Hollywood haircut, minus identity. Inside, Clark could hear people having a gay time. He grinned to himself in the dark. What a gag if he'd walk in just like he was and say "Hello." But he shook his head. The people inside never knew that their star guest invited from Hollywood was guarding the joint!

Clark's popular in the Air Corps. He's a man's man, and he's trimmed off twenty pounds and about ten years so nobody dares call him "Pop."

A year after he got his commission, Captain Clark Gable stood up to be decorated with the Air Medal, for "courage and

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coolness and skill" in bomber missions over Germany. An "exceptionally meritorious achievement," the citation read.

Clark's unit brought back some fifty thousand feet of film, taken in air combat. Editing that with the First Motion Picture Unit in Hollywood into a dramatic Air Corps record of their private invasion has been Clark's job for the past few months, and aside from a few dates, he's spent most nights huddled over the reels of film at the laboratory. Any day now the picture he brought back will be ready for theaters, and then Captain Clark Gable will be off to a new assignment.

When people ask him if he'll be coming back to pictures when his war job is done, Clark grins and shrugs his wide shoulders. "Haven't even thought about it," he replies. But you can bet his old alma mater, M-G-M, has.

It's funny, looking back at the peacetime hobbies of these M-G-M stars, how they've paid off for America when the chips were down. Clark Gable's gun, camera and rugged outdoor living. Jimmy Stewart's puttering around in his pleasure plane. A few years ago they were good for chuckles—like the time Jimmy coaxed Katharine Hepburn aloft when they made "Philadelphia Story," and got so nervous with his precious passenger that he skittered all over the Burbank field on one wheel when he landed, to give M-G-M big-shots heart failure. Robert Taylor, on one of his first solo flights, sat his buzzer job down in a watermelon patch and had to talk fast to keep an angry farmer from beaming him with a hoe.

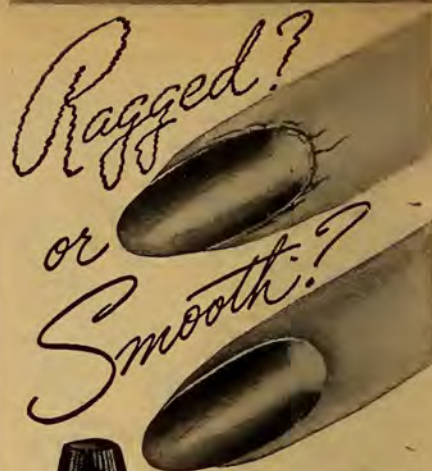
the gal behind the guy . . .

There's no joking about Lieutenant Robert Taylor's flying today. It's a dead serious matter, with both the Navy and Bob. His job is to teach naval air cadets their stuff at the Naval Air Station in Livermore, California. It's a full time job and a pretty responsible one, and he flops into his bunk at bachelor officers' quarters every night with the chickens, except every ten days when he draws forty-eight hours leave and a trip to Beverly Hills and Barbara. The Taylors are trimmed for wartime living as much as any Hollywood couple. Bob and Barbara used to live on a rolling ranch in Northridge, surrounded by horses and all the comforts of country squires. Then they moved into a big Beverly Hills house, and when Bob left, Barbara closed most of it up, but she still rattled around in what was left. Now that's sold, and the home Lieut. Taylor visits is a mere matchbox as Beverly homes go, six rooms—so small that even the tourist bus drivers haven't discovered it yet and would be ashamed to point it out if they did.

Barbara Stanwyck deserves a certain share of credit for Bob's new career in Naval aviation green. She always has been deathly afraid of planes. She took one ride with Bob years ago. It was a rocky ride on a bad weather day. Barbara remained frozen in her seat all the way and climbing out of the plane afterwards, said, "Thank goodness I'm on the ground and believe me I'm going to stay here!" She has never been up again.

But in spite of her almost pathological horror of heights, she never let out a peep of protest when Bob told her his service plans. Long before Robert Taylor got a crack at his commission, he spent all his vacation time at a private desert plane training school, adding up his hours until he had a total of 110 solo—nothing to get worked up about these days—but a solid start which came in handy. By the way, Bob Taylor's air bug bit him away back in 1941 when he made "Flight Command" in San Diego at the Naval Aviation base.

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Playing a make-believe Navy pilot and skimming the waves in the Navy's fast fighters made him crave to fly. But he never dreamed that one day he'd be wearing Navy wings himself.

Commencement jitters . . .

Bob had the right background—a degree from Pomona College, a college athletic record and a manly personality that long ago smacked down the “Beautiful Bob” stuff which his super good looks hung on him. In his thirties, Bob knew he was too old to zoom Hellcats around. But he hoped maybe to be a transport pilot or instructor. He had his bags all packed when he got orders to wait—the class at Dallas was filled, and it would be twelve weeks before he could get going.

That's when he made “Song of Russia”—after he was sworn in as a lieutenant (j.g.). Maybe it wasn't the best picture Robert Taylor ever starred in—but you have to remember Bob had other things on his mind then, and it had to be a hurry-up job. Anyway, what should happen but the picture ran over schedule, and Bob found himself behind the eight ball when he finally showed up. Not only was his class all youngsters right out of college and sharp as tacks, but starting late gave Taylor an extra handicap.

He made it at last with flying colors, but there was a time or two when the escapes were squeaky indeed. Not the least of which being the day his class graduated. They scheduled him for a speech at the exercises before the class. Newsreel cameras were on hand for the big event, and Bob was all slicked, pressed and polished up.

A Navy captain, the guest of honor, spoke first. He'd spent a life in the regular Navy, remote from audiences, and he'd never seen a camera before. Just the same he gave a magnificent talk with perfect poise, and his stage personality was terrific. But when Bob climbed up on the stand he got the shakes, stammered, blew his lines and in general acted like a high school boy in the senior class play. The newsreels had to ask him to do it over and was Bob's face red! One of them cracked, “Are you sure you're the same Robert Taylor who used to be in pictures?”

“N-no,” answered Bob. “To tell you the truth, I'm not.” He wasn't kidding, either, at that point.

the hard way . . .

Another of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Bobs—Bob Sterling—rates a special star on M-G-M's service honor roll, because of all the front-line stars in Hollywood who have earned their wings, he's the only one who made it from scratch as an air cadet along with the rest of Uncle Sam's raw nephews.

Bob left the lot quietly in November of that year, took his pre-flight training at the big Santa Ana Training center, which is just a jump from Hollywood, then his primary training at Thunderbird Field in Phoenix, Arizona, his basic at Pecos, Texas, and finally his advanced at Marfa in Lone Star land, where something new was added to his shoulder straps that made him Lieutenant Robert Hart (he uses his real name). That ate up a whole year of his young life, and now he's an ace instructor at the B-25 Transitional School, Mather Field, Sacramento, California, where he can run down to spend weekends with his wife, a perky blond gal you might know named Ann Sothern.

The year Bob Sterling spent remodeling himself from an actor to a pilot the hard way was rugged enough, but it was even tougher being a brand new bridegroom without a bride practically all of that

LOST: *One husband's Heart*



Another quarrel! Bill was drifting away from Kay. If only she could understand his coldness! Then she went to see Dr. S. Quite frankly, he told her about the “one

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time. Bob and Ann met on the lot at M-G-M, fell in love and had reached what the old folks used to call "an understanding" just when he felt duty call.

When he reported at Santa Ana for his pre-flight, he told Ann, "It's right close to home. I'll be up every other night or so." The minute he got himself processed, he found all that was just a rosy pipe-dream. Pre-flighters at Santa Ana didn't even get one step off the base for eight weeks.

Well, that's the way it was most of the time—although the minute he wound up that hitch, Bob and Ann didn't take any chances. They eloped to Ventura one Saturday after Ann finished work in "Cry Havoc" and had a brief honeymoon, even if she had to act again on Monday and Bob had to fly off. Until her lieutenant hubby finally settled down (for awhile) at Sacramento, Ann had those lonesome wartime widow blues, with brief peeks at her old man every third or fourth month.

With all their separations, however, Bob Sterling and Ann Sothorn have had a pretty cosy connubial time of it, when you have a look at what a jinx war cooked up for Greer Garson and Richard Ney—there I go again—Lieutenant (j.g.) Richard Ney. From start to finish, their romance has been a no-decision tug-of-war between Cupid and Mars, ever since Dick, in Detroit with a "Life With Father" stage company in 1942, decided it was time to quit acting funny and act tough. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve then and went off to Notre Dame and then on to New York to bone up for an ensign's commission.

All that was after Richard Ney and Greer Garson made "Mrs. Miniver" together in Hollywood and discovered their feelings for each other weren't strictly mother-and-son like they played on the screen. When Dick finished his training and came to the West Coast for sea duty, he had about forty-eight hours in Hollywood which he used to excellent advantage in persuading Greer to become Mrs. Ney. So they went right down to take out a marriage license and the clerk said, "It's good three days from now." Neither one had considered California's notorious "gin marriage," three-day-wait-law. At that point Dick had one day. He left the next night, a single and very desolate ensign, for the Aleutians, which isn't exactly the kind of bright and cheery spot designed to improve a case of absent lover blues.

short order honeymoon . . .

Ensign Ney served ten months in the foggy Aleutians aboard a troop ship, he saw the bloody action of Attu, and when ten long, gray months had slipped by, Ensign Ney found himself on a second leave in Hollywood, and that's when he took Greer to a little church in Santa Monica and tied a sailor's knot. Right away—you might know it—he got orders to sail—so the happy bridal pair had a honeymoon of exactly twenty-four hours!

The next time they saw each other was in Boston, where Richard's ship was in port, and Greer was on a bond tour. It was Greer's last stop, and Dick had orders to ship out of San Pedro, next door to Hollywood, on his next cruise, with ten days to report.

That trip together across the country and the few days left in Hollywood is about all the happy home life Richard and Greer Garson, have had. Dick earned his j.g. half-stripe on his next mission to the South Pacific although Greer had to learn that good news from the Navy post office return address on his letters—he forgot to mention it!

When he returned from the Pacific, Lieutenant Ney asked for duty on small craft—he thought he'd see more action that way—so they shot him right on to the Naval Sub Chaser Training Center in



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After Using

Miami, Florida. Dick isn't counting on any home life until after the Japs and Germans surrender—unless Greer Garson turns stowaway.

Of all these stars, perhaps the best prepared for hostilities was Van Heflin, who had lighted in Hollywood just long enough to win himself an Academy Award in his first year on the screen. Van didn't have to adapt civilian hobbies or start a brand new life from scratch. He was already a reserve officer in the Field Artillery—had been ever since he fired 75's down at the University of Oklahoma.

destination unknown . . .

He hadn't progressed much in all that time, it's true, because who thought we'd ever be in another World War? So Van was still a second looney when the shooting started. But he remembered enough trigonometry to have his commission re-activated, and got back in uniform in November, 1942, rubbing off his cinema studio rust at Camp San Luis Obispo, and landing a spot instructing new troops at Camp Roberts. Then he got stung by that fatal Air Corps bug and wangled a transfer. It paid off right away because last year Van got sent on a foreign mission that's one of those military secrets, and his wife, Frances, kept the Christmas tree up even if it dripped needles all over the rug until Van got home in February. He'd never missed a Christmas celebration with his daughter, Vana, before, and no war was going to ruin that record.

Van's still a second lieutenant in the Air Corps, at present sticking around in the States in a combat officer replacement pool awaiting overseas orders, which he's pretty sure to have with the shooting going on in Europe, if he already isn't in there by the time you read this.

War can't change Van Heflin's easy amiability and swell sense of humor, or the friendly personality that won him popularity prizes in Hollywood overnight. On his last foreign mission, Van was greeted at his military destination by an Air Corps colonel. Van saluted, and the colonel returned it. Then he stuck out his hand. "Hello, Van," he said, "remember me?"

Van looked blank. "No, Sir."

"Well," chuckled the officer with the eagles. "You were my commanding officer in the ROTC at Oklahoma. Yep, I guess you started me on my Army career."

Seems he had gone on to West Point after college, entered the Air Corps, won his wings and had risen to a full colonel while Van, who used to bark him around the field, was still only a shavetail. Nobody but a guy with Van Heflin's funny-bone would ever tell that one on himself—but so far it's Van's favorite war story.

Bill Lundigan had an even more embarrassing moment blitz him in the Marine Corps. Bill's a corporal now, in training at Quantico, Virginia, with the Marine Cineschool, photographic section. When he gets through there, he'll probably be getting action films in the can like the Tarawa record that Captain Louis Hayward's marine camera unit brought back from bloody Betio and the Marines picked corporal Bill Lundigan to narrate.

But last June Bill Lundigan was a lowly "boot" at the recruit depot in San Diego. Marine boots hold the record for enduring the roughest smacking-down treatment of any outfit, and Bill was doing all right as honor man of his platoon, a featured performer on the "Halls of Montezuma" radio show and a quick raise to a Private, First Class stripe, when a certain picture he had made in Hollywood came to the base theater, and—er—sort of upset him. The picture was "Salute to the Marines." Bill

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had made it with Wally Beery about six months before he joined the Leathernecks. All he knew about Marines then was what he'd read in the papers. But his uncle was a Devildog in 1917, and that's why Lundigan decided on the USMC.

Well, being a young and handsome actor then, M-G-M had put Bill in the part of a dashing lieutenant who rescued all kinds of other Marines, gave orders right and left and turned out to be a hero of heroes. It seemed swell to Bill Lundigan on the set—but when he marched into the Marine Base theater with his buddies and saw himself swaggering around on the screen and heard the—er—caustic remarks they made, he wanted to crawl into some dark hole and die! For far from being a glorious officer braving shot and shell, Bill, at that point, was the lowest species of Marine—a boot, getting the pants swatted off him and quaking with fear at a sergeant's growl. It took him weeks to redeem himself!

As a matter of fact, casing the records of all the other fighting stars of M-G-M, you can't find a one who hasn't made a name for himself in the fighting service that any American can be proud of. Lew Ayres overcame a mess of unfavorable publicity because he had the character to stand up for his convictions, and despite a start that promised little, has risen to become a staff-sergeant in the Medical Corps in action somewhere in the South Pacific.

Melvyn Douglas, too, crossed up the critics who accused him unfairly of seeking a soft job in Washington by promptly enlisting as a private, distinguishing himself in Officers School at Washington and Lee College and quickly winning his captain's bars. He's in the Special Service Division of the Army, overseas. Jean Pierre Aumont abandoned the biggest natural Hollywood build-up any foreign sensation has had since Charles Boyer opened his hypnotic eyes into a Hollywood lens, to rejoin the ranks of the Fighting French, after Jean Pierre had already seen enough fighting in the big Blitz to satisfy the average man, with a *Croix de Guerre* to prove it. Lieut. (j.g.) Richard Carlson, Staff Sgt. Desi Arnaz and Seaman Richard Quine are star names that Leo the Lion likes to purr about, too.

And John Carroll, tempestuous, wild-haired John who loaded Hollywood with legends of his unpredictable antics, who blew star-making opportunities right and left and never in his life settled down to serious business, even when it meant thousands of bucks in his jeans—Lieutenant John Carroll is now serving with the Fourth Fighter Command of the Air Corps in Algeria.

They're all on the Victory team and proving every day to Tojo and Hitler that it's risky business to sell Hollywood actors short when the shooting starts. It seems you can make screen love to Garbo and Hedy Lamarr for years and years without necessarily turning into a cream puff. But some people, of course, will never be convinced.

Bob Montgomery was in London on duty once when General Bernard Montgomery arrived secretly after making himself Britain's number one hero with his brilliant North African heave-ho of the Hitler mob.

One night outside a theater a London crowd gathered on a tip that the General would show up. Gawking his own neck, Bob heard one Londoner inquire, "I say, what's all the fuss?"

"I think, old chap," said the other, "they're waiting to see Montgomery."

The first Briton snorted. "Dashed stupid, if you ask me," he barked. "All this bloody fuss over a movie actor!"

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MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR

(Continued from page 46)*

dressing room buildings on the M-G-M lot. One is for featured stars and the other is exclusively for the highest ranking women. When Lana went into "Marriage Is A Private Affair" she moved into a dressing room flanked by Greer Garson and Hedy Lamarr . . . Although this is John Hodiak's fifth picture, it will be the first time audiences will see his face *au naturel*. Metro shaved off his beard, washed the oil and dirt from his face, dressed him in tailored clothes and present him for the first time as he really is . . . John, incidentally, didn't test for the part of Lana's husband in this picture. Miss Turner happened to see the test he made for "Lifeboat"—suggested him for the role . . . Keenan Wynn, a close personal friend of Lana's, returned from his South Pacific tour and asked to see the picture. Lana took him to see it, told him it was complete except for the sequence in the jungle where a Marine acts as interpreter for the vocal love-making between Lana and John Hodiak. Keenan asked to see the script, saw great comedy possibilities in the small part and begged to be allowed to do it. As it turned out, it's one of the high spots in the picture and Keenan added much to his screen credit by doing it . . . Lana, noted on the Metro lot for her self-designed hair styles, models several glamorous new hair-dos in this one. Her hair has grown eight inches in the year she has been away from the screen. It was her own suggestion that Hodiak give her pig-tails a hard yank in one scene to prove to fans that all the luscious blond hair is really connected to Miss Turner . . . Lana also introduces the new short evening gown to the screen. Her wardrobe in the picture is entirely Irene-designed—even to the aprons . . . It took Miss Turner and one maid exactly 45 minutes to get Lana into her wedding gown. This was caused mainly by the row of 78 tiny buttons which had to be undone each time Lana took off the dress. Even the studios are finding it impossible to get zippers . . . Cecelia Callejo, the castanet player, is world-famous for her clickity-clack rhythms. Has played everything from Bach to Boogie-Woogie with them—appeared several times in the Philharmonic Auditorium. She's married to Robert Presnell, a Lt. Col. on General MacArthur's staff . . . Rope-twirling Dorothy Hackley was discovered by Lana Turner as she was doing her act in a Hollywood night club . . . Alex D'Arcy returns to the screen after an absence of a year and a half. Alex received his medical discharge from the Army just in time to go into this picture . . . Biggest task of the entire picture was teaching Lana to flip pancakes. Studio cook was brought to the set to demonstrate the art to Lana. She'd think she had it mastered, the cameras would roll, Lana would begin her lines, throw the flapjack into the air—and invariably toss it into Director "Pop" Leonard's lap!

SORRY!

When we ran the beautiful koda-chrome of Linda Darnell in the May issue, we forgot to mention that she's starring with Dick Powell in "It Happened Tomorrow."

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Hide-it!

SUSY-Q

(Continued from page 58)

for both of us—"

He called her a few days later. M-G-M wanted a girl to play in "Tish."
"Not me," said Susan.

"Look, honey, you're free as a bird. They've got no strings on you. Come along for the ride. Come along for the fun of telling 'em to go jump in the lake."

So she went along and had the fun of being signed for Tish. And the fun of playing opposite a big, cute, easy-going Irishman named Richard Quine, who showed her round the lot and made her feel at home and listened to her squawks. Because all through "Tish" she was terribly depressed by forebodings that her Warner history would repeat itself.

silver threads among the gold...

"I don't want to be under contract again. What I think I'll do, I'll go see Mr. Mayer. 'Mr. Mayer,' I'll say, 'do you think I can be an actress? If not, will you please let me go because I'm getting old—'"

"That sounds like an excellent idea—"

"I haven't got nerve enough to go see a bus boy, don't be silly—"

But talking to Dick always left her a little less depressed.

One day came a message that Mervyn LeRoy wanted to see her. Despite two years at Warners', she was still a greenhorn. "Who's Mervyn LeRoy?"

Having been enlightened, she toddled down to the "Random Harvest" set, couldn't find any Mervyn LeRoy, couldn't see what he'd want with her if she did find him, concluded that the whole thing was a gag and went to lunch. On her return, people swooped. "Where have you been? Mervyn LeRoy's looking for you—"

"Look, if this is your idea of a joke—"

They convinced her it wasn't—half-convinced her, anyway. Still a little leery, she went off again, pushed through the heavy door, picked her way over cables and came face to face with a short, boyish-looking man. "Hello. You're going to play Kitty in 'Random Harvest'—"

"I'm nothing of the kind, don't be silly. What's Kitty anyway, and who says I'm going to play it?"

"I do." Her mouth opened—and shut. Her color turned from normal to red, to green, just like a spotlight. "I'm Mervyn LeRoy," he grinned.

Susan bounces back. The first shock over, her natural skepticism reassured itself. "They've probably tested everybody from Ouspenskaya down, and now it's my turn—" (Actually LeRoy had had those despised Warner tests run off and picked her on the strength of what he saw in them. So the two years hadn't been wholly wasted.)

Her pretense of coolness lasted till she got the script home that night. Next morning, happy as a clam, she went flapping out to the set in search of Dick. His eyes looked heavy, but she was too full of her own affairs to wonder—just sat and babbled about this marvelous thing, and Dick responded the way he always did—

The assistant director came up. "You can leave for Detroit tomorrow, Mr. Quine—"

"You going to Detroit, Dick?"

"Yes." He looked away. "Just got word that Dad died—"

"And here I've been— Oh Dick, why didn't you tell me?"

"It's all right, Susan. This is my trouble. Don't let it spoil your happy day—"

Falling in love with Dick was such a natural process that she doesn't remember

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when it started, and starting Kitty was another kind of milestone, one of the many pushing-ahead steps that in three years, found her being co-starred with Jean Pierre Aumont and Bob Taylor. The family continued to be amused, though less hilariously. Mom still thinks it's funny that Susan should be an actress, but yields to majority opinion. Bob alone refuses to be budged, won't even admit that his sister's in pictures. All that bothered him about entering the service was, suppose the fellows should track down a relationship between Susan Peters and Bob Carnahan. On his last leave, he was telling Susan about a girl he'd met—

"Kind of cute and blonde. Only—"

"Only what?"

"She found out I was your brother."

"So what happened?"

"So I never went back."

She made up a song for him, called, "I'm the Blot on Your Scutcheon—"

Meantime, love flourished along with the career. Up to then, Mom and Susan had never seen eye to eye on men. When daughter liked them, Mother didn't and vice versa. But Dick took an apartment in Mrs. Carnahan's house, and she fell in love with him. Asked him to breakfast, dinner and lunch till he was eating more meals at her table than Susan. He'd take them both driving and never left the house without bringing back some silly little thing. "Bless his heart," Mother'd croon. "Most kids his age don't know where to hang their hats." Susan would have suspected Ma of throwing Dick at her head, except she couldn't because he was there already—

"don't let him faint" . . .

They were married last November in a Westwood church. For six days, Dick

was in a daze. At the license bureau, he didn't have two dollars—at the wedding, he almost fainted. All Susan could see as she walked down the aisle was Dick's paper-white face and his pants-leg shaking in the breeze. She took his hand and felt all his weight against it. They knelt together, and he almost missed the step. Susan didn't have time to be nervous for herself. She was too busy praying, "Please God, don't let him faint—"

After the reception, Dick couldn't find the car keys. Susan had to go back and wait for an hour and a half, till the keys turned up in the middle of the street where he'd dropped them. They drove through a beautiful brushfire in Topanga Canyon to a beautiful week at Santa Barbara. Then six beautiful weeks in San Francisco, where Dick's Coast Guard unit was stationed, and they lived in a basement—pitch-black but divine. Then she had to go back to work—

Dick's stationed nearer home now and gets in quite often. For a while they stayed with Susan's mother and spent all their spare time at auctions, gathering stuff for the French provincial farmhouse they plan to build after the war. This stuff they'd send home to Mom, who got a lot of healthy exercise climbing over chairs and tables to reach her front door.

the mouths of babes . . .

Dick was an old hand at auctions. Susan was new and all of a dither. Her business manager, who'd never let her spend any money, said she could buy anything she wanted for the house.

So the first thing she wanted, of course, was the first thing she saw. Service plates. "What am I bid for these twelve lovely service plates?"

"Fifty cents—" called a voice.

"A dollar—"

Susan blushed for them. Only a dollar, that was terrible. "Five," she chirped.

There was a long and painful pause, during which every head in the room turned to look at Susan. Dick's face was a ripe scarlet, and she couldn't be sure whether he was going to protect her or crown her.

"I'm sure you don't want to pay five dollars a piece for these plates," said the auctioneer, and was kind enough to let her have them for a dollar and a quarter. For the rest of the evening, Dick did the bidding, though Susan recovered sufficiently to poke him when she wanted something—

As for the plates, they're the worst-looking objects you ever set eyes on and repose on a pantry shelf. But every now and then when Dick's around, Susan ogles them ostentatiously. "Aren't they the most beautiful plates you ever saw?"

"If they're so darn beautiful, why don't you put 'em on the table?"

"Oh, I don't have the things to go with them yet."

Pretty soon she's going to start breaking them accidentally.

She calls Dick Ichabod Crane because he's so long, and he calls her Little Mother because she's always got the neighborhood kids underfoot. They also call each other "Dear," because it's such an expressive word, conveying all known emotions and any combination thereof. Like, "Dear, where did you dig up those cigarettes, they taste like tired shoes." Or, "Dear, you're an awful dope, but I love you—"

Dick found their apartment while Susan was ill. It has an upstairs and a downstairs and a kitchen built by a man who couldn't cook, because you have to climb on a stepladder to reach the closets. Before she ever had a chance to set eyes on

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it, Susan was whisked to the hospital for a major operation. When the worst was over, Dick had their furniture moved.

"For which relief, much thanks," sighed Mother. "But don't you think she ought to convalesce at my place?"

"No, I've got a furlough and I want her home."

"That will last till you get tired of cooking."

She done him wrong, though. He fixed delicious trays every morning and served wonderful meals every night. Susan should know, being a super-cook herself. The only difference is, Dick has to start at noon for a 6 o'clock dinner. Susan whips up a meal in no time, including Dick's pet dessert, pies.

Certain things they agree on, and others they don't, which makes for stimulating variety. Both love the outdoors, swimming and horseback riding. That's what they used to do on Sundays. Then they'd come home, read the funnies and listen to spook stories on the radio. With Susan, it's spooks or nothing. With Dick, so long as the radio's on, he's happy—

"Dear, do you like commercials?" asks his wife.

"Huh? Oh—I didn't even know it was on."

"My dear mother," says Susan bitterly, "used to listen to soap operas. I thought I was lucky to get away from them. But at least she'd listen—"

His only other failing is slowness. It takes him exactly one hour and one-half to dress. It takes Susan exactly ten minutes. He thinks he's the world's best driver, and she thinks she is. He likes her in sports clothes and tailored suits, with her hair up. She likes pigtailed and slacks.

He gets tired of her bringing home animals and makes her take them back. One Great Dane, he contends, is enough for any apartment. Thunder, the Dane, is almost as tall as Susan and a good deal heavier. She gave up a honey bear to get him. It was just that this executive at M-G-M didn't think she ought to have a honey bear—

"But he's mine, I bought him—"

"Well, you sell him again and I'll give you a Great Dane instead."

So one day she phoned her mother.

"I have a Mother's Day gift for you—"

"A Shetland pony?"

"No."

"A Great Dane?"

"Yes, and I hope you'll be very happy."

Mother'd been kidding. Her jaw dropped when Susan brought Thunder home. But she grew more than reconciled. In fact, now that her daughter's turned Indian giver, she grows indignant. "Mother's Day gift! You might at least have had the grace to let me keep him over the week-end."

Dick still brings her things like blue elephants with pink ears. If she doesn't have a baby to play with them soon, she'll begin to feel guilty. They exchange monthly anniversary gifts, but they've made a little ruling—nothing personal, it's got to be something for the house. Once he gave her salt and pepper shakers. Once she gave him a bean-pot.

"It's charming," he said, "if you'd just fill it up with beans."

Next time he came home, the bean-pot was full.

"Dear," he said, "did I ever tell you you're wonderful?"

"Yes, but tell me again—"

"You're wonderful."

"Why?"

"Because you cook the best beans and bake the best pies and some day, if you mind your Ps and Qs—"

"You mean Ps and Quines—"

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DUCHESS ON WHEELS

(Continued from page 43)

Greer Garson is a pedal veteran. She first began to ride when going to kindergarten at the age of five, her bright locks were the bane of her childhood and she ached under the taunting of her school mates who called her Copper Knob, or Rusty or Carrots.

Greer's profound consideration of this problem nearly cost her life some years later. She was cycling down the street when she caught sight of one of the boys who persisted in town-crying her coloring; quickly she wheeled behind a street car. In her haste to escape she failed to notice that her maneuver had placed her between two streetcars, traveling in opposite directions. She had presence of mind enough to lift herself, with a hand braced on either trolley, away from the bicycle, the handlebars of which were much wider than Miss Garson, and which were crunched in the collision.

Two horrified motormen, having applied emergency brakes, came gasping into the narrow breach, expecting to find at least mutilation and possibly death. The only casualties were Greer's bicycle, her books, and several square inches of skin scraped from the Garson arms and chin.

Despite almost having once lost her life she continued—but with less drastic action—to avoid those who might mention her coloring, until she had reached a post-adolescent period.

One afternoon, walking past a group of laborers she noted that all work ceased as she appeared; turning scarlet she marched hurriedly on, eyes clinging to the distant horizon. "Now tell me," said a cockney to the world, "wot's wrong wiv that?"

Abruptly, a redhead came into her own.

Her struggle with the matter of natural coloring, however, may well go on forever. When preparations were being made to start her current picture, "Mrs. Parkington," Greer suggested that, since Mrs. Parkington must age from an extremely young girl to an ancient matriarch, she be allowed to wear a black wig. There was, she pointed out, a great make-up problem presented by attempting to age red hair. Black hair was something else again; it could be changed clearly and dramatically.

One of the men at the make-up conference shook his head. "But if you take away your hair, Miss Garson," he protested, "you take away everything!"

Miss Garson's eyes twinkled, a certain omen of a forthcoming wisecrack. "I resent very much," she retorted, "the suggestion that I am like Samson."

She won her point; she wears a black wig throughout the picture, and those who aren't afraid of being considered maudlin, stumble around the M-G-M lot uttering six syllable adjectives about the way Greer Garson looks in brunette guise, Samson or no Samson.

The sport of cycling, long absent, returned to the life of Greer Garson when she was working in "Random Harvest," the picture that she describes as "proving that I wasn't born with a bustle."

She was so good on the little bicycle used in the picture (having bought herself a "skimmer" with three gears) that Mervyn Le Roy presented her with a large white bicycle at the end of the picture which she promptly presented to Dick to use on those rare times when the Family Ney whisks off for a rationless ride.



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calliope comrades . . .

Greer has always been mad about the circus... the aerial acts, the wire walkers, jugglers and acrobats, Clyde Beatty's thrilling act with the great cats, and of course, the clowns.

The clowns at Los Angeles' most recent circus were the best she had seen for some time. Greer told her husband, "They are really as funny as I think I am when I'm cutting up."

In one portion of the nonsense, one clown was being pursued by another carrying an outsize croquet mallet, clearly bent on mayhem. The escaping clown leaped through the windows of the trick house which was being moved around the ring, and made for Miss Garson, who was excitedly leading the cheering section, calling, "Come on, Horace, come on," impartially to both pursuer and pursued.

It would be difficult to say whether the audience enjoyed the clowns as much as they did the sight of the allegedly-alooof Greer Garson mixing in with the fun.

As the Neys and Mrs. Garson had arrived somewhat late and without proper reservations, the indulgent management had placed chairs for them in the front row where neither they, nor the oogling audience, would miss anything.

Halfway through the performance, the manager gifted the trio with three giant cones of cotton candy. Greer accepted with a juvenile's shout of delight and ate the final elusive wisp with pleasure. That finished, she turned her attention to the clown's burning house act, complete with buckets of water. One of the clowns rushed over, tilted his bucket and swung toward Greer, who leaned back, covered her face with her hands and shrieked. Of course the bucket was empty, but the whole thing was a wonderful gag, a gag almost as sure-fire shriek-producing as Lieutenant Ney's asking, "When are you going to shear Gogo again?"

It seems that one day, Greer looked at her large white French poodle and decided that he needed a haircut, so she marched him out to the back yard and set to work with the clippers. Gogo kept seeing imaginary rabbits that he should chase, and Greer had to hold him very closely. At last she finished, and backed away to view the result. Gogo's appearance was sleek; so, unfortunately, was the left sleeve of Greer's white lambskin jacket; in her pre-occupation with Gogo she had run the clippers from wrist to shoulder in one narrow, but hide-baring swathe.

good samaritan . . .

Greer's love of animals of all kinds had a hectic beginning. As a small girl she used to be a consistent summertime guest at her grandfather's place in Ireland, and one day Greer decided—being naturally neat and anxious to be of assistance—that some new-born kittens needed a bath. She took the first, blind and mewling, to the trough where the horses were watered, and turned on the faucet. She was giving the small cat a thorough-going shower when she was caught by Mrs. Garson. Greer's mother explained a cat's aversion to water and rushed the kitten into the house where it was wrapped in heavy towels and placed behind the stove.

That night, Greer was ordered to include this sentence in her prayers, "And please, God, make me kind to animals." Feeling, however that her intentions had been misunderstood, she refused to repeat the supplication.

But whether she would repeat the sentence or not, since that time she has been too tender to kill even a beetle in her Victory Garden.



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no pinky-lifting . . .

In addition to circuses and animals, Greer Garson has another love: parades. She arrived in Boston on a recent bond tour, and there—without being quite sure that the gods would grant the benison—met her husband, whose ship had luckily put into port. They had just finished their first eager burst of conversational "catching-up" when the blare of bugles and the shrilling of fifes floated up to their twelfth story hotel suite. "A parade," burred Mrs. Ney to her husband and made for the nearest window.

"But you've been the chief interest in dozens and dozens of parades during the past few weeks," he protested in surprise.

Miss Garson, by that time, was leaning as far as possible out of the window, waving frantically. "Exactly," she found a moment to call over her shoulder. "I've been in the parades. I haven't been able to watch or to wave at them," and she hung there in extreme enjoyment until the last caisson, the last tank and the last straggling urchins had passed.

Those who know Greer Garson well grow lyrical about, not only her bounding enthusiasm and unfaltering good-sportsmanship, but about her spontaneous warm-heartedness. While on a bond tour last spring, the troupe appeared in a Canadian city which honored Miss Garson by presenting her—when she appeared upon the platform—with a corsage-spray of rare and lovely orchids.

Also on the platform were two elderly, workworn women who had been introduced as gold star mothers. After having expressed her thanks for the flowers, Greer moved swiftly across the stage and pinned the corsages upon the mothers.

Incidents like this explain why the Cinematic Grand Duchess is referred to on her home lot as "just a swell girl."

KELLY IS THE NAME

(Continued from page 41)

magic heels the way Kelly did in "Cover Girl," they had to whip up one of those quick rivalry rumors between Gene and Fred Astaire. Hollywood has had to have a phony feud of some kind since the days of Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson, and the Bing Crosby-Sinatra one was expiring for lack of legs to carry it along. Somebody asked Gene what he thought of Fred Astaire. (They're good friends, by the way, and right this minute Gene is working out a routine with Fred for the Ziegfeld Follies.)

Gene spoke right up: "Fred Astaire? I think he's a great artist. There's a lot of things in his dancing I wish I had. And," he added without a speck of false modesty, "I've got a lot of things Fred could use, too." Just like that.

Gene Kelly can take some scaring to shake his faith in himself. Take that "Cover Girl" miracle dance. It's quite a story in itself: And it shows what brand of stuff this Kelly guy is made of.

Gene had been laying for just such a chance since away back. When he was dancing on Broadway and even before in his home town, Pittsburgh, his mind was ticking off dreams of things he'd like to do some day on the screen with its swell possibilities for trick effects. Gene shoots at the moon in his dreams, and for his money the highest type of dancing is to express an inner struggle by active rhythm. All great ballet dancers, Nijinsky and all the rest, have put across a mental or spiritual theme when they tied into the pinnacles of their art. It isn't easy, even on a stage where there's a flesh and blood contact between a performer and his audience.



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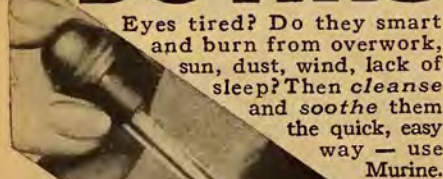
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It had never been done on the screen, but Gene Kelly didn't see why not, being a Kelly.

double-exposure . . .

When "Cover Girl" came up, Gene said, "This is it!" He played a guy with a love problem, and the script called for a dance. Why not fight it out with his inner self in a double-exposure dance?

"Because," said the Hollywood wise men, "for one thing, you can't pan and dolly in double exposure." "You can't do this and you can't do that. It's never been done." "About time, then," answered Gene. But they had another argument: "Besides, waltzing around with your shadow like that will make audiences scream. They'll give you the old guffaw, the belly laugh, the yack-yack."

"Not if it's artistic," argued Gene.

Gene Kelly found a big shot willing to take a chance in Harry Cohn, Columbia's boss. He went home and stayed up a couple of nights until 5 A.M. sipping coffee and working out his dance and his ideas how to do it. He huddled and checked with cameramen and technicians. And he came up with a test that made Harry Cohn say, "H-m-m-m-m. Well, okay. Go ahead. Let's see what you can do." From then on it was up to Kelly, and he knew it.

It would take a scientific thesis on movie camera and sound technique to explain how Gene Kelly came through. How he mastered problems like jumping over himself, sliding down a fifteen-foot pole with his shadow, dancing up and down stairs with the little man who wasn't there and whirling around lamp posts and things with his alter ego, right on the off-beat.

But I can give you some idea of the aspirin-quotient Gene Kelly tied into: He had to match one dance with another on a pre-recorded sound track, synchronizing every muscle he moved to beats of music. Every time his toes lit on the stage, they had to light on a certain spot marked off with chalk and tape to a quarter-of-an-inch exactness! He had to practice it all until he could do it blindfolded. Because the stage Gene marked off personally looked like a lesson in geometry which had to be covered with a black velvet cloth when it came time to shoot. There were a million technical angles—split-hair camera frames, scores of critical moments that had to jibe to a gnat's whisker or the whole thing would be ruined. When Gene tries to explain it, it sounds like a Rube Goldberg wacky invention—and even when he made it, he'd look up at juicers and gaffers and veteran set workers in the rafters, and see some of them shake their heads like they thought he was stark nuts! In the scene where Gene and his shadow grab a lamp post at exactly the same time, the cameraman who filmed it said it was impossible to get. And even when he saw Gene's timing work out on the print right before his eyes he gasped, "I still don't believe it!"

That's the kind of thing Gene Kelly put across for the first time in movie history. He never knew until three weeks after he made it (it took three weeks to develop and print the Technicolor double-exposure) whether any of it was worth a match to burn it up, either. But I think the best indication of the Kelly character came on the very last moment of that master dance.

three strike homer . . .

If you saw "Cover Girl"—(and you'd certainly better after all this if you haven't!)—you'll know that's when Gene ends his dance tussle with his inner self by hurling a garbage can smack through a window and shattering the image along with the glass into a million pieces.

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It was the last half of the ninth with two out and the bases loaded to Gene when he made that scene. And he had three strikes in the form of three panes of plate glass to win the ball game. If he made that scene successfully, he had reason to believe the rest was okay, and he had made screen history. But what a scene!

They called in a glass-expert. "Can't do it," he judged. "If you hurl that heavy, weighted can through that plate glass, it will cut you to pieces, put out your eyes." He figured it out scientifically, and the answer was that Gene was due to get punctured by a million glass bullets.

"I'll put up my arm," Gene argued. "I'll close my eyes when I throw it." The expert shook his head. "That glass will murder you."

"Well," cracked Gene, "I'm sorry I've got only one life to give to my art. But I'm going to do it!"

The news got around the studio that day. Actors from other sets—cameramen, technicians, executives, secretaries—everybody who could get away sneaked on to Gene Kelly's set. He had an audience and maybe it was a little morbid. The news was, "Come on over and watch Kelly kill himself!"

They brought in three panes of glass—the limit in these war shortage days. That meant three takes, and if those didn't work, the whole dance was wrecked as far as Gene was concerned.

And Gene had to hit the glass in the exact spot where his double-exposure image made a bull's eye.

Well, the first time everything worked out fine—except that when Gene hurled the can, darned if it didn't bounce off the glass by some miracle and roll back on the stage! But the glass cracked—one pane down. Gene went through it all again, wound up and let fly. It broke in the wrong place and the jagged glass splinters shot angrily out around him. He threw up his arms to cover his face—and it didn't look so good to Kelly.

Charles Vidor, the director, said, "Let's print that one, Gene. What if you did flinch? Nobody will notice it, and it's natural anyway. Let's leave well enough alone. You're all in one piece, aren't you?"

But Kelly, the stubborn Mick, shook his head. "I'll do it right this time," he grinned, "if I get my throat cut!" And he did, hurled a schmeiser right on the button with his last strike, his last pane of glass, even though the stuff shot around him like a fragmentation bomb, any wicked splinter of which could have disfigured Gene.

Gene can't quite savvy how come a screen star can't take chances and be just like anybody else—a guy who does a job and leads his own life. His jaw still drops now and then with amazement at what goes on since he's made a few pictures.

hideaway tank in the aquarium . . .

In New York, for instance, where Gene heads after almost every picture, he was a pretty successful Joe around Broadway after earning his name in lights with "Time of Your Life," "Pal Joey" and such. But he could walk around Broadway without losing his cuff links, hanky and whatever else was loose. "Now it's just like Sinatra without the bow-tie," Gene cracks. "Like having a nice cozy hideaway tank in the Aquarium!"

After finishing "Christmas Holiday," Gene went to Manhattan with Betsy, his wife, before setting out on a USO tour of Army hospitals. He got mobbed. It made him sore at first until he saw a bunch of fans huddling in a pouring rain outside a theater just for a peek at him. Then Gene was touched. He got wet himself then, as a sort of penance, and signed his name until he was silly.

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Gene stayed at the Algonquin, the small quiet, storied hotel far removed from the swanky Pierre, Sherry Netherlands or Waldorf Towers where most dazzling Hollywood stars rough it in New York. He didn't have an idea anyone knew where he was. But no sooner had he registered than the room phone rang, and a voice said "Hello, Gene! This is Rita Hayworth." Gene took it, straight, honest guy that he is. He chatted away telling Rita how glad he was she was in town—only to find out in the end it wasn't Rita at all—tee-hee—but Mamie Schultze or somebody from Brooklyn or somewhere. His wife Betsy fell for the same gags. A girl called saying she was Dorothy Kilgallen, the Broadway columnist, and both Gene and Betsy who know Kilgallen well, were fooled.

public property . . .

Of course, Gene Kelly has been a Hollywood celebrity only a short time, and he'll probably get used to being public property and stop being surprised at living under a magnifying glass—like he was when fans started writing and demanding. "Where did you get that scar on your face?" It's just a tiny scar, left of his nose, and Gene got it very unglamorously when he fell on his face one kiddie time. He'd never thought much about it; in fact, in his first pictures he never bothered to cover it with make-up.

But it's my guess that no matter how long it takes Gene Kelly to get hep to odd acts of Hollywood movie fans, he'll never start staging acts himself—that is, away from the camera. The only time on record so far that Gene has been guilty was the day his daughter Kerry arrived.

So today they call Kerry "M-G-M's \$80,000 baby"—(as a gag, of course, she really didn't cost all of that). But it did so happen that the day she picked to make her entrance, Gene was lined up for a super-Hollywood scene in "DuBarry Was A Lady" with a couple dozen chorus girls, a thousand extras, bands, and what am I offered, hanging around as a background for Gene's cut-ups. Then at lunch he got the news from the doctor. Gene rushed out of the studio—extras, showgirls and dance bands notwithstanding—and he did all the things every hospital waiting-room B-picture papa ever did—like wringing his hands, wearing out carpets, chain-smoking cigarettes, pestering nurses, turning green at the gills and getting palpitations of the heart.

But that's what happens to the canniest guy at a time like that. So even Gene Kelly is human, I'm happy to state, though serious about his work and in general on the cerebral side about his fun and outside interests.

Betsy and Gene Kelly are about as perfectly matched a pair as you can imagine. Betsy's a slim strawberry blonde or gingery red-head—I can't quite make up my mind. She has freckles and one of those wistfully sweet, little girl faces that belie her brains. Betsy's charm reminds you of Janet Gaynor's in her early "Seventh Heaven" days, and by the way, one of these days, if Gene goes off to war or something, and she decides to resume her career, you're going to hear from Betsy Blair. Not many people know she has already starred in a Broadway play, "The Beautiful People," and has a personality that is pie for the movies—and Technicolor—wow!

Be that as it may, it's one of those pure Irish luckpieces that Gene and Betsy ever got together. Gene remembers he was a dance director getting together a floor show for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe on Broadway when she came wandering in looking for a job. Gene was in shirtsleeves at the time, with a crop of whiskers and

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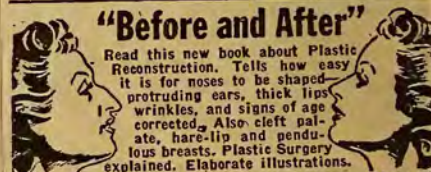
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looking like a stage hand instead of the boss who was picking the girls. When Betsy strolled up to him asking questions about the place, she didn't have any idea to whom she was talking. "I'm a very fine dancer," she told Gene then.

prize apple...

"Oh, is that so?" he retorted, stifling a grin, and advised her to come back tomorrow when the boss would be around. When Gene turned out to be the boss, Betsy blushed like a beet, and maybe that's why Gene picked her for the show, although she actually did turn out to be a "very fine dancer," the best in the crowd and the hardest worker. That intrigued Gene so much he started taking her out. Then to his amazement he discovered Betsy was not just a dancer but the girl with the highest I.Q. in her New Jersey school district. She'd actually graduated from high school at 14! Every time he took her out, Gene found Betsy wiser and sweeter, and when he got his Hollywood contract after "Pal Joey," he couldn't imagine leaving without her. Gene still thinks Betsy is twice as smart as he'll ever be, with the natural wisdom edge all girls know they have over men.

Gene and Betsy are always doing something worthwhile together in the self-improvement line. They learned Spanish and French together, and now Betsy goes to UCLA to Russian classes and Gene has promised to take it up with her. He already knows his economics and sociology, so Betsy's taking those courses, too, to catch up. I wouldn't call the pair dull intelligentsia, eccentrics or bookworm whacks, at all. But they'll never be behind the times, that's a cinch.

It's no pose, either. Gene has always resented social discriminations since his school days when he earned honors as an athlete, dancer and student, only to find snobby fraternities barred to him because of religious prejudice. He has studied all phases of political science and sociology—and just to show you how well he knows his stuff, Gene was invited back to his old alma mater, Pittsburgh University, not long ago to address the student body on—not show business, dancing or Hollywood—but current aspects of those two solid subjects above.

something for the boys...

Gene Kelly's current ace enthusiasm is entertainment for service hospitals, which as anyone knows, are growing day by day as the war gets grimmer. Gene was up in Portland, Oregon, last year with Dinah Shore on a war bond rally when Dinah was called back to Hollywood, and he found himself with a few days on his hands and nothing to do. He got the idea of visiting a service hospital nearby and what he saw made him think. Then he volunteered for the USO-sponsored hospital tour that he just completed before going into "Anchors Aweigh." That convinced him, as follows: That those GI patients are the hero boys who need bucking up—that not only during the war but after it, for a long time. Ed Wynn and a bunch of other Broadway and radio entertainers discovered the same thing about the same time. So by now the ball is rolling to organize a regular actor circuit to handle that great and human need. Naturally, Kelly is right in the thick of that.

In fact, the other night Gene got a bright idea about the hospital circuit on the way home from a meeting where he and other Hollywood actors had met to talk over ways and means. He dropped into a delicatessen and brought three cheese sandwiches and a bottle of beer for himself and a pint of ice cream for Betsy. Betsy ate her ice cream and snoozed off, but

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Gene burned the bulbs until 6 A. M. working out his big idea.

That's about the only vice Gene Kelly has, night-owling—and the reason he's that way is because somehow he's mentally sharper when the sun goes down. It's no dissipation complex, because, like I say, he really loathes gyp-joint night life. Gene sticks to beer generally and right now isn't smoking at all. He does, though, when he gets into a tough routine or picture. "Just," he complains, "when I need oxygen, I chain-smoke carbon monoxide!" The "Cover Girl" dance practically asphyxiated him, and ever since he has sworn off. But he's afraid of a backslide when the going gets tough on a set.

Being a dancer and a former athlete of no mean rank, Gene is always conscious of, and respects, his physique. It's a swell one—smallish, but muscled and bouncy. Gene played football, baseball, basketball and about everything else in school and made the teams with no trouble at all. He's always been a swell skater and hockey player and swam like a porpoise, before a tricky sinus kept him out of the water. Besides, the kind of dancing Kelly does is no easy-chair exercise. He goes through no health regime that way either—keeps in trim, oddly enough, by playing touch-football with the neighbor kids in his backyard and in the noon hours with camera crews. The other day he disappeared and stayed away by himself all afternoon. Betsy asked where he'd been.

"Roller skating," replied Gene. He's pretty fancy on skates, so he'd been rolling happily around a public rink all by himself all afternoon.

dancing master . . .

Matter of fact, despite his keen noggin and adult thoughts, there's a lot of the kid about Gene Kelly. He likes kids, too, and spent much time with them in his dancing school in Pittsburgh which still bears the tag, "Gene Kelly School of the Dance" and which his sister runs in the Smoky City. He has the patience and know-how of a born teacher, as Judy Garland found out on the set of "For Me and My Gal." And in "Cover Girl," Phil Silvers, the funny man, who had never ripped off a step in his life, found Gene talking him into something.

He kept shouting "No!" when Gene suggested that he do a dance.

"Make a sap out myself stacked against you and Hayworth—are you crazy?" protested Phil. But Gene had a reason—Phil was in a gay street scene where the rest of them danced merrily and darned if he was going to let Phil spoil it. Phil danced, even though Gene worked his legs off and almost sweated him into a collapse.

When the picture came out all Silvers' Hollywood chums expressed their amazement. "Didn't know you were a dancer, Phil," they said.

"I'm not. Kelly hypnotized me!"

Gene's always anxious to see youngsters get a break, too. When he made "Christmas Holiday," he spied talent in his stand-in, Joe Thornton, and promptly staked him to tuition in the Actors' Laboratory, a swell dramatic training school in Hollywood, and talked Director Siodmak, too, into giving Joe a bit in the picture.

But about that kid-stuff and Kelly: Gene could double for Junior in plenty of ways around the house. He won't drink his milk, for instance, calls it a "boring drink" and can't understand why Betsy loves the stuff. He hates vegetables. His worst abomination is a tie, and when he goes to the city and has to wear a hat and a tie both, somebody almost has to get him down and put them on him. He hates to shave and dreams of living where he could grow a beard and get away with it. Gene's



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not too responsible about money, either—he's always running short and borrowing lunch money from an extra or somebody at M-G-M. As a handy man and householder he's pretty hopeless, too. About his only domestic achievements so far are a couple of lamps made out of wine bottles. Gene puts them up in the front room every now and then, but he notices they disappear pretty mysteriously and pretty fast.

Some of his more relaxed personal habits, Gene confesses, have been picked up since he came to California and started letting down in the sun. There are a lot of things you have to do in New York, like keeping dressed up, that Gene can do without, but he hasn't gone all California yet. Gene thinks New York is a great place to visit, and he definitely would not hate to live there. Matter of fact, that's just where he'd like to live, with trips to Hollywood instead of vice versa. But he's really not picky. Gene is convinced Los Angeles, or Hollywood, or whatever you'd like to call it, is due to be the biggest city in the country one of these days with all the arts—not just acting—centering around here. So he's getting himself resigned to the scenery. Gene likes the mountains and the seashore both—but what people see in the desert baffles him. He took Betsy to Palm Springs, and although they left to spend a week they came back the same night!

The Kellys just aren't the type to rusticate. Gene would look awful and feel still worse in overalls and a pipe. They're still city minded—no ranchos dancing in the back of their heads—chickens, cows, horses or any of that barnyard stuff. Gene admits it. He would like a dog for Kerry when she gets a little older. He likes dogs all right but not unless there's room for them to run. He had a mutt once in New York, but when he saw all the other pavement pups jogging along the concrete on leashes with a hothouse complexion, he took his up to a friend's farm in Maine and left him there.

Matter of fact, Gene Kelly isn't the least bit worried or anxious about his comforts or fun in the future. He feels there's a plenty big worry and all kinds of work to be done right now to get this world back on the tracks. If you merely mention the subject he'll go on for hours about the actor's function in wartime. He doesn't think it has been clearly defined, and that as a result there's a lot of fumbling the ball and checking signals with misdirected effort here and there. Gene is 1-A in the draft and was called up for a physical by his New York board when he was back there last. But he got a deferment to entertain the soldiers, and so he's back off the GI roll call for a few more months, anyway.

He's just as frank as honest and as intelligent about that situation as he is about everything else. "In my honest opinion," he'll tell you, "I think actors are worth more, in most cases, as entertainers. But it just happens that a lot of them like me want to get in there with everybody else and shoot real bullets. There's nothing wrong with my health. I'm young and I'm tough enough, and I want to get into a soldier suit."

Well—that's a new way to look at the draft, and incidentally, it's as refreshing as a breeze in July. There are some other Kellys from Pittsburgh, particularly one nicknamed "Commando," who has done all right with himself in this scuffle and wears the Congressional Medal of Honor to prove it. It would never do to let another clan of Kellys—especially right in your own home town—give you the back of their hand. You know how guys named Kelly feel when there's a scrap going on. Kelly is Gene's real name.



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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

WAITING FOR JEAN PIERRE

(Continued from page 55)



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away is more like a blessed vision than an actuality.

Another thing that is keeping Maria busy is the sculpting of a bust of Jean Pierre. While she works, Maria's thoughts go over the letters he has written, the anecdotes he has told, the little things he says and does which make him so dear.

She hollows the eyes of the clay: Jean Pierre has deep-set eyes, blue and penetrating, that can see through spirit as well as matter. He wrote from London, after he had arrived and conferred with both British and French officials, "I like these people very much because they are mentally clever and straight in their ideals."

In perfecting the jawline and the mouth of the bust, Maria was careful to delineate the modesty of expression, a modesty continually being expressed in his letters.

reunion in Oran...

There was, for instance, the occasion when he reported to his commanding general at Oran. The general had heard a good deal about Jean Pierre Aumont.

He looked hard for a moment at Lieutenant Aumont and then boomed, "If you are as good as your friends tell me, we will win this war very soon."

Jean Pierre swallowed hard, blushed scarlet and finally produced a small voice which whispered, "Yes, mon général."

But on the whole, Jean escaped the "stigma" of his fame very well. The men in his outfit generously ignored his eminent past and treated him, from the beginning, like one of themselves.

With her palette knife, Maria was careful to mold the clay to the strong curve of humor about Jean Pierre's mouth, to the gaiety and whimsy he can find in any situation. A situation say, like the time, when lined up for general inspection in North Africa, he was recognized by a colonel who swooped down upon the modest lieutenant and embraced him with true French fervor. That this was a violation of military regulations amused Jean Pierre; that it was a spontaneous outburst of warm friendliness touched him—the colonel had been a technical adviser on a French Aumont picture.

Then there was the case of the Misplaced Major. Lt. Aumont was introduced to this officer, who proved to be very cordial, inviting Jean Pierre to be his guest for dinner on a certain night. When the evening arrived, Jean Pierre—in pressed uniform and polished brass—presented himself at the major's door.

After he had recovered from what appeared to be a momentary astonishment, the major was obviously delighted.

As the evening closed on a warm, comradely basis, Jean Pierre thanked his host for a lavish dinner and begged the opportunity to return the hospitality at some immediately future date. The major was charming. "We were so honored that you were able to drop in on us," he said.

As Jean Pierre strode back to camp he suddenly saw the light—he had called on the wrong major!

The Aumont humor repeatedly slipped past the censor as, husband-like, Pierre tried to let Maria know where he was stationed at the time. "I have just met so-and-so," he wrote. "He is a very clever guy—or, should I say *chap*, eh wot?"

In one of her letters to her husband, Maria wrote to say that a friend of theirs, a retired business man, was keeping his garden in thriving condition—when his moods allowed him to work.

This particular gentleman has a stand-

ing personal feud with anything Russian, regardless of Russia's place in the Allied war effort, and so, referring to the recent Russian successes, Jean Pierre wrote, "Is our kind friend still doing his gardening—or have the headlines upset him too much to hoe?"

In another letter, Maria wrote of the astounding case of the Masticated Spectacles. It seems that, in the Hollywood French colony, there is one gifted individual who—without ill affect—occasionally nibbles at a bit of glass. One day, at a gay holiday party, this guest devoured the eyeglasses of another guest who considered the feat less remarkable than rude.

Maria could just see Jean Pierre's blue eyes twinkling as he commented on this tid-bit with "...having lost his glasses, I don't see how V... could possibly have seen the joke."

In shaping the outline of the head, Maria was careful to emphasize the breadth and height of Jean Pierre's forehead, and the fine curve of his backhead—unmistakable clues to his tenderness and devotion.

love memory...

He spends a great deal of time with a friend who, knowing Maria well, is able to imitate her accent perfectly—even to her troubled "J's." As she has repeatedly told her lieutenant, "I have difficulty to say my yays," so the name emerges from the Montez treatment something like "Hon Pierrrrrrrre."

And so, in far-away Africa, Jean Pierre asks over and over, "Say my name as Maria says it."

Jean Pierre has a great capacity for affection, deeply cherishing his brother, Francois (nicknamed "Poum") and his friends, Charles Boyer and Claude Dauphin. M. M. Dauphin and Jean Pierre are serving together, and Jean Pierre wrote, "between us is a warmer and deeper feeling than ever before. We have so much to say to one another that we speak together until four or five in the morning. I have shown him all of your pictures, and he adores you already."

Great as is his affection and admiration, Lt. Aumont also allows himself an occasional burst of husbandly criticism. On the boat going over, he was shown a rather cheap publication in which appeared Miss Montez of Hollywood, wearing a white bathing suit. It seemed to her husband that the suit was rather more brief than necessary, and it required several transatlantic exchanges of heated mail to explain the situation, reinforced by Maria's statement that she is never again going to pose for cheesecake.

One evening, when her precious clay sculpture was beginning to mold into a clearly-defined and satisfying likeness of Jean Pierre, Maria left it long enough to attend a friend's party. Afterward, she and three other guests returned to her home for an impromptu concert and to finish their chat.

After they had gone, she went to the small workroom and discovered that one of the guests—perhaps from prankishness, perhaps from malice—had taken a palette knife and scraped the face flat so that the formation of the features was reduced to a shapeless mass.

Maria spent an entire day crying bitterly over such unkindness. Then she resoaked the clay and set to work once more. There were more letters to be read, more dreams to be dreamt—the work would go swiftly.



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