

Modern Screen

SEPTEMBER

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**SINATRA'S
LIFE
STORY!**

A lovelier you... **Skin's Softer, Smoother**
with just One Cake of Camay!



Mrs. John Louie
 OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

"A lovelier complexion may mean romance—so do try my Camay," suggests Mrs. Louie. "I found my first cake brought delicate new softness to my skin."

**Tests by doctors prove
 Camay is *really mild***

A softer, fresher, more captivating complexion *for you*... with just *one cake* of Camay... when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Yes—doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions... on girls with skin like *YOURS!* And most complexions simply bloomed. They looked clearer, fresher... with the very *first* cake of Camay.

**...it cleanses
 without
 irritation**



These tests gave proof of Camay's *mildness*... proof it can *benefit* skin. The doctors reported, "*Camay is really mild. It cleansed without irritation.*" No wonder Camay can bring such exciting new beauty to skin.

**Go on the
 Camay Mild-Soap Diet!**

So easy—you simply cream Camay's mild lather over face—forehead, nose. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Repeat morning and night.

That's all—and with your *first* cake of Camay, your complexion takes on softer, sweeter appeal!



**Your Camay is
 precious—make it last!**

Vital materials go into soap. Be patriotic... use *just* what you need.

★ Whip up a lovely Camay lather... with just a few rubs on your cake. ★ Return your Camay *at once* to a dry soap dish. ★ Tuck your Camay slivers into a bathmit for *grand* lather!

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

A radiant smile wins
admiration!



Let your smile bring new happiness.
Help keep it sparkling with Ipana
and Massage!

LET YOUR HOPES SOAR, Plain Girl! It doesn't take beauty to rate special raves.

Watch the girls who score the biggest hits—the girls who invite popularity and romance. See how often their appeal lies in their smiles!

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a smile that hesitates, timid and uncertain—but one that is gay and flashing, bright as dancing sunbeams. Remember that such a smile

needs sparkling teeth—bright teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", see your dentist! He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—denied natural exercise by soft, creamy foods. And he may, as many dentists do, suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage".

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the health of the gums. Every

time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation steps up in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Start today to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



On Top of the World—that's the girl whose smile is a sparkling charm. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep the heart-stirring radiance in your smile!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S **LION'S ROAR**

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We made lots of promises about what to expect in this year of grace and the Number Twenty anniversary of M-G-M.

One of the promises was "The White Cliffs of Dover". And from the success and the opinions, guess we've a right to say—promise fulfilled.

Another—and what another!—is the forthcoming "Dragon Seed".

You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the billboards. You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the express trucks. You'll read about "Dragon Seed" in your newspapers. You'll hear about "Dragon Seed" on the "M-G-M Screen Test" radio program.

And all the shouting will be about something that deserves the shouting.

Pearl Buck's best-seller is the story. M-G-M, you may recall, is the producer of her "Good Earth". But "Dragon Seed" makes this former remarkable production pale into whatever things pale into.



Mask of Katharine Hepburn
by James W. T. Benda

Katharine Hepburn as "Jade" gives one of the outstanding performances of this or any year.

But others—Walter Huston in particular—Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff, Henry Travers—are right up there. As is the splendid direction of Jack Conway and Harry Bucquet.

Pandro Berman produced. Misses Roberts and Murfin did the screen play. It's all a wonderful package.

This tremendously dramatic, unquestionably tender personal narrative stands in the foreground of China's magnificent resistance to inhuman aggression.

Other publications are calling "Dragon Seed" the Picture of the Month. Certainly that. It is really the Picture of the Year.

But even more—it is the Picture of the Hour.

—Lea



modern screen

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MODERN SCREEN SPENDS A DAY WITH ALAN LADD*

We snooped around and got you the low-down on a certain blonde guy with a three-ring circus for a house and a terrific knack for friendship. 30

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He saw his people through World War 1. But it was after the last shot was fired that his biggest battle was to begin 38

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To hypo the fans overnight with his "Damian" in "North Star," to make Farley Granger more than just a name on a dog tag. . . . 40

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Presenting the other Errol Flynn—the art gallery owner who limbed out of the headlines into a million G.I. hearts. 42

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Rich, glamorous Alice Faye once confided to a friend, "Some day I want a houseful of kids." That friend was Hedda Hopper, and here she tells us how that dream came true. 44

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By day he was a regular fellow setting up the kids to a round of tootsie rolls in grandpa's store. But at night he was mama's sleepy little lamb. Life story, part 1 46

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Diamonds, orchids, Lena Horne's had it all. But nothing's counted half so much as that box of cheap powder from the poor kids in Billy Rose's show and the speech that went with it. 58

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Home is where the heart is, so "former civilian" Payne is digging in for the duration with a season juke box pass and a field full of would-be airmen 63

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M-G-M
Twenty Years Of
Screen Leadership



Pearl Buck's best seller
has become one of the
truly fine motion pictures
of our time...



The glorious story of a
girl with a fighting heart
and the man who fought
by her side...



Katharine Hepburn as the
brave and lovely "Jade"
gives THE performance of
her career...



For its tremendous drama
and great tenderness, a
triumph that exceeds even
"The Good Earth"!

M-G-M's
**DRAGON
SEED**

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

Hurd Hatfield • J. Carrol Naish
Agnes Moorehead • Henry Travers
Robert Bice • Jacqueline de Wit
Frances Rafferty • Robert Lewis

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts
and Jane Murn • Based on the
Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by
Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet
Produced by Pandro S. Berman



Spark from Casanova's (Gary Cooper) cigarette fires wife's (Tereso Wright) parental mansion, touches off series of major catastrophes.

Fannie Hurst

LOOKS AT "CASANOVA BROWN"

■ "Casanova Brown" finds its way, straight as the crow flies, to your funny bone, and your approval.

Cheers, *International Pictures*, for your first-born.

Here is farce without doors, a house afire without bells, all accomplished without mirrors or hokum. It's a foamy, pleasantly light soufflé that doesn't bog down.

If possible, corral a seat in the loges and sink in deeply because you are going to have a good evening. But don't worry too much if there are only ordinary seats to be had. Anyway you look at it, you'll have a good time at "Casanova Brown."

Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell are the authors of the play from which this picture has so adroitly (*Continued on page 8*)

THE MOST WARMLY
HUMAN STORY ...
THE MIGHTIEST
PANORAMA OF THRILLS
EVER FILMED!

Five women in love!
Intrigue in
Washington!
Flaming passions at
Versailles! Famous
stars ... 12,000
players ... surging
through 200 sets ...
echoing with
87 beloved songs!

*Darryl F.
Zanuck's*

WILSON

in **TECHNICOLOR!**

with
ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN
GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL
RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

Directed by **HENRY KING**
LAMAR TROTTI

Written for the Screen by

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN 50

YEARS OF MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!

Goodnight Sweetheart

Ladies and Gentlemen—
It's a Sweetheart of a Picture!

Yes! It's gay with that youthful romantic spirit! It's reckless with the kind of abandon that makes for swell fun when you join in the joy! It's a grand cast in a grand screen treat!



Starring
Robert LIVINGSTON
and **RUTH TERRY**

with HENRY HULL
GRANT WITHERS
THURSTON HALL
LLOYD CORRIGAN



**A REPUBLIC
PICTURE**

emerged, with Sam Wood waving his expert directing finger. The cast is the sort which once in a blue-moon causes an author to mutter into his beard: "They bring to my lines a darned sight more than I ever put into them!"

Notably heading the players is Gary Cooper at his Gary Cooper-ish best.

If you must know the story, all right, but it's far better that you wait and get it for yourself. The reason is obvious. "Casanova Brown" is zany! And first rate motion picture zaniness has to be seen to be fully appreciated.

It's about Casanova Brown, college professor, who can trace his lineage back to that cut-up Giovanni Casanova, whose proper noun of a name has become synonym for "improper."

Let us hasten to assure all, however, that our local Casanova commits his delightful indiscretions within the conservative framework of the American way. Let us also hasten to assure that Casanova Brown, college professor, ceases being scholarly almost before he begins.

In the opening scene he steps off a New York train and pleads with his waiting fiancée (Anita Louise) to never again permit him to visit New York. There is portent of impending events in "them thar words." And do they impend!

A father-in-law to end all father-in-law traditions, fabulously played by Frank Morgan, lurks around the corner. So do half-million-dollar houses afire, maternity wards, kidnappings, altar hit-and-missings. It's all literate, high-grade nonsense, as epicurean as Casanova Brown's famed ancestor himself, which starts early and is sustained throughout.

"Casanova Brown" succeeds in packaging a juicy 1944 version of his ancestor's goings-on that is certain to slide uproariously down the American gullet.

Trapped by something known as love, Professor Casanova, while on this visit to New York, which was originally for the purpose of selling a manuscript on the spicy subject of his Venetian ancestor, meets a Barnard college student and almost immediately ups and marries her. All this, mind you, while back home he has a very beautiful and very blonde fiancée, who is going to be waiting at the train when he arrives home and to whom he is going to say portentously, "Never, never let me go to New York again, my darling."

Clutch your brow along in here. But there's a flashback sequence which will straighten things out for you. At the point where Casanova Brown steps off the train, neither the audience nor his fiancée know that he has been married, and that all in that same brief interim, the marriage has been annulled.

a'waitin' at the church . . .

The major complication sets in on the day of his impending second marriage when a letter summons him to a maternity hospital in Chicago. This letter falls into the hands of that outrageous old bouncer, his nearly-but-not-quite father-in-law.

Desperate, Casanova Brown is forced to take papa-in-law into his confidence. Together they figure out, that by plane and grace-of-God, Casanova can make-it and sneak-it to Chicago and back, before the wedding ceremony that afternoon.

The story, by way of Casanova taking father-in-law into his confidence, moves, via flashback, into the story of marriage number one to the smoky-haired Barnard student, which is played for all it is worth by Teresa Wright.

The arrival of young couple number-one at the half-million-dollar home of the Barnard college bride, is the scene of as comic

a fire (which incidentally razes the house to the ground) as you will find in a celluloid library of motion pictures.

The sophomore bride's mother is played by Patricia Collinge in the key of mild and delightful dementia. An ardent disciple of astrology, she reads no good in the stars' version of her new son-in-law, and is instantly as opposed to him, and for just about as logical a reason as she is to cigarette smoking.

In his anxiety to propitiate his new mother-in-law, Casanova, caught smoking, inadvertently crams the lighted fag into his coat pocket. After a while his father-in-law leans sniffily forward to casually inquire, "Aren't you on fire, my boy?" Thereafter ensues . . .

It is after this marriage is annulled by way of parental interference between two young people who basically love one another, that Casanova steps off the train and is met by his waiting fiancée.

We now emerge from the flashback to marriage number-one and catch up with Casanova Brown on the day of his impending second marriage.

Only a few movie hours from the altar, Casanova makes his hurried dash for Chicago to ex-wife and child.

His arrival at the maternity hospital; the devices of bride number-one, who has lured him back to her side as she lies on her hospital bed after having borne him a daughter; the processes by which father-love came to Casanova; the kidnapping; the ultimate calling on-again of a called-off marriage while the infant daughter of these two reunited lovers gives an exultant little belch, tells as inadequately on paper as the story tells brilliantly across the screen. You've got to see it to appreciate it.

Never mind about lovely fiancée waiting at the church. You still like Casanova Brown, and you know that beauteous betrothed number-one will find quick compensations.

Even in those rare moments when all this farce widens and ever-so-slightly thins out, it is sustained above the danger line by consistently good direction and acting, which starts with Sam Wood, moves brightly through such principles as Cheers-for Gary-Cooper, Bravo-Frank-Morgan, Swell-Trouper Teresa Wright, Applause-for Patricia-Collinge and for Sweetness-and-Light Anita Louise and so on down through a competent list that hasn't a black mark against it.

From all of which you will deduce that "Casanova Brown" is a honey of a movie. Which it is!—Int. Pictures released by RKO

I SAW IT HAPPEN

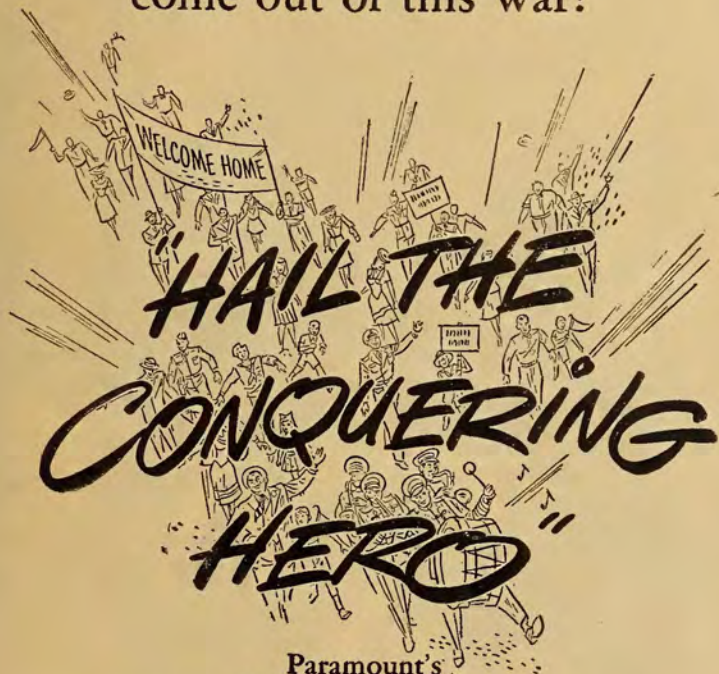
Nancy Kelly and Preston Foster were scheduled to appear at a Bond Rally being held at the Monesson, Pa., railroad station. In view of the fact that it was getting late and the stars had only a half-hour to spare between trains, the Master of Ceremonies decided to start reading Mr. Foster's speech about the three wounded soldiers who were present as guests of honor. When he got to the middle of the speech, the stars arrived and dashed up to the platform—with Preston Foster going right into the same speech, word for word, but with much dramatic inflection!

I wonder if Mr. Foster knows yet why that hysterical, but very appreciative, audience went into such gales of laughter at his truly moving rendition!

Joan Kelly,
Donora, Pa.

From the man
who gave you
"THE MIRACLE OF
MORGAN'S CREEK"

Preston Sturges...
your favorite
humorist...with
LOVE and LAUGHTER gives
you the greatest comedy to
come out of this war!



Paramount's
"Miracle" men are at it again

EDDIE BRACKEN

the unwilling father of "Morgan's Creek" becomes the unwilling hero of Oak Ridge

Ella Raines

Life's new candidate for a gal who'll go far!

William Demarest

Papa Kockenlocker becomes a Marine Sergeant—and on him it's becoming!

Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn

Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards

Written and Directed by **PRESTON STURGES**

what a riot!



what a heart!



The story of a man who
didn't go to war... but became
a hero to his home town!

EVEN IF YOU CAN'T Wear One of These



...YOU CAN STILL DO A War Job!

IF you think you can qualify for enlistment as a WAC, WAVE, MARINE or SPAR, apply now. You are needed! Men must be freed for active service.

But other war jobs need doing, too. So if you can't serve in uniform, don't quit. Less glorious jobs are equally vital to victory!

Find your right war job today. Every woman working will speed the day when our men return victorious. Read the Want Ad section of your newspaper to see what war jobs now are open, and consult your local U. S. Employment Service Office for advice.

Published in co-operation with
the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries
by the makers of

MIDOL

When you've got the job, keep at it! Avoid absenteeism by remembering Midol. Use it regularly to relieve menstrual discomfort—functional cramps, headache, blues.

★ A product of General Drug Company

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

MR. SKEFFINGTON

"Mr. Skeffington" is a long and elaborate picture founded on a very simple theme. The theme is one our grandmothers were fond of stressing—"Beauty is as Beauty does." In this picture, beauty does very badly indeed. Fanny Skeffington is beautiful as all get out, but she's an extremely unpleasant person. You want to hit her over the head with a vase of the flowers her admirers are always sending her. That is probably a tribute to the convincing intensity with which Bette Davis plays the part.

Fanny does have one person she cares about—her brother, Trippy (Richard Waring). It is to protect him and give him the wealth he has always taken for granted that she marries Job Skeffington (Claude Rains). Job is a clever, patient man, the head of a large Jewish brokerage firm. He knows Fanny has married him for his money, but he hopes to win her affection. Fanny however, continues to have a string of adoring beaux and treats Job with casual indifference. She does have a daughter by him but is more annoyed than anything else by the event.

As time goes on, it becomes more and more difficult for Fanny to remain a great beauty. It takes more time and work, and she needs more admirers to bolster her ego. She has no time left at all for Job. Anyway, she blames him for the death of her brother and for the fact that she has a growing daughter. When she finds that he is unfaithful to her, she is genuinely surprised. But she promptly takes that chance to divorce him and even persuades him to take the child.

Eventually Fanny becomes something of an institution—"The Beautiful Fanny Skeffington. How ever does she do it?" Her taste in men runs to the very young, very athletic type now. Such as Johnny Mitchell (Charles Drake). Then her daughter (Marjorie Riordan), a grown woman now, comes home. And at the same time, Fanny gets diphtheria and loses the beauty that has enabled her to get away with so much. The results of that loss are far reaching indeed.

"Mr. Skeffington" is a fascinating picture. Claude Rains, Walter Abel and young Richard Waring are particularly good.—War.

P. S.

Bette Davis requested Vincent Sherman as director for this one. Argued with him intelligently and at great length, once production started, as to how Fanny Trellis should be played... If you'll take a good look at the picture of Bette that hangs over one of the mantel-pieces in the veddy formal home, you'll be seeing the very first painting Bette has ever commissioned to be done of herself. The role of Mrs. Skeffington interested her so much, she had the portrait painted, then loaned it to the studio. After the picture finished, she shipped the painting to her New Hampshire farm house... Claude Rains, por-

trayer of the title role, came close to the finger-nail chewing stage when production on the picture dragged out to twelve, finally fourteen weeks. Rains had a commitment to go to England for a picture with Vivien Leigh, and with every day that passed, chances for transportation to the British Isles grew slimmer. Finally made it, and will play half the title role this time, in "Caesar and Cleopatra"... One of the most charming performances in the entire film is a small bit by a ten-year-old girl during a scene in a crowded dining room. She is Sylvia Arslan, who so impressed Director Sherman with her work in an earlier picture of his, he had the little scene written in for her... Cameraman for "Skeffington" was Ernie Haller, one of the best cinematographers in the industry... Bette's hair-do and make-up took three, sometimes four hours to get ready, included sheets of facial rubber manipulated to form wrinkles and bags under her eyes. Extremely uncomfortable to wear, the harsh make-up nearly ruined the Davis complexion.

THE SEVENTH CROSS

This is the story of seven men, and of seven crosses in a concentration camp that wait for them. It is in particular, the story of one of these men—George Heisler (Spencer Tracy) and his fight for freedom.

Back in 1936 most of Germany was heiling Hitler with wild enthusiasm. But there were doubters, even then. Men, wiser than the rest, who foresaw the tragedy he would bring upon. These doubters, when discovered by the Gestapo, were put into concentration camps. Sometimes—not often—they escaped. Seven of them escape one foggy night from Westhofen. George Heisler is one of them. The break is led by a strong and determined man, Wallau (Ray Collins). He knows that their chances of reaching freedom are slight, but death is better than the concentration camp. Wallau is especially anxious for George to escape. George was a brilliant idealist when he came to Westhofen. He has been tortured until his mind is almost a blank. Still, a spark remains.

The seven men separate once they are outside prison walls. In that first breathless moment, they are hopeful. Then the siren sounds, dogs howl. George, lying half buried in the mud, hears a man scream. He knows that someone has been caught. But he doesn't know it's their leader, Wallau. Nor does he know that seven crosses are to be set up in the yard. Wallau is hung to the first one. The six others wait...

Day by dreadful day, George tries new avenues to freedom—and finds them blocked. Day by day, he reads of the capture of his comrades, until only one cross remains empty. Leni (Karen Verne) whom he dreamed of in prison, has married. She refuses—flatly, angrily—to help him. Still, there are others. Paul (Hume Cronyn) and his wife. A man named Sauer, who is afraid, (Continued on page 14)

NOW YOU CAN SEE IT AT POPULAR PRICES!



If you like
ROMANCE
with your
ADVENTURE
-you'll love

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN



WARNER BROS.®

story of the man who
made the Wild West
wild with laughter
and the girl he
crossed a continent
to find!

Starring

FREDRIC MARCH • ALEXIS SMITH • DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE • C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE

BILL HENRY • WALTER HAMPDEN • ROBERT BARRAT • JOYCE REYNOLDS • Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandler • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by Mark Twain Co., and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer • Produced by Jesse L. Lasky • Directed by IRVING RAPPER

BLIND DATE
to WEDDING DATE



FOR THE GIRL WITH LUSTROUS HAIR

How thrilled I was when Kay called.

"All set for a keen date? Bab and his buddy are home on a weekend leave." "Wonderful," I cried, "but my hair's so dull and dingy, I feel downright gloomy."



"Why Nestle Colorinse can help in nothing flat," Kay said. "Try it tonight after your shampaa." Did it work? I'll say! Just look at the sparkling highlights—the richer, warmer color, the glarious sheen it gave my hair. Besides—Colorinse leaves hair so much softer and silkier.



Jim Reed, my blind date, noticed too—says he's going to spend his whole life with my bright, sparkling head on his shoulder. I'll spend mine singing the praises of Colorinse.

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 coif in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25c.



Nestle HAIRLAC

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

121 pictures rated this month

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

Movie	Rating	Movie	Rating
A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M).....	3½★	Madame Curie (M-G-M).....	4★
Action in the North Atlantic (Warners).....	3½★	Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Adventures of Mark Twain, The (Warners).....	C 3½★	Man From Frisco (Republic).....	3½★
Amazing Mr. Forrest, The (PRC).....	3★	Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic).....	3★
Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Mask of Dimitrios (Warners).....	3½★
Around the World (RKO).....	3★	Men On Her Mind (PRC).....	3★
Bathing Beauty (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Moon Is Down, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Battle of Russia (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Mummy's Ghost (Universal).....	3★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Mystery Man (United Artists).....	3★
Between Two Worlds (Warners).....	3★	Navy Way, The (Paramount).....	3★
Black Parachute, The (Columbia).....	3★	No Time For Love (Paramount).....	3½★
Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	North Star, The (RKO).....	4★
Casanova in Burlesque (Republic).....	3★	Northern Pursuit (Warners).....	3★
Christmas Holiday (Universal).....	3★	Old Acquaintance (Warners).....	3★
Claudia (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Once Upon A Time (Columbia).....	C 3½★
Cobra Woman (Universal).....	3★	Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Corvette K-225 (Universal).....	4★	Passport to Destiny (RKO).....	3★
Crazy House (Universal).....	C 3½★	People's Avengers (Artlinka).....	3★
Cross of Lorraine, The (M-G-M).....	3★	Phantom of the Opera, The (Universal).....	3½★
Cry Havoc (M-G-M).....	3★	Pin Up Girl (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Dancing Masters, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Princess O'Rourke (Warners).....	3½★
Days of Glory (RKO).....	3½★	Riding High (Paramount).....	3★
Desert Song, The (RKO).....	C 3★	Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Destination Tokyo (Warners).....	4★	Russian Story, The (Artlinka Pictures).....	3★
Detective Kitty O'Day (Monogram).....	3★	Russians at War (Artlinka Pictures).....	3★
Diary of a Nazi (Artlinka Pictures).....	3★	Sahara (Warners).....	4★
Drifter, The (PRC).....	3★	Secret Command (Columbia).....	3½★
Fire in the Straw (Benoit-Levy Production).....	3½★	Seven Days Ashore (Universal).....	3★
Fired Wife (Universal).....	3★	Shake Hands With Murder (PRC).....	3★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal).....	3½★	Show Business (RKO).....	C 3½★
Follow the Boys (Universal).....	3½★	Siege of Leningrad (Lenfilm).....	4★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount).....	4★	Silk, Blood and Sun (Maya Films).....	3★
48 Hours (Michael Balcon-British Production).....	4★	Silver Spurs (Republic).....	3★
Gangway for Tomorrow (RKO).....	3★	Someone to Remember (Republic).....	3★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4★
Gaslight (M-G-M).....	4★	Song of the Open Road (United Artists).....	C 3★
Ghost Ship, The (RKO).....	3★	Spider Woman, The (Universal).....	3★
Gildersleeve's Ghost (RKO).....	3★	Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Story of Dr. Wassell, The (Paramount).....	3★
Girl in the Case, The (Columbia).....	3★	Sweet Rosie O'Grady (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Going My Way (Paramount).....	C 4★	Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners).....	3★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M).....	4★
Gyander of India (Prabhat Studios).....	3★	They Met in Moscow (Moscow Film Studios).....	4★
Happy Land (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	This is the Army (Warners).....	4★
Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount).....	C 3½★	This is the Life (Universal).....	C 3½★
Hi Diddle Diddle (United Artists).....	3★	Top Man (Universal).....	C 3★
His Butler's Sister (Universal).....	3★	True to Life (Paramount).....	3½★
Hitler Gang, The (Paramount).....	3½★	Trysil Knot (Triangle Films).....	4★
Home in Indiana (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★	Up in Mabel's Room (United Artists).....	3★
Hostages (Paramount).....	3★	Vi Hemslovinor (Swedish Film).....	3½★
Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount).....	3★	Virgenque Forjo una Patria (Clasa Film).....	4★
I Dood It (Paramount).....	C 3★	What a Woman (Columbia).....	3★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic).....	3★	We've Come A Long, Long Way (Negro Marches On, Inc.).....	3★
Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal).....	3★	Where Are Your Children? (Monogram).....	3★
Jam Session (Columbia).....	3★	Whispering Footsteps (Republic).....	3★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists).....	3★	Whistler, The (Columbia).....	3½★
Kansas, The (United Artists).....	3★	White Cliffs of Dover, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Lassie Came Home (M-G-M).....	C 4★	Wintertime (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★
Law of the Saddle (PRC).....	C 3★	Youngest Profession The (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Let's Face It (Paramount).....	C 3½★		
Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox).....	4★		

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Senate... Senate raises McGee off the floor!
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and Molly

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Barbara HALE · Don DOUGLAS · Irving BACON

Produced by Robert Fellows · Directed by Howard Estabrook

Screen Play by Howard Estabrook
and Don Quinn
Original Story by Howard Estabrook

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great
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RADIO
COMEDIES



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.



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

but finally helps anyway. And Toni (Signe Hasso), who risks her life for George. In the background is the Gestapo always searching. But searching, too, is George's best friend, Franz, who can get him out of the country if he can find him. Which will get to George first?

The extraordinary cast of this inspiring picture includes Agnes Moorehead, Jessica Tandy, Katherine Locke, and Felix Bressart. Spencer Tracy and Signe Hasso are superb.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Signe Hasso spent most of her spare time in front of a radio mike—broadcasting her mother's poems to Sweden via short-wave. Signe's mother is Helfrid Larsson, famous Swedish painter and poet. Signe has also been contributing Hollywood articles to "Veckojournalen," the Swedish equivalent of our "Life" Magazine. . . . Hume Cronyn sold his second short story to a Canadian publication. Has been commissioned to do a picture-story of Alfred Hitchcock. After a tour of Army Camps with the "Seventh Cross," Hume returned to the New York stage. . . . Ray Collins, veteran of more than 900 roles on stage and screen, is "the voice" in this. . . . Miss Hasso had the honor of being the last star to pose on the famous white bear rug of photographer George Hurrell which has been the background for most of the women stars in Hollywood for many years—George auctioned it for War Bonds. . . . One scene in the picture called for the sound of laughter of children at play. Director Fred Zinneman searched for likely-looking chil-

dren—then couldn't get so much as a smile from them. As a last resort he took one of them for a "horsie ride" on his back, recorded the sound of the other three calling and laughing. Trouble came when he stopped—Fred had enough sound track, but the kids hadn't enough horsie rides. He spent the rest of the day giving each of the four a ride in turn. . . . Reproduction of the Cathedral of Mainz was the biggest task ever given the Metro prop department. Structure was 366 feet long, 150 feet wide, 89 feet high and was held up with 56 pillars. Was so real and awe-inspiring, cast went around the set on tip-toe, not speaking above a whisper.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN SOCIETY

If you're in search of an intellectual evening, this is not for you. But it's funny, and it doesn't involve any mental effort, and it has Marion Hutton as well as the Sultans of Slapstick. Abbott and Costello play a couple of plumbers who are let loose on Society. They aren't even very good plumbers. You ought to see Lou Costello trying to fix a leaky drainpipe. He hits it a crack with a hammer, the pipe breaks, water spouts over and starts filling up the bathtub. He cuts a hole in the side of the tub to keep it from overflowing. Final result: Abbott and Costello float triumphantly out of the bathroom in the tub, on something resembling the Johnstown flood. That gives you an idea of what to expect.

Their call to fix the drainpipe results

in their being invited—by mistake, of course—to a week-end party at the home of Mrs. Roger Winthrop (Margaret Irving) veddy social. Their friend, Elsie Hamming (Marion Hutton), lady taxi driver, is also invited—also by mistake. Young Peter Evans (Kirby Grant), who has more money than there is in the world, has fallen in love with Elsie, which irritates Mrs. Winthrop quite a lot. She had planned on marrying her daughter Gloria (Anne Gillis) to him and his bankroll.

Abbott and Costello are not equipped sartorially for a country week-end in the grand manner. But there are a couple of other guests, about the size of Bud and Lou, who mysteriously lose their luggage on arrival. From then on, the plumbers are the best dressed men in the place.

The boys' delight at all this is dimmed by the arrival of a well-known thief named Dexter. What makes it awkward is that they owe him a thousand dollars, and he is blackmailing them into helping steal a valuable painting. The boys refuse to help, and Dexter's pal starts making with the knives. Bud and Lou escape for the moment, but by then the painting has disappeared, and they are accused of stealing it. It is probably revealing no great secret to tell you that the boys capture the thief and turn out to be heroes. After all, this isn't a mystery story—it's a comedy and a good one.—Univ.

P. S.

Abbott and Costello return to the screen

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after an absence of more than eighteen months. Costello was seriously ill, and Abbott refused to make a picture without him. . . . Lou is the owner of a brand new producing company. His first contract actress was Anne Gillis (remember Becky in "Tom Sawyer"?) Lou, acting as Anne's agent, sold her contract to Universal so she could work with him in this picture. . . . Two of the most famous gag-men in the funny business worked on this one: Sidney Fields and Hal Fimberg. Sidney is the Mr. Guffey of the Eddie Cantor program. . . . Dance director George Dobbs spent weeks touring public swimming pools in California looking for eight beautiful girls. Wasn't necessary for them to be able to dance, sing or act—they were just to sit and look gorgeous in a bathing suit. . . . Cast and crew were taken on location for one week—to Pasadena, a half-hour's drive from Hollywood! In peace-time this is commuting distance. Gasoline shortage forced the studio to pack the whole gang into a bus and take them out for several days. . . . Arthur Treacher has competition in the person of Wm. C. Davidson in this picture, with the two men attempting to out-butt one another. . . . Pay special attention to Kirby Grant, young romantic lead. Universal is grooming him for stardom—holds high hopes for his success in the movie world. . . . In case you didn't know, Marion Hutton—the gal who does such a terrific job on those three songs—is Betty's sister. . . . Villain Tom Gomez spent seven years on the New York stage with Lunt and Fontanne. . . . Edmund L. Hartmann was writer and co-producer, Jean Yarbough directed.

DRAGON SEED

You probably read "Dragon Seed" by Pearl Buck, and thought it would make a wonderful picture. M-G-M thought so too, and assembled a top flight cast to do it justice. Katharine Hepburn has the fascinating role of Jade. Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff and Hurd Hatfield make amazingly effective Chinese. But the one you'll probably pin your gaze to is handsome Turhan Bey.

Can you imagine a household where a woman who can read is not only a novelty but a problem? Ling Tan (Walter Huston) and his wife (Aline MacMahon) regard the educated Jade, who is married to their second son, with both awe and concern. It is better that a woman cook and wash and bear children than play with words printed on paper. The oldest son, Lao Ta, looks at his own lazy wife, Orchid, and thinks that at least she knows her place in the household. The youngest son, Lao San, says "If I had a wife like Jade, I would beat her." Jade's husband, Lao Er, is ashamed of his wife's unruliness, and yet he loves her and is proud of her, too. One day, to show his love, he buys her a book. That brings happiness to them both, and soon Jade tells him that she is to bear a child.

But the quiet farm with its rice paddies and grain fields is not as remote as it seems from world events. The Japanese are heading that way. "We are men of peace," says Ling Tan. "Surely they will not molest us." Jade and her husband disagree, and go to join a group of rebels in the hills. Ling Tan is indeed sadly wrong. The Japs come through, taking their usual course of murder and rape. Orchid falls victim to them. The sons of the house escape, eventually, to the hills. Ling Tan and his wife remain, although starvation and death hover like vultures. Their daughter is married to a merchant, Wu Lien, who is friendly with the invaders. He spies upon his wife's family and their activities. But before he can report his discoveries to the Japs, Jade

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comes back—as rebellious and as beautiful as ever—and takes matters into her own hands. The women of China, as well as the men, have learned to be ruthless. Some day when peace comes, they will return to being women. But now they must first of all be patriots.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Walter Huston was so impressed with the set of the Ling Tan home, he plans to build one patterned after it on his 1000-acre ranch in Potterville, California, after the war. In place of the pond in the Ling Tan garden, Walter will build a swimming pool. . . . While in production, Walter expected son John home from overseas duty, but John didn't get home till weeks later. . . . Wei Hsueh, technical advisor for the film, is a Chinese student. Came to America after the Japanese invasion of his homeland. . . . Frances Rafferty's fiancé, Lt. Dewey Barnes, came through 25 bombing missions over Germany without a scratch—was almost killed in a California bus crash on his way to see Frances at the studio. . . . They'd planned a double wedding ceremony with another couple. Came the war, and the two men were sent to opposite sides of the world. Friend's fiancé returned home first so Frances acted as maid of honor instead of Bride No. 2. . . . Prop department constructed an entire Chinese village on the desert near Calabasas, California, for earth scorching scene. . . . Tiny Winifred Woo (9 months old at the time) objected vociferously to chewing on machine-gun shell until bright prop boy (who used to be a baby himself) suggested coating it with sugar. . . . Katie Hepburn never misses having a swim every morning before breakfast. 6:30 a.m. studio calls didn't stop her. She was paddling around in the

hotel pool some mornings as early as 5:00. . . . Parents of Hurd Hatfield feared the movies might make a "sissy" out of Hurd—changed their minds when they came out from New York to watch their son work in "Dragon Seed." Happened onto the set the day Hurd, surrounded by flames, was having great hunks of plaster dropped on his head. Mother thought they were trying to kill him. Dad, a New York attorney, had only one comment, "Let me know if you decide to sue!"

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

Eddie Bracken in a picture directed by Preston Sturges is getting to be a major event. This one is even funnier than "Miracle at Morgan's Creek." Eddie is still the fall guy in a tough spot—bewildered, harassed and rebellious. Ella Raines plays his girl, and William Demarest is wonderful as a Marine sergeant. A comparative unknown named Freddie Steele turns in a superlative performance as a Marine with a "mother complex."

Woodrow Truesmith (Eddie Bracken) was a Marine himself for all of a month. Then he was given a medical discharge. Reason: Hay fever. For a lot of boys that would have been disappointing but not tragic. For Woodrow it's a catastrophe. You see, his dad was the town's biggest hero of World War I, and was killed at Belleau Wood. Everyone, including Woodrow's mother (Georgia Caine), expects Woodrow to follow in his footsteps. So when he's discharged from the Marines, he writes his mother that he has been sent overseas. He goes to work in a defense plant but manages to have letters mailed to her and his girl from Guadalcanal. He even writes Libby (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her any more, so she won't

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QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day with Alan Ladd | ☐ | The Guy Next Door (Dana Andrews) | ☐ |
| "Wilson" | ☐ | Terrible Tommy (Tommy Dix) | ☐ |
| Boy Wanted (Farley Granger) | ☐ | Dark Angel (Lena Horne) | ☐ |
| Can't Help Lovin' that Man (Errol Flynn) | ☐ | G.I. Johnny (John Payne) | ☐ |
| Three of a Kind (Alice Faye)—by Hedda Hopper | ☐ | Tender Comrades (Donald O'Connor) | ☐ |
| Frank Sinatra, Life Story Part I | ☐ | Good News—by Louella Parsons | ☐ |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

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

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be sitting around waiting for him. Because that's the thing—he can't ever go home now and let them know he isn't a Marine at all.

At least he thinks he can't. But when he buys drinks one night for six Marines who are temporarily out of funds, they have a different idea. "You oughta go home," Buggy (Freddie Steele) tells him. "You got a swell mother. Go home and make her happy." The Sergeant agrees with Buggy. Before Woodrow knows what it's all about, he is home, in a handsome Marine uniform, with a flock of medals and six devoted buddies to tell everyone what a hero he was at Guadalcanal. Woodrow doesn't like any part of it, but he's outnumbered.

Only the thing gets out of hand. The whole town turns out with brass bands and flowers. They tear up the mortgage on his mother's house and even decide to make Woodrow mayor. That does it! Woodrow's got to get out of this mess, but fast. The trouble is, every time he tries there are six Marines to stop him. Until finally he thinks of a way . . .

You'll have an elegant time at "Hail The Conquering Hero."—Par.

P. S.

Eddie Bracken's first solo-starring picture gives him the chance to hit the height all comedians dream of—making a long, poignant, tear-jerking speech. His, at the story climax, runs seven minutes, and Eddie did it in one "take". . . . It was during production of this picture that Ella Raines announced her year-old marriage to Captain Kenneth Trout. MODERN SCREEN, incidentally, may take a bow for discovering Miss Raines when she first came to Hollywood. Doyle Brentano, a member of the Hollywood staff of M. S., met Ella and recognized star possibilities in her when others passed her by. Doyle introduced Ella to Hollywood and its Ways, guided her to the right agents and through the portals of the motion picture studios. Miss Raines finally landed a contract and now is headed for certain stardom. Mr. B. is in the Navy for the duration—has been in the South Pacific for nearly three years. . . . Production on the picture began with fifteen days on location at the Paramount ranch. Setting for the town of Oakridge, Calif., is the Morgan's Creek town with \$1700 worth of changes. Store fronts were changed, and a church was added where the Morgan's Creek jail had been. . . . Working during the heat of summer, the crew guzzled 65 five-gallon jugs of water, 60 gallons of lemonade, 50 gallons of milk, 30 gallons of coffee and ten gallons of tomato juice. It took 1900 pounds of ice to keep these beverages cool. . . . Everyone rode to, and from location in buses—sometimes as many as 15 were needed to transport the 175 extras. . . . The theater where Betty Hutton and Bracken held their morning rendezvous in the "Miracle," is still called the Regent. However, the bill has been changed from "The Lady Eve" to "The Palm Beach Story." Notice the statue in the park. It's supposed to represent Gen. Jacob Zabriski but is really the statue of Joel McCrea (The Great Man's Lady), with a new plaster beard!

THE CLIMAX

Universal seems very fond of a formula which combines opera with a "horror" plot. A sort of "Frankenstein at the Metropolitan" effect. Not that Frankenstein appears in this. The horror is supplied by that efficient purveyor of shudders, Boris Karloff. The opera department is presided over by lovely Susanna Foster, a swell

actress and a handy girl with an aria. Karloff plays Dr. Hohner, who is a familiar figure backstage at the opera. He was engaged to Marcellina, a great soprano who disappeared mysteriously ten years before. When he hears young Angela (Susanna Foster) sing, he is thrown into a turmoil of emotion. It is as though Marcellina's voice has come back to haunt him.

Other people, too, are impressed by the similarity in voices. Count Seebuck (Thomas Gomez) decides to star Angela. This delights the handsome music student, Franz (Turhan Bey), who loves her. But it infuriates the opera's present star, Jar-milla (Jane Farrar). Dr. Hohner hears of a plan which is to go into effect the following week. He tells Angela she needs throat treatments and takes her to his home one night. There he shows her souvenirs of Marcellina, including a long string of pearls she wore the night of his disappearance. He winds them around Angela's pretty neck and would probably have strangled her there and then, had not his housekeeper Louise (Gale Sondergaard) appeared.

He does succeed in hypnotizing Angela into thinking she has lost her voice. The first time she tries to rehearse the star part, her voice breaks completely. Young Franz knows something is very wrong but isn't sure what. Then Dr. Hohner takes Angela home to "cure" her, and from that moment she is a bad insurance risk. The shudders are coming at regular intervals now—is everybody happy? If you like your creeps accompanied by music, this is your dish.—Univ.

P. S.

The mansion interiors may seem familiar to San Franciscans—the rooms and furnishings are actually part of the famous Mark Hopkins estate, formerly of Nob Hill, San Francisco. Universal Studios purchased the entire salon of the Hopkins home, had it shipped to Los Angeles in sections. The furniture is priceless—hand-carved in France, shipped around the Horn in the days of the California gold rush. . . . To make hypnotic scenes authentic, studio prop department rented the revolving disc, which hypnotizes Miss Foster, from a psychiatrist . . . discovered it's a dangerous instrument in the hands of an amateur when Susanna, after staring into it for several minutes, slumped in her chair. First Aid brought her out of the deep faint, left her with a terrific headache for several hours. . . . Edward Ward, musical director for the picture, was lavish with his praise when Susanna reached A above high C while recording vocals. . . . Dot Lawrence, so anxious to make a success of her biggest role to date, kept hurting herself in fainting scene during rehearsals. Director Wagner told her to read the lines for the rehearsal but not to faint again until the final shooting. Came the "take," the lights were set, the cameras were ready, the actors took their places, and Wagner gave the command to "roll 'em". . . . Dorothy was cued, "You will sing tonight." She picked up her line, "Tonight?" then slowly turning to the director, "Do I faint now, Mr. Wagner?" . . . Boris Karloff's five-year-old daughter has never seen a picture of her daddy. She's not allowed to see the spooky movies he makes, and all his stills are so gruesome Mrs. Karloff won't have them in the house. . . . Production was held up a whole day when Boogy-man Karloff lost his teddy-bear! Boris won't go before the camera unless the ragged bear is sitting on the script in his dressing room. He left it home one morning and refused to work until it was brought to the studio!

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Here below are 20 clues. On pages 93 and 113 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 122 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score, you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! '71's average this time, '78's good, 85 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at page 122 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Prexies 2 schools *pour la danse*
2. Rooney's "Uncle Spence"
3. Husky-voiced good fairy
4. Oriental actor-artist
5. Warners' Walter
6. Headlined with "Dear Diary . . ."
7. Matinee idol of gay 90's
8. \$15,000 a week teddy bear cuddler
9. Sepia songstress
10. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch
11. Jean supplanted Joan
12. Jilted gag man
13. 44-inch cover girl
14. 3rd generation genius
15. Comedian of the *hour*
16. Written, directed, acted by—
17. Switched from sax
18. The siren of San Domingo
19. Smartest of 3 smart girls
20. Mixes cauliflower with ham

(Continued on page 93)

I LOVE A SOLDIER

Paulette Goddard and Sonny Tufts were a "natural" in "So Proudly We Hail." You fans demanded that they be starred together, and here they are.

Sonny is still playing a big, lumbering, good-hearted guy. Paulette, as Eve Morgan, is the wise-cracking type who goes out with a different soldier every night, and has no intention of getting involved with any of them. But when she meets Dan Kilgore (that's Sonny), her resolutions weaken. Dan and his friend Stiff (Walter Sande) have come on a solemn mission. Their buddy has been killed, and he left his dog tag and watch to Eve. Dan is furious when he finds that she doesn't even remember the guy. He gets into quite an argument with her, but somehow it ends with their going dancing. When Dan finally gets on the train that's to take him East, Eve realizes that here is one soldier she won't forget.

Fine. It looks like a promising romance, doesn't it? But Stiff, who has gotten very friendly with Eve's pal, Sissy (Mary Treen), happens to mention that Dan has a wife in New York. So Eve decides to concentrate on her welding job and never think of Dan again. Even when he comes back from New York with word that his wife has started divorce proceedings, Eve isn't having any. A girl is a fool to get married in war time.

One reason she feels that way is because her roommate's husband is missing in action. The roommate is going to have a baby, and the whole thing, Eve reasons, is the result of letting your emotions run

One sure way to stay sweet— after every bath, use Mum!



Don't take chances with
underarm odor. Guard your
charm with Mum!

YOU'LL step from your bath flower fresh! And right there . . . at that moment . . . you can begin to risk underarm odor. For underarms need special care. Too often a bath just isn't enough!

A bath removes *past* perspiration. But to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor—always use Mum!

Mum's a wonder for *s-p-e-e-d!* Only half a minute to smooth it on—and your charm is safe for hours! Use Mum any time—even after you're dressed. Mum's safe for fine fabrics. Safe for skin, too! Try Mum. You'll like it.

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



SWEETLY FRESH . . . at this moment! But give your charm a *future!* Mum takes only 30 seconds—yet keeps bath-freshness lasting all evening long.



1. Mum takes only 30 seconds—keeps underarms fresh for hours.
2. Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fabrics.
3. Mum prevents the risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—guards charm faithfully!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Are You in the Know?

In WAVE language, she's —

- ☐ A destroyer
- ☐ On see duty
- ☐ Being convoyed

WAVES have words of their own! For instance, "being convoyed" means being on a date. "See duty" means the movies. The girl above is a *destroyer* (pretty WAVE)—and busy at her job. Any girl can sail through dates or duty with confidence, on calendar days—when she chooses Kotex. Because Kotex is the word for *protection* in sanitary napkins. That special 4-ply safety-center gives extra protection where you need it most. And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause embarrassing accidents!



Is she headed for —

- ☐ "Heart" trouble
- ☐ A high date quota
- ☐ Complexion blues

Snacks at the hamburger bangout are fun! But too many "fries" and double desserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closeups, too, on "those" days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit tell-tale lines — for those patented Kotex ends are *pressed flat* — they don't show, because they're not thick, not stubby like some napkin ends. They're scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting...smoother!



Which is most likely to get the job?

- ☐ The girl on the left
- ☐ On the right
- ☐ In the center

Want to launch your life career, or land an after-school job? That first interview is important! Be alert, brief, frank. Show the boss you mean business, and look it—like the girl on the right. Then, stick to your job, every working day. You can, with the help of Kotex. Kotex is more comfortable—has *enduring* softness, so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. No bunching, no roping, as flimsy napkins do. You'll find Kotex holds its shape . . . actually *stays soft while wearing!*

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE



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.

away with you. She sends Dan back to the camp where he's stationed and tells him she never wants to see him again.

Of course it's easier to say those things than to stick to them. Eve finally weakens and goes out to camp. She finds that Dan, broken-hearted, is drowning his sorrows in anything alcoholic that's handy, so she decides she'd better stay around and keep him out of trouble. But the only way she can get an apartment in a military area is to be the wife of a soldier. So she poses as Mrs. Daniel Kilgore, which leads to more complications than you can imagine.

Sonny will really get you in this one.—Par.

P. S.

Director Mark Sandrich took his cast and crew to the Bay City (San Francisco) for seven weeks so all exterior shots would be authentic. For seven straight nights they worked in The Mole, famous transportation center where trains meet both the ferry boats and the Bay Bridge. Because the Mole is rushed during arrival and departure hours, work could not begin until 10:00 p.m., had to be finished before 5:00 a.m. . . . Although a fun house set was built at the studio for close-up work, background interiors were taken in San Francisco's own Playland. . . . Sandrich had to use a cablecar on a hill. It was impossible to use an actual one and hold up traffic. Studio obtained official permission to use an abandoned cable line on Clay Street, ran their own cable and operated it themselves. This is actually the site of the first cable line in the world. . . . Several hundred University of California students were used as extras, playing men in uniform and their girl-friends. . . . Sonny started the picture 15 pounds lighter than he was in last movie. Lost them on personal appearance tours and doing camp shows. While in production, Sonny and his wife rented a small home in Stone Canyon, several miles from the studio. Because of war restrictions, they couldn't have a telephone installed. Company had to send telegrams for any changes in working schedule. . . . Frank Albertson, playing a soldier, was allowed to wear his own uniform which he kept after being discharged from the Signal Corps. . . . Sheila Anne Corrigan, age 21 days, who takes the part of Ann Doran's baby in the story, has a real soldier daddy in North Africa. At the time the pictures were being taken of small Sheila Anne, her own daddy didn't know of her existence—will see her for the first time when the picture plays the North African circuit.

SONG OF NEVADA

Here's a Roy Rogers' picture that opens in—of all places—a New York night club. But don't worry. It soon has you back riding trail with Roy and Trigger. It starts in New York because John Barrabee (Thurston Hall) has come there to get his pretty daughter Joan (Dale Evans). He wants her to come home to their ranch in Nevada. Joan, however, is engaged to a Park Avenue wolf named Rollo Bingham (John Eldredge) and wants no part of the great open spaces any more. Barrabee has to take the plane West without her.

Engine trouble forces them down in the desert. Barrabee goes for a walk and hears the haunting strains of an old cowboy song. That, and the smell of frying bacon, brings him to Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers. As a result, Barrabee misses his plane, and joins forces with Roy for a ten-day trek through the Nevada mountains. When they get back to civilization, Barrabee finds that his plane had

crashed, and all the papers have carried accounts of his death. Joan and Rollo are at the ranch, grief-stricken, yet anxious to settle up his estate.

Barrabee at first intends to go and tell them that he is alive. Then he decides that perhaps by being a little more subtle he can keep Joan in Nevada. So he sends Roy to see her, with a contract dated the day of Barrabee's supposed death. A contract to drive the Barrabee horses in the big coach race that's held at this time every year and which will have every other big cattle man out there do or die-ing.

Joan, suspicious at first, soon becomes very friendly with Roy. Far too friendly to suit Rollo. They go on rides and picnics together, leaving Rollo, who is not the athletic type, to bite his nails at home. But Rollo is no dope, and he pulls a trick out of his Park Avenue top hat that discredits Roy completely. Joan, disillusioned, agrees to marry Rollo and leave for New York immediately. Then Barrabee "comes back to life," and things take another sudden turn—this time in the right direction.

Roy's homespun charm comes through to you in this picture more effectively than ever before. There are several big singing and dancing numbers, too, to help lift it above the level of the ordinary Western.—Rep.

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Well . . .

Fancy meeting you here! Or didn't you know that I'm practically a native Hollywoodite? Well, I am—or was for the past two weeks. You see, here I was at my Information Desk, dripping with dirt (the gossip variety) and packed to the gills with odd items to soothe your fevered brows, but somehow I felt guilty—how could I be your Cinema-Snooper-In-Chief without ever having been THERE? So I went. And now I'm back. And, oh my, if you thought I was on the beam *before*, well, just you send 'n those toughies this minute—I'm so heaped with hep I feel like the granddaddy of all Encyclopedia Britannica's!

Remember the address: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Charles Shore . . . **HOW CAN I OBTAIN PICTURES OF BAND-LEADERS AND BAND VOCALISTS?** Oops, now that is a problem. If they are biggies as popular as Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Kay Kyser, etc., you just address your requests to the studio where your hero last appeared in a pic, or else to the network they broadcast from. However, if they are neither picture personages nor radio headliners, then better watch Downbeat mag for their schedule, and write them at the theater at which they are appearing.

Arlene Krasnoff . . . **ARE THERE FAN CLUBS FOR GENE KELLY AND VAN JOHNSON?** Uh, huh—Dorothy Caton, 3317 Lake Avenue, Rochester, N. Y., has the Kelly Club and Renee Lee, 25 Lefferts Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., prexies the Van Johnson Club—and gosh, I think you may be interested in the swell organization for Bob Walker started by Joan Humphreys, 7 Porter Road, USNA, Annapolis, Md.



TRUSHAY* . . . THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

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

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



*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A different spelling—but the same wonderful soap-and-water lotion.

PRODUCT OF

Picture was held up several days while studio searched for three of the few remaining Old West men who can handle a six-up team (Note to dudes: A team of six horses). . . . Finally found Joe and Bill Yrigoyen and Post Parks to do the job. . . . Took five days of hard and dangerous riding at the Republic ranch to film the sequence. . . . Roy, who left on completion of the picture for a War Bond tour in the East, obtained special permission from the ration board to use his butane-driven truck and trailer for the trip. Last year Roy went by train, shipped Trigger in a baggage car, with Trigger so ill at the end of his train ride, Roy had to cancel all shows for three days. Seems Trigger is used to his specially built trailer—enjoys traveling in it and none other! . . . Roy's fan mail reached an all-time high while this picture was being filmed. Received an average of 55,000 letters per month (160 of them addressed to Trigger)—a Hollywood fan mail record. Answering kept six secretaries going continually. Roy now has to buy his photographs 100,000 at a time. . . . That's a blond wig on auburn-haired Dale Evans when she sings, "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back". . . . Studio won't permit Dale to change the color of her hair—afraid they may never be able to get it back to its lovely natural color. . . . Paul St. Croix and Ray Burwick, champion ropers, spent long hours teaching entire girl chorus the fine art of roping. Incidentally, Tom Garrett, featured in this number, holds seven roping championships—is one of the few men who can do the Butterfly, Ocean Wave and Rollover. . . . Thurston Hall climbed on a horse for the first time in eight years—spent entire day in bed, flat on his stomach!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Dear Gang:

I don't know whether you'll remember me or not, but I'm the gal in the mail room who used to drive you slightly bats when I went around moaning, "Roy Rogers . . . Roy Rogers."

Well, about three months ago, I was in an auto smash-up that cracked the old cranium and laid me up for three weeks. I was feeling pretty down-in-the-dumpish, wasn't allowed to read or write, so all I could do was languish on my bed of pain and go over and over in my mind the two meetings I'd had with Roy—the one at the Rodeo last October and the second time when you sent a squad to fetch me because Roy was in the building, and you didn't want me to swoon if I bumped into him accidentally.

One day, I was right in the middle of reel two of my Rogers memory movie, when the nurse came floating in with a huge, tremendous, colossal—well, big, bouquet of the reddest, longest-stemmed, most—well, beautiful, American Beauty Roses. You guessed it, Roy had heard of my accident (did the little bird that told him come from 149 Madison?) and sent over the flowers with a lovely card saying he hoped I'd be well soon and that . . . well, the doctors still don't know how I cut my expected four-week convalescence to two-and-a-half—but we do, don't we?

So, thanks, Roy Rogers. I thought it was impossible, but you're even sweller than I'd imagined.

Ann McVey,
Springfield, L. I.

BRIDE BY MISTAKE

Suppose you were young, beautiful and had several million dollars. Good, eh? You like that. All right. Along comes a guy, very attractive, and apparently falls madly in love with you. You fall, too. Your heart goes bumpety bump and all the rest of it. You can see that he's working up to a proposal. But then you think "Does he really love me? Or is it the money that's putting that glow in his eyes?" And you have no way of finding out.

It's to avoid just this situation that Norah Hunter (Laraine Day), lovely heiress, has her secretary Sylvia (Marsha Hunt) pose in public as Norah while she pretends to be Sylvia, thereby eliminating all fortune-hunters in a hurry. Of course, the whole thing is a bit hard on Sylvia's new husband, Philip (Allyn Joslyn). He objects to having his wife act as a sort of amatory test tube. But Norah likes the arrangement for various reasons. One of them being that it leaves her free to shoot pool—her favorite pastime—instead of appearing in public.

There's an Air Force base near Norah's home, and one day she has Sylvia invite some of the boys over. They are all nice guys—handsome and pleasant. There's really no reason why it should be Tony (Alan Marshall), instead of one of the others, that Norah falls in love with. But since when has love needed reasons! She shoots pool with him, beating him very badly and then suggests a walk. Unfortunately, while she's getting a coat, Tony meets Sylvia—"the rich Miss Hunter"—to him—and forgets about the walk entirely.

Norah invites him to their beach cottage for the weekend. He has eyes only for Sylvia. Norah is furious, and husband Phil is equally furious. "Tell him who you really are," he says. "You can't expect

Like mother - Like daughter

both say

"GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

Yes! You say "Goodbye Dandruff" the very first time you use Fitch Shampoo, for Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. It's the **ONLY** shampoo whose guarantee bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. And when you use Fitch's, you say "Hello" to radiant, sparkling hair because Fitch Shampoo brings out all the natural highlights, makes the hair antiseptically clean. Good for all colors and textures of hair . . . requires no after-rinse . . . economical. Try Fitch Shampoo **TODAY**. Sold at all drug counters

Available in 10c, 25c and 59c sizes.



Fitch's

**DANDRUFF
REMOVER**

SHAMPOO



The Truth about Soap Shampoos

SOAP
SHAMPOO

FITCH
SHAMPOO

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

2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

any guy to ignore twenty million bucks." "Then I don't want him," says Norah coldly. But she *does* want him. She wants him like hell. That's why she decides to take a chance on a long shot . . . and you'll find yourself with your fingers crossed, hoping it works!

Alan Marshall is giving the downbeat to all the girls' hearts lately. He's so-o-o attractive!—RKO.

P. S.

Set for the Hunter mansion covered virtually every square foot of one of the studio's largest sound stages. Set was constructed right after Government ceiling on set costs was lifted—is the largest Hollywood set built since the regulations were imposed. . . . First venture into the field of light comedy for both Alan Marshall and Laraine Day . . . Veteran comedy star, Slim Summerville, returns to the screen in one of his most important roles to date. He and crony Harry Langdon, who worked as gag-writer on the picture, kept cast and crew giggling through entire production. . . . Note to fishermen: Fish aren't so easily dragged from the Pacific as the surf-fishing sequence might lead you to believe. Live specimens were taken in tanks to the beach, hooked onto the lines and cast into the surf. . . . The lawn sprinkler sequence was filmed at the famous Pickfair, home of Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford turned the entire rental fee over to charity. . . . The dresses worn by Marsha Hunt and Laraine, which shrunk so quickly to a mere eighteen inches, were treated with a special chemical. The material wasn't harmed by use of this chemical until it came in contact with water.



THAT WASN'T YOU, WAS IT?

Saying you didn't rightly care whether or not your Bill came home earlier than expected? Or came home at all?

No. No, couldn't have been. It couldn't have been you because you and every other gal like you has somebody out there doing the dirty work. And let's not kid ourselves—it is dirty work. Vicious, heart-breaking, lonely sacrifice.

But then, that isn't news to you, is it? Maybe this is.

That if you're between 20 and 36 years of age with a normal physical set-up and 2 years of business or high school behind you, you're eligible to become a SPAR. We'd rather not go into the usual routine about Mainbocher uniforms or learning a profession or the glamour of being part of your country's gre-at war effort—we'd rather not because we know that no inducement could make you do something which you weren't sure, deep inside, was the right thing for you—and him.

So send in the coupon, won't you? It means a three cent stamp and two seconds' worth of scribbling.

It may even make sure that come V day, you'll have Bill to hang on to—instead of a gold star.

Please send me free booklet—"Facts About SPARS."

Name

Address

City State

The above offer is free and does not obligate me in any way.

ADDRESS THIS TO: SPAR INFORMATION EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN, 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Ever hear the 3 secrets of daintiness?



Summer still has many a sultry day in store; many a stuffy, sticky night. So it's good to know these 3 secrets of keeping cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. They're 3 secrets you can depend upon.

- 1 HOW TO KEEP COOL**—First, your bath! Then dry yourself gently. Next shower your body generously with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. It quickly dries up lingering moisture; makes your skin smooth as new satin; sets the stage for cool comfort.
- 2 HOW TO LOOK FRESH**—Next, before you dress, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum over the trouble spots. You know, those places that chafe easily. You slip into your girdle slick as a wink . . . no chafing or rubbing.
- 3 HOW TO STAY FRAGRANTLY DAINTY**—Finally, for dramatic climax, Cashmere Bouquet Talcum gives your whole person a haunting, sweet perfume . . . the "fragrance men love". So—be sweet! Be fresh! It's such an inexpensive luxury.

Cashmere Bouquet is the largest selling talc in America. Buy it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



Co-ed

Is there a ban in your house

on tobacco, men, make-up? If you're

smart, you can get it lifted—peaceably!

■ Have you a problem parent? Oh we know you wouldn't swap your Mom for a million all-wool sweaters, but frankly—occasionally isn't she a bit of a drool? And Pop—salt of the earth and all that—isn't he just a touch *young* about some things? From your letters we gather as much, and we decided it was time, but high, to discuss the situation. Draw up a chair, tot, while we draw up a plan of attack.

NO CAMOUFLAGE! We know, you're fourteen, and all the other gals look so smooth and grown-up, and you look like something out of 5-B with no lipstick, no zing, no nothin'. When is a girl old enough to use the stuff? Well, we've buzzed around and asked people, from math teachers to Marine Captains, and 13½ to 14 would seem to be the general consensus. We even got the leading magazine on child-rearing to agree with us, which makes it practically official. Now how to get Mom's okay? Explain to her that you don't want to look hussy-ish, but neither can you stand the peculiar looks your bare face is beginning to net you. Get her to put you on proba- (Continued on page 91)

... "Bride by Mistake" is from an original story by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, co-authors of "Three's a Family" ... Production was under the supervision of Sid Rogell with Nick Musuraca handling the camera department.

THE CONSPIRATORS

Did you ever try to visualize the romantic feminine spy of fiction? If you did, it's ten to one your vision looked like Hedy Lamarr. And that's just the kind of part Hedy plays in "The Conspirators." The whole cast is terrific, with Paul Henreid doing the male lead and Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre in supporting roles. The scene is bustling, crowded Lisbon, where everyone waits for a plane to any place that's free from Nazi domination.

There is espionage and counter espionage. Perhaps the most powerful group is the Underground, led by an enormously fat and clever man, Quintanilla (Sydney Greenstreet). But the Nazi spies are powerful, too. As soon as Vincent Van Lyn (Paul Henreid) steps off the plane, they know he's the "Flying Dutchman," who has hounded the Nazis in Holland. They watch his accidental meeting with the beautiful Irene (Hedy Lamarr), with Quintanilla. They are amused at the conflict aroused in him by the discovery that Irene is the wife of Hugo Von Mohr (Victor Francen) of the German Embassy.

Vincent spends his first night in Lisbon at a nearby fishing village, where he meets wise old Migual (Vladimir Sokoloff) and his lovely granddaughter, Rosa (Carol Thurston). The next day he sees Irene again and knows that he is really in love with her and that she loves him, too. But when he leaves her and returns to his hotel, he finds a member of the Underground in his room—murdered!

Vincent is taken to jail as the murderer. There his doubts of Irene grow. And outside, the Underground has doubts, too. The evidence against Vincent is almost conclusive. When he escapes from prison, they are sure the Nazis must have helped. And the Nazis are equally sure he was helped by the Underground. Vincent is in danger now from every direction. Only Irene believes in him. But Quintanilla discovers that one member of the Underground is a traitor—and it can't be Vincent.

The rest of the picture is equally divided between suspense and action, and you won't want to miss a moment of it.—War.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A boy walked into the photo lab at the Sam Goldwyn Studios, and on being told that the prints he was supposed to pick up wouldn't be ready for some fifteen minutes, he announced he'd wait around outside. Well, one hour passed and then two, and finally, in popped the boy, breathless and apologetic. After taking a severe reprimand from the lab head "because boys are not allowed on the set during shooting," the boy responded with only a bowed head and a sheepish grin.

The moment he was gone, we turned to the supervisor and screamed, "In case someone should ask, that so-called messenger boy you just bawled out happens to be 'California', who's been knocking them dead in 'Stage Door Canteen.' That happens to be Lon McCallister!"

We haven't been reprimanded for the past six months!

Muriel A. Rahmn,
No. Hollywood, Calif.

- this One Complete Cream is all you need!

Long days of film-making, war work! Yet Donna Reed's skin always looks flower-fresh, flawless ... She relies on Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—it *does everything* for complexion beauty, easily, quickly ...



Donna Reed

appearing in

"THE PICTURE OF
DORIAN GRAY"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture

See her beauty cream help *your* skin to film-star loveliness: *Cleanses thoroughly. Freshens. Softens, smooths. Helps coax away tiny dry-skin lines. Holds powder. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.*

Tonight, every night, take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then use as your night cream, for extra softening ... Use for glamorizing daytime clean-ups, as well ... Jars 10¢ to \$1.25.



Woodbury
COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

—FORMERLY CALLED COLD CREAM. Cleanses as thoroughly as finest cold cream—does so much more besides! It's all you need if your skin is **NORMAL** or **DRY** ... If **EXTRA DRY**, use also Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream at night ... If **OILY**, cleanse with Woodbury Oily Skin Cleansing Cream ... For **ANY SKIN**, use Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base to give make-up extra-smooth, long-lasting glamour.

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FOR GLAMOUR

Fashions for Toll Girls—by Morjorie 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 Morjorie 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 Morjorie 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.

Glomour 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 Monners.....☐
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/a 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 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 Marry?.....☐
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 Kinkead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 93 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

★Be a Better Dancer!—by Arthur Murroy.....☐
How to be a floating vision on the dance floor. Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.



FOR FANS

Super ★ Star Information Chart (10c).....☐
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Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 21 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.



"Cabin in the Pines" bedspread with ready-to-hang matching draperies is woven with bright embroidery on a tan background.

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Getting ready to go back to school is a dress rehearsal for the kind of wife you will make in tomorrow's world. GAIL RUSSELL, starring in "OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY," a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, shows how Bates bedspreads with matching draperies do just about the entire decorating job quickly and inexpensively. Bates bedspreads are wrinkleproof, washable, rugged and right for all who face the problem of temporary residence. What's more, the spreads serve as extra covering at night. 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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BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

You'll have far more allure for him



With shining hair, kept smooth and trim!

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

Only Drene

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

Men notice and remember the girl
with glamorous, shining locks! So don't
let soap or soap shampoos dull the lus-
trous beauty of your hair.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene
Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the
dramatic difference after your very first
shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals
all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the
natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene
containing hair conditioner now leaves
hair far silkier, smoother, easier to man-
age ... right after shampooing! Easier
to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair
Conditioner ... or ask your beauty shop
to use it.

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



Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

NOTHING LOVELIER, nothing smarter
than this simple classic hair-do—par-
ticularly if your features are regular
and your face is small. It's a wonder-
ful hair-do for a snood with a perky
bow on top. Drene Shampoo with Hair
Conditioner deserves the credit for the
extra lustre and silken smoothness!

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

All cake soaps and liquid soap sham-
poos leave a dulling film on hair.
Drene never leaves any dulling film.

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





■ An angel of mercy flew in from Hollywood the other day (by plane, of course), and asked me for a million dollars . . . angel by the name of Mrs. Darryl Zanuck. But the million is positively *not* for 20th Century-Fox. It's for Naval Aid Auxiliary, a warm-hearted gang out on the Coast that seems to have adopted the whole darned U. S. Navy.

She broke out a list of stars' names so long that I wore out two pairs of glasses going through it. Dozens and dozens of Hollywood's biggest stars have autographed cute little cards with the Naval Aid emblem in color on them. Each card with a famous signature on it can be bought by a MODERN SCREEN reader for a quarter. And the supply is unlimited!

But that's the way the blessed Mrs. Z. wants it. Payment in full for each and every good deed. You can't beat those angels! Anyway, here's how I see it. Roughly, MODERN SCREEN has a circulation of a million. Roughly (or tenderly) four persons read each copy. And four million quarters makes up that million I was reaching for when Mrs. Zanuck so thoughtfully interrupted me.

St. Albans

P.S. Coupon and complete list of stars on p. 94 and 95.



Alan Ladd

modern screen spends a day with Alan Ladd

■ Grand Central at rush hour is quiet by comparison with the Ladd menage. Alan was being kodaked by a passing G.I., and a lonesome looking guy with a lamp was wandering around the garden when Sue spied the M.S. gang. She shoed Laddie up to shift into his longies and then scurried off after an "atmosphere" slouch hat (which you won't see, 'cause there's wasn't any). What with the outdoor shots having to come first to catch the sun 'n' stuff, Photog Gus Gale was having a merry time chasing after Jezebel till Steve Brooks, of the Paramount publicity staff, gave out with some puppy noises—with the poor hound falling for the gag every time! Then there was the day-too-early interviewer and the kibitzing naval house guest on leave who popped out of dark corners and—well, the pix were shot, the info got—and Al and Sue send you 'all their love.



Home is swell, but Al's still G.I.-ish, hoarding headlines and buying Alana bonds with his loot from a D-Day pool.



An ardent Victory Gardener, Laddie is slightly frustrated 'cause no matter what he plants—it comes up onions! He likes 'em, tho, *plus 6 other courses!*

Alana's first disillusionment was learning Alan placed second on M. S. poll. She's positive all pix of men are Alan, even to pointing to Crosby and yelping, "Dado!"





Patient to the point of (Sue's) exhaustion, Alan objects to questions on sleeping habits, thinks that's going *too* far. Admits he and Sue can and *do* talk till cock crow.



Alan got a sentimental urge to peek at his uniform, found a moth had once had same idea! *Item:* The G.I. wardrobe will have to start from scratch comes the happy re-entrance day.

Alana, whose first ward was "pretty," is a gold-digger from way back, makes a grab at anything as long as it glitters and thinks heaven means jiving to Daddy's "Pistol Packin' Mamma."





A. Walbridge hates dressing or discarding ties, esp. those from fans. Once shared upper with Sue for 3 days—fully clothed!

modern screen spends a day with *Alan Ladd*



Though Sue's hag-tied the "bad-man" into home front K.P., Alan keeps up with G.I. gossip, nearly blows a fuse each time a pal moves up a notch or gets himself be-medaled.



As a Pappa, Alan scares easy. Not so Mama, who had baby at 2:30, phoned friends at 3:00—and when her sec. called the next A.M., chirped, "Oh, I just had a baby."

modern screen spends
a day with *Alan Ladd*



Alan had over 300 stills of Alana before she was a year old but though he's shot hundreds of feet of her with Sue's gift, a movie camera, he's never seen "the little animal"—no projector!



Two birds, one stone idea: In "Two Years Before The Mast," Bill Bendix beats the tar out of Al while the cameraman gets seasick and Donlevy, Dekker and Fitzgerald *sing!* A fella's gotta rest sometimes!



It's really big-time, the Lodd marriage, with, if it were possible, Sue being even more sociable than her better half. Save for Army interlude, they've missed just 3 luncheon dates in 5 years together, still haven't run out of dialogue!



Alan gets meemies at signs of swank so comes mess, Sue pretties dining room table, Al pronto shifts stuff to kitchen. Will give in though for formal dinners.



Sue's intent on padding the Laddie chassis, a wee bit on the willowy side since his illness. Those shoulders are the real stuff, though, developed from high school shot-putting and studio grip days.



About the only Lodd squabble to date has been on post-war plans, with Al holding out for a cross-country sightseeing tour against Sue's insistence on a shopping spree of the Scandinavian countries: Danish china, Swedish crystal, etc. Compromise may result in a flying jaunt to S. America.



That heavy ring Al sports is camouflage for the wedding bond he refuses to remove. Completely relative-less, Al's whole life revolves about his "girls," so he's still crushed over Alano's first reaction to him—hysterics—and discards idea they were due to fact he was first male she'd seen.



Though he's been angling for re-induction, Al's Army status is still uncertain. In the meantime, he's being coached by a prominent psychiatrist for his role of a poronoic in the B'way hit, "Guest in the House," his next Par. pic.



Kay Kyser and the new and very umm Mrs. K., Georgia Carrol, are frequent guests, with Amateur Alan reducing gin rummy to strip poker. Kay insists that just a few intense sessions made it possible for him to afford a wife!



Well, it's been a good life and a long day. There's nothing to do and nothing to worry about. Will Cook's youngster pass her measles on to Alana? . . . Wonder if we'll find that house with 5 bedrooms? . . . Is Joel McCrea really going to find me a ranch? . . . zzzz . . .



Al's not the talky type, so this one's straight from former director Ken McGowan. 3 years ago, Ken contributed moral support to Al's interview with Frank Tuttle for "This Gun For Hire." Now that he's turned actor, guess who boosted him to Tuttle for "The Great John L.?" *Yep!*

modern screen spends
a day with *Alan Ladd*



1. In the peaceful world of 1909, Woodrow Wilson was prexy at Princeton, favorably known for his liberal books and articles. Favorite student was a football player (Bill Eythe).



2. He was completely appalled when three Jersey Democratic politicians, Ed Sullivan (J. M. Kerrigan), Senator Ed Jones (Thurston Hall) and Jim Beeker (James Rennie), paid him a visit one evening, asked him to be state governor.



3. He stumped the state, fervently speaking for what he believed. Struck by his sincerity, the voters elected him.

4. In 1912, he, wife (Ruth Nelson), and daughters (Mary Anderson, Ruth Ford, Madeleine Forbes) moved into the White House.



“Wilson”

By Maris MacCullers

Twenty years ago this man

fought so that we might have peace.

His is the story of a mighty soldier . . .

5. Tragedy struck when his wife died after a slow, painful illness. In the midst of torturous grief, he worked to keep us out of the European war. Happiness came when he met gay Edith Bolling Galt, whom he later wed.





6. In 1916 he was re-elected because he had kept us neutral. But he knew jig was up day Sec. of State Lansing (S. Logan) and German Ambassador (T. Selwart) came to him with Kaiser's orders for resumption of sub warfare.



7. War came, but Wilson continued his crusade for peace. Preached to soldiers his doctrine of post-war world league. All nationalities had blended here in America, why not in the world?

STORY: He was a slight man, thin and small boned, a quiet man. If you noticed anything at all about him, it was his eyes; there were lights in his eyes, a deep burning fire that sometimes flashed with all the sudden violence of summer lightning. He was no longer young, a man (Continued on page 97)

PRODUCTION: "How did you manage to borrow those paintings from the White House?"

It was Vice-President Henry A. Wallace speaking as he was conducted around a Technicolor set for Darryl F. Zanuck's production "Wilson." The set was an exact duplication of the lavish East Room in the White House, the (Continued on page 86)



8. Out of peace conference with Lloyd George (C. Brooke), Orlando (A. Filauri), Clemenceau (M. Dalio) League was born.

9. He was convinced that success of League depended on American support, and against doctor's orders, he toured country begging people to join. At term's end, he was old and paralyzed and defeated in the election.



10. But his ideal still lived. "The fight's just begun. You and I may never live to see it finished. But that doesn't matter."



By Kaaren Pieck

boy wanted

Farley Granger's got a yen for pies and people

and a knack for answering the darndest want ads.

Farley Earle Granger caroling with pals Roddy and Virgie MacDowall. One of Palladium gang, his only H'wood date so far has been co-star Jane Withers.



■ He'll be nineteen in July, he's an only child, he's full of boyish enthusiasm and Farley Granger's his real name. Graduated from high school on February fourth, he was inducted into the Navy twenty days later. After six weeks of boot camp in Idaho, he came home on furlough. The first person he looked up was Sam Levene, the second was Roddy MacDowall. Roddy's two years younger, and Sam's considerably older, but for different reasons they're his best friends. His dearest possession is the St. Christopher medal Sam gave him.

He's crazy about Anne Baxter, (Continued on page 105)



Apprentice Seaman Farley mourns staraging super collection of "distinctive" ties, swing 'n' sweet discs; vates Mom's pies and N. H'wood H.S. battles with civics and math "most likely to be missed."

6 feet tall, 159 lbs., Farley is the Gable he-man type, is an ardent swimmer, skater and huntsman. Doesn't smoke partly because he doesn't relish the stuff, mostly due to parental objections.



Overnight a star, with a background of riches to rags, 18-year-old Farley formulated his own blueprint for happiness: "Have something to do, someone to love, something to hope for"—and followed it through!



Grange was slated for top spot in "Guest in the House" when "Greetings" arrived; was naturally disappointed yet eager to follow in steps of Dad, World War I vet.



Old wish to meet Bergman fiascoed when, upon introduction, he "blew up," was rescued by Ingrid. (With Hope and V. Mayo on "Princess and Pirate" set.)

can't help lovin' that man...



Rejected 7 times, Errol's requested special service assignment, keeps busy in meantime with art gallery, rabbit ranch—and running after silver fox presented him in Alaska! (Above, with Nora Eddington.)



Practical joker Flynn once introduced butler as visiting duke of "Prince" Romanoff's eotery—3 mos. later underwent plastic surgery as result of Dan Topping brawl! (With A. Smith at CBS show.)

Errol was instant hit with U. S. Alaskan troops when he made "entrance"—riding piggy-back on pilot's shoulders! (With co-trooper M. O'Driscoll and bearded sailors at Adak.)

■ Errol Flynn gets his newspapers in the morning, with the movie gossip columns carefully extracted.

"I find," he says gravely, "that I live more happily that way."

Flynn has many disarming qualities. Not the least of them is the way he meets the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. No bitterness, no self-pity or bravado. Cool pride, mixed with plenty of grit and more than a dash of humor.

Having finished "Uncertain Glory," he put himself at the disposal of the Hollywood Victory Committee and was sent, with four others, to entertain our troops in Alaska. "What about material?" they asked.

"Don't worry about material. Just go through that file and take your pick."

The file held nothing suitable for a combination of one romantic (Continued on page 114)



Felled by sprained ankle, Flynn took few days off set of Warners' "Objective Burma," was crowned with raw egg by tipsy gal at Mocambo! Newest venture is silent partner-ing penicillin combine.

Even the gags had beards, but
when Errol kidded the pants off
himself, those GI's loved it!



By Cynthia Miller



At one time, Alice insisted she'd retire if career interfered with family life. Just decided she can combine both, intends to trek with Phil when he subs for over-seeing Kay Kyser.

4-months-old Phyllis was termed "Miss Horris" till Poppa Phil could meet her and okay choice of moniker. Gifts were practical, unlike gee-gows which greeted Alice, Jr.'s arrival.



by Hedda Hopper



"Tookie" Horris has "adopted" Phyllis, big-brothers her and Alice, Jr., all over the place, pulls a proud poppa routine of his military academy, was gigged for passing photos around.



Alice's proposed S. A. jaunt (oll set down to last "¿como esta?") was nixed by studio despite O.W.I. okay. Orders are to regain weight before starting next pic. Made "The Gong's All Here" before baby came.

three of a kind

That ace snooper Hedda Hopper discovers

another blonde in Phil Harris' life.

■ We stood over the cradle in the pink and blue nursery at Alice Faye's home. Phyllis—Alice's second daughter, a three-week's old bundle from Heaven—fluttered her wee hand and stirred in her sleep.

"Every Alice Faye fan across the world would like to be in my shoes right now," I said, "they'd give their eye teeth to trade places with me."

"I wish they could all see her," said Alice. "All of them, from Australia to New York—all the fans that have written letters about her coming, sent gifts and made me feel they weren't impatient about my interrupted career. My fans have been perfectly *wonderful*! Why I've only made two pictures in the last three years, but their letters keep pouring in all the same."

"I'll tell them about her," I said, indicating the mite that has cost Twentieth Century-Fox a couple of millions at the box-office, to put it conservatively. "And I'll tell them about you, too," I told Alice, Jr.

This tow-headed riot who put the studio back another fortune, was having her second birthday. She was modeling a red bathing suit not much bigger than a postage stamp and hugging a huge doll to her chest.

"You're like two peas in a pod," I told Alice. "Junior has your hair and eyes and smile. Yes, and your coloring. She's what the past generation used to call the spittin' image of her ma."

Alice, slim and white and gold in a trailing chiffon negligee was lovely enough to (Continued on page 79)



CBS' Frankie started his radio career singing over obscure New York stations just for the experience and the 70c carfare home to N. J.

Frank Sinatra

By Jean Kinkead

He'd had a drag on a cigarette, sworn a
few times. At 4, he was a man—almost!

■ If you haven't heard of The Voice, you simply don't *know*. You're not "with it," as the kids say. You are, in a word, obsolete. At twenty-six, this skinny, big-eyed youngster with the ever-so-slightly Hoboken accent, is the biggest thing in the whole darn entertainment world. People talk about him in New York and Montreal and Mexico City. They talk about him in Italy and Australia and North Africa. They even talk about him on those tiny Pacific islands that are just specks in your Atlas, if you can believe this tale brought home by some Navy boys.

Seems replacements had just reached this one island, and one of the new lads had a vic and a stack of records. "Look guys," he said, "some swell Sinatra!" One of the kids who'd been on the islands for ages spoke without looking up from his magazine. "If it's anything like that lousy sherry your pal just tried to sell me, keep it, chum." The first boy stared at him, a long incredulous stare. "You've never heard of Frank



The Voice at the age of 3. Sentimental, he still carries a gold mezzuzah (tiny cylinder with Ten Commandments inscribed) from neighbor who tended him when parents went out.



In pipe-and-ukulele era, he was ardent Vallee fan clubber. Attributes his singing technique to two influences—T. Dorsey's "sliding" trombone and Ziggy Elman's "plaintive" trumpet.

Sinatra," he intoned in a low, awed voice. Then he banged his fist into his palm. "I wish I were home," he said. "I could exploit you." And don't think he couldn't.

Funny, you'd never have thought in the old days that Frankie Sinatra was eventually going to knock the world for a loop. In fact, one morning not so very many years ago, you wouldn't have thought he was ever going to brush with the world at all.

It was a little past midnight on December 12, 1917. The doctor wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked out of Nathalie Sinatra's bedroom window for a long time. Snowflakes swirled through the darkness, rested briefly on the window-pane and then were gone. A second of existence, then nothingness. How like this little boy, he thought, looking at the still face of the child he'd just delivered. A flicker of a heartbeat at the end of his stethoscope, then no sound at all. How to tell the (Continued on page 49)



At 2, with his mother on boat trip off Jersey shore. Every summer he stayed with an aunt at beach. Neither parent was musical, hoped Frank would become civil engineer

Frank Sinatra

(Continued)



His Career—Took first crack of it in high school renting out orchestrations to local bands, provided *he* was hired to sing! Business grew with acquisition of public address system. Arrived when he joined T. Dorsey's Pied Pipers.



His Pal—197-lb. boxer Tomi Mouriello is his idol, with whom he'd gladly swap jobs. Tomi'd rather croon! Sinatra gives chums and family credit for his success.



His Job—Takes it seriously. Only fear is that voice will crack, visits throat specialist weekly. Gene Kelly's teaching him to dance for "Anchors Aweigh."

father who was waiting on the other side of the door; and the mother, the brave little mother, smiling now as she slept.

And then beautifully, incredibly, it happened. The still face puckered, and a yell heard all over Hoboken came out. Awed, the doctor picked him up again and looked him over. Sound as a dollar. It couldn't be, and yet it was. Science had no explanation for it; it remained for Frankie himself to grow up and give the answer. "Heck, any cluck can be born," is how he figures it, "it takes a ham to do it dramatically."

His dad heard the yell and dashed into the room, wild-eyed. "What was that?" he croaked hoarsely.

"Your son," the doctor told him, placing the bundle in his arms.

"Our little boy," Mr. Sinatra breathed, doting on him, "our beautiful little boy."

Beautiful was stretching it a little. Frankie was not too smooth as an infant. It had been an extremely difficult birth, and his head was slightly battered. One of his earlobes was missing. In addition to which he was very fat—all of fifteen pounds—and very red. For his father's dough, however, he was okay. He was handsome and good. He was the king. For the old man's dough, he still is. *(Continued on following page)*



His Baby—He's wild about both kids, Nancy and Frankie, Jr. Latter come Jan. 10 in Jersey City when Frank was on Coast. Picture was wirefototed few hours later to proud Pop chewing inevitable stogey.



His Family—"Nobody comes before my wife Nancy. When I was knocking out the gaudy sum of \$20 per, she kept on grinning, making those bucks go a long way."



His Fans—He stouchnly defends them against hecklers. They, in turn, go so far as, "I'd glodly give my life if it would mean his hoppiness." Less intense, Duke of Windsor invited him to toble at Woldorf, confided, "I do a bit of singing myself."



His Arranger—Alex Stordahl steals Frankie's stuff! When he mounts podium at studio broadcasts, bobby sox squeal almost as ecstatically as they do for the Voice himself!

Frank Sinatra

Continued

In the months that followed, it was Mom who had to make with the discipline. Mom who no-noed bric-a-brac tossing and ink-spilling. When she could keep a straight face that was.

One day before he was a year old, Nathalie was entertaining one of her cronies while Frankie was on the loose somewhere in the house. All breakable objects had been put out of reach, fire hazards had been removed, and he was quite safe. For thirty uninterrupted minutes the two gals chatted.

"Good child, isn't he?" the friend mentioned eventually.

Nathalie expanded a little. "Good as gold," she smiled. "Hardly know I have him half the time." Whereupon Frankie entered on all fours, his face smeared with butter, bits of liverwurst and dill pickle. It developed that he'd just discovered he could pull himself up on the icebox and maneuver the catch.

"Ma-ma," he beamed, reeking of garlic.

It was a moment for (Continued on page 110)



His Rival—Crosby's his pal. First time they p.a.-ed together they sang "People Will Say We're in Love," to tune of \$20,000 Bond sale!

His Conquest—At Metro, Sinatra won admiration of everyone, from tap star Lana Turner to greenest grip. Same story on RKO's "Step Lively" set.



She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"Such a darling"—"and what a glorious complexion," you think when you see Suzanne Sherwood.

She's another engaged girl with that soft-smooth Pond's look.

"Pond's Cold Cream is the only cream in the world for me," she says. "I love everything about it—its softness, its whiteness, and the grand way it cleans my face and makes my skin so smoothed and refreshed."

THIS IS SUZANNE'S BEAUTY CARE

She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat, and pats briskly to soften and take off dirt and make-up, Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond's, working her cream-coated fingers round in little whirls to extra-cleanse and soften every bit of her lovely face. Tissues off again.

It's no accident engaged girls like Suzanne, society beauties like Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney and Britain's Lady Morris love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for your big jar today. Use it night and morning, for daytime clean-ups, too!



This is Suzanne • Eyes, shining grey • Hair, chestnut • Skin, smooth as ivory

Suzanne Sherwood, engaged to Richard Roosevelt Colburn, Air Force Officer



Suzanne's Ring—a handsome square-cut diamond set in platinum. Her romance started with a "chance" Suzanne sold Dick at the Officers' Club in Buffalo.

In training as photographer's assistant, doing special work in industrial photography, Suzanne spends exciting days on location at some of the biggest war plants in the country. Like so many Pond's engaged girls, she is learning a job that plays a real part in America's war program.

All kinds of jobs need women workers—in plants, stores, offices, transportation. Check help wanted ads in your local paper. Consult local U. S. Employment Service about how you can help.



She adjusts camera for engine-room shot



Ask for the **Luxury-Size Jar** of Pond's—help save glass. You'll love the way the fingers of both your hands can dip into this wide-topped Pond's jar.

TODAY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE

The guy next door

By Kirtley Baskette

The star nobody knows, the heart throb with
a Ty Power fan for a son—that's Dana Andrews!



Heavy pic schedule prevents Dana's indulging in riding, swimming, hiking so the ex-college athlete keeps down to 168 by haeing.

■ One night recently, after a swank Hollywood premiere, a big, handsome, pleasant-looking fellow and his pretty blonde wife stood on the forecourt curb of Grauman's Chinese theater waiting for their car to be brought around. They listened to the loud speaker drone out the names of Hollywood's exalted big shots—"Mister Zanuck's car—Mr. Goldwyn!—Mr. Mayer—Mr. Cary Grant—Mr. Gary Cooper—Miss Greer Garson, please—" and on and on.

He had given the starter his name long before—"Dana Andrews." Then he waited and waited expecting every next name to be his. But the minutes ticked by, and nothing happened. Everybody got his car—everybody but Dana Andrews. Dana waited almost an hour, then he



Moderate in most things, Andy enjoys his 3 squares a day, with emphasis on meats and salads; occasionally runs riot with chain smokes but makes up for it by rarely touching hard drink.



Dana's 2-A status is strictly a family-occupation deferment though he's itching to get in. Hates folk who "wanna-see-my-operation" him, never refers to sometimes painful cracked ribs.



Panall

Dana cracks he's been "discovered" about 10 times, never forgets that when he was under contract to Goldwyn, fattest roles came on 20th's lend-out.



Andy answered offer to rename Dana Point, Calif., "Dana Andrews" with, "It might have been different a year ago—for \$1000 I'd have changed my name to Dana Point!"

the guy next door

Continued



Title of "highest paid nurse in H'wood" came when, after once minding neighbor Jimmy Kerns' child, Hal Wallis offered to up contract by \$50,000 if Dana'd agree to be his baby watcher!

nabbed the starter. "Hey, how about my automobile? I was here before all these other people."

"Yeah, I know," said the starter. "But look, Buddy, this shindig is strictly for movie stars—not ordinary guys like you. Now, why don't you just go out to the lot like a good guy and get it yourself?"

So Dana went out to the parking lot and got it himself. He never told the starter that he was one of the stars of the picture.

Things like that are always happening to Dana Andrews. Hundreds of people still send him letters addressed "Miss Dana Andrews," not even being sure whether he's male or female. Movie-wise columnists tag him a "new-comer." When he walks around Hollywood, not even the tourists give him a tumble. And in the out-country, despite the recent hits he's bunched like (Continued on page 128)



Terrible Tommy

He's a big boy now, this Dix fella, but the
kid's had a hunk o' livin'—a movie star, a
slugging boy soprano—almost a G.I. cantor!

Signed for one number in "Best Foot Forward," Tommy was long-termed after first rushes. Drowning raves on recent Major Bowes hour, he boomed WAC drive, is still owed over hit reception of his song, "March of Dimes."



"It's less painful not being in love," chirps Tommy, but admits he prefers blondes—and chocolate pudding! Mobbed in Alo., he sold 3 million bucks of bonds, will hit legit after war for "real work." (On "BFF" set.)



■ Sunday was tough on Tommy. Any other day you could race out of the house and find half a dozen guys around the front stoop pitching pennies or knocking each other's heads off. Sundays you'd just sit on the steps all morning and watch the kids on their way to Sunday school, all pressed and starched and cleaner even than on promotion day. Yes, it was tough, all right. Ten times a morning, Tommy'd whine, "Why can't I go to Sunday school, too, Ma, huh?"

"Because you're still too young, Tommy."

"Yeah? Then how come my friend Johnny goes, and he's younger even than I am?"

"Maybe he's brighter."

When Tommy had finally worn his mother down, the choir master pounced on him for the soprano section because his voice was clear and high and wonderfully true. For a while it looked as though it was going to be all right. Tommy liked to sing. He also liked not being alone on Sundays. Mrs. Dix began thinking maybe she'd been wrong about Tommy being too young. Then, one Sunday, just as she was sticking the roast in the oven, Tommy burst into the kitchen.

"Hey, Ma! I quit!"

"What do you mean, you quit?"

"Sunday school. I quit. I told them today I wasn't gonna be stuck in no soprano section with a bunch first-grade kids I could knock down with one finger. I told them if I couldn't be a baritone, I wasn't going to sing in their old choir. I'm not gonna have all the guys goin' around calling me panty-waist."

"And what did the choir master say to that?"

"He said I was a soprano and that's how I was gonna sing."

Mrs. Dix reached for the hairbrush. And Tommy, in spite of himself, went on being a soprano. "But of course," says Mrs. Dix, "a boy soprano's got (Continued on page 95)

By Sylvia Katz

The Greatest
Romantic Comedy
of All Time

If you think
Mr. Deeds
Went to town
Keep an eye on
Casanova Brown

International Pictures, Inc.,
presents

GARY TERESA
COOPER · WRIGHT
in
Casanova Brown



"A great lover in spite of himself"

Directed by SAM WOOD

A NUNNALLY JOHNSON Production

with FRANK MORGAN · Anita Louise

PATRICIA COLLINGE · Edmond Breon · Jill Esmond

Produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • From a play by Floyd Dell and
Thomas Mitchell • Presented by International Pictures, Inc. • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

"GOOD ENTERTAINMENT  IS INTERNATIONAL"

■ Lena Horne stood in the wings at Carnegie Hall, waiting to go on. Café Society Downtown was giving its first big boogie-woogie concert, and Lena had been with the troupe for just a week. She was scared numb.

Somehow she found herself out on the stage, and first thing she saw was a face in the third or fourth row. It was soft with sympathy and alight with encouragement. The deep eyes smiled. "Come on," the smile said. "We're for you." Throughout her four songs, Lena's eyes clung to Marian Anderson—whom she'd never met—like a kid to its mother's hand.

When it was safely over and no one had beaten her, the loveliest thing happened. Miss Anderson asked to meet her. She doesn't remember what was said. Only the voice and the face and the heavenly kind-

ness. "She's like a queen," breathes Lena softly.

It's characteristic that the outstanding memory of that evening should be her meeting with Marian Anderson. Her own success? Of course it was important. But to say merely that she's ambitious is to give the story false emphasis.

For herself, she's pleased in a quiet way. "It was a beautiful engagement," she'll say. Or, "The kids are always good to me." But for her people she exults. Any tribute paid her is a gift she can bring to them. Such gifts are her treasures, whoever makes them. That's why her quietness blazes into excitement over Marian Anderson, over Paul Robeson playing "Othello," over George Washington Carver, the great negro scientist in whose (Continued on page 73)

Dark Angel

Wistful guys from Tuskegee Air Base,
prim Plaza patrons—they all say the
same wonderful things about Lena Horne!



By Rosemary Layng



A young matron is perplexed

A charming wife and mother who is in her "40's" (although she doesn't like to admit it) has lately found herself confronted with embarrassing symptoms due to the functional middle-age period peculiar to women (often designated as the *menopause*). *What is she to do?* This problem has bewildered many a woman!

In case *you* are annoyed by hot flashes and feel nervous, restless, irritable, highstrung, so tired, weak, and a bit moody at times—all due to this cause—why not try *famous* Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms?

For almost a century—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of grateful women—rich and poor alike—to go smiling thru such middle age distress.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. *It helps nature!* Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit! Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Modern Screen's Fashion

■ You came through Summer on a shoe-string—that is, if you were stringing along with *me*, you did. So by now you should have a little extra to invest in a suit or top-coat. And if you also happen to have a housetop handy, I'd like to get up there and shout, "Plunge, pal, plunge!"

I mean it! Spend a little more here and save somewhere else—because when it comes to a suit or a coat, you just can't fake. Especially if you've been convoyed by a lad with an eye for tailoring. So please—when you're tempted by one of those floozy "here-today-gone-tomorrow" jobs—just close your eyes and count ten. You'll count savings in the long run if you hold out for stuff that stands by.

The first thing (Continued on page 64)



ACT 1: YOU'RE IN . . .

Torso blouse of wool and rayon.
Judy Bond. Around \$4.



ACT 2: YOU'RE PLUS . . .

in a two-piece basketweave suit. Jaunty Jr.
About \$29.75. Brewster cloche. Around \$4.

Guide



YOU'RE SMART . . . 'cause you wear "flange fronts." Printzess Deb, about \$42. Beret by Brewster, about \$4.



ACT 3: YOU'RE TOPS . . . when a topper matches your suit even to the "new penny" buttons. About \$29.75.

By Marjorie Bailey

It pays to shell out lavishly when

you're marketing for a suit 'n' topper



YOU'RE SAILOR-TAILORED . . . wearing an all-wool melton pea jacket. G.I.-dea'd by Rosalie Tailleurs. Around \$22.75.

YOU'RE YOURSELF . . . in short, rather than long, long jackets. By Jr. Deb in all-wool flannel. Around \$29.75.



"GI JOHNNY"

A juke box blares, a G.I. razzes, "Icy showers, phooey!"—and Pilot Payne knows this is home.

Photo by AAF Training Command



Proof of Flight Leader Poyne's pull come when exec's revealed he tops fan mail records of all 20th-C. heroes. Turned down discharge though bedded with old wounds.

Johnny spent mast of leave with mather in Vo., found time ta'dote Sheila Ryan, give rush act to farmer Mrs., Anne Shirley, ta whom he's given custody of their child.

■ You'll find John Payne at his favorite table in the corner by the juke box of the Service Club cafeteria at Buckley Field these evenings.

G.I. Johnny. Khaki cap sticking out of his pocket. Chair tilted back against the shiny red and chromium juke box. Tanned fingers softly drumming on the table in beat with the tune.

His usual cronies are with him. For like any other Joe, John Payne has his own buddies—his own G.I. gang. Privates Buddy Lawler, Hollywood dance director, Archie Hall, radio announcer, wiry little Tony Marano, Brooklyn welterweight, and Stanley Billingsley, often referred to politely by the rest of them as a "former civilian."

Through the door (Continued on page 119)



By Maxine Arnold

Why Lucille Ball wears Woodbury Rachel



LUCILLE BALL, STARRING IN "MEET THE PEOPLE"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ *it gives an exquisite ivory tone . . .
brings a heavenly clear, fresh look
. . . and such smoothness!*

Girls! Want to be *loved*? Be lovelier. Wear your Woodbury shade . . . Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for EACH skin type. And the Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even . . . makes it *stay* color-fresh on your skin . . . creates clinging, velvet texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose your shade *now* from the 8 enchanting Woodbury Powder shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

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



MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 60)

to remember is: *read your tags*. Today they always tell you what's in the fabric (it's the law). When it says "100% wool," you can be pretty sure it will hold its shape. Manufacturers don't put their labels on things unless they're proud of them. The Printzess people, for instance, make a big issue of "fashions that live in fabrics that last"—which just about sums up what I'm trying to put across.

About that suit of yours—maybe you and I are going to have an argument. But I still hold that those baggy jackets that reach down toward the knee department don't do right by your pretty curves. After all, who wants to be styled by a juke box? Mark my word, the fad's going to leave everybody high and dry before long.

This doesn't mean you have to go around looking like something left over from last year. Novelty pockets and fancy-pantsy skirts with unpressed pleats are here to stay for a while. So are trick buttons (and if I'm wrong about that, you can always switch next season). You can also do things for yourself by going for a new torso slip-over blouse.

Companion toppers are *made* to go over suits, so of course they're cut generously through the shoulders. But no matter what kind of coat you buy, be sure you get the same kind of "room service." I don't have to show you what Chesterfields look like, but I'd like to point out that they look better than ever in bright new colors, like kelly green, or fuchsia or purple.

The new fitted reefer is another good example. Its shoulders are cut "Adrian" style, and wool melton's the fabric for it. "Flange" sounds like a \$64 word but don't let it get you down. It simply means those front shoulder tucks that make you look wider up top and slim of waist.

In spite of all the furore over tunic-length coats, I'm scared of 'em for you. You see, I *know* you. When I'm not looking you'll be slinging one on over your full-skirted dirndl or somethin'. And nothing looks cornier. But, if you can remember to keep a neat, slim hemline underneath, then take a whirl at the short pea-jacket. The one our candid camera caught for you is tailored by the same outfit that delivers to the United States Navy.

Of course, the best coat or suit in the world will start looking drippy if you don't give it the right kind of a break. So—once more—won't you wear at least a ghost of a panty girdle to keep from "sitting this one out?" Also remember (the way men do) to unbutton your jacket or coat whenever you sit down. And look—I'll get down on my knees, if it'll influence you to put your outfits on hangers instead of on the chair—and to brush away all dust before it grinds in for keeps. One thing more—when your woollens get rained on, just let them dry off by themselves in an airy place. If they're the right sort, you'll find they come out of it better than if you hung them by the radiator or made with the electric iron.

One of these days I'd like to do a whole chart about all the tricks there are for keeping wardrobes in condition. Meanwhile, write me if you want to know where to buy the reliable clothes I've shown here. Or, if you've got a clothes problem that's sort of special, write and I'll give it my sort of special attention. Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Daffiest Army experience was getting \$1.25 to see himself in "Follow the Boys." Theater was so jammed he ushered to get in. With Peg Ryan in "The Merry Manahans."



Dan platted for weeks to get off for Gwen's graduation exercises at Los Angeles High. She's keeping house nearby in Long Beach. He recruits Spars by personal-appearancing before prospects' impressianable kid sisters.

tender comrades

By Jeanne Karr

The Don O'Connors may sing and dance and

talk in jive, but they love in waltz time.

■ It was 5:30 on a February morning in San Pedro. A car drew up at the camp gates, disgorged a boy and his bags and drove away. His face looked older than his eighteen years, as he stood watching the car till it disappeared. Then he slung three pairs of shoes over his shoulders, picked up grips and odds and ends, passed through the gate and started down the hill toward camp. Loaded like an Army mule, his progress was slow. The shoes kept slipping, and he kept hoisting them up. Once he had to trudge back for some stuff he'd dropped in the road. Finally the mists swallowed him.

Meantime, the car was heading back to Los Angeles, a boy at the wheel, a sleeping girl scrounged up like a kitten in her white fur coat. Presently she stirred, and her head felt for the shoulder on which she'd fallen (Continued on page 66)

Bedded in Army hospital for several days, he may be medically discharged. Visited Peggy on set, met her dancing partner at age of 3, Bab Baniface.



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asleep, but the shoulder wasn't there.

Her eyes flew open. "Where's Don?"

Joe, who'd gone along to drive her back, said gently: "He's gone, Gwen. He kissed you good-by while you were asleep, didn't want to wake you, couldn't stand to see you cry any more—"

wailin' woman . . .

She burst into tears.

"He said he'd try to call you before they leave," Joe put in hastily. The sobs only grew more convulsive. "Look, honey, that doesn't do any good. You'll just make yourself sick."

"I can't help it," she wailed. "Look—just look at these things I've got on—Don's slacks, Don's old plaid shirt. He made me wear them this morning because I wouldn't be warm enough in my own clothes. He's so thoughtful and sweet—and I never even kissed him good-bye." Her head went down on her arms against the dashboard and Joe let her blubber in peace all the way home.

Lots of words, pro and con, have been written about youthful marriages, lots more about war marriages. Gwen and Don O'Connor have read none of them, and if they had, it wouldn't have made any difference. From the first, it was as though they'd been swept to some magic island that held only the two of them. Everything else was like the murmur of far-off waters. From the first, they were serenely sure of themselves and each other. So long as they went hand in hand, nothing could touch them.

Don had enlisted in the Army Air Corps and finished his last picture at Universal. He'd worked hard in order to roll up a backlog for the studio that had given him his break—which turned out to be a break for themselves as well. He left with "This Is the Life," "The Merry Monahans," and "Patrick the Great" still unreleased.

There was one more piece of unfinished business to attend to before he reported to Uncle Sam.

"Wait," urged the mothers. "Wait till you're older. Wait till after the war."

"Why?" asked the children, "when we're in love now, and always will be."

So they were married on February 6th, and parted a few days later at the camp gates. Don, eighteen, and a Volunteer Flight Trainee, was shipped to Amarillo. Gwen, seventeen, finally stopped crying and went back to school.

"Your eyes look funny," said her best pal. "What's wrong?"

"Don's gone," quavered Gwen, "and you may now call me Mrs."

"Really? Why?"

"Because I'm married, Stoop!"

It was funny, being married and having everything just the same except that Don wasn't there. Nothing was different at school, only once in a while as she passed through the hall, she'd hear a stage whisper: "That girl's married to Donald O'Connor." Nothing was different at home except, when the phone rang, she knew it wouldn't be Don. Every afternoon she'd race home to look for a letter. He wrote every day, she wrote twice a day. His letters were all about how much he missed her, and life down there, and how much he missed her. In her letters, she had to tell him exactly what she did from the minute she got up till the minute she went to bed. Those were his orders.

He said the worst of camp was waking up suddenly at 5:30, and she could well believe it, because waking up slow is his favorite sport. He said he generally fell in in his underwear and overcoat and never had his socks or shirt off for four weeks. But he passed the psychological test for pilots—only twenty-six passed—

(Continued on page 87)

LOUELLA PARSONS'

G
O
D
N
E
W
S

● Paulette Goddard retains her title of the Queen of the Unpredictables in Hollywood.

There are plenty of people who believed Paulette would never marry any man who was not rich—or influential—or both.

They said: "There's a girl who knows what she wants. And she'll always get it."

Well, apparently, what Paulette wanted was the man she loved and has loved for several years—Burgess Meredith. He is a grand person—a wit and a gentleman. But "Buzz" is far from rich, and being in the Army for the past two years hasn't made him any richer.

He is a fine actor—but his name is far from being as important as Paulette's.

Yet, soon after the wedding, Paulette told me, "I know this marriage will last. We are so congenial, so happy and companionable. Both of us have had unhappy marital experiences in the past. This is the third marriage for both of us. But I think you will realize how deeply we feel when I tell you that this is the first religious ceremony for either of us."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and most of the luncheon crowd had cleared out of the Brown Derby in Hollywood. There were still a few stragglers. Joan Fontaine was being interviewed for a newspaper story in a booth near the door. Gracie Allen and George Burns were having a snack following a broadcast rehearsal.



Part-picking Fran Neal sharing Lt. Van Hefflin's last leave at Mocambo before he goes overseas; is glad baby Vana's hair is red, proving own's real!

Sonny Tufts started work on garden before moving to new home—hit solid rock. Swears place is built over marble quarry! (At Ice-Capades.)



Gene is changing baby Antoinette's first name to Daria, will follow her Lt. Cassini to Fort Riley at finis of "Laura." (At Clover Club.)



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GOOD NEWS Continued

But suddenly—the little cigarette girl and the cashier behind the counter gave a gasp that couldn't have been more excited if a Robot bomb had ricocheted through.

Coming through the door was a skinny young man wearing a bow tie—and perched precariously against his shoulder was a four-months old baby in a blue cap, wrapped in a pink blanket.

"Hi, girls," said Frank Sinatra, grinning, "Want to see him?"

Whereupon, Frankie sat his son on the cigar counter and unbundled him so the girls could get a good look. You might think this would make Master Sinatra cross—but he just gave with the "goo's."

"That's enough of that," said Frankie, "who do you think you are—Frank Sinatra?"

By this time, Benny, the popular waiter at the Derby and himself the father of four (with a brand new baby boy), dashed up to join the admiring group. "How about a quick plate of spaghetti for me?" asked Frankie, seating himself in a booth and parking the baby beside him on the seat.

"But Mr. Sinatra—don't you want one of us girls to hold the baby while you eat?"

"Don't be silly," said Benny. "We men know how to mind a baby, don't we?"

"Sure," agreed Frankie, "I'm minding him today."

Has the Lana Turner-John Hodiak romance dimmed before it even got started? Everybody was sure "Hi" Hodiak was Lana's secret heartbeat right after she and Steve Crane broke up.

Mebbe so. But he's stepping around lately

with Judy Garland. Or is this just to throw the know-it-alls off the right track?

By the way—you MODERN SCREEN fans who have written to me show more interest in Hodiak than any other star. Where are you Alan Ladd devotees?

Speaking of Judy—when my doctor husband and I were invited to dinner at her home, he said: "How come we are invited to crash the younger set? I can't go because I can't find my bow tie!"

But did we live to eat those words! When we arrived at Judy's comfortable, rambling Brentwood home, there wasn't a jive hound in sight.

On the contrary—there was Charles Jackson, author of the best-selling "Lost Weekend"; Robert Nathan, who wrote "The Portrait of Jenny" and also Judy's latest picture, "The Clock"; Louis Brown, whose "See What I Mean" is much discussed; Marc Connolly and the Ira Gershwins, among other literary and musical lights.

But far from being arty or high-brow—it turned out to be a wonderful evening. Judy sang all her new songs including the "Trolley Song." Danny Kaye gave with some brand new numbers and routines and was never funnier in his life.

I think Judy is happier than she has been in a long time. She certainly looks better—and what a hostess! The food was divine.

PURELY PERSONAL: Joan Fontaine, I believe, inspires more "catty" remarks in other women than almost any other movie star. Maybe that is because she is young and beautiful and won an "Oscar." On the other hand, Joanie doesn't go out of her way to be cordial to women at parties. (And I don't

mean me. I've always liked and admired her.) Studio bosses haven't begun to realize the terrific popularity of Turhan Bey with girl fans. I sat next to an M-G-M executive at the sneak preview of "Dragon Seed," and he almost swallowed his gum at the demonstration that greeted Turhan's appearance. "And all along I had thought this picture would put him over," he grudgingly admitted.

Billy Wilder, Paramount's wonder boy director (he made "Double Indemnity") has an interesting idea—whether you agree or not, when he says: "No actress under 35 years of age should ever win The Academy Award. She hasn't earned it until she is that old."

Mickey Rooney is head over heels in love again with—surprise, surprise!—his ex-wife, Ava Gardner. Before he donned his uniform, they both admitted they might re-marry. If they don't, it won't be Mickey's fault.

Remember several months ago we printed in this column that Betty Hutton was dying to fall in love? Well, Technical Sergeant Walter Diel is willing to be THE man in Betty's life and encloses the following original poem to prove it:

"I wish you'd miss me when you're at a bar,
And someone's humming 'Journey to a Star,'
And someone's using Shalimar—
I wish you'd miss me.

I wish you'd miss me when you're One of Three,
And Two go dancing to a rhapsody,
And leave you staring at a Daiquiri . . .
I wish you'd miss me.

I wish you'd miss me when Sinatra sings,
And when they're playing any song of Bing's,
Or if they're zinging 'Holiday for Strings' . . .
I wish you'd miss me.

For when the endless, friendless night is due
I want you to know . . .
I'm missing you, too."

Bill Elyth is such a nice boy, and he's carrying such a big torch for Anne Baxter that it is too bad that she won't change her mind about NOT marrying an actor!

Bill has other dates now and then, and there are other pretty girls in Hollywood. But Anne is the only one for him—anyway, at THIS writing.

Never can quite figure out Helmut Dantine. He's a moody young man. One minute—walking in the clouds. The next, down in the dumps. But he is always honest.

When I asked him if he were having trouble with Warners' about starring in the remake of "Petrified Forest," he said frankly:

"I'm not happy. I didn't want to do the former Humphrey Bogart role. It's his part, and I didn't want to follow in his footsteps. But I am not pouting—or remaining away from the set as some people have said. I'm trying to make the best of an unhappy situation."

Some say he is still carrying a torch for his wife, Gwen Anderson. One of his steadiest "dates" in Hollywood is Myrna Loy.

Now that Alexis Smith is married to Craig Stevens—her real and legal name is Mrs. Gail Hughes Shikles, Jr. because that's Craig's real and legal name.

Steve Crane (he's Lana's ex) has been trying to date Betty Hutton. So far—not much luck.

Lon McCallister's back in town with the Army's permission to emote in "Winged Victory." But that didn't mean that Lon could go back to his own nice, comfortable little home and take it easy. No, sir—he moved right out to the camp barracks and went back

on strict Army regulations with the 300 other soldiers of the "Winged Victory" unit.

Lon came over to my house one afternoon with two other boys from the "acting" Army. "They're former New York press agents," he explained, introducing Joe Heidt and Bill Doll. "They wanted to meet you."

"Since we hit Los Angeles," Bill and Joe told me, "Lon is the most popular guy in the outfit. He's got all the good telephone numbers."

"I suppose all the guys want to meet Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Olivia de Havilland," I guessed. And believe you me—the answer was a surprise! Seems the kids are out and out scared of the "glamour queens." In the order named—the boys want to meet and ask for a date:

Peggy Ryan

Jeanne Crain

Joan Leslie

Judy Garland—even if she is "big league."

They used to say that the Frank Sinatra Bobby Sockers opened their mouths and squealed. Now they call it "opening their big Booby Traps!"

Just about the time you'll be reading this you will be seeing "Janie." And I'm wagering a guess right now that it is going to be the favorite picture of 1944 for all 'teen agers.

This movie about a sub-deb who accidentally becomes hostess at a hotcha party for service men, is a lulu and a honey. It's got everything including a "blanket party" which I wouldn't advise you kids to try to copy without a chaperone—even if it is all just good harmless fun.

Come to think of it—"blanket parties" aren't anything new. Back in the days of the Revolutionary War (no, I wasn't there) they went in for "Bundling"—which meant that it was perfectly all right for various and assorted people to wrap up in blankets and snuggle into one bed to keep warm!

Just try that idea on your Maiden Aunt sometime!

But the bright particular star of "Janie" is Joyce Reynolds who looks about 16 but who is really 20. She's as fresh and young and gay as the latest Dinah Shore song.

She was born in San Antonio, Texas, and came out to California two years ago to enroll in the University of California at Los Angeles. It was while she was playing in "Alice In Wonderland" on the campus, that a Warner talent scout saw her and signed her in a hurry.

Joyce worries about only one thing—bathing suit photographs. "I look so Dietrich," she told a surprised publicity man who thought she looked like—just a young girl in a bathing suit.

The following letter comes from Larry Adler:

"Several weeks ago a young sailor in to see our show confided that he mightily liked to play the drums. Always one to take a hint, I called on the gob during my act, and while I played the harmonica, he beat the skins on a little madrigal of mine called "Hand to Mouth Boogie."

The next day was "I Am An American Day" at Soldiers Field. I took the sailor out there with me, and before 60,000 people sitting under umbrellas, we conducted an *intime* jam session. The crowd loved it, and when the gob took six choruses of the boogie for a ride, they whistled and screamed their approval. The kid undoubtedly stole the show.

Would you be more interested if you knew his name was JACKIE COOPER?"

Not since the day Maria Montez became the bride of Jean Pierre Aumont has she donned the beautiful, form-fitting white lace dress with the full skirt in which she was married.

But the other day she brought it out—and



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You feel you're in a scrape?
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Use Texcel Tape in place of ink—
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A thousand office uses all
Commend this tape to you.
In fact, there's just no end of things
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GOOD NEWS Continued

you will see it on her in the big love scene in "Bowery to Broadway."

"Just for Jean Pierre, I am wearing theez," she said. "Maybe he will see zee picture somewhere in France or wherever he eez—and he will be happy because he will know I am playing those love scenes with heem again." Sentimental? Sure. But typically Montez.

There was something very heart-warming and sweet about the baby shower Mrs. John Wayne gave for Loretta Young, who is one of the most ecstatic about-to-be mothers in Hollywood.

Everyone wanted to give Loretta a gift for that baby because we all knew how hard she had prayed that she and her husband, Lt. Colonel Tom Lewis, would be blessed with a child.

Jean Arthur, who so seldom goes any place, showed up for this event, bringing beautiful hand-embroidered pillow cases and sheets in pink and blue. "No," laughed Jean, "I didn't do them myself. Why, I can't even darn a sock."

But no one was more thrilled than Ann Southern as the big, exciting-looking packages were unwrapped. Annie is "expecting" herself—and she said she was getting lots of good ideas. "I never dreamed a baby needed so much," she admitted.

But the gift that touched Loretta most was the one from her husband, who was overseas. He had cabled "Jo" Wayne to buy a hand-made dress, and Loretta, with tears in her eyes, said the baby will wear it when it is baptized.

The Darryl Zanuck party honoring Walter Winchell was tres gala. The bright colored umbrella tables were set out on the sand at the beach house, and a sumptuous dinner was served while it was still daylight over the Pacific Ocean.

Olivia de Havilland, who has put on a little weight, I'm afraid, arrived with Major John Huston. These two are together everywhere when he is on leave, and they seem very much in love.

Gene Tierney, carrying a parasol in shocking pink, to match her dress, came with Lt. Oleg Cassini. They seem so happy, and it is wonderful to be able to tell you that their baby, who has been so ill, is getting better and stronger.

Joan Blondell, with a wonderful suntan, came with a well-known magazine editor. Joan Bennett came direct from a broadcast, and Myrna Loy, who is so slim these days, was lovely in a flowered print.

I had a long talk with Barbara Hutton Grant, who says that this time she is going to put up a fight for her little boy, Lance. Cary was on a hunting trip, so he wasn't with Barbara. On advice of her lawyer, Barbara is making no comments about her ex-husband's suit, but she adores her little boy, and she's determined that nothing is going to take him away from her. Cary is crazy about him, too, and calls him "General."

There were many other stars—but none more attractive than Winchell's own pretty daughter, Walda.

Sonny Tufts swears its true:

Several months ago his Macaw bird got a job in a Paramount picture at \$25 for a day's work.

The other day, the casting office called and asked if the bird could work again. "We can't pay \$25 this time," the casting director explained. "Would you be willing to take \$20?"

"Sure," said Sonny—and lived to regret it! The Macaw, perched on his shoulder while he had talked over the phone, bit him! Guess that's one good way to take care of a nasty agent who's doing you dirt.

I have the greatest admiration for Ida Lupino. Whether it is a ladylike word or not, Ida has guts.

She has been worried almost out of her mind about her husband, Captain Louis Hayward, who came back a hero from that nightmare at Tarawa. When his nerves collapsed, and he was sent to the Corona Naval Hospital for a long rest, many friends were afraid that Ida would collapse, as well.

Instead, she has gone about her work, kept her chin up and, what is doubly hard for any woman—she hasn't talked about Louis' illness. It is as though she were pretending that he was not ill at all. Whenever I ask her about him, she always smiles when she replies: "Louis is just fine, Louella—just fine!"

A dressing room to end all dressing rooms is the new suite Paramount is whipping up for Betty Hutton. Raoul Pène Du Bois, who did the out-of-this-world dream sets for "Lady In The Dark," is the decorator. And believe me, girls, it's something!

Step into the room, and it seems to be a golden and green bower (Betty's favorite color scheme). But sections of the walls are on pivots and just by pressing a button, Betty can swing her golden bower into a complete wall of mirrors.

Hope the little bombshell star never starts swinging one of her songs in front of all those mirrors. WHAM!

If it turns out that you like Ross Hunter in Columbia movies, you can thank your boy friend, Frank Sinatra.

Maybe Frankie has never even heard of Ross, but he is indirectly responsible for his contract, and here is how it happened:

A talent scout was in Cleveland looking around for actors. He was bowled over one day when an entire parade of Bobby-Sockers paraded past his hotel bearing placards: "DOWN WITH SINATRA! UP WITH HUNTER."

Happily imagining there was a VOICE lurking somewhere, the scout investigated only to find out that the Hunter referred to was a school teacher! And what's more—he'd never acted, and he couldn't warble a note.

But he was good-looking, 23 years old and looked like a swell camera bet. The upshot was a test, and the result a long term contract with Columbia.

Listen, you 14 and 15 year old girls—don't diet too strenuously. Remember little Ann Gillis who used to play child roles on the screen?

Hadn't heard anything about her for a couple of years until the other day I ran into her in the beauty parlor. She's 17 now and a beauty. I asked her where she had been and what she was doing that she wasn't in pictures?

"I got too fat to work," Ann admitted honestly. "When I was about 12 I began to put on a lot of weight. I went straight up the scale to 135 pounds. I did everything I could to get it off. Almost starved myself and exercised violently—but still I stayed fat."

"Finally, about a year ago, the weight started to come off. Not all at once but a couple pounds a month. When I asked my doctor, he told me that what I had thought was excess fat in my early 'teens was just 'baby fat.' It is awfully hard to get off and seems to take forever!"

"But now that I am grown up Nature turned the trick and practically did my reducing for me. Now I weigh 106," and Ann pivoted to show me her new streamlined "figger." Wish Mother Nature would turn a trick like that for me!



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Solv-x in Parker Quink safeguards all metal and rubber parts—actually cleans your pen as it writes!

Give your pen the protection it deserves . . . help keep it out of the repair shop by filling it with Parker Quink today. Every drop of it contains *solv-x* to protect all makes of pens in 4 important ways:

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Yes, this brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying Parker Quink is more than just an ink. It's a superb writing fluid—that does what no ink ever did before. Get a bottle today. You pay nothing extra for Parker Quink. Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

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ONOGRAM
PICTURES'
RHAPSODY
ON ICE"



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about DRY SKIN?"
SAYS BELITA ★

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OLIVE OIL!"**

If you have dry, sensitive skin, you ought
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These gloriously rich creams are made
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For your face and neck, use Lander's
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imply amazed to see how it smooths
way tiny dry lines... soothes... fresh-
ens—until your skin has that seductive,
radiant peaches-and-cream look.

Use Lander's Hand Cream with Olive
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does! She and other famous Hollywood
stars say they'd be *lost* without these rich
creams. They're a *luxury* you, too, can
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**10¢
AND
25¢**



BUY BONDS



Young Up 'n' Comings at Palladium: Jane Withers, who GI hostesses
with Beverly Hills bike tours, and Van Johnson, still shaken by Capt. Ted
Lawson's visit to "30 Sec. Over Tanya" set during amputation scene.



Gloria DeHaven Claver Clubbing with Ted Briskin. Gla's the gal who's
been heart-shuttling between Dave Rase and Bab Mauch, of the "Prince
and the Pauper" Mauches; will soon finish "Thin Man Goes Home."



"Dee's" recent jinx streak covered a bout with flu, a bruised jaw from a
"Xmas Hal" tea-real slugfest—and a pool dunking while chasing after
a pet canary! (With Felix Jackson, rumor's nominee for the Durbin hand.)

DARK ANGEL

(Continued from page 58)

honor she christened a ship last year, over her visit to the Tuskegee Air Field. These are all symbols of the achievements of her race. "If I'm getting to be a symbol, too, in my very small way, that makes me happy."

In New York a group of colored children from the Billy Rose show called on her. They brought her a box of dusting powder. They were terribly sorry, they'd meant to bring her a better present, but their rehearsal checks hadn't come through yet. Then they looked pointedly at a small boy, who cleared his throat, stepped forward and said, like the Lady in the Dark: "I want to make a speech. I want to tell you that we're all very proud of you, Miss Horne."

She'll never part with that box of dusting powder.

There's nothing extravagant about her except her beauty. She has the gentleness and dignity of breeding. On her father's side, her people were educators—her grandfather was a high school principal, one of her uncles a college dean. She was brought up on books—still reads at the table when she eats alone. Her six-year-old daughter's going mad with excitement right now, because she's in the first grade and just learning to read. Lena feels for her, thinks there's no adventure quite like it.

Lena's parents separated when she was three. Part of her childhood was spent in boarding schools. At 11 she went back to Brooklyn to live with her father's parents. Her mother was an actress and, through her connections, Lena got a job at the Cotton Club when she was 15. Her grandparents, pretty old-fashioned folk, hit the ceiling. The kids she went to school with were terribly impressed. For two years her mother took her back and forth to the job, and she wasn't allowed to go to night clubs, though she worked in one. That was silly, she thought.

She also thought it was silly that the Cotton Club should have taken her in the first place, since she could neither sing nor dance. The dance steps she learned fast enough. And she'd sing in the dressing room, with the girls kidding her, but never in public. One evening Lyle Miller who, with Noble Sissle, had produced "Shuffle Along," heard this voice coming through the transom. It had a quality he liked—

"Noble's taking his band out on the road," he told Lena. "I'd like to talk to him about you."

That really made her giggle. "What would a band do with me? I can't sing."

"Are you willing to learn?"

"Oh—yes!! —But I don't think my mother'd let me go."

maestress horne . . .

There was an interview with Sissle—a very wonderful guy. He thought Lena had much to learn but was worth teaching. "I'm willing," said her mother, "but I'd have to go along. She's only 17." That suited Sissle, who's pretty old-fashioned himself.

He taught her how to walk onstage, how to wear evening gowns, how to use her speaking voice. For one number he put her into a full dress suit with sequined tailcoat and trouser-stripes, feminized by a high-ruff and a red jabot for the shirt-front. In white gloves and topper she did a tap dance routine while the boys sang. He went easy on her own singing—just two or three lines at first, with a boy singing behind her—then, as her confidence

(Continued on page 82)

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WALLFLOWER! (because your hair is gray?)

***Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully**

Strange how seldom an older-looking woman will ever hear the *real* reason for being left on the sidelines. Strange how slow her friends are to admit that gray hair alone might make her seem drab and uninteresting. Strange how often their advice is, "Don't change your hair color."

But once you take the step . . . naturally . . . with Clairol, they'll be the first to swear you look years younger! For Clairol leaves the hair lustrous and lovely, gloriously colorful, wonderfully natural-looking. It's the modern method of color-beautifying the hair.

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WIN WITH A SMILE



By Carol Carter

■ How do you like your smiles? Let's see . . . there's Garland's pert grin, Durbin's gleeful chuckle or Turner's giggle. But howsoever you take 'em, the Hollywood versions all come sunny-side up. Which is my way of letting you know that teeth out around Hollywood & Vine are strictly in the white, healthy and gleaming class.

What's *your* rating? I hope all you MODERN SCREENers are candidates for the "brilliant smile" class. But if not, begin now, this day, to help yourself to one of those grins that sparkle and glisten a girl right into good looks. Let's think a bit about teeth and why yours should have a four-star rating. Poor molars are broken bearings which slow down the body machinery and can make it eligible for the junk heap. Cavities allow disease-bacteria to enter the blood stream . . . then you're liable to different ills. So I'm practically saving your life by this warning. Too, when a neglected tooth is lost, digestion goes haywire. Your speech may get blurred and develop static. Or the loss can upset the position of the remaining teeth so that your pretty facial contours are thrown all awry.

To prevent these horrors, give a thought to tooth care. All dentists are agreed upon three pointers. (1) Clean your sparklers regularly. (2) Visit the dentist every six months, or better yet, every four months. (3) Eat properly. Which means that you'll place your menu accent on raw fruits and vegetables, whole grained breads and plain meats.

Now about cleaning. Dentifrices are not new . . . only better. Egyptians mixed powders and paste. Ancient Hindus brushed their teeth with the frayed ends of twigs. The Arabs used the "siwak," a root of the "tooth-brush tree." And that completes our history lesson for today.

Step into the economics class, please. Ah, yes. We Americans spend over \$50,000,000 yearly on dentifrices. Always ones



to get our money's worth, too. Which decidedly proves that dentifrices are well worth the money. Take your choice of powder, liquid or paste tooth cleaners. Your dentifrice is an important protective against decay. And how it shines those molars!

A new broom sweeps clean . . . and so does a new tooth brush. Which means away with a brush whose bristles are broken or loose. Choose one with a small head and long, firm bristles that can get around all the "corners" of your mouth comfortably. The better to brush with, my dear. Never use anybody else's brush; have one for each member of the family. It's a bright idea to own two brushes, so one may dry while the other is in use.

When to wield your brush? Morning and night, and after every meal. And how's your brushing technique? Judy Garland, who owns a devastating smile, gives us this routine: Teeth should be brushed from the gums toward the biting surfaces, not crosswise. This massages the gums and sweeps out all food particles from between the teeth. Hold your brush at a slanting angle and brush the inner surfaces thoroughly, too. Don't cheat on time . . . a good job requires at least three minutes, taking three or four teeth at a time and doing right by each group.

Don't stick your tongue out at me! Instead, every time you wash your teeth, stick it out at your mirrored image. Then, go ahead, brush your tongue, too. The tongue catches tiny food particles which need to be scraped off gently. If left on your tongue, they decay and cause bad breath.

Gargle for glamour! Yes, really. Mouthwashes are important; they're cleansing, deodorizing and mildly germicidal. They help guard against unpleasant breath . . . ssh, we mean h-a-l-i-t-o-s-i-s! Don't be one of those gals who think "It can't happen to me." Be wise, like the Hollywood smoothies, and guard against any possible trace of tainted breath by using a good mouthwash. You'll like the refreshing, exhilarating tingle a fine mouthwash leaves. Take a good mouthful. Swirl it 'round and 'round and enjoy its pleasant effect!

About this (Continued on page 96)

"chic" *Lovely, Longer-Lasting* EASY-TO-DO COLD PERMANENT WAVE *Only* **59¢**

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The "CHIC" home kit for only 59c contains everything needed for a truly lovely cold permanent wave including 50 curlers and a newly illustrated easy-to-follow direction booklet. "CHIC" is on sale at Hair Goods and Tailory Counters everywhere.



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For all types of hair Proven tests show that women using "CHIC" get the finest results possible. A "CHIC" permanent "takes" beautifully on every type of hair . . . fine, medium or coarse . . . bleached or dyed. Excellent for children's hair, too.

It's fun to style your own hair . . . It's thrilling to be admired! Keep your hair looking lovely for every occasion. For "permanent" hair-beauty, use "CHIC."



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check and double check



your tooth care

Here's a quiz that's fun . . . ten guides to tip-top smile allure! See if you can team the half-a-rule at left with its matching half-a-rule at right. Place each letter next to its matching number. Answers on page 96.

- 1—One sure way to win strong, healthy teeth is to eat a portion of
 - 2—After you've rinsed your mouth with antiseptic mouthwash, pour some of the mouthwash on your toothbrush, thereby leaving
 - 3—The alternate use of two toothbrushes morning and night will help in keeping
 - 4—Any possible cavities that develop will be nipped in the bud if you see
 - 5—If your teeth are naturally dingy in color or tobacco-stained,
 - 6—After your teeth are brushed and your mouth feels mint-fresh, wield your lipstick deftly, but
 - 7—Dentists agree that a paste, a powder or a liquid dentifrice is equally effective for keeping
 - 8—The proper way to brush your teeth is to stroke away from the gums when polishing the outside walls of the teeth, and
 - 9—After each scrub-a-dub session, insert dental floss between the teeth and
 - 10—A neat antidote for drooping jaw muscles is gum chewing, but make sure
- a a good dentist at least three times every year.
 - b the teeth free of food particles that lurk in crevices and cause cavities to make their unwelcome appearance.
 - c green vegetables, whole grain breads and dairy products at all your daily meals.
 - d that you do your oral daily dozen in private, not when boss or teacher is looking.
 - e brush round and round on the grinding surfaces of the molars.
 - f move it gently up and down to loosen any tidbits that were overlooked by the toothbrush.
 - g each toothbrush firmer. They'll last longer and there's less wear and tear on any one brush.
 - h remember to use cleansing tissue to remove any telltale traces of red on the teeth before you step away from the mirror.
 - i a scientifically clean brush with all unfriendly microbes squelched.
 - j a dark lipstick is for you. It will whiten the shady spots by contrast.

Anne Shirley in RKO-Radio's "HAPPY HOLIDAY"



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HERE IS the famous face powder created in Color Harmony Shades for each type...*blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead*... that will give your complexion a lovely, youthful-looking color tone. Try your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...one dollar.

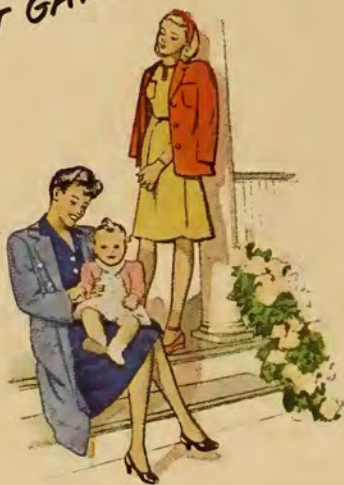


MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK



“3 Cheers for my Beauty Tip!”

(IT GAVE MARGE THAT IVORY LOOK!)



"Life's a mess!" Marge said.

"Last night I met the nicest Navy Lieutenant at the club dance—then some glamour girl danced him away. Gee," Marge said, pointing at me, "if I *only* had your baby's radiant complexion!" Mommy winked. "That's her *Ivory Look*," she said. "You can have it, too—ask Doc."



Doctor told her my beauty secret.

He just happened by in time to agree with Mommy. "Stop being careless about skin care," he said. "Change to regular Ivory cleansing! Ivory Soap has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise it than all other brands combined!"



Now she's getting
all the breaks!

Yep, regular, gentle cleansings with my mild Ivory gave Marge that smoother, lovelier Ivory Look her Lieutenant loves. (He says *every* girl ought to know it's easy to have that Ivory Look—with regular, gentle Ivory care.)

Look lovelier with Ivory

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



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure

THUMBS DOWN ON WASTE—you help save vital war materials when you make Ivory last and last.

THREE OF A KIND

(Continued from page 45)

step before the cameras. But cameras were a thousand miles from her thoughts: "This is it, Hedda," she said seriously. "This is the real thing. I'd trade all the career stuff in the world for one of their smiles."

the bluebird . . .

A writer once called Alice Faye "the girl who has found what we're all looking for." If he meant Happiness, he hit the nail on the head.

I'd driven out to Alice Faye's home in the San Fernando Valley over winding Laurel Canyon Road, leaving studios and gossip and stories of scheming ambition farther behind me with every mile. By the time I turned onto the tree-lined road which leads to Alice's and Phil's house, movies were forgotten completely. It was the sort of country-near-town spot we're all going to have when we get rich. You'll find it in Connecticut and in Michigan and in Virginia in its various forms. The city is just over the tree-tops—a twenty-minute drive—but it's shut off from you by Nature's magic, and you can forget it completely in the wink of an eye.

The tall iron gates swung open as the car approached. They're protected by an electric eye which is controlled from inside the house. A winding lane leads to the sprawling house of fieldstone which is the Harris' castle. It's actually Phil's house—I'd passed Alice's old one a piece down the road, the one she sold when she married Phil. There were vast lawns and flowers crowding one another in the garden beds—penstemon and bachelor buttons and snapdragons and late pansies and shadows of violets like blue scarves under the trees. Blackbirds hopped along the lawns, chirped in the tall shade trees that conceal the house even from the hidden road which leads to it. There isn't an inch of that estate that isn't intended for comfort and gracious living and fun for kids—even to the kidney-shaped pool built with one end so shallow Alice, Jr., can splash there on hot days.

It's a beautiful home, and just now the nursery is the center of attention. It's a huge room—one of the largest I've ever been in. Two walls are almost entirely of glass, and the trees and pool and the garden flowers literally come tumbling into it. The baby blue that dominates its color scheme is picked up in the blue of the sky, and the pink notes of the nursery furnishings are carried out again in the flowers that peep in at the windows.

If small-fry are as curious as grown-ups, I know every kid in the country would like to see this room where little Alice and Phil spend their days. The littlest one will be called Phil because:

"We want to make sure there'll always be an Alice and a Phil," Alice said. "Besides, we think she's going to be her papa's girl."

That's precisely what Alice said about Alice, Jr., and I think it's wishful talking. At the moment Phil looks like a rosebud and has considerably less hair than her papa; but parents can see resemblances beyond the vision of ordinary mortals, so Alice may be right.

But to get back to the nursery. As I said, it's a sort of kid's dream of heaven, all blue and pink with a thick, circular rug in soft pastel tones in the middle of the floor. But the floor itself is covered with a heavy cream-colored carpet, so there's no chance of uncertain little feet slipping. The nurse's bed occupies an

inglenook in one corner. And Alice, Jr.'s bed of white enameled wood with high sides, is close enough for safety's sake. There's a tiny piano—a real one—and Alice, Jr. hammers at it by the hour. She sings little songs and holds true to the key, too. This is what you'd expect with such a father and mother, but children of famous parents seldom duplicate their talents. On a long seat by the bay window are Alice, Jr.'s toys, and such a lavish assortment of modern woolly lambs and dogs and cats and dolls you've never seen. Yes, and drums and horns and colored rubber balls. There's a whole room full of carts and tricycles and the silliest tiny little bicycles. Off the nursery is the children's dressing room with Junior's wardrobe hung neatly on racks—a whole row of topcoats in pastel wools—they couldn't be more than ten inches long.

"What do you want them to be when they grow up?" I asked Alice. She replied, surprisingly:

"Well, since being an actress brought me all this—" her broad gesture included house, gardens, the picture of Phil on the baby's dresser and the nursery in which we stood with its priceless occupants—"I'd ask nothing better for them than to

I SAW IT HAPPEN

At the time this incident occurred, I was a student nurse at a New Jersey hospital, assigned to a very wonderful 17-year-old patient who was dying of an incurable disease. Vera had few friends and fewer interests, and during the eight months she was with us, we grew to love her and tried to gratify her every wish.

One day, she happened to mention that she'd like a picture of Frank Sinatra, and so the gang delegated me to get one for her in view of the fact that I was on night duty and therefore free to travel to New York.

Frank was appearing at the Paramount then, and I had to wait for over an hour until he came out, by which time there were over a hundred kids waiting with me. There was the natural reaction to his appearance, and in the shoving I was thrown against him and nearly fell. He caught me and noticing my uniform, asked if I were a nurse. I replied that I was and hurried on to explain my mission. Before I was halfway through, he grabbed my arm and dragged me past the shrieking mob.

Once inside, he asked me about myself and about Vera, and after I'd told him, he looked at me sadly and said, "Why do swell kids like that have to die?" Then he gave me a beautiful picture inscribed, "To Vera—best of luck and I'm rootin' for you."

Two weeks later when Frank was in Newark, he called the hospital to inquire about Vera, and when she was told about it, she couldn't answer, just hugged the picture a little closer.

Vera was only one of the small guys in this world, but it took a big man with a bigger heart to make her leaving it a little easier.

Leah Kronick, R. N.,
New York City

be what I've been. Being an actress has brought me a full and satisfactory life. It's hard work, but it's unselfish in one way: While earning your money, you know you're making other people happy."

It was having babies that made Alice realize what her fans really meant to her:

"I never knew what I represented to the people we call fans, Hedda, until before Alice, Jr. was born. Women in Australia knitted socks and robes and little jackets for a baby whose mother they'd never met and never hoped to meet. And the notes they sent with those gifts! They brought tears to my eyes. They wrote that they thought of me with every stitch that went into them. Sometimes they recalled songs I'd sung that had lifted them out of moments of depression; mostly they loved me because I recreated romance that had long since left their lives. They made me realize that a fan is a friend you've never met, a good and loyal friend who hasn't had an opportunity of going through the ceremony of introductions. They're friends that know you from the intimate glimpses they catch in the theater or on the screen or from hearing your voice on the radio. Often they make you feel they know you more surely than the people you actually meet."

If that is the case, then Alice Faye has a world of sincere friends, if the fan mail that follows her like her shadow is a reliable barometer of friendship. There were more letters when Alice, Jr. was born than ever came concerning Alice's romances or marriage. And this second baby seems to have driven everyone but the movie moguls into ecstasies of delight. Of course, movie men are only human, and Alice Faye is a top-flight star. They were bound to think of such happy occurrences in terms of dollars and cents. But the fans eagerly followed the parties given for her—the baby showers, most elaborate of their kind ever seen, given by executives' wives and fellow players. I've described them in detail on my radio programs. Sometimes there'd be exquisite bed jackets and robes for Alice. Most often the toys were the thing—they'd range from pee-wee bicycles to boxing gloves and dolls as big as a four-year-old. Hollywood goes in for the extravagant gesture in everything, from blessed events to previews.

9-year-old winchell . . .

Alice's fans have wanted to follow her home life day by day while waiting for her to come back to the screen. They loved the fact that "Tookie," Phil's nine-year-old by a previous marriage, adored Alice, Jr. from the day she was born. He's also one of his second mother's most ardent fans. It was "Tookie," by the way, who let the cat out of the bag about Phyllis' impending arrival. Alice hadn't mentioned the fact to anybody outside the family, because she was making "The Gang's All Here" and wanted to get through the picture without any publicity about it. But "Tookie" proudly told everyone he met: "There's going to be three of us, you know." Wiseacres put two and two together, and Alice didn't deny it—she's too much of a mother for that.

It isn't hard to tell where the actress leaves off and the mother begins where Alice is concerned. The children come first, and if she ever has to make a decision with one side of her nature pitted against the other, you can bet the child



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dren will unequivocally win out every time.

But we talked about her career, too, over tea. Alice had wanted to play a straight dramatic role and became interested in the part of Cissy in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." But the studio couldn't hold the picture up long enough to make this possible, so Joan Blondell went into the role Alice coveted.

"There'll be another part any day now," Alice said confidently—so confidently I felt that missing the part of Cissy was only a surface thing.

From time to time Alice has stepped out of her singing frame to play straight dramatic things, and she's been as successful in them as she has been in her musicals. The secret of this is the heart she puts into everything. She is a simple, direct, almost elemental person. Earthy, as have been so many of the world's great artists. She hasn't changed fundamentally from the girl who first came to Hollywood. At that time I met a quiet, big-eyed blonde kid who put a song over in a way that made you realize what a weapon words and music could be. Rudy Vallee, who seldom misses a trick when it comes to spotting genius, knew the value of her deep, vibrant voice and primitive approach. Much of her quick success came without any great struggle on her part. Things just fell into her lap. Lillian Harvey walked out on the "George White Scandals" and, although Alice was supposed to sing only a song or two with Rudy's band, she was given the lead role.

Alice was a nice, friendly girl from New York's Hell's Kitchen in those days—a girl who asked only to be given a chance to follow her singing career. She wanted everyone to like her, but she didn't intend to assume any fake manner to win them. She was what she was, and you could take it or leave it. She was cruelly hurt when she first encountered jealousy and competitive dislike, because she had none of that in her own make-up and wasn't sophisticated enough to project herself into the minds of others. When a battery of instructors moved in on her—people who wanted to teach her how to walk and how to talk and how to wear her fame in what Hollywood thought was the proper manner, Alice gave them a quick brush-off. She had her own notion of living just as she had her own idea of tempo and of selling a song. She became a sensation doing things her own way.

plugger de luxe . . .

She became the girl George Gershwin and Cole Porter and Irving Berlin wanted to sing their songs. The first time she stopped singing was the time her father died suddenly and left her numb from shock and grief. Alice and her mother and father and brothers, Charlie and Bill, have always been a tight family unit. Her cure for that blow was to ask for a straight dramatic role—with Shirley Temple in "Poor Little Rich Girl," and the change to the increased concentration it demanded was good medicine at the time. It also proved to her that her talent had many angles.

So Alice Faye is what I call a "yes" and "no" girl—it's as elemental as that. Things either are right for her or she wants none of them. And she instinctively knows what's right for her.

I recalled Alice's romance with Phil when we passed the open door of the game room where Alice and Phil's saddles stood among the racquets and golf clubs and other sporting paraphernalia. She caught my eye, followed the trend of my thought:

"Phil and I used to ride all over these

no time for riding right now. We used to love the hills at dusk. But now I sing Junior to sleep instead. And when Phil's here, he tells her a bedtime story. Funny, how you change."

I don't really feel people change though; they progress into something that was always intended—something fundamental in their being from the day they were born. I was watching Alice Faye play the role in life she had chosen for herself. She'd always said, "Some day I want a houseful of kids." I reminded her of it:

"This is a pretty good start," was her smiling answer.

home-grown audience . . .

"Well, this is one role you've picked for yourself," I told her. "We're always yapping about that, we actresses. I did a spate of that kind of complaining when I was an actress myself. You feel you do better in something you like and want than in some role a producer throws at you. You're certainly a star in this one, Baby, even if you're playing to a very small audience."

Then a nurse came along and dragged an unwilling two-year-old siren off to bed. The garden lay in shadow, and the birds had gone to the very top of the trees where they could still catch a bit of sun.

"I hope I'll be able to make your fans see you as you looked this afternoon," I told Alice as we said good-by. "By the way, what songs do you sing Junior to sleep with?"

Alice laughed: "You'd die," she said. "You'd simply die to hear us. I sing anything and everything that comes into my throat. Sometimes lullabys, but mostly old songs from my pictures—maybe that's a present to myself. And I sing things I hear on the radio—other people's songs. Junior tries to follow along at first; but pretty soon she's just able to say 'more, Mummy, more' in a very sleepy little grunt. She's generally tucked out by the time we hit the old rocking chair."

On the homeward drive I found myself humming a tune Alice sang in "On the Avenue." She sat at a table, looking dreamily off into space as her husky, deep voice whispered:

"My heart's on fire, the flame grows higher,
But I can weather the storm,
What do I care how much it may storm—
I have my love to keep me warm."

So you'll be seeing Alice again when the studio can sell her an idea. She'll have to be roused out of the contentment and happiness which is apt to make her feel there's no hurry about picking up a career again. If it weren't for the fan letters that keep pouring in—letters that make her feel she has a responsibility to those friends she's never met—sometimes I think she might never go back at all. But the boys at the front are clamoring for her. So are folks in the Mid-West—folks in little country towns who never get to see big musicals except on the screen. They could do with a couple of hours of her songs and be the better for it. They say so very frankly. They want to escape back into the days of romance that war and work have blurred for them.

One of these mornings, very early, before the birds begin hopping on the lawns, and while the swimming pool is chill in the shadows, Alice will tiptoe quietly into the nursery and kiss the two little sleeping tots good-by. She'll turn her car down the San Fernando Valley towards the studio. That day will be good news

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DARK ANGEL

(Continued from page 73)

grew, a little more and more. They toured the country, and everything was going fine till Sissle got himself banged up in a motor accident and told Lena she'd have to lead the band.

They were booked at the Moonlight Gardens in Cincinnati—the first colored band ever to play there. What were they going to do without a leader? Cancel the date, of course. What else could they do? Meantime they trooped over to the hospital to see Sissle.

He called Lena aside. "You know what you've got to do, don't you?—You've got to lead the band."

For a moment she wondered if the accident had gone to his head. But his eyes were clear and quiet as always.

"I can't!" she gasped.

"Of course you can. Just get up there, talk and be your own self. Everything'll be all right."

Well, you don't let a guy like Sissle down. You take the plunge, and if you break your neck, at least he'd know you'd tried. Casabianca had nothing on Lena when she walked out that night. But lo and behold, Sissle knew best. After the first awful moments tension relaxed, she got her first laugh, the words started coming easy. Sissle was a leader of dignity, who kept the boys within bounds. But so great was the relief from strain that their bubbling spirits ran away with them that evening, and they started jumping. The folks went mad. Business at the Moonlight Gardens topped anything they'd done in months.

lost love . . .

Soon after, Lena gave up her work for love. Gave it up, as she thought, for good and all. In Pittsburgh she met her father whom she hadn't known very well up to then. They got to be good friends. She also met a young man who had nothing to do with show business. They fell in love and married. She knew nothing about housekeeping. An egg was something that came to the table poached. But she was willing and able and caught on before long. Only the marriage didn't. It wasn't a case of career vs. romance. She hadn't left half her heart at the stage door. They just weren't for each other, and when Gail was three and a half, they parted. This June they were divorced, and she got custody of their 5-year-old girl.

Lena went back to Brooklyn—to the house she'd been born in, which belonged to her dad. Her mother had re-married, so Aunt Edwina—Eddy to her friends—came to keep house for her and the baby. She got a job with Charlie Barnett's band. It was he who taught her how to project her voice. When she went to him, you couldn't hear her beyond the second row. He'd plunk himself in the last row and make her sing till every word came clear.

She was playing the Paramount with him when John Hammond heard her and offered her the spot with Café Society Downtown. It meant working alone—not as part of a band—for the first time.

"Take it," Charlie advised. "It's the best experience you'll ever get."

For which advice she blesses him. She loved that place as she'll probably never love another. Its atmosphere was unique. People came there who wanted to listen to music—actors, artists, musicians. Entertainers, dropping in to be entertained, would get up and perform as the spirit moved them. Lena worked with the top Negro names, and her own name started

running from tongue to tongue. She stayed seven months and—except for Aunt Eddy and her agent—she'd be there yet.

The agent got a notion that she ought to go to Hollywood.

"What for? I've got a good job here." The movies never entered her head. A night club maybe, but what did a Hollywood night club have that CSD didn't? Alone, he might never have worn her down. But all of a sudden Aunt Eddy took a hand—Aunt Eddy who never butted in. Lena couldn't make it out.

"I've got a hunch, that's all," Aunt Eddy said. "Suppose you don't do so well. At least you'll have seen California."

She saw California all right—as much of it as you can see on foot. Once while she was married, she took a driving lesson, got scared and wouldn't try again. She'll trust her life cheerfully to the drivingest idiot, but she won't drive herself. So she spent her time walking up and down Sunset Boulevard and pining for New York. Every morning she'd pack, and Aunt Eddy would unpack. "Give it time, honey."

At last something broke. She and Katharine Dunham were engaged to open the Little Troc. But before that day rolled around, something else had happened. Her agent had taken her over to see Arthur Freed at M-G-M. "I've got five minutes," Mr. Freed said. They stayed five hours and left with a contract.

It was a pretty confusing day. All Lena remembers are faces peering at her while she sang song after song. Faces she knew—Roger Eden, who played for her, Vincent Minelli, who'd once wanted her for an all-colored production of "Serena Blandish" that never came off. Faces whose names she knew—Louis B. Mayer and Ida Koverman. Strange faces—faces that looked businesslike and faces that smiled—hours of faces and songs and faces—then talk of terms and contracts in an office—and handshakes and good wishes—

And all she could think, going home, was, "Suppose I flop. They'll be sorry they signed me."

You know the rest—the non-stop series of non-flops from "Panama Hattie" through "Cabin" and "Stormy Weather" and "As Thousands Cheer." Coming up are "Broadway Rhythm," "Spring Fever," "Two Sisters and a Sailor." Next she goes into "Ziegfeld Follies." They're so sorry they signed her, they wish she were twins. So do all the other studios. They didn't have to wait to see "Panama Hattie." They started gnashing their teeth after the Little Troc opened—

Aunt Eddy's delighted and never once said: "I told you so." Gail wasn't so sure at first. Friends took her to see "Cabin in the Sky" and carried her out screaming. She thought her mother was being killed. So Lena sat beside her through "Stormy Weather," holding her hand. Now she knows that on the screen her mother's just make-believe.

ain't misbehavin' . . .

Aunt Eddy takes care of her—sees that her diet's well-balanced and stands over her while she drinks milk or fruit juice. She's the kind of cook—God bless her, says her niece—who can make the most wonderful things, New Orleans style, out of those neckbones you buy nowadays to save points. As a matter of fact, she doesn't miss meat at all—not with the fish and cheese and egg dishes Aunt Eddy whips up. They always have a cold cut



She takes the

Screen Stars' tip

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Lena used to wear a lot of red, but every time she goes to New York she falls in love with black all over again. Thinks she looks best in tailored clothes and awful in fussy ones—The war has curbed her two pet extravagances—perfume and shoes. Except for carnation, she prefers spicy odors to sweet.

Her greatest regret is that the family refused to have her ears pierced, and she can't wear the diamond earrings that have been handed down through several generations of Hornes. Her only hobby is collecting records, and that's a recent one. With her, music appreciation is strictly from feeling. Her feelings respond to Ravel and Debussy, and her ear to the exotic patterns of Hindemith. Wagner's too heavy for her—give her "Tristan," and you can have the rest. Above all, she loves the Russians, modern or classic.

They live in a rented house off Sunset Boulevard. Lena likes California, but misses the pace and stimulation of New York and welcomes every chance to go back. Last winter the dream of her life came true. She sang with Duke Ellington's band at the Capitol. In Hollywood, she sings for servicemen at the Masquers and at the Canteen every week. But if it weren't for the camp shows, she'd find time hanging pretty heavy on her hands between pictures.

and the angel sang . . .

She entertains at both white and colored camps and prefers the colored only because they get fewer entertainers. At both, the boys are wonderful. They make her feel guilty. She's supposed to give them a good time, and they go out of their way to make things nice for her.

She's had her fair share of thrills. But nothing can ever top the three days she spent at the Tuskegee Army Air School last February.

First—to see those three or four thousand boys of her own race, from pre-flight cadets to near-graduates, so young and eager, rising so gloriously to their first opportunity to fly—as the record of the 99th Squadron over Anzio bears witness. Then, the welcome they gave her. She tried to talk to every one of them personally, ate every meal in a different messhall, crawled into planes, under and over them, gave a couple of shows at the hospital for kids who'd cracked up, saw the museum that memorializes Dr. Carver's priceless work for his own people and the whole human race. She was up at 6 every morning and danced every night—one night with the enlisted men, one night with the non-coms, one night with the officers. She danced blisters under each slipper-strap, had to kick her shoes off whenever she got her feet under a table for a minute.

They gave a big formal retreat for her. As guest of honor, she stood one pace behind the C.O. while the squadrons paraded, and the band played the song of each squadron. At a command, the biggest squadron halted in front of her, eyes right. An officer came up with a box of American beauty roses. She had to do something to release her pent-up emotions. She knew it was out of order, but she just couldn't help it. As they stepped smartly out again, her hand went up in a salute. The officer smiled, murmured, "Thank you." That was out of order, too, but no one got disciplined for it.

The whole beautiful experience mounted to a super-duper climax at the graduating exercises of the class of February. An escort called for her and took her to the

mothers and sweethearts were gathered. When she saw the arch of crossed sabers—the aisle of honor through which she was to pass to her table—she all but fainted. "This is the payoff," she thought. "I'll never be prouder."

She was wrong, though.

The command of the Field is shared by Lt. Col. Noel Parrish, white, and Lt. Col. Benjamin Davis, colored. Colonel Davis was away on a mission. Colonel Parrish got up to speak.

"I've given wings to a lot of you boys," he said. "You've proven that, granted the opportunity, courage and gallantry, the will and the power to learn, aren't confined to one group of people. In her way, Miss Horne proves the same thing—that charm and beauty and graciousness in women aren't confined to one group either." He turned to Lena. "Would you mind standing up, Miss Horne?" And he pinned the silver wings over her heart.

She couldn't trust herself to say more than "Thank you." After all, you can't blubber in front of a colonel and a whole mess hall full of brand-new lieutenants.

She hopes that some day the movies will present the story of a real negro—Carver or Toussaint L'Ouverture or Harriet Tubman, the slave who ran away and helped so many others through the underground. Whether or not she plays in them doesn't matter. The point is to show them.

She would like to be an actress, though she's a little shy about saying so. "If you're a singer, people think you're kidding when you say you want to act."

There's talk at M-G-M about doing the life of Florence Mills, with Lena. So far it's just talk, but the very thought sets Lena's backbone tingling.

"Of course Miss Mills was a great natural artist," she says, "and I'm not. But how proud I'd be to play her, if only because my people loved and admired her so."

From that angle, no one's better qualified to take on the role than Lena Horne.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This happened in 1941. At that time, the big U.S.O. troupes hadn't started their camp show tours, and we needed a guest star for our big G.I. show. Our special services officer said he could get us a radio singer—terrific entertainer but not well known. Well, it was arranged and she managed to fly down just in time for a short rehearsal.

We did our first show and left the audience begging for more. Ten minutes rest and then another performance—all this on one of the hottest evenings of a mercilessly hot summer. We were completely exhausted after those two shows when the Colonel came backstage to tell us there were still 2000 soldiers outside who'd been waiting for hours to get in. We were pooped, just couldn't go on again. But the singer was willing. We let the crowd in and explained our inability to give the complete show; just the opening, the singer and the finale. She went on all right, heat, exhaustion, strain notwithstanding—but she wouldn't let that audience notice it. She gave them song after song until we were afraid she would drop.

She was "discovered" by those G.I.'s then and there as a great singer and great girl—Dinah Shore.

Cpl. Henry S. Leff,
Sect. A, Station 11
Pacific Wing, ATC
Hamilton Field,
Calif.



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another. Simmons' prewar Beautyrest facilities are deep in war production now! If you need a *new* mattress, we recommend WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! It's \$39.50. NEWS!—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at \$39.50 each.

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• Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb
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moisture! The scientifically-shaped in-
sorber expands gently and comfortably
—adapting itself instantly to individual
requirements.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed

"WILSON"

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 39)

scene a brilliant reception at which President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson were playing hosts at a private concert by the famous Polish pianist, Paderewski.

Darryl Zanuck, who was escorting the noted visitor around the Hollywood studio, explained. The Stuart painting and the other huge canvases were not the originals, but copies so faithfully rendered that many other folk who frequent the Executive Mansion like Vice-President Wallace, had been fooled.

"Well," complimented Mr. Wallace with a smile. "You have really done something here!"

Hollywood agrees with Vice-President Wallace that Darryl Zanuck has "really done something!"

That "something" has turned out to be the costliest, longest and most elaborate production ever undertaken by Twentieth Century-Fox. The cost ran well over three million dollars. The film runs almost three hours. Here are a few of the fantastic figures:

The cast was the largest ever assembled in Hollywood, with 143 speaking parts and 12,874 players. The title role is the longest ever written, a total of 1,124 lines.

Almost forty acres and all seven of the studio's sound stages were required for the 162 sets. One set, depicting the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore in 1912, was the largest interior ever filmed. More than 1,500 extras, drilled like military platoons by a staff of fifty-three assistant directors, reenacted the almost hysterical hullabaloo of a political pow-wow. To light the scene required the greatest battery of lamps ever mobilized for a movie camera, enough power to supply a town of 100,000, and 108 electricians. In all, 6,238 technicians worked on "Wilson."

The wardrobe budget was a dress-maker's dream. Nearly 200 special costumes were created for the two Mrs. Wilsons and the three Wilson girls, who set the styles of their era. Geraldine Fitzgerald alone had forty-seven changes, the biggest closet-full of clothes ever stitched together for a movie matron. Each of them was a careful copy of an original Worth model.

The eighty-seven different melodies interwoven into the score of "Wilson" almost provide an index of the scenes.

Zanuck set out to conduct a Technicolor tour of Washington in "Wilson," and before the film is over, you have seen as much of the nation's Capital as you would on a week-end there, perhaps more, since the camera penetrates the private living rooms of the White House.

So exactly were the White House sets duplicated that Thomas Little, Twentieth Century-Fox property boss, figures the Hollywood replica of the White House cost more than the original building of the Executive Mansion when it was completed in 1800. The House of Representatives was duplicated for the screen for the first time for the dramatic scene in which President Wilson asks Congress for a declaration of war on Germany. Here the dais, the clock, the galleries, the paintings, the flags, and inlaid walls and even the chairs were all painstakingly reproduced.

Most difficult of all sets to build, according to Little, was the small President's Room in the Capitol because of the vaulted ceiling and the intricate wall decorations.

In "Wilson," Darryl Zanuck has made more than a movie. He has created a

TENDER COMRADE

(Continued from page 66)

and was terribly disappointed when the order came through for no more pilots, because they had enough, and he was transferred to the Morale Division.

There'd been some talk about Gwen going down to Texas for the Easter holidays. Don was against it at first. Gwen's right about him. He's thoughtful and sweet. He missed her so he could hardly bear it, but what would she do by herself all day with him in camp? He didn't want her hanging around down there, bored and alone—

She took the decision into her own hands. After a couple of boys they knew came up and told her how lonely Don was, she just sat down and wrote she was coming.

Don went out of his mind. For five days and nights he couldn't eat or sleep. Gwen's train was due at 7:30 on a Sunday. He had the day off and was up at four. Somehow the hours passed. He reached the station, only to find that the train was late. Nine-thirty, said the bulletin board. Lots of trains arrive and depart in Amarillo these days, and every time he heard a tootle, Don went crazy. He might have the wrong train. And the wrong station! He scooted around to all the other stations and got back at 9:30. Eleven-ten, said the bulletin board. He figured how far he could walk in half an hour, doggedly he tramped to that point and back. Twelve-fifty, sneered the bulletin board—

By an effort, he kept from slugging it. Twelve-thirty, huh? Okay, he'd show 'em. He wouldn't come back till 12:45—

Twelve forty-five, and the train was in. People getting off. He had the funniest feeling, nervous and shy—as if Gwen weren't the girl he'd been seeing every day for a year, the girl he'd married two months ago—as if she were some faraway dream with a halo around her. His eyes kept searching, but he couldn't find her. There was a girl who might have been Gwen—with the same kind of white fox coat—but she was carrying a baby—

Gwen and babies take to each other. This one belonged to the girl across the aisle in the train, but before they reached Texas, the baby wasn't sure which of the two pretty young things was his mother, and didn't much care. It was Gwen who carried him off the train, while his permanent ma followed with the bottles and stuff.

remote control poppa . . .

Don's heart turned over, and he raced down the platform. It was Gwen all right—Gwen in a turquoise suit under her white coat, Gwen laughing, with a baby in her arms. His eyes went from her to it, and from it to her, and his voice stuck in his throat. "How long—?" he croaked and stalled and started again—"how long since I've been a father?"

By the time they were having lunch at the hotel, some of the strangeness had worn off, but none of the wonder. He couldn't take his eyes off her. "Because next time I look, you might not be here—"

They were having a show at the field that night. Gwen waited in the wings while Don went out to sing, and got the surprise of her life when he announced, "This is a number I wrote for an extra-special girl—"

It was called "Anywhere Is Heaven When I'm with You," and of course it sounded heavenly to her, but the fellows seemed to like it, too, because they yelled for more,

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"Arrid gives a girl self-confidence . . . she's sure of herself when Arrid's on the job. You'll always find Arrid on my dressing table backstage, as well as on my dressing table at home. All my friends—men as well as women—tell me they use Arrid regularly."

Joan Roberts

and before she knew what was happening, Don had her out on the stage and was introducing her—

"This is the extra-special girl."

Well, they whistled and stamped, and she didn't know what to do—but leave it to Don! Above all the whistling, you could hear him holler, "Quit howling, wolves. She's my wife."

It was kind of embarrassing but awfully sweet in a way.

They had ten marvelous days, getting used to each other all over again. She could only see him evenings, of course, but she managed to keep herself busy during the day. Then they'd have dinner and dance or go to the movies or just talk their heads off. It was the first time they'd really been together since they were married, and the thought of parting again was even worse than before.

Gwen had wanted to spend their last night quietly, but Don said, "No, let's dance, you can't brood so good when you're dancing." Well, they were doing a pretty good job of both when some soldier danced by and said to Don, "You're leaving next week."

"I am?" he muttered—then suddenly they both stood stock still—just like a delayed take in the movies. "I am?" yelled Don, grabbed her hand and rushed over to the soldier. "Whaddaya mean, I'm leaving next week?"

"Just got your orders. You're being transferred to Palm Springs—"

Palm Springs! Three hours from home! For a minute, they couldn't take it in. Then, right in the middle of the dance floor, they hugged each other like a couple of fools.

Of course, that made saying good-by much easier, though it was still bad enough. They parted at midnight on the train platform, with a porter hovering over them. Gwen wanted to stay there and wave, but it was freezing cold, and Don wouldn't let her—

And this may be as good a time as any to reveal the fact that Don's a jealous guy. He says Gwen's just as jealous—the only difference is, he's frank about it. In the old days, for instance, before their engagement was official, any fellow who showed an interest in Gwen would sooner or later get a bid from Don. "How's about

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- 4th Prize.. Mr. Jos. Henderson
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- 5th Prize.. Miss Marjorie Sessions
Bristol, Conn.
- 6th Prize.. Master John Martin
Darby, Pa.

WINNERS OF MODERN SCREEN'S "IT HAPPENED TOMORROW" CONTEST

- 1st Prize.. Mrs. Helen Smith
Green Island, N. Y.
- 2nd Prize.. Mrs. D. Kronenberger
Pittsburgh, Pa.

boxing a couple of rounds at the Y?"

They'd spar for a while, then Don would casually bring up Gwen's name and hit the guy at the same time. He'd generally catch the drift, if not at the first sock, then at the second or third. "I see what you mean," he'd say, rubbing the spot, and that would fix that.

The O'Connors differ as to what happened on the train platform. Gwen says Don made her promise not to talk to anyone on the trip home. Don says he told her to use her own discretion.

to love, honor and . . .

"Are you kidding?" protests his indignant wife. "Come on, let's face facts, what did you say?"

"I said, use your own discretion, but don't talk to anybody."

When she got back, Gwen moved out to the valley to live with Effie, as everyone calls Don's mother. Now that her husband would be coming in on leave, his home was her place. Mabel, Don's sister-in-law, had brought Gary and Jack, aged six and eight respectively, to visit their grandmother, and the kids took possession of Gwen. For their money, Uncle Don was a swell picker. "I love God first," said Gary, "and my mother and you next. Will you marry me when I grow up?"

"But I can't, Gary. I'm married to Don."

"Say, with all the worries we have in the world, do we have to worry about him, too?"

surprise, surprise . . .

They were expecting to hear from Don any day now, but the day itself was a military secret. Late one afternoon, Gwen came in from a walk with her nephews-in-law and found Effie in the kitchen, looking flustered. "You just missed Don, he phoned from Palm Springs. Never mind now, honey, he'll call again soon. Look, would you run to the bathroom and fetch me an aspirin? What with all the excitement, I've got a headache coming on—"

In the bathroom, the shower was going. "May I come in, Mabel? Effie wants an aspirin."

You guessed. The head that poked itself out from between the shower curtains, mouth puckered for a kiss, was Private O'Connor.

After dinner, they had an important point to settle. Gwen said she'd written twice as often as Don, Don said she hadn't. So she got his letters from the desk, and he poured hers out of his duffle bag, but instead of counting them, they spent a blissful evening reading them all over by firelight—which was hard on the eyes, but wonderful for morale.

Still more wonderful is the fact that Don's stationed at Long Beach now, on WAC recruiting detail, and gets home lots of evenings. They don't know where he'll be sent next, so they're making the very most of these few weeks. Almost the best part is being able to argue again. While they were separated, they vowed they never would, but think of all the fun they'd have missed. Because Gwen and Don don't feel normal unless they argue—

Over a tennis game, for instance. "You'd be great," coos Gwen, "if you'd just hit the ball over the net, for a change—"

"I'm learning from you. Over the net and into the nearest cow—"

"I'm a very good tennis player, if you care to know—almost excellent. In fact—"

"In fact, next time you're going to use a racket—"

"I happen to come of a long line of champions—"

"I say, my pet, haven't you been delicately trained?"

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in late, she's been looking for shoes. You know how it is, you can't find shoes—

Don appeals to Effie. "She's always looking for shoes. I wonder why she never brings any shoes home—"

Gwen gives him a wifely peck on the cheek. "Darling, don't you trust me?"

"Of course I trust you but how do I know what you're doing?"

Once she hit below the belt, but on great provocation. She'd bought this hat while Don was away, and thought he'd be crazy about it. All he did, when she put it on, was give one look and say, "Makes you look like a piece of toast with an egg on top."

That's what stung. "Mickey Rooney likes it," said Mrs. O'Connor.

"And where did Mickey Rooney see it?"

"Oh, at the preview, silly, when I went with the girls."

"As a hat-picker, Rooney's a great entertainer. Now take it off." And rather to her own surprise, she did.

He calls her Stinky and Sweetheart interchangeably, but whichever he calls her, the look in his eyes is the same. She calls him Sweetheart, too, except when she's mad, then it's plain Donald. Their favorite line to describe their romance is, "He (she) chased me till I caught him (her)." After the war, they'd like a little

WANTED: STORY TELLERS

Have you ever sat around your chintz bower with the gang, sipping cold Pepsis with your legs curled under you and the room buzzing with your gab-gab-gab as you swapped yarns about your bunkings-into with your pet pix personalities? Hit it on the head, eh? Well, why not share the wealth, you hoarders, you? Let us in on it. What's more—we'll contribute more than Pepsi dough to your hen party. Five tender, bee-yootiful bucks! Sound good? Then make with the letters, friends, give us food for thought, and we'll B-17 out to you with a fat little check.

honeymoon house. Don's satisfied to leave the details to Gwen, all he asks is a den where he can be alone with his guns. He hasn't any guns.

Gwen doesn't expect him to be much use round the house. Once he offered to help with the dishes, and dried one.

He insists on helping her make the bed. She has to make it all over again, but at least he tries. What really irks her is the way he throws his clothes all over—

One thing they're agreed on is children. "Ten," says Don. "Then, when we retire, we can put 'em in show business."

"Three," says Gwen. "Two boys, then a girl, so her brothers can take her out."

"Oh, a drip, huh?"

"Don't insult your own daughter."

"Excuse me, daughter, I never said you couldn't get a beau of your own. That was Mother's idea—"

Despite all the foolery, Don's grown up. He worries. He knows he can take care of Gwen after the war, he's still under contract to Universal. But he worries about now. Gwen thinks that's silly. She plans to go to work after graduation.

"I can't be a secretary, because Don would be jealous of the boss. How about a telephone operator, Sweetheart? Nothing but plugs, and girls to talk to—"

For once, he doesn't pick it up. "I want to give her everything," he says soberly. But Gwen smiles. "I've got everything—"

tion for a week, and if you even once look burlesque, promise to hand over your paint until you're grown-up enough to use it properly. We think she'll give you the green light; now take it, easy, joe!

no weeds! . . .

Dad smokes like a four-alarm fire himself, but tobacco-wise—to his way of thinking—it's strictly a man's world. The old meanie won't even give you a drag on one of his cigarettes. Okay, okay, so you're abused; but maybe in his own unsavory way the guy has something. Lookit. It costs a lot of money to smoke; at least fifteen cents a day when you reach the chimney stage of the game. That's \$55 a year, which is the price of a knockout winter coat, eleven lush sweaters, fifty-five sheer-sheer pairs of stockings or 1,100 short cokes. That, bud, is *money*.

Furthermore, many many of the lads wail that a girl with a cigarette in her mouth or a tobacco smell in her hair is about as feminine as an old tweed jacket, as love-inspiring as a top-sergeant—so much for your dad's side of the fence. From a practical angle, he's strictly solid, and for our dough there is no other angle. We have never been able to see, smoking as a moral issue at all. If you just must smoke, then tell your dad you've weighed all the disadvantages, but they pale beside the lift that after-dinner puff gives you, the poised feeling you have with a cigarette in your hand. If it's an aesthetic thing with him, promise not to smoke within his eye-shot, but let him know you don't want to resort to behind-the-barn tactics. Talk to him man-to-man about it, and—if you're seventeen or thereabouts—we have a hunch he'll see it your way. Give him a hug when he says yes, and profit by his experience—smoke moderately.

no guys! . . .

There are all degrees of parental date-hating. Some thumbs-down dates in general; others disapprove of going steady; and some can't bear dates that keep you out after ten. Let's take 'em one at a time. Supposing they won't let you date at all. Well, if you can answer yes to all the following questions, you're grown up enough for dates, and your parents will have to be convinced. 1. Do the majority of your classmates date? 2. Has your family reason to have confidence in you? 3. Are you willing to settle for house dates and double-dates as a starter? Yes yes, yes? Good. We didn't ask you about your age, for there is no general beau age. Each locality has its own. The best way to bring your parents around to your viewpoint is to be soft-voiced and patient with them. Name the girls who have begun to go out, tell where they go and what fun they have. Explain to them that they needn't worry about you, on account of you'll only go out with the cream of the crop, and that each lad you date can come over and stand inspection first. Agree to double-date for a while and to be home at a certain hour. Tell them that you think too much of them to want to date on the sly, and that it would be utterly swoony to have them approve of your various swains. If you keep calm and speak your piece intelligently, they'll just have to see it your way.

Now about going steady. You can't see anyone on earth but Ted, and they keep insisting that you continue to go out with Bill and John and all the rest of the also-



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Women everywhere these days are rushed for time—they've taken on war-activities in addition to their usual duties...and they just haven't got hours to spend on make-up anymore. That is why our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is such a boon...at last busy women have found a lipstick that smooths and flatters their lips for *extra hours*.

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them. Let's be sensible. Are you going to marry Ted? Gosh, no! He's Mr. Big for now, but six months hence he'll just be a name in your diary and a lot of movie stubs in your scrap book. So, hon bun, be smart. Let him take you to all the big things around town, save your sweetest smile for him, but deal the other boys in, too. Oh, we know lots of the kids go steady, and it's beautiful to see. Slave bracelets and twin sports coats. One coke and two straws. You envy them for a while, but if you've ever seen a combination break up, you know it's not all moonlight and sweet talk. Until you meet the boy you're going to marry, spread yourself a little thin. You and Mom and Pop will all be the happier for it.

What's a good curfew time? That, too, will vary in different localities, but if we had to give a general rule, we'd say eleven or eleven-thirty for fourteen and fifteen year olds, unless it's something super special; and twelve or one o'clock for the sixteen and seventeen-ers, depending on the occasion. This, too, to be stretched once in a blue moon. If you agree to a certain hour, stick to it faithfully and phone if you're going to be delayed.

no cooperation . . .

Maybe your family tolerates swains, but that's as far as it goes. Pop will just grunt a greeting at them when they come over, and Mom won't even bother to comb her hair on Saturday night. It's such a weird feeling to suddenly be embarrassed about your parents when you've always been so bursting proud of them, but don't brood about it. Just a couple of words can fix things up. Instead of yapping, "For heaven's sake, Dad, be civil to Bob tonight!" try something like, "Dad, Bob Haines is coming over tonight. He's been crazy to meet you ever since he heard you were overseas in the last war," or "that you're a Dodger fan, too," or "that you used to play pro football." All Dad really needs is a topic, and he'll do you proud. As for Mom, she'll bloom under a wee bit of flattery. "Bill said you were awfully pretty, Mom. He wishes his mother had cute short hair like yours." Or, "Don't let this go to your feather cut, lady, but Johnny said he thought you were the smartest-looking mother he knew." She'll be running for a mirror and lipstick, one'll get you ten. Don't ever, ever belittle your parents or make fun of them. You don't know how terribly unhappy some of your unthinking jive talk can make them feel. They'd rather die than admit it, but it's true. Be just as sweet and considerate as you can be, and you'll acquire the two staunchest allies a gal could possibly have.

QUESTION BOX

How can two nice gals meet some respectable guys without resorting to cheap flirting and pick-ups? A. and L., New Orleans, La.

Your best bets would be dances or parties sponsored by your local USO, your church, the YWCA or some other reputable organization. Pick out a couple of nice, lonely-looking lads and ask them to dance. Be warm and friendly to them, as if they were guests in your own home, and watch them relax and have fun. You will too, kiddies.

I have been in love with a fellow for five years, but he doesn't know I'm alive. Should I swallow my pride and tell him how I feel? I'm heading for a nervous breakdown.

Susan T., Newark, New Jersey.
Pull yourself together, Susy. You have a really terrific crush there, but it isn't

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

Her amber-eyed beauty and natural charm have made this young Navy wife an outstanding favorite with New York society. Her unerring taste is reflected in the smooth, casual perfection of her make-up. "When my skin seems the least bit rough or dull, I give my face a quick beauty 'pick-up' with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Whitney says. "Right away my skin feels smoother—and looks so much clearer and brighter. Good make-up *then* is no problem at all!"



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney—one of the society beauties who loves the 1-Minute Mask

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 19)

1. Mad about Kerry
2. Keeper of the Oscars
3. "Maggi and Hank were a two-some . . ."
4. Learned native lingo at 20
5. Ambassador-ed to Kremlin
6. Great pianist? Great lie!
7. Three-war vet
8. Whirling dervish
9. Camp-trekking dark angel
10. Suffers for her art
11. Spit out his silver spoon
12. Borscht-circuit grad
13. Miraculous moppet
14. Loved by Louis
15. Rolling-eyed rogue
16. OW!
17. Reporter from Beaver Dam
18. M.M. . . mm . . mm
19. Giggles turned to glamour
20. Horizontal blooming rose

(Continued on page 113)

**How to
"re-style"
your complexion
with the
1-Minute Mask**

Smooth a fragrant, white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

Leave this mask on for one full minute.

"Keratolytic" action of the cream will loosen and dissolve tiny powder-catching roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles.

After just one minute tissue the mask off—clean.

Your re-styled complexion looks lighter . . . fresher! Feels so heavenly . . . softer to touch, with a *perfect* finish for make-up!

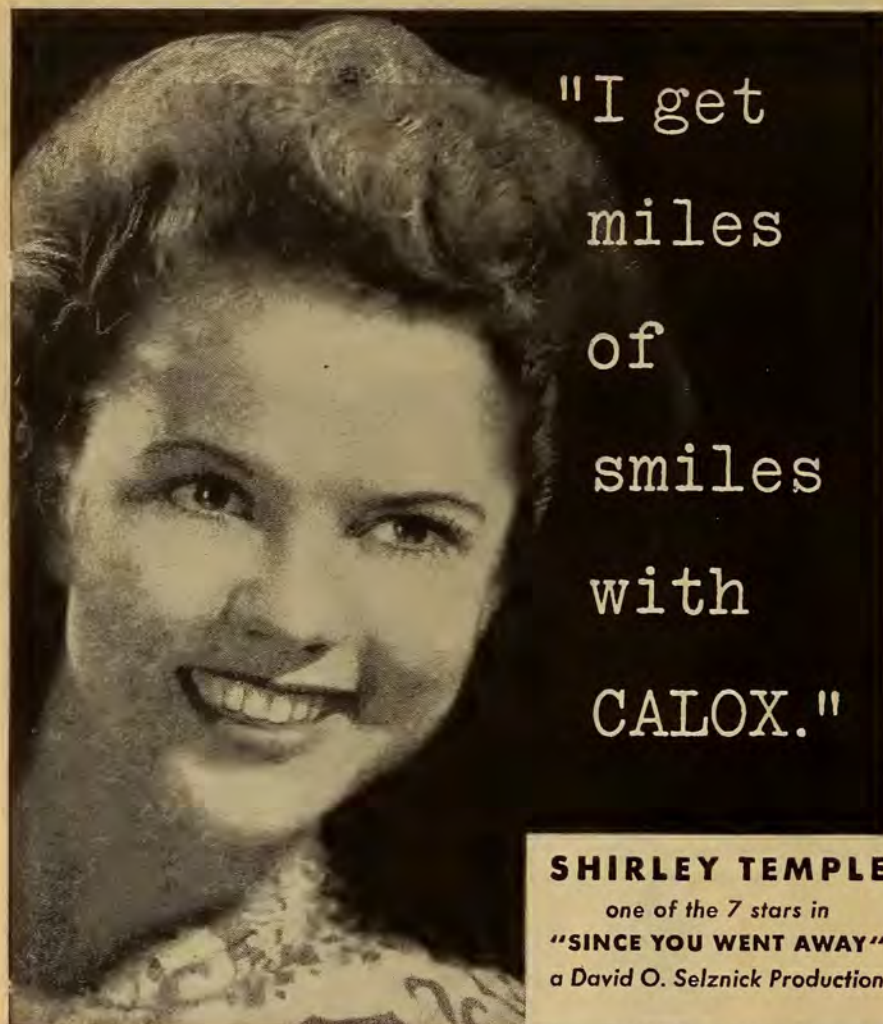
Note for split-second make-up . . .

Just smooth on a very, very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . and *leave it on*. A wonderful, un-greasy powder base!

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.



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3 MILLION OFF-TO-SEA MEN NEED 4 MILLION OF YOU

We've got 'em on our list, we've got 'em on our list... names, names, names! One hundred and forty-eight of them, to be exact, from glamour gals to toughies, from funny mans to kidlets—all the Hollywood big-time big hearts who can't wait to start swapping writer's cramp for your quarters. Read Al's editorial on page 29 before you make like a bunny to the nearest mail box—they may not be literally pennies from heaven, but oh, what a miracle they can work!

June Allyson	Danny Kaye
Don Ameche	Gene Kelly
Mary Anderson	Kay Kyser
Dana Andrews	
Lois Andrews	Alan Ladd
Heather Angel	Hedy Lamarr
Jean Arthur	Dorothy Lamour
	Carole Landis
Jane Ball	Priscilla Lane
Lynn Bari	Joan Leslie
Lionel Barrymore	John Loder
Anne Baxter	Myrna Loy
William Bendix	Lum 'n' Abner
Constance Bennett	Ida Lupino
Joan Bennett	
Ingrid Bergman	Roddy MacDowall
Charles Bickford	Lon McCallister
Julie Bishop	Renny McEvoy
Vivian Blaine	Dorothy McGuire
Joan Blondell	Irene Manning
Humphrey Bogart	Trudy Marshall
Charles Boyer	Marilyn Maxwell
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Joe E. Brown	Carmen Miranda
	Thomas Mitchell
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Ronald Colman	Dennis Morgan
Gary Cooper	George Murphy
Joseph Cotten	
James Craig	Lloyd Nolan
Jeanne Crain	Jack Oakie
Laird Cregar	Merle Oberon
Bing Crosby	Margaret O'Brien
Xavier Cugat	Virginia O'Brien
	Donald O'Connor
	Maureen O'Hara
	Dennis O'Keefe
	Michael O'Shea

Helmut Dantine
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Brian Donlevy
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Alice Faye
Fibber McGee and Molly
Gracie Fields
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Preston Foster
Kay Francis

Ava Gardner
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Glidersleeve
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Dare Harris
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Walter Huston
Marsha Hunt
Betty Hutton

Richard Jaeckel
Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce
Arlene Judge

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power
B. S. Pully

Frances Rafferty
George Raft
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Sheila Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Ransom Sherman
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Eric Sinclair
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
Cornell Wilde
Warren William
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman
Keenan Wynn

Loretta Young
Robert Young

And, by the way, if you can't trace down your rave's name, don't fret. Just drop us a line, and if it's all possible, we'll see to it that he or she gets on our list—but pronto!

(Your coupon's on page 95—use it now, won't you?)

TERRIBLE TOMMY

(Continued from page 56)

to be tough. In self-defense. One day Tommy came home with his hair clipped down to the scalp. Clean as a pin-ball. For more of the convict effect, probably. And of course if he could manage to cake his clothes up so with dirt that they'd stand up in a corner by themselves, it helped. Still," she laughs, "he was a pretty mild-looking little man. I don't think he ever really fooled anybody."

One night, for instance, he was walking his girl, Teri Keane, down Broadway when they got into a slight squabble. Teri dashed over to the cop and asked, with well-controlled fright in her voice, whether he'd please see to the man who was following her. The officer, burly but gallant, swirled around, lunged toward Tommy and then stopped dead. "Hey, miss, this your dangerous character?"

"Yes," Teri told him.

"Ya mean this . . . this peanut with the school books? G'wan, you're kiddin'!"

He and Teri used to do the Aldrich radio show together. (Tommy was Homer.) And after work they'd ride home on the subway singing their heads off between steps. Or on hot nights they'd ride out to Coney Island for a hot dog and a couple of turns on the roller coaster. Uphill on the coaster they'd scream just for the joy of screaming. But coming down those mile-long dips, they'd sing 'cause then the noise was loudest, and nobody could possibly hear. But if they had, they'd have said it was the loudest, meanest, fanciest harmonizing this side of Heaven.

Tommy's voice crawled down a couple of octaves practically over night. The trouble was, it left the rest of him behind. People just didn't expect this narrow, pint-sized kid to let go with that booming, pit-of-the-stomach voice. The day he tried out, nervously, for "Best Foot Forward" on Broadway, he sang "Buckle Down Winssocki," and before he'd gotten two notes out, they were laughing. After that, of course, he played it for laughs. Well, one night his Uncle Sid was in the audience . . . and you know the loyalty that runs in families. When Tommy started to sing, a ripple of laughter breezed through the audience. Uncle Sid, who knew right from wrong, jumped up and yelled, "Shut up! The kid's trying to sing! Quit the laughin'!"

When the cast of "Best Foot Forward" went to Hollywood, Tommy went with it. He'd been screen tested by a couple of Hollywood studios two years before. The two studios fought over him while Mrs. Dix

IF I COULD LIVE IN AN AIR-TIGHT MASON JAR, I MIGHT BE SAFE FROM GERMS THAT CAUSE SKIN RASHES: BUT I CAN'T, SO MOMMY PROTECTS ME WITH BABY POWDER THAT'S ANTISEPTIC. . . MENNEN.



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

LOOK HOW I ALWAYS MOVE MY ARMS AND LEGS AROUND-LIKE WHEN I'M CRYING OUT LOUD! BOY, AM I GLAD MOMMY PROTECTS ME FROM CHAFING WITH THE POWDER THAT'S SMOOTHEST. . . MENNEN.



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

Want the best
for your baby?



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder

Enclosed please find 25c. in ☐ stamps,
☐ paper-wrapped coin, for which please
send me my NAA card autographed by

My name is _____

I live at _____

City _____

State _____

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

I Spelled Marriage "M-I-R-A-G-E"



Listen to this
wife's story of marriage
happiness rediscovered

I married for love . . . and at first George *did* love me. Then—I can't explain when or how it began—George became more and more indifferent. Our marriage happiness began to fade away like a mirage.

I brooded so that I actually became ill. When I went to see my doctor, I started to cry and told him everything. It was then I learned how "one neglect"—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene—so often wrecks romance!



My doctor advised me to use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. "Thousands of modern wives use it," he said, explaining how Lysol makes an effective germ-killing douche that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. "And Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues . . . just follow the directions," he added. *How right he was!* I've found Lysol so pleasant to use—so easy and economical, too. It's been working wonderfully!

Oh, yes—the happy ending! It's about US, of course! George is mine again, with lots of love. That's all . . . *that's everything!*

CHECK THESE FACTS WITH YOUR DOCTOR

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread, thus

virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle of Lysol makes almost 4 gallons of solution for the douche. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lysol deodorizes completely. Lasting—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Lysol
Disinfectant



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went serenely about the moving job. For a couple of days the kitchen stove sat unhinged in the middle of the floor while the studios bargained back and forth. In the end the whole thing fell through, and the Dixes sadly hitched the kitchen stove back to its old moorings.

Things are different now. M-G-M has him tied up for after the war. But meanwhile the infantry's got him. The Jewish chaplain at his camp heard of the terrific work he'd been doing selling bonds during his furlough. Tremendously impressed, he approached Tommy cautiously one day and asked, "Son, how'd you like to be a cantor?"

"A what?"

"A cantor. We need one pretty badly for camp services."

Tommy was flattered, but the only religious psalms he knew were the ones he'd learned at Sunday School. The cantor said they wouldn't do, exactly, but it was really too bad because his voice would have been just fine for cantoring.

That's funny when you think of it, because the same voice sold forty-eight thousand dollars in bonds at the Ansley High School in Birmingham. And the kids who heard it admitted right out that Sinatra wasn't the only guy alive who counted. The next day, when Tommy was slated to sing at church, so many young faces smiled dreamily from the pews, the preacher had to change his sermon. Something a little lighter for the young folks.

WIN WITH A SMILE

(Continued from page 75)

business of visiting your dentist: Get to know him. Not only will he catch tiny holes and clean away any tartar, but he can also act as beautifier. Many a Hollywood star wears caps to glamorize her (or his!) smile. Dental workmanship can replace or straighten teeth. Your dentist will do his best to save the ones you have.

Chewing gum is a good exerciser of teeth and massager of gums. Too, it helps to keep teeth polished. "Maisie" Sothern shouldn't be the only gum chewer. Not with all these benefits, she shouldn't! Gum helps sweeten the breath because of its flavor, keeps the mouth pliable and helps to develop the beauty and mobility of your lips.

Speaking of lip beauty . . . don't be one of those unpleasant people who look as if the effort of a laugh is almost enough to break her in two. Practice these smile hints, then smile often—smile pretty—smile at every excuse.

Incidentally, would you like to bring a smile to someone at the other end of the world? Then reach for the pen and ink, sit right down and dash off a letter to that nice kid from next door who's now serving in France or the South Pacific.

And just to check on your smile knowledge, test yourself on the super-duper quiz which you'll find on page 76.

If you would know the names of any of these smile products, drop me a line. 'Twill make me happy to answer. And if any other beauty problem crops up, I have the solution! Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16, N. Y. Good-bye until next month when I'm all set to chat about beautiful tresses.

ANSWERS TO TOOTH CARE QUIZ ON PAGE 76

1—c; 2—i; 3—g; 4—a; 5—j; 6—h; 7—b;

"WILSON" STORY

(Continued from page 39)

just past fifty; and he lived in a small New Jersey college town in a pleasant house under green elms and arching oaks old as he was, older perhaps, and he was like them in some ways; the quiet power was hidden, and the living sap ran deep, and he bent but never broke before the storm. His name was Woodrow Wilson.

offer of office . . .

Just now he stood at his open door looking out to the darkness. Three men stood on the porch. They were three strange men to find on the doorstep of a college president in a sleepy New Jersey town. One was Senator Edward (Big Ed) Jones, boss of the Jersey Democratic political machine; the other two were his henchmen—Jim Beeker and Ed Sullivan. Beeker wore a hard, round, black derby; Sullivan puffed on a cigar.

"Mr. Wilson?" Jones said.

"Yes?"

"I'm Senator Edward Jones."

"Yes," Wilson's voice came drily. "I recognized you."

"May we come in? I've something I'd like to talk over with you."

Beeker and Sullivan sat uncomfortably on the edges of the club chairs in the comfortable study. Beeker's eyes looked with unbelieving amazement at the rows of books that covered the walls; Sullivan eyed the growing ash on the tip of his cigar. Big Ed walked up and down in the quiet room talking.

"You know, Mr. Wilson, you've had some pretty favorable notice in the press of the country. Your books. Your articles. People like to read what you have to say about democracy. Well, so do we, for that matter. We're Democrats, too."

Beeker laughed.

"We like to give the people what they want," Big Ed said. "We're all for good government, for honest government. Right now there's a strong liberal movement in the country. We want to get the best liberal of them all for New Jersey. After all, that's our job." Big Ed paused and then swung around facing Wilson; he said flatly: "How would you like to be Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Wilson?"

Then they were gone. In the living room, Ellen, his wife, looked up as Wilson came in thoughtfully. His three daughters—Jessie, Margaret and Nell—were bunched around the piano; Nell was playing "Chopsticks." Wilson sat down next to her and picked up the bass accompaniment.

"Wasn't that Big Ed who came in?"

"Yes."

"Is he thinking of enrolling for the Fall semester?"

"Not quite."

Nell said suddenly: "Hey, Dad, you missed a beat there. It goes this way: bum tee tee, bum tee tee, BUM. You missed the last BUM."

"You mean Big Ed? or Beeker?" Wilson said, as he grinned. "No, I saw them both."

"What did they want?" Ellen said quietly.

Wilson hammered on the bass, raising the beat of the rhythm, Nell squealed and rippled a run of tinkling notes. Wilson said: "Just politics, Ellen. They wanted me to be Governor."

Nell's hand came down in a discordant chord.

Ellen said: "What did you tell them."

"I told them they were crazy."

"Are they?" Ellen said quietly. "Are they?"

You've always wanted to try your hand. You've always been interested in

(Continued on page 110)



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

1

Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?

2

Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?

3

Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?

4

Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?

5

Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?

6

Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

There's a thrilling new-texture face powder that helps end all these 6 "face powder troubles"!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's made differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by TWIN HURRICANES. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look younger!

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but try it! When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most economical size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box today!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players" Monday nights, CBS.



What's Cookin', America?

The third in our series of Regional Recipes

introduces lovely Laraine Day . . . representing UTAH



To make navel "Airy Nathings," Laraine Day uses a recipe handed down from maternal grandmother . . . who entered Salt Lake City, as a child, with the original pioneers!

■ In an historically fascinating and recipe-rewarding talk we had the other afternoon with Laraine Day—sweet young M-G-M star currently on loan to RKO—it was forcefully brought home to us that in many instances expediency plays quite as important a part as tradition in determining regional tastes in foods. Not only did our ancestors carry with them a liking for dishes favored by their forefathers but, of necessity, they learned to prepare and enjoy the foods they found, or could grow, in the regions in which they chose to live.

Not that the Mormons—the first white settlers of Utah—found anything much to eat when they arrived in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, pointed out Laraine who is a native of that State and who can list several of these hardy pioneers among her direct ancestors. Nor did they have much to eat with them, when they finally reached their destination. For the dreary trek from Missouri in covered wagons—across prairies, mountains and treacherous streams—took 102 days and was beset by a lack of food all along the way. Then when Brigham Young indicated that this was the place where they were to live, the food prospects were still mighty grim.



Anything made with chocolate rates high with Laraine. Her Chocolate Cake recipe can be used, as shown here, for Surprise Cup Cakes filled with Mack Whipped Cream.

Deep-fat-frying is final step in the preparation of these yeast-raised specialties of Laraine's. You'll see her next starring in the RKO picture, "Bride by Mistake."

The planting of crops was, therefore, a matter of vital concern. As early as 1848—one short year after their arrival—a flour mill was in full operation to take care of the wheat which had grown amazingly well despite the general lack of water. In fact, by an ingenious method known as “dry farming,” large wheat harvests have been produced in that state ever since.

This, coupled with the vast distances that lie between farms, ranches and towns, undoubtedly explains why Mormon women have always been excellent and enthusiastic home bakers. (In this respect both Laraine and her mother, Mrs. Johnson, are no exceptions, you’ll discover.) However, since the early settlers were drawn from people of all nationalities, in other respects Utahans cook pretty much like Mrs. Suburbia everywhere, except that they continue to be notably thrifty. This stems from the fact that Brigham Young—a superb organizer and a great booster for home manufacture and locally grown products—believed that waste was not to be tolerated in a community which, at first, was entirely dependent upon its own resources.

History, proudly proclaims Laraine Day, records no greater achievement in the face of terrific suffering and great hardship than that of these determined people who literally made the desert “bloom as the rose.”

No wonder Mormons look on the first settlers as their “immortals,” that their biggest holiday is called “Pioneer Day” and that a section of the State Capitol is used for a museum which presents an excellent cross-section of their life in the early days.

And now for the recipes we’re offering you this month. They feature outstanding favorites of Laraine’s which she and her folks brought with them from Utah. (Laraine’s parents now live in a lovely guest house on her estate in Santa Monica Canyon. But members of their family still live in Roosevelt, Utah, where Laraine was born. From them she gets regular supplies of Utah honey—thicker and somewhat less sweet than other types—and of holiday turkeys which she distributes as Christmas gifts to understandably appreciative friends.)

Laraine’s recipes stress home baked specialties as you can well understand. First and foremost are “Airy Nothings” which are really *Something!*

Also outstanding is Laraine’s Chocolate Cake with the Mock Whipped Cream which tops it or fills it—according to whether you prefer to bake it in loaf or in cup cake form, as pictured at the left. Then, too, we were given directions for making homemade noodles by Laraine’s mother. Noteworthy additions to this collection are: A Roquefort Cheese Dressing, always featured at the informal barbecues Laraine and her husband Ray Hendricks love to give; and an old-fashioned way to prepare steak—with Cream Gravy.

A leaflet containing all these—cake, cream-like topping, noodles, salad dressing, steak and Airy Nothings—is ready to be sent out to you, so just mail your request to:

**THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE**

149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

(Please be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)



“WHITE” — as in Fels-Naptha !

Take it from Junior—‘there’s nothing like a white shirt.

It *does* something to a guy.’ Surveying the immaculate expanse below his Adam’s apple, who could say that Junior overstates the case?

Naturally, the washday labor that produces his snowy shirts, doesn’t concern Junior. It’s only one of the minor miracles that any boy with a doting Mother takes as a matter of course.

But we know a great many women who say that for turning out whiter washing—with less work—‘there’s nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.’



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes “Tattle-Tale Gray”

8 minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' helps give your skin DAZZLING NEW CHARM



Complete Home Facial Works Wonders For Tired Faded Faces and Necks!

Here's a remarkable 'beauty-lift' that any girl can help give her face and neck right at home. It's a *complete* facial and takes only 8 minutes with that justly famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream.

And the devastatingly lovely RESULTS — after even the *first* facial — should convince you that at any price—you simply can't beat Hopper's Facial Cream to lubricate dry, fading skin and to make skin appear firmer, smoother and fresher. Faithful use will help you maintain exquisitely lovely face and neck beauty thruout the years.

Here's What To Do—

Just pat Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream over your face and neck, always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Then gently press an *EXTRA* amount of this amazing beauty cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes so that your skin can properly benefit by the *homogenized* beauty oils in Hopper's.

Notice how caressingly soft, marble smooth and glowing your skin appears.

The reason Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream is so *ACTIVE* and lubricates the skin so *expertly* and *evenly* is because it's *homogenized*.

Get a jar today! Treat your face and neck every night to this thrilling 'beauty-lift'. At all cosmetic counters.



Helps Deflake Aging UNLOVELY 'TOP-SKIN'

Hopper's White Clay Pack is *marvelous* to help clear away faded 'top-skin' debris with its ugly dried up skin cells. Also very effective for enlarged pore openings and to loosen blackheads.

"WILSON" STORY

(Continued from page 97)

politics. You've got some sound ideas. You're old enough and secure enough not to be personally ambitious. You believe in democratic equality and the abolition of special privileges. Where can you better do your job now than—in the Governor's chair?"

Wilson turned to her soberly: "Do you really believe that, Ellen?"

"I do, dear."

"Knowing what it means? That we'll have to give up the kind of life we've always known. Our quiet. Our privacy. That I'll have to fight and scratch, and it won't always be pleasant. That I'll have to turn on men like—like Big Ed, and they won't quit easily. It's going to be raw sometimes, and hard. Hard on me and hard on you and the girls—"

"I married you for better or worse," Ellen said, she smiled. "I'll admit being Governor is a comedown, but we might struggle through the disgrace."

Wilson laughed. He turned to the piano again, and his hands hit the keys. "Come on Nell," he said. "Let's do it in march time."

So the schoolteacher went out to tramp the byways of New Jersey. He spoke in the small towns and in the convention halls of the cities while the torchlight parades marched outside to the thump of the brass bands and jeering grimy-faced kids chanted:

Tammany, Tammany,
Politicians get positions.

But the people knew he wasn't a politician, not in that sense. They could feel the flaming sincerity of his words, the burning passion he felt for the ways of democracy and America. The tide swung to him, and on election day they voted for him. They came out of the neat rows of houses in the suburbs, out of the terrible tumbledown shacks along the railroad right-of-way: the people who worked, the people who, each of them small and alone, together make up the country called the United States. They made him Governor of New Jersey.

It didn't stop there. Word seeped out across the country about the schoolteacher Governor. "He broke Big Ed," they said. "He's for us," they said. "He's square, he means what he says," they said. Up and down the country, then, in the West and in the South, up in the New England states and in the corn raising states of the Middle-West they began to form Wilson-for-President Clubs.

So it happened that one day in March, 1912, a slight man who had once been a schoolteacher stood in the lobby of the White House. A new president was moving in. The staff of the White House was lined up in smiling welcome watching the man and his wife and the three bright-eyed girls who were his daughters. They walked through the spacious rooms where History had walked so often before them: . . . the East Room . . . the Blue Room . . . Dolly Madison . . . John Adams . . . "in this room Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation . . ."

It took Nell to break the spell. Walking down one of the corridors she whispered in her father's ear: "You know what, Dad? We get three automobiles, too!"

it's a wise father . . .

It was strange that a man could be President of the United States, a man who had the wisdom to wisely govern the destinies of forty-eight states, never knew that his daughters had fallen in love. Of

course he had seen them going out, to Washington Balls, to picnics on the Potomac. He knew that his own Cabinet Officer, McAdoo, saw Nell with suspicious frequency, and he was somewhat aware that a tall young man used to come and ask about Jessie from time to time . . . what *was* that man's name?

"Jessie out again?" he said to Ellen one night.

"Yes, Jessie's out. Again."

"Nell, too?"

"Nell, too."

"Hope they enjoy themselves," he said vaguely.

"Girls usually do when they're in love."

"Love!" he said. "Jessie? Nell?"

"You sound startled."

"Startled?" he said. "I'm flabbergasted. With whom? Who are these men they're in love with?"

"Come, dear," Ellen said, smiling. "Think hard. Try."

"Mac of course. That's Nell. He's been in love with her ever since he first laid eyes on her. They're really thinking of getting married?"

"I hope they are," Ellen said. "It might create something of a scandal if they didn't."

Wilson laughed: "So she's in love as all that. But Jessie's beau? I know him, of course. The tall young man. Very pleasant. Schoolteacher, isn't he? Sayre, that's his name. Francis Sayre. Of course I know my daughters' beaux!" he said triumphantly.

"Remarkable," Ellen agreed.

And then they both laughed.

They were joking about that one night—all of them, the whole family; how they were all running off to get married. In one corner of the large room Ellen was working on an invitation list to the mar-

riages. Nell and Jessie were radiant in their love. Margaret was at the piano. Wilson looked around at them in mock disapproval.

"That's all you're using the White House for—a bait for marriage," he said.

Nell giggled: "It's all Jessie's fault."

"I like that," Jessie said indignantly. "I suppose you don't want to get married."

"After all," Nell said, "I have a perfect right to. Mac lives right here in Washington. It was just natural that we should meet. But you had to lure your man all the way out from ends of nowhere—"

"Nell—" Jessie said softly.

"Of course I want you to be happy, and I think Frank is wonderful. But do you have to go back with him? We've never been broken up before. It's always been us, all of us together—"

Ellen was walking briskly across the room toward the piano: "I don't see anything to be so blue about. We'll still be seeing each other. Strike up a song, Margaret. Let's see if we can still sing anyway. We have every right to be happy."

alone with grief . . .

And just then, just before she reached the piano, they saw the sudden spasm of pain cross her face! She had only strength enough to reach for the piano and hold on to it, while in the sudden shocked silence, Wilson moved quickly across the room to her side.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Just a little—nothing," she said.

But they knew it was more than nothing. And they knew it for sure when Dr. Grayson told them the full story. He said it kindly, but in the end it meant that it was only a question of time. Then, in the suddenly large and empty room, Wilson faced it. He watched Grayson

walk out, and then he turned toward the windows. Just outside, he could see the rows of Ellen's flower garden. He forced the word, the frightened, ugly word, out of his mind. But it always returned, and he had to face it: Ellen was going to die.

He heard some one come into the room. It was Margaret. He began to speak then, very softly, as though to himself. "If only she didn't have to suffer," he said. "If only there was something I could do about that. She's always been so radiant, so full of life. She was always so willing to share everything. Even her life itself. If she dies, something of me dies with her—since the first time I ever saw her, she's been part of me—"

Margaret said: "She's always been happy, Father. She's so proud of you—"

a world he never made . . .

He didn't answer. He stood looking out at the rose garden, and then suddenly he buried his head in his hands. Proud of him? What was all the pomp, all the power compared to the bare touch of her living hand? Until she died, he walked about as a man in a daze, barely seeing those around him. It gave him a little time to steel himself; there was still a little time to share with Ellen as she grew thinner and weaker. And then on the last day, he knew it had to be, there was nothing more to be done. He stood alone in the huge room at the open window looking out at the faded rose garden. He heard Dr. Grayson come into the room, and he thought with a heavy sudden despair: She's dead. Through the open window came the jangle of the discordant noises of Washington. Far off, somewhere, a newsboy was calling:

"War! War! Read all about the War! Germany declares War!"

THIS SUPERIORITY OF PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . .

PROVED
far less irritating
to the nose and throat

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POWD'R-BASE *hampten*

Never dries your skin!

They said, then, about that First War, that we could keep out. They said it was one of Europe's wars and that it was none of our business. The sleek fat men and the experts ponderously prated that Germany had no designs whatever on the United States. In the White House, a man haggard with his own private tragedy, grappled with the terrible problems of war and peace.

Once in a cabinet meeting, he said to the men who urged him to declare war immediately: "It is an awful power that a President has. It is easy to beat the drums and wave the sword. But I'm thinking of the boys who would have to do the actual fighting. If I must ask them to fight and die, I want them to know that I spared them no effort to preserve peace. I want them to be sure that they are fighting for something worthwhile, for security and for a world at peace..."

But the grinding wheel of history was not to be stopped. The shadow of the war in Europe crept across the waves of the Atlantic; it began to creep into the consciousness of America that all the world was one, that there were no barriers across the circle of the globe. And in the White House, through the long nights, a lonely man sifted the growing pile of reports that flowed across his desk, and in each one there was an undertone like the sound of distant thunder: War... War... War...

He was lonely. That was his own private hell. They tried—Margaret, Nell and Jessie—to keep him occupied, they tried to fill the dead void. But there was always the shadow of emptiness upon his face and in his heart. The days followed each other; the days and the weeks and the endless months. Winter passed, and then Spring came, and it was a little easier to soften the pangs of memory with the cushion of time.

It was raining one day as he came into the White House, a soft Spring rain that hinted at coming sunshine and cloudless skies. He came into the spacious lobby, shaking the rain from his hat, and looking up, he suddenly saw the woman who was standing there. For the first time in months, something touched him. In the brief moment that their eyes met some common chord seemed to leap the distance between them. She was a fair, slim woman with a mouth touched with gaiety and eyes that hinted at intensity.

hearts ease...

He heard someone saying: "I'd like you to meet Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt—"

Her voice was soft, pleasant with a hint of the South: "Mr. President..."

"Mrs. Galt," he said formally.

Later they were to laugh at the formality of that first conversation. Laughingly, he blamed it on Congress; she said that she felt vaguely like a Committee on Introductions as she talked to him that first time. It became a joke between them.

He found common laughter with Edith Bolling Galt that made him, for the first time in the long months, feel alive. He showed her about the city. They played golf together. He sent her a book. He sent her a corsage, an orchid. In the box there was a card.

"You are the only woman I know who can wear an orchid."

Generally it's the orchid that wears the woman.

W. W."

That night they dined together at the White House, and later in the living room that looked out on the wide spacious green of the lawns that faced the street, he spoke to her. It was just coming dusk, and the first stars were faint in the sky, sketched against the slowly deepening blue.



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speaking softly, "Will you be my wife, Edith?"

She didn't answer immediately, turning to face him, her eyes serious and grave: "Any woman would be proud to have you ask that of her. But you've only known me such a short while; we've hardly had time to know each other."

"I know you well enough to know that I want you to be my wife," he said.

"I've had no training to be the wife of a President."

"I'm not asking you as President," he said gently.

"I want to be sure," she said.

"Yes," he said. "Of course."

She touched his hand.

"Let's wait," she said. "Just awhile."

It wasn't for long. It was a dull day in the correspondent's room in the White House when Tumulty, the President's secretary, strolled in carrying the day's news release.

"Anything new?" they said.

"A few odds and ends," Tumulty said.

"War stuff?"

"No."

"Can't be much, then."

"The usual run," Tumulty said, and then as he was strolling out, he turned casually and added: "Just an odd item: The President's going to be married—"

new world a 'comin' . . .

The election of 1916 exploded in the United States in a world slowly bleeding to death of war. Passions ran high. In the corridors of Congress some of the congressmen were bitter. They spoke contemptuously of Wilson: "Dictator . . . fool . . . ruining the country . . . making us the laughingstock of the world . . . incompetent . . . insincere . . ."

But the whole country went to the polls in that famous election. Wilson ran against Hughes. The early returns gave Hughes the election. Hughes went to sleep that night sure he was President of the United States. But the late returns from the West Coast brought California into Wilson's column, and in the morning, Hughes woke to find that the victory had slipped from his grasp. Wilson had been reelected.

The threat that had been hanging over the country so long fell during that second administration. Under provocation of Germany's unrestricted submarine campaign, the issue finally came to a head, and in 1917 the country went to war. There were flags and bands playing in the boulevards and the streets of the country. But the quiet man in the White House felt no exultation in the declaration of war. It was, in a way, a defeat. For he felt strongly that war was evil and that a time would come in the history of the world when nations would no longer have to resort to war in order to redress wrongs. The time was not yet, perhaps, but already there was forming in his mind the shadowy outlines of a plan that might, if the world adopted it in good heart, prevent the holocaust of war forever in the future.

Once, on a trip to one of the training camps, he spoke informally to the soldiers. They gathered around him, awed that their Commander-in-Chief, that the President of the United States, should be there among them, talking to them easily, talking as man to man. He asked them where they were from, he asked them their names.

"Vespucci . . ."

"I'm from Milwaukee, sir. My father was a German. I'm just plain American I guess."

"They just call me Mike. Irish."

"Don't know what I am except maybe Texas."

"Palemanski . . ."

What makes Mary so Toothsome?



The man isn't born who could resist Mary's bright, seductive smile. And that's the way it's been ever since the day she discovered how much better *super-fine* Pebecco cleans her teeth. As she says, "Pebecco Powder doesn't wash right away when you start to brush. It stays on the job and polishes!"



The trick is—the way Pebecco's micro-fine particles hold onto your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. It's this special penetrating polishing agent, so fine it does a *super* job of gentle cleaning, that makes Mary's teeth so sweet and shining.



Never a dull molar for you either, dear Reader, if you leave it to Pebecco. Taste its bright, fresh flavor. Revel in that grand "polished" feel as you run your tongue over your teeth. Exclaim, as you admire their special sparkle—"Who? Me?"

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He stood looking around at them, profoundly touched, trying to find the words to reach them. He felt that here in the proving ground of war, was the proof of America. Here all races and all creeds met in a common purpose, all together, all Americans. What could be done here, in one country, could perhaps be done for the world. He groped for words.

"I want you to know," he said, "that we are fighting not only for our own safety but for those who will come after us. There must be a way—if we all will it—to guarantee peace. The world is large enough for all its nations. If we work together, band together in common aim like a—like a League, perhaps . . ."

He always remembered that. And when the time came for peace, he worked toward that great aim. He crossed to Paris to face the tortuous legalities of treaty making, hoping always to preserve that single aim in all its great simplicity. Even then, in Paris after the war, the doubts began to creep in. There was too much hatred left in the world. In Europe there were old scores, old wounds remembered; at home a group of men maligned him, misinterpreted his every word.

As always, he had faith in the people. He always said that if they knew the issue, if they understood it completely, they would see the great need for America to share in the work and responsibility of a League of Nations. So he took the story to the country. Grayson, his doctor, told him he wasn't physically fit enough to undertake a trip of that length, speaking every night, sleeping in snatches, eating on the run. He insisted. That was his duty. That was what he had sworn to the soldiers he had asked to fight.

"There can be no united action—no League of Nations—in the true sense without America's participation," he said.

He spoke at crossroads. He spoke in the huge auditoriums of the cities of America. He spoke from the backs of trains. He spoke to the people wherever and whenever they would listen.

"Make no mistake," he said. "Germany wants us to remain isolated . . ."

He grew weaker. You could see the strain in his face. He spoke through the pain; nothing stopped him. He spoke, in final appeal, to the men who had fought the war.

"You are betrayed," he said. "You fought for something you did not get . . . There will come a time in the vengeful providence of God . . . another struggle in which . . . many millions may be asked to give their lives to accomplish the final freedom of the people of the world . . ."

After that speech he turned from the platform of the train. Behind him Edith was watching anxiously. Dr. Grayson came hurrying forward. Grayson caught his arm. His face was ashen white.

He took Edith's hand: "I'm so—tired."

As a soldier who does his duty and sometimes dies doing it, so Wilson did his duty. Despite pain and illness he carried on until the moment of collapse. He was a soldier in the cause of peace; he was one of the casualties in civilization's endless war against war. He was a paralyzed old man at the end of his term of office.

But there was nothing gone in his spirit. The fire still flashed in his eyes, and his great soul still fought on where the body had deserted. He tasted defeat. He saw his policies go down to defeat in the next election. He watched America spurn the League of Nations.

But the day he left the White House he still believed in all the principles that he had always believed in. He still believed in their eventual triumph. He still believed in the rightness and the justness

of his ideas. He believed fervently and completely in the ideal of Peace through a League.

Standing in the White House on his last day there, with Edith, he said quietly: "The fight's just begun. You and I may never live to see it finished. But that doesn't matter. The League isn't dead . . . the dream of a world united against the awful wastes of war is too deeply embedded in the hearts of men everywhere . . ."

He left the White House as he had entered it, a quiet man with flaming eyes. They walked out together, Wilson and Edith, Margaret and Jessie and Nell. Wilson walked out into the annals of America and into the hearts of Americans and into the soul of any man anywhere who dreams the word Peace.

CAST

Woodrow Wilson.....Alexander Knox
Professor Henry Holmes

Charles Coburn
Edith Wilson.....Geraldine Fitzgerald
Joseph Tumulty.....Thomas Mitchell
Ellen Wilson.....Ruth Nelson
Senator Henry Cabot Lodge

Sir Cedric Hardwicke
William G. McAdoo.....Vincent Price
George Felton.....William Eythe
Eleanor Wilson.....Mary Anderson
Margaret Wilson.....Ruth Ford
Josephus Daniels.....Sidney Blackmer
Jessie Wilson.....Madeleine Forbes
Admiral Grayson.....Stanley Ridges
Eddie Foy.....Eddie Foy, Jr.
Colonel House.....Charles Halton
Senator E. H. Jones.....Thurston Hall
Edward Sullivan.....J. M. Kerrigan
Jim Beeker.....James Rennie

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YODORA deodorant cream

BOY WANTED

(Continued from page 41)

and Ingrid Bergman's his favorite actress. He had the pleasure of meeting her when he was over at M-G-M one day, and doesn't know how he ever fumbled through it. She said, "Anne's told me all about you," and he stood like a goof with his tongue in a knot. All he could think was, "Gosh, you're so beautiful!" but he had just enough sense left not to say it.

Of course, Miss Bergman's like a goddess. Anne, now—well, he wishes he were about four years older. As it is, Anne's wonderful to him and treats him like her twelve-year-old brother.

He keeps his first fan letter pressed between the pages of a book, and thinks it must have come from a very little girl. "Dear Mr. Granger," it says, "I saw you in 'North Star' and I love you. You don't know who I am, but some day we will meet and we will kiss and we will marry—"

miracle man . . .

He and his mother and dad used to talk about "if a miracle ever happens." If a miracle ever happened, they'd have the house painted or the couch re-covered. So when the miracle happened—a contract with Samuel Goldwyn Studios—he had the house painted and bought some new furniture and dishes. Oh, and another item—he paid off the mortgage. Knowing he'd be called into service shortly, he wanted the folks to have their home free and clear.

Clothes don't mean a lot to him, except you can't pry him loose from the sweater counter. There's no printed play that he hasn't read, and no Gershwin that he doesn't tag "out of this world." He could listen to "Porgy and Bess" all night, but can't carry a tune. Maybe you wondered why he was cut out of that cute song the other kids sang on the walking trip in "North Star."

"I can't sing," said Farley.

"Try it," they said.

He opened his mouth, and a sound came out. They were flabbergasted.

"You can't sing," they said.

"That's what I said," he said.

He doesn't drink—mainly because he doesn't want to. He never had a car of his own, and that never bothered him either. He got his job in "North Star" by answering an ad. And he's wanted to be a movie actor ever since he stopped wanting to be a vet.

The reason he wanted to be a vet was because then nobody'd care how many dogs he collected. In San José, where he was born, they had a pretty big yard, and his folks were pretty liberal about dogs. Still, there *was* a limit. After five or six, he had to go slow. The only rule was, if he wanted 'em that bad, it was up to him to earn their keep. So any time he needed dog food, the neighbors would cook up an errand for him to run.

The dog he remembers best is the one he didn't get—a German shepherd that was hanging around the place where his father sold cars. One day they went down to clean up the garage, and here was this pooch, looking wobegone the way dogs look when they don't belong anywhere. Farley ran out for a can of food and fed him—

"Can I keep him, Dad?"

You could see Dad wanted to say yes, but was torn two ways. "We've got more dogs now than we know what to do with. Maybe he's lost. Maybe his owner's looking for him—tell you what, son. If he's still



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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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NAME
ADDRESS

Farley fixed a bed for him that night, but next day the lonely dog was gone. To the end of his life, he'll always be "the lonely dog" to Farley.

There was only one dog to say good-by to when he left for camp last February. That was Boots, who has wirehair whiskers but is otherwise mixed in lineage but certainly not affections. The year they moved to Los Angeles, he found Boots's fuzzy head poking out of his Christmas stocking, to help make up for the dogs he'd left behind. He's never forgotten them, though. Couldn't if he wanted to, which he doesn't. Because in his prayers, it was always God bless Mother and Dad and then the whole tribe of dogs. They're still in his prayers. Seems kind of unfriendly somehow to shove 'em out—

They moved to Los Angeles because Dad lost his business in the depression. On account of being a veteran of the last war, he managed to get a Civil Service job. The only thing they really craved was a house, because when you've always lived in a house and yard, apartments kind of get you down. So they got this place in North Hollywood and, to help out, Mother took a job in the Five-and-Ten. Farley helped out, too—mowed lawns, worked in markets, made his own bed, and dried the dishes. On his way from school, he'd stop at the Five-and-Dime, and Mother'd tell him what to bring home from the market for dinner. She's nice enough to say he helped with the cooking, too, but all he remembers is turning the gas off and on while she rustled the food. Some of the meals they gave Dad were pretty rugged, but they did the best they could, and there was always a laugh in it somewhere—

Even up in San José he was crazy about the movies. After seeing a show, he'd line up all the kids, sit 'em on the curb and act the whole thing out, rippling heroine and all. Sometimes they'd sit through it. Other times they'd say, "Nuts, we'd rather see the picture," and walk out on him. But he didn't discourage easy. A couple of agents lived in North Hollywood, and he'd pester them about how to break into the movies—

"Get yourself into some play," they'd advise, like they'd said to every other stage-struck youngster. "Get some place where people can see you—"

Except for the war, he might have waited till after graduation. But he was bent on getting a couple of licks in before he was called. So he looked around and heard they were putting on "The Wookey" at the Mary Stuart Playhouse. He walked in, a little green around the gills, and asked to see the director—

"I'd like a part, Mr. Vivian."

"What have you done?"

"Well—not very much."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Two years ago, I attended a Bond Rally in Westerly, R. I., where vivacious Greer Garson was selling bonds—and selling them fast.

When she came onstage, she said, "I am so happy to be here. I don't know when I've ever seen so many beautiful babies as I have today. Won't you please tell me where they all came from?"

Whereupon my twelve-year-old daughter called in a loud, clear voice across the park, "Mother, don't you really think she knows?"

Mrs. Doris C. Briggs,
Pittsfield, Mass.

"Anything at all?"
 "Well—no."
 "Could you play a Cockney?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Let's hear you say a few words. Okay, come around tomorrow."

puttin' on the dog . . .

Mother and Dad didn't mind, but—what with school and the market—they couldn't see how he'd manage. He worked it out fine by ignoring both school and the market and promising his conscience to make it up after rehearsals. Versatile was the word for him. He played the Cockney, a voice on the radio, the crash of bombs and a dog's bark. It was fine while it lasted, but it only lasted a week. If anybody saw him—outside of his loving friends—they overlooked it.

Then fate took a hand. Producers don't usually advertise for actors. But Sam Goldwyn's an unusual man. They were desperate for a boy to play Damian in "North Star." "Will it hurt to advertise?" Sam Goldwyn asked himself and answered himself, "No."

Farley picked up the paper, ran an eye down the want ads and did a double take. "Boy wanted," it read. "Must be seventeen, but not yet eighteen. Acting experience desirable but not essential. Write qualifications to Casting Director, Samuel Goldwyn Studios."

He wrote, and they told him to come in. Bob McIntyre, the casting director, looked him over and sent him on to Mr. Goldwyn, who called in Miss Hellman; the author, and Mr. Milestone, the director. Farley was not unduly nervous. He has a philosophy to sustain him under stress. Whatever happens, even if it seems bad at the time, works out for the best. If you don't get what you want, you weren't meant to get it. You keep on trying till your time comes. The only way you can lose out is by giving up—

They seemed to like his appearance, but—in spite of the ad—his lack of experience bothered them. He leaned heavily on "The Wookey," but they weren't impressed. Still, they promised to call him back for a test, and he took them at their word. Four weeks passed without a peep from the studio, but all that worried Farley was, maybe they'd call too soon. Because during those four weeks, everything happened. Playing football at school, he was kicked in the throat and couldn't talk for three days. That was bad—they might call any minute. Then he broke out in a rash. Being susceptible to poison oak, he ran to the doctor. "Do something quick for this poison oak. Any minute they might phone me to come down for a test—"

"Poison oak nothing, that's scarletina. You'd better go home and test your bed—"

star light, star bright . . .

Evidently the part of Damian had been meant for Farley. He hadn't been up two days before they phoned. He got the script on Thursday, was tested on Friday, called back on Saturday and told to appear with his mother on Monday. Mother cried. She's very excitable. At the drop of a hat she'll cry—for instance, if she sees a train pulling out. Nobody has to be on the train that she knows—just show her a train pulling out, and Mother bawls. Farley has a terrible time with her—

At the studio they were all smiling. He could tell from the winks and nods that the news was good—even before Bob McIntyre broke it. Mother's hand kind of shook when she signed the contract, but Farley was pretty calm considering. Happy but calm. He'd always meant to be in motion pictures anyway. Well, here he was. It seemed sort of natural—

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He celebrated by taking the folks out to dinner and a show. "It's got to be a Goldwyn picture," Farley said, "or I'd feel like a heel."

"You'd be practically Benedict Arnold," Dad agreed. So they went to see Bob Hope in "They've Got Me Covered," and they made Mother quit her job.

It's Farley's opinion that life began with "North Star." The cameras didn't scare him. You couldn't be scared with a man like Mr. Milestone. He'd made a test with Anne, he'd met Eric and Jane in the schoolroom, so they were all friends before work started. Remember the scene where they dabbled their feet in the brook? That was the first scene they shot, and it was just as though he were out on a hike with his gang—

"You can't call it work," he told Mother and Dad. "They pay you for having fun."

Of course, it did get tougher—especially the blind scenes. But from the way Mr. Milestone acted, he knew he couldn't have been too awful. And after the sneak previews, he understood his name was mentioned on some of the cards (Hardly a card was turned in that didn't rave about the new Granger discovery.) He saw the picture in a projection room with Mother and Dad and Jane and Mr. and Mrs. Withers. The first time that map of his showed on the screen, he couldn't get squeezed down deep enough in the chair. When he finally got up the nerve to raise his eyes, there was Mother crying—right in the happiest part of the story—

What made "North Star" so exciting, apart from the work, was the comradeship on the set. And in "Purple Heart" it was even more so. As the youngest of the eight flyers, he was their butt. They kidded the shirt off him, and he loved it. "Hey, sub!" they'd call him, because he was going into the Navy. "Come over here. Now do your deep breathing. Want to suffocate down in that submarine?"

They introduced him to a new world. Sam and Johnny Craven and Charlie Russell—they'd worked on Broadway. They tossed around names that were golden magic to Farley. He'd sit at their feet, with his mouth open, lapping it up. Sometimes he'd pinch himself.

He met Roddy at school and got himself a new family. First, Mrs. MacDowall asked him to dinner, then to stay overnight. Which made it fine all round, because it took him forever to get back and forth to North Hollywood. Soon he was calling Mrs. Mac Baby, the way Vee and Roddy did, and she called him "Rooshia," on account of "North Star." Being an only child, he'd never known what fun a brother and sister could be. Roddy and Farley have their future all mapped out. Roddy will direct Farley's stories—he's got a whole slew of them, half finished, choking up his desk at home. Their studio's all ready—designed by Roddy on a huge square of cardboard. They can't decide whether to call it Farrod or Rodley Studios. Baby suggested Mac-Rooshia as a nice international touch.

parting shot...

As for Sam Levene, he's friend and brother, father confessor and paragon rolled into one. Talking of Sam, Farley glows. Sam's opened his mind and shown him far horizons—opened his own heart and taken Farley in. Call his feeling hero worship, and he cheerfully agrees. Sam's the tops—so kind yet honest, so wise but full of the old nick. In brief, Sam's the guy Farley would like to be—

"Here," said Sam, driving him home the day before Christmas—and kind of threw a little box at him.

"Gee, what is it?"

"A horse and buggy, but don't open it now."

It was a gold St. Christopher on a thin gold chain. Farley wears it over his sailor's blouse. In his wallet he keeps the card on which Sam had written: "We'll both watch over you."

It was Sam who took Farley downtown the day he left for camp. Boy, was that something. He'd said good-bye to Mother and Dad the night before. They'd all agreed that a train—with Farley going away on it—was no place for Mother—

So he slept at Baby's. Only he didn't sleep much. Sam was coming at six. He was due to report at seven. They breakfasted at five—

Six o'clock. No Sam. They called his house. No answer. They called the taxi company. No taxis. Time was fleeting. He finally got some authority on the phone who said he could meet his troupe at the station.

WE'RE SORRY!

Remember that gorgeous Kodachrome of Anne Baxter in the July issue? We forgot to tell you that you'll be seeing her soon in Hunt Stromberg's "Guest in the House."

Eight o'clock, and Sam walks in, whispering. "All ready, kid?"

"Soon as I get through killing you." Sam swore Farley'd said eight. Himself, he'd been up since five, just killing time. Vee went down with them—and the train never left till twelve that night. **character builders . . .**

Camp was okay, except all they gave you to drink was coffee, and Farley loathes coffee. At home he sits down with two quarts of milk in front of him. One night they showed "Purple Heart," but he wouldn't go. Afraid he'd get homesick. He saw snow for the first time and can live without it. It's pretty all right, but not when you're marching in it for hours. "Marching in snow's good for you," wrote Sam. "It'll build your character, make you a better actor—"

Now when he marches or digs or does physical fitness exercises that are just murder, he puts Sam's words to the rhythm—"This'll—make you—better actor—this'll—make you—better actor—". He doesn't see how exactly, but he's taking Sam's word for it. Meantime, it's making him a better seaman, 2nd class.

There was no particular girl to leave behind. He's never dated anyone regularly, but he likes the unsophisticated type who sticks pretty much to being feminine and doesn't use a lot of make-up. She doesn't have to be glamorous, just trim, and one thing he hates is hair that's all mussed up. In a brotherly way his favorite girls are Jane Withers and Vee MacDowall. He thinks it's all right for his friend Don O'Connor to get married at eighteen if he wants to, only Farley doesn't.

Pictures are more on his mind than girls. When the war's over, he wants to learn all about movies—acting, writing, camera angles, directing—the works. Along with that he's got three main ambitions.

First, to go to New York. Sam's promised to take him. Second, to dramatize and play the cartoon character of Prince Valiant. With that off his chest, he thinks he'll be ripe for his third ambition—to talk Mr. Goldwyn into re-making "Wuthering Heights"—with himself as Heathcliff and Anne Baxter as Cathy.

"You can't," says Farley, "kill a guy for trying."

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Cameo-lovely Bettina Bolegard



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FRANK SINATRA

(Continued from page 50)

discipline and plenty of it, but the girls just looked at each other and were lost.

There was a lot of fun in those early days, and the little house on Monroe Street was merry with laughter most of the time. Everyone in town knew the Sinatras: Nathalie, small, bright-eyed and pretty, recently back from overseas duty as a nurse. Marty, square and handsome, a scrappy little guy who combined firemaning with professional boxing. And everybody liked them. The house was always jumping with company—an uncle or a grandmother, one of Dad's pals from the firehouse or some of the neighborhood kids. Almost any time you dropped in, there was spaghetti to eat and pinochle to play and the baby to kid around with. They weren't wealthy people, but—contrary to popular opinion—Frank's parents were never poor. They always had a big share of life's good things. It was a happy house, and Frank was well-pleased with the deal he'd gotten.

One cousin in particular charmed him; a chubby, curly-haired roughneck four years older than he was, also named Frank Sinatra. From the first minute the baby saw him, it was written all over his face—"This I like," and as soon as he could get around under his own steam, he pursued him.

The fact that Big Frank had to go to school oppressed and mystified him, but when he reappeared in the afternoon, everything was jake again. Somehow, Big Frank's gang tolerated the squirt, although they gave him absolutely no quarter. If he wanted to tag along on their hikes, he tagged at his own risk. Nobody carried him when he got tired. If he wanted to hang around when they played baseball, he could darn well work for the privilege, so they made him bat boy. By the time he was four, Frankie was a man. He'd had a drag on a cigarette, sworn a few times and generally sown a wild oat or two. About the only thing that kept him from being a thorough sophisticate was his speech. S's gave him no end of trouble. In the middle of a word he could cope with them, and even at the end he could swing them. But at the beginning, they flooded him. Snow was 'now, and stone was 'tone, and it did sort of place him chronologically. The big kids used to laugh and laugh at him, until one afternoon, Big Frank settled them once and for all. They were walking along the docks watching the ferries plow back and forth, idly picking up pebbles and skimming them on the water. Frankie watched them carefully, then he picked one up.

'ticks and 'tones . . .

"Watch me 'kim this 'tone," he said. The lads guffawed.

"Say it again, Shorty," one of them gasped, holding his sides. "That's the best yet." A couple of the fellows had to sit down for a minute they were so completely overcome with laughter. Big Frank stood stolidly by for a moment, watching his cousin blush the way he always did when he'd said or done something that struck the big kids funny; watching him hold his underlip firm with his straight little teeth. What the heck did those guys think they were doing, riding the kid?

"What's so darned funny, you guys," he blazed at them. "Tell me that, will you?"

"Him," howled one of the lads pointing at Frankie. "'Tones,' he says. Oh boy, that's rich."

"He did not," said Big Frank hotly. "The

way back in his throat, and anyone that can't hear it is a cross-eyed monkey. Say stones, squirt."

"Tone." There was no sound whatever from the back of Frankie's throat.

"There, hear it?"

The kids' eyes were round as saucers. "Yeah," they murmured as one man. "Yeah. I heard it." No one picked on Frankie for a long time after that.

big shot small fry . . .

He lived a double life at that stage. By day he was one of the boys, swaggering across the baseball diamond, airing his views on Babe Ruth, setting the lads up to a round of tootsie-rolls at his grandfather's candy store. He was big stuff, by day. By night he was a little boy again, sleepy and loving. Clamoring for Mother Goose and Uncle Wiggily. Sometimes it was Mother who read to him before dinner. Sometimes—when Mrs. Sinatra was off on a case—it was Grandma. The same old stories over and over, and the Lord help them if one syllable was skipped. He learned to pick out words in his story books. Cat and boy and house. It pleased him, recognizing words, and he kept asking everyone how soon he'd be old enough to read.

"Next year," they'd tell him. "When you go to school." So school became a magic place.

And then he was five, going on six, and school turned out to be kind of a dreary joint after all. One from which one fled at the stroke of noon with never a backward look. His whole outlook changed. School was a chore to be endured, and the leisure he had hitherto scorned became the thing. Afternoon, that was the time. Anything could happen in the afternoon. Like going down to Grandpa's candy store and discovering a brand new kind of penny candy. Stuff that looked like gumdrops but that had perfume inside. Or maybe, like walking home with Anne, his second grade sweetheart, and having her mother invite him for lunch. Or—best of all—discovering a stray dog or cat and bringing it home. That was his hobby. Some kids collected stamps or playing cards. Frankie collected animals.

Mrs. Sinatra put up with it, mostly because she couldn't bear Frank's face on the few occasions she remonstrated. "Oh, but, Mom," he'd say, and his face would suddenly be nothing but eyes. "He's starving, Mom."

UH, UH—MUSTN'T TOUCH!

It would be sorta silly to drape Verboten signs on the stove and the stairs and Pa's cigarette lighter and Junior's ball-bearings and—well, gosh darn, on practically everything in the house. But if ya gotta, ya gotta—in your mind, anyhow. 'Cause according to the Red Cross, over 100,000 people a year are killed in the U. S. as the result of unnecessary accidents—and home accidents account for over one-third of these with falls, burns and poisons topping the list! Makes you shudderish, doesn't it?

So look, even if you don't enroll in one of those swell Red Cross Home, Farm or Aquatic Accident Prevention courses, do try to spread the word about safety to your folks and friends.

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"All right," she'd hear someone saying, and it always turned out to be herself. "All right, he can stay a while." Fortunately, the animals were usually transients. Hard-bitten gypsies they were, grateful for a square meal and a night's lodging, and then, tally-ho, they were off again. Frankie would dash home from school the day after he'd brought home a new one, eyes aglow. "Where's Dutchess?" he'd call. They all had names, even the one-night-standers.

"Gone," his mother would say, looking down. "She lit out around ten this morning and hasn't come back."

frankenstein in fur...

Then one night he appeared with something that can only be described as a canine character. She was part Spitz, part Airedale, and after that it was anybody's guess. She was definitely not an attractive addition to the group, and as far as Mrs. Sinatra was concerned, the more transient she was the better. The day after her arrival Frankie raced home after school. "Where's Girlie?" he asked.

The reply from the kitchen was not enthusiastic. "Right under my feet."

Sometimes, in the ensuing years, Mrs. Sinatra would say to her husband, "Funny, Marty, with all the pretty dogs he's brought home, this thing would be the one to linger." Frankenstein in fur, that was Girlie, but she and Frank idolized each other. They were together from the minute school was out until it began again next day. Eventually, when it became necessary for Frank's mother to keep off the stairs somewhat on account of her heart, Girlie remained downstairs when Frank was up in his room in order to carry messages.

"Girlie," Nathalie would say. "The telephone for Frank." Whereupon Girlie would tear up the stairs and bark at Frank's door. Down he'd come, the pup at his heels wiggling and wagging with joy.

Came a day when Frank got into some slight scrape in school. His teacher phoned Mrs. Sinatra, and Girlie made it her business to eavesdrop on the conversation. "He did?" Frank's mother was saying in a horrified voice. "Frank did that?" There was a pause electric with emotion. Then, "Well, I most certainly will reprimand him. Severely." The receiver clicked, and Girlie tried to make herself invisible. "Girlie," said Mrs. Sinatra. "Go get Frank." Girlie was busy with a flea and feigned deafness.

"Girlie!" Nathalie's voice was sharper. Girlie yawned a little and settled down. "I said," Nathalie told her clearly and authoritatively, "go—get—Frank." To make a long story short, a shoe was thrown, and Girlie eventually sulked up the stairs, barked weakly at Frank's door and gloomed down again. Later on, when that particular crisis was past, and Frank and his mother were buddies again, they got a big laugh out of that incident.

There were other scrapes after that, of course. Like when Frank set an alarm clock to go off in the middle of Assembly. Mr. Stover, the principal, phoned that time, and Marty handled him. He heard him through patiently, then he said, "Well, Mr. Stover, he's a boy." That was Marty's comeback anytime anyone said boo against Frankie. That and, "Well, we'd worry about him if he didn't get into mischief once in a while."

Just once did he spank his son, and he's never really forgiven himself for that. Some kind of country fair came to town, complete with merry-go-round. Nothing would do but Frankie ride on it, and his dad said okay, why not. So Frank and his buddies tooted over to the fairgrounds, and their dinner and get on. Frank was

on a large, white steed and, in imagination, the steed was fiery, and Frank was Hoot Gibson. "Yippee, fellas," he yelled and, so saying, he leaped in his saddle and his head crashed through the carousel roof. Pandemonium followed. In the course of time three facts became obvious. The roof would have to be removed, Frank's hair would have to be shaved off in order to treat the cut, and Frank's father would have to be apprised of the affair. Carousel roofs, it developed, came high, and the new one was on Papa Sinatra. It was immediately after getting the bill that Marty let his practically-bald son have it.

A typical American childhood was Frank's, with nothing in it anywhere to indicate the incredible career that was to come. He went to church every Sunday at St. Francis'. Made his First Communion and was confirmed there. He never was in the choir, but he was an altar boy for years, cherubic in the white robe. He had measles and mumps, chicken-pox and whooping cough; all the kids' diseases you can think of, and he was really sick with them. That's why he's such a fiend on inoculations for his youngsters.

There was the inevitable ball club that all little boys belong to. The club that is as dear to their hearts as anything can ever be. Half secret handshakes, half baseball, it was, and the club's name was the Turk's Palace. They had flashy orange and black uniforms with a half moon, star and dagger on them, and they all called each other Turk. Confusing? Not to a foxy eight-year-old. The uniforms were donated by Frankie's family, and on the strength of this he was made manager as well as pitcher.

There was, in due time, that momentous business, the first date. It was with a girl named Marie for the grammar school graduation dance, and his family will never forget it. The splashing in the tub; the slicking of the hair first one way, then another; the eventual appearance, shiny-faced in the new suit. "Get it good and dark," he'd admonished Mom before the purchase, "to look like a tux."

"Do I look okay?" he asked, hand casually in pocket, straining for nonchalance. "Wonderful."

"Well, so long, then." And when the door closed on him, a look passed between Marty and Nathalie, a long misty look.

growing pain pangs...

Oh, it was a typical childhood, all right, followed by a typical adolescence. If you have a brother or a son, you can practically write the words yourself. Those Saturday night movie dates for which he preened for hours. The school dances and Mom's vigil at the window till she heard his key in the lock. The ukulele era, oh hideous memory! He was in his early teens when the world went ukulele-mad. Remember? You just had to have one or you were a social zero. They got him one, just as they'd gotten him a bike and a pony and everything else he'd ever wanted, and it seemed never to be out of his unskilled hands. Then, to really fix things, he sang with it. His voice, as his mother recalls, was "all right—nothing swoony," and if you'd told her then he would someday drive the girls ma-ad with it, she would very likely have given you the Sinatra special, known as the horse laugh.

One afternoon Mrs. Sinatra came home and saw an unbelievable-looking vehicle in front of the door. It was painted red, yellow, green and blue, and there was something about the set of the headlights that gave it a leering expression. "This," she thought, "gives the house an air." They had moved by this time to their lovely corner home where people just

didn't go in for rainbow-hued flivvers. Presently, the car vanished, when or how, she failed to notice, but she asked no questions. It was enough that the thing was no longer in the vicinity. However, came six o'clock, came Frankie, came—oh no, it couldn't be—the car!

"I got a car, Mom."

"So I see."

"Isn't she a honey?" he grinned at her.

"To be brut'y frank," his mother said, "I dislike it. Why all the colors, and why all the scribbling on it?"

"Gee, Mother," he said, giving her that don't-you-know-anything-look, "that's what gets 'em."

Who it got and why was never observed, as the car collapsed shortly thereafter, never to rise again. Frankie, who now drives a Fleetwood Body Cadillac, looks back affectionately on that car.

Life at the Sinatra home was not dull, you see, any more than an Andy Hardy movie or a Henry Aldrich broadcast is dull. Things kept happening. There was the time Frank wanted one of his father's old fedoras. A play or something, Nathalie thought vaguely. He was always needing things for plays. A clown suit here, a pair of velvet draperies there. "In the top of the closet, hon," she told him. "Help yourself." In time his father discovered that his best Stetson had been pinched. "Where the heck is it?" he boomed. Mrs. Sinatra was fluttery, but not without hope of retrieving it.

"Oh, Frankie borrowed it for a play or something." Frankie had done no such thing. He had cut off the brim and pinned campaign buttons and fishing tackle and everything pinnable all over it.

buck-passing birds . . .

And then there were the pigeons. How

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 93)

1. Uncovered genius in "Cover Girl"
2. Priest player
3. Voice of the Turtle
4. Charlie Chan's No. 1 son
5. Bit player for Director John Huston
6. Tono del Campo's mom
7. Judge Hardy
8. "Murder," she says
9. Quaffing the horn of plenty
10. No banter for Bainter
11. Adds tone to any film
12. Will Edna dood it?
13. Pals with Jane Eyre
14. Won't retire in our time
15. Mischa Ounskowski
16. Not Benny's Rochester
17. Much time to love
18. Lights up Arabian nights
19. Paul palled
20. Slapsie like a fox

(Answers on page 122)

he got them up to his room remains a mystery, but Grandma discovered them one morning when she went in to make his bed. Hordes of them. When he came home from school, his mother nailed him. "It's the pigeons or me," she said. "The house isn't big enough for all of us."

Frank and another boy co-owned the birds and aspired to train them to be carriers. Frankie didn't want to fib about them—(a kind of blazing honesty was one of the imp's redeeming features)—but gee, he wanted to keep those pigeons.

"Gosh, Mom," he said, "I'm sort of minding them for a guy."

"For how long?"

"Oh, a few days, maybe."

The co-owner gave his mother the same line, and the birds were shunted back and forth in a series of boxes a couple of times a week. Until the two mothers met by accident one day and got on the subject of the pigeons. You can imagine how it went. "My son's pigeons! Why they're your son's pigeons." "My son's? Why, heavens, no."

And it seemed like just the next day that she and Marty were sitting side by side in the Demarest High auditorium watching him graduate, and they would have given their souls to have him fourteen again, instead of seventeen. Practically a man. Kid stuff was really behind him now. The champion basketball team he'd been so proud to be a part of, the swimming team he'd battled to make and did, the fun he'd had singing with the school band. The lazy summers, the irresponsibility. All that was finished. There'd be a quick vacation at the shore, then a job that he'd lined up with the Jersey Observer. And in the fall, college at Stevens—New Jersey's big engineering school. He'd be an aviation engineer, earn about ten thousand dollars a year, get married when he was around thirty. He'd planned just how it would be, and life stretched before him as smooth and well-posted as Route No. 1. But he'd reckoned without Fate.

Less than a month after he graduated (with high honors, by the way), he met Nancy Barbato, the girl he was to marry before he was twenty-one. And that same momentous summer he realized that he'd never be happy in anything but music.

Part II of Frank Sinatra's life story will appear in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN.

An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company



"... boy oh boy . . . when our lips meet again."

are
you
young
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to try
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Do you habitually take the negative side when a *change* is suggested? Or do you say, "Let's *try* it and *find out* if it's better?" These two questions really furnish a very good test to find out how *young you feel*. Take the case of Tampax. It is certainly a sign of the times that this form of monthly sanitary protection (worn internally) is so popular among the students at the leading women's colleges!



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CAN'T HELP LOVIN' THAT MAN

(Continued from page 43)

actor, Flynn; one blonde glamour puss, Martha O'Driscoll; one magician, Harry Mendoza; one pair of newlyweds, Ruth Carroll and Jimmy Dodd, who sang and played the guitar. They found themselves flying northward, with no idea of what they were going to do.

Luckily, they had one day to themselves in Seattle. Gathered round a table, they went to work, hunting first for a central theme round which to build the show. It was Errol who supplied the theme.

"What'll they expect of us? Laughs. Okay, let's give 'em laughs."

petrified pagliacci . . .

The first show was at Anchorage. Flynn, the poised, the imperturbable, was petrified. Ordinarily self-contained as an oyster, Flynn quaked in his number nines. It was years since he'd faced a live audience. What really got him down, though, was his over-painful consciousness that these boys were soldiers and he wasn't.

He remembered an old trick of John Barrymore's. "A few slugs of bourbon," Barrymore used to say, "sends you out in the proper to-hell-with-it spirit."

Acting on that suggestion, he managed to get himself out on the stage and into his routine—which started with a description of his departure from Hollywood—"Gosh, what a sendoff! . . . You should have seen the crowds . . . Hundreds of people at the airport . . ."

The boys waited, dubious. What was this anyway? A Hollywood swellhead? A big-shot movie star telling 'em how great he was—?

" . . . Hundreds of people waiting to see me off . . . all of 'em lawyers . . ."

That brought the first howl, and Errol relaxed. He mopped away the perspiration. "Nice climate you've got here. It was getting a little hot for me in Hollywood. By the way, I brought my own legal adviser along . . ."

A big buildup and Mendoza trotted on—"Meet my lawyer, boys, a swell pal who's stuck to me through thick and thin—"

Mendoza handed him a summons. "In the suit of Lana Ginsberg vs. Errol Flynn—"

"But I never heard of her—"

A maniacal chortle from Mendoza. "He never heard of her! Watch this, fellows. Do you happen to remember, Mr. Flynn, those five minutes at the airport before we left?—That was Lana Ginsberg—"

And so it went. Hearing the roars of laughter, Martha and Ruth hugged each other in the wings. This had been Errol's contribution. He'd offered his recent legal plight as the central theme of the show. They'd all been grateful for his good sportsmanship, and it turned out fine for him, too—

"Because the more he kidded himself," Martha explained, "the better they liked him. I never saw anyone as scared as he was that first night, but he never had to be scared again. They went crazy over him—"

Naturally, he was pleased by the warmth of his reception, but bewildered, too. Of the five, he considered his own position unique. The girls were girls, Jimmy was married, Mendoza was an older man. True, he himself had been turned down by the service, but you don't wear a placard round your neck, saying so.

"I can't understand it," he said to an officer. "To tell you the truth, I dreaded this trip, expected resentment, wouldn't have blamed them either for thinking,



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"What's this guy fooling around on the stage for? Why aren't the positions reversed? He looks as if he could do what we're doing—"

"First of all," said the officer, "they're too darned appreciative of your coming up at all to resent anything. Besides, they know more than you think they do. You don't have to wear placards. They know why you're not down there with them—"

Throughout the seven weeks of three and four and five shows a day, there was only one crack, and that was good natured—

"Hi, Errol! What've you got that I ain't?"

"A porthole," Errol answered, deadpan, and the house came down.

In Hollywood, the troupe had been told by people who ought to know: "You can be sure of one thing. At the end of a week, you'll be deadly enemies." At the end of seven weeks they were fast friends, despite the abnormal conditions under which they lived—cooped up together in planes, cooped up in little huts built in the snow—

"We had just one squawk," Errol observes. "That Martha girl laughed before breakfast—which drove us all insane. She'd wake up, feeling zesty. Otherwise, she was straight from heaven. So were they all—"

If you want your eyes scratched out or your block knocked off, say a word in criticism of Flynn to any of the four. A natural leader, he became their manager. They flew through all sorts of weather. It got to be a gag. "We won't fly the mail," the pilots would say, "but we'll fly you—"

"Yes, I was manager," Errol agrees. "My duties consisted in doling out the bourbon when their feet got cold."

IT HAPPENED TO ME

A few years ago, I attended a matinee performance of a terrific hit, "Pal Joey." At the end of the show I waited backstage with one or two others to have the leads sign my program. While talking to "Pal Joey" himself, I remarked, "You shouldn't have been so excellent. Hollywood will be taking you away from us soon."

"Naw," he answered, "what would they do with me? Now here comes a guy that they can't live without." And he pointed to a tall, blonde fellow coming through the door.

The latter, at hearing this, remarked to me, "Don't listen to him, I'm just a chorus boy"—and pointing to the girl he was standing with, said with a grin—"Here's the gal the movie big-wigs are really crazy about." Calmly, and with neat dispatch, she proceeded to hit him over the head with her pocketbook.

Well, you've guessed it, as fate would have it, all three have by now carved neat little niches for themselves in the Hollywood Hall of Fame—the two young actors being signed by the same studio and appearing in their first movie together, "Pilot No. 5." The gal? Well, she finally made enthusiastic audiences realize the difference between her and her versatile sister.

Their names? Pal Joey Gene Kelly, Chorus Boy Van Johnson and pocket-book-slinging June Havoc!

Miss Tess Dobker,
New York City.

That's not how they tell it. If there was a way to make you more comfortable, Errol found it. If Martha laughed in the morning, Errol was always gay. And if you think there's any better combination for such a trip than thoughtfulness on the one hand and a sense of fun on the other, you're crazy—

Ruth had a birthday at Amchitka. Martha managed to find a compact to give her. Errol appeared with a long envelope, which he stuck into her coat pocket. It held a bond made out in the name of Jimmy Dodd, Junior. Jimmy, Junior's head isn't even peeking over the horizon yet, but Errol had to gag his gift up. Else somebody might think he was a softee.

It was at Amchitka, too, that they celebrated Christmas, stealing a few minutes between shows to buy gifts for each other at the PX. An officer gave them a tiny tree, sent by his mother. Errol read a Christmas poem of his own composition, then from their single bottle of wine, poured a glass for each, and they drank a toast to Christmas. There were a few candles for the tree and a few cans of sardines they'd been saving up, and nothing in abundance but warm comradeship and good will, which made it a Christmas none of them will ever forget.

cavaliers in khaki . . .

Two things hit Errol hardest. One was the way our boys treated the girls—the innumerable little gifts and attentions—the souvenirs of Japs that you could tell meant a lot to those guys. Not only did they insist on handing their treasures over, but went to enormous pains doing them up to look pretty enough for the girls. For two years they'd been living under conditions you'd think might toughen their



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sensibilities, but they were anything but tough where the girls were concerned. Their infinite courtesy made your heart ache. In strictest privacy, of course.

Aloud, Mr. Flynn said: "Next time we entertain, it'll be at a WAC camp, so we fellows can get our egos back—"

Actually, what they did for the girls was nothing compared with what they did for Flynn. "I'd been a little sour against my luck," he says quietly. "They took the sour taste away. I owe them a terrific debt of gratitude." Humility isn't what you expect from Flynn. Which shows how wrong you can be about people.

He'd hardly got home before he was off again on a three weeks' bond tour. That would have been a cinch by comparison, except for the mothers. Letters must have flown thick and fast from Alaska around that time. There seemed to be so many mothers, with longing in their eyes. "My boy Tom wrote that he saw you in Adak. Do you remember?"

He'd seen fifty thousand Toms. "Of course I remember," he'd answer gently, cursing himself for not being able to tell them exactly how Tom had looked and what Tom had said. Luckily, most of them were satisfied with the simple statement. One woman put out a hand and touched his sleeve. "That's as close as I've come to my boy in eighteen months—" "What you want to do," he says, "is pick her up, stick her in a plane and carry her to Tom. Well, you can't. So you stand up there and try like hell to sell bonds—"

Back in Hollywood again, "Objective, Burma" wasn't scheduled to start till May. Ordinarily, he'd have blown out of town. But you can't travel nowadays, so for the first time in nine years Errol, the restless, had to keep his itching foot at home. This led to what he calls a simple-minded discovery. He found he liked being at home.

He wallowed in idleness. There were no set times for anything and only one rule—to let no day go by without doing some writing—whether at six in the morning, four in the afternoon or midnight—on the book he's trying to finish. It's a character study of five people in a small boat, called "The Eye on the Tree Stump." The original title was "Charlie Bow-Tie."

"But that misled my friends into thinking it was an autobiography. I dare 'em to identify me with an eye on a tree stump—"

self-torture de luxe ...

You may wonder why he chooses to write at all, since he doesn't have to—"Strictly for pleasure," he grins. "I enjoy the agony."

His household consists of Alex, the Russian butler, and Marie, the French cook, both of whom have been with him for years. His day begins when he wakes up. Alex appears with whatever messages have accumulated, asks whether he'll have coffee upstairs or down, and hands him the papers—minus gossip columns, as hereinbefore noted, and open at the racing news.

"That way, I get a slant on the life I prefer, before turning to more serious matters on Page One."

Shaving, showering, breakfast and papers are a leisurely process, strung out as long as possible. During this period, he's officially non-existent, as his friends have reason to know. Alex is a traditionalist. He clings to old customs. For the longest time, his stock phrase on the phone was, "Mr. Flynn asleep in bed," till Errol protested.

"They'll think I'm lazy. Tell 'em I'm down there on the horse—"

By now they're growing a little weary of "Mr. Flynn on horse."

"Tell him to put a little variety into it. Let's see now ... I've got it! Errol—"



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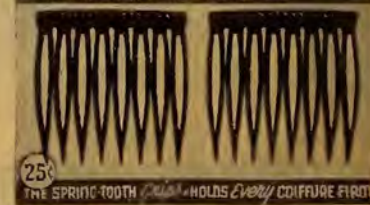
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Dept. G6

DIADEM, LEOMINSTER, MASS.

"How about—Mr. Flynn turning cart-wheels—?"

"Yeah—or Mr. Flynn taking running jump in lake—"

He likes to play tennis in the early afternoon then come home and work an hour or so.

"If I can extract the work from my secretary." The reason for that crack being his secretary who happened to walk in just then. Being the perfect secretary, she didn't bat an eyelash. "Miss Eddington," he continued, "is generally to be found at the movies, when her services are required—"

"Will that be all, Mr. Flynn?" She moved toward the door. "And quite enough, too," she murmurs, closing it firmly behind her.

Recently he's been absorbed in the details of a new and stimulating business venture. He and John Decker, the artist, have opened an art gallery.

Decker, John Barrymore's close friend, had met Errol with Barrymore on several occasions. But their friendship really took

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Back in Shreveport, Louisiana, I had just enlisted in the Navy, and I was feeling pretty blue about leaving my wife and my home. Perhaps I should feel blue since I would be wearing it most of the time.

As I stood there on the courthouse square, looking up at 'Old Glory, I wondered if I had done the right thing. Was I walking out on my wife? By the eternal, I was not! I was walking into this fight for her. She had been so courageous, so unfaltering as she said: "It's your move, dear. Whatever you think is best has my complete sanction."

Still, I felt blue. Suddenly, a hand came down on my shoulder in a friendly sort of way, yet it contained almost as much force as Babe Ruth ever put on a baseball. I turned and looked squarely at Bob Hope. "While there's life, there's HOPE," he grinned infectious. "Have a cigarette, pal!"

Then I was talking, and he was listening in a big, understanding way, for he's that kind of a guy. Thank you, Bob Hope!

Franklin A. Landers, A. S.
San Diego, California.

root in a hospital, to which both were confined at the same time.

"Guess who's upstairs," breathed a young little nurse to Decker.

"Beelzebub," guessed Decker.

"False—Errol Flynn!"

Decker went up to see him. They began talking pictures.

art and taxes . . .

"I don't know much about them," Errol said, "but I've always been fascinated by Gauguin the man, always wanted to own one of his paintings—"

That started it. Decker took him to exhibitions, painted his portrait. They found a Van Gogh that Flynn went mad over. He bought that and a Gauguin, too. He began to read and study, to look and understand, and he found in the contemplation of great pictures something that calmed his spirit.

Decker had long dreamed of opening an art gallery, and out of a clear sky the opportunity came. An artist friend, owner of a studio on Sunset, had to go to Mexico in a hurry. "I've got to sell this place overnight. Know anyone who'll buy it?"



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Decker dashed up to Flynn's. He was in the bathroom, shaving. "Want to go into the art gallery business with me?"

"Are you nuts?"

"No more than usual. Come down and look at the place."

"I'm going to play tennis."

"This is on the way."

Ask Errol why he bought it, and he'll tell you: "I got paid up with my lawyers, and had a little loose change jingling around. Oh, I know it's not a money-making proposition, but that's where you're lucky nowadays. Taxes being what they are, you're released from the tyranny of trying to get rich. That leaves you free to spend your money for fun, and an art gallery's fun. You can look at pictures without going way downtown—"

But in one of his rare tongue-out-of-cheek times, he said to Decker: "Whatever happens, I'll never stop being grateful."

Despite all the stories, he's rarely seen at nightclubs. He loathes dancing and buying clothes he considers a waste of time, so he covers six months at a spurt and forgets about them.

"That's the theory, anyway. In practice, I go over and borrow from the goodly McEvoy." The goodly McEvoy's his closest friend, but since any resemblance between their physical frames is non-existent, you can take that as you please.

He still misses Arno. No dog can ever replace that little gray clown. He was a kindred soul but Errol's very fond of the little dachshund Mrs. McEvoy gave him and promptly tagged the weenie-waddler with a highly appropriate name—which we'll keep off the record, out of regard for her canine blushes.

He gives occasional dinner parties and, once or twice a year, a big one. Mostly he dines alone or with a close friend. When alone, he reads. He began his bachelor existence by consulting with Marie about menus, but found she got along much better without him. His favorite meal consists of a paté—only Marie knows how it's made—roast chicken, salad, cheese and very strong coffee. Two very's, in fact.

He always reads himself to sleep. Rather, he reads himself awake till two or three in the morning. His literary tastes follow no set patterns. His bookseller has a standing order for various items Errol remembers having enjoyed in the past, that he wants to re-read and just dug one such item out of a cobwebby hole—"Ballads" of Banjo Patterson, an Australian poet. He re-reads "High Wind in Jamaica" every other month, loves anything by Bemelmans and got a couple of cold shudders out of "Lost Weekend," which sent three of his friends on the wagon. His dearest treasure is a copy of the personal journals of Gauguin which he unearthed after a long, fierce struggle. He devours books on art sent him by Decker.

"Then I go down and tell him things I forget he's already told me."

His gusto for life remains unimpaired. His mockery, as you've doubtless gathered by now, is a weapon against the hurts of living. But catch him offguard, as you can once in a blue moon, and another Flynn looks out of those grave eyes—

"Life sticks out a foot to trip us all up now and then. But I have no time for bitterness. I'm much too grateful for the good things—the kindness and friendliness of people I'd never have known except for dark periods. When I wake up in the morning and see a beautiful day and the green grass and know that I have friends, the rest doesn't matter—"

His grin returns. "Sounds sentimental, doesn't it? Well, why not? I'm an Irishman. Who's got a better right to be?"

We're not an Irishman but mind if we get sentimental, too? We think you're okay, Flynn.



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G. I. JOHNNY

(Continued from page 63)

from the lobby of the club comes more music. A kid from Kansas is really batting out some beautiful boogie-woogie in there. Seated at writing desks up on the balcony, other boys are earnestly scribbling familiar words . . . "Dear Mom," while below, bulky G.I. toes are beating it out on the Navajo rugs around the piano . . . stamping out boogie-woogie as the kid from Kansas really gets in the groove.

Boogie-woogie versus the juke box. Battle of the Buckley Baritones.

And over there in their usual corner, Johnny and his gang are having the usual juke session. Jibing good-naturedly at each other about which number to play and who put the last nickel in, every tune bringing back memories . . .

The pretty girl dishing out sundaes behind the counter sighing as she listens to Johnny backing up the juke box on "I Love You." Little knowing that his thoughts are flying right on the beam to Hollywood and his daughter, Julie Ann.

"Private Payne?" the polite Corporal will ask. "OH . . . H . . . H . . . JOHNNY! Oh yeah . . . sure . . . he's in there. You'll find him right over . . ." and he points to the corner table.

"I Couldn't Sleep a Wink La-a-a-st Ni-i-i-g-h-t," the juke box is crooning softly, and Johnny is singing along with it when the Corporal yells, "Hey, Johnny . . . ya' got company!"

many a wink . . .

"I couldn't sleep a wink last night"—he sings—but you know better. . . Darkly bronzed—clear of eye—Johnny looks like he's slept plenty a wink.

He leans around the edge of the juke box to see who's calling. So much the G.I. now that he's a little surprised to see anybody from movie town. Then grins—the same familiar one-eyebrowed grin . . . glad to see somebody from back home.

We sit down. Somebody puts another nickel in.

He's a hundred per cent Army . . . a little more sober, serious—only getting enthusiastic when speaking of some "sweet-heart of a ship," or, say, the speed of some plane; but he's a former student pilot without a plane now. For since the abolishment of the War Training Service Program Johnny and his gang are awaiting reclassification at Buckley Field.

Johnny's about the most "Private" Pvt. there is, having been at seven different schools and bases—a record of some kind—he's not sure just what.

It's tough enough for any celebrity at best. But for a good-looking six-foot-three-er . . . with wavy dark brown hair . . . hazel eyes . . . and a dimple in the chin . . . oh BROTHER . . . it really means sweating it out.

Johnny's heart has always been "upstairs," ever since he was a kid cutting classes at Episcopal High School at Alexandria, Va., to keep a date with "Jennie," an old 1918 training plane, hanging together by sheer hope.

It was three miles from school to the field, and every week would find Johnny hanging around, waiting his turn to give up a \$3 weekly allowance. Three bucks every week in the kitty for "Jen."

Later he bought fifty per cent. of a neat little job with a 440 H.P. motor.

He'd had some two hundred hours in his log when war broke out.

War . . . and Johnny, cutting cinema capers and singing love songs to Alice Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello," at Twentieth-Century-Fox and dreaming of getting into the

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No matter what shade your hair is, you can accent its natural color...give it a "warmer" glow or a "cooler" hue...even blend little gray streaks in with the original, youthful shade.

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show in the air... of flying.

But he was thirty years old. Too old to fly, the Army said. Only by enlisting in the Army Reserve and becoming a student under the Civil Aeronautics Association War Training Service Program could he ever hope to fly. So what if he'd rather pick off Zeros and Messerschmitts, he wanted to help in any way Uncle Sam thought best, and the WTS program trained men to become instructors in primary flying schools. By heck, if they'd have him...

The original nine months program blossomed out with more courses. Then two weeks before he was to finish training and be assigned as a primary instructor, the entire WTS program was halted. Disappointed? Of course he was, but knowing *why* he was being held on the warmer's bench made it easier, knowing that combat air losses haven't been as high as expected earlier and that therefore there was no real need for a lot more primary instructors.

So it was off to Buckley Field for Private Payne. With fingers crossed.

They're mighty proud of G.I. Johnny. Proud that he's never taken any "soft" job his high I.Q. rates. Just sweated it out along with them.

"If I'd gotten out of this outfit, even if I'd had the chance to, it would've meant leaving the rest of the gang," Johnny says. "Like splitting a convoy. You just don't do it. When you start out together... well... you sorta like to stay with your own bunch of Joes. That's the nicest thing about Army life anyway, meeting the finest bunch of guys you probably wouldn't ever have known. Guys like Tony here, or Stanley... Archie..."

"Aw... knock it off!" the boys say, a little embarrassed.

"Knocking it off" meaning anything from "Stop" or "Quit it," to the more rugged "Shud... d... d... d... dup!"

He doesn't particularly want to be an officer anyway. "All I care about is just being up there," he goes on, thumbing towards the heavens. "I just want to get up there... and fly 'em."

And he's still working at it here at Buckley Field, the Army Air Forces Training Command School which boasts Colonel Edward W. Raley as Commanding Officer.

Often you'll see the former Twentieth-Century-Fox star out there by the side of the barracks whacking a volley ball over the net. Or maybe playing a game of catch. Or just indulging in a little horseplay, like boxing with Tony.

During the day you may see him out on the drill field drilling the aviation students.

For Johnny's a Flight Leader here at Buckley. "Sort of like a Drill Sergeant," he explains modestly. "You can hear me fourteen miles—that's why I got it. I have a loud voice."

"And the ability to throw it," somebody else puts in.

"You had a loud voice at Yakima, too," another reminds.

It seems he was a Student Adjutant in Washington, also considered a position of honor.

forward observers...

Of course there are a few girls working at the Base who've heard rumors and who do a little extra reconnaissance duty on their own time. Dropping into the Service Club, "passing by" the P.X. or "just happening" to go by around Mail Call time hoping to see the former star. Using infiltration tactics all their own to get a better and closer look.

But none of the regular Joes who do know him ever think of him as a star. Johnny Payne?... sure... you'll find him over in the corner by the juke box.



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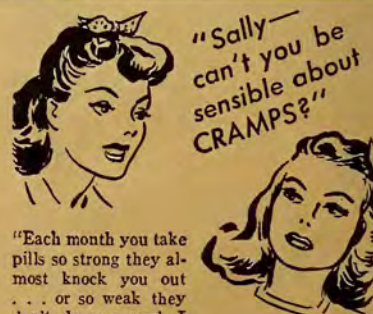
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The bunch here at the table with him now are the "regulars." With the exception of Tony, who joined them at Buckley, they've come down the stretch together learning to "fly the Army way."

Take Buddy Lawler, for instance. Johnny's friendship with the tall, blond be-mustached Buddy, with his sense of humor and easy-going ways, is a hold-over from Hollywood.

Buddy, a professional dance director and former assistant to Hermes Pan on Twentieth-Century-Fox musicals, first bumped into Johnny seven years ago when both were starting out together at Paramount in a thing called "College Swing," with Betty Grable, Bob Hope, Jackie Coogan, Martha Raye and the handsome new lad called John Payne. Buddy was getting his first break at helping with dance routines.

Later after they had each become tops in their own fields, they hit their last civilian licks together in 20th-Century's "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

It was funny how they bumped into each other a little later in the Service.

They went to different Primary schools, Johnny to one in Arizona and Buddy to Baker, Calif. Then one day when both were reporting back to Santa Monica headquarters for further orders, they bumped smack into each other in the C.A.A. office.

Surprised, Johnny yelled, "BUDDY! What's cookin' with you? What are you doing here, fellow? And where to next?"

"That's what I'm here to find out," said Buddy. "Looks like it's back to Death

BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE A MILLION?

Dollars, that is. Didn't think so—but how's about one-fourth of one dollar? Two bits? To make the NAA go over the top with a bang? Page 94 tells you how.

Valley for me again . . . HOT . . . oh brother-r-r-r—"

"Well . . . let's go in and see if we can't get it changed so you can go whither I goest," Johnny said, grinning. And they did.

rustling up a wife . . .

Their affiliation as barracks buddies has carried them right on into approaching matrimony for Buddy. The result of a girl Johnny "found" for him when they were training in Arizona months later. After all, what more can one pal do for another than to find him a wife? (Don't answer that.)

It happened this way. Johnny met Anne first. So Johnny introduces her to Buddy and sorta promotes it along, and before Buddy knows it he's engaged.

"Confidentially, if you really want to know," Buddy will tell you kiddingly, "I think the only reason she's marrying me is because she thinks Johnny will come visit us."

"What a sweetheart," says John, "cute . . . young . . . good looking . . . unaffected. . ."

"Hey!" Buddy interrupts. "You don't have to overdo this thing. After all she's MY girl, you know!" he'll remind him. "Or IS she! What does she say in those letters anyhow????"

"She sends him letters in her letters to me," he explains. "SEALED letters. Saying 'To Johnny Via Buddy.' And a fellow can't very well open 'em . . . honor-bound and stuff. Well what do you think the big

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the bunk and reads 'em and then tears 'em up."

"Yep, never did better pickin' . . . if I do say so myself. And I do," Johnny says modestly.

And then there's Archie Hall, former N.B.C. radio announcer, who was a friend of a friend, but clicked solo on his own. That's how G.I. gangs usually grow.

Tony Marano is a "newie" in the bunch. Tough-fisted little Tony who can lick his welterweight in wildcats, or G.I.'s, which ever happen to come around first. And who Johnny calls "one of the best pals a guy ever had."

John and Tony met informally one morning around six A.M. when Tony, then Duty Sergeant, was making his round of the barracks and John was sitting bug-eyed with sleep, trying to figure out whether the sock or the shoe goes on first.

Tony was thinking of nothing in particular when he looked into the face of the new man who'd checked into the squadron the night before. He went on by absent-mindedly, then suddenly turned and wheeled on one stubby G.I. toe. He looked again. The guy looked familiar. Still this high Colorado air made ya' kinda dizzy. But it wouldn't hurt to ask.

"Say!" he said, "aren't you JOHN PAYNE . . . the picture star?"

"Well, yes, Private Payne," grinned Johnny.

Then questions popped back and forth about Hollywood . . . Brooklyn . . . who won the last fight with whom . . . and that's all there was to it.

After all, it isn't far from Hollywood to Brooklyn in any Army camp. Uncle Sam is the best common denominator there is. Just the distance from one bunk to another. A bunch of guys lying there at night swapping yarns. Playing a hand of poker. Showing girls' pictures. Reading letters. Laughing. Being just a gang of plain, garden-variety G.I. Joes, as sprawly and gripey and unassumingly heroic as all those other G.I.'s dotting the face of the globe.

Whenever they ask Tony what he's going to do, he mutters, "Don't know yet. Maybe I'll try Hollywood for the orange-picking season."

And Johnny will grin, embarrassed . . . the way a fellow will. But loving it like hell, too. The way a fellow will.

Tony's only kick with Private Payne—and that goes for the rest of them, too—is the way he sings in the early mornings when showering and shaving before going to mess.

Or that other matter, beef of the whole barracks, those icy showers he takes. How any guy can look out the window at snow on Pike's Peak and take ice baths is more

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 19)

1. Gene Kelly
2. Spencer Tracy
3. Margaret Sullivan
4. Keye Luke
5. Walter Huston
6. Mary Astor
7. Lewis Stone
8. Betty Hutton
9. Lena Horne
10. Fay Bainter
11. Franchot Tone
12. Red Skelton
13. Margaret O'Brien
14. Ida Lupino
15. Mischa Auer
16. Orson Welles
17. Fred MacMurray
18. Maria Montez
19. Deanna Durbin
20. Maxie Rosenbloom

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than they can figure out. But when that
liquid ice sprays over into their shower
stalls . . . well!

It's this kidding between pals, the cama-
raderie, the ribbing, that breaks the tension,
the tough grueling hours of Army life, and
keeps up the morale. Whether on a bomb-
ing base in Britain or an Air Forces School
in Colorado. It works just the same.

To them Saturday night is the big night.
It means going into Denver. Catching the
bus in front of the Service Club, or maybe,
if they feel good and rich, pooling their
money for the three bucks a taxi costs.

puttin' on the dog . . .

They really put on the dog those Satur-
day nights in Denver. Reserve a suite at
a leading hotel, order steaks and luscious
green salads, with extra dressing "on the
side." Then pick up a phone and try to coax
some girl into giving them a date. (Editorial
note: I'm just taking Johnny's word—
"coax" is his word.)

One Saturday night Johnny noticed that
Tony seemed a little homesick, so he sug-
gested that they put in a call and see what
was cookin' at his mom's in Brooklyn.

Johnny is no stranger to "Mom" Marano.
Johnny's letters are full of him. She can
even tell you what he sings in the showers
these early A.M.'s.

"Mom'd sure get a kick out of that.
Talking to a movie star!" said Tony.

After the usual delay on calls there was
"Mom" Marano's sleepy voice across the
miles. "TONY . . . ee . . . ee . . . ee!" then
as he took the phone—"JOHN PAYNE?
Johnny . . . ee . . . ee . . . ee . . . ee."

But Saturday night at Buckley, like
Saturday nights everywhere else, re-
grettably comes but once a week. And
most of these evenings you'll find them, as
now, holding a juke box session and set-
tling everything from world peace to
whether or not they can get a bottle of
bourbon by next Saturday. They remi-
nisc about everything they've sweated out
together on the way to wings. A certain
Sarge. Their pet plane. Funny things
that have happened.

For instance, the big show they put on
when they were stationed at the Air Base
near Independence, Calif.

The peaceful little town of Independence,
located at the foot of beautiful Mt. Whit-
ney, has 300 inhabitants. One of the 300
was a pretty girl named . . . well . . . let's
call her Mary, who was very anxious
to get into the war effort. She wanted to
go to nursing school, but it cost three
hundred dollars and she couldn't afford it.

It became the town problem. How to get
Mary to that school. Everyone wanted to
help her, but knew that she was too proud
to accept donations, and they couldn't
figure out how to raise the money.

"That's a cinch," Johnny and the boys
said when they heard about it.

"How?" asked the folks worriedly. Three
hundred dollars was a lot of money.

show business . . .

"We'll put on a show," answered John.
So the gang went to work pronto. They
made the local American Legion hall into
a real night club, and when they weren't
flying, you could always find them down
there painting fancy caricatures or sur-
realistic masterpieces on the walls.

Buddy Lawler picked out eight local
girls for a chorus and rehearsed them very
hard for two weeks on dance routines to
open and close the show. He himself
emceed, danced and worked out an Olsen
and Johnson act with John. They even got
a little six-piece-band to come down from
Bishop for it. And Johnny gave out with
some vocalizing that fairly shook the little
hall. Some shindig.

As the show shaped up, the boys really

TODAY
THE
DAY?

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
5	6	7	1	2	3	4
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	—



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got enthused. It began to look like an "A" production. So they went into a huddle with the local townsfolk to see if they couldn't charge a dollar admission instead of the fifty cents agreed upon.

After all, they argued, they always charged fifty cents for the Saturday night dances at the Legion "with just a juke box." Surely their show with the real live band . . . a chorus . . . a million dollar movie star . . . might be worth a dollar maybe.

But the folks said modestly that they thought "fifty cents would be better."

Johnny still grins at that.

And Buddy never lets him forget it. The time when, as Johnny's agent, all he could get for him was half a buck.

They were mighty proud of that show.

"We made five hundred and eighty dollars," Buddy says.

"Six hundred, my friend," corrects Johnny, not wanting to be short-changed any further.

They drew the civilian personnel superintending the Japanese camp at Manzanar, everybody in Independence naturally, and hundreds more who came from somewhere. Nobody knew where. After sending Mary to school, they turned the rest of the profits over to the Red Cross.

Johnny's memories of the picturesque little town of Independence are so wonderful and peaceful that he says he's going back after the war and build a cabin there.

He talks about the people . . . how swell they were . . . so friendly. How they'd meet the gang on the street, not even knowing them, and say, "Where are you going, boys?"

"Oh . . . nowhere much . . . just around."

"You're coming right home to supper with us," they'd say. And soon Johnny and the others would be sitting around a little table in some kitchen. And loving it.

It was here at the Independence Air Base that he got his secondary acrobatics . . . more snap rolls . . . spins . . . half-rolls . . . or simple little things like hanging upside down on a belly strap.

The boys still laugh about how John would go out on the field in the mornings, all slicked up in his coveralls, zippy-looking as a magazine cover. And come in later tired, face streaked with dirt and oil, looking a little like Al Jolson without the gloves.

The field was just across the road from Manzanar, and the traffic pattern went right over the big Japanese camp. And, as Johnny says, he's flown over more Japs than a lot of the boys in the South Pacific.

Buddy got a lot of extra flying time off the back of Johnny's motorcycle. He kept the dreaded instrument up there all the time he was stationed there and has been known to make the thirteen miles from Independence to Lone Pine (where they went on Saturday nights) in eleven minutes minus. Minus whoever started out with him behind.

"Worse than riding piggy-back in a P-38," Buddy says groaning, still remembering some of those emergency landings on the side of the road.

nickel serenade . . .

Somebody notices the juke box is dry. In goes a nickel.

Johnny whistles along with it and tells you about the time in Arizona when he had his closest call to washing out for keeps.

They had gone to the Base in Arizona for cross-country trips and for night-flying.

"If you've never flown by yourself at night, you just can't understand how it affects you," Johnny says. "You have an awful time finding the ground sometimes. Like walking around in a dark room."

He was coming in for a landing one night when the flier's navigating lights in the ship just ahead of him suddenly went

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out, and Johnny, who couldn't see another plane around anywhere near, thought he was coming in okay.

He called his approach in to the girl in the control tower on the field.

"Two-hundred-forty-one coming in on final approach leg," he said over his radio.

"Any planes around you?" came the answer.

Johnny peered into the black desert night. "None that I can see," he said.

"Where's 202? Where are you 202?" the girl said, searching the blackness for another ship that should be out there somewhere.

"On the final approach leg," came the surprising answer.

Pilot Payne all but swooned at the controls. The other plane was just eight feet under his and banking just ahead of him.

"How far are you from the field?" the girl in the tower asked Johnny.

"A hundred yards," he answered.

"Pull up!" she yelled, "for the love of Pete . . . PULL UP!"

Johnny pulled up so fast he almost turned a flip himself inside the ship. Then he gave the motor the gun and circled around the field for another landing.

wrong-way payne . . .

A dual landing of both ships at the same time would have made quite a racket. "Of course, being on top—I would've gotten the best deal," he grins.

But there's still nothing romantic about a dark desert night to Johnny.

During those hot summer days when the desert sand sizzled up towards the Heavens at around 130 degrees, Johnny kept 'em flying. Often in the wrong direction—but flying anyway.

Following the beam on a cross-country, he and Buddy would both often find themselves on the beam all right . . . but on the wrong end of it. Doing a regular Doug Corrigan.

On occasions one would be cross-countrying beautifully, so he thought, when he'd get a message. "Sure you're on your course?"

"Yes, sir," he'd answer efficiently.

"Well . . . if you continue . . . you'll soon be in Mexico . . . at least," the voice would say.

And there would be a quick about-face. Johnny tells one story about the time he landed on the wrong Base. He'd been flying along one day thinking about a lot of things when suddenly down below him was spread out the most beautiful landing strip he'd ever seen. Johnny floated downward. A perfect landing. Not a quiver. A beaut.

Then he looked around him at the broad paved runways, the unfamiliar surroundings.

"This wouldn't be such-and-such field, would it?" he asked politely, naming the microscopic little field where he should have been landing.

"No, it wouldn't be," came the answer. "Where is it?"

"It MUST be some place near here," said Johnny. Then added thoughtfully, "If it isn't this one . . . then I haven't any business here."

It was a statement. Not a question.

"Nope," came the taciturn reply.

For Pilot Payne had landed on a prohibited Army Air Field, and it takes an Act of Congress to get you off one once you get on. He took off in a hurry . . . before Congress found out he was there.

Somebody on the other side of the cafeteria comes over and carefully picks out a number, and the table by the juke box gets a free ride.

"My ideal . . ." it sings sweetly.

My ideal . . . and here Johnny was thinking aloud about the tough old Sarge

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who really gave him a rough time at one Base. He was a long ways short of being John's ideal. Or anybody else's.

Not that the Sarge didn't do a good job... and he had a tough one to do.

Johnny and the other fliers had been sent to this particular field for activation. Which means that the boys who had been considered "students" were activated from the Enlisted Reserve Corps to active status here. An "activation area," some fondly call it. Some also call it other things.

That it's plenty active all agree. For this is the place where officers and non-coms do their best to prepare them for the grueling job they face ahead. Toughening them up. Really doing them a favor... although it's a trifle hard to be grateful at the time.

They were given (it seemed to them) the equivalent of Commando training. Running an infiltration course under live fire. Running a tough obstacle course twice a day. Doing five hours of calisthenics, including 150 sit-ups and at least 70 push-ups, which means pushing oneself and abdomen from the ground up to the Heavens and back again. Or reasonable facsimile.

In short... this is the place where you either put up or shut up. Private Payne put up.

As is sometimes the case with a bunch of G.I.'s, they expected a famous motion picture star to be short on muscles and er... intestinal fortitude. The old celebrity deal again, with Johnny trying to prove to the others that if they could take it... he could easily take twice of the same.

There was one Sarge, who in the boys' slightly biased opinion, seemed to be doing his best to fight the entire war all by himself... on this side.

Johnny, Buddy, Archie and the rest pulled into the town nearest the Base on a troop train around two in the morning, then climbed sleepily into the bus that was to take them out to the Field.

Reveille came with a roar at five a.m. Three hours sleep. And there they were out on the field, pushing their abdomens up to the skies, when a non-com approached their squadron.

"Who's John Payne?" he asked, although he could see by looking around him that nobody else than John Payne was John Payne.

"I am," admitted Johnny wearily.

"Come with me," said the other.

Johnny got up on a truck with others who'd drawn fatigue detail, and soon found himself fighting a pick and shovel, banking down the Parade ground, gouging out of a substance they called clay.

They filled nine trucks that day. And Johnny was prouder than if he'd made a dozen perfect "takes."

Usually each barracks gets K.P. duty one day, than it makes the round until it revolves back to that barracks' turn again. For some reason which nobody, including Johnny, could figure out, he kept showing up regularly as a member of the kitchen staff. Getting up at 3:00 a.m. and working until 10:00 at night. He peeled so many potatoes he counted spuds at night instead of sheep. And today any casual mention of the word "potato" will net you a slightly psychopathic stare.

But the boys will tell you that by the time Private Payne left this Base all the fellows admitted he was a good gritty Joe.

Funny though, Johnny was commenting, about how you'll beef and yell bloody murder about some routine job, and then go out and darn near kill yourself just playing G.I. football with your own gang just for fun.

He gives a reverent look down in the direction of his knee-cap, which still wears

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M.S. DAY IS SEPTEMBER 12

We're running on longer days and shorter newsprint quotas so make it a point to get to your newsdealer by September 12—later than that he'll be all out of our October all-out issue.

Any resemblance between G.I. football and the regular kind is purely an accident. They play with no pads on hard ground and kick everything but the ball. Clipping is possible from both front and back—usually at the same time.

This all happened after Privates Payne et al were shipped up to Yakima, Washington, where they got link and instrument training and blind flying.

G.I. football teams are divided into "A" and "B" flight teams. "A" flight being the one that flies in the mornings and takes ground school in the afternoons, and "B" vice-versa.

Sometimes they try to do everything on the ground in a football game that they do in the air. Often it doesn't work.

On this occasion Johnny was playing left half-back, using an old-fashioned high-low block when the clipping started.

"I made three touchdowns in that darn game," Johnny remembers. "We won."

His team may have won, but Johnny didn't. He broke the cartilage from under his knee cap and was hospitalized for ten days. Just long enough to get behind his own gang and be left behind when the rest of them took off for the next field.

Left behind to sweat it on out there alone until he too was able to ship out. In the opposite direction.

unholy night . . .

The night Johnny shipped out of Yakima for Carson City, Nevada, without any of his old gang is a night he'll always remember. Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve on a jammed train. A little homesick, soloing it cross country to a new field and a strange bunch of new Joes.

Some cars were jammed with war wives and their six-weeks-old babies, hurrying to get to their husbands by Christmas Day.

The troop cars packed with boys going home on leave, rushing to spend Christmas with Mom. Boys were sleeping four-deep in the aisles of the train, and John Payne was snoozing in the aisles with them on the bottom of the stack. Thinking nothing of it because he knew that was nothing compared to what other guys over the world were going through.

But he'll always remember that Christmas Eve—the fourteen colored troops softly singing Christmas carols as the blacked-out troop train whistled its way mournfully across the country.

No Twentieth Century-Fox extravaganza, no Grable, no Carmen Miranda, no Technicolor. Just the harmonizing of some lonely colored troops singing of Bethlehem and hope to Johnny and the other boys lying there in the aisles of a train moving across the miles.

This is Private Payne's favorite memory. This, too, is his life now. Those boys are his buddies. The troop train his stage. Yep, this is G.I. Johnny's life.

He hadn't been in Carson City long before the WTS program was discontinued, and he was ordered here to Buckley Field, where he ran into all his old gang again.

And this is where you'll find them these evenings. Sitting at their table in the Service Club . . . reminiscing and dropping in

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THE GUY NEXT DOOR

(Continued from page 54)

Murderer's Row on the New York Yankees, Dana might as well be Joe the Jek from Albuquerque.

Down in Georgia, where Dana was on location making "Swamp Water," he roamed around every night with a local taxi-driver to pick up the Georgia cracker drawl he had to use in the picture. He was there a couple of months, but the cabbie never did catch on who his famous fare was. He thought Dana was a carpenter on the crew. And in a small Indiana town where Dana toured on a War Bond Rally, a local master-of-ceremonies introduced him like this:

"Now we've got an actor who says he has been in Hollywood pictures. I don't mean he's a has-been—he says he's still in 'em. I never heard of him, myself—but anyway—here's Dana Andrews."

Before the next rally, Dana took the local yokel emcee aside. "Look," he said, "as long as I'm here to sell War Bonds, why don't you introduce me as somebody special? Give me a little build-up whether you've heard of me or not!" The emcee said sure. And Dana told him some of the pictures he'd made. So the next time Dana came on, he gave him this send-off.

"Now folks, I want you to meet Dana Andrews, the Hollywood star. He played in 'The Ox Bow Incident' that ran here in town the other night. Personally, I didn't like the picture, but that doesn't mean Dana Andrews isn't any good. I can't remember which part he played anyway!"

Dana Andrews likes to tell stories like that on himself because he's got a funny-bone built for a moose, and he thinks it's a wonderful joke that a gent like himself could hang around Hollywood for seven or eight years, make sixteen pictures—a lot of them socko hits like "The Ox Bow Incident," "The North Star," "Up in Arms" and "The Purple Heart," operate under a double-deal contract for two of the mightiest producers in Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck, and still remain almost as unidentified out in the great wide world as the Unknown Soldier.

Of course, that sad situation is bound to be remedied sooner or later, and probably sooner. Because right now Dana is sprinting back and forth between "Wing and a Prayer" and "Laura," his first two super-special leads at Twentieth Century-Fox. And there's Goldwyn's "Those Endearing Young Charms" coming up. He's the Number One fair-haired boy in Zanuckland, and smart Samuel Goldwyn, his other boss, is not one to let a treasure like Dana hang around twiddling his thumbs.

solid hunk of humanity...

But even if Dan gets so grand and glamorous at long last that they have to escort him through the streets with an armed guard, I'll bet something important—like a War Bond—that he'll stay the same easy going, unaffected, down-to-earth regular guy he is today and always has been—and this through one of the toughest campaigns to make Hollywood yell "Uncle" on record.

Maybe the reason Dana never got the glamour treatment in Hollywood is because he looks like no popular portrait of a movie god—but like the guy next door or somebody's big brother. Not that Dana isn't several cuts above the average Joe in looks. He's plenty handsome in fact, with a strong, cleanly-chiseled face, thick, wavy brown hair and friendly brown

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muscles and about the most honest grin in Hollywood. He's the kind of guy you'd sure like to have around when the going got tough. But he's not a bit elegant—and whenever he tries to be—he flops like a fish out of water.

For instance, up until a few weeks ago Dana had only two suits to his name. He owned enough sports and lounging rags to keep the sun and rain out, but for show, the two ancient ready-made numbers were his Wardrobe—capitals and period. He hadn't had any use for fancy duds on the sets, because for the past five years, believe it or not, they've had Dana in some kind of costume or other every time he ran up against a camera. Fact is, in his past ten pictures, he's been in a uniform. Then along came "Laura," his big break, which called for a smooth, modern get-up.

In Hollywood, of course, gal stars get all the wardrobe breaks. Studios hire the greatest designers in the world to dream up creations for the movie queens, and it's all on the house. But mere males have to pony up with their own clothes—a "suitable wardrobe" as contracts call it.

tailor-mad . . .

So Dana decided it was about time for him to get his shape draped in Park Avenue style. He went by himself to a tailor's, picked out swatches of fancy English woollens and ordered a half-dozen suits. He was pretty proud of himself when he showed up for the wardrobe tests—until he saw the dismayed frowns on everybody's faces. They hated to tell him, they said—but those suits! They just wouldn't do. In fact, they were terrible! Whoever picked them out— whoever in the world tailored them! Dana didn't dare say they were his idea of sartorial splendor. He just junked the whole lot in the dark recesses of his closet. Then he ordered a couple approved by the studio wardrobe expert. Now Dana has a dozen suits in all—and it will take him twenty years to wear them out, if he ever does.

Dana Andrews has stepped out to Hollywood's glitter gulches exactly four times in the past two years. On one of them, a visiting Elk friend, who wanted to see the movie stars dining and wining, practically forced Dana into Romanoff's for dinner. That time, Dana managed to forget his wallet so that his guest had to pay the check. Another time he took in a night spot where, by some rare freak of fate, the headwaiter actually recognized Dana.

A mob of people were standing in line for tables, but the waiter bowed to Dana and his party, winked and said, "Your table is waiting Mr. Andrews." Since Dana had no table reservations, he knew he was getting the Hollywood treatment, and it made him so mad he walked out of the place!

I don't know of a star in Hollywood who is more fiercely resolved to be human though a screen star, than Dana Andrews. "Just because I have a job that ballyhoos me is no reason I'm superior to anyone else!" he growls—and he's a good-natured guy, too—"I don't understand it and. I don't like it!" He has a complex that way, and I suspect the reason is that Dana has never looked on Hollywood or the acting racket as anything out of this world by even a few feet. He hitch-hiked to Hollywood in quest of a career, and he slaved and starved for a half dozen years before he ever got his number tens inside a studio gate. He pumped gas, picked figs, hoisted pipe, herded a bus, dug ditches, shoveled cement, slept in attic rooms and felt the chilly California winter fogs through the seat of his pants—all the things a movie-struck guy crashing Hollywood does—only Dana was never movie struck in the ga-ga way. Not from the

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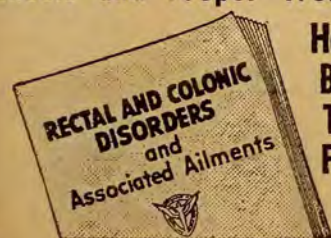
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the blow busted it—but he considers that minor scar well worth what the episode taught him.

Dana was third from the oldest in a string of six Andrews brothers. He followed right along in his big brothers' tracks through high school and Sam Houston College in Huntsville and, being smart and athletic, had an easy time of it. But Dana was different underneath. He wasn't as book smart as some of his brothers (one is principal of The Junior College in Long Beach today). But in other ways, Dana was even sharper. People thought he was nutty as a hickory tree. Like the time when he saved up his money and then tossed it away in a wild fling. Once, after scraping together several hundred bucks in odd jobs around his home town, Dana decided he wanted to see New York. His total stake amounted to about five hundred bucks, the result of months and months of work. But he took the whole wad and blew it in doing the town up right—then came back home broke but happy.

People in Texas couldn't understand shenanigans like that. And when after college Dana landed himself a good, solid job as accountant for a big oil company in Austin, made good and was all set for a promotion with a future—what did the crazy loon do but quit cold and thumb his way out to Hollywood to be a movie actor!

pixilated fellow . . .

Of course, they've dragged out the bunting and the brass band a time or two since those times when Dana came back home to see his folks, but they still think he's a little touched. So, maybe, did Dana, after he got to Hollywood and discovered that his sitting in the Huntsville movie house and kibitzing flicker stars was no free pass to a studio.

After he learned the score, it was a question then of keeping alive, and Dana was faced with earning his beans without any help from home. He landed a job driving a school bus in Van Nuys, which started him out in the San Fernando Valley that Bing Crosby croons about, and he's still there, although his lovely home in Sherman Oaks is not exactly like the dinky room he rented for four bucks a week in those days. Dana never got a glance at a studio—not even extra work—until he landed a lucky job in a Valley Super-Service station pumping gas and keeping books. And if he hadn't developed the very bad habit of singing while he punched the adding machine, he might still be a bookkeeping greaseball, although I doubt it.

Anyway, what happened to Dana from then on is a Hollywood classic, one of those impossible once-in-a-million freaks of fate, even more screwy than Lan Turner's being yanked off a drug store fountain stool to stardom. Dana was warbling away one day when a customer cocked an ear. This customer was a natural born promoter and he had been reading in the papers about a singer named Bing Crosby who was signing million-dollar contracts right and left.

He peeked inside the station, got a load of dashing Dana with his jaunty service station cap and birthed a brilliant idea. Why not make this handsome gas station thrush into another Crosby? When he discovered that Dana's ambition in life was to crash the movies, the gentleman Good Fairy was sure he'd stumbled onto a good thing.

"Maybe we can work out a deal," he said. Dana was willing. So, cutting in a couple of his cronies, he drew up a contract. They'd finance Dana's singing lessons and living expenses for three years,

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struck it rich in the movies he'd pay back twenty-four percent of his fabulous earnings for five years. Oddly enough, too, that deal went through as written, from both sides. Dana cashed fifty dollars each week, and when he did finally hit the jackpot, he paid off. Only last month he wound up the payments and tore up the mortgage on himself. He was just in time, too. Right after he was paid off in full, one of the Good Fairy partners died.

Of course, it was as no Bing Crosby that Dana Andrews finally made good. He boasted no wart on his larynx like the Old Groaner. But he took his lessons dutifully and doubled up by enrolling at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, the famous cradle for Hollywood stars. By this time Dana had taken a wife, the Van Nuys girl by the way, who'd steered him on to his service station job. But not long after she'd presented Dana with his son, David, she died tragically from pneumonia.

That left Dana with a complicated existence, which for a while made him feel like a six-day bicycle rider. Every day he had singing lessons in Los Angeles, acting lessons in Pasadena and paternal chores in Van Nuys—a 50 mile circuit. Fortunately, his late wife's folks helped out with the baby. His bass-baritone voice was okay, but nothing like Crosby's. Dana soon found himself concentrating on his acting lessons.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse has turned out scads of actors for Hollywood. But there was never a bigger crop getting ready for the big league than when Dana broke into the charmed circle. Victor Mature, Laird Cregar, Bob Preston, Gig Young, Eddie Buchanan, Louise Albritton and John Carradine were just a few of the now famous hopefuls scrapping for breaks where Hollywood agents always on the prowl would see and crown them with a contract.

maybe he shoulda stood in texas . . .

That was plenty fast company for a gas pump jerk to tangle with. But Dana Andrews, oddly enough, was one of the first of the lot to be crowned with a Hollywood contract, although not the first, by a long shot, to flirt with fame. A Hollywood agent caught him in "Oh Evening Star," hauled him over to Sam Goldwyn's and got him all signed up in twenty minutes flat. But Dana's first battle with the footlights at the Playhouse made him think maybe he should have stood in Texas. He'll never forget that one.

They put him in Shakespeare, of all things, in the opening scene of "Cymbeline," and when the curtain went up, Dana was supposed to be already onstage. All the dialogue that starts the play moving was about this character Dana was playing. But somehow, right before the play started, he got lost in the mazes of the Playhouse and couldn't find his way backstage. So the curtain went up without him, and all the rest of the actors stumbled around at libbing lines because the ones Will Shakespeare wrote didn't make sense with Dana on the absent list. The audience never did know what was going on. And somehow the faculty didn't give Dana the old heaveho. He kept right on acting there even after his Goldwyn contract.

Something else happened there that finally won Dana Andrews another kind of contract—the marriage kind. He met a tall, attractive student actress named Mary Todd, and a backstage romance blossomed into very serious intentions. Dana finally married the gal, but he had himself quite a time making the grade.

Mary and Dana got warm on this love stuff when he was making his first movie, "The Westerner," with Gary Cooper. He didn't have much to do in that besides

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naturally he took it pretty seriously. When the casting director told him to let his hair and beard grow, Dana, who has plenty of both, looked like a Canadian beaver with his winter coat. Right about then Mary decided to say "Yes," and invited Dana to meet her old friends at a party. She didn't tell the family chums Dana was a struggling movie actor, so when he showed up with his wavy locks dusting his collar and whiskers sprouting from all angles, some of them fled in fright, and the others wondered if Mary had lost her girlish mind. The tag to that story is that when Dana at last went on location with "The Westerner," the director took one look at the mob of rugged beavers standing around and cried, "There's too darned many beards in this picture. Andrews," he ordered, "shave yours off!"

wearing down goldwyn . . .

Another locksmith for love to laugh at with Mary and Dana was Sam Goldwyn's hopes of building Dana up as a romantic threat. That meant no marriage. Sam, however, didn't reckon on that stubborn Andrews plain-Joe personality I've been talking about. When Dana tackled him about mating up, Sam asked him to wait until he'd whizzed around Hollywood with a few glamour girls and got himself gossiped to greatness in the columns.

Weeks went by and months, with Dana pestering Sam to sanction the wedding, and Sam pestering Dana to get out and around and get himself a little glamour.

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Finally, one day Sam met his protégé on the lot.

"Mr. Goldwyn," Dana began as usual, "are you going up to your office? I want to beard the lion in his den!"

"Beard me now," said Sam. "What is it—that girl you want to marry?"

"Why, yes, I thought—"

"Oh, go ahead," sighed Goldwyn. "You're no good for glamour anyway. You might as well be married."

Dana could have told him that in the first place.

Mary and Dana Andrews live in a modern-colonial house on a tidy dead-end street in Sherman Oaks that's already too small although they just built it a couple of years ago. You see, they'd been married almost three years, and it looked like there wasn't going to be any more to the Andrews family than Dana, Mary and young David. So they built the house, and the minute it was finished, the stork started flapping his wings around the place. Daughter Cathy arrived soon after. No nursery, of course, what with a war on and no building allowed. That's the way things usually work out with the Andrews—never a dull moment—but they take life in stride and are perfectly relaxed about everything. So, of course, they're happy as larks.

Being an actress herself (although she thinks being a wife and mother is her top-priority job now), Mary is a perfect mate for Dana. Besides having a non-participating actress-wife's slant on a movie star husband's temperament, Dana thinks she's the best critic he's ever run up against. Mary's also the perfect partner to talk over a new part. But they seldom do any rehearsing around the house.

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Dana happens to have one of those photographic memories that can learn a complete script after a couple of glances.

When he was shooting "The Purple Heart," Sam Levene was having double trouble with a particular speech, a long one, that strung itself out over a couple of days' shooting. Dana started kidding Sam about it, and as Levene takes his art pretty seriously, he got sore.

"Okay," he barked, "how would you like to learn it?"

"A cinch," scoffed Dana. "I could do it in five minutes."

That made Sam hop. "Fifty bucks you can't," he challenged. So they clocked him and Dana strolled outside. In five minutes he was back, to spout off the long, tricky dialogue without one fluff. Sam Levene simply didn't believe that, even when he heard it. He paid off, but for a long time he thought he'd been the sucker for a framed up gag and that Dana had spent all the night before learning his lines.

Maybe it's because Dana is just as easy and relaxed on a set as he is lounging around in his den, which is plenty relaxed. He can actually snooze right in front of a camera, and has. For instance, the morning after Baby Cathy arrived, Dana was knocked out from pacing the floor at the hospital. He dragged into the studio about noon and found the director waiting for him with a scene where Dana was supposed to be asleep on the ground as a posse surprises him, or something. Anyway, the cameraman marked off the spot where he was to feign sleep, and Dana plopped down. He went right off to dream-land, they burned lights on him and filmed takes all afternoon. He never woke up until five o'clock in the afternoon when it was time to go!

"The most realistic performance I've ever seen," chuckled his director. "Especially the sound effects."

on the domestic front . . .

Around the house Dana is a pretty ideal husband and father, except for a tendency to stay up all hours of the night. He got in the night reading habit years ago when he had plenty of time but no money. Dana doesn't mind making with the night life—if it's in his own home. He has a cozy little den and bar that's usually the center of things when his pals—most of them old friends from the Pasadena Playhouse days or members of the present group of acting laboratory addicts Dana belongs to—Eighteen Actors, Inc.—show up. Victor Jory, Moroni Oleson, Dorothy Adams, Morris Ankrum, Bob Preston and Victor Mature (before they went away to war) were regulars. They'd usually play parlor games or just sit and talk. Sometimes Dana actually shows up at a cocktail party, but not often. His wife, Mary, is just as happy to be home, too, what with the "sitter" problem what it is now. The day I visited Dana and Mary, they were due at a smart Hollywood social routine, but as the afternoon wore on Dana said to Mary, "What do you say we skip it?"

"Yes," said Mary as if she'd been expecting that, "lets." That usually happens.

Don't get the idea Dana's a lazybones or a dunderhead, 'cause when he does go out, he admits his wife has to hire a team of mules to drag him home. On that bonding-selling tour I mentioned, Dana once got a balled-up billing as a comedian and found out about it fifteen minutes before he was to face the mob, a big one of about ten thousand. Panaicked, he asked Charlie Ruggles, who was along, what in the world a comedian did. "It's easy," cracked Charlie, "tell jokes."

"What jokes?" Dana wanted to know.

"Oh, I'll tell you some," said Charlie. Whereupon he rattled off a sackful.

So Dana went on and told the second-hand jokes, and they rolled in the aisle. Finally they had to drag the guy off the platform he liked it so much. And when Charlie Ruggles followed him—Charlie, the authentic comic who had started Dana off—the people were all laughed out and never gave him a tumble!

And about this industry business: Dana's pretty handy around the house, especially in the garden, where he grew prize camellias before he got so busy he had to garden by flashlight. He makes kites and toys for all the neighborhood kids. He hates money matters, gets along with fifteen bucks a week in his pocket, has a weakness for buying loud Argyle plaid socks and then never wearing them, hates to shave and is nutty about dogs, although not the fancy, pedigreed kind. The Andrews family pooch, Michael, is a cocker of undetermined lineage.

Above all, Dana's a confessed family man. He'd like two or three more kids at least. With cooks and maids as scarce as old Bourbon, he still pitches in to help Mary in those departments. He warbles at his work—about the only time these days that Dana sings, after all those lessons. He hasn't any ambitions in that direction any more. What Dana wants to do with himself (he's 35) is simple, and he expresses it pronto when you ask him.

"I want to be an actor other actors respect," he says, "and I want to raise my family right. That's all."

Dana's dedication to family life springs from his worship of his own father, whom he calls "the best friend I ever had" and who died when Dana was just getting started in Hollywood. That's always been one of his big regrets, and maybe that's why he concentrates with unusual energy on being a good father himself, especially with his son David, whose own mother died so young.

David is a pretty good testimonial to Dana's paternal success. He's ten now, a sturdy little gent and smart as a whip. He was a good four years younger, of course, when Dana and Mary were married, but when the ceremony was over, David walked gravely up to the officiating minister and shook his hand.

"I want to thank you, Sir," he said, "for what you've done for my Mother and Dad." Just like that. David sometimes makes them blush when he casually mentions something that happened "before my mother and dad were married." It sounds funny, but it proves that as a stepmother Mary has been a big success.

David takes all Dana's movie roles straight—so much so that he can't sit through any where his old man gets it in the neck. He walked off of "Swamp Water" when Walter Huston bawled the blazes out of Dana, and he couldn't take what happened to his dad in "The Ox Bow Incident," either. He was all puffed around the neighborhood, though, when his pop played a real hero for Uncle Sam in "The Purple Heart." For a while Dana was certain that whether the rest of the fickle, forgetful world knew him from Adam or not, he'd always be the Favorite Movie Star of at least one fan—his son.

Then one night he made the mistake of taking David to a neighborhood movie playing some slightly out-of-date thrillers. One was "Crash Dive," the last picture Tyrone Power made before joining the Marines . . . Dana had a small part in it, and he thought David would like that.

So coming out, he casually asked him how he liked it. David seemed torn by some kind of violent emotions. But finally he spoke right out. "Well, Dad," he said, "you were pretty good and all. But that Tyrone Power—wow! What a man!"

I guess all Dana Andrews can do about this glamour-hero stuff is keep hoping.



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