

MORE COLOR THAN ANY OTHER MOVIE MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

295
OCTOBER

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CAPT. RONALD REAGAN

THE UNION OF
COMMERS
SERIAL RECORD
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WE ARE STILL THE WEAKER SEX

by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

MANY OF US may be serving shoulder to shoulder with America's fighting men—but we're still the weaker sex... It's still up to us to appear as alluring and lovely as possible.

So remember, ask for the aids to beauty made by THE HOUSE OF TANGEE—TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder and Rouge and Satin-Finish Lipstick. You'll find you were never lovelier!

Whether you're in or out of uniform, you'll want to be completely appealing

and feminine—you'll want delightful satin-smooth lips and all the glamour of a silky, petal-smooth complexion.

THE HOUSE OF TANGEE has created just what you need to keep you as lovely as you should be. For your lips, we have world-famous TANGEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks to give your lips long-lasting satiny smoothness. And with TANGEE Petal-Finish Rouge and the extraordinary new TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder, your complexion will take on a silky, radiant petal-smoothness that clings for many extra hours!

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE... Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network

*Satin-Finish Your Lips
Petal-Finish Your Complexion*

TANGEE

After Hours—

hearts are drawn to a bright, sparkling smile!



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

YOU'LL celebrate Victory with a clear conscience. Because you're working hard toward it now. Good girl. After hours, you rate the best in fun and romance!

So powder your nose—and smile. Go out and have FUN! That smile, now—how'd it look in the mirror? Did it sparkle? Was it bright and captivating?

That's the kind of smile that turns heads and hearts! If you'll notice, most popular girls aren't beautiful at all. But they all have a beautiful smile!

So see to it that *your* smile is at its radiant *best*. Remember, a sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean

teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now. What can you do? *More than you think!*

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

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

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

All through 1944 it is the Twenty-Year Anniversary of M-G-M. In one recent week 16,449 theatre-owners—every movie house in these U.S.A.—showed an M-G-M picture.

We bow, we blush, we thank you, kind motion picture showmen. The best way to show our gratitude is to continue to deliver satisfying hits as in the past.



Two great films await your attentive eyes and ears—"An American Romance" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Of "An American Romance", King Vidor's great epic of our soil, you have heard great praise. Watch for it while we pause to impress you with a current triumph.

"Mrs. Parkington".

Or, rather, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington".

This excellent film is a superb adaptation of Louis Bromfield's best-selling novel and gives that talented pair a vehicle that is more than a vehicle.

Many of our screen artists have looks, many can act, many have personality. Greer Garson is a triple threat. And "Mrs. P." gives her the chance to prove it again.

Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining-camp boarding-house proprietor to a dynamic cosmopolite is one for the book. Or better still, one for the screen.

Greer's "Susie" finds an excellent dove-tail in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. Ruthless, dashing and with a roving-eye.

The dream-like cast includes such stars as Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Selena Royle.

Tay Garnett, director of "Bataan", has also performed brilliantly—with the megaphone.

We suggest you park yourself in a seat at "Mrs. Parkington".

—Leo



modern screen

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GREER GARSON

is Great! *as the boom town beauty who knew what she wanted..and got it!*

WALTER PIDGEON

is Perfect! *as the rich romantic two fisted rogue!*



TWENTY YEARS
OF LEADERSHIP
M-G-M
presents

Mrs. Parkington

EDWARD ARNOLD • AGNES MOOREHEAD • CECIL KELLAWAY
GLADYS COOPER • FRANCES RAFFERTY • TOM DRAKE • PETER LAWFORD • DAN DURYEA • HUGH MARLOWE and the Saint Luke's Choristers
Screen Play by Robert Thoeren and Polk Ames • Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by LEON GORDON • An M-G-M Picture



Brig Hilton (Shirley Temple) tries to comfort Lt. Willett (Joseph Cotten) as he admits love for her mother. Sister Jone's infatuation complicates matters.

Fannie Hurst

SELECTS "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"

■ "Since You Went Away" takes life in its own hands and does quite well with it.

It also takes its own life in its hands, and by being too diffuse, lengthy and emotionally extravagant, does *not* so well with it.

Inherently, the theme is a natural. The ingredients are there. The pastry cook who goes into the kitchen and finds spread out before her all the rich materials necessary,

cannot fail except by making too rich a cake.

And "Since You Went Away" is too rich. Two thirds through, the average spectator is not only going to open his belt, he is going to experience slight qualms of digestive unease.

Mr. Selznick, without having so intended, may find himself (*Continued on page 8*)

SURE, AND IT WILL STEAL
YOUR HEART AWAY !!!

... with the love songs always at the
top of America's hit parade!

... with the romance of two hat-headed
sweethearts who love as only the Irish can!

... with the laughter and fun that's
shamrocking the nation!

June Haver

... your beautiful
blonde discovery-
... puts a smile
in your eye!

MONTY
WOOLLEY

JUNE
HAVER

DICK
HAYMES

Damon Runyon's

Irish Eyes are Smiling

in TECHNICOLOR

ANTHONY with BEVERLY
QUINN • WHITNEY
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM
and The Metropolitan Opera Singers
Leonard Warren and Blanche Thebom

A 20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF

Produced by DAMON RUNYON

Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and John Tucker Battle

Based on a story by E. A. Ellington



PUBLIC ACCLAIM for his private life!

His romantic roistering story is being hailed as great entertainment all over the country! Don't miss it!

**MICHAEL O'SHEA
ANNE SHIRLEY**

IN

Man from Frisco

WITH
GENE LOCKHART

DAN DURYEA · STEPHANIE BACHELOR
RAY WALKER · TOMMY BOND



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

the progenitor of a revolt against the industry and self-hypnotized, the bit between his teeth as author, producer and reluctant wielder of the scissors, he is running riot. Resultantly, our era, which takes its bouillon in cubes, its reading predigested, and abbreviates expenditures of time in every possible manner, is about to stage a revolt. The public has a pain in the neck.

Down with over-long, over-stuffed motion pictures!

"Since You Went Away" is both. One hour shorter, one hour less of emotional redundancy, and this picture would have come closer to what must have been Mr. Selznick's good dream of a cavalcade Americana.

Inherently, it is that. Imbedded in its themes, are concerns that lie close and contemporaneous to practically every American heart. The story rings a bell within our national soul.

Occasionally, aside from the crippling effect of its enormous footage, the rouged kiss of Hollywood descends upon the story. "Since You Went Away" concerns itself with an allegedly middle-class, average American family, but Hollywood insists upon putting them into too fine a house for their means and insists that they deport themselves à la the country club set.

The picture glitters with stars, some of whom are in strange firmament, indeed. Mme. Nazimova and Lionel Barrymore are dragged in by their talented heels for this American epic. And once again Mr. Monty Woolley's highly personalized vindictiveness, vituperativeness and venom are in high fettle. Claudette Colbert is sweetness, forbearance and light; Shirley Temple, charmingly Shirley Temple plus ten years; and that thar Jennifer Jones gal has what it takes.

Ladies from coast to coast, and their men, too, are going to weep. And honorable tears they will be. Wrung legitimately from hearts that alas, will be sore and troubled with some of the anguishes this picture brings home to them. The tears will be copious and too deep and too quiet to show, for every woman can know within her the loneliness of a house empty of a husband, every girl the tragedy of a lover lost, every man the ache of being separated from his loved ones.

To treat so honorable an effort lightly would be to ignore dignity of concept and production. In spite of its ponderous, overweight body, "Since You Went Away" succeeds in being more than half as good as it could have been.

Synopsis

For all its length and production grandeur, "Since You Went Away" is a simple story about simple people, caught in a frustrating, complex age. It tells of the efforts of Anne Hilton to get along, both financially and emotionally, when her husband, Timothy, enlists. Lonely and worried about the effects of a woman-dominated home on her two daughters, Jane and Brig, she decides to accept crusty, irascible old Col. Smollett as a boarder. The Colonel, it would seem, has a grandson. Jane, it would seem, is quite ready to rebound at any suitable young man. Preferably a corporal. So she does—violently. And quite a rebound it is, too. For Jane has been calf-eyeing dashing Lieut. Willett, a hopeless, helpless and very-much-in-love old admirer of Mother, who, while enjoying his banter and the nice feeling of feminine security it gives her to have him dogging around, is very strong and unshakable in her devotion to her Tim.

And then quickly, terrifyingly, the Hilton world spins, whirls and cascades heartache about. A telegram arrives.

"State Department . . . Timothy Hilton . . . inform . . . missing in action . . ." But these are Americans, so they weep their weep, then straighten up and hope. Until the other telegram. And this time it's not "missing in action"—it's "killed in the line of duty." And it's young Bill who is dead, and it's young Jane who must break her heart. And she does. But out of the weakness comes strength, and she becomes a Nurse's Aide in the psychiatric clinic of old Dr. Golden, dedicating herself to helping other Bills return to other Janes.

And so it goes. Nothing resolved, nothing solved. Mother takes a job welding, the crotchety Colonel rediscovers the purge of laughter, Brig goes about the difficult job of casting off the chrysalis of childhood for maturity, and the days fly past and the nights linger on. And again a third telegram. Tim is safe. Tim will be home. So much has happened, oh, how we've missed you, since you went away. . . . U. A.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

You've done it before, and you can do it again—meaning this quiz, you ickies! And a fine job, too, judging from some of your comments. So here goes. It's awfully simple, really. We've given you 3 sets of 20 clues each. First go over the first batch and see if you can identify the movie personage referred to, and for each one you guess, give yourself 5 points. Then go on to the next group to catch up on the ones you've missed, and score yourself 4 points for your answers there. Now, if you're still shy a few names, on you go to Set 3, getting 3 points on those answers. Catch? And incidentally, if you put down an answer which you find on a later set of clues to be incorrect, it's perfectly o. k. to change, scoring yourself the number of points due on the particular set where you discover your error. Thus, if you put John Carradine as your answer on Set 1, and find in Set 3 that it should be Hedy Lamarr, give yourself 3 points for Hedy and forget about Johnny. We think maybe 80 should be par for you well-informed readers, you. And 75 isn't too bad, but lower . . . Why, shame!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. He never left home
2. Oversea-ing blue angel
3. Cherokee chick
4. Feudin' with Fred
5. Comeback since she went away
6. AWOL
7. Thousands cheer
8. Large-footed vegetarian
9. Love-affairing Minnie
10. Bowery to big-time
11. How green are his streets
12. Chip-ped off fame
13. Sloe-eyed fastie
14. Hollywood gave Day break
15. Hep cat honey
16. Ran old man Cole (anagram)
17. Feather-curved long-hair
18. Casanova of the Casbah
19. Suzanne Georgette Charpentier
20. Heller at heart

(Continued on page 105)



ust in Case

you've wondered why so many people are going around with large, happy SMILES and their hearts going bumpety-BOOM... it's because they've just seen the **HAPPIEST** picture ever!! It's the **National JOY Show** (why, even the star is named **JOYce Reynolds!**)... it's from **WARNER BROS...**
it's...



Special prints of JANIE have already been delivered —gratis— to the Army, for showing to men in combat areas, isolated outposts and Red Cross hospitals.

"She's the gleam in the eye of every G.I."

JOYCE REYNOLDS • ROBERT HUTTON • EDWARD ARNOLD • ANN HARDING • ROBERT BENCHLEY • ALAN HALE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston & Charles Hoffman • From the Play Produced by Brock Pemberton
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB

Make the
Most of It



You don't find de luxe dates falling from trees... So you make each one count... You wear your best dress, your slickest hair-do and jack up the feminine charm... Why not use the same common sense about Bob Pins? You can't count yours by the dozens, any more than you can count your men that way—for a while, anyway.

So use DeLong Bob Pins because they hold that line! They have a Stronger Grip, a longer life—and when you can't have quantity, you've got to have DeLong quality.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

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

AMERICAN ROMANCE

Do you believe in America? Of course you do, in a take-it-for-granted sort of way. But would you walk from New York City to Minnesota to prove your belief? That's what Steve Dangos, Czech immigrant, does in M-G-M's powerful Technicolor drama. Brian Donlevy plays Steve with all the dynamic vitality that the part demands. This is an imagination-stirring picture of America, land of opportunity. I know you'll like it.

Steve lands at Ellis Island in 1893 with four dollars in his pocket. Ordinarily, the authorities demand that you have \$25 for admittance, but they are impressed by Steve's faith in this new land. They let him in. Steve hikes all the way to Minnesota where his cousin Anton will get him a job as a miner. On the way he learns some broken English, is more convinced than ever that America is the country for him. He goes to work in the mine, but unlike most of the other miners, he has an intense curiosity about all its workings. "Where does the ore go from here?" he demands. "Chicago, me lad," an Irishman tells him. "Chee-car-go. Yah. I will go there some day," says Steve seriously.

And go he does, leaving pretty Annie O'Rourke (Ann Richards) to follow later and become Mrs. Steve Dangos. By then Steve is foreman in a steel mill. He is making enough to rent a tiny cottage. Enough so that the five children who arrive in rapid succession can go to school and pursue the careers they want.

Ambition drives Steve constantly, but he remains devoted to his family. It is a sad day when his oldest son is killed in World War I. But Steve squares his broad shoulders, and in memory of George, studies harder to become an American citizen.

The day of the automobile has arrived, and Steve does some complicated experimenting in that direction with the help of Howard Clinton (Walter Abel). Together they evolve a car with a steel safety roof and a new body design. Soon they have their own company. Things have happened to the children, too. Abe has become a violinist as his father wished—but his act is a comic one, in vaudeville. Still, he's a success. Teddy—well, Teddy is a problem to Steve. He is on the side of the factory workers in the strike against his father. It takes Pearl Harbor to show Steve that his son may be right after all.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Brian Donlevy graciously offered to buy a small fire truck for the local Women's Defense Organization. Ladies were overjoyed—couldn't wait to try it out. Since no hydrant was available to them, they hooked the thing up to the Donlevy swimming pool—drained it completely dry... Brian, who loves to make like a painter, carpenter or plumber on his days off, spent time between scenes building and painting

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

Ann... Residents of Pomona, California, slowed down to a stop when they saw motorcycle officers stopping age-old relics for speeding at a reckless 20 miles per. Didn't know these were rebuilt replicas of the first automobiles built in this country, and that they were props being used for "American Romance"... Captain of these motorcyclemen, incidentally, turned out to be Captain V. M. Moffett, a World War I buddy of Brian's. Twenty-four years ago they had lain side by side in a French hospital—neither of them expected to live. Hadn't seen each other since then until they met quite accidentally in Pomona... Ann Richards spent her first birthday away from her family. Mrs. Richards is still in Australia, and Ann's brother is prisoner in a Jap concentration camp. Day before her birthday, Ann received a cake, baked by mama and shipped all the way across the Pacific... Another birthday celebrant was little Jackie Jenkins, who was six and thrilled at the thought of entering the Santa Monica Grammar school where his big brother is enrolled. Breathless moment occurred when King Vidor, returning to the set from lunch, found Jackie about to jump from a twelve-foot platform. He shouted a warning, but Jackie assured him it was all right. "I know how Superman does it, Mr. Vidor!" Mr. V. finally convinced him that Superman had powers far beyond those of Master Jenkins.

JANIE

Joyce Reynolds is a cute little chick who represents Warner Brothers' white hope for teen-age pictures. She gets off to a flying start in "Janie," as a sixteen-year-old heartbreaker. Clare Foley, who plays her kid sister, Elsbeth, provides most of the laughs. Elsbeth is terrific as a gag-puller, but if you had to live in the house with her, you'd probably commit murder. Someone asks her, "Why don't you run along and play with your little friends, Elsbeth?" "I have no friends," retorts the enfant terrible. "I'm anti-social." And she's not kidding.

Janie has trouble enough with her parents, without having to cope with Elsbeth, too. You know parents. They're those people that always want to know where you're going or have to use the phone just as you're telling something terribly important to your best friend. Probably, Janie admits, hers are no worse than most. Except for that editorial Dad (Edward Arnold) wrote for the town paper about how you should keep your young daughter from going out with the soldiers at the camp nearby. It is a good thing Janie has a bachelor friend of Dad's (Robert Benchley) to help her out now and then.

Janie's current guy is a down-the-block product called "Scooper." Scooper is nice, but he's nobody's dream man, and when Janie meets a good-looking soldier in a custom-tailored uniform, the romance is over. The new heart is named Dick, he's a college man, and sometimes Janie has a feeling he's a little advanced for her experience. She promises to spend an evening alone with... (Continued on page 12)

**This is
the MAN**

**...these are
the Women!**

...you'll meet in this
dark tale of love and
conflict... of a man
who tried to divide
his heart... of three
women who broke
theirs!



CARY GRANT

IN

**"None
but the Lonely
Heart"**

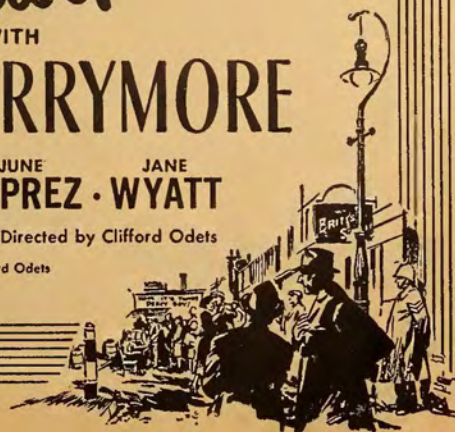
WITH

ETHEL BARRYMORE

**BARRY JUNE JANE
FITZGERALD · DUPREZ · WYATT**

Produced by David Hempstead Directed by Clifford Odets

Screen Play by Clifford Odets



From the novel by Richard Llewellyn,
author of "How Green Was My Valley"

ANOTHER
OF THE
GREAT
R K O
RADIO
PICTURES

The most Toothsome Ensign at Headquarters



As pretty a WAVE as ever released a fighting man for action. That's Ensign K! Brainy, too. So naturally she noticed right away how much better super-fine Pebeco cleans her teeth. She was definitely impressed by the way Pebeco Powder keeps on polishing—doesn't wash right away when you start to brush.



How come Pebeco doesn't wash right away? Because its particles are *micro-fine* . . . stay on your brush, cling to your teeth while you work. Pebeco's special combination of polishing agents cleans teeth gently but efficiently—leaves them gleaming!

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER
FOR YOUR MONEY,
FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE
OF 6 OTHER
LEADING BRANDS

PEBECO TOOTH POWDER

Super-fine for Super Shine



That's why people find Ensign K's smile is so irresistible. Try Pebeco! You'll love its sparkling, zippy flavor. The immaculate polished feel of your teeth. The special luster of your smile after a brushing with super-fine Pebeco Tooth Powder!



GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too

Copyright 1944, by Lenn & Fink Products Corp.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

him, but maybe it's just as well some of the other girls turn up. Janie's family is out, and they decide to have a party. Scooper is the one who really turns the evening into bedlam incarnate. "If you like the Army so well, I'll get you a lot of them," he says nastily. And proceeds to call the camp and ask them to send over every man under 21 who isn't on duty.

The result is the kind of party you dream about—only some of the dreams are nightmares. It takes the police, the mayor, some MP's and a couple of colonels to break it up. For the laugh of the season, catch Dad's expression when he comes home and takes a look at the house. "Janie" is the kind of picture that chases your blues so far away they never come back.—War.

P. S.

Ninety-two teen-agers, employed as extras for this picture, almost took over the Warner Bros. Studio during the few weeks "Janie" was in production. The lot had the appearance of a college campus. For most of them it was the first glimpse inside a Hollywood studio, and they wanted to see it all . . . Commissary lights were burning till far into the night as buyers attempted to get enough milk to satisfy the mob . . . Dance director LeRoy Prinz worked for days trying to get the kids to rumba and conga without throwing in a bit of jitterbugging here and there . . . Prop department had its hands full when the gang decided to help "plant" the victory garden—180 square feet of artificial plants . . . French windows of the attractive home in which Joyce lives were smashed to bits when a jeep was driven through them. It was in the script, and the youngsters refused to allow the scene to be done in miniature . . . Director Curtiz handled them like a diplomat talking to representatives of another country. Displayed unusual patience and drew chuckles from the young players when he addressed them as "my kiddies." . . . Nine-year-old Clare Foley was brought to Hollywood from New York to play the part she did in the original stage production . . . Take an extra look at the photographer in the picture who covers the big party. He's really Peter Stackpole, Life photographer, playing himself in the film. Peter's just back from photographing the Yanks in Saipan . . . Because the wartime restrictions forbid traveling, the Connecticut village street was erected on Stage 22. More than 200 extras were used in shooting the scenes in the business section . . . Edward Arnold was writing letters during every spare moment. His son is a flight instructor for the Army, and his daughter is a student nurse.

DARK WATERS

Merle Oberon has a fascinating part to play in "Dark Waters." Leslie Calvin is a beautiful girl who has suffered a terrific emotional shock in the sudden loss of her mother and father. The ship on which they were coming to America was torpedoed, and Leslie was one of the few survivors. She is put in a New Orleans hospital but refuses to make any effort toward recovering a normal outlook.

At last the doctor persuades her to leave the hospital. She is to go and live with an aunt and uncle who have a sugar plan-

tation not too far from New Orleans. Leslie wires them that she is coming and is surprised when no one meets her at the station. She waits in the afternoon sun and finally faints from the heat. The station master calls young Doctor Grover (Franchot Tone). Pardon me a minute—I feel a sunstroke coming on. I hope. Anyway, to get back to Leslie, Dr. Grover drives her out to her uncle's plantation, and on the way she tells him the story of her troubles. He is sympathetic and obviously attracted to Leslie. He says he'll try to help her.

The plantation is hauntingly beautiful, but it's a somber old place among the cypress trees and swamps of the sugar cane country. Aunt Emily (Fay Bainter) turns out to be a fluttering, ineffectual little woman. Uncle Norbert is absorbed in his books, completely unaware not only of his niece's problem but almost of her presence as well. The most important character in the house seems to be a large, elderly man named Sydney (Thomas Mitchell), who issues all the orders.

It gradually becomes apparent that something very mysterious indeed is going on at the plantation. Leslie's friendship with Dr. Grover is discouraged, and soon her mental condition becomes worse. Lights go on and off, and she hears a ghostly voice calling her name from the bayou. Only through the help of a Negro (Rex Ingram) does she learn that a deliberate attempt is being made to drive her out of her mind. When she gets Dr. Grover to help her, they both become prisoners. The picture ends dramatically in the macabre gloom of a Louisiana swamp. You'll shudder in your chair.

The role of Sydney is quite a departure for Thomas Mitchell. You will be interested to see what he does with it. Franchot, of course, makes a charming wolf, reformed by love.—U.A.

P. S.

Producer Ben Bogeaus, searching for a mystery dealing with malicious minds and murder, discovered "Dark Waters" while it was still in galley form . . . Later, when it came out in a national magazine in serial form, Publicity Man Jerry Dale arranged to have each of the four issues it ran sent each week to all Hollywood correspondents, neatest trick-of-the-month to capture their interest . . . Merle Oberon proved herself a rugged soul, earned the sobriquet "Iron Woman Oberon" because of the way she stood up under all the physical punishment during the swamp-water scenes . . . The bayou set took up three and a half solid acres, planted with 1500 water hyacinths, blue flags, special vines and Spanish moss. 500 trees were planted, included full-grown oaks, weeping willows . . . In spite of gloomy, depressing scenes and heavy tension induced by the mystifying atmosphere, cast and crew had a gay time. Workers dubbed it a "happy" picture, and all were sorry to see it end after ten weeks of shooting . . . Director Andre De Toth is one of the most camera-conscious megaphoners in the business. For one scene in Merle's bedroom, he placed the camera in the direct center of the room, had it make a complete 360 degree turn recording a period of twelve hours in the script. Four different mirrors, placed strategically in logical spots, recorded Merle's different expressions during the long scene . . . Another "longie" was a six-and-a-half-minute scene between Franchot Tone and Merle in which they perfectly completed seven pages of tricky dialogue . . . Definite surprise twist in the casting of the picture has some of the most prominent members playing roles against their usual type.

Scenario for every girl with designs on a man!



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THE IMPATIENT YEARS

When you find a bright, funny comedy that has a lot of common sense back of it, you really have something. "The Impatient Years" is that kind of a picture, and it's definitely worth seeing. Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn—that tried and true combination—are at their best. So is Lee Bowman.

Andy (Lee Bowman), a staff sergeant somewhere in the South Pacific, always tells the guys he's from Sonora, California. Actually, he has never seen the place, but that's where his wife and son are, so he figures that's his town. He's never seen his baby son, either, and knew his wife only four days before they were married, and he left for overseas. But everything will work out fine when he gets back to Sonora.

Only it doesn't. The Janie (Jean Arthur) he finds when he gets home on furlough isn't a bit like the impulsive, delightful girl he picked up in a restaurant in San Francisco and married three days later. This Janie is formal, distant and very preoccupied with the care of their son and the household in general. She is, her father (Charles Coburn) admits, turning into an old maid, married or not. Andy is prepared to snap Janie out of this in a hurry with a little love-making, but there turns out to be another angle. The other angle is Henry (Phil Brown). Henry has boarded with the Smiths for a year now. He's walked the baby at night and changed its diapers and worried about it when it had the mumps. He is, he thinks, much more of a husband to Janie than Andy is.

Mr. Smith complicates matters by talking at the wrong time—with good intentions, to be sure—and Janie and Andy decide to get a divorce. But the judge refuses to give them one right off. He makes a condition. Janie and Andy are to go back to San Francisco where they met and live those first four days over again. They think it's ridiculous. They say they won't do it. But they do. It leads, as you can imagine, to a lot of complications. And the complications lead to laughs. So go and see it and have fun.—Col.

P. S.

Since Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn hit the jackpot for Columbia with "The More the Merrier," studio execs have been looking for another story for them. This is it... Seventy-year-old Charley Grapewin does the youngest type of role of his career as the superannuated bellhop—the result of the modern manpower shortage. Charley, who classifies his roles in two categories—with teeth and without teeth—removed his uppers and lowers, good-naturedly adding more contrast to his part... Jean, a great believer in music as an aid to creating mood, brought a stack of her own records to the studio. A man was assigned to play them outside her dressing room between scenes... When production was completed, Charles Coburn headed for New York to arrange for his return to the stage. Broadway playgoers will be seeing him next year in "Master of the Revels"... A large part of the background for the picture was actually shot in Sonora, Calif. The town has played host to movie companies for years—this is the first time it's been filmed under its own name... This picture raises Lee Bowman to his first star billing in a high-budget picture. It's only the beginning for Lee, who went immediately into another lead, opposite Rita Hayworth... The script of "The Impatient Years" was a one-woman job. The woman is Virginia Van Upp, who did all of the writing from the original idea to finished screenplay. As a reward, Vir-

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gnia was boosted to the post of producer ... Tiny Vic Beaver (the ten-months-old baby) went temperamental every time the cameras began to roll. Even new papas, Phil Brown and Lee Bowman, couldn't quiet him. Coburn discovered it was his monocle little Vic was crying for. Since Charles can't wear the thing in close-ups, he had to be photographed from his left side in all scenes with the baby—so the camera eye couldn't see the monocle but baby Vic could!

THE GREAT MOMENT

Suppose you had to have a leg amputated. And the surgeon said, "Give the patient a piece of wood to bite on—that helps a little." Then took a saw and started to go to work. You'd scream your head off, wouldn't you? You'd yell, "Where's the ether?" But can you tell the name of the man who made it possible for people to sleep through operations instead of suffering unbearable pain? Don't worry if you don't know the name. In 1855 the U. S. Senate was in the same predicament. Any number of claimants to the honor had appeared, and they weren't in the least sure which was the right one. While the Senate battled about it, Dr. William Morton sat in the gallery and remembered. . . .

Morton (Joel McCrea) was studying dentistry when he married the lovely Liz Whitman (Betty Field). Liz' father and mother were rather disturbed over her marrying a dentist. In those days a dentist went around the countryside extracting teeth while his wife beat on the dishpan to drown out the howls of the patient. Dr. Morton, however, had different ideas. He opened an office right in Boston, like a regular doctor's office. And always in the back of his mind was the idea that there must be some way to make dentistry painless.

Morton experimented for years. Experimented while the Morton roof leaked, the Morton cook left in disgust, and the Morton children went around with holes in their shoes. He tried everything from hypnotism to laughing gas—almost killing himself with the latter. People said he was crazy. Only Liz kept her faith in him. Then at last through a combination of stubborn perseverance and blind luck, Morton discovered that ether inhaled would put a man to sleep. A sound enough sleep so you could pull his tooth. Or maybe even cut his leg off. . . .

Dr. Morton gave medical science the use of his discovery. But at first he refused to give them the formula. After all, the roof did need mending, the children did need shoes. For his humble attempt to patent his formula, he was castigated in every newspaper in the country. As usual, only Liz believed in him.

The story of his long struggle is a good one for all of us who need a lesson in perseverance. It is told in a fascinating way with the help of a cast which includes Harry Carey, William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn and J. Farrell MacDonald.—Par.

P. S.

Folks at Paramount moaned and groaned when memos came around to their office asking for suggestions for titles of the newest Preston Sturges movie. "How," they wanted to know, "can you get 'love' or 'oomph' into the title of a picture that tells the story of the discovery of ether?" . . . After several tentative tags were considered then rejected, "The Great Moment" was chosen to show up on theater marquees . . . Script is adapted from Rene Fulop Miller's biographical novel, "Triumph Over Pain," originally owned by



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M-G-M and purchased by Paramount on Myrna Loy's suggestion to Arthur Hornblow, producer and ex-hubby of Miss Loy . . . Sturges went into virtual hibernation for a couple of weeks, came out with brand new treatment of script using different writing devices he made famous . . . The dental and medical instruments used in the film are authentic hundred-year-old relics rented from the local Pony Express Museum. Censorship restrictions prevent the instruments and the operations performed from being shown in the British version. The instruments are not even mentioned in the dialogue . . . Bostonians will see exact replicas of such famous landmarks as Burnett's Pharmacy, the Harvard Medical School and the Massachusetts General Hospital . . . For the fight in the glassware shop between Joel McCrea and Emery Parnell, no doubles were used. Both camera and sound crews had protection from flying fragments by means of specially built shields. William Demarest was another who refused a double, preferring to do his own falls and leaps through windows. Bill, a former vaudevillian, used to do similar stunts in his five-a-day routines that always wound up with one terrific dive into the theater's orchestra pit.

SWEET AND LOW-DOWN

This is the story of a boy from the slums of Chicago who suddenly gets a chance to join Benny Goodman's band. A boy who goes too far too fast and then has to learn all over again the hard way. Benny himself and his band are in the picture, and there's plenty of mellow jive for all the gates.

The boy, Johnny Birch, is played by a

newcomer who will definitely send you. Name—James Cardwell, and you'd better get your fan mail in ahead of the rush. Linda Darnell and Lynn Bari take care of the femme half of the platter, and Jack Oakie is in there solid with the laughs.

Johnny isn't exactly a square when he joins the band but neither is he hep to all the hot licks. Benny Goodman takes him on as a trombone player partly because he feels Johnny has talent and partly because he's an old Chicago boy himself from the same neighborhood. But Johnny has a chip on his shoulder from the beginning. He doesn't want advice from Benny, about music or anything else. The anything else being Pat (Lynn Bari), the girl singer with the band. Pat thinks Johnny is a comer, and she's always ready to hitch her wagon to a star, especially when the star's a handsome hunk of man. Popsy (Jack Oakie) tries to warn Johnny about that, but Johnny knows *everything!*

Then he meets Trudy (Linda Darnell), when he's playing with the band at a military school dance. Trudy, the aunt of one of the students, has dressed to look as young as possible at her nephew's request. She has succeeded so well that Johnny is shocked when she asks him for a cigarette, and gives her a stern lecture on how fifteen-year-olds should behave. Then he pats her patronizingly on the head and tells her to look him up in New York when she grows up. She does—the next week. Johnny falls in love then, head over heels. But that makes him more difficult than ever. He's determined now to become a super-success right away, for Trudy. It takes some very hard knocks to teach him that success isn't something you can reach out and grab, as it goes by.

(Continued on page 20)

FREE OFFER!

How'd you like a FREE copy of SCREEN ROMANCES? It's jam-packed with stories of all the latest movies and color portraits of all your very favorite stars. All you have to do to get your free mag is fill out the following Questionnaire. The first 500 to send in their coupon will get their FREE SCREEN ROMANCES pronto. Be sure yours is in the mail by September 20th.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Nutty but Nice (The Reagans) | ☐ | Frank Sinatra, Part II | ☐ |
| Trio "Con Brio" (Crosby, Hope, Sinatra) | ☐ | The James Girls (Betty Grable) | ☐ |
| Jake of the Maritimes (Richard Jaeckel) | ☐ | The Fighting Grants (Cary Grant) | ☐ |
| MODERN SCREEN Goes to a Birthday Party (Van Johnson) | ☐ | Hi, Monica! (Paul Henreid) | ☐ |
| The Women In His Life (Jess Barker) | ☐ | What a Man! (Bob Ryan) | ☐ |
| | | "The Merry Monahans" | ☐ |
| | | 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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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

105 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, 4★, excellent, 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★
Adventures of Mark Twain, The (Warners).....	C 3½★	Man From Down Under, The (M-G-M).....	3★
And The Angels Sing (Paramount).....	3½★	Man From Frisco (Republic).....	3½★
Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble (M-G-M).....	C 3★	Man From Music Mountain, The (Republic).....	3★
Around the World (RKO).....	3★	Marine Raiders (RKO).....	3½★
Battle of Russia, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Men On Her Mind (PRC).....	3★
Best Foot Forward (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Minstrel Man (PRC).....	3★
Between Two Worlds (Warners).....	3★	Mummy's Ghost (Universal).....	3★
Black Parachute, The (Columbia).....	3★	Mystery Man (United Artists).....	3★
Bombers' Moon (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Navy Way, The (Paramount).....	3★
Casanova in Burlesque (Republic).....	3★	Northern Pursuit (Warners).....	3★
Cobra Woman (Universal).....	3★	North Star, The (RKO).....	4★
Contender, The (PRC).....	3★	No Time For Love (Paramount).....	3½★
Corvette K-225 (Universal).....	4★	Old Acquaintance (Warners).....	3★
Crazy House (Universal).....	C 3½★	Paris After Dark (20th Century-Fox).....	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★	Riding High (Paramount).....	3★
Days of Glory (RKO).....	3½★	Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Desert Song, The (RKO).....	C 3★	Russians at War (Artkino Pictures).....	3★
Destination Tokyo (Warners).....	4★	Russian Story, The (Artkino Pictures).....	3★
Detective Kitty O'Day (Monogram).....	3★	Secret Command (Columbia).....	3½★
Diary of a Nazi (Artkino Pictures).....	3★	Sensations of 1945 (United Artists).....	3½★
Dragon Seed (M-G-M).....	4★	Seven Days Ashore (Universal).....	3★
Fired Wife (Universal).....	3★	Shake Hands With Murder (PRC).....	3★
Fire in the Straw (Benoit-Levy Production).....	3½★	Show Business (RKO).....	3½★
Flesh and Fantasy (Universal).....	3½★	Siege of Leningrad (Lenfilm).....	4★
Follow the Boys (Universal).....	3½★	Silver Spurs (Republic).....	C 3★
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount).....	4★	Since You Went Away (United Artists).....	3½★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★	Someone to Remember (Republic).....	3★
Gateway for Tomorrow (RKO).....	3★	Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox).....	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★
Girl Crazy (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Step Lively (RKO).....	3½★
Girl in the Case, The (Columbia).....	3★	Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4★
Going My Way (Paramount).....	C 4★	Story of Dr. Wassell, The (Paramount).....	3½★
Guadalcanal Diary (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★		
Hairy Ape, The (United Artists).....	3★		
Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount).....	C 3½★	Take It Or Leave It (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
His Butler's Sister (Universal).....	3★	Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners).....	3★
Hitler Gang, The (Paramount).....	3½★	They Met In Moscow (Moscow Film Studios).....	4★
Hostages (Paramount).....	3★	This Is the Army (Warners).....	C 4★
Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount).....	3★	This Is the Life (Universal).....	C 3½★
I Dood It (Paramount).....	C 3★	Top Man (Universal).....	C 3★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic).....	3★	True to Life (Paramount).....	3½★
Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal).....	3★	Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M).....	4★
Jam Session (Columbia).....	3★	Up in Mabel's Room (United Artists).....	3★
Johnny Come Lately (United Artists).....	3★		
Jungle Woman (Universal).....	3★	What a Woman (Columbia).....	3★
Kansas, The (United Artists).....	3★	Where Are Your Children? (Monogram).....	3★
Lassie Come Home (M-G-M).....	C 4★	Whispering Footsteps (Republic).....	3★
Let's Face It (Paramount).....	C 3½★	Whistler, The (Columbia).....	3½★
Lifeboat (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	White Cliffs of Dover, The (M-G-M).....	4★
		Wilson (20th Century-Fox).....	4★+
		Wintertime (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★

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 in her hand...and a
 baby in her arms!*

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 ter's problem was the
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With this picture, an
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Irving Cummings' in
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Original Screen Play by **VIRGINIA VAN UPP**
 Associate Producer

Produced and Directed by **IRVING CUMMINGS**



Anyway, it all adds up to a good picture with a lot of music you'll really love.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Two hundred jive-happy hepcats, drafted from dance halls in and around Los Angeles for dancing scenes in this picture, couldn't believe their good fortune. "Imagine," said the bewildered kids, "dancing on a smooth, roomy floor every day, all day, to the music of Benny Goodman and getting paid for it!" . . . Benny (who calls swing "free speech in music") proves he's no stranger to the classics. With four fellow-jivers interpreters the Mozart Quintet which he once did with the Budapest String Quartet in New York's Town Hall . . . BG, hearing that Harvard University had set aside a fund of \$250 a year for the purchase of swing classics, sent the college his entire collection—one of the most famous in the world . . . Gus Sweeney, 60-year-old doorman on the "Sweet and Lowdown" set, was called to see Mr. Goodman one morning. It was Sweeney's birthday. As he walked onto the stage, the Goodman band broke into "Happy Birthday to You," and the cast and crew joined in the chorus. There was an enormous birthday cake and a fine leather wallet from "the gang" . . . Gus left the set with tears in his eyes . . . Goodman went home for lunch every day to shoot movies of his nine-months-old daughter. Baby was just beginning to crawl, and Benny didn't want to miss getting pictures of her first steps . . . Lynn Bari was given a few days vacation in the middle of production to go to Texas to christen a new Flying Fortress, "The Lynn Bari" . . . One casualty while the picture was being filmed was Jack Oakie. Jack had a serious accident one noon, hit in the knee with

a fast baseball while playing with the kids on the lot . . . Buddy Swan, juvenile lead in the picture, was given free clarinet lessons from "The King" himself. Benny heard Swan play the instrument—thinks he's terrific!

GYPSY WILDCAT

Forget the fat, bedraggled gypsies you've seen at county fairs. They bear no resemblance to the romantic, glamorous variety in this picture. The most glamorous of all, of course, is Carla (Maria Montez). One look at her, and the villagers stare bemused while the rest of the gypsy band sell them broken-down horses or pick their pockets.

The catch is that Carla isn't really a gypsy at all. She's the daughter of the Count Orso, who has recently been found in the forest with an arrow through his heart. No one knows Carla is his heiress except old Anubi (Leo Carrillo), who has no intention of telling. However, Rhoda (Gale Sondergaard) seems to have an inkling that something of the sort is true. Maybe, being a fortuneteller, she saw it in the cards.

The gypsies are suspected of killing the Count. Another likely suspect is Michael (Jon Hall), a handsome stranger, who keeps turning up at odd moments, usually when Carla is around. This infuriates young Tonio (Peter Coe), Anubi's son, who is planning to marry Carla. It's especially infuriating because Carla shows far more interest in Michael than she does in Tonio. Before long, Baron Tovar (Douglas Dumbrille) imprisons the gypsies in his dungeon on suspicion of murder. He then discovers that Carla is wearing a silver pendant which he recognizes as belonging to the Orso family. Obviously, Carla is the long-lost daughter of the Count, and

the thing for the Baron to do is marry her immediately. That way he can get possession of the Orso lands and fortune, which he's had his eye on for some time.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, the Baron is not a very bright guy. He allows Michael to get into the castle through a water pipe from the moat. Michael confronts him and accuses him of having murdered Count Orso himself. Quite a melee ensues, with everyone getting hit over the head, and the gypsies escaping their guards. They all stream out of the castle in mad pursuit of the Baron, who has grabbed Carla and a Justice to perform the marriage ceremony and escaped in a carriage. The chase that follows is really quite a thing, and you'll have to see it for yourself.—Univ.

P. S.

Wardrobe department discarded all of Maria's flimsy sarongs and put her into seventeen petticoats for this one. However, in each of the wild gypsy dances performed by Miss Montez, her lovely legs are very much in evidence . . . The original song, "Gypsy Song of Freedom," was written by Edward Ward and producer George Waggner . . . The medieval castle in this film (the ancestral home of Baron Tovar) is an adaptation of the Tower of London set, a famous Universal Studio landmark. Prop department added a drawbridge, a moat and a bastion to the old site . . . During production, Jon Hall held up a few minutes shooting while he opened a package from Mrs. Hall (Frances Langford), who was overseas entertaining troops. Package contained two German revolvers for Jon to add to his extensive gun collection . . . Gale Sondergaard has one of her few sympathetic roles of her career. As a loving wife and mother she is instrumental in bringing Jon and Maria

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together as lovers . . . Nigel Bruce also departs from his usual type-casted role of Dr. Watson and handles a semi-comedy part as the Lord Mayor . . . Technicolor photography was supervised by Howard "Duke" Greene. Mr. Greene was the winner of the Academy Award for his work on "Phantom of the Opera" . . . Peter Cole, newcomer to the screen, was discovered by talent scouts while working on the New York stage . . . The screen play, from an original by James Hogan and Ralph Stock, was adapted by Hogan, James Cain and Gene Lewis. Roy William Neil (another recruit from the Sherlock Holmes series) directed.

ATLANTIC CITY

Here is a lavish musical, studded with stars of today and yesterday. It's the kind of picture that has something for everyone. Think of Atlantic City, and you think of boardwalks, Miss Americas and the Million-Dollar Pier. The man responsible for all of them in this Republic version of the city's development is one Brad Taylor (Brad Taylor). Brad intends to turn the little town by the ocean into a playground for the entire nation. He doesn't seem to care that his ruthless methods alienate all his friends.

Brad doesn't think much of friends anyway. Look at his father, Jake (Charley Grapewin), who runs the Sycamore
(Continued on page 23)

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Say . . .

Did you know that Frankie used to earn 70c a week for five radio shows? Or that Walt Disney always calls Mickey "The Mouse" and Donald "The Duck"? or that Basil Rathbone was one of the greatest "Romeos" of the legitimate stage? Or that . . . But heck, maybe you did know all this. But there must be something stumping you about pictures and people and productions. If there is, make quick with the scribbling, and I'll do my darnedest to dig up the info. If there isn't—fer Pete's sake let me in on your crystal-balling! Be sure to enclose a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE.

It's still: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Johnny Coates, USN.: WHO WERE THE TEN TOP BOX OFFICE ATTRACTIONS OF 1943? (P.S. If you'll send in your address, Johnny, I'll try to comply with your other request.) . . . In order of popularity they are: Grable, Hope, Abbott and Costello, Crosby, Cooper, Garson, Bogart, Cagney, Rooney and Gable.

Sonia Cohen, Woodmere, L. I.: WHO ARE GOING TO BE THE LEADS IN THE FORTHCOMING MOVIE PRODUCTION OF "WINGED VICTORY"? . . . Mark Daniels, Edmond O'Brien, Dick Hogan, Don Taylor and George Reeves will be hold-overs from the original cast, with Pvt. Lon McCallister and Jeanne Crain as extra added attractions.

Marvin LeBoeuf, N. Y.: WHO PLAYED THE 5 SULLIVAN BOYS, BOTH AS KIDS AND AS GROWN-UPS?

As a child

As an adult

Al	Bobby Driscoll	Eddie Ryan
Matt	Billy Cummings	John Alvin
Joe	Johnny Calkins	George Offerman
Frank	Marvin Davis	John Campbell
George	Buddy Swan	James Cardwell

Are You in the Know?

If you were this junior hostess, would you say—☐ "I hate games"
☐ "Let's join in!"
☐ "I'd rather watch"

Everybody on the floor for a mixer! (Just when you're snaring that handsome Marine!) But a successful USO hostess forgets about herself—lets her guests have the fun. So you join in. At certain times, forgetting about yourself is easy when you trust your secret to Kotex. It's Kotex that has those patented ends—pressed flat—not thick, nor stubby. That's one important reason why Kotex is different from ordinary napkins. Skylark through a "calendar" evening, confidently. No outlines show . . . with Kotex sanitary napkins!

If this happens to you, should you blame—

- ☐ Your waxed floors
- ☐ Your scatter rugs
- ☐ Yourself

Tain't funny when falls cause 15,750 casualties a year! If your scatter rugs slip—blame yourself. Anchor them with rug cushions. And for safety's sake on difficult days, why not choose the only napkin with the 4-ply safety center . . . choose Kotex . . . and get plus protection? You'll like the dependable softness of Kotex. Unlike other pads, Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex stays soft while wearing—keeps its shape, keeps you more comfortable—longer!

Which do you need, for this "trim" effect?

- ☐ Scraps of felt
- ☐ Two weeks' allowance
- ☐ A milliner

You can do it yourself! Just cut out simple flower shapes from scraps of felt . . . tack 'em with snappers to your gloves and beanie. Vary the flower colors, and have matching accessories for every outfit! They go together. Like daintiness and smooth grooming. Like Quest and Kotex. For Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, answers the urgent need for a powder deodorant on "those" days. Used with sanitary napkins, safe, unscented Quest Powder banishes fear of offending.

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Co-ed

By Jean Kinhead

Fun to have the stag line clamoring for you?

Making wallflowers blossom is our project this month!

■ Do you ever wonder frantically at what magic moment you will be transformed from a shy, gangling colt continually falling over yourself, to a smooth poised operator equal to any occasion? Sure, you've wondered. We can tell from your letters, from our chats with you, from the memory of us at fourteen and fifteen and sixteen. Chums, smoothness doesn't just hit you all of a sudden like a cold in the head. It comes slowly and painfully with experience.

Like golf or the rumba, you can't really get it from a printed page, but you can get a start on it. It helps to know how to introduce people, how to use your knife and fork, (Continued on page 99)

Hotel. Jake has hundreds of friends—all broke. They're mostly what Brad refers to as "vaudeville hams," and they come and live off Jake every time they're out of a job. It's not Brad's idea of how to run a hotel. Marilyn (Constance Moore) who had known Brad since they were kids, doesn't agree with his outlook on life, but she loves him anyway. So much that she gives up a chance to be in a Broadway show to stay in Atlantic City and marry him. Gradually she sees that she has made a mistake. Brad is completely engrossed in business. He continually pulls "fast ones" on his friends and business associates, till finally he has none left. Even Marilyn leaves him, convinced that he cares nothing for her. She becomes a star on Broadway and is seen everywhere with Carter Graham (Robert Castaine), but in her heart she still loves Brad.

Atlantic City attains all the popularity Brad has hoped for. Beauty pageants are held there regularly. But Brad overreaches himself financially, and he soon finds that even the city he has given his whole life to no longer wants him. That's when Jake and his "vaudeville hams" come to the rescue. And what rescuers they are! Sophie Tucker, Paul Whiteman, Belle Baker, Joe Frisco and Gallagher and Shean. No wonder the picture ends in a triumph of music, gaiety and happiness. Constance Moore is lovely as Marilyn, and you'll go for Republic's new discovery, Brad Taylor.—Rep.

P. S.

The seven-week original shooting schedule was raised to nine when Connie Moore was carried from the set for an emergency appendectomy. Luckily, most of her dancing scenes had been done . . . Connie has 24 costume changes in this picture. Universal costume designer, Adele Palmer, claimed one of the toughest jobs of her career. Seems the dresses for the post-World War I period are very much like those of today—round collars, low waistlines and side-drapes. Problem was to make the dresses look like period clothes . . . Cast and crew, talking together over cokes in the afternoons, were surprised to find how many were familiar with this colorful period in Atlantic City's history. Producer Albert Cohen, Charlie Grapewin, Ray McCarey, Paul Whiteman, Belle Baker, Joe Frisco, Al Shean (remember Gallagher and Shean?) and Gus Van (of Van and Scamp fame) all had beginnings on the Boardwalk . . . The gal who plays "Miss America" in this picture was once actually a bathing beauty. Won the California title at Venice in 1941. She's 20-year-old Elna Carroll. In case you girls want to check yourselves, she's 5'6", weighs 115 pounds . . . Brad Taylor, who plays the part of the same name in the picture, got his name from the script and not vice-versa. He's Stanley Brown, the guy who's died in thirteen Western pictures. Since this part takes him out of Westerns and puts him into big-time musicals, he took the name for luck . . . Paul Whiteman does the first singing of his screen career when he warbles "On a Sunday Afternoon" with Miss Moore . . . Studio bought Connie the most beautiful pair of ball-bearing skates available for her production number with Jerry Colonna. She couldn't stay on her feet in the things—had to borrow a cheap pair from her small daughter . . . And wait'll you see Paul Whiteman (all 275 pounds of him) come down a kiddie slide in a playsuit!

KISMET

Bagdad—city of enchantment! Gold and filth, Caliph and beggar, mingling in its narrow streets, weaving the magic of a thousand fairy tales. M-G-M has done



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some magic-weaving, too, with a story in Technicolor, and an exciting cast. Ronald Colman is a handsome Prince of Beggars. Marlene Dietrich is a queen who dances in a fabulous costume all of gold (you probably saw the pictures of it in Life magazine). James Craig, Edward Arnold and Joy Ann Page are also in the cast.

The most colorful character in Bagdad a thousand years ago, was a fantastic thief named Hafiz (Ronald Colman). Thief, yes, and beggar, too, but witty, dashing and the delight of every woman he meets. Hafiz lives in the slums with his lovely daughter, Marsinah (Joy Ann Page). He keeps her behind a high wall—no one but a prince is good enough for Marsinah. But the girl has other ideas about that. Unknown to her devoted father, she has met a young man and fallen in love. The fact that the young man says he's only a gardener's son doesn't bother her at all. Love in a garden sounds wonderful to Marsinah!

Actually, the "gardener's son" is the Caliph in disguise. Hafiz not knowing that, flies into a fury when he finds out Marsinah has been meeting him. Hafiz himself has been having a fine romance with a mysterious beauty named Jarmilla (Marlene Dietrich), but he takes time out from that to do something about Marsinah's future. He steals an elaborate costume from a bazaar, tricks a police captain into giving him an elephant and presents himself to the Grand Vizier (Edward Arnold) as a foreign prince. The Vizier is a thief and a scoundrel, but since Hafiz is a thief himself, he is not bothered by such details. He is bothered by the discovery that the Vizier is already married. Hafiz had planned to sell him on the idea that Marsinah would make an ideal wife. A further complication is Hafiz' unexpected meeting with Jarmilla, who turns out to be married to the Vizier. About that time, Hafiz is arrested for theft, and the Caliph sends for the Vizier as an attempted murderer. The rest is sheer excitement, with sabers flashing in the sun and a harem full of beauties running for cover—M-G-M.

P. S.

Production of "Kismet" started a nationwide search for—of all things—camels! Seems there were only six to be found in all Hollywood, and at least twelve were needed for the Caravan scene. They were finally rounded up from zoos and circuses all over the country . . . This was all to the displeasure of Mr. Colman, who was praying they would substitute wheelbarrows. Ronald had an unhappy experience with a camel while touring Egypt—the animal ran away with him. Since then he gets seasick each time he climbs up on one of the things . . . If you look closely, you will see an actual blush in Technicolor when Jimmy Craig kisses Joy Page. Scene was reshot a dozen times, but each time Joy would blush a more violent red. No number of rehearsals would help, so the scene finally had to be let with Miss Page's pink cheeks . . . Hard to believe when you see Miss Dietrich dance in forty-five pounds of gold chains, a can of gold paint and little else, that she spent her spare time teaching the extras on the set to crochet afghans . . . Metro didn't know Jimmy could sing until they heard him warble the Arabian love song to Joy. He was so good they added a scene to "Heavenly Body" so he could yodel a cowboy ballad to Hedy Lamarr . . . Strange Oriental musical instruments for background music were borrowed from the famous Henry Eicherm collection. Musical director Herbert Stothart, had to add special clarinet and saxophone mouthpieces to the woodwinds and gamelon equipment before



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his musicians could play them. Collection was insured for 100,000 dollars and was under constant police protection.

RAINBOW ISLAND

Somebody at Paramount must lie awake nights thinking up new excuses for Dorothy Lamour to wear a sarong. Not that this insomnia isn't in a good cause! In "Rainbow Island" she plays a white girl who was shipwrecked on the island as a child, and of course, dresses as a native. The picture is a comedy, with Eddie Bracken playing a sailor whom the natives think is a god.

They are prodded to this startling conclusion by Lona (Dorothy Lamour). When three stalwart representatives of the U. S. Navy land on the island in a disabled plane, Lona thinks it's too bad for them to have their heads chopped off. Particularly the handsome one named Ken (Barry Sullivan). So she suddenly detects this strong resemblance between Toby (Eddie Bracken) and Momo, the god of the island. The natives put away the execution axes and start worshipping Toby, who orders them to release Ken and Pete (Gil Lamb).

Toby thinks being a god is going to be a heck of a lot of fun. He is soon disillusioned. It seems gods don't eat, drink or have more than a purely academic interest in women. Pete and Ken, not being gods, aren't cramped by any such restrictions. But they have their troubles, too. Toby claims a god needs a slave, and in revenge for past rank-pulling, selects Pete. And Ken is constantly pursued by Lona, who plans to go back to America with him.

Ken's mind is on getting their plane fixed. That presents considerable difficulty, since the queen of the islands has taken all the spark plugs for a necklace. Furthermore, the natives are getting a little suspicious of Toby. He makes with the eyes at the girls, and in spite of some fancy legerdemain by Ken and Pete, he doesn't make a very impressive god. In an attempt to get the spark plugs Toby gives the queen an overdose of sleeping powder. You'd better be there to see the rest!

Eddie Bracken is one of the funniest guys in pictures, and Gil Lamb gives him plenty of assistance. And of course there is Lamour, toujours Lamour.—Par.

P. S.

This time, at the request of servicemen from every fighting front, Dottie's torso drapes are scantier and more prettily colored than ever . . . They used to have zippers on them, but they created too much bulk for these, so Dottie had to come fifteen minutes earlier every day and be sewn into them . . . For one scene, a huge, carnivorous plant was built by the studio and rigged up to operate by electricity. The day Eddie Bracken got swallowed up by the phoney plant, the power lines into Los Angeles went out of commission for two hours. Executives weighed comparative value of Bracken's comfort vs. complete destruction of delicate mechanism, decided to let Eddie stay inside the plant until the power went on. When lunch time came around, sympathetic pals passed sandwiches, Pepsi-colas through the plastic leaves to the luckless actor . . . Notice backgrounds in this one. Art Director Hal-dane Douglas introduced a new type of South Sea Island architecture. Richer color, more traditional backgrounds . . . Leading Man Barry Sullivan spent the entire picture in most males' dream of perfect attire—dungarees, jacket and yachting cap . . . "Raffles," Carveth Wells' talking Mynah bird, has a prominent role. No truth to the report he was hired to write additional dialogue for some of the scenes.

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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 Kincaid, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 101 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

Be a Better Dancer!—by Arthur Murray.....☐
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).....☐
Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

★ How to Join a Fan Club.....☐
Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite stars, club journals, chance for pen pals—even meet the stars themselves! Read about the new Modern Screen Fan Club Association Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Information Desk

Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 21 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.



Rise and Shine

ONE WHIFF of a Karo breakfast is better'n an alarm clock at our house. Mom knows every day should start with a real energizin' breakfast. So she whips up wheatcakes or waffles or hot biscuits...and serves them with *hot buttered* Karo. That saves butter, 'cause she doesn't have to serve it at the table. And *hot buttered* Karo helps keep food hot, the way you like it. Take it from an expert...that's me...you never tasted such rich flavor. Try it, won't you?

the KARO KID



HOT BUTTERED KARO

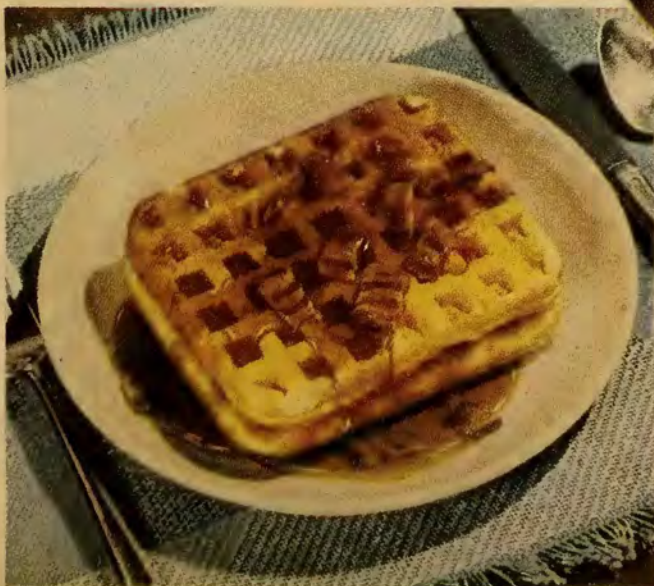


© Corn Products Sales Co.



Heat Karo, (about one cup for four people;) melt a small amount of butter or margarine in it (1 or 2 tablespoons or pats—as your supply allows). Serve piping hot on pancakes, waffles, French toast, hot biscuits or fried mush. For flavor variations add a strip or two of fried and chopped bacon, or a little cooked, chopped ham (leftover if you like).

Karo is rich in dextrose
... food-energy sugar



Enchanting!
Your Skin's
Softer,
Smoother
with just One Cake
of Camay!



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

How lovely it is—the softer, clearer complexion that comes with just *one* cake of Camay! Simply change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions took on sparkling new radiance! Looked fresher, more delicate!

**it cleanses
 without irritation**

With such dramatic *proof* of Camay's mildness . . . proof it can benefit skin . . . don't you want to try this *tested* beauty care? "*Camay is really mild,*" said the doctors, "*it cleansed without irritation.*" Get Camay today.

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

Take only one minute—night and morning. Pat that *mild* Camay lather over your face—forehead, nose, chin. Rinse warm. And if your skin is oily, add a cold splash. With that first cake of Camay, you'll see a lovelier bloom of beauty in your skin.



Mrs. Robert D. Buchalewicz, Montclair, N. J.

"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet worked magic for my skin," says this lovely bride. "Try it—see the softer, lovelier look that comes to your complexion . . . with just *one cake* of Camay!"



Treasure your Camay! Vital war materials go into soap, so make each cake L-A-S-T and L-A-S-T!

TO OUR READERS...

History gets made in the craziest ways.

I guess you noticed last issue that illustrious Fanny Hurst is now reviewing our picture of the month. For MODERN SCREEN, that is history.

Going behind the scenes, let's look at a pitifully palpitating young man (me), with awfully shiny shoes, riding in a mahogany elevator big enough for a concert.

"I understand," I said to the elevator girl, "that Miss Hurst is partial to animals."

"Well," said the girl, "she sold the monkeys."

"Oh," I said, relieved. But then I thought of the dogs. Hurst's dogs. Genius dogs. The lot of them jumping through hoops in perpetual motion. Is it ever proper to call a dog "sir," I wondered.

Time marches on. Here I was in front of the door with my finger on the buzzer. A push would do the trick. Or a real hard tremble. I was groping desperately for a good opener. You couldn't simply say "Nice day" to Fanny Hurst.

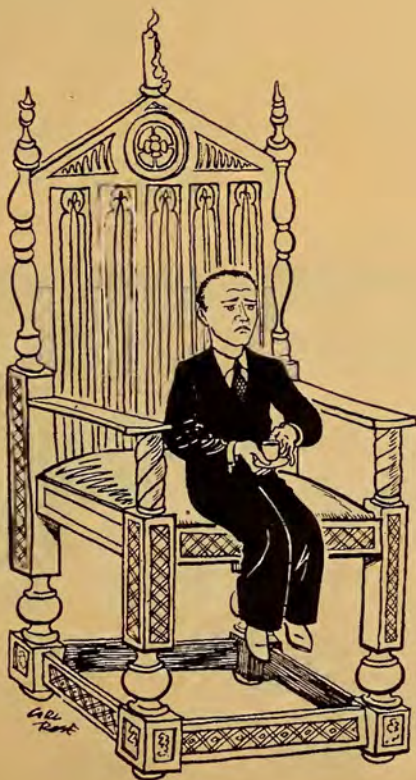
She opened the door. "Nice day, isn't it, Mr. Delacorte?" she said. A tiny speck of a dog wagged an invisible speck of tail. Miss Hurst scooped him up and said, "Won't you have a cup of Turkish coffee?"

"Thank you, sir," I said calmly. I sat in the corner of a huge chair, sipping alertly because you never can tell when you'll come up with a fez between your teeth. Thinking, meanwhile, I gotta ask her to write for us, how shall I ask her to write for us, I gotta . . .

I think the inspiration came finally from Dunninger, the mind reading fellow. I wrote my question, real small: "How would you like to write for MODERN SCREEN?"

To which Miss Hurst said, "Why not?"

And that's how history was made.



H. Delacorte

Executive Editor



Although Janie makes Maureen toe the mark in important things like telling the truth and washing, she doesn't make any hard-and-fast rules. "She isn't going to be a slave to a clock or routine the way I was when I was a kid," she chirps.



Cherishing her maid, Janie indulges her every request even to bringing her to studio to watch shooting on "The Doughgirls" set. That's Scotch and Soda with J. and M.

Maureen's nuts about Porky Pig book. Begs her mother to read story over and over again, until by now she can practically quote it word for word along with Janie!





As child, Janie was strictly reared, never had cute clothes she loved. Blessed with curly hair, she was denied "frivolous" ringlets, had "sensible" haircuts!



Reagans want Maureen to go to college, study whatever she chooses. They're bringing her up to be self-reliant, to like and trust people.



Maureen and Janie are still Ronnie's favorite

tomatoes, but boy! the competition from that vegetable patch!

nutty but nice

By Ida Zeitlin

■ "Sunday's a fine day," announced Maureen. "After the war, every day'll be Sunday."

"I think you've got something there," Jane agreed.

Her daughter knows when she's banged out a solid hit and makes the most of it. "Yes indeed," she chirped. "I've certainly got something there."

To Maureen, Sunday's the day for having fun with the people she loves. On Sunday, Nana—that's Grandma Reagan—comes to take her to Sunday school. On Sunday, Mother never goes to work. When Daddy comes home, it's mostly on Sunday—

When he takes off his uniform and comes down in his other clothes, slacks and shirtsleeves, up goes the glad old cry. "You're not Captain Reagan any

more. Now you're plain Mr. Reagan, Daddy—"

Plain Gardener Reagan, Jane says, would be more like it. "Maureen and I are still his favorite tomatoes, but we run into stiff competition from the vegetable garden!"

He can't wait to get out to the carrots and onions.

He plays personal valet to every tree on the place. He calls one slope the Lower 40 and planted a deodar there as a Christmas tree—

Maureen follows at his heels. Jane sunbathes and watches. Gardening isn't her line, but she likes to contribute advice, which Ronnie treats with masculine loftiness. "Tend to your knitting, me good woman. Do I tell you how to dust ashtrays?" (Continued on page 96)

By Kirtley Baskette

Hope took unmerciful rogg from Sinotra about his Weissmuller hoircut for Sylvester Crosby role in "Princess ond the Pirote." "I Never Left Home" proceeds go to Army, Navy relief.



Bing's never once turned down o Commond Performance (obove, with Fronk, Judy Gorland). Is stoying on oir this summer at G.I.'s request.

Bing Crosby
Hollywood

May 12, 1944

Miss Pam Walker
c/o Wolkowitz
20 Clinton St.
New York 2, N. Y.

Dear Miss Walker:

This is to advise that I shall be very happy to be an honorary member of your Frank Sinatra Fan Club.

The photo is being forwarded under separate cover.

Best wishes,

Bing Crosby
Bing Crosby

BC:jl

trio "con brio"

Bing overoges comp show o week, ond offer next pic plons on overseas trek. This summer Bob toured S. Pacific boses with Colonna, Longford.

In music that means "with dash and noise," which suits Father

Bobby-Sox Crosby, Zoot-Snoot Hope and No-Blood Sinatra just dandy!



Line from Hope's new pic: "A broken-down, over-stuffed crooner with laryngitis kept crabbing my oct." Above, with Crosby in "Road to Utopia."

In Billboard's men's poll, Frankie runs Bing a close second. After "Anchors Aweigh" he may floss on in Crosby's "Here Come the WAVES."



■ Coming back from his overseas Army entertainment tour a couple of years ago, Bob Hope landed in New York on his way to Hollywood and found himself with a night to relax. He looked up a pal of his and said how about an evening at the new late spots.

"Fine," said the pal. "We'll go over to the Waldorf and catch this new sensation, Frank Sinatra. He's terrific!"

"Sinatra?" Bob repeated blankly, "who's he—a juggler, or does he hoof?"

The pal gasped and asked if Bob was kidding. Then he remembered that Hope had been lost in a GI world for the last few months. Without further explanations he hauled him right over to the Waldorf-Astoria and a ringside table. After Frank Sinatra had crooned a few tunes and set the place on fire, Bob excused himself. "Pardon me while I make a phone call," he grinned.

He got Hollywood. He got a sleepy star out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, "Listen, Hips," Bob told him. "This is your favorite tack-up boy, Hope. I'm just calling to warn you. Look out! I'm in New York listening to a boy who's coming out to Hollywood and make you go to work."

"Bring him along," yawned Bing Crosby sleepily. "I'm getting fat and lazy anyway."

Bing Crosby didn't have to ask Bob Hope who the new boy was; he knew all about Frank Sinatra. And he wasn't kidding when he said, "Bring him along." Because above all the Old Groaner wanted a personal peek at the Swoon and a firsthand earful of his bent notes. He was a Sinatra fan himself from the start, and there's a fairly ancient note on Bing's private stationery to testify to that in the possession of the Voice's leading fan-club (*Continued on page 124*)

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A



Van giving the Dresden Doll treatment to a be-slacked, belated Judy, who's just wandered in from an 11th hour studio call. Van's next picture is "30 Seconds Over Tokyo."

■ The damn phone kept ringing. "Lo? Lana. Evie, I gotta tend Cherry . . ." "Hya, Van? Look, fella, I'm Hit Parading tonight, so . . ." But even so, the joint really jumped, jinx 'n' all—a slew of "no can do's," the hardware shortage, Jim Brown's baby being almost but not quite born. . . . Seems the Wynns had just moved into a shack that had, Item: 1 cot, 1 table, 2 wicker lounges! Which left it up to the gang to treasure hunt à la Sears Roebuck. And they dood it—scurried back with a dripolator, a set of chairs subbing as fugitives from an embalming emporium and tons of ice. Then, by gum, they sat—and *gabbed*: About tours and didies, war and peace, X's new pic and Y's induction and . . . Then Keenan whipped around some Jap mementoes till Neddy Poo woke up screaming. Whereupon the gang filed in and squatted near him making funny ha-ha faces till he fell off again. Could be Evie's still picking up after us and maybe Neddy's still yelping and Van probably can't sit down without some very tender—memories. But, oh brother, was it fun!



The blow-out was going bang-up till the gang sprang this little episode, master-minded by Evie. Before distributing birthday loot, they shelled out with gag gifts, including faad pills, a ham—a mirror!

Once a B'way pro, Evie is agag over Metro's plan to feature her in "other waman" roles, will start soon now that Pap, just returned from overseas with Chennault, Stillwell congrats, has been I-A'd.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

The fixin's were luscious, the music low, the
spirit high, and the cracks corny. So here's
hoping Van Johnson has many, many more of the same!

Van and the Master traipsed over the huge grounds clipping cosmos and honeysuckle to pretty up the party, kept track of Neddy by those bells Mamma ties on his shoes for that purpose.

Van looking happy-sloppy. Or could be it's just that he's trying to haord up a good heave to blitz those 21 candles. Should be 7 more, but that's trdition and he's stuck with it!



CONTINUED>

**MODERN SCREEN
GOES TO A
BIRTHDAY PARTY**



Coop took time out to dozzle Bob Walker with toles of the time he once de-gutted his Dusenbergs, moking 2 motors of originol. Bob's desolote, M-G-M's "grounded" him for duration—no more motor scooting!





Between checkings on cor-confined pup, Judy told of thrill on learning her records had been aired on invasion borques, vowed gong with tale of 2 week vigil 'ot mirror after nursing meosle-bedded niece—y'see, she'd never hod 'em!



Well-known artist Dick Whorf hod kids scribble 5 unreloted lines on blockboard, and presto, by finis of one chorus of "Gong's All Here"—o portroit!



Beauty octing like the Beost. There was Von shuf-
fling in slippers due to o tennis lesson Charlie Horse,
and Evie birthday-whocked the wind out of him!



Jess (Jeffrey Thomas Barker) wed Susie Hayward (Edith Marrenner) in H'wood's St. Thomas Episcopal Church, July 23rd; both for first time. Her mom wanted them to wait, but gave blessings.



Made B'way debut way back in '34. Still clings to Gotham custom of wearing white shirts and faultlessly tailored suits after 6 P. M. Never, never dons hat, is often mistaken for floorwalker!

■ It was Friday night at the Hollywood Canteen. Jess Barker was emceeing the usual topnotch show and looking around a bit on his own. Behind the snack bar was a slim, round-faced redhead, signing autographs and in general making the G.I.'s happy.

During a brief moment when his presence was not necessary on the platform, Mr. Barker stepped swiftly to the snack bar, leaned over to peer into Susan Hayward's astonished eyes and observe with all the seriousness of a Senator during an election year, "No, I don't think you are *that* brave a girl."

Then he returned to the platform. Susan blinked and stared after the tall blond gentleman with the devilish grin. Probably, she decided hazily, he had mistaken her for someone he knew.

Ten minutes later during an orchestral number. Jess suddenly bobbed into Susan's line of vision for the second unexplained time. "No," quoth he, "I'm certain you don't have *that* much courage." He studied her critically, shook his head and dashed back to the platform.

The third time this bewildering gentleman strode up to Susan, she was ready for him, as any properly curious girl would have been. "Just exactly what did you mean by those two remarks?" she demanded. "I'm not brave enough to *what*? I don't have enough courage to *what*?" (Continued on page 83)

As kid, set cap for baseball career; parents hoped for scientist. Once played semi-pro. Claims he'd turn to pitching if acting game doesn't pan out. Currently star-climbing in "Stalk the Hunter."



By Fredda Dudley



Childhood leg injury from brush with train in Pop's railroad yard keeps him out of Army. Three brothers are sergeants.

the women in his life

That first syrupy soda-fountain romance was just a prelude
to the night Jess found Susie Hayward behind the counter!



Dick gladly swapped his \$500-a-week film career at 20th Century-Fox for maritime service. He'd just finished work on "Wing and a Prayer." Home on first leave, he spent every available free second ogling movies!



Graduated from high school at 16, a star athlete. Won letter in basketball, swimming, played football. Claims this experience gave him stage presence later.



In one of his weekly letters home, he wrote rather wistfully, "Can't even wear my whites. But I tried 'em on, and gee, Mom, they really look sharp!"

Jake of the maritimes

To Dick Jaeckel, going to sea wasn't just a whim.

It was a passion, a crusade, the answer to a prayer . . .

■ It was 5 o'clock, and Dick had gone down for his physical at 7 that morning. Mrs. Jaeckel was beginning to worry. Heaven help them all if he hadn't passed! But he *must* have passed—that hunk of healthy bone and muscle. Then what was keeping him so long?

The door blew open. "Whee! I'm a maritimer!"

"You *did* pass then? Did it take all this time?"

"Sure I passed. Otherwise, I'd have joined the Seamen's Union and left for Murmansk in two days. Took them exactly 43 minutes to okay me. Went to a baseball

game to celebrate. Here, Mom, sign these papers."

She laughed a little shakily. "Couldn't wait till after dinner, I suppose?"

"Nope." She signed them. "Thanks. What's for dinner?"

"Fried chicken, corn on the cob, cauliflower, salad, baked Alaska—"

"Very reasonable—" his current term of high approval.

"I'm definitely hungry. Passed on an empty stomach."

It was good to see him. (Continued on page 79)



A fall guy for quarts of milk, he carries through to dessert. Ice cream preferred! On dates he and The Girl go to shows and wrestling matches, wind up at drive-ins for burgers and milk!



Frank has two ambitions. 1, large office with mahogany desk, push buttons. 2, retirement under tree in Hoboken! Below, with Lana Turner.



Frankie sighed with relief when he and Nancy moved into telephone-less H'wood home. "Naw maybe I'll gain a pound!" He added five! Basking in reflected glory, Nancy has 44 fan clubs of her own in this country.

Frank Sinatra

By Jean Kinkead

Poverty was such a wee thing. What did Frank and Nancy want anyway—egg in their beer?

Twanged with CBS cowboy Cottonseed Clark on all-Western Command Performance. Scripters are dreaming up fall Sinatra television show.



■ Frankie had finished a Hit Parade broadcast and was dashing out of the studio when two guys came toward him, a soldier and a sailor. They were smiling kind of tentatively, and he grinned back at them vaguely; and then they came nearer, and he saw their faces. He ran up to them and held out his hand. "Golly," he said, "It's swell to see you guys."

They were a couple of buddies from the old days. Two of the kids who used to think he could sing way back when he hardly thought so himself. He remembered their names and their brothers' names, and when they asked if he'd have his picture taken with them, he coralled the photographers and posed with them for five flash-bulb blinding (Continued on page 45)



Hies to Palm Springs on doys off from "Step Lively." Columbio Record Co. prexy gifted him with spaniel, "Coptoin Buzz."



Took riding of life on "Anchors Aweigh" set. Gene Kelly dubbed him Nijinsky; electricians called him Cohon; watchman mistook him for George Murphy. Guested Judy Garland on Vimms show.



Gogsters gifted him with Crosby pipe, toupee, over a thousand Crooner plotters. But he can give it right back as shown above, with Jerry Colonna's mustache. Named new boot "Little Nancy."

Frank Sinatra

CONTINUED



Editors Al and Henry had farewell chat with Frank just before he left for Coast. Proud popas swapped baby toles, and F. invited them to spaghetti and meatballs at his new house next time they're in H'wood. After illness, he sent out printed thank-you cords to fons who wrote when he was hospitalized.



Got kick out of signing Short Snorter. When he "Sweet Adolined" with admiral, general, ot Bonshee meeting, toast-master twitted, "—true democracy. Our boys ore fighting for the right to stap singing like this!" Right, Coss Doley.



Just before Army induction, Rooney joined Frank in huge benefit for war wounded in H'wood Bowl before 18,000 fans. Mickey beseeched Voice to exploit numbers he'd composed.

minutes. A couple of days later when the pictures were developed, he took time out at lunch to scrawl a few sentences on each one and to put them in the mail for the kids. "Why the fuss over those two?" A fellow at his table in the commissary asked him. "Who the heck are they?"

Frank looked across the table at him coldly. "They're my pals," he said simply.

Tell that to the next dope who tries to say that Sinatra's gone Hollywood. Tell them that, and stick your tongue out at them for us. The Frankie Sinatra who lives in the lovely old house on Toluca Lake, who wears custom-made clothes and drives a long, lean Cadillac, is fundamentally the same little guy who used to sing for free with the Demarest High Band. That's not saying he hasn't developed a fondness for caviar and good tweeds which he could never afford before. Or that he hasn't switched from third balcony seats at the Stanley in Jersey City to loges at Grauman's Chinese. But in his heart he hasn't changed, and that—considering the roller coaster ride of the past few years—is really something. *(Continued on page 106)*





If M.D.'s permit, Betty intends cross-countrying with Harry, was desolate 'cause she couldn't dance at Astor Roof where 2000 fans greeted James opening.

By Cynthia Miller

The James Girls



"And Vicki makes 3." Presenting the newest

James pin-upper—a wail, a grin, a tuft of fuzz.



■ Betty, Vicki and Punkin James were all gathered in Harry's music room and, of the three, only Vicki looked cheerful. Betty was forlorn because Harry had left that morning. The poodle's head was down on his paws, because he hadn't made up his mind about Vicki yet. On the recording machine, a platter was going—the James version of "I'm in the Market for You."

"We're lonesome," said Betty, "so we're listening to Daddy's music—"

Vicki didn't look lonesome. The couch was soft and wide, the blanket was soft and blue, her mother was sitting beside her, and she couldn't think of a thing she needed right then. So she kicked a leg, blew a bubble and guhhd.

From another couch, set at right angles, Punkin watched her moodily. If *she* hadn't been there, he'd have been nuzzling Betty. But he doesn't know quite what to make of her daughter. It's not that he's jealous of Vicki, just a little leery. Nobody ever told him to keep away from her, it's strictly his own idea. (Continued on page 132)

Joyce again, in Featherlite
Persian lamb. In both pictures: Thornton
hats, Emily Wilkens Young Originals,
Wear-Right gloves.



Warners' "Janie," Joyce Reynolds,
goes collegiate in a Hollander mink-blended,
let-out muskrot, made on classic lines.

FURS! When you see 'em on Joyce Reynolds

. . it's love . . . love . . . love!

modern screen's fashion guide

■ Joyce Reynolds was purring. But who *wouldn't* be? "Janie" had turned out to be the kind of a hit that puts star dust in stars' eyes. And, by way of celebration, here was Janie herself seeing New York for the first time. Besides, she found the coats she was modeling for us something to purr about. Said so.

"This is how furs *should* be. No trimmings, no fixings. Just . . . nice . . . fur."

Which proves that our Joyce is strictly on the beam in the gray matter department. Mink trimmed with sequins *can* happen, of course. You saw it yourself in "Lady in the Dark." But for real life, the better the fur, the fewer the gags. When "chiffon mink" (Continued on page 114)

By Marjorie Bailey



Backing the casual cause—Mendoza beaver-dyed coney. Under \$150.



Looks a million! Stone marten-blended raccoon costs only about \$400.



Get you spotted! "Hatmatcher" coat of stencilled calf. Around \$180.



Gloria Jean



SKIPPER at the American Airlines Admirals' Club—Miriam Audette helped club members waiting between planes at New York's La Guardia Field. War workers like Miriam are needed for all types of jobs—in transportation, in offices, in stores. Consult your local U. S. Employment Service to find how you can serve.

Miriam Audette of Glens Falls, New York, engaged to Ordnance Officer Frank L. Havel of St. Louis... They met at the Admirals' Club last October, and became engaged in March



Miriam's exquisite skin has a white-flower texture—a dewy-soft freshness

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

Miriam's complexion makes you think of a Romney portrait—her skin has such soft delicacy. She's another bride-to-be with that soft-smooth "Pond's look."

"I really do adore Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so fluffy-light when you smooth it on—and it certainly makes your face feel gorgeously clean and soft as can be."

THIS IS MIRIAM'S
DAILY POND'S-BEAUTY CREAMING . . .

She smooths on Pond's luscious Cold Cream and pats briskly over face and throat to soften and remove dirt, make-up. Then she tissues off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—sending her white-covered finger tips over her face in little whirls. Tissues off again. "It's this double creaming that makes my face feel extra special—so beautifully clean and soft," she says.



Use Pond's Cold Cream Miriam's way—every night and every morning, for your in-between beauty clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the big, luxurious jar—large sizes save glass. And, you'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.



HER RING—a handsome 2½ carat diamond in an unusual platinum setting. Two small diamonds are set on either side of the center stone.

**A FEW OF THE
POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES**

*Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps
Mrs. John A. Roosevelt
Mrs. William Rhinclander Stewart
The Countess of Radnor*



William Wythe



Bates "Boutonniere" bedspread and matching draperies shown here in rose. Available also with blue or green background.

Leslie **B**rooks' Decorating Magic

LESLIE BROOKS, featured in the new COLUMBIA technicolor production "TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT," suggests Bates bedspreads and matching draperies for the college girl or for anyone faced with the problem of living in temporary quarters. Cheerful surroundings are morale builders to both the college girl and her older sister living near war work or a service camp. Bates bedspreads with matching draperies do just about a complete decorating job quickly, inexpensively... and 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 pattern.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

Bates
BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

Hi, Monica!

**Paul Henreid's putty in the hands of
that new baby. If a smile doesn't
fix him, a kiss works wonders!**



At first, blond cocker Vicki begrudged Monica's stealing the limelight at her expense. But she capitulated along with everyone else and now trails baby night and day.

Bored with weakling parts, Paul hopes roles in "The Conspirators" and "Of Human Bondage" will be last of that type. Built high shelf above baby's reach for glass bell collection.

■ Paul Henreid's got another girl, and they're both pretty shameless about the whole thing. He calls her Schatzi, Viennese for sweetheart. She makes love to him in front of his own wife. He buys jewelry for her. She has breakfast with him in her pajamas. One thing she hasn't done is ask him to light two cigarettes for her. But then, she never did get a chance to see "Now, Voyager."

She's a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired charmer named Monica, fifteen months old, and the Henreids haven't been the same since she arrived.

"What was it like," asks Lisl, "before Monica came?"

"The world revolved," (Continued on page 89)



By Nancy Winslow Squire

An Island of Fun
In a Sea of Laughs!

There just couldn't be
a heaven-on-earth like this...
where the standard of living is fun,
and you spend your life
watching Sarongs go by!

RAINBOW ISLAND

IN TECHNICOLOR

Hear These Hit Songs:
"BELOVED"
"BOOGIE-WOOGIE BOOGIE MAN"
"WHAT A DAY"

Paramount's
Romantic
Musical Comedy
starring

DOROTHY LAMOUR
EDDIE BRACKEN
GIL LAMB

with BARRY SULLIVAN
Directed by RALPH MURPHY

Screen Play by Walter DeLeon and Arthur Phillips



by Hedda Hopper

Here, for the first time, is Barbara's
and Cary's side of the tragic
struggle, as revealed to Hedda Hopper

Barbara and Cary play host to wounded war vets from nearby Army hospital. During fifth War Bond drive, Cary trudged miles peddling bands door to door.

The Fighting Grants

■ Barbara Hutton Grant, the saddest little rich girl I've ever seen, is putting up the battle of her life. The old courage and fortitude that must have been always somewhere deep in the character of Frank Woolworth's granddaughter are coming to the front. For, after all, Barbara is an American of seasoned stock who just happens to have had the heritage of enormous wealth wished on her. Would she be a happier girl, a happier wife and mother, without those millions that her hard-nosed, hard-fisted Yankee forebears garnered and dropped into her small lap?

However that may be, and no one has the right to pass judgment, life and fate are giving her just as tough and bitter a lot as most of us have to put up with. Barbara was thirty years old, with two unhappy marriages behind her, before she learned to fight. Before she learned, perhaps, that an unlimited bankroll doesn't constitute in itself a certified passport to happiness.

When she made up her mind to put a stop, once and for all, to the inhuman actions imposed upon her as the price of a mother's right to raise her child, I asked to come and see her.

"Oh," she cried pathetically, "Cary and I would love to have a baby! Cary and I both love children. We'd like to (Continued on page 102)



Cary sneidered author Hopper at gin rummy, but good! Never calls wife "Babs," always "Barbara." New portrait of her hangs over mantel in his bedroom. Most recent pic's "Arsenic and Old Lace."



Garden fresh all winter . . . that's Starspun*. It's a canny scotch gingham that'll keep you as snappy as a green bean all winter long. And it washes in a plaid-happy way thanks to its permanent starchless finish. Here Starspun is styled for school days or kitchen capers . . . and we've dittoed the dress in a pint-sized edition for the canning wizard of ten years hence. About \$3 in sizes 3 to 6, and about \$6 in sizes 10 to 16. Dan River Mills, Danville, Va. New York Sales Office: 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

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IT'S A
DAN RIVER
FABRIC



MADE IN U.S.A.

what a man!

By George Benjamin

"Scorpio? Bad," moaned the fortune teller. "An actor!"

That's hopeless!" But that ain't the way Bob Ryan heard it.

Bob's agin glamour and the suede 'n' silk outfits H'wood heroes sport. Shies from N. Y. due to formal dress-up. (Instructing Marines Gilpin and Knapp.)



■ Among the souvenirs Robert Ryan keeps in his lock box is a crinkled scrap of paper with some large scribbles on it in an excited feminine hand. He pinched it a while back off the desk of an RKO producer right after Ginger Rogers said, "So nice to have met you, Mr. Ryan."

Big Bob Ryan was in David Hempstead's private office due to a frame-up. He didn't know it, but he was there to get the very keen once-over by Ginger: Object—possible matrimony. On the screen, of course, in "Tender Comrade." Although it wasn't *very* possible in Ginger's mind at that point. In fact, she had been saying "No" so steadily whenever anybody mentioned Robert Ryan's name as the lead for her starring (Continued on page 117)

Official USMC photo



A classics and Crosby fiend, Bob brings home every new instrument he spies, promptly forgets it! Recent buys were guitar, accordion. (At Base Sup. Room.)



Both born under sign of Scorpio, the Ryans are often mistaken for brother and sister. Jean quit career when Bob zoomed, is now big-time scenarist.



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The slumbering fire of BLACK PANTHER attacks a man's heart — attacks a woman's — until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an *unforgettable* evening... but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. At all 10¢ stores.



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by LANDER

Black Panther
The **UNTAMED** perfume

"The Merry Monahans"

Nothing could split up that Oakie,

O'Connor and Ryan song-and-dance act. Not even a woman.

1. In 1899 Pete Monahan (Jack Oakie), engaged to his vaudeville partner Lil (Rosemary DeCamp), is tricked into wedding conniving showgirl. She deserts him and children.



STORY: They were The Monahans—Songs, Dances and Patter—and they were Irish and funny and gifted and inseparable. There were three of them: Pete, Jimmy and Patsy. Once they had been four, but that was a long time ago when Jimmy and Patsy were still kids hardly able to take their bows. Pete never spoke (*Continued on page 63*)

PRODUCTION: This was Don's last picture as a single man. He and Hollywood High School's loveliest, Gwen Carter, were married shortly after the production closed. It was Don's scene with his make-believe mother-in-law in the picture that gave him courage to speak to Gwen's mother. In the story, he convinces (*Continued on page 62*)



2. Pete and kids, Jimmy and Patsy (Dan O'Connor, Peg Ryan), forge ahead in 3-a-day sang and dance act, hit Keith bigtime.



4. Her widowed mother is *Lill*. Pete plans to propose, but her partner, Pembroke (Jahn Miljan), beats him to it.

3. En route to next stand, sooty Jimmy meets Sheila (Ann Blythe), is thrilled to learn she's booked at same theater!

By Maris MacCullers
and Charis Zeigler



9. When manager refuses to put their dad in show, kids quit and come back to him. They pretend they were flaps without him, but he's read rave notices, walks out of their lives. They trail him and join him in huge Liberty Loan rally with Lil and Sheila in N. Y. Agent catches act.



8. Pete goes on wagon, hurls brick thru window in celebration, is jailed. Jimmy and Patsy are B'way sensation.



6. Sheila, who dislikes and distrusts Pembroke, plans to run away if her mam weds him. She consults Jimmy who persuades her to elope instead!

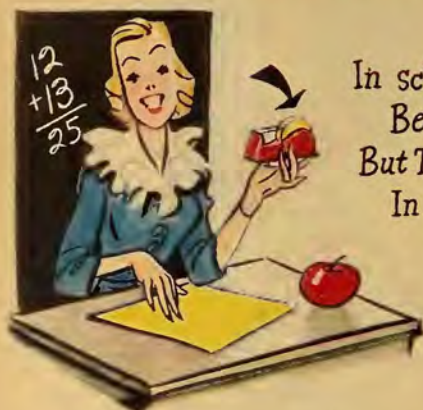


7. Clerk SOS-es their families. Pete approves, but Lil and Pembroke forbid it. Back home Sheila shames Pembroke into admitting he is using her and her mother for his own selfish ends. He leaves.



5. Heartbroken, Pete goes off the wagon, misses cues right and left. One time when kids go on alone, B'way talent scout sees them, asks them to look him up.

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the mother of the gal he loves that if he's old enough to go into the Army and fight for his country, he's old enough to be married. He made much the same speech on his own behalf in real life a few months ago.

Don is teamed with Peggy Ryan for the twelfth time. They've appeared together in all but one of the thirteen pictures Don has made. In this one they do their first serious dancing for the screen. The pair do a straight ballet routine, but their hep-cat followers needn't groan on that one, for they immediately swing into a ballet burlesque which is strictly solid! Permission had to be obtained from Al Jolson and Sophie Tucker before the kids could do impersonations of them in "The Merry Monahans." If there was any reluctance on the part of the Mammy Singer and the Last of The Red Hot Mamas to grant this permission, it was swept away when the first rushes were shown of the acts. Peggy and Don do a terrific job on "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody" and "Some of These Days."

rock-solid . . .

Don, who has grown two inches in the two years he's been on the screen, gained five pounds while this picture was in production in spite of the exhausting dance routines he had to rehearse. This brings him up to 139, and he claims he is "solid as rock."

There are fifteen tunes (circa 1745 to 1918) to set the musical pattern for the "Monahans." This is probably the largest aggregation of musical oldies ever presented in one picture.

Jack Oakie fans who have seen him jig a little in other pictures may be surprised to see Jack do some real old-time hoofing. This isn't a new departure for Mr. O. His first theatrical job was as chorus boy in the New York-stage production of "Little

COOL HANDS, WARM HEART

You bought War Bonds in all the drives and donated to the Blood Bank twice so you feel that a bit of Cassino and Tarawa and Normandy belong to you. And they do.

But boys died there, even with your bullets and your blood. Maybe they would be coming home with the rest of the gang if there had been enough nurses to administer the blood plasma, soothe the wounds. But there weren't. And there still aren't.

And that is why we're asking for help again—but this time we're asking for you. To take a course in home nursing, not only to better protect your loved ones at home, but to prevent any illness from becoming so serious as to necessitate a nurse's services. To become a Nurse's Aide, thus releasing a graduate nurse for active duty. To join the Cadet Nurse Corps and become a graduate R.N. while having your complete tuition, living expenses and spending money provided by the government.

And if you're already a nurse, either retired or specializing in private cases, why not enlist in the Army or Navy Reserve?

Our boys need you desperately. To soothe them, to save them. So write to the Red Cross today and ask how you can become a part of that vast network of help and hope that fights for the lives of our boys after they've fallen fighting for ours.

Nelly Kelly." Rosemary DeCamp and Isabel Jewell are both ex-schoolmarmes. (They didn't look that way when we went to school, either.) Miss DeCamp has a B.A. and a Master's degree from Mills College, where she taught drama for a year. Miss Jewell is a graduate of Hamilton College for Women, at which spot she taught Latin. Ann Blyth is the juvenile actress discovered in the road show of "Watch on The Rhine." She was given a movie contract when the show reached Los Angeles; has made one other picture for Universal which hasn't as yet been released. This will be her debut in the American movie theater. Miss Blyth's first assignment at Universal was to interview Jack Oakie for an edition of "Topper," the Universal Studio school paper. She wrote such an interesting biography that the comedian was honored by the title of "movie king" for a month.

Those of you riding around on retreads and synthetic tires will find it hard to believe that the Oldsmobile Limited touring car (1909 vintage) still has its original tires. All four of the old-time automobiles in the picture are authentic antiques of the period, incidentally. They were all driven to the studio under their own power, although the five-minute ride through the Cahuenga Pass from Hollywood required 30 minutes with these 1917 specimens.

The "Monahans" was directed by Charles Lamont, whose long and able experience with handling comedy stems from his advent in Hollywood in 1919 as a Keystone cop for Mack Sennett. During shooting of this picture, Lamont celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of his marriage to the former Estelle Bradley. Mrs. Lamont appeared in the first picture directed by her husband.

The story is an original written by the team of Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano. It required a great deal of research work on that period of American life when the "two a day" medium of vaudeville entertainment was in full flower in every legitimate theater from coast to coast.

"THE MERRY MONAHANS"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 60)

about the woman he had married, the woman who had run off leaving a casual note of farewell, and the kids never asked. Pete was father and mother, teacher and boss of the act, and that was enough. There was never anyone like Pete.

It was because of Pete that they scrambled up through the ten-cent vaudeville houses of the turn of the century. He kept after them, teaching them all the subtle tricks of a performer: How to put over a song, how to sock home a gag, how to pull an audience up in their seats until the applause was louder than the thump of the bass drum in the orchestra. Of course the kids had talent. But it was Pete who built the act until that fabulous day the man backstage had murmured the incredible words: Keith time.

So now they were on their way to Philadelphia, on the big time, on Keith time. The Monahans. Jimmy Monahan sauntered through the train feeling excited and pleased and bored. He wanted to celebrate. Back in the parlor car Pete and Patsy were whiling away the time playing checkers. He could find better things to do.

casanova in black face . . .

He wandered through the length of the
(Continued on page 66)

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When author Parsons visited Sinatra and Kelly on "Anchors Aweigh" set, they painted canvas chair, "Pen" for her. Tunesmiths Silvers and Van Husen wrote ballad "Nancy With the Laughing Face" for Nancy Sinatra's fourth birthday. Frank'll introduce it, and all royalties will go into annuity fund for her college tuition!



Nelson Eddy's and Jeanette MacDonald's appearance in "Naughty Marietta" on Lux Radio Theater marked their first reunion in more than a year. Audience gave them tremendous ovation.



Beautiful rumor has Shirley Temple engaged to pilot. Could be Roy Hotchkiss, U. S. Air Corps, who squired her to "Since You Went Away" premiere.



Just out of bed with sore throat, Gloria DeHaven partied at Mocambo with Dave Rose. Her new Brentwood apartment's envy of kids on Metro lot. Cuts 30 minutes driving time off her schedule.



Lana's WAC wardrobe for next pic includes new date dress. Bomber "Turner" has completed 112 missions over Germany. Above, with Pete Lawford.

Louella Parsons' GOOD NEWS

Lt. Bruce Cabot welcomed home from wars . . .

Deanna Durbin now a long-haired blonde . . .

Lana Turner discovers Turhan Bey!



John Hodiak (above with June Allyson) lives in 2-room apartment with maid service. Maids love him because he makes his bed, takes care of his laundry, even washes his own breakfast dishes!



Deanna Durbin premiered with Henry Willson, wore furs to beat frigid Calif. summer. Recent throat ailment's kept her bedded days at a time. M.D.'s fear overwork, advise long vocal vocation.

■ Let's face it! It's Turhan Bey, kids! He is the man of the hour. I have never seen anything like the demonstration for Turhan following the "sneak" preview of "Dragon Seed."

It was all I could do to get myself and my new hat through the mob of Bobby Sockers (ah, how fickle is youth) who were determined to see, touch or yell at their new idol as we left the theater.

Pushing along beside me in the jam was a beautiful blonde girl. I could only see the top of her head, but I could hear her sighing, "He's for me." It wasn't until a couple of seconds later I saw her face. It was Lana Turner.

P.S. The next night they were dining at a cozy table for two at the candle-lighted Beverly Tropics. So maybe Lana knew what she was talking about!

* * *

On the set of "Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra calls Gene Kelly "The Feet." Gene calls Frankie "The Voice." And they both call Kathryn Grayson "The Body."

I was out watching The Feet, The Voice and The Body emote the day Frankie's four-year-old daughter Nancy, was paying her Pa a visit.

She sat like a little owl on the sidelines watching her old man and Gene run through a dance number. "What do you think of your father's singing?" I asked Nancy.

Without a word she went into a dead swoon!

After she had straightened herself again I said, "And now—what do you think of his dancing?"

With an equally dead pan Miss Nancy grasped the end of her nose between two small fingers, clothes-pin fashion, and held it a long time. There was no added comment.

* * *

The latest flash on the boy wonder, Richard Jaeckel, is that he has grown three inches in height since he's been in the Merchant Marine. Right now he is an assistant engineer on a boat in the Pacific, ferrying recruits to a nearby training island. It's a promotion for Dick because, before that, he had been a "stoker." As he wrote his mother:

"It was 'hot' stuff in more ways than one."

* * *

The "welcome home" party Errol Flynn gave for his pal, Lt. Bruce Cabot, was the prettiest party of the year. It was an evening long to remember. The night was balmy and warm for a change (we've had it cold out here all summer).

Errol had arranged the tables at his hilltop home on a terrace overlooking the swimming pool. The whole Valley of Beverly Hills and Los Angeles was spread out below us like a beautiful, lighted crescent-shaped fan.

Instead of dancers or the usual fortunetellers, Errol had provided some novel entertainment. There were six marvelous professional swimmers and (Continued on page 68)



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train. He came finally to the observation platform, and he stood there watching the tracks unroll like an endless skein under the wheels of the train. On either side the landscape rushed past, rounded hills and sudden plains, green in the summer. He watched it idly. Then his eye caught the ladder that rose from the back of the train to the roof.

Nonchalantly, he slipped over the rail of the car onto the ladder. He climbed until his head was level with the roof of the scudding train. His eyes narrowed a bit. And then in one swift movement he scrambled to the top, and he stood there on the roof of the train, leaning forward into the wind, grinning an impudent Irish grin. He broke into a little victory jig up there and chanted a few lines from the latest hit.

He waved with easy grace to a farmer plowing a field. The farmer waved back and then almost fell flat on his face in surprise. Jimmy laughed. This was more like it. He felt like a conquering hero. Well that was how an act on Keith time should feel. He jiggered again.

And just then he saw the tunnel. It came rushing up like the open mouth of the biblical whale who swallowed Jonah. Jimmy said: "Twenty-three, skiddoo," and dropped flat on his face. The tunnel roared overhead in blackness. And then they were out in open countryside. Jimmy rose a little sheepishly. He brushed his clothes. They looked like something he'd stolen from a scarecrow. He rubbed his face reflectively, and his hand came away black. Well, live and learn, so Jimmy waved once more to the green hills and the pleasant plains. And climbed down.

The girl stared at him.

She was pretty as a rose in a field of thistles. She was fresh as a tumbling brook in a desert. Her eyes were like twin forget-me-nots, and the tilt of her nose was gay as an Irish tune. She was sitting on one of the chairs on the observation platform. And she was staring at Jimmy. She wasn't frightened. She wasn't surprised. Jimmy didn't move. It seemed like a pleasant idea to have her looking at him. He didn't mind how long it went on. As long as he could look back.

She said: "Do you always drop in on trains like that?"

"Oh, I've been on the train," Jimmy said. "I was just out strolling."

"Strolling?"

"More fresh air up there."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"Not as crowded either."

"I'm sure of that."

"Are you on this train?" Jimmy said.

She smiled: "Guess," she said.

"I mean are you going to Philadelphia?"

"Unless the engineer changes his mind."

"Live there?"

"No."

"Visiting?"

"No."

"I give up," Jimmy said.

The girl pointed to a script in her lap: "I'm on the stage. Our act is going to play Philadelphia."

"Act?"

"I'm with Arnold Pembroke's company. My mother, I and Mr. Pembroke."

"You're his daughter?"

"No. My name is De Royce. Sheila De Royce."

"And you're going to play Philadelphia. Keith's?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I'm a fortuneteller in my spare time." "Spare time?" Her eyes were full on him now, the tattered clothes, the half-blackened face. "Isn't all your time spare time? It must be nice to be on the road. No worries. No troubles."

Jimmy said: "You mean you think—"

"Well, aren't you?" she said.

"A hobo? A tramp?" He laughed and then added: "And don't forget. Fortune-teller, too. Young lady, I can see your future. A young, dark—anyway he's dark now—man is entering your life. You will see him again—"

"Anything else?" Sheila said.

"That's all for now," Jimmy said. "But it's only part of my act."

past performance . . .

It was in Keith's Philadelphia Theater that Pete Monahan met Sheila De Royce's mother. Jimmy arranged it. He brought them to the dressing room and knocked on the door. Pete cheerily called "Come in," and then they stood there facing each other. For a moment it was very quiet in the room. Then Pete was slowly getting to his feet and he said: "Lil."

"Pete."

Jimmy looked from one to the other:

"You know each other?"

Know each other?

For Pete, time was reeling back through the years, swiftly as the silent slip of sands through an hour glass. He felt again all the press of emotion, and he could remember—how clearly he could remember it!—the night in the Boston theater when Lil had promised to marry him.

But the rest of it was like a nightmare. He had never loved anyone but Lil, and he had been the happiest man in the world when she had said yes. He never dreamt it could go wrong. But it did go wrong. Another girl, Rose, said he had promised to marry her the night before, had proposed. And he couldn't remember. For the night before was shrouded in drink and gaiety. And perhaps he had—

Lil believed it, and she had run from the theater, her footsteps echoing down the alleyway, the sound of it final and abrupt, and over it the sound of her tears. That was the last time he had ever seen Lil. And out of spite, out of heartsickness and despair, he had married Rose. And he remembered the note Rose left when she had walked out on him: "... you never proposed to me at all. That night all you could talk about was Lil . . ."

Know her?

He had never forgotten her, never through all the years. He could remember the curve of her cheek and the sound of her laughter and the cool touch of her hand. So looking at her now, it was as if she had never left; because in memory he had always been with her. Life was funny, it ran in patterns. And now the pattern was repeating itself, and repeating itself in double. In a Philadelphia theater Lil and Pete stared at each other; and in the corridor just outside, their children, Jimmy and Sheila, were standing together.

Jimmy said quietly: "Hey, I think they can get along without me to push the conversation."

Jimmy took Sheila's hand, and they walked out of the room. They could hear Pete say again, in a tone of wonder and quiet tenderness:

"Lil—"

From the doorway of a dressing room a little further down the hall, a tall man was watching what happened. He was Arnold Pembroke. There was nothing in his eyes as he watched, only the faint glimmer of something indefinable. He was impassive; but still, perhaps in the pose of his body, there was something sinister. "Sheila—" he called softly.

There was almost fear in Sheila's eyes as she looked up. Jimmy felt her hand go stiff in his. Pembroke hardly moved. He spoke quietly.

"May I see you a moment?"

(Continued on page 70)



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GOOD NEWS Continued from page 65

divers who performed breathtaking stunts in the water. In the background a full orchestra played all the hit songs in a soft romantic mood.

I saw long, lanky Gary Cooper and his smartly groomed wife, sitting at a pool-side table enthusiastically applauding the swimmers.

Paul Lukas forgot his dignity (and the fact that he is an Academy Award winner) and told some hilariously funny stories. Among the beauties in the crowd were Ava Gardner and Paulette Goddard.

The party happened simultaneously with good news from the battle fronts, so for the first time in over two years the women wore their best clothes and loveliest jewelry and the men were in dinner jackets.

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are living in an apartment with only a partially furnished bedroom, an ice box, a stove and one chair in the living room.

When one of their first visitors remarked that she didn't see how they could get along without two chairs, the happy groom replied: "You don't? In a honeymoon apartment?"

Dennis Morgan's young six-year-old daughter, Kristin, is always being cautioned to "be quiet" around the house because "Daddy is reading his script."

The other day, one of Kristin's playmates asked her if her father was a movie actor.

"No," said Kris solemnly, "He's a script reader."

Why all the secrecy when Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker have occasional dinner dates? They even attended the sneak preview

of "Since You Went Away" together, but they always act as though they don't want to be observed. Why? Certainly nothing would delight their fans more than to see these two reconciled. Wait 'til you see their love scenes in "Since You Went Away!"

Someone, for reasons of his or her own—is creating a lot of anxiety and unhappiness in Van Johnson's life.

Van's father, who raised him and who lives only for his boy, had a terrific shock recently when he received a telegram urging him to get in immediate touch with his son. The wire read:

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU CONTACT ME AT ONCE (SIGNED) VAN.

I received practically the same wire. Several other people received similar messages.

Van, who was perfectly well and in no trouble, has a hunch who has been sending the alarming wires, but he feels he cannot speak until he is sure.

The same trouble-maker started the rumor that Van and June Allyson were secretly married.

Margaret O'Brien very proudly showed me her autograph book the other day. "I guess," sighed Margaret who has her practical side, "it is worth a lot of money but I would never sell it."

Walter Pidgeon wrote: "To Maggie O'Dear O'Brien."

Katharine Hepburn's was: "To an angel who isn't lost."

Robert Young penned: "No matter what anybody says, I saw you first."

Speaking of autographs in stars' "guest books" here are a few others:

George Cukor inscribed in Ingrid Bergman's prized autograph book: "To the girl who rang

the bell, and for whom the bell tolled."

Hedy Lamarr wrote to Ann Sothorn at the time she married Robert Sterling (I mean Ann married Bob—not Hedy): "To the Golden Girl—who turned out to be Sterling!"

I find in my mail from MODERN SCREEN readers many requests for the latest news about Gene Autry. That proves how loyal you all are, for Gene, who is now a flight officer with the Ferry Command, hasn't made a picture for over two years.

The most recent time I saw Gene, I had only a brief glimpse of the famous cowboy at Danny Danker's funeral. It was like the loyal Autry to fly to the Coast to attend the services for his friend and patron. It was Danny, the young radio advertising man, who discovered Gene for the air and put him on the radio.

The story goes that Danker was on the train with P. K. Wrigley, the gum magnate. He told Wrigley just how popular Gene was. "He should make a good gum salesman, then," laughed P. K. and that was enough for Danker. He built the show that started Gene on his radio career.

All Hollywood lost a wonderful friend in the passing of Danny Danker. He was the guiding genius back of the famous Lux Theater of the Air.

In the nine years the Lux show has been on the air, every great star in Hollywood has appeared as maestro Cecil De Mille's guest—that is, every star but Greta Garbo who is always a holder-outer in everything.

There are a brilliant parade of memories connected with this radio show—but certainly one of the most amusing concerns the dignified "C. B." himself.

Seems that after about five days of a typical California downpour, De Mille had attempted to drive from his ranch to the radio rehearsal. But all the bridges were washed out, and there was nothing for him to do but to saddle one of his horses and gallop to town on horseback! And galloping right behind him was his pretty secretary!

Seven-year-old Margaret O'Brien set the record for a child actress when she starred in "Lost Angel"—the first time in radio history that a child has appeared in an hour of broadcasting. Not being able to read the script, the little girl not only learned her own role by heart—but also memorized the entire play including the other actors' roles—and the commercials!

I remember Alan Ladd's first appearance on the Lux hour. It was in February, 1939, and the play was "The Return of Peter Grimm." Alan was then unknown, but his voice had that compelling quality that is one of his vital assets today. His part was small, and his pay was \$59, the minimum AFRA rate. Recently when he returned to the Radio Theater for "Coney Island," his salary was almost one hundred times as much as he earned for his first broadcast!

Bing Crosby's protégé, the good looking Greg McClure, selected by Bing for "The Great John L.," dropped by my house the other day. He's a six-footer and is the spittin' image of John L. himself in his youth.

I asked Greg if Bing had given him any advice about his career.

"Sure," he laughed. "One of the first things he did was to read me a temperance lecture. He said: 'I'm not a Holier-than-thou. But if you want to drink—don't do it during the making of the picture. This is your big chance. You have a twenty-months-old baby and a wife to support—and just remember that nothing photographs worse than a hangover.'"

Pretty sage words, I'd say, from the old Massa.

Maureen O'Hara has named her baby—Bronwein Fitz-Simons Price!

At this writing, the infant is too young to do anything about the situation—but kick.

(Continued on page 116)



When bottery of giggling femmes besieged Laddie at tie counter of a H'wood department store, he beat them to door, escaped into passing car that had stopped for light. Driver was glod to rescue him!



Reconciliation rumors between Jenniter Jones ond her ex, Bob Walker, ore folse, but there's no divorce in the offing, either. She's currently romancing with Watson Webb, who took her to premiere, obove.



The Jimmy Craigs, who never budge off their ranch for love or money, drolled up and come into town for "Since You Went Away" premiere. He's currently commuting to M-G-M to work in "Ziegfeld Follies."

ANNE GWYNNE
APPEARING IN
"SOUTH OF DIXIE"
A UNIVERSAL
PICTURE



"LISTEN TO
My Discovery
about DRY SKIN"
says ANNE GWYNNE ★

"It was a Lucky Day for
My Sensitive Skin when
I discovered these fine
Rich Creams containing
OLIVE OIL!"

No matter how young and pretty you are today, if you have sensitive skin—*watch out!* You *must* protect it from dryness.

Start right now using Lander's Creams containing Olive Oil. They're the equisitely fine, rich creams Hollywood stars use and praise to the skies!

Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil smooths away tiny dry lines and flakiness. Leaves your skin rose-petal fresh, radiant.

Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil is heavenly for hands! Use it *before* work for protection—*afterwards* to soothe away roughness and dryness . . . to give your hands the white velvet softness men adore. Get both creams at your 10c store *today*.

LANDER'S CREAMS

WITH OLIVE OIL

10¢
AND
25¢



This is a Victory Gardener...



Shouldn't she be proud?

She should indeed! And Uncle Sam is proud of her too for making food fight for freedom. She'll be prouder still when she sees her garden in sparkling Pyrex Ware!

This is Pyrex Ware...



Shouldn't we be proud?

You bet we are proud to offer such lovely Pyrex Ware at such low prices. (You can buy all 7 dishes shown here for only \$1.95.) Won't they look nice on your shelf?

This is a Victory Gardener doing herself proud with **PYREX WARE**. Isn't it grand?

IT sure is grand!... just watch your family's eyes when your Victory Garden comes piping hot to the table in gleaming Pyrex Ware! You won't have to waste a single hard-won carrot, because leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same Pyrex dish. You'll save dishwashing... and you'll save precious time, because food bakes as much as one-third faster in Pyrex brand glass.



AND LOOK AT THIS FLAVOR SAVER... the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles to make serving easier. You never saw a lovelier dish! Fluted edge and extra depth keep all the flavor and juices inside the pie and out of your oven. 10-inch... only **45¢**

HEY, GARDENERS! This Pyrex Double Duty Casserole is *two* dishes in one. Bottom is an open baking dish, just right for baked apples, scalloped potatoes, and tomatoes. Top comes in handy as an extra pie plate. Three sizes. 1½ quart... only **65¢**

This is the Pyrex Trade-Mark

You can find the little one pressed into the bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the orange label both mean "A Product of Corning Research in Glass." Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.



↑
**PRESSED
IN GLASS**



(Continued from page 67)

"Of course. Excuse me, Jimmy."

She went in. Pembroke swung the door shut. Always, in the presence of Pembroke, she felt that tightening, the swift scurrying spasm of fear. There was no basis for it. For Pembroke had been kind, and Mother liked him. He had given them a chance in his act, brought them out of the cheap houses. Still—

"I don't like to find fault," Pembroke was saying in a suave voice. "You know that, Sheila, don't you? I realize that you are young and that you like this young man. This Monahan. You do, don't you?"

"Jimmy?" Sheila said. "Yes, I do like him."

"Still, while it may be pleasant to dally with him, there's still our act to be considered. We have to work on it, polish it. That takes rehearsal and effort. You mustn't let your mind be too occupied by—by other things, shall we say. You understand that, Sheila?"

"Yes, of course, I do want our act to be successful—"

"I shouldn't like to have to replace any part of my act. That would be unfortunate, wouldn't it? You understand, don't you, my dear?"

"I understand," Sheila said flatly.

Still it was one thing to say you understood and quite another to be with Jimmy Monahan. For Jimmy was gay and free. Jimmy made her feel young and care-free. He made her feel almost—almost like what? Like a girl in love?

So they swung around the circuit. Out of Philadelphia, they swung across country. It was like a montage of a summer carnival, songs and laughter, dancing and music. They swung through the Keith circuit across the fat, laughing breadth of America. Pete and Lil, Jimmy and Sheila. And Arnold Pembroke.

Finally, they reached San Francisco.

Pete Monahan was making up at the mirror in the dressing room at the Orpheum in San Francisco. Patsy and Jimmy were humming a number they did during the act, running through it swiftly. Through the thin door came the sounds of the show going through its paces out front, fast music, blaring with brass, for an animal act. The Monahans were due to go on in a little while.

Pete slapped some makeup on his face: "Listen, kids," Pete said. "There's something I want to tell you."

"You're too late," Jimmy said. "We know about the stork."

"And the birds and bees, too," Patsy said.

"I'm not kidding," Pete said. "This is

IT'S NOT JUNE IN JANUARY

But it's practically Christmas in July. No, December 25th will still be Christmas back home here, but if we want to make sure that our fellas overseas really have a Merry Christmas with all the trimmin's, we'd better start thinking about it—and pronto! The Post Office Department is asking us to please, but please, make sure that all holiday gifts get sent out by September 15th and no later than October 15. The regulations on size, weight, packing, etc., are the same as always, but no need for a letter of request.

So looky, if you think Bill is having enough of a show out there without being bothered with presents, o. k. But if he's just a plain joe homesick for the States and you, a carefully bought gift, well-wrapped and arriving at the Nick of time will do a heck of a lot to prove to him that we realize that it isn't always our morale that needs the boosting!

serious.”
 “Need some money, Pop?” Jimmy
 grinned. “I can spare twenty.”
 “It isn’t money. It’s . . . it’s . . .”
 Patsy said: “You’re blushing!”
 Pete blurted it out then: “It’s about
 Lil. You like Lil, don’t you kids?”
 “She’s swell.”

cue for cupid . . .

“Well, I’m glad. Because I think she’s
 swell, too. Always did. And now. Now—
 Well, kids need a mother and—”
 “And you need a wife,” Patsy said. “Is
 that what you’re getting at?”
 “O.K. Pop,” Jimmy said airily. “You’ve
 got our permission.”
 “What does Lil say?” Patsy asked.
 “She doesn’t know,” Pete said. “I don’t
 think she knows I’m still in love with her.
 But I’m going to pop the question tonight.”
 He grinned. “Wish me luck.”
 “You can come live with us if things
 get tough,” Jimmy said.
 “Us?” Patsy said. “You didn’t ask me.”
 “I meant Sheila and me,” Jimmy said.
 There was a blare of music from out
 front. A buzzer sounded in the dressing
 room. Pete got up laughing. They walked
 to the door. The Three Monahans.
 “We’re on,” Pete said. “There’s our
 cue.”

Arnold Pembroke watched the Mona-
 hans trot toward the stage. Then he closed
 his dressing room door. Another man
 was seated inside, puffing a cigarette. He
 was Osborne, Pembroke’s agent.

“You heard me, didn’t you?” Osborne
 rasped. “It’s time you quit kidding your-
 self, Arnold. You’re washed up in New
 York. You’re washed up in vaudeville, too.
 Except for one thing.”

“Yes?” Pembroke said.
 “The girl. Sheila. That’s why they’re
 booking your act. And you know it. You
 can see what’s going on. You’ve got to
 keep that kid in the act. And now with
 that Monahan kid making a play for her
 and his old man out for Lil—”

“Yes, I know,” Pembroke said suavely.
 “I don’t need you to do my thinking for
 me. Sheila won’t leave as long as her
 mother stays with me.”

“But if Lil marries Pete Monahan? They
 were in love once. And it looks as if
 history is repeating itself.”

“Not quite,” Pembroke said. “Lil doesn’t
 know Pete is still in love with her. And
 she won’t find out.”

“Why not?”
 “Because she’s going to be my wife. I
 just proposed to her, and she accepted.”

Osborne whistled. “You’re a first grade
 stinker, aren’t you, Pembroke?”

Pembroke shrugged: “Just a business-
 man. I have to protect my investments.”

got the blues . . .

Pete got drunk when he found out. And
 he stayed drunk. It was as if something
 had snapped in him, the thin taut rope
 of hope or love. There wasn’t anything
 for Jimmy or Patsy to do except wait,
 hoping that time would heal it.

Pete missed shows. The kids had to go
 on alone. The crowd liked them. A New
 York scout invited them to look him up
 on Broadway. But they stuck by Pete.
 They always told him they flopped when
 he wasn’t in the show.

“They sat on their hands,” Jimmy said.
 “They were reading papers,” Patsy said.

And Pete looked up at them with half
 sober eyes, knowing they lied. He always
 promised it was the last time. And then
 went out and got drunk again.

It was late one night in Salt Lake City
 that the phone rang in the hotel room the
 Monahans shared. Jimmy heard it. He
 got up rubbing his eyes, still half asleep,
 and stumbled to the ringing phone. He

(Continued on page 74)

Give your things that crisp-as-new look with



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LINIT not only makes cotton look and feel like linen—LINIT penetrates and protects fine fabrics. LINIT renews their original finish. LINIT is easy to prepare—irons smoothly and easily. ALL grocers SELL LINIT.

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- **CURTAINS**—Every window is a picture window when framed with pretty curtains. LINIT-starched, they stay clean longer.
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headlines for fall

by Carol Carter

■ Taking time out from thinking up bigger and better ways to beautify MODERN SCREENers, I twirled the radio dial, and Jack Carson's show turned up. Someone was accusing him, "... you're jealous of Dennis Morgan's curly hair." Carson hooted, "Why shouldn't his hair be curly? He sleeps all night on a Venetian blind."

Which set me right back thinking about business. Kids, you realize, don't you, that sleeping on a Venetian blind is not the way to curl your hair? Jack's a fine fellow, but what he knows about beauty shouldn't happen to Venus. However, speaking of Venus just naturally brings Rita Hayworth to mind. Mrs. Orson Welles is one femme who knows practically everything there is to know about beauty. Recently "The Reet," as her pals call her, budded forth in a new and super Fall hair-do. MODERN SCREEN went to work to record this new coif in an exclusive pix. Nice work, eh? And, thinking of you as I always am, how about a new hair-do for you?

SHAMPOO SAGA. You can have fun deciding upon your new "do." There's Rita's up-business or you can take your pick of the collection on p. 76. But before you get busy with combs and curlers, give a thought to the condition of your hair. Summer's past, but are you sure the fierce summer sun hasn't left its mark? Hot sun, dust, perspiration and casual grooming methods conspire to leave it in a shabby state at the end of the season. Get busy on an intensive hair-conditioning program. Nothing fancy, just



La Hayworth shows us how 'tis done.

Intriguing! Helen Hunt's the stylist.



Her new pic, "Tonight and Every Night."

the good old reliables: proper shampooing, brushing and massaging, plus a few added helps, such as cream for brittle ends and a corrective scalp preparation.

All shampoos are not meant to be used alike. Read directions, my pets. Some are to be diluted, some not. Many of you pen me notes: "How often should I go through this shampooing business?" That depends upon whether you toil in clean country air or the sooty city variety. But one week to ten days is the safest shampoo-spacing, more often if necessary. And some of you want to know if frequent shampoos are havoc-making. Well, Rita Hayworth washes her hair almost every night. Is her hair lovely? I ask you!

About shampoo variety . . . there are several honeys on the market. A particularly good soapless liquid with hair-conditioner added that does a fine job in bringing out the luster of your tresses leaving them nicely manageable. An ocean-foam shampoo that whips up into a foamy lather, a delightful whipped-cream affair.

Comes your particular hair-washing day, you can thoroughly enjoy the delightful shampoo ritual. First, with a spanking clean brush, sweep out tangles and surface dirt. Then douse your locks with warm water. Next step is the application of a clean-making, fragrant shampoo. Massage the scalp briskly so that you stir the shampoo into a creamy, heaped-up lather. Rinse thoroughly and repeat the whole process a second time. Rita tells me that when she's shampooing she pays special attention to the areas just behind the ears and the hairline where powder clings. And she has learned that when you can see little water crystals on the hair, you know it has been thoroughly rinsed.

RINSE? REALLY! Oh, yes, you'll love the effect of an after-shampoo rinse. Cuts away soap film, it does. Besides leaving your hair Hayworth-soft and bringing it a colorful glow. You can dip your shampoo-fresh mane into the stuff, pour it on or brush it on; but use it you certainly will once you've experienced the delightful results. And, bright thought, the effect will last happily until your next shampoo, but is not dye-permanent. (Continued on page 113)

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fit at
any price*

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BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS

\$2.50 to \$6.50



BESTFORM

means "best form"

PITIED! (because your hair is gray?)

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

You step into a roomful of people. And almost at once you sense the whispered comments — "Isn't it a pity?" — "She's aged so much in the past two years!" — "You can't tell me she isn't in her forties!" And yet the tragedy is that gray hair alone stamps you "old." Your face and figure are so young-looking!

Do you know how easily you can change those whispers to "Isn't she lovely?" Very easily — the Clairol way!

CLAIROL IS DELIGHTFUL— Your hair luxuriates in a froth of iridescent bubbles. And quickly — almost before you know it — it's clean, silky-soft and permanently colored. Every trace of gray hair has vanished!

CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE— You don't have to be afraid when you use genuine Clairol. It is made from the purest, most expensive ingredients obtainable. Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory controlled, under skilled specialists.

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET— It completely avoids that brassy look of old-fashioned dyes. Clairol shades are uniform . . . assuring a perfect match. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more!

FREE . . . "11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair." This booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty . . . scientifically. Just write:

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half expected it was Pete.

Sheila!

He hurried down to the lobby where Sheila was waiting. There was a half determined, half frightened look on her face. Then walking through the quiet streets of the city, she began to talk.

"I can't stand it any longer, Jimmy. I'm afraid of Pembroke. There's something cruel about him. Sometimes I can see his eyes on me, almost feel them, feel the evil in them. Maybe it's my imagination. I don't know. It's never anything you can put your finger on. But it's there. I don't want to stay any longer..."

They were in a little park, and over the rim of the trees the moon hung fat and slack in the sky. A cluster of stars dimpled the sweep of heaven. The trees were friendly black shadows rimming the walk. They stopped, and Jimmy faced her, looking at her.

"Sheila," he said, "you always knew you could come to me—"

"I did, Jimmy. You're the only one now."

"Sheila, from the first, from the first time I saw you on the train, I knew—"

"Knew what, Jimmy?" she said softly.

"That I loved you, Sheila. That I always will."

"I love you, Jimmy," she said.

The Irish grin stole over his face then, and there was an impish glint in his eyes.

"Then your troubles are over, my lassie," he said. "For when the Irish love, it's action and movement and living happily ever after. Come on—"

"Come on, where?"

"To get married!"

They were the first ones at the Marriage License Bureau early that morning. The clerk eyed them as they stepped up to the counter. Then he read over their application. He looked up at them again.

"You'll have to wait a minute," he said.

He took more than a minute. And it wasn't until too late that they realized why. By then, he had called. Pete and Pembroke. They came in almost together.

Pete came charging in with Patsy behind him, and there was a wide grin on his face. Pembroke was impeccable and cold-faced. Lillian was with him, and seeing Sheila, she ran to her.

"Well," Pete said, "you turned out to be a fine son."

"Pop," Jimmy said, "it was just—"

"Just what? Stealing off to get married? Do you think I wanted to miss it? Jimmy's marriage! We'll make this the best marriage that ever happened on the Keith Circuit. Right, Lil?"

Pembroke said: "What marriage? They're much too young to think of it."

Pete looked at Lil: "I was thinking of getting married when I wasn't much older. Remember that, Lil?"

"This is ridiculous," Pembroke said.

He reached toward Sheila. Pete stepped in front of him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "These kids are in love. They have a right to do what they want."

"And you're the man to tell them, aren't you?" Pembroke said. "A sot! A drunkard! You're drunk now. Have been for weeks."

Pete reached for him then; he held him by the scruff of the collar. Then the anger flared in his eyes, and as Pembroke tried to pull away, Pete swung his fist, and Pembroke dropped to the floor in a sodden heap. It was Lil who bent to Pembroke, looking up at Pete.

"It's true, though, isn't it Pete?" she said.

Pembroke stopped the marriage that time. But it was the last chance he ever had. For it came out then, the fear Sheila had of him. And in their hotel Pembroke

heartbeat*

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felt the careful mask slipping from his face.

true confession . . .

"I hate her," he said to Lil. "I hate her, and she knows it. Do you think it's pleasant for me to have a chit of a girl support me? To know that I'm through? If I'm through, let's make a good job of it and end this farce. I'm walking out, Lillian. I never loved you. Pete loves you. I needed a meal ticket. This is last act, last scene. You can ring down the curtain!"

It was unfortunate that Pete picked just that time to get thrown into jail. With the peculiar logic of the Irish, Pete swore off liquor, and to seal the oath he heaved a brick through the nearest liquor store window, within plain sight of a policeman. Pete always said there was a moral hidden away somewhere that the day he swore off liquor he ended up in jail.

Jimmy and Patsy were waiting for him the day he got out. He looked fit, Pete did. He walked with a spring to his step, and there was a glint in his eye which didn't come out of a bottle.

"You're looking at the new Pete Monahan," he said.

"The old one was good enough for us," Jimmy murmured.

"I hear you've been off to the big city while I was in the pokey this month."

"We had a tryout with 'The Manhattan Follies,'" Patsy answered.

"How did it go?"

"We're no good without you, Pop," Jimmy said.

"We fell flat on our faces. Not that it can do much harm to our Irish maps," Patsy giggled.

"I'll bet you did," Pete said.

Back at the hotel they waited for him while he showered and dressed. They waited until the suspicious silence in the room next door roused them, and they threw the door open. The room was empty. There was no sign of Pete. There was nothing in the room except an old copy of Variety. They saw the headline.

MONAHAN KIDS SCORE IN MANHATTAN FOLLIES.

So Pete knew. He knew they had made a hit, and this was his way of giving them a free hand. Patsy picked up the paper feverishly. On the back page something was missing, part of a column. Jimmy matched the paper with the copy he had. The missing column told of actors and actresses needed for a big volunteer show for the soldiers.

Patsy yelled: "Come on! What are we waiting for?"

"Who's waiting?" Jimmy said.

They ran to the door.

It was quite a show. Out front they thought it was all planned and rehearsed. They thought it was part of the show when Pete Monahan turned up alone and started his act. They thought it was a prop smile that lit his face when Jimmy and Patsy came dancing out. And they still thought it was part of the act when Lil and Sheila came from the opposite wing. It looked rehearsed—the way Pete took Lil in his arms, and the way Jimmy held Sheila. But it wasn't an act.

Not to Pete.

Or to Jimmy.

THE CAST

Jimmy Monahan.....Donald O'Connor
Patsy Monahan.....Peggy Ryan
Pete Monahan.....Jack Oakie
Sheila.....Ann Blyth
Lillian.....Rosemary De Camp
Rose.....Isabel Jewell
Pembroke.....John Miljan
Weldon Laydon.....Gavin Muir



For Sparkling Teeth

**Use this super value brush
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For teeth that sparkle and a smile that charms, use the Dr. West's "25", a really good toothbrush that anyone can afford.

Because its Nylon bristles are so perfectly anchored, they can't shed in your mouth. And the tender gum tissues get the extra safeguard of smooth, precision-polished bristle ends. Not only that, but the specially designed head of this super-value brush makes it easy to reach the hard-to-get-at places in your mouth.

So, start now to use a Dr. West's "25". Or, if you want the *finest* toothbrush money can buy, select a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft, the only brush made with waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling!



let's face it

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

... a windblown disarray is fun for your pixie moments. Here's Paramount's pet gamine, Paulette Goddard, to prove my point. Your daily social life, however, demands a neatly coiffured head. Here are

some suggestions for hair-do's to fit your particular facial type. And on p. 72 I've gathered together the low-down on how to shampoo and care for your own tresses, thus saving war-precious time and money.



SQUARE: Balance your resolute jaw with height and softness. You *may* gain height by a modified pomp, but it's even smarter today to keep your brow uncluttered. Brush hair into soft waves at the temples and draw it back over the ears. Avoid added width by keeping back hair neatly under control.



LONG: You have a happy choice of coifs. For sophisticated moments, part hair in the middle and sweep it up into wings over the temples. Weave back locks into a low bun or wear netted chignon. For less dressy occasions, brush your hair smooth on top and in loose waves that frame the face.



TRIANGULAR: The short, gamine cut is a youthful, all-season favorite with this type. Fluff the curls up at the temples and wear a feathery bang. Another style that accents heart-shaped faces is the upsweep. Swirl your curls up to one side and fasten them with split-tooth combs that prevent straggly ends.



ROUND: Your cherubic face will seem longer if you pile locks into an upsweep with a modified pomp. Keep hairline soft and varied to divert attention from rounded contours. You can wear the comfortable short cut, especially if you break the circular line with a deep wave at the forehead and a side part.



PERFECT OVAL: It's easy to wear any hair-do with an oval face, but fussy lines aren't flattering. The serene, smooth-top is your best bet. Part hair in center, brush back from your brow and let the waves cascade loosely. To look chic in a half-hat, maneuver your flowing mane into a sleek page boy or netted chignon.

NEWS! To Get More Good from Vitamins try this DELICIOUS WAY!

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Take them in combination with other food elements which authorities agree are necessary for best results!

All the world knows today that many people need extra vitamins for better health and keen vitality. It is also known today that vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements. Hence, more and more, authorities are insisting "Take your vitamins in food!"

One of the reasons vitamins are so effective in Ovaltine is that Ovaltine is a concentrated all-round building food. It contains other food elements that enable vitamins and minerals to work together effectively as a team.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as found

in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B₁ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on. To get this important "team-work", doctors urge "Take your vitamins in food!"

Ovaltine also is the *most delicious* way to take your vitamins! And it costs very little for all it gives you! So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, more delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!



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



JAKE OF THE MARITIMES

(Continued from page 41)

hungry again—and happy. With Dick, enlistment in the merchant marine wasn't just an idea. It was a passion, a crusade, a cure to all ills and the answer to every prayer. When the lists closed down for a while, the world came to an end. When they re-opened for boys between 16 and 17½, he went wild with hope renewed. He had to be quick—17½ was right on top of him. A certain guy who knew the ropes said he'd try to help, and had cause to rue his kindness. Dick would get him out of the bathtub and off the golf course. "How's it coming?" He drove Henry Hathaway, director of "Wing and A Prayer," crazy. "Does this scene mean anything, or could I get off to go to the merchant marines?" At the enlistment station every time they looked up, there stood Dick Jaeckel, that lost-dog plea in his eyes.

Wait till he was 18? Not if he could help it! He wanted to be in a branch he liked, and at 18 you have no choice. Besides, all his friends were going in. Too darn lonely, hanging around by himself. He might even have to make another picture, which would be the last straw—

Yes, he definitely feels the same way about pictures. "Wing and A Prayer" wasn't as bad as "Guadalcanal," he got the hang of things better, and he met a lot of nice guys like Bill Eythe and Murray Alper. But he doesn't like acting. Acting's not reasonable. Maybe he'll feel different after the war, it all depends. He doesn't know what it depends on—just depends. Maybe after the war they won't want him back. Can't understand why they wanted him in the first place.

If it had been his cousin now. Dick hadn't seen his cousin in eight years. Just lately he was sent out to California—Ensign John Hanley, aged 20, good-looking as they come, the personality kid himself.

Dick's first name is Hanley, only nobody uses it except his mother. They took John to dinner at LaRue's. Lew Schreiber, 20th-Fox executive, came over to their table.

"I'd like you to meet Ensign Hanley," said Dick, very proud. Then he nudged Mr. Schreiber. "Say, don't you think you've got the wrong Hanley in pictures?"

He made "Wing and A Prayer" for two reasons—because Mom promised she'd sign his enlistment papers then, and because the fellows talked him into it. Doug Stahl, Tom Smith and Jay Richards are his closest pals. To them he's Jake—and since it's the name he prefers, let's call him by it. They're all JUGS—short for Just Us Guys, a club affiliated with

the Y. And Jake's life is bound up with the JUGS.

big jug . . .

At first they took his movie job as a joke. But it wasn't so funny to Jake, because he was stuck with it. He hated talking about it. When they tried to dig things out of him, he'd clam up. What bothered him most was the fellows'd kid about his being a millionaire. He hated being different from the other guys—having more money or more clothes or more anything—

So after "Guadalcanal" he quit the movies—got himself a job at Bireley's with Doug, and good riddance to acting. But by that time, the fellows' attitude had changed, they were proud of the kid, so they cooked up this deal to surprise him—

He always spent a lot of time at Doug's. They've been friends for six years, and Mrs. Stahl's the kind of mother you dream about. What she'd rather do than anything is feed boys. "If you don't eat at our house," she says, "I figure you don't like the cooking, so you don't get asked again."

Well, "Guadalcanal" was previewed at Grauman's Chinese Wednesday night. Naturally, they didn't have the kind of money it takes for a preview, so they cooked up this deal for Thursday, which was club night. There were eighteen JUGS left who weren't in the Army yet, and each guy chipped in 35 cents and gave Mrs. Stahl so many ration points. Doug kept Jake out front, playing catch, and the fellows sneaked in over the back fence. You should have seen Jake's face when Doug's mom called them in. What tickled him most was, it showed how the guys really felt.

"I think he'd like the picture business," says Doug, "if you got about five bucks a day like a truck driver. It's the idea that you're supposed to be famous and filthy rich—that's what gets him down—"

There was a quart of milk at each place, and even Mom Stahl was satisfied with the way food disappeared down those young gullets. That part of the program was fine with Jake. The second half pleased him less. They were bound for the Chinese, bent on showing Jake off if it killed him. Ritzy and conspicuous in blue jackets and white shirts, they paraded him along the aisle of the theater to a section down front. Heads turned. "Look, that's Dick Jaeckel—" Boy, was his face red, and did they get a bang out of it! All through the show he'd be trying to get up, and they'd keep shoving him back.

gangway for tomorrow . . .

Well, that was all right for clowning, but on the side Doug and Tom Smith got serious with Jake. "You're a darn fool," they told him, "if you don't get another picture under your belt, regardless of the guys razzing you. That doesn't mean a thing, they'd all like to be in your boots. Have some sense, Jake. Okay, so you hate it. But you might feel different after the war, and you'll stand a lot better chance to get back in, if more people know you. If you still feel the same, nobody can make you go back."

"I'm scared," said Jake. "I'm scared of getting caught some way—"

"How you gonna get caught? Your mom promised to sign the papers in April. She never went back on her word yet, did she? And another thing. If you don't like the money angle—"

His face cleared to a grin. "I know, see the

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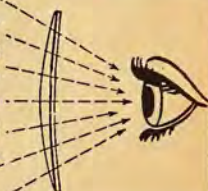
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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Over twenty years ago I was visiting an uncle in that part of New York known as "Hell's Kitchen." One day I heard a terrific commotion outside, but as this was such a common occurrence, I ignored it. Then I heard a girl's voice shouting that no one could slap her kid brother and get away with it! I then opened the window just in time to see a blond-haired youngster of about eight beating up a boy at least three years her senior.

It was certainly a spunky and loyal thing to do, and I never forgot the name of Alice Leppert. Or do you know her as Alice Fay?

Peter Sardo,
Laureldale, Pa.



Yes—

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LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you are!

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge before powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
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ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the duo-tone secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.



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PRINCESS PAT

build a future—put it in War Bonds!"

So he did go back, and that's where most of his money went—into War Bonds. The only time he kind of splurged for a while was when he started taking The Girl out. (We promised Jake not to give her name away.) He'd been at the same school with her for two years, but didn't really get to know her till he was out. He was out a year ahead of his class, so he'd go back to see the guys, and that's when it happened. She's little—just the right size for him—and awfully pretty, with soft brown eyes and hair. He'd dash over to school on his lunch hour from Bireley's, and she'd ditch class, and they'd sit under a tree munching an apple or a blade of grass and she'd tell him her troubles. Mr. Anthony, he called himself.

Pretty soon she didn't seem to have any more troubles. But the fellows did. Because their girls made a point of telling them about the wonderful time Jake was showing his girl. So they had a little talk with him. "Better slow down, Jake. Our limit's two bucks a night, and our women are giving us the needle."

They didn't have to tell him twice. By that time it didn't matter anyway. The deal was cinched. The Girl liked him enough, so she didn't care where he took her.

They'd dance at the Palladium or the Casa Mañana. They're both terrific dancers. Jake has a step all his own that the guys try to copy but can't, his feet move too fast—

Sundays they'd all pile in Jake's car or Doug's and go down to the beach. Jake's a swell body surfer. Good at all sports, for that matter. Swimming, football, basketball. For his size, the guy really holds his own. Rainy Sundays, they'd sit around at Doug's house with cokes and fritos, listening to records. Jake bought every King Cole and Dave Rose record the minute they came out. You know how most modern records have rides in them, taken by one instrument. Well, each fellow'd pick a different instrument and take the ride as it came along. Jake picked the sax for King Cole, and the violin for Dave Rose. Shoulda seen him take that ride on "Holiday for Strings"—he really went to town—

He spent a lot of time with Doug and Tom Smith that last month. Doug was going into the Air Force, end of June. They'd take BB guns and .22's and go up the canyon to shoot frogs. Then back to Doug's for dinner. Among the six of 'em—including Mom and Dad Stahl and Doug's brother Charlie—they'd kill a leg of lamb and about a ton of mashed potatoes with gravy oozing out, and a huge lettuce and tomato salad and gallons of milk. Jake was always swiping everybody's milk. He'd drink his down and switch glasses, then they'd all start switching and arguing till nobody knew whose glass was whose, and Mom'd bring another pitcherful in from the kitchen. "That's it, boys," she'd say, beaming from ear to ear, "beyond what I salvaged for breakfast."

Then each guy'd have a pint of ice cream. They took it for granted that they had to eat themselves sick. Matter of fact, they'd eat the main course to the top and just stuff the rest into whatever space was left. Then they'd stagger up from the table and go play basketball.

loop-the-loopers . . .

Jake and his mom had a pact—they always spent Tuesday and Friday night together. She's young and nice-looking and smart, and he treats her more like a sister than anything else. Take clothes, for instance. She had to be dressed a certain way, or he'd come right out with it. "You don't look very glamorous, old lady," he'd say. And he bats crazy bats. "Sorry,"

he'd say, "but if you want me to take you out, you'll have to change hats." She did, too, and Jake always appreciated it. "You look sharp now, Mom."

They'd go to dinner and movies, and they loved riding the chutes and roller coasters at Venice and pitching three balls for a nickel, giggling like crazy when they'd make a strike. Practically furnished their beach house with the corny stuff they won pitching balls. Only thing Jake couldn't get her to do was go roller skating. "I'd lose my dignity," she'd say.

"What's a fall between friends? Be your age, Mom."

And she'd laugh and say, "That's what I'm trying to be."

Most ways, he could get around her though. She might fly off the handle, but it never amounted to much. Like here lately one night, she told him he had to be home at a certain time, or she wouldn't sign his papers. Well, things came up, and he just couldn't make it, not by a good couple of hours—

"Guess I'm in the Army," he sings out when he finally does walk in.

"You beat me to it," she calls back, and it sounds pretty grim.

So he grabs his leg and goes lumbering into her room and collapses on the bed like a man in utter agony—

Naturally she's scared. "Oh, you poor boy, what happened? What's wrong with your leg?"

"Nothing," he grins, "that the merchant marine won't fix."

She pretends to be sore, but he knows he's got her, practice has made perfect. You can't poor-boy a guy one minute and wreck his life the next.

All kidding aside, Mom would never have stood in his way. She knew what it meant to him. Must've been pretty wearing on her, watching him chase around, up today, down tomorrow. She'd prepare an extra-special nice dinner, and he wouldn't eat. That's no fun for a woman, but Jake couldn't help it. Too nervous to eat—

Till that Monday the phone call came telling him to report for a physical Wednesday. First he yipped around, then he started getting nervous again. Knew there couldn't be anything wrong with him, keeping fit was a kind of mania with Jake. But you're not really in till you're in. Tuesday night he couldn't sleep, kept watching the clock, was out at the crack of dawn—

smooth sailing . . .

Wednesday night was different. He ate like a horse and gabbed like a poll-parrot. "Mom, for being so nice and signing all my papers, I'll leave you my car."

"That's sweet of you dear—" it's a hopped-up jalopy, "—especially when you know I wouldn't be caught dead driving it."

"Well, you can pat it every once in a while. Yay, I'm a man of the maritime! Nothing wrong with this chicken."

"First kind word you've thrown me in weeks."

"True, very true. One more day in town, two more nights, four more meals. Ah, the maritime!"

"I know this won't do me any good, but—other boys stick around for a couple of weeks."

"Sorry, Mom, can't be done. If I go Friday, they'll give me my shots, and I'll have all day Sunday to get over 'em. Then Monday morning I can start practising how to move in at those beachheads."

They went to a movie, but didn't stay. Jake's head began bobbing and weaving, so Mom got him home to bed where he slept the sleep of the just till 9 next morning. That was a day—haircut, business

(Continued on page 52)



She's even prettier awake! Because she really *rests* while she sleeps—on her *Beautyrest* mattress! A rest she's *earned*, with a full day at the office, plus some after-hours as nurses' aide. (Our country needs after-hours war effort from all of us.) If *you* own a *Beautyrest*, you're lucky. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those busy little ventilators that keep it clean and fresh! Simmons Company is deep in war production and

don't know when they will be able to make *Beautyrest* again. Meanwhile, if you need a *new* mattress see about **WHITE KNIGHT**. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! Tops in wartime buys at \$39.50! And here's **NEWS**—*Beautyrest* Box Springs are available in limited quantities at \$39.50 each!

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!



(Continued from page 80)

affairs at the bank and studio, giving clothes away, buying a sleeping bag for a guy whose bag had been swiped out of Jake's car. Rushing home to get dressed, rushing down to pick up The Girl, taking her over to Ella Campbell's for dinner, taking her back to visit with Mom while he changed into other duds again—

Because it was club night, and you couldn't show yourself down there in anything but dirty corduroys and an old sweat shirt, for the JUGS, it's *the* thing. He took The Girl home first. She said, "Close your eyes, Jake," and when he opened them, there was a silver St. Christopher on a chain round his neck.

"Funny," she said, blinking her eyes very fast. "Till this minute I didn't really believe you were going."

Something in her voice made him feel panicky. "You—you're not going to cry, are you?"

She smiled instead. "Not now, anyway. The whole world's so sad. I think we should all take care of our own sadness. There's no sense in making it worse for somebody else."

All the way to the club he kept thinking how swell she was.

It was the last meeting. They were all breaking up to go into different branches of the service. Saturday night they were giving an Aloha dance. Jake was sorry he wouldn't be there, but not sorry enough to change his plans. Last meeting, Doug—who was president—said it would take about 200 dollars to put the dance on. He asked each guy who could to chip in five bucks. But they were still short dough—

Jake said good-by to the boys. Then—"Look, Doug, I—I'd like to give you a check for whatever you're short."

Doug couldn't help laughing. "You don't have to act so embarrassed about it. I think it's swell. So will the other guys—"

"They don't have to now. It's just between you and me."

"Okay, brother, make it out for fifty-five bucks. If we sell enough tickets, you might get it back."

"If you sell enough tickets, buy a bond for the JUGS."

He left at nine Friday morning. A friend had enlisted with him, and another friend was driving them both down. He took only a little toilet kit along.

"What, no lotions?" teased Mom. He owns fifty-seven varieties, they're his one luxury.

"Not for a maritimer!"

"I know one maritimer who'll be buying the PX out next week."

At his own request, she'd given him two leather photocases, the kind you can fold and slip into your pocket—one for her picture and that of his dead father, one for The Girl's. Now she brought out a long flat box. On its satin bed, lay one of those everything-proof wrist-watches—a beaut!

"Very, very reasonable," said Jake, nodding his head in solemn approval. He stuck his paw out. "You put it on." Their eyes met. It was a ticklish moment for a boy who doesn't like to show his feelings. "One wrist-watch," he grinned. "One silver St. Christopher. And my diamond tiara I'll only wear on formal occasions."

He grabbed her in a bear's hug. "So long, Mom. Keep the home fires burning—" and was gone.

Instead of practising how to take beach-heads, he was stuck in the laundry that first week from six to five.

Later, he was sent to Alaska. By now he's undoubtedly somewhere else. X marks the spot. If you'd like to find it, go up and down the world with your ear to the ground. Sooner or later you'll hear an exultant, "Wheeee! I'm a maritimer!" That'll be Jake.

Free as the wind...

•Free to work with all your heart. Or play hard as a five-year-old. Free to live *every* day to the hilt.

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Out of 10,086 typical American girls who wrote why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins—8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"

For gentle Modess is so much *softer*—with its downy, softspun filler! So much *safer*—with a triple, full-length, safety shield at the back that gives real *full-way* protection!

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So be in on the secret of wonderful freedom—try Modess. It costs no more.

Discover the Difference—Switch to

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SANITARY NAPKINS

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

(Continued from page 38)

"To be impulsive," grinned the triumphant Jess. "To come to Mocambo with me after the show. No—I don't think you're *that* impulsive."

"I have another date," countered Susan. Jess lifted his shoulders and eyebrows in twin shrugs. "See. That's what I mean. You aren't impulsive enough to break your other date." And he walked away.

Susan bristled at the challenge. Of the girl working next to her she demanded, "Who is that man?"

"Are you kidding! That's Jess Barker, of course."

"I know that. But who is Jess Barker?" pursued Miss Hayward, growing more impulsive by the moment.

Who is Jess Barker?

He was born in Greenville, South Carolina, next to last in a family of five boys, to wit: William, John, James, Jess and Joseph. No girls at all.

Their mother was a practical nurse, their father a railroader—yard master, to be explicit—which automatically made the Barker kids the most envied characters in their set.

Jess, forbidden by his father to do such things, made it a Saturday night habit to slip down to the railroad yards and look wistfully (in his best Butch Jenkins manner) at all passing engineers. Engineers, being basically only boys grown tall, understood Jess' dearest desire. They gave him the wink, and the next thing anyone knew, Jess was pulling the whistle cord and chugging out of the yards, carefully concealed from his father's watchful eye. He saw a good deal of country from the cab of a locomotive. He would have seen more, but his business enterprises didn't allow him a surplus of time for traveling.

He hadn't yet started to school when he took on the responsibility of his first newspaper job: Delivering direct to the customer. The first time he was paid, he counted the silver over carefully—first grade arithmetic or no—and realized that he had made exactly one dollar and forty cents.

It was the riches of Araby. He jingled the coins in the pocket of his knickers, tasting the first jubilation of wealth. Like any generous man with dough in his doublet, he bethought him of his lady fair. He wanted to buy a gift.

He stopped at the shop of his choice and made a purchase. "Fifty cents," said the salesgirl, beaming down on her solemn-eyed customer. Jess gulped, but manfully counted out the dimes.

lollipop heaven . . .

Then he went home and banged the back door with unnecessary emphasis. After all, he was a wage earner and entitled to a demonstration of masculine authority. "Got paid," he said, before his mother could mention the slammed door. From his pockets he produced ninety proud cents and dropped it into his mother's apron. Then he handed her a box of sweets—fifty cents' worth of lithographed carton, bright red ribbon and in-different chocolate—and said, clearing his throat, "Thought maybe you'd like some candy."

His mother said that he was a good boy and that she couldn't imagine what was wrong with her eyes—probably those onions she had been peeling for the stew.

Jess, having made *le beau geste*, managed to eat most of the candy himself although it actually wasn't his favorite

MARJORIE REYNOLDS,
SOON TO BE SEEN IN
"MINISTRY OF FEAR"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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with Hands alluring

MEN certainly do like it when a girl's hands are soft and feminine.

A love-appeal any girl can cultivate—Marjorie's way. The way most Stars do. By using Jergens Lotion.

So easy, you can hardly believe Jergens Lotion hand care is so effective. Made to order to

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"Like professional hand care", you'll say. Yes—2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion have such a way of coaxing harsh, neglected skin to rose-leaf smoothness that many doctors prescribe them. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. Never sticky. Your hand care, too, now . . . this famous Jergens Lotion.

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own Hand Care
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**Jergens
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for Soft, Adorable Hands

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE *Overglo*
BY WESTMORE



BETTY HUTTON starring in "AND THE ANGELS SING" a Paramount Picture

From Hollywood... COMES THIS SENSATIONAL

NEW MAKE-UP FOR A LOVELIER YOU!

NOT A CAKE... NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

TONIGHT... today... in just one minute... look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth well-groomed, flawless-looking face-do all day... or night. Non-drying, definitely! Overglo has an emollient lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Six skin-flattering shades. \$1.50, plus tax.

WESTMORE (the original and best-selling) FOUNDATION CREAM offers perfection in a heavier cream-type base. Fifty cents, plus tax.

Complete your make-up with
Westmore's famous Lipstick,
Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.



WALLY WESTMORE, director of make-up, Paramount Studios, giving Betty Hutton a glamorous make-up with House of Westmore beauty aids.

brand. His choice, decided upon during the wonderful summer months spent at his grandfather's farm, was lollipops. He used to lie on a bench between two huge trees, and lick lollipops by the hour while he contemplated the green hula hands of the boughs, turning in a timeless dance against the blue sky.

During those lollipop sessions, Jess made plans for his future: He was going to be a very rich man some day. Rich enough so that he could buy his mother a box of candy costing a dollar fifty any time he wished. The lavishness of the notion usually startled him into remembering minutely how much money he had (1) in his penny bank, (2) in his dime bank, (3) on deposit in the city's most imposing banking house.

Jess always saved money. He became quietly famous in the bosom of his own family for his astounding thrift. Bill (eldest of the Barkers) came to him one day with a proposition. Bill needed a set of new tires for his car and was, at the moment, broke. He wanted to borrow a small sum from his generous and opulent brother, Jess.

"What do I get out of it?" queried the banker, running true to the celebrated form of financiers.

futurity date...

Bill scrutinized his ten-year-old brother. "As soon as you get a girl friend, you can borrow my car any time you want to and take her riding," he promised. He went into some of the glowing possibilities of an automobile ride with a girl friend.

"How do I know that you'll let me have the car any time I want it—when I'm sixteen and can really drive?" asked Jess.

"Well, let's have this understanding," explained Bill, "that you own one-half of the car. We're full partners. How's that?"

Jess gave it some thought, while Bill continued to pour on the soft soap. Finally, Jess agreed. It was easier than arguing. Three weeks later it developed

I SAW IT HAPPEN

You may have heard that Toronto audiences are never generous with their applause, even when they admire a performer, so when Francis Lederer, who was making a personal appearance tour at Shea's several years ago, was accorded a very lukewarm reception, I was terribly annoyed. So annoyed, in fact, that when I arrived home, I wrote him a note apologizing for our "reserved" attitude, and had my brother deliver it to him at the stage door the next day, Saturday.

The following Monday found me in bed with the flu so when the phone rang in the late morning, it was Mother who answered. I confess my temperature rose several degrees when I heard her exclaim, "Why, Mr. Lederer, Joan will be so surprised!" It was really he, calling to thank me for my interest and inviting me to visit him backstage the following week.

I couldn't make it, but Mother did, and in spite of the impatient secretary hovering over him, he spent precious time chatting with her (he even kissed her hand) and inscribing a large picture of himself, "To Joan, I am very grateful, Francis Lederer."

It's nice to know that old-world courtesy and graciousness hasn't completely died out.

Joan Kennedy,
Saltville, Va.

that Jess' half of the car had burned out its battery; a new one had to be purchased. Jess agreed. A partnership was a partnership.

But the more he peered into the misty distance of six years, at the termination of which he would come into operating possession of a car rapidly falling to pieces, the more convinced he became that Measures to Safeguard His Investment should be taken. Quietly, he slipped around to talk to Bill's wife. The conversation ended with Jess, patently the possessor of true Barker persuasiveness, having borrowed back the full amount of his original loan to Bill from Bill's wife.

It is just as well that this involved financial transaction was completed long before maturity date. When Jess was only fourteen, he heard that a Shrine convention was to take place in Miami. Jess had heard—as who hasn't—a great deal about Shrine conventions.

As his gray-green glance watched the specials rolling down the main line, it occurred to him that here was a thing he shouldn't miss. He walked downtown slowly. At a haberdasher's he paused long enough to invest in a beige camel's hair cap; it came down over his ears, but it gave him a sense of touristing. Next, he visited the bank and drew out enough money for transportation by Pullman.

Then he went home and made an announcement. "I'm going to Florida." He didn't know how much dissension to expect.

"Well, don't eat a lot of silly things and get an upset stomach," said his mother practically. "And write to me regularly."

He wandered the streets of Miami with "Gosh" engraved in smiles across his face. The boom was on. The convention was on. The city bulged at the seams. "There's money to be made here," surmised Mr. Barker. He wandered into a drugstore where a harassed manager, with too much business and not enough help, buttonholed him. "Looking for a job?" gasped the manager.

Jess said he was.

The manager rushed him into a white jacket, cap and apron and thrust him behind a counter where other employees were behaving like citizens of an ant heap trying to transport a watermelon. Jess helpfully began to wash dishes while keeping an eye on genuine soda clerks. He learned, between sudsing glasses, how to assemble a cherry coke and a chocolate sundae. He found out where various supplies were kept.

Thus educated, he decided that he was ready to graduate to faucets and spigots. When an excessively pretty girl entered and sat down directly before him, Jess gave her the personality smile and asked, "May I serve you?"

"A chocolate malt with chocolate ice cream," said the Fascinating Face.

Jess felt his sawdust raining out through his heels. Just before the jacket, apron and cap collapsed with Mr. Barker, the girl said, "You're new, aren't you?"

He nodded. He moistened his lips and looked for the manager.

"Never mind," whispered the girl. "I'll tell you how to make the malt. Take that tall, shiny can and put in a dipper of milk, then . . ."

For an hour she sat there, sipping her malt and reciting recipes when customers appeared with appetites more elaborate than Jess had anticipated. She was there, on the same counter stool, at approximately the same hour the next day and the next.

Three years later, after having danced thousands of miles together, after having seen hundreds of movies, after having discussed everything from the stars in Orion's belt to the new waitress who filled all the



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salt shakers with sugar, they got around to talking about themselves.

"When are you going to get married?" the girl inquired academically.

"When I'm making a hundred dollars a week," decided Jess.

This shattering practicality smote heavily on a 17-year-old girl's romantic nature. She laughed in the Barker face. "You'll never be earning that much money," she chortled. "Never."

She should have known better than to challenge a Barker. Three days later, Jess told her, "I'll get in touch with you when I'm making a hundred a week," and caught the next train out of Miami. Not, however, before he had given the source of his required weekly stipend some serious thought.

sold short . . .

Wall Street, he decided, was his pigeon. Every picture he had seen, every book he had read, contained references to boy wizards who were able to run a porter's tip into a trillion.

Briskly, he applied for a job at a famous brokerage house. Yes, they said, they actually did have an opening for a likely lad. He would start as board boy, wearing earphones and chalking market quotations. The salary? The usual thing—fifteen dollars a week.

Jess stalked out of the establishment. He had been earning twenty behind a soda fountain; he certainly wasn't going to trade customers chewing sandwiches, for customers chewing pencils—and sacrifice five dollars in the bargain. Promptly he looked over the local eatery situation, found what he considered one of the busiest intersections in the world and applied to the fountain manager.

Before long he had parlayed a soda straw into sixty dollars a week—still forty short of his goal, but not bad at all under the circumstances. There were others in the same company who noticed that Jess was doing okay, so a meeting was held at which several co-workers suggested that at the end of each day all tips received be pooled, then divided evenly.

As Jess, by giving phenomenally good service, had worked himself into a condition of physique best described by the fact that he could have hidden behind a telephone post while carrying a sleeping bag, considered pooling unfair, and said so. He added that if the system were put into effect, he would quit. He had enough in the bank to tide himself over for quite a period, and—in addition—another opportunity was looming on the horizon; an opportunity that contained great promise of shattering that hundred dollar per week mark. Eventually, at least.

A man living in the same building with him had suggested repeatedly that Jess read lines for a woman who was quite celebrated as a drama coach. The friend thought Jess possessed the indefinable stuff of which actors are made.

silence is silver . . .

From this particular school had come Clark Gable and Irene Dunne. Later students were Marsha Hunt, Jeffrey Lynn, John Sheppard and Cornel Wilde.

Jess read lines and enrolled in the school. After three months' training he secured his first part. The director of the play for which Jess was auditioning fixed that young man with a seer's eye and wanted to know, "Can you read lines?"

Jess said he thought he could, he had been studying. The director supplied a script, and Jess did his best. Apparently the director was pleased, because he nodded vigorously. "Fine," he said.

So the first part Jess ever played was a brown-stained native boy who crossed

the stage carrying a basket of fish—and never said a word!

That experience was followed by summer stock in Lowell, Massachusetts, then a job with a repertory theater in New Jersey. After having played nearly a hundred roles in outlying theaters, he was signed for a Broadway appearance—the Jimmie Stewart part of "You Can't Take It With You."

Whereupon, Jess was spotted and signed by Walter Wanger. (The following phase of Jess' career has been, until now, a closely guarded secret.) He came, a bewildered character, into the Hollywood scene and remained long enough to speak a very few lines in two B-minus pictures. Then he gave up and returned to New York.

One night after his return to the East Coast, he sat down with his mathematics long enough to determine that the lines he had spoken under contract in California had cost his studio something like seven hundred dollars a word. Wistfully he wished that he might relate this fantastic news to the little girl who had once questioned his earning ability. Of course, the word rate hadn't been very steady, but then neither is a roller coaster—and think of the fun you have. However, he

IT'S NOT JUNE IN JANUARY

But it's practically Christmas in July. No, December 25th will still be Christmas back home here, but if we want to make sure that our fellas overseas really have a Merry Christmas with all the trimmin's, we'd better start thinking about it—and pronto! The Post-Office Department is asking us to please, but please, make sure that all holiday gifts get sent out by September 15th and no later than October 15th. The regulations on size, weight, packing, etc., are the same as always, but no need for a letter of request.

So looky, if you think Bill is having enough of a show out there without being bothered with presents, o. k. But if he's just a plain joe homesick for the States and you, a carefully bought gift, well-wrapped and arriving at the Nick of time will do a heck of a lot to prove to him that we realize that it isn't always our morale that needs the boosting!

had lost touch with his earliest critic, so his belated triumph was denied him.

After several more Broadway roles, Jess was cast in a play entitled "Magic." No one seems to have heard much about it, but a Columbia talent scout was in the audience opening night and—at sight of Mr. Barker—uttered contract noises to the head office in an urgent telegram. The next thing Jess knew he was back again in Hollywood, keeping it a profound secret that this was his second trip.

He established himself in a small apartment amid a large circle of friends. Wherever he went, he encountered persons he had known in New York, many of them girls from the theater. Now if Jess is one thing more than another, it's convivial. When he wasn't squiring some lovely, he was showing up at the Canteen to act as emcee. So successful were his Friday night appearances that some bright mind asked him to introduce Tuesday night's entertainment, too. Which he promptly agreed to do.

Then, one Friday night last November, Susan Hayward was working at the Canteen when a tall, blond chap with an ingratiating smile abruptly appeared before

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her to say, "Well, are you really impulsive?"

Susan decided that she was. She begged out of her "date"—not a difficult feat—by sitting in the telephone booth for a few minutes to give the proper impression—and was off to Mocambo with Jess.

She discovered that he was a phenomenal dancer and that he knew more people than a chatterbox could name in ninety minutes. She discovered also that he wanted her phone number. Not the number of her agent—the usual dodge practiced by stars—but her personal dial combo. "No," said Miss Hayward, being conservative, "I'll see you at the Canteen."

where there's a will . . .

The next evening Miss Hayward's guarded private number rang loudly. "Hello," said Susan. "Hello," said Jess. "How about having dinner with me?"

The lady said no. She said no for three days. The following Friday night at the Canteen, she looked up to see the same wistful pan staring at her. "I don't think you're that impulsive," said he persistently.

Susan laughed. "Oh, you!" she said. Jess knew then that he had won; they've been a love match ever since.

Before their marriage they used to hang out at Schwab's, where Jess observed the soda department with a connoisseur's eye; they went dancing; they visited friends. Susan had ample opportunity to get acquainted with Jess' spectacular sense of humor. At a party one night after "Cover Girl" had been released, Jess met Otto Kruger. As you remember, Jess played Mr. Kruger as a boy in the picture. "I want to congratulate you on your splendid performance," said Jess with a straight face. "The scenes in which you were a young man were my favorites." That brought down the house.

Early this summer they threw local columnists into a panic by pricing a ring displayed in a window; nothing serious, they were just curious about it. Some fanciful jeweler telephoned a daily paper with the announcement that Jess and Susan appeared to be contemplating matrimony. By three o'clock, this mild rumor had burgeoned into the wild statement that Jess and Susan had eloped over the week-end.

During the week of July twenty-third new marriage rumors cropped up. And this time they were true. The following Sunday they were married in a small church ceremony in Hollywood.

The best wishes of all Hollywood go out to them, and well may they deserve them. Susan is a girl any man would be proud to take to an Ambassador's Ball, and that Barker Boy is strictly the gallant from Greenville.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Victor Mature was appearing in person at a Cleveland theater, and I was waiting outside the stage door to catch a glimpse of him. Having nothing else to do, I borrowed some chalk from my girl friend and started to write my name on the theater wall. Soon, I heard someone clear his throat, and whirling around, I saw a tall, handsome Coast Guardsman—Mr. Mature! He'd been watching me all the time. "Here's a dime, youngster," he grinned. "Buy some more chalk and start writing my name all over the place."

And I would have, too, if my hands could have stopped shaking!

Marilyn Rickert
Dayton, Ohio

HI, MONICA!

(Continued from page 54)

says Paul, striving for conviction.

"Strange. What did it revolve around?"

That's the only difference between them. Lisl worships unblushingly. Paul pretends to cling to a shred of masculine objectivity. Till his daughter appears, rosy and tumbled from her nap, stretching to get out of Lutz's arms into his. Then all pretense crumbles. Then his face is flooded with such tenderness that you no longer even want to kid him about it.

"This," he says, "is one of her papa-days."

Like any mother, Lisl glories in the love between her husband and her child. Just to stir things up, she pretends she's jealous. Paul explains gravely that Monica has her papa and mamma-days. Days when she's specially devoted to one or the other. As a matter of fact, it was Lisl who had the head start. Paul's just begun to catch up with her . . .

"Now she comes to an age," says Lisl, "where the man is more attractive—"

"Now I'm on vacation," says Paul, "so we have time to play."

porcelain and poppa . . .

There's not much a man can do for a girl before she's reached the age of one. He can hold her of course, but—

"She's so tiny," said Paul, as Lisl laid her into his arms.

"You're frightened. You hold her like porcelain."

"I'm not frightened!"

"Then why is your forehead sweating?"

"Because it's hot."

He was working then and had worked almost constantly for over a year. "Devotion," "In Our Time," "Between Two Worlds," "The Conspirators" followed each other in rapid succession. If he was lucky, he'd get home in time to see Monica bathed. Lisl did a good job, but Lutz—who used to be Lisl's nurse—was the expert. It was something like a work of art—her sure, deft, gentle way with the squirming little body.

"Ach, it's nothing," she'd say. "Here, you can do it, too."

He'd back away. "I'm a spectator sport." That was Lutz's favorite joke. She'd chuckle as hard the hundredth time as the first.

But if Paul couldn't bathe her, Lutz couldn't take her picture. That's where papa shone. He's the kind of amateur who does professional work, and his pictures of Monica from the age of one week on fill albums and albums. He could also buy her things. No girl's ever too young for that. A charming doll in crisp organdie—because it was called a Monica-doll. A violet-sprayed cup and saucer—because she was born in April, the month of violets. He's practical, too—heard Lisl complain of wartime safety pins and how they didn't hold, so he went out and ordered a couple dozen that did hold.

Another purchase was less inspired. One evening Lisl was bemoaning the rubber situation. It sounded terribly sad, and it made a deep impression on Paul. Next day he went into conference with a pal on the set, whose baby is about Monica's age—

"What does your wife do about rubber?"

"Pants, you mean? Say, there's a shop in the valley still carries that stuff. Want me to take you there?"

They dashed out during lunch hour, Paul in his make-up. Yes, they still had a few pair of pants and some sheeting. In black and pink. Better take the black,



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He walked in that night with the tread of a conqueror, and the parcel under his arm. They told him he was wonderful. They made such a fuss over him and his black rubber that he practically purred. When the door closed behind him, only two words were spoken. "Ach, men!" said Lutz. Lisl stuffed the parcel into a dark corner of the closet, where it lies to this day. Rubber or no rubber, who could use black for a baby!

Under the eyes of an adoring household, she grew from a morsel that ate and slept and gugged, to a personality. She accepts adoration sweetly, but if you don't adore her, that's all right with her, too. Take Maxi, for instance. Maxi's getting old and can't be bothered and goes G-r-r. She accepts that, too. All other dogs are Wah-wah—including Vicki, the gentle cocker spaniel. Maxi is G-r-r, and she loves him just the same.

She's made friends with all the neighborhood children. Among her favorites are Pat O'Brien's younger son and 5-year-old Jill Schary. "Hi, Santa Monica!" they hail her. "Hi!" she calls back. Her name has nothing to do with the name of the town. Lisl's always wanted a blonde daughter named Monica—blonde, because Pauli was so fair as a child, Monica because it seemed to her such a happy name. Throughout their marriage, Lisl's been in the habit of saying, "When Monica comes—" It was just a pleasant coincidence that she should have come to their home near Santa Monica. And another coincidence that she should have been christened in a little church called St. Paul's.

Last April she had her first birthday. Paul was very sad, says Lisl, because he was working in "The Conspirators" and couldn't be there.

"Can't you tell Jack Warner that your baby has a birthday, and you have to come back?"

"Yes. I can also tell you what Jack Warner will say to me!"

"Never mind. I'll fix the table so you can see it before you go."

There's a lovely fenced-in enclosure on the grounds known as Monica's garden. That's where they had the party—with ice cream and a one-candle cake and Monica's friends round the table and Lutz looking after them. Lutz's a prime favorite. Next day little Jill Schary paid a formal call on Lisl!

"I have something important to ask you. Monica's growing now, and pretty soon you won't need a nurse. But when I get married, I'll need a nurse for my baby. So I'd like to book Lutz now if it's all the same to you."

Paul's always had definite ideas on the training of children. He used to enlarge on them. "My child will be brought up as I was brought up. In the nursery. If we have guests, I don't want them bothered with a baby. I don't want a baby at the table when I eat. It disturbs me, and it disturbs the child."

turn-about tyke . . .

"You're perfectly right," said Lisl.

So from the time she's been big enough to sit in a high chair, Monica's had breakfast with her father. At first he offered excuses. After all, he was working. This was his only chance to see the child. Now it's an established routine, without excuses. They look at the paper together. Monica picks out the wah-wahs and peepes (birds) in the funnies. She likes to experiment with food—especially the other fellow's. "Dan-ke!" she says, her head bobbing forward on the ke. Thanks

to Lutz's sketchy English, the baby's bilingual. But she puts the cart before the horse. With her, *danke* means not thank you, but she'd like some of that, please. Paul gives her a scrap of bacon or buttered toast. Or he says, "Br-r-r!" Which means—it's no good, you don't want it.

"Br-r-r!" agrees Monica amiably and asks for something else.

Since he's been on vacation, Paul's placed himself largely at her disposal. They play the piano together and sing "Mary, Mary." They go swimming in the pool or take a little drive to the beach or the corner drugstore—where Paul feeds her vanilla ice cream. Once he took her shopping.

He likes to give presents without a reason—because he feels like it, not because it's a birthday. Something catches his eye in a shop window—"That would be a wonderful Christmas gift for Lisl." But he can't wait till Christmas, so he gives it to her in June. Special occasions are a club over your head. Gifts should be given by the heart, not the calendar—

So one day he felt like buying Monica

A DILLAR, A DOLLAR, A FIVE-DOLLAR SCHOLAR

Say, did you happen to notice what a flock of I SAW IT HAPPEN's we had last month? You see, we thought if we ran a slew of 'em, they would show you better than words just the sort of thing we're looking for. 'Cause it hurts like heck to disappoint you swell folk who sometimes send in three or four entries at a clip, month after month, without your stuff ever being used. Well, here's hoping you've gotten the slant and will start swamp-ing ye eds.

And remember, you needn't have swooned in Tyrone's arms or gone Roseland-ing with Hodiak to hit our pin-money jackpot. All we want are warm, human-interest anecdotes, simple stories with a beginning, a middle and an end that prove what swell guys those headliners really are.

It could have happened at a Bond Rally, a drive-in, school, the grocer's on Main Street; you could have heard about it from Janie next door or Great-Aunt Matilda in Kalamazoo. But whatever, send it in, and honest gosh, if we think the rest of the gang would like to hear it, we'll dress it up and scrub its face and plunk your name smack in the middle of MODERN SCREEN—and on your five dollar check!

a present. Lutz went along. They did get the baby a car-seat, but Lutz took one look and made like a stricken doe. "Laps are better for babies. I am Monica's lap." So the car-seat languishes in the garage.

"I want something for Monica," Paul told the girl in the shop. "A little ring or brooch maybe."

She brought out a tray. Lutz's eye lighted on a thin gold chain with three pearls—the kind you add to. "This is wonderful, Monica. You collect this."

"B-r-r-r!" said Monica.

Paul offered her a ring. She waved it away. He found a small bowknot brooch, exquisitely worked. "Will you have this?" he asked politely as he'd ask any lady.

"Wah-wah!" she cried, making a dive for a little dog-brooch.

"Br-r-r!" brrrd Lutz, and dangled the chain. "See how beautiful, Monica."

But you couldn't pry her loose from her dog-brooch.

(Continued on page 94)

Bonita Granville

Famous Hollywood Star says:

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In the door of their home, two of the Kellys greet us with a smile: Gene, M-G-M's dancing, acting sensation; Kerry, his pride and joy.

Betsy, the third member of the trio, invites her husband to sample the cookies she's baked for Kerry. Gene starts next in "Ziegfeld Follies."

What's Cookin' America

By Nancy Wood

For the fourth in this food series of

ours we proudly present **THE 3 KELLYS**

■ An emphatic and unequivocal "NO!" greeted the request with which we started our recent interview with Gene Kelly. You see—knowing that Gene originally came from the Keystone State—we had hoped he could tell us something about Pennsylvania Dutch food specialties for our series on the Regional Recipes of the Stars.

"Not me!" demurred Gene, side-stepping the issue with a degree of speed that reminded us of nothing so much as his agility in the "Alter Ego Dance" in Columbia's "Cover Girl."

"You forget," he went on, with an Irish twinkle in his eyes, "the name is K-E-double-L-Y. Of the Pittsburgh Kellys. And what would the likes of them be knowing about the Dutch?"

As for any dishes that are traditionally favored in Allegheny County, well the only one Gene could recall, off-hand, was Puff Balls! These grow wild in the woods of Pennsylvania and Ohio, it seems, and are eaten sliced and fried in butter. But since they must be chosen with utmost care, as some varieties are poisonous, we decided not to dwell on this subject but to proceed to other matters.



Fortunately for us, Gene subscribes to the oft-heard statement, "Never call an Irishman a quitter!" So, though professing to know nothing about the dishes preferred in the particular region from which he hails, Gene did go on to give us his all-

round favorites which we know would get feature billing on food programs everywhere!

In this culinary "act" he had the enthusiastic support of his charming wife, Betsy. Once a promising actress on the stage back in New York where they met and married, Mrs. Kelly is now more than content to devote herself to the welfare of her husband and their adored and adorable daughter, Kerry.

As to the foods of which they spoke and for which we secured the recipes, well, first and foremost there was Irish Stew. Naturally! Not that all Irishmen will necessarily like his version, Gene pointed out . . . since there are almost as many types of Irish stew as there are of Irishmen who demand this dish as their inalienable right! The Kelly-style stew calls for lamb, potatoes, carrots and frequently dumplings. No peas or parsnips, mind you, but plenty of turnips as they contend this vegetable is the most important flavoring adjunct in this famous dish. Mrs. Kelly also adds two large lamb bones to the pot to improve the flavor of the broth.

Kellyfornia Beans are another versatile main course feature at the Kelly dinner table, we were told.

But where the Kellys really went to town was on desserts. First Super Shells—which are special fruit tarts the size of coffee cups because Gene objects to "sample size" portions. Offered as a sort of culinary *Pas de Deux*, the pastry that goes into these shells is also used for Lattice Apple Pie which is Gene's favorite sweet—not only for dinner but also at breakfast! (A staunch believer in large breakfasts, anyway, Gene often tops off the first meal of the day with a couple of pieces of candy! He feels that candy is an important source of energy, which he realizes he needs for his Terpsichorean activities.)

A big favorite with this family are refrigerator cookies . . . convenient to have on hand for quick cooking . . . easy on ration points . . . fine for Kerry in a simplified version . . . therefore named in her honor.

* * *

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"How's that again?"

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We were just reminding Mother that you'll soon be big enough to toddle around and 'get into things'. You'll need a complete change of costume often—on short notice. And that's when *she'll* need Fels-Naptha Soap!

She'll need it to get your washing done in a jiffy. To get *all* the dirt out without rubbing your little dresses into rags. To get them so white you look 'sweet enough to eat'.

Does she *have* to use Fels-Naptha Soap? No, but if she takes the advice of a lot of Mothers we know—*she will!*



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"Wah-wah!" sneered Lutz riding home.
"And you could have had pearls!"

But Monica knows what she wants all right. The same thing happened with Lisl, who took her along to buy Paul a key-chain for Father's Day. He really needed a key-chain. But Monica preferred a little silver frame, which now stands on her father's bed-table with her picture in it. "Love from Monica to Daddy," it says. He also carries her picture in a locket on his money-clip. Insists he doesn't show it to people. Not unless they ask him.

bountiful bunnies . . .

The upper floor of the house belongs to Lutz and Monica. Paul risked life and limb to climb out on the roof and hang a bamboo shade over the big bedroom window for added coolness. He had an idea for the nursery, too. It's papered most of the way. "But let's paint it as high as a baby's arm can reach. Then she can make fingermarks, and it won't be a minor domestic tragedy." There's a shelf of honor for bunnies, sent to Monica by kind friends all over the country. That's because Paul told an interviewer once that rabbits were his luck-bringers. He still owns the one Lisl gave him for his make-up table soon after they met.

The baby's favorite toy is a duck-on-a-stick. That's what Paul says.

"Actually," says Lisl, "it's his favorite toy. Monica humors him."

They push it together, Monica in front. First, the duck just walks. Then you turn something, and he jumps. Then you turn something else, and he waddles. Monica screams with joy. Paul casts a smug sidelong glance at Lisl—

"Ah yes, but you didn't see her wink at me behind your back."

On Lutz's dresser stands a beautiful Viennese clock in the shape of a crystal sphere. Years ago, baby Lisl learned to tell time by it. Baby Monica will learn by the same old clock, and the same old nurse will teach her. A Rubens angel hangs over her bed between two silly-looking ducks. She can take her choice between art and comedy. In music, art lost out. She used to love Viennese waltzes. Now she's all for jazz. Her parents have discovered how to send her to sleep happy. When they used to just walk out on her, she'd whimper—couldn't bear to see them go. One night Paul grabbed Lisl and jitterbugged out with her. That did the trick. Sorrow was drowned in glee. Now Monica gets her floor-show every night.

hi'ing henreid . . .

It must be admitted that at bedtime she behaves better for Lutz than anyone else. But once a week Lutz goes to the movies. Not till her darling's asleep, but it happens sometimes that she wakes up when Lutz's gone—

There's one night the Henreids won't soon forget. The baby woke up, and how she woke up. Sleep was the farthest thing from her mind. "Hi!" she kept calling. "Hi, hi, hi!"

Mama and papa were about to sit down to dinner with a guest. Papa went up. Monica knows he's an easy mark. If a smile doesn't fix him, a kiss works wonders. Her arms went round his neck and clung, so naturally he had to pick her up. She reached toward the bathroom door, where her flannel robe hangs. That means she's ready to make a night of it. So No-Babies-at-the-Table Henreid got her into her robe and took her downstairs.

"She couldn't sleep," he explained.

After dinner, Lisl took over. "Now she's got to be tired, she's got to sleep," Paul and his friend sat down to a game of

chess. When you play chess, time passes unheeded. At ten o'clock Paul's eye fell on his watch. Where in heaven's name was Lisl? He ran upstairs—

"Hi!" said his daughter brightly.

His wife said nothing. She was crying. He felt terribly sorry for her. "You go down and relax, and I'll put her to sleep—"

"You'll never get her to sleep, and what will Lutz say when she comes home?"

Paul summoned psychology to his aid. He paced the floor with his child and sang the first three bars of the "Brahms Lullaby" over and over and over again—"la-la-lah, la-la-lah, la-la-lah-la-la-lah—". She liked that—she liked it so much that she started singing it with him. "La-la-lah," said Paul. "Aa-aa-ah," crooned Monica. His arms went stiff, because he was afraid to shift her, and his throat went dry. At last the obligato faltered—the lids fluttered—or was it a mirage? No, she was asleep. But would she stay asleep if he put her down? At this point, he was taking no chances. "Up-and-down, back-and-forth, la-la-lah-la-la-lah—"

When he finally reappeared, Lisl offered to pin a medal on him.

"Just a little liniment for my arms instead. And do me a favor, Lisl. Next time you play the 'Brahms Lullaby,' skip the first three bars."

But even at the cost of singing her to sleep every night, he'd still like to keep her the way she is. "One year more and then they start to go away from you."

"Pauli," explains Lisl, "would like to skip 3 to 16, and then reappear when Monica will be very good-looking, and he can take her to the Mocambo. All the trouble in between I can handle."

Today is enough for Lisl. Paul plans for the future.

"When she's twelve or thirteen, she goes East to school. To broaden her outlook. To make her understand that Hollywood isn't the world."

"I don't listen," says Lisl tranquilly. "I look only for the next eight days—or at most, three months."

Paul continues gazing into his crystal ball. "A year in Switzerland, maybe."

"Certainly. If the whole family moves to Switzerland for a year."

This "whole-family" business brings up another point. Just as she used to say, "When Monica comes—" Lisl now says, "When we have Mimi." Paul's not so sure. He's so crazy about this one that he can't imagine giving his heart to another. Lisl has more imagination. Also more realism not to mention an unquenchable maternal spirit—

"It's not good for a child to be brought up alone. Anyway, you said it was wonderful when you saw that picture of a man with 23 children."

"Darling, your memory is poor. I said astonishing."

"Well, I only want six. But," she adds hastily, "we'll settle now for two."

"What do you mean by now?"

"By now, I mean now. What will be in three years, who can say?"

Our bets are on Lisl. There's a third room upstairs that's going to be Monica's room, when Mimi comes along—

Meantime, Monica rules the roost. "So many people thought we'd be silly about her," says Lisl.

"But we're completely normal," says Paul.

"Of course. You don't show people her picture. Unless they ask."

"And you sometimes talk about other things. If you must."

"Hi!" calls a voice from the garden.

Lisl jumps up. Paul grins. "Let's be silly," he says, tucking her hand through his arm. And they go out together toward the sunlight and Monica.



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NUTTY BUT NICE

(Continued from page 31)

He keeps at it till friends begin to drop in—intimates of the house like Betty Kaplan and the Ken Niles with their two nice youngsters. Scotch and Soda go dashing round the pool, barking like mad every time someone dives off the board. Once, Soda got too close to the edge and toppled in—

"Save him, save him!" yelled Jane.

Ronnie dropped a soothing hand on her shoulder. "Honey, that's a dog. He's not like you, he *knows* how to swim."

Preparations for supper get under way. A long table's set in the patio for the grown-ups, a small one for the three children. Jane runs in and out of the kitchen, helping Velma. "See to it that Maureen eats, will you, boys? She's not very good at it—"

Wendell and Dennis, 11 and 9, take their responsibility seriously. "She couldn't eat all that dinner, a little girl like that."

"I should say not. Only a big girl could eat it. Or else a boy."

"I can too eat it!"

"Okay, we'll race you."

Jane would like to pin a decoration on the boys, or kiss them. When they see Maureen lagging, they drop some food back on their plates, so she can win the race. Presently, Ronnie passes the table. The boys are deep in a discussion of baseball. Chin in hand, Maureen listens raptly without the vaguest idea of what they're talking about—

"What goes on over there?" Jane asks.

"Not a thing to worry about. Your daughter knows how to handle her men."

If it's Nanny's day off, Jane leaves her guests to get Maureen ready for bed. The big treat's a bubble bath in Mummy's tub. Then Ronnie comes up. One night for their child's diversion, he and Jane went into a corny old Foy routine—

"Hello, Joe, whaddayaknow?"

"Just got back from a vaudeville show."

"Can you sing and dance?"

"I'll take a chance."

"Well, all right, let's go—"

That went over, but big. Maureen clamored for it whenever Daddy came home. Now she does it for them, the little ham. Sits them down and takes both parts herself. "Just got back from a waterbill show," she carols. And when she goes into the dance—a little thing she ran up herself in *very* odd moments—strangled sounds issue from her parents' throats which they cover up with vigorous applause.

"my soul to keep." . . .

Then come prayers. Maureen bows her head, but keeps her eyes open so she can look at Grandpa Reagan's picture. Sometimes she holds it herself, sometimes she gives it to her doll to hold. Because Grandpa Reagan, who went to heaven when she was a tiny baby, loves her very much and always listens with God to her prayers. If she's good, that is. If she's been naughty, he feels sad and has to close the door.

Another good thing about Sunday is she can have breakfast with Daddy Monday morning.

"Daddy," she said, eyeing him fondly on one such occasion, "you're a jerk—"

Ronnie has his own inimitable way of handling such crises. "That's fine. Now I'll tell you something. You're a jerk, too. And I'll tell you another thing. Don't ever call anyone else a jerk. We'll be the only

jerks in the world, just you and I—"

When Jane came down—"Mummy, you know what? You're a button-nose bunny, and Nanny's little woolly lamb, and Velma's a chickadee. But look at Daddy and me," she crowed. "We're a couple of jerks—"

Mother's Day was a very special Sunday. In her blue and white dress and little straw hat, Maureen was presented to the church. The minister—who married Jane and Ronnie five years ago—gave her a certificate, and a pink rose for her mother.

"That's from the minister, not from me—" If she said it once, she said it five dozen times on the way home, blinking furiously at Daddy and giggling her head off. It was all very subtle—

She couldn't wait to scramble out of the car and up to her mother's bedroom. Jane found her standing breathless beside a package. "Here's my muzzer's day present from me—" When she's excited, it comes out muzzer.

Muzzer opened the box. A black nightgown. If there's anything Jane detests, it's a black nightgown. Strictly the Fuji-silk pajama type, that's Jane.

"My, you're going to look pretty in that," cooed Maureen.

Stifling a groan, muzzer went into the proper ecstasies. Ronnie's face came edging round the door and met a dirty look.

"Don't look at me. She picked it with her own little hatchet."

three for one . . .

Jane dislikes waste. A week or so later, she approached her daughter tactfully. "That's a beautiful present you bought me, but you know what we could do with it? We could take it back and buy three presents instead—one for me, one for Daddy—"

"And one for Maureen."

Blissfully unaware that her feelings should have been hurt, she was enchanted with the whole transaction. They bought robes and pajamas for themselves and pajamas for Daddy.

Jane and Ronnie feel strongly about teaching her the value of money. For services rendered, she gets a nickel—called a big penny—which she puts in her bank. But she knows how to steer an occasional windfall her way. Two cents clutched in her palm, she'll inquire wistfully: "How many little pennies does it take to make a big penny?" That's generally good for a handout from Mummy or Daddy. She's not allowed to take money from anyone else.

But she's found that wealth entails responsibilities. "I want a new pair of shoes," she announced one day.

"Fine," said Jane, "if you've got the money to pay for them."

"I'll ask Daddy—"

"Daddy buys things you need, not things you just want."

"Nana's got money."

"Nana needs her own money to pay for her own shoes."

A long pause. "Oh, well—I'll pay for them."

That started it. She discovered that if saving was nice, spending was nicer. Now she saves with a purpose. "Guess I'll take my two grannies out to lunch." The bank disgorges three dollars. You can't cheat on Maureen. If she's taking you out to lunch, she foots the bill. So they go to the Tick-Tock, where the 75-cent table d'hôte is so good that you have to wait on line for an hour. As hostess, Maureen keeps her grannies' spirits up. "Oh my," she burbles at two-minute intervals, "what a fine lunch we're going to have bimeby."

Part of her income's derived from housework—picking up toys, setting dolls straight, tidying at Nanny's heels in a

helpful way. Nanny takes care of her own room and Maureen's. Jane takes care of hers. Otherwise, Velma would have too much to do. Because Cliff, Velma's husband, works only part time for the Reagans now. And part time for the railroad, doing his share to ease the labor shortage. He comes and goes, and they call him Casey Jones.

"You off now, Casey?"

"Casey's off now, Miss Maureen."

"Well, don't worry, I'll take care of the house."

For months now, Jane's been getting up at 5:30. A change has come over the status of Miss Wyman of Warner Brothers. There was a time when she hadn't enough to do, when she waited for work. Since "Animal Kingdom" she hasn't stopped working. Since "Make Your Own Bed" she's been a star. Ann Sheridan says she'll be the talk of the town when "The Doughgirls" comes out.

Of course she's pleased, who wouldn't be? Some reach stardom quickly. She made it the hard way. But Jane's not one to get excited over billing. "So they call you Miss Wyman instead of Jane. I'd rather be Jane." What matters is that she's been promoted from "Sorry-Janie-there's-no-story-for-you-right-now" to "We've-bought-such-and-such-a-story-for-Wyman." What matters is the sense of breaking a stalemate, of being on her way at last—

"I wanted to move," says Jane. "Preferably up. But even down would have been something. Only if you're going down, go. It's sticking in one spot that drives you mad—"

She wrote to Ronnie: "Don't look now, hon, but that little speck miles down the road behind you is me. Took me two and a half years while you were in the service to get even that close."

They had to talk her into doing Vivian in "The Doughgirls." She made a test and thought it was horrible. Up in Mark Hellinger's office one afternoon, they all went to work on her. It was pressure, rather than conviction, that broke her down. "Ah, do it!" pleaded Annie Sheridan. "What can you lose? A lousy fortune?"

Now she shudders at the thought that she might have missed it. There'll never be another picture like "The Doughgirls"—so good and such fun to do. There'll never be three sweller dames than Ann and Eve Arden and Alexis Smith. Or a director to beat Jimmie Kern—

Jane and Ann and Alexis wanted to give Jimmie something to remember them by. Something unique and original and different. For days they racked their brains, till Jane was finally smitten by inspiration.

"How's this for an idea? Our three miniatures on ivory in a silver frame for his desk, inscribed, 'From The Doughgirls.'"

"Marvelous! I know a guy who does beautiful work," said Alexis. "He's right here at the studio. Let's get him down."

The guy came down. Yes, he'd be glad to do it. A charming idea! It should be done thus and so and et cetera and et cetera. The spiel went on and on, embracing every detail but one—on and on, while the girls listened fascinated, and no one dared mention anything so vulgar as money.

down to earth k . . . thump . . .

It was Jane who finally took the bull by the horns. This was all very ethereal, but somebody had to find out one of these days—

"Uh—what do you think it'll cost?"

"Cost?" He touched the word so disdainfully that she felt like a worm for having brought it up. "I get anywhere

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from 500 to 3000 dollars for my work."

You never saw tongues go down three throats so fast. They were afraid to look at each other. Ann's resistance to laughter is low. All Jane has to do is go boo, and Annie breaks up—

Somehow they got rid of him before hysteria set in. By the time their shrieks had died away to moans, they decided it was too good a joke to keep to themselves. Jimmie had to come in and hear the whole story—

"That," he said, "is the best 3000 dollars worth of pictures I never got."

"At 3000 dollars," Ann snorted, "I not only wouldn't have my mug painted, I wouldn't have it lifted."

They gave Jimmie an un-unique, un-original and un-different cigarette lighter, with their names engraved on it. And they gave Alexis the name of I-Know-A-Guy Smith.

Naturally, it wasn't all fun. Work as such can't be fun to Jane. She takes it too hard. It's Ronnie who's Irish, but Jane who's moody. Up in the clouds or down in the depths of gloom—never a happy medium, no matter how she tries, and she tries hard—

"My husband and I," says Jane, "are like Scotch and Soda."

Soda takes after Ronnie, Scotch after her. One day Scotch got mad and started snapping at Soda. For a moment, Soda watched him tolerantly—"Pipe down, brother, pipe down." When that didn't work, he lifted his paw and laid it quietly on his brother's nose. It worked like a charm. Scotch subsided, Soda removed the paw, and they trotted off together in brotherly love.

"And if those aren't my husband's tactics, I'll eat my hat," remarked Jane out loud, though no one was around to hear.

oil on the waters . . .

Few people are as honest with themselves as Jane. Few people see their faults so clearly. If things at the studio upset her, she gripes about them at home. She flies off the handle. She knows she shouldn't, but she does. When Ronnie's around, he tries to calm her down. But she doesn't want to be calm, she wants to storm—

"You don't know what things are like. You've been away too long."

"Things like that don't change. It's just a question of diplomacy."

Time passes, and she cools off—realizes that Ronnie has his own problems, that it can't be much fun to come home on a week-end pass and listen to her beef. Her conscience smites her. Jane's temper is warm, but not nearly so warm as her heart—

Only you can't apologize to Ronnie. He doesn't have that kind of self-righteousness. So she takes the indirect approach—

"Look, is it all right with you if I'm a jerk?"

"I don't know—what—you're—talking about."

"I'm talking about me being a jerk last week."

"You suit me, hon. If you didn't blow up now and then, you'd be somebody else. What's on for tonight?"

A movie's on for tonight. Or a gin rummy game with Joan and Ken Niles. Or they'll drop in on Gracie and George Burns. Jane's admiration for Gracie knows no bounds. "You can't imagine being anyone but yourself," she says soberly. "But if I weren't myself, the woman I'd like best to be is Gracie Allen. I'm not one to go off the deep end, as a rule, but to me Gracie represents a kind of ideal—as a wife, as a mother, as a friend, as a person."

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nothing but the war. If you talked about anything else, he was very polite, but he didn't really hear you. Now, as with most of us, the invasion has wrought a subtle change. The war remains all-important, the road remains long. But light glimmers on the horizon, and sometimes he lifts his eyes to it for a moment.

He and Jane had dinner out one Sunday. While he made a phone call for her, she ordered more coffee.

"For Mr. Wyman, too?" asked the waiter. She choked. "Don't let him hear you say that, or he'll murder the two of us." But she was still grinning when he got back.

"What's funny?" She told him. "Wait," he said. "Just wait till I get out of this uniform." It was the first time he'd shown any spark of interest in what was going to happen after the war.

Since then, he's shown other sparks. Last Christmas, Jane gave him two lots adjoining their property. When the war's over, they'd remodel the house. Ronnie couldn't get worked up over the project. "The war's not over yet," he'd say.

Recently, he brought a big, cellophane-wrapped sheet of cardboard home from the post with him.

"What's that?" "Something I'll show you after dinner."

It was a plan of their remodeled house and grounds, all drawn to scale. He'd cut out little trees and pasted them in such a way, that they could be laid flat against the board or made to stand up. A girl with a golf club, a tiny girl scampering behind her, chased two Scotties across the lawn.

Jane went out of her mind. "But where in the world are you?"

He pulled up a limb of a maple tree. Under it, smoking his pipe, lolled plain Mr. Reagan.

"But the war's not over yet," teased Jane.

"No, it's not. And I'll be in it till the last dog's out. Like any soldier." Then he looked down at the house and the girls and dogs. "But a guy can dream, can't he?"

CO-ED

(Continued from page 22)

how to dress to suit an occasion, how to make the very most of an unspectacular puss. (And our etiquette, beauty and fashion charts will be boons here. See page 26.) It helps to know what's going on in the world, so that you're not shivering on the outskirts of every conversation. (And your radio, newspapers and newsweeklies are the medicine for this.) It helps to have a couple of emergency measures up your sleeve. Stuff that you don't find in books, like how not to get stuck at a dance, how to invite a boy to a party, how to stop being a girl's girl or a lone wolf and become part of a gay co-ed throng. It's on these uncharted items that we're going to try to help.

We've collected data from gals who have been through all the teen-age nightmares. Wallflowers who've bloomed into beautiful things. And the answers they've learned the hard way are all yours for a quick look-see in this and subsequent Co-eds.

getting stuck . . .

The first step toward not getting stuck begins at home in the privacy of your own room. Dress with real care; apply your party face with skill; be lavish with the mouth-wash and non-perspirant. Be convinced when you greet your fella, that you couldn't possibly look better.

If the dance is being held at school or at the plant, where all the boys know you, beam at them as you come in. Not



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Hopper's White Clay Pack is also a marvelous quick beauty pick up. It helps you look your dazzling best on short notice. Used weekly—it helps maintain heavenly smooth, clear "top-skin" beauty.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** WHITE CLAY **PACK**

the glassy-eyed, white-lipped grin of the gal who's positive she's in for a bad night, but a sweet, half-smile that intrigues them. There's nothing wrong with scattering a few come-ons where they'll do the most good, either. "I heard something nice about you, Johnny," or "I won't go home till you rumba with me, Joe." Nothing brazen about it. It's just good strategy.

In the powder room, get a group of your true buddies to agree to share their men. That is, you each promise to get your beau to break on each of the group.

Out on the dance floor, relax. Chat with the boy you're with just as if you were home, dancing to Dorsey on the vic. Don't peer nervously around to see how everyone else is doing. Remember, the stags are attracted to the gal who looks as if she's having fun. If she and her guy are laughing their heads off, they can't stand it until they know what the joke is—and how can they find out without cutting in? Summing up, it's almost a guarantee that if you can lose that paralyzing, tongue-tying terror of being stuck—you never will be.

There'll be off nights of course, when you can't seem to get started, when you might as well be invisible for all practical purposes. Everyone has 'em, and don't get panicky. Say something casual to your date like, "I know what it is. I forgot my Woodbury cocktail." At least then he'll know that you know, and the tension will be gone. If it's a boy you know very well, tell him you'll go spray on some perfume, while he busies himself distributing five dollar bills to reluctant stags. Vanish to the ladies' room, give him time to work, then reappear to start on a belated whirl. Once the jinx is lifted, you'll have a gay, gay time.

More of the same next month, and if you have any stumbling blocks on the way to smoothness, let us know, and if we possibly can, we'll clear 'em up.

Co-Ed Mailbox

I've been overseas for two years during which time I've written every day to my girl and sent her as much of my pay as I could afford for her to save for our marriage. Lately, she sends me pictures of herself with other soldiers, inscribed, "He says to tell you how lucky you are," etc. She writes me very rarely now, and when she does, her letters aren't the least bit affectionate. She makes fun of what she calls the "mush" in mine. Do you think she's tired of waiting for me? My heart aches. PFC. John Hart, Somewhere-in-France.

John, try not to feel too badly about what your girl writes to you. Ever since Eve, girls have played at that stuff: Flaunting other men in their sweethearts' faces just to extract anguished protests from them. Acting cool for the sole purpose of worrying them. There's nothing new about it and nothing very significant, but against a background of war, coy tactics are pretty cruel, pretty young. However, the very fact that she bothers to tease you shows that she is still fond of you. If she weren't, she'd simply stop writing. In your letters to her, be unimpressed by her conquests and mention a few of your own, fictitious if necessary. Be cool, but not huffy. She'll snap out of it.

I understand there's a terrific demand for high school girls to take care of children. I am in my last year at junior high and would love that sort of work, if I only knew how to get it. Ellen Duddy, Astoria, L. I.

You might see if your high school has

a registry. If so, have your name added to the list of baby-sitters. Call the Chamber of Commerce and list yourself with them, stating the hours at which you are free to work. If there's an Army camp near you, Army wives would be thrilled to know about your services, so put yourself on file with the War Housing Committee or any comparable organization in your locality. You might also advertise in your community newspaper. It would be worthwhile to keep an ad running all the time giving your qualifications, available hours, rates, etc.

I am to be married soon and am simply appalled at all the details connected with the ceremony. Can you tell me the answers to these questions: Is the bride always given a white bible, and who gives it? If it is a double ring ceremony, does the bride buy the groom a ring? If the bride's gown is formal, is it necessary for the bridesmaids to wear formal dresses? A. J., Phoenix, Ariz.

The bride often carries a white bible in which there is a spray of white flowers, but this is strictly up to the bride. A bouquet of flowers (white, of course) is perhaps more customary. The bride would buy herself the bible. Yes, in a double ring ceremony the bride gives the groom a ring. Be sure to ascertain his finger size and also consult him about style before buying it. When the bride wears a formal wedding gown, the bridesmaids usually wear long dresses, but they don't absolutely have to. They may wear short, afternoon dresses in pastel colors and carry small bouquets.

Is mail to servicemen censored? Betty Marks, Grosse Point, Mich.

Not all of it. One out of every five or six letters received at the Fleet or Army Post Office is opened and censored. This spot-checking on outgoing mail should inspire caution in all of us. Enclose no plans of machines with which you work at the war plant, give no statistical information about production, refrain from demoralizing comments on the Government, the rationing system, etc.

I received a letter from my husband—he's with the Seabees in the Pacific—and he says to stop dishing him sweetness and light in my letters. He tells me to let him in on the seamy side. Here I thought I was being a morale-booster, and I get myself bawled out. What shall I do now? Mrs. A. S. Harrison, Los Angeles, Calif.

The phoney cheer of some of our letters to servicemen worries them. They think, "Gee, things can't be that good." And they begin imagining fictitious catastrophes. There's a fine line between out-and-out griping and the sharing of small disappointments and annoyances. Let him know that you ran out of gas and had to be pushed home, that the gal next door continues to bore you stiff. Just don't wail about it, though. Give it a humorous slant, the way you would if you were telling him about it. Don't burden him with financial anguishings, with in-law troubles. He's absolutely helpless to do anything about these things, and it drives him crazy to think of you coping with them singlehanded.

Gosh, thanks for all the mail. We feel like Hedy Lamarr or someone. Keep it coming, won't you, gals? And boys, too. If you're overseas and need a trouble-shooter, that's us. If you want a line to snare an Australian dream-puss, we've got it. Here's where to write: Jean Kink-head, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

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THE FIGHTING GRANTS

(Continued from page 56)

have at least three. We're praying, both of us. Maybe our dreams will come true."

Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant live comfortably, spaciouly, richly, if you will—but not grandly. Their house is a gem of loveliness situated far off the main boulevard in the Riviera section, up in the hills, lushly green in the early summer, with a beautiful view of the Pacific far below and ten miles away. Elissa Landi lived in that house some twelve or fifteen years ago. Then for a long time it was unoccupied until Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and his pretty bride took it over, remodeled it and built additions.

paper doll, iron will . . .

Barbara fits very pleasantly into that homey place. She has really made it her own now, hers and Cary's, for much of the décor, paintings and bric-a-brac are things she has picked up all over the world.

We had a wonderful afternoon together, and I'm quite sure that never before had she spoken to anyone for publication so freely and unrestrainedly. She so much resembles a delicate Dresden china doll—a frail shepherdess, I think, comes closer to what I mean. So little, so appealing. But when she talks of her son Lance, now nine years old, fire leaps into her eyes, and unwittingly she makes one realize that although her millions may be an accident, her birthright and heritage aren't. There's plenty of fight in that hundred-pound body!

We talked of everything under the sun but invariably came back to the subject closest to her heart, her boy. You know, her former husband, the Danish Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, brought a suit against her charging that she was, of all things, unmotherly; that she used improper language in the child's hearing. It's really all quite ridiculous. But to Barbara it's deadly serious.

"My lawyers told me I'll have to go to court and battle it out," she said. "I'm going to do it, right through to the end, no matter what it costs me."

She wasn't talking in terms of money, for

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was Tucson's first premiere—and mine. I was terribly thrilled at the thought of seeing the famous stars who were due and especially my favorite, Melvyn Douglas.

It took a lot of persuasion to get my older sister to come with me to the airport, but finally she gave in and we arrived just as the huge silver bird glided in for a perfect landing.

Suddenly, the crowd started to surge forward and, as one person has very little say about the direction she'd like to move in with such a mob, I moved with it.

To steady myself, I reached out and took hold of what I thought was my sister's arm. We stumbled along for awhile, and finally I tugged at it to indicate that I just couldn't take the pace. I was tired and irritated so I said, "Will you please slow down. Who do you think you are, a privileged character?"

Whereupon the pace slackened, the arm relaxed, and Melvyn Douglas drawled, "Well, could be!"

Josephine Starker,
Tucson, Arizona.

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the legal fees aren't so important. But what it's going to cost her in overcoming the shyness that is her outstanding characteristic is a great deal. Most of our poor little rich movie girls are inveterate seekers after publicity, lovers of the lime-light. Barbara is the shyest, most self-effacing little thing I've ever seen. She has shunned newspaper notoriety like the plague merely because she simply cannot bear to parade herself in public. I think it must hurt her physically, and I know it sears her soul. Maybe it hasn't been too wise a policy on Barbara's part, for there have been many times when the reporters were hounding her, and she shut herself away. The press may have thought her arrogant. Wrong, she was only frightened to death.

The love of Barbara and Cary Grant is so deep that I think there's little likelihood of their drifting apart. I'm on a limb saying that, knowing well that nearly every "ideal" Hollywood marriage has hit the rocks sooner or later. But with these two, that ol' devil career is no hazard. Barbara yearns only to be wife, mother and chatelaine. Their arrangement is ideal. For instance, the day I was at their house Cary was absent at Arrowhead having a five-day powwow with his agent, Frank Vincent.

Friday night is fight night in Hollywood, and Cary always goes to the Legion Stadium with some men cronies. Barbara can't endure the fights. "They terrify me," she said, and I can sympathize with her. Years ago when I first came to Hollywood, I was told that everybody who was anybody had to be seen at the ringside. So I got myself all done up in a brand new gown to make my escort proud of me, and before the evening was over, it was ruined and even a couple of flying teeth fell in my lap.

Barbara misses Lance dreadfully when he's with his father. I asked her what she does with her time.

"I play tennis every morning," she said. "Afternoons, when Lance is home, we go to the beach to swim or ride—and in the evening I like nothing better, believe it or not, than to curl up with a good book. I read lots. When Cary is home, we often play gin rummy, and he usually wins. But he doesn't care for bridge. Most of the time we have a guest or two in the house. Just now Richard Owens, the art connoisseur, is with us—the father of a friend of ours. He's busy mending Lance's miniature boats so everything will be ready when he returns for the summer."

"Please show me the house, Barbara," I requested.

Lance's bedroom has windows on three sides—large and airy, done in cool green and yellow glazed chintz. He also has a playroom filled with maps, ships' models, ship prints and all that sort of thing. The youngster has a definite yen for the sea.

Barbara sleeps in a huge oversized bed which sits on a dais. It fits snugly into one end of the room and was, in fact, built specially to fill the space. The décor is very soft and feminine, like a boudoir. There's an open fireplace and overstuffed sofas with lacy pillows. And several excellent paintings on the walls. Rubin is represented by a number of works. Barbara went to that painter's first exhibition in America two years ago and liked his style so much that she bought a number of his canvases.

Cary's room, reached only by passing through Barbara's, is a lot bigger than hers, with an enormous bath three times the size of hers. Observing my smile, she said,

"Well, you see, this room was built by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and he had lived a long time in England where we all know

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Porcelain-lovely Betty Ribble



the man of the house thinks of his own comfort first."

Cary has an oversized daybed on which he can—and does—recline, with a gorgeous view of the ocean and a canyon that gives out on rolling hills. He has a fireplace, too. But the thing that makes the room distinctive is the furniture—some very fine pieces which Barbara purchased for him in New York and which he adores. Cary, too, who was born, you remember, in a British seaside city, loves ships, and his walls are decorated with fine paintings of ships and harbors.

In the upper hall there's a magnificent portrait of Barbara by Sorine. There's a small head of her, too, in the dining room, also by Sorine, done at her request in one of her favorite hats. The dining room is done entirely in old English furniture, imposing yet full of quaint charm, and Barbara has added her personal touch in the silver, crystals and china, all her own. She loves flowers and knows how to arrange them, blooms mostly grown in her own garden. The house is always fragrant with them.

renewing the old world . . .

Sunday luncheon is a gala affair at the Grant ménage. You're sure to hear half a dozen languages spoken round the festive board—guests whom Barbara knew abroad, and Hollywood is full of such folk, many of them stranded with little to live on. For example, there's Victor Francen, often a guest, a French actor formerly with the Comédie Française, who arrived in this country a year ago with \$100 in his pocket and not knowing a word of English. "An enchanting person," she says. "He now speaks English like a native, and all he asks for is just enough work to keep him going. This is sheer modesty because he was one of the greatest stars of the French theatre and movies."

They had some forty of her old European friends at dinner last Christmas. Lance was with his father. She had specially prepared for each guest the kind of food that each might have enjoyed in his own country. There was a gift for everybody. Some of them were elderly men and women in their seventies.

A lover of art, Barbara hasn't gone in for collecting on a large scale—in fact she has no real extravagances—but she does own some exceedingly choice pieces, notably a Botticelli and three paintings by Canello. Barbara has visited Japan three times. She lent me a precious volume titled "Three Bamboos" which gave me a better idea of what life is really like in that inhuman country than anything I've ever read.

Her health is better these days than it has been. Perhaps this improvement in her physical well-being has had something to do with renewing her determination to seek justice for herself. Physicians searched for the cause of her frailness and finally discovered that when she had a tonsillectomy some years ago, some infected tissue remained which was steadily poisoning her system.

We're told that opposites attract each other, and in that trait of human nature, I suspect, one finds the real reason for the compatibility of Barbara and Cary. Cary is gregarious, loves people and crowds; Barbara loves to creep within herself and live contemplatively. It's well known, of course, that she writes exquisite poetry. Only very few are allowed to read it and none to talk about it. Barbara was born with the proverbial golden spoon in her mouth. Cary's parents were poor by comparison.

While she was attending fashionable finishing schools in Paris and making the

European capitals and New York as well, her playground, Cary was getting his start as a Coney Island barker. She was surrounded by nurses and governesses, allowed to play only with the right children; Cary was rubbing elbows with humanity's dregs and learning life in the raw.

and never the twain will meet? . . .

Not that the seamy side ever really touched him. But it was a wonderful preparation for life for a man of Cary's qualities, for this handsome six feet plus of rawboned man who was to become the mate of one of our most famous women.

Their courtship and marriage was story-book stuff. If the war hadn't come along, it never would have happened. Barbara came to California because she couldn't go abroad anywhere. She was lonely, distraught. Acutely sensitive, she had long ago instinctively withdrawn into her shell of reserve as a protection against her deep feelings of insecurity in a world made too boundless by her money. That it was a foolish gesture, she realizes now, but to the young, overly-shielded girl, it was the only way she knew of warding off the humiliations and indignities to which she was subjected. At the time Barbara needed, above all else, sympathy and comradeship, and meeting Cary was the greatest thing that could have happened. There's some of the charm of Valentino about Cary without Rudolph's ingratiating tenderness. Cary is, heaven knows, gentle as a kitten at times. On his bond tours women wait on the streets for a glance at him, and when he smiles at them, tears fill their eyes. Valentino had that effect on women. But Cary Grant never would permit the build-up for himself that Valentino received, and any studio publicity people who attempted it would feel the toe of his boot.

The lawsuit brought by Barbara's ex-husband has brought her and Cary closer together than ever. Incidentally, I can say from personal knowledge that his accusations against her were not only the summit of injustice but absurd to anyone who knows the gentle, shy sweet soul that she really is. Haugwitz-Reventlow is forcibly trying to take Lance away from the Grants, and keep him with him in Vancouver. What an atmosphere it would be in which to bring up a healthy, spirited boy, to forcibly alienate him from Cary, who is one of our most famous, loved and respected men—a man who lifted himself up by his own bootstraps to fame and wealth! "Now you understand," Barbara said to me, "why I'm fighting—right through to the bitter end."

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 8)

1. Pepsodent salesman
2. Maria's momma
3. Mrs. Peverell Marley
4. Waukegan wonder
5. 16 and never been hissed
6. Latin from Manhattan
7. Shelton's shuddering
8. Camille
9. His master's voice
10. Started lipstick fad
11. Conspirator in Casablanca
12. Poodle petter
13. Hertz hurts
14. Salt Lake City Sugar
15. Keen with O'Connor
16. 20 years a heart throb
17. Mrs. Dr. Peter Lindstrom
18. Star of two cities
19. Jacobowsky and the Colonel's lady
20. Holiday with Halliday

(Continued on page 112)

"The touches of her hands
are **Like the Dew** *
That falls so softly down"

—"Love Lyrics," James Whitcomb Riley



* Like the dew?...
Not when you wield a
Welding Rod,
lady!



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YOU know that old saying about "look at a woman's hands to know her true age."

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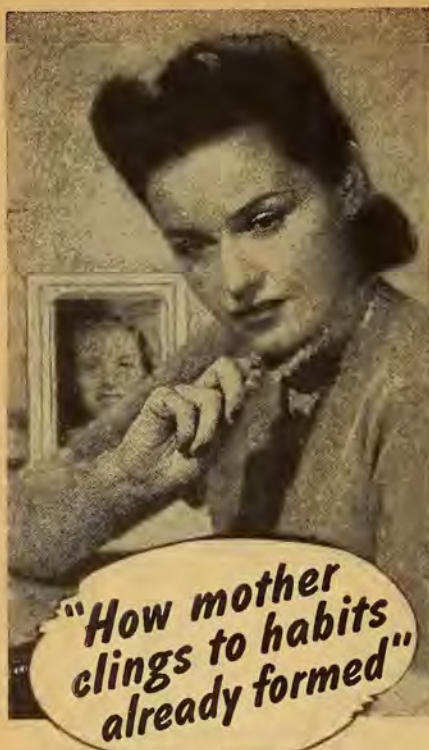
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Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day.





HER mother is a marvelous mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter's modern point of view . . . Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of *Tampax*. Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of "Tampax age."

Isn't it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try *Tampax*, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it . . . Pure surgical cotton . . . Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in 3 different absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



FRANK SINATRA

(Continued from page 45)

The events leading up to said ride have been told so many times you must know them by heart, but like all good legends, Frank's improves with the telling.

His mother, you know, was a nurse, and his dad a fireman (recently made a Captain), and Frank grew up unspectacularly in Hoboken, N. J. A skinny kid who loved a fight and frequently got one. A fiercely loyal, generous little demon who was in and out of more trouble than your own kid brother or that rascal down the street. He outgrew a lot of the devilment, but fortunately not the loyalty or the generosity. The same open-heartedness that made him squander his life-savings at the age of five to get his mom a bottle of five-and-ten perfume for Mother's Day, is still with him knocking hell out of his bank account. He can't go by a jewelry store, a toy shop, a florist, without getting something for someone. A musical doll for Nancy Sandra, silver foxes for his mom, a new ring for Nancy, the gal he's been in love with for nearly ten years.

love in bloom . . .

He met her the summer he graduated from Demarest, and cornily enough, it was love at first sight. They were both vacationing at Long Branch, New Jersey—Frank with his mother and father; Nancy with her parents and six sisters. She had on a pink bathing suit, he remembers, the first time he saw her, and her dark hair was down over her shoulders. She looked like a sea nymph or a cover girl. No, better than that. She was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

He wasted no time asking her out, and when she said, "yes," the angels sang. They were together every day after that, and every evening. They swam, and they danced, and they lay on the beach for hours talking and talking. Frank discovered he could tell her things he wouldn't have dared tell anybody else. The way he felt inside about the world, his half-baked seventeen-year-old philosophy, this crazy ambition he had to sing. And she listened and cared about what he thought. She listened to him sing, and she thought he was good. By the time he went home that summer, he'd decided that the engineering degree his parents so wanted him to have wasn't for him. He'd get a job and bide his time, and some day a good band would come along and sign him as vocalist.

He worked hard that fall and winter and all the next spring. He covered sports for the *Jersey Observer* by day, studied shorthand and journalism at Drake Institute by night. There was no time for women, and—more important—no money. So he put Nancy in a dark corner of his mind and tried to forget about her. It didn't work very well. He thought about her so much, he went around in a fog half the time. Finally, his cousin, Frank Sinatra (known now as Junior) lit into him about it.

"What's with you?" he asked him bluntly one day.

"Nothing. What are you talking about?"

"That puss. Like a sick cow. C'mon, squirt, what does?" Okay, he asked for it. He got it. There was this babe who lived in Jersey City. He'd kidded himself that it was just a summer romance, but now he knew. Only she was such a queen. And imagine courting a gal by way of the Jackson Avenue trolley and then not having any dough to take her any place.

Junior soothed him instantly. "Take it

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easy. Take it easy," he told him. "I've got a car, haven't I? We can take her for a ride, and you can stake her to a coke or something, can't you?"

So Frank and Nancy, and Big Frank and his wife became a foursome. They played poker at the Big Franks' apartment. Danced in their tiny living room. Ate spaghetti in their kitchen. On the nights Frankie took her out alone, there were long walks, ice cream sodas and an occasional movie. One night they saw a Bing Crosby picture, and on the way home, Frank told Nancy,

"That's for me, honey. I'll never be happy till I've got a singing job."

"Of course. I know you won't," she told him quietly. "What are you going to do about it?"

Next day he quit his job at the Observer. An audition with Major Bowes was the first step, and when he won First Prize for his "Night and Day," he thought, "Oh golly, this is it. I'm famous." Only the tour with the Bowes unit took him thousands of miles from Nancy, and after three months, his loneliness was too big to bear, and he came home.

He got auditions with a number of radio stations and was eventually heard on eighteen sustaining shows, getting not a thin dime for any of it, except his seventy cents carfare. He was ashamed that he could never take Nancy any place, but now their love for each other was so deep

WE'RE COMIN'

Yes, we're coming October 10. But seeing as how MODERN SCREEN is the biggest, fastest seller in the field, better place your reservation for the big November issue *today*. You know that sinky feeling when you look forward to a thing and presto, it's all gone.

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and strong that a wee thing like poverty didn't really bother them. Nancy's family adored him, and he felt warm and relaxed in the big, noisy girl-jammed house. Nancy's younger sister Tina, was his greatest booster, and he was as fond of her as if she were his own sister. He kept wishing there was something big he could do for her, and eventually there was.

One summer, Tina saved enough money to go away to camp, and Frank and Nancy took her over to the train. At the actual moment of departure, all her enthusiasm forsook her, and she looked at them with great tragic eyes. She'd never been away from home before. She'd never wanted to be. Frank knew how she felt, and he knew if he said anything sympathetic, she'd have been lost. He just dug into the pocket of his slacks and came up with sixty-five cents. "Here," he said quickly, showing it at her. "Have yourself a time on the train. You know, gum, magazines and stuff."

And then the train was moving, and Tina was waving at them and smiling and throwing a kiss to Frank. She's never forgotten him for that. Giving all the dough he had in the world to a scared, silly kid. She didn't know it then, but he was giving her, too, the things he'd learned the hard way—courage and the ability to stand on her own feet.

Walking away from the train, Nancy spoke. "What are you going to do for carfare tomorrow?" she asked him gently.

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"Don't you worry about it," he told her brusquely, which was by way of saying "Shut up. Forget it. Pretend you didn't notice anything." To this day he's embarrassed if anyone catches him doing a good deed. He'd have you believe he's so tough. Such a mug. Oh, Frankie, we know better.

His break came at last in the winter of 1938 when he got a job at \$25 a week singing at the Rustic Cabin, and on February 4, 1939, he and Nancy were married. There was a family tussle about it, believe it or not. You'd have thought after four long years their families would have seen the handwriting on the wall. But no. Both families threw their hands up in the air. The Sinatras thought Frank was too young, and the Barbatos thought likewise about Nancy. They bowed to the inevitable, of course, and after the first shock, they were very happy about it. Even went so far as to furnish the newlyweds' three-room apartment in Jersey City.

When Frank and Nancy came back from their three-day honeymoon, they were like two kids living in a dream. Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Sinatra. They'd keep saying that over and over and giggling like fools at the wonderful sound of it. Nancy had a job in a store, and Frank had to be out at the Cabin at dinner time, so there were few evenings together. But there was all of Sunday, and an evening here and there. And what did they want? Egg in their beer? It was enough just to be married, and the magic of it grew and grew until it used to scare them, they were so happy.

One night while Frank was doing his stint at the Cabin, a long guy eased into the place and hung around for hours listening to him sing. It was Harry James, and when he offered him a spot with his band, Frank rocked back on his heels. "Who, me?" he said incredulously.

"Hell, yes," boomed James. It was a deal.

this dream's on us . . .

They were out of the woods at last, Frank and Nancy. Paying their light and gas bill on time and putting money in the bank just like regular people. That summer their little girl Nancy Sandra was born, and their cup of happiness ran over.

It was only the beginning of good things, though. After James, came Tommy Dorsey, and after Dorsey, Frankie struck out on his own. We all remember the way he sent those kids at the Paramount in the fall of '42. How he was signed for two weeks and held over for eight, breaking a fifteen-year record at the theater. We remember the shrieks, the swoons, the scrawls on the Paramount wall. "I love you, Frankie," written a thousand times. And the predictions of the know-nothings that he couldn't last. That he was another fad like swimming the channel and walkathons and the boyish bob.

Nancy knew he wasn't a fad, but when she'd tell him how good he was, he'd say, "You wouldn't be prejudiced, chum, would you?" And of course she was a little, so she just shut up and gloated silently over each passing month that found him still Mr. Big with the kids and with an increasingly large number of adults.

We remember the way they loved him at the Wedgewood Room, and how he packed the place every night with names like Cole Porter and Ethel Merman. How he took over Boston in one easy chorus of "Pistol Packin' Mama." We remember the way they lined up outside the RKO Theater at six o'clock of a bitter December morning to get into his show. Not just the youngsters, either. The Back Bay matrons, no less. The bluebloods who reputedly speak only to God. And then there was Pittsburgh and Chicago and Hollywood, each one falling in turn like



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Prussian towns under a Red Army tank attack.

And the strange and wonderful phenomenon is this. Half the people came to hear him prepared to scoff, and they would go away converted. Like the cops who were detailed to guard his dressing room in Boston. Before he came, they used to gripe continuously among themselves. Who the hell cared if the kids busted the door down and clawed him to death? Not them. Good riddance. But then he came, and they heard him, and heck, he was all right. Gentle with the kids who mobbed him, friendly with the stagehands and the press. And gee, he always had a big grin for the Law.

they had him wrong . . .

They'd had him wrong. Before Frank left, they were smuggling him in sandwiches and soft drinks so he wouldn't have to buffet the throng at lunch and dinner time. They were triumphantly bearing home autographed pictures to their kids. When, a week or so after he'd left Boston, they received a letter from him, thanking them and saying that Edgar Hoover couldn't have taken better care of him, they were completely sold.

The servicemen who jammed the Hollywood Canteen the night Frank appeared there came prepared to dislike him. They thought he'd be a patronizing little show-off, and when he turned out to be just a good guy who was willing to sing for them till his voice cracked, they couldn't believe it. They kept him singing for hours, and finally, when it was very late, they lifted him on their shoulders and paraded him around the Canteen cheering louder than anything in bobby-sox has ever cheered. No one at the Canteen has ever gotten an ovation like that before or since.

The even stranger phenomenon is that fame touches him so little. He's still amazed when newspapers carry pictures of Nancy and him at a premiere instead of people like Crosby or Gene Kelly. He's still just as wrapped up in his family as when he was not much of anybody. When he'd finally finished "Step Lively," and his cronies with whom he'd been living (Axel Stordahl, his musical arranger; Hank Sanicola, his manager—whom he's christened Cordell Hull; Junior, his jack-of-all-trades) wanted him to scoot up to Palm Springs with them for a week or two, he just looked at them as if they were completely out of their heads. "Are you kidding?" he asked them, and began throwing clothes into a suitcase. "You think I want to prolong this—looking at you mugs when I could be looking at that?" He gestured toward a picture of Nancy. "Don't you know I'm going nuts to see my wife and kids?"

"Okay, okay," Axel said. "Forget we said anything. Confidentially, we can do very well indeed with no Sinatra for a while, too."

Frank paused in his packing, a pair of socks in one hand, a shirt in the other. "What's wrong with Sinatra?"

"He snores," said Axel.

"And wants too damn many windows open."

"He makes too much fuss over those couple of little setting-up exercises he does in the morning."

"And he snores," reiterated Axel. Then they all began singing "Suitcase Packin' Papa" at the top of their lungs, and laughing so hard at themselves they couldn't stop. What, no reverence at all in their dealings with The Voice? Well, no. And Frankie would die a thousand deaths if it were otherwise. Finally, when he could get his breath, he flung at them, "New Jersey was never like this, thank God!"

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Which was where he was wrong. New Jersey, it turned out upon his return, was a bit of bedlam, too. Frank had bought a house in California, and Nancy was in the throes of getting things moved. They'd agreed to take all the furniture from their Hasbrouck Heights home out to the Coast, and the noise and confusion was harrowing. Nancy Sandra and her buddy, Mary Ann, hid in packing boxes and barrels and leaped out at them. Goggle-eyed fans lined the sidewalk. His son, thank fortune, was a silent one, and when Frank wanted to get away from it all, he snuck off to the nursery and communed with the chubby little guy in the sissy bassinet.

Nancy hadn't wanted Frank to see the house completely dismantled. They were sort of sentimental about the place, and if it gave her a queer feeling to see it this way—she knew what it would do to her softie husband. "Stay at a hotel till we're ready to leave for the Coast," Nancy advised him. She and Tina, who lives with them and is now Frank's secretary, and the kids could camp out on packing boxes (beds and the stove, of course, were left for last minute moving).

And now, at last, they are settled. The family from whom they bought their house finally moved out, and the redecoration is practically complete. (This was a terrific job, for when they got their old furniture, they realized it wasn't right, and they had to get all new things.) They've even had their house-warming.

And that was a party. There were tables and tables of food—sliced turkey, whole hams, enormous bowls of spaghetti. There was a smiling bartender called Joseph to whom Frank introduced you on your arrival, and who actually remembered whether you were drinking Scotch or Pepsis. And best of all were the people who were there. Old friends mostly, like Hank, Axel and George—Frank's personal press representative and also one of his closest buddies. With a sprinkle of new ones—

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Rosemary Lane was in town recently to appear at a Bond Rally. And while she may have "muffed" her act, she certainly won the love and respect of everyone who heard of the incident.

It seems that Miss Lane has a story which she always tells at patriotic assemblies, a "shocker" dealing with the sacrifice and heroism of the front-line combatants, and which she planned to deliver that evening. The lights were lowered, the spot focused; she stepped onstage, jumped into her opening lines, gulped—and stopped. Embarrassed, she murmured, "Pardon me, please," and ducked back to the orchestra leader and whispered to him.

A few moments later, she resumed the act—singing. It wasn't till much later that her behavior was explained. Miss Lane hadn't been told that her audience was to be composed of wounded soldiers recently returned from overseas, and fearing that her story might disturb them, she chose to ruin her act rather than risk a possible humiliation.

What a wonderful gesture that was!

Ann Merrin,
Atlanta, Ga.



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the Keenan Wynns, the Gene Kellys, gangs of servicemen Frankie had picked up in his travels that day.

They had only asked the people they really wanted. There was no mob of big shots, no frantic attempt to include the right people. When the newspapers got wind of the party and wanted to send over photographers, Frank begged off. "It's not going to be that sort of party at all," he told the editors. "Gosh, our pals would think I was an awful ham. Skip it, will you?" They skipped it, scratching their heads. Who ever heard of a movie star passing up a nice hunk of free publicity?

The photographers would have ruined its lovely un-Hollywood atmosphere. As it was—except for the abundance of the hospitality—they could have been any young couple entertaining their chums of a Saturday night. Nancy, in a sweet off-the-shoulder cotton dress, showed each new arrival over the place, beaming when they exclaimed over the lovely dubonnet and green living room with its deep couches flanking the fireplace, the gleaming concert grand, the lovely flowered wing chairs by the window.

"Do you really like it," she'd say. "I mean *really*. I've looked at it so much now I can hardly tell what it looks like." She was thrilled when they rhapsodized over the master bedroom with the enormous bed, the pale blue quilted headboard and spread to match. The soft blue chairs and the chaise longue.

"Who decorated it for you, Nan?" they'd ask her. For in Hollywood when you buy a house someone almost invariably "does" it for you.

"Us," she'd say with that kind of breathless little girl way she has of speaking. "Oh, we had help. I asked people at the stores a million questions. But we chose the actual colors and pieces of furniture. We just couldn't live in anything that was somebody else's idea of a house."

Just one room did Frank insist on showing the people himself, and that was his dressing room. He couldn't wait to let the guests do their own raving. "Isn't it terrific?" he'd asked them before he'd even gotten the door open. "How do you like the plaid wall-paper? Look at those built-in drawers. I designed it myself, you know."

"Obviously," George told him drily. But he had to admit it was darned good-looking.

They were both so proud of their house that night that they couldn't stop grinning, and if anyone noticed a particularly lovely drum table or an especially striking picture, or the flowered draperies, they just about burst on the spot.

swinging on a star . . .

The party wound up in the small hours. No one wanted to go home as long as Frank's pal, the brilliant colored pianist Cal Jackson, could be induced to play one more song. Or while Frankie would give them just one last chorus of "Swinging on a Star." Or while their own voices held out on "Dinah" and "Casey Jones" and "Workin' on the Railroad" and the other oldies they all loved.

Now with the excitement of decorating the place and warming it behind them, life has settled down a bit. It is new and wonderful to have breakfast together every morning, even though six o'clock does come pretty early, and they aren't too chatty. It is marvelous, too, to have dinner together most nights, and Nancy Sandra doesn't know what to do with herself she's so thrilled to have a "regular father like the other kids." Frank, Jr. doesn't say much, but he's apparently thriving in his new surroundings. At six months, he was wearing little boy's



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weighing, his nurse Miss Hewitt spouted proudly, over twenty pounds.

There are still minor crises, of course. Like the cook and maid walking out the day before the party. Like Frank calling one afternoon and saying he was bringing eight of the kids home to dinner—the one day Nancy hadn't gone to market

pot luck pottage . . .

"But honey," she protested. "I haven't anything to feed them. Just a lot of odds and ends and junk."

"Swell," he told her. "We'll fix our own supper." They did, and the kids loved it, but the sight of them gorging on any old left-over aged Nancy twenty years.

There was the crisis when he almost didn't make the Hit Parade. He'd been doing a Command Performance with Bing Crosby one Saturday night, and it finished up at ten minutes to nine, giving Frank exactly ten minutes to get to the studio. He started to dash out, then he turned around and went into Bing's dressing-room.

"Hey, sit down, sit down," said Bing, who has no idea of time and didn't realize that Frank was practically on the air.

"Can't tonight, Bing," Frank said. "But I just had to tell you, it'll never stop being a thrill and thanks a hell of a lot." He stuck out his hand, and Bing shook it hard. Then he streaked for his car and made the show by the skin of his teeth. But not before the studio had hounded the life out of poor Nancy about his whereabouts.

Oh it's not all fun, being Mrs. Sinatra, don't think it is. She'll sit around waiting for him to get home to dinner till she thinks she'll go mad, and then he'll come in and say, "Sorry, sweet. There was a gang of servicemen around the car, and hell, the least I can do is sign a couple of autographs." Or going over their bank book with Tina, she'll discover a check is missing and unaccounted for, upsetting the whole balance. She'll nail him at dinner.

"Oh that." He looks embarrassed about it. "I saw a little squib in the paper that a soldier on a furlough lost his wallet with a hundred bucks in it. I figured maybe he'd want to go home or something, so I sent it to him. He'll probably think I'm an awful horse's neck—"

And what can Nancy ever possibly say to that?

Maybe a benefit will come up on their anniversary, and their little binge will be cancelled. Maybe he'll have to do retakes the week-end they planned to whip off to Palm Springs. But what the heck? Once in a while there's a free Sunday. What do they want? Egg in their beer?

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 105)

1. While there's life, there's—
2. Mar-legs
3. Belita Linda
4. Benny's from heaven
5. Temple of Fame
6. Rumba Caesar
7. High C Kathryn
8. She talks!
9. A rat in cheap clothing
10. Never too Tone-y
11. The Fat Man
12. Her "son's" wife
13. The thin woman
14. The love life of Dr. Wassell
15. A Merry Monahan
16. Reaps a random harvest
17. Packed Saratoga trunk by gaslight
18. Pat's pet
19. Still tied to Ty
20. One touch of Venus

(Answers on page 119)

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- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
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| 2. Dark Copper | 8. Golden Blonde |
| 3. Sable Brown | 9. Topaz Blonde |
| 4. Golden Brown | 10. Dark Auburn |
| 5. Nut Brown | 11. Light Auburn |
| 6. Silver | 12. Lustre Glint |

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HEADLINES FOR FALL

(Continued from page 73)

What color for you? For redheads, there are henna and auburn rinses. Blondes can keep their gold glistening by using a light golden blonde shade. Titian blonde rinse gives light hair a fascinating dash of red. Brunettes who want a really dark effect should try blue-black rinse. Emphasize natural reddish highlights with henna. Brownettes will like a warm chestnut brown rinse that adds a coppery luster. Auburn gives a rich glow.

SNOWFALL. A pretty sight, but not when it's dandruff snowing on your shoulders! Dandruff forms in the first days after washing when the scalp is temporarily de-oiled; so as soon as you've shampooed with a special dandruff-removing preparation, massage your scalp gently with an oily pomade. If you've been indulging in orgies of perfume-spraying directly on the hair, you have one clue to your trouble right there. Perfume's an aider and abettor of flaking. Substitute an elegantly-scented hair oil or tonic to perfume your curls, lubricate your scalp. Wash your comb daily to keep from re-infecting yourself. And don't lend it to a living soul!

HOW DRY I AM! Does your hair resemble a discontented haystack? Then its crying need is lubrication, plenty of it, to counteract brittle ends. Follow along with a special hot-oil treatment which, incidentally, is more effective right before your shampoo. Massage the warm oil well into your scalp. Wring a towel out in hot water and wind it around your head so that the oil can get in its best work. After the lubricating job, rinse your locks in cold water (that's so the shampoo on your oil-laden curls will lather easily) and proceed with your washing as usual.

WIELD YOUR BRUSH. Do your locks have that 100-stroke sheen? Take a tip from Rita Hayworth and brush not only the top layer, but underneath the hair, too. Hang your head and brush swiftly from the nape of the neck to the ends of your curls. Work hard, particularly around the back of the ears.

SET YOUR HAIR. Every girl her own Antoine is my motto! Learn to set your own hair, and you'll be hitting in Hayworth's league. Touring Army camps and such, Hollywood girls must look their best, and they can't always bring along a hairdresser. The solution: They do their own! And so can you if you invest in some hair-setting lotion, some precious bob pins and curlers. A contribution to the sleek-as-a-kitten look is a lacquer that coaxes flyaway hairs into perfect order and provides them with a brilliant sheen. It's good to know, too, about rose hair oil that, faintly scented, adds luster to all shades of hair.

Featherweight, 3-way grip combs and comblike "hairtainers" are wonderful for all coifs. Every tooth is split, making it just like a tiny spring exerting gentle tension. They can easily be inserted in rolls, puffs, curls or pomps. Presto, the hairdo is held securely. Too, they can't be beat at holding bows and flowers in place. Brides and bridesmaids (I'm incurably romantic) in current Fall weddings are using plenty of them. No bridal veil or orange blossom wreath can fly away when anchored with these clever little hair retainers.

Treat yourself to a permanent to revive lank and weary waves. Machine or ma-

"Guess My Age!"



New Kind of Face Powder Makes Her Look Years Younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* face powder! It showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of her pores.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 20-30-35?

At last she has found a face powder that *flatters* her skin—makes it look younger, more enchanting!

Why Lady Esther Face Powder Is So Flattering

Lady Esther Face Powder is *extra* flattering because it's *made* differently. It isn't just mixed, just sifted, in the usual way. It's *blown* by Twin Hurricanes—blended with the speed and power of hurricanes—to look clearer, smoother

and more flattering on your skin!

Because of this patented, exclusive method of hurricane blending, the texture of Lady Esther Face Powder is much smoother and finer than ordinary powder. The first touch of your puff spreads a delicate film of beauty on your skin, hiding little lines, little blemishes. And Lady Esther Face Powder clings longer, too—clings *four long hours*!

But the most exciting difference is in the *shades*. Lady Esther shades have a subtle new quality—because the color is blown in by hurricanes. Many women say that the Lady Esther shades are so fresh and alive that ordinary powder shades seem dull and drab by comparison.

Try Lady Esther Face Powder! See for yourself, in your own mirror, how much smoother and younger it makes your skin look. Get the small-size box and try it *today*!

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players"—Monday nights, CBS



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Smart girls do *not* go around shedding bob pins. They depend on HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. Give your hair-do that secure loveliness with HOLD-BOBS. Use them again and again—they won't weaken or gap apart. Their powerful "spring" really lasts.

Yes, there is a difference in bob pins. This special HOLD-BOB design is patented. It's *exclusive*. So always say "HOLD-BOB" for better Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, ask again. He will have more very soon.

FLEXIBLE — FIRM

Tapered from tips to strong round-wire head, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins go on easily and stay in! Satin-smooth enamel finish. Smooth round ends for protection.

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Or again, you might try using a home permanent wave kit . . . and do a good job on yourself. You know what to do with the money you save on a self-administered perm. That's right! You buy war stamps.

You're welcome . . . meaning that you beauty-page readers are welcome to any pretty-making info for which you pen me a note. I'll send you the answer post-haste. For example, the names of any of these hair-beautifying products. Write to me: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Good-by until November when the talk will be about lipsticks!

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 49)

was recently introduced to the Money Bag Set at \$60,000 a throw, it was cut along lines very much like the ones you see here. Coat hanger shoulders, tuxedo fronts, armholes deep enough to slip over suits, convertible turn-back cuffs.

Aim for this simplicity if you want to look expensive. And don't try to be too individual about furs. Short tunics, for instance, can be pretty super on occasion. But—come Winter—when your knees go "knockity knock," it mayn't be love. So think twice. Even about the shorties shown here.

You buy for looks and for keeps when you settle on mink-blended muskrat. Northern muskrats are the most durable and the best coats use only the backs of the animals. If you want a really solid job, ask for a "let-out" coat. This means the fur has been cut in narrow strips and worked just like mink. Costs more than when the skins are simply pieced together. But, whatever you pay for muskrat, expert blending means permanent beauty. So focus on the hang tag before you buy. If it says "Hollander"—worry not.

Persian lamb? Still tops among the slimming black furs. Not quite the all-around sport that muskrat is, but with fair treatment, it will give you excellent wear. Your cues to good Persian are: Soft leather, high luster, tight curls. The Hollander crowd is sorta wizard at making this fur lightweight, drapable and blackest black in color.

Beavers and their ilk are hard-working casual furs—and beautiful! You spot a good beaver by its blue-brown cast and dim luster. Mendoza beaver-dyed cone presents a reasonable facsimile of the busy beastie itself. And I do mean *reasonable*. Cone, of course, is rabbit but not the Easter Bunny variety. The best fur coat breed comes from Australia or New Zealand. Sturdy as the ANZAC in its own peaceful way. You can have it seal black, too, but it's not in the running with beaver for smartness.

Strictly on the sports side—Laskin Mouton (lamb, lambie pie!). Scarce as nylons last year, it's back in circulation and will circulate you plenty if you travel in school circles. Warm and hardy enough for Alaska. Satisfied?

Sein' spots before your eyes? Like leopard, ocelot or spotted cat spots? Perfectly natural if you're young enough to crave gaiety in furs. The coat on hand here is leopard-stencilled calfskin and—surprise!—it comes with enough extra fur for a hat. This "Hatmatcher" set-up includes pictures and patterns for making

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HOW MY BAD SKIN CHANGED OVERNIGHT



Only a woman who has suffered with bad skin can know what joy came over me when I awoke to see my face so fresh, clear and smooth again. It seemed like a miracle! If YOU have pimples, blackheads, big pores, oily skin eruptions and ugly spots (externally caused), don't fool around with greasy, messy make-shift. Let NATURE help you. Use my private secret skin formula. See its amazing effects start overnight. I call it NATURE'S BALM OF BALSM. Try it for seven nights. If it doesn't beat anything you ever tried send back and get your money. This may seem too good to be true, but the test will tell. My MONEY-BACK guarantee protects you. SEND NO MONEY, unless you wish. "When the postman delivers, pay only \$2.00 plus charges for big special double size. Orders with \$2.00 cash mailed charges prepaid." See if you don't bless the day you found NATURE'S BALM OF BALSM. Write today—NOW! Miss ALMA, 103 Park Avenue, Suit 29-H New York City, New York.

six different swoony styles. Slick idea?
O. K. All this leaves you cold, because you're aching for glamour with a capital *glam*. How about stone marten then? Sure, the McCoy costs thousands. But look how cleverly raccoon impersonates it this year. A new bleaching and blending treatment produces the identical shadings of precious marten. Terrific for afternoon and evening. Definitely not for the tweedy side of your life.

In case this is too rich for your diet, skunk stands ready and willing to oblige. Teams with everything from formals to tweeds and positively teams with wear-resistance. So it's not just luck that skunk's still the most popular long-haired fur.

★ ★ ★

But . . . time's up (paper shortage, you know), and now it's your turn. If you want to know where to buy these furry beauties, write and tell me where you live. If you want the low-down on a fur I haven't mentioned—or want advice of any kind about clothes—just take your pen in hand pronto. G'bye fur now. Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

THE PERMA-LIFT PRINCESS



Once upon a time, there was a fair maiden with cool blue eyes and a bewitching smile. One day . . .

Cinderella story? Plus a fairy godmother, with the time being 1943, the place Chicago and the Cinderella slipper belonging to Greta Christensen, the starlet who has RKO swearing off the usual easy-come, easy-go publicity campaigns for fear they may magic-wand her right out of the stardom they're sure she'll achieve!

Before her discovery, Greta was tops in the Chicago glamour clique, so when a friend of hers, famed magazine illustrator Pearl Frush, chose her to be the nationally publicized Perma-Lift Bra Girl, she accepted the job as a routine, if flattering, assignment.

Then came the deluge. A Hollywood talent scout spotted the ad in a State Street store, ferreted out her identity and telephoned to make arrangements for a screen test. Whereupon Greta promptly hung up! She knew that routine back-wards!

But talent scouts are made of sterner stuff, and before she could say "Abracadabra," the G. I. pin-up pet was whisking off to the cinema city on her magic carpet of youth, talent—and Perma-Lifted figure!

I was ashamed to ask other women—



these intimate physical facts!

"THERE was so much about intimate feminine hygiene I wanted to know but didn't. And I was ashamed to let other women find out how ignorant I was.

How glad I am now I *didn't* ask them because I've learned since so many women know only "half-truths"—or misinformation as out-dated as that of their mothers and grandmothers.

Instead I went to my Doctor. He told me about a *newer*, modern, scientific method of douching with Zonite—the discovery of a world-famous surgeon and renowned chemist. He explained how feminine hygiene is so important to a woman's charm, beauty and health. And how Zonite helps solve one of woman's most serious deodorant problems."

Smart Women No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations—

Old-fashioned mixtures of soap, soda or vinegar DO NOT and CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. And don't let anyone tell you they do!

On the other hand *don't* use old-time over-strong solutions of harmful poisons (many with warning on label) which

can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. Untold misery may come from this. But with *modern* Zonite you take no such risky chance.

So Powerful Yet So Harmless

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to delicate tissues as Zonite.

Zonite actually destroys and removes offending odor-causing waste substances and helps guard against infection by instantly killing all germs and bacteria it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No other germicide kills germs *any faster or more thoroughly* than Zonite! Zonite kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so *harmless*. POSITIVELY *non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-burning*. Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

Buy a bottle of Zonite *today* for "feminine daintiness" and charm.

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 68)

Alan Ladd refused to have a double for the scene when he shinys up a 92-foot mast in "Two Years Before The Mast."

Before Alan became famous, he used to be a "grip" at Warners' and worked in the catwalks.

Betty Grable is certainly the original "rumor" victim girl. But here are a few you need NOT believe:

Betty is retiring from the screen to welcome the Stork again. She has her hands full with Victoria Elizabeth James and making her new movie "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe."

She and Harry are having "career" troubles. Harry will soon open a night club of his own in order to remain in Hollywood with her and the baby.

She is on a strenuous diet to keep her weight down. Forget all that talk that she is starving herself. Betty has always been a gal who could put away a husky meal.

I've never seen more stars than turned out for the Hollywood preview of "Since You Went Away."

Shirley Temple was the darling of the evening, and I noticed for the first time that Shirley is wearing make-up. Oh, very discreetly—but she had on lipstick, a bit of rouge and a hint of brown mascara.

Deanna Durbin is wearing her hair very long and very blonde.

Maria Montez had an enormous beaded shawl draped around her head and shoulders. Maria smiled constantly. Even when the lights dimmed and the picture went on.

Joan Crawford wore a salmon colored cocktail dress and with her heavy tan and russet colored hair, she was très chic, Salmon seems to be the smart new color.

There's no rivalry between June Allyson, the blonde, and Gloria De Haven, the brunette, even though the girls are forging along neck to neck on the M-G-M lot.

The gals even date the same heroes including the popular "Hi" Hodiak. They dress their hair alike and wear the same color nail polish and lipstick.

"The days of feuds are over," June told me, "It's so silly for players to have to work together to be jealous. Gloria and I are friends, and we're going to remain that way."

That's all well and good—but as a newspaper woman, I think some of Hollywood's famous "feuds" have been very colorful. Remember Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer—and Crawford and Jean Harlow and Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins and Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri?

Guess those were "the good old days."

Rita Hayworth is hoping her baby will be a girl. But after the "arrival" she is not going to take a long vacation from the screen as Alice Faye and Betty Grable have done. Rita wants to make a movie as soon as possible. There's only one thing—she'll confine herself to emoting and absolutely no dancing. "I can't be a Dancing Mother too soon," laughs Rita.

I'm delighted with all the letters from you MODERN SCREEN fans. Believe me they are being answered just as fast as I can get them out. You're very helpful to me—not only in telling me the stars you want to read about in this magazine, but your interests and enthusiasms give me vital tips for my Hearst papers column. Thanks again—and keep on writing.—L. P.

I HATE GRAY HAIR



OF COURSE you do! Gray hair makes you look years older... kills romance... might even cost you your job! Yet you are afraid to color your hair—afraid people will know your hair has been "died!"

These fears are so old fashioned! With Mary T. Goldman's scientific color-control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Pronounced harmless by leading medical authorities (no skin test needed). Inexpensive and easy to apply—combs on in a few minutes. Won't

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WHAT A MAN!

(Continued from page 58)

picture, that people wondered if she could pronounce the words Y-E-S, or even M-A-Y-B-E if somebody wrote them up on a slate.

It was to take a long last chance at this that producer David Hempstead, who had been eagle-eyeing every available leading man in Hollywood at that point to find the right guy to make Ginger happy in her work, staged this Hollywood frame-up. Although they worked on the same lot, Mr. Hempstead knew the only time Ginger had had a gander at Bob was in a movie called "Behind the Rising Sun" where about all Bob did was to smash and tear in little pieces a huge Hollywood wrestler named Mike Mazurki in a Jap-versus-American battle that was probably the bruisiest, goriest screen fight put on since the famous Farnum-Santschi scrap of the old silents. He also knew Ginger's reaction to this sluggish scene was one of horror.

"Why, that big bruiser wouldn't make love to me," gasped Ginger. "He'd eat me up!"

"Have you ever met Bob Ryan?" inquired Mr. Hempstead.

"N-no," admitted Ginger.

"Will you?"

"Why, yes—of course."

"Drop by my office this afternoon, and I'll have him there," promised the producer. And that's how the trap was set.

Well, right in the middle of one of those awkward two-stranger conversations about the weather and how have you been, Ginger strolled over to Hempstead's desk and scribbled on this paper. Then she said she had to leave to pack for her ranch in Oregon and tripped airily out of the room. But when she left, everything was all settled—rosy-dosy, on the beam—just like that.

Because what Ginger wrote on the paper was, "Wow—What a man! This is the guy!"

exactly like you . . .

Now that may be a long, round-about way to get across the fact that Robert Ryan is something special in the male animal line. But if Ginger Rogers doesn't know a Grade-A article in that department when she meets one, who does? And the point is, it took a look at Bob in the flesh. But even from those scattered pictures where he was usually messing somebody up or getting bumped off himself, Robert Ryan's charm has seeped through to the world until the postman made his RKO bosses sit up and take notice.

It finally got around that a girl or two in the out-country could care for a man like Bob if he'd stop chunking other males around for a minute and relax. But still, like I say, it takes a personal look to convince thoroughly. 'Cause when you meet Bob Ryan, you know you've met somebody.

Like the sailor who came up to him at the premiere of "Lady in the Dark," right before Bob left to join up with Uncle Sam. At that point he wasn't too well advertised locally, and even though Bob and his pretty red-headed wife, Jessica, got all gussied up with evening clothes, they still drew no more notice at the gala event than a glass of milk at a cocktail party. In fact, they were standing with the crowd, gaping at all the glamorous stars when this sailor tugged Bob's sleeve.

"Can I have your autograph?" asked the sailor.

Bob said sure and wrote it.



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"What does it say?" asked the sailor. "Why, 'Robert Ryan'." "Damn it," said the gob. "My mistake. I thought you must be somebody. You look like you ought to be somebody." Bob didn't dare tell him that he was sort of somebody. He just got a good laugh out of it.

When he joined the Marines last February and entered boot camp down in San Diego, Bob Ryan could have claimed a couple-dozen home towns if he'd wanted to and got by with it. Because his buddies in boot training all were sure they had known him somewhere. Every day he got, "Say, aren't you from Birmingham?" "Ain't I seen you around?" or, "Ain't you from Atlanta, or Kansas City or Peoria?" For a while he thought it was because they'd glimpsed him in a picture, and sometimes they had. But usually it was just because the face and figure of Big Bob struck a familiar chord somewhere. He stood out.

timber-topper . . .

It isn't all because he's so tall—although Bob is a moose of six feet-three in his socks, and his 195 pounds are tailored to size. He was such a timber-topper, in fact, that he cost RKO some expensive re-takes on "The Sky's the Limit," where they had injudiciously slipped him in a couple of scenes with Fred Astaire, the star. When the picture was run off, poor Fred, alongside Ryan, looked like a midget. In the new scenes the director kept shouting at Bob, "Stoop down, Ryan! Bend over! Bend over!" Bob did, and even if he looked a little like a chimpanzee taking a stroll, it was easier on Fred Astaire, which is what counted then.

But Bob Ryan has a lot more than mere altitude to keep his personality warm. It takes no slide-rule to figure out from his name—which is his right tag—that he's Irish, all on his dad's side and half on his mother's. His face is one of those pleasingly rugged maps, not pretty, but like Gary Cooper's, mighty easy to look at, especially when he cracks a wide grin and dimples—just like Coop's—pop out. His curly hedge of brown hair sticks up a little too far, and his ears wind-wing out a bit beyond regulations, but nuts—if you took Gable apart you wouldn't end up with Adonis. Let's say Bob's a handsome hunk of rugged man from all angles and let it go at that. What's better, he's a regular guy, easy going as an Alabama freight train, and like most big bruisers, blessed with a Lincolnesque sense of humor and a disposition like an angel cake.

He proved that one night at a Frank Sinatra broadcast. Bob's a great pal of Frankie's. They got to know each other on the RKO lot, and despite his wafer size, Frankie is fast on his feet and nutty about boxing. In fact, as you know, Sinatra owns a part interest in a professional fighter and would rather be around the smell of sweaty leather, arnica and resin than the fragrance of all those sweet things who make life one perpetual mob scene. So Bob, who's an expert at the manly art, and Frank put on a few bouts for exercise at the Hollywood Athletic Club between jobs, and it got in the papers.

Well, this night, Bob was on his way to the broadcasting studio to catch Frank at his swoon work when he waded into a mob of bobby-sockers milling around the gate, and one of them recognized him. She rushed up with fanatical fire in her eye.

"Aren't you Robert Ryan, the fellow who boxes with Frank Sinatra?" she cried. "That's right," admitted Bob. The filly sighed. "Can I touch you?" "Why—uh—I guess so." The fervent girl pressed his arm. Then

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she turned triumphantly to the mob of Sweet Hysterias behind her.

"Girls—look," she exulted triumphantly, "I just touched the man who touched Frankie!"

That wasn't such a compliment, especially since by that time Robert Ryan had done a few things himself, like "Bombardier," "Rising Sun" and "Tender Comrade." But he just grinned amiably and promised with a twinkle in his eye "not to touch Frankie too hard."

Bob just doesn't rile easy. Right now, for instance, he's assigned to physical instruction at the San Diego Marine Base and spends most of every day teaching raw rookies how to handle their dukes in case they get close enough to a Kraut or a Nip to use some knuckle dusting, Judo, alley scrapping—or what is required. Most of them are strictly from arms and elbows, and it's a case of the elementals. But sometimes a wise guy who knows more than he lets on steps up sweet and innocent and inquires naively, "Is this the way you stand?" "Is this the way you put up your fists?" And then takes a professional poke at teacher aimed at a haymaker and a certain prestige among his pals. 'Twas ever thus with pupils and teachers, of course, and Bob is wary. "Some of them are good," he admits candidly. "But usually not good enough to do it more than once."

That's because Bob Ryan has studied boxing and practiced same ever since he was a nipper. He was heavyweight champ at Dartmouth College from his freshman year on and the only battler in college history to hold the school title four straight years. He got started in Chicago early, oddly enough, because his mother made him take violin lessons. Chicago, then as now, was rugged. "H-m-m-m," mused

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 112)

1. Bob Hope
2. Marlene Dietrich
3. Linda Darnell
4. Jack Benny
5. Shirley Temple
6. Cesar Romero
7. Kathryn Grayson
8. Greta Garbo
9. Mickey Mouse
10. Joan Crawford
11. Sidney Greenstreet
12. Greer Garson
13. Myrna Loy
14. Laraine Day
15. Peggy Ryan
16. Ronald Colman
17. Ingrid Bergman
18. Charles Boyer
19. Annabella
20. Mary Martin

Bob's Irish dad, "if the kid's going to lug a violin case through these streets, he'll get 'sissy' tossed at him every two blocks. If he gets that, he'll have to fight. He'd better know how." So before he hung up his knee pants, Robert Ryan could feint and jab and bob and weave with the best of them. He still can at the age of thirty-four.

i cover the water front . . .

Bob looks like he hails from the Hills of Old Wyoming or at least from somewhere West of the Pecos, but fact is, he's strictly a city boy—always has been. A couple of years ago he and Jessica went in hock for a Hollywood house, the first bona fide house Bob had ever lived in.

They rattled around, and it didn't last long. Right now the Ryans are camping in a seaside "villa" at Pacific Beach, a bleak strand a few miles above San Diego. It's built out on a pier, and the attractions, if any, are bathing and fishing. Bob gets a bad sinus when he swims, and he's so allergic to fish that he turns green at the sight of a fin. But still he thinks at 25 bucks a week the candy box place is a bargain. "Real homey," he sighs, adjusting his long frame to the sharp angles. You see, for years Bob, and later Bob and Jessica too, dwelt in rooming houses, dinky hotels, cracker-box apartments, in attics, basements, over garages and under delicatessens. Pursuing art they were, and fame—and as any dope knows, that's no formula for creature comforts—especially when you're busted, as Bob Ryan usually was.

He didn't start out that way. In fact, the Ryans were pretty well fixed in Chicago when Bob grew up. His dad was a successful contractor, and Bob went to a good Chicago school, Loyola, where he not only starred in football, baseball and track, but even scribbled poetry and decided he'd be a writer of some kind someday. His pop still had enough sugar to pack him off East when college time arrived, and Bob chose Princeton but got touted off at the last minute to Dartmouth, and like all Dartmouth grads, he regards that nowadays as a holy place, slightly up the hill from heaven.

That's an occupational disease of Dartmouth grads, but still Bob Ryan had good cause to like his college setup. He joined a good fraternity, Psi Upsilon, made the football varsity until he wrecked his knee in the Columbia game, wrote some more poetry (which was very ripe, Bob admits) and did progress on that writer

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ambition knocking out some essays and theses which are still called models of this and that back in Hanover. One was artistically titled, "Alice and The Toilet Bowl" and kidded the hard boiled vogue of gutsy writers like Hemingway and Faulkner. They say it was pretty cute.

career—corpses 'n' cowboys . . .

Vacation times, the youth Ryan got around plenty earning a dollar here and there—once even as a fake cowboy (his first actual acting job) on a Montana dude ranch (maybe *that's* where he got that Cooper cowboy look). Incidentally, he took an incognito flyer at the prize ring out West under the alias of Kid Flanagan. Next summer he peddled cemetery lots and did all right, too. And working back from there, Bob wound up his between-the-semesters career in his home town signing on as a "chauffeur-secretary" to a swarthy gent with big diamonds and black cigars and a suspicious bulge over his hip. Turned out to be a bootlegger who wanted a muscle man around in case of trouble.

So by the time they dressed Bob up in a mortar board and a black nightgown and handed him his B.A. at Dartmouth, he knew a thing or two about what made the world tick—or so he thought. Only the world wasn't ticking when Bob emerged, all wound up for action. There was a slight Depression—remember? From then on he became the Depression Kid—and no kidding. He had to earn his cakes, and the going was rugged. But the scads of lowly depression chores he waded through in those years added up to a big fat break later on—but that was later on.

First off, Bob Ryan swallowed his Dartmouth pride and education to lean on his big muscles as a "human mule" pushing barges of rock and slag in a Chicago sewer tunnel project. It wasn't exactly elevating work, and a time or two Bob almost got his beautiful body crushed and mangled to hamburger. But to show you how a guy can dream in the depths even, of a sewer—

Once, Bob recalls, he was parked alongside of the big ditch with some hunky sandhog colleagues of his, gnawing a sandwich at lunch, and the conversation turned, as it usually does in ditches, foxholes or exclusive clubs, to women. Especially movie women. Specifically, the topic was, "What Hollywood dame would you rather kiss?" There were lots of candidates among the starry-eyed sewer gang. Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce. Came Bob's turn. He sighed. "The girl I'd rather kiss" (and he meant it) "is Ginger Rogers."

It sounds like a corny press-agent gag to report that the first Hollywood "movie dame" Bob Ryan did play opposite, did hug and did kiss (even if he had to pinch himself at the time) was Ginger Rogers. But that's gospel. And incidentally, that kiss has been good for a lot of extensive masculine conversation a second time. About ninety per cent of Bob's Marine buddies want to know first thing. "How does it feel to kiss a movie star?" Bob has to tell them he's only kissed one—Ginger. "How does it feel to kiss her?" they press.

Bob always gives them the same reply. "Ever kiss a girl?"

"Sure!" (a bit indignantly).

"Well!" snaps Bob. That goes on a dozen times a day.

But back to Our Hero's sad saga as Busted Bob, The Depression Waif:

I could rattle off the up and downs of Robert Ryan until next Christmas if the paper shortage okayed it. He did about everything you can think of. He tried gold mining in Montana and made exactly eight



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bucks in five months of back-breaking toil. He tried New York for a newspaper job, but instead of holding the presses, Bob ended up holding the torso of some strange tootsie and leering at her in confession magazine illustrations; posing his rugged map for dandruff ads, cigarettes and foot-eases. He signed on the black-gang of a freighter bound for Africa and got himself drenched in sweat stoking his way through the tropics. He came back to the States and peddled this and that, slaved as a mucker in another sewer gang, drilled with a dynamite crew, dug a ditch here and there. Ups and downs, mostly downs.

But there was one strictly-from-hunger job Bob Ryan had that tips off the kind of fellow he was throughout all that big league loop of lousy luck. He didn't mind breaking his back or tearing his big arms out by the roots, or even prostituting his manly beauty for sensational sheets. But—well, once he tied into what looked like a soft touch in Chicago—a white collar job as collector of bad loans.

heart-on-his-sleeves legree . . .

Bob spent a week shagging through the dismal slums of Chicago trying to pull pennies out of down-and-outers. What he saw made him sick at the stomach and sicker still when he realized he was working for a loan shark outfit. When he got his check, he hustled right back down to the places he'd put the bite on. There he doled out every cent of his pay to the misers. Then he felt a lot better. To this day you can't knock social progress or security for the underprivileged to Robert Ryan. He doesn't see red very often—but if you'd like some fireworks, just start picking plutocratically on the common man—but choose a quick exit.

How Robert Ryan ever hoisted himself out of that slough of shabby existences is a miracle. Isn't it a miracle when you shoot your only savings—\$300 bucks—in a Michigan wildcat oil well and the darned thing comes in? Maybe even more miraculous was a pose he got by with in Chicago—at a girl's school, of all places. You wouldn't think Bob's activities then would have led him within a country mile of a young ladies' finishing school. But for one thing, he'd never lost that literary ambition and dabbled at night with plays and things, and for two, he still had plenty of nerve that even a Depression couldn't tame.

So the minute Bob read that the Stickney School for girls was staging its annual play, he showed up and snagged the job directing it. "New York experience," he lied airily and got by with it. Bob built the scenery and made the schoolgirls get to work, and ended up with a "Dear Brutus" production that wowed the mamas and papas. Right about then in came this \$2,000 profit from the wildcat well. Guys and gals have climbed off the train in Hollywood with a lot less encouragement and very much less cash. Robert Ryan was going to be a great director. He figured the place to learn was with Max Reinhardt, who had a school in Hollywood. So there he was, in no time at all.

love in gloom . . .

On the care and feeding, past and prospects of Bob Ryan, Actor, there's no better authority in the world than his wife, Jessica. Bob met her the first day he started cramming at Max Reinhardt's, and that minute he knew he was a gone goose.

Jessica is a tall, pert redhead with shiny, brown eyes and a frank and breezy personality. She was just down from San

Francisco where, as Jessica Cadwallader, she'd been exposed to the Anna Head School in Berkeley which usually turns out girl tennis champs (Helen Wills, Helen Jacobs and Alice Marble all went there), but in Jessica's case the place brewed acting ambitions. By the time they met at Reinhardt's, she'd already played two years with a San Francisco acting group and taken a crack at Broadway and Hollywood, too, which made her several up on Bob.

How they ever managed to become one is a mystery to both; and a tribute, maybe, to Bob Ryan's Irish bull headedness. Because they got off to several flying wrong starts. As Bob recalls, he made a date the first day he met Jessica and decided he ought to take her somewhere fancy to make an impression. He was ready to blow a small wad of hoarded cash all right, but his knowledge of Hollywood night life was limited. He thought he was taking Jess to a swank place, but the joint turned out to have a reputation lower than a snake in a swamp, which Jess knew, but Bob didn't. He couldn't figure out why he wasn't making much time. Then, he tried dancing, and at terpsichore Rob Ryan is no star. He hates it and—funny part—Jess hates it, too. So it turned out to be a rather grim evening.

Incidentally, Bob Ryan's still a bit backward on his cafe society, especially about what is what, where and when in Hollywood. Some weeks ago an old Dartmouth pal of his came to town and wanted to make the rounds. Bob rallied, and not to let his pal down, boasted, "Sure—I'll show you all the hot spots. Know the town like a book! First," he stated recklessly, "we'll do Ciro's."

With a fine, devil-may-care aplomb, he got on the phone for a reservation, but somehow he couldn't locate Ciro's. Finally

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the head operator gave him the news.

"Ciro's?" she repeated, as if talking to a small boy who doesn't know any better. "Why, Ciro's has been closed up for two years!"

When he's in the market for fun, however, Bob Ryan can do it up right—as RKO's cashier found out last year. After "Tender Comrade," the studio sent Bob and Jessica on a trip East, via his old home town, Chicago, all expenses paid. They told him to enjoy himself and not bother about money. Bob didn't. He took the best suite at the Ambassador East, Chicago's swankiest inn, and tossed a party for 200 old pals in the Pump Room, with cocktails, with caviar, with guinea hen, with champagne. The bill went to the studio, and the studio wired Bob, "Bill paid. Now do we own the hotel?"

Jess and Bob were pretty close to the late directing genius, Max Reinhardt, and when they got hitched, he gave them a book inscribed thus, "Your nuptial hour draws on apace, with pomp, with triumph and with revelling"—a nifty from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and signed it. It was nice—but for a long time Bob was inclined to ask "What pomp, what revelling?" His stake then was \$100 cash. He and Jess also picked up a German acting charm from Reinhardt which they use each time Bob goes into a picture. At that point, Jess pretends to spit on him and yelps, "Halsundbeinbruch!" which means "I hope you break both your neck and legs!" It's a quaint German way of wishing you the worst so you'll get the best.

Anyway, the charm and Reinhardt's revelling prophecy took a long time to work, because after they left the drama school, the Robert Ryans embarked on a stretch of concentrated acting and starving. To eat, Jess did some commercial modeling and Bob gave boxing lessons

to Hollywood kids at a buck a lesson, and at his first Los Angeles stage bow a reviewer cracked, "Mr. Ryan used to be a boxer. Last night he talked like he'd forgotten to take out his mouthpiece!" But Bob got sharper and sharper, especially in the East where he and Jessica attacked the "borscht" summer stock circuit at various "straw hat" stops, including the Cape Cod Playhouse, the Millpond Theater on Long Island and the Robin Hood in Delaware. The rewards ranged from \$2 a week and room, such as it was, all the way up to \$40 a week, for a couple of weeks. Anyway, they managed to live, and Jess, who had never fried an egg successfully, learned how to cook an eight-course dinner over a Bunsen Burner. And eventually, Bob rubbed up against big timers like Luise Rainer, Katherine Cornell and Tallulah Bankhead, and almost landed in Tallu's play, "Clash By Night" on Broadway, only the Bankhead caught a flu bug, and his big break was canceled. Then, while Bob sat about biting his nails, that big break the Depression brewed caught him by the collar.

Pare Lorentz, the progressive film fellow, who made all those artistic documentaries, had a gigantic opus on the string for RKO called "Name, Age, Occupation," dramatizing an American guy's struggle to lick the Depression. Hipped on realism, he wanted a rugged, sweat-of-his-brow actor who had been through the Depression mill for the lead. Somebody steered him to Bob, and one look at Ryan's record was enough for Lorentz. Bob couldn't miss, he figured. Maybe not, but "Name, Age and Occupation," after filming for months, did miss. A studio shakeup took place at RKO, and the artistic epic lit on the shelf. But out of the wreckage, somehow, Robert Ryan found himself with a contract at RKO, to that studio's surprise

and confusion. "Frankly," Bob confesses, "they were stuck with me."

His rugged body caught their eye and so Robert Ryan became a muscle man about the lot, in such hairy-chesters as "The Iron Major," "Bombardier" and climaxed by that bit of movie mayhem in "Behind the Rising Sun" where Bob reenacted Captain Clear's historic fight to the finish with a mammoth Jap Judo killer. Bob lost ten pounds the first day, got himself knocked colder than a pickle three times and chipped bones in half his knuckles. But that was his line of work at RKO. He wasn't in one solitary scene with a girl until—well I've told you about Ginger and the Great Discovery.

Offstage, Bob Ryan is probably the most unglamorous, unactorish star around.

Around Hollywood, before he put on a Marine uniform, he usually needed a shoe-shine, and some of his leisure clothes horrified even his wife. She had to hide one rig he fancied, a canvas coat, denim pants and sneakers. He's a guy of simple tastes in about everything—goes for beef-steak and lots of beer and cigarettes, hasn't a speck of jewelry, except a thick gold wedding ring and a wrist watch the studio gave him when he left for service, which refuses to run. His idea of fun is to stay up late drinking suds and talking weighty world problems with his friends, mostly writers, and a lot of Russians he's met through dabbling with the U. S. representatives of the Moscow Art Theater. Or reading weighty philosophical tomes and the lives of great men. He and Jess are both suckers for movies, and where they live now, that's all the excitement there is, so they're catching up on their movie misses about every night.

bury me not in the lonely files . . .

Kay Kyser brought his radio Kollege

of Musical Knowledge to the San Diego Marine Base a while back, and as Bob and Kay had known each other at RKO, the old professor practically drafted him up on the stage to answer one of those jive quizzes. Bob was never so embarrassed in his life. All he could say was, "I don't know," and he flunked every question, to the bitter disillusion of his solid supporters. One girl wrote him sadly, "I am disappointed in you. You look so nice on the screen. I can't understand why you're so dumb!"

Jessica is my authority for some other facts and figures about Bob. To wit: That he hates to shave, gets his pajama tops and bottoms all mixed up, talks in his sleep, breaks out in hives if he touches mustard, fish or eggs, averages 15 cups of coffee a day and stubbornly messes up their joint bank account writing indiscriminate checks.

In spite of these failings, Private Robert Ryan, U.S.M.C., passed his Leatherneck tests with a 4-rating, which is doing o.k. in a mighty tough league. He thinks he's lucky to be with a rugged outfit, but it's purely and simply an example of good casting. Bob Ryan is a rugged guy, as you might have gathered by now. Of course, he's a mere private—no marine captain like he played in "Marine Raiders," finished, incidentally, three days before he entered boot camp. But I wouldn't sell Bob short in the service—or anywhere else.

And when the shooting is over, Bob's ambition is to be right back in Hollywood where he left off. He made that plain to me and also to a certain young lady at RKO studios who handles the stacks and stacks of pictures of RKO stars. Over her desk hangs a grinning portrait of Bob with his gay good-by crack:

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TRIO "CON BRIO"

(Continued from page 33)

secretary. It says, "Please enroll me as a member of your Frank Sinatra Club. I think Frankie's great. Bing Crosby."

But that midnight telephone conversation marks the first time on record that Bob Hope ever harpooned his chum, Bing Crosby, about the up-and-coming Crown Prince of Swoon. And it set off with a cross-country bang what has since become the greatest three-ring circus of wildly running gags, knockout punch nifties and free-for-all fun that a trio of upstairs stars ever put on in the Big Tent of Hollywood. No holds are barred, and there hasn't been any time out called yet. It has rollicked and raged all over the radio and in the newspapers, in Army camps and hospitals, on golf course, studio sets, dressing rooms, club houses and cafes. It's been beamed out to Saipan, Siena and St. Lo. But, if some sad people who had their Sense of Humor stunted at an early age, can call it a Feud with a straight face, well—they just aren't hep, that's all.

triple-threat wisecrack club . . .

Because what the triple-threat wisecrack club of Crosby, Hope and Sinatra cover up is really the greatest Mutual Admiration Society in the world.

Bob can call Bing "Hips" and "Flabby" and "Father Bobby-Socks" and brand him publicly, as he often has, "The Frank Sinatra of the Gay Nineties." And Bing can label Bob "Zoot-Snoot," "Jangle-Jaw" and "Hopeless" and shoot a dozen other off-the-cuff slurs at his looks, his acting ability, his golf failings, his ignominious canvasback past in the prize ring. He can expose Bob's best jokes as a Joe Miller jumble from a stable of gag writers, while Bob baldly points out the hairless state of Bing's noggin, the spavined gait of his race horses and the wild-Indian traits of his offspring. He can rag Bing's blinding crazy-quilt shirts and the chest that occasionally slips down to his middle, and Bing can come back with asparagus cast at the froggy tones of Bob's crooning attempts.

That had been going on for years, rapid fire, before Frank Sinatra joined the Socko Society. The rubber bricks that Bing and Bob have heaved at each other would shoe half the cars on the highways by now—if they were real.

Over the door of Bob Hope's dinky dressing room, which he started in at Paramount and which he's kept ever since because he's superstitious about moving to more glorified quarters, hangs a picture of Bing Crosby. It's about the dizziest looking portrait of the Old Booper you'll ever see, if you're ever lucky enough to see it. Bing's double-size eyes seem to float in a shiny mist of soulful surrender, and they're crossed sappily. His ears are three times as large as Gable's and stick out like handles on a chamber. The picture says "My Ideal," and Bob spent a long time cooking it up with a trick photographer he knows. He's got another of Bing with that beaver beard he had awhile back, faked on to a lovely young lady screaming in terror and a dozen other poses of the Crosby, tricked to make him look all the way from a Mongolian Idiot to Little Boy Blue.

And in Bing's gorgeous interior decorated Paramount hangout, which Bob loves to razz Bingo about and call "the Palladium," Bing comes right back with a picture set of Hope looking like the dog-catcher should be after him, and cartoons

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jaw like a bulldozer and hair like a dish of wilted spinach. That's just a sample.

Those two nutty nimblerwits have never stopped kidding, in good times and bad, ever since Bob cracked his way into Bing's backyard at Paramount. Even when Bing's house burned down, and he lost half his treasures, Bob accused him of being a firebug for the insurance. And when he took Bing and Dixie and the kids into his house to stay for a while, he set right out sharking Bing at pool in his billiard room and told all their friends, "It's the only way I can get any rent out of the guy!"

But in all the mess of Irish confetti they exchange, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have never had a mad-on for a minute, a pang of professional jealousy or even a tickle of temperament. They can both take it—plenty—and love it, maybe because both are so far out in front in their respective spotlights that they haven't a thing to fear from each other, and maybe because they happen to be Bing Crosby and Bob Hope—which is to say, two terribly funny, friendly and fabulous guys.

Anyway, when Frank Sinatra blew into Hollywood with all the squeals and shivers of female millions wafting after him, Bing and Bob were waiting for him. They needed new blood, and Frankie seemed a natural to make it three of a kind. But neither Bing nor Bob, and hardly anybody else in Hollywood, knew Frank. They liked the Voice, but what went on behind it was a mystery. So Bing and Bob decided to find out. Their first chance to apply the acid test was at a War Bond exhibition golf match at Lakeside Country Club where Bing and Bob slap the ball around.

the acid test . . .

It was a big Hollywood event, and thousands of people were on hand to watch the fun. It was also the first public appearance together of the Groaner and his sensational new rival, and to be fair, Frank was at a big disadvantage. Bing and Bob had played lots of Southern California benefit matches before. Both of them are super golfers: Bing had even been Lakeside champ for two straight years, and Bob was a close runner-up. Frankie was a mere dub at pasture pool. Although in a prize ring or a swimming pool he could make both Bing and Bob look awkward.

They went to work on Frank right away. First off, Bob turned to Bing. "Crosby," he said, "your caddy can carry the clubs. Mine can carry Sinatra." When Frank teed off, Bob got him talking while Bing traded a trick ball on the tee. Frank swung and "Bang!" it exploded all over the place. Then Bob had his caddy hand Frank a mammoth gag golf club, complete with rubber handlebars, a flashlight, a compass, a bicycle bell and other gags, gadgets tailored for a dub. And all around the course he and Bing kept up a running patter like this: "Hope, it sure is swell to have new blood in the game."

"Yeah, Bing, did you say 'no blood'?" (Ever since Bob has called Frankie "No blood.") Or, "Bob, why do you suppose this Sinatra's so skinny?" "I don't know, Bing. Maybe when he was a baby his mother tied his bow tie too tight." "Yeah, Bob, but not tight enough!" Well—that gives you the general idea. Frankie's number was really up.

But he took it with a wonderful Sinatra grin all the way around, and even poked back a few cracks himself, because Frankie is no slouch whatever on the uptake. He sang a duet with arms around Bing's shoulders and entered into all the silly business a mob of cash customers

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even for War Bonds, seem to demand around Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Although afterwards, Frank sighed, "Whew! Next time I go out with those guys I'm gonna wave a flag or blow a horn or something to get a little attention. Boy, were they laying for me!"

He was right as a rabbit there. That pair certainly were laying for the Swoon King. But after they'd laid for him and got him, they liked him—plenty. And when Frankie Sinatra moved out to Bob and Bing's home territory around Toluca Lake, going in hock for a house right off the eighteenth tee at Lakeside, who do you think proposed him for membership in the exclusive club? Why, Mr. Harry Lillis Crosby, of course.

Frankie Sinatra is one of Bing's firm friends today. But even though he knows him well, Frankie's attitude toward the Great Groaner is still one of humble reverence. He's a Crosby man, as he was at the start, and even now after all the fame he's waded into, he still regards Bing with awe. It shows in all sorts of ways. Frankie, for instance, calls Bing, "the King." The other day, he confessed to a close pal of his, Hugh Daniel, that the biggest thrill he's had since he came to Hollywood was to watch Bing record a song that he, Frankie, had discovered and made famous. "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin" is the number. Frankie has already asked Bing for an autographed platter to add to his collection of Crosbyana. And you should get a load of Frank singing the parody he wrote on "Sunday, Monday and Always." Chances are you won't, because Frank uses the little ditty just at Army camp shows and sometimes now and then to warm up a radio studio audience, but never over the air. So I'll have to slip you a look at the lyrics. You can see right off the bat with whom Frank Sinatra brackets himself in crooner ratings. The first verse starts like this:

"I'll soon become a wreck. They're breathing down my neck—
Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como—
They're really coming fast. Who knows, I may be passed—
By Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como.
The fact that girlies scream, they say will cause me grief,
But if they ever stop, I'll find that I'm back on relief.
It'll mean the end of me, good news for Tommy D.,
And Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como!"

There's a stack of verses. But Frankie ends like this:

"I'll never sing like Bing, I know I don't compare,
I'll grant he's got a voice, if they'll grant that I've got hair.
But then why all the fuss? There's room for all of us—
Dick Haymes, Dick Todd and Como!"

crooner humor...

And he always winds up with an extra lick, "There's just one Crosby!"

Oddly enough, although it's a lyric built strictly for laughs, that's just about how Frank Sinatra really feels about Bing. He worships the guy like Lil Abner worships the "Ideal." Fearless Fosdick. Always has. Frankie was practically weaned on Crosby, like a million other boys and girls his age. And if Bing should start cracking his voice tomorrow and singing sour notes in Frank Sinatra's ears, he would still be Bing the Great. That's what happens when you get a kid crush on a crooner. Look at all the crooners who

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stuck by Rudy Vallee all these years. Well, Rudy was the Frank Sinatra of the Terrific Twenties.

In fact, Frank has confessed a time or two that it was Bing who inspired him really to dig on this singing business and set out on a career. Frankie was still a New Jersey jerk then, trying to get somewhere on his newspaper job, and he'd got himself all tangled up in love trouble with Nancy, his present wife. Frank wanted to get married, and the sensible thing to do when you are figuring on becoming a husband is to have a steady job. But, sitting with Nancy in a Manhattan movie one Sunday afternoon, he ran into a Bing Crosby picture, and as the Old Master rolled his big blue eyes and gave out with some pear-shaped notes, Frank was carried away. "I'm going to quit my job and sing," he stated, "like I've always wanted to." And he did. And you know what happened.

no. 1 crosby fan . . .

The first time Frank met and had a chat with his idol was not long after he had come to Hollywood for "Higher and Higher." Naturally, with all the swoon build-up, the squeal stuff and the bobbysock ballyhoo, Frank was a marked man, and naturally, too, the columnists and press agents had to build up some sort of a Crosby-Sinatra rivalry, because didn't both of them sing songs? The fact that Frank's style and Bing's are two separate articles entirely, the fact that Frank belongs to an entirely different generation than Bing (he's twenty-six, and Bing's in his forties), and the fact that you can like them both at the same time and probably do, had nothing to do with it. After all, there has to be an angle for some hullabaloo.

So—Frank's radio producers thought it would be a good idea to have Bing and Frank show up on each other's programs. Also RKO thought it might just be possible the Groaner would consent to a quick appearance in Frank's picture, and Frank could return the compliment in Bing's current epic. "Tell your agent to get in touch with Bing's agent," said Frank's radio boss.

Frank was horrified. "My agent?" he gasped. "Why I wouldn't think of that. Gosh! I'll go see Bing myself. Say—he's too big a man to treat that way!" So he called up Bing, and Bing invited him over to lunch at Paramount. They really got together then, and although the picture and radio swap was nixed by various managers and things, that started the personal friendship of the King and the Crown Prince. Frank came away and told his crew, "I've been talking to Bing. I actually had lunch with Bing Crosby, honest!" Just like a movie-struck fan who'd touched Garbo. They kidded him about it around the RKO dressing room for days, but Sinatra kids easy. He didn't mind.

Since then, of course, getting to know Bingo better and better and thereby having to learn to crack back or get annihilated by the wig-parters Bob Hope and Bing toss around, Frank has managed to punch back. For instance, last time he was in New York, walking up Fifth Avenue, he looked in the window at Sulka's, exclusive Manhattan haberdashery, and spied a sport shirt to end all sport shirts. The thing had Oriental sunbursts on it, birds of paradise, Daliesque alligators and maybe the Great Chicago fire, too. Anyway, I have it on good authority that it was a shirt to make even an old scream-shirt fancier like Bing Crosby shudder and shake. "Hold on," Frankie told his manager, Al Levy. "This just has to go back to the G."



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Frankie has learned to be quick on the uptake and handy with the touché retort, too. He's had to with those worldly wolves, Crosby and Hope, snapping happily at him. One place where the trio let themselves go is on "Command Performance," the GI radio show. The insults and lowerations flow fast and furious. Bing and Frank were warbling off a duet, for instance, the other day for the soldiers, Cole Porter's "You're the Top." Suddenly Bing heard Frank change the lyrics. "You're the top," Frank sang, "you're the head canary!" Bing thought that was pretty nice. But the next line showed Frank was just suckering him. "You're the top," he chanted, "though your top ain't hairy!" That's Bing's real weakness, his shiny head of vanishing fuzz. Another time Frankie played on the same theme. Bing had just thrown in a snide remark about Frank's emaciated frame. Frank got through bending his notes on "This Love of Mine."

"My, my," whispered Bing, "to think that such beautiful music can come out of a rag, a bone and a hank of hair."

"Anyway, I've got hair," chuckled back Frank. They go on like that for hours. "Just call me Bing," pleads Bing in mock friendliness. "I wouldn't dream of calling a man your age by his first name," Frank comes back. Whoever is hanging around those battles of wit and words has to join in or go under. Once Judy Garland came in to break it up with a little feminine song and charm. Bob Hope immediately pounced on her. "Where's Frank Sinatra, Judy? I thought you were coming together—or did you swoon?"

"Oh, no," said Judy, "we were coming together. But I couldn't carry Frank another block!"

Maybe the most telling wisecrack Frank ever got off at Bing's expense, was delivered in the warm-up before Bing's very own show at NBC studios in Hollywood. Even today one of the most rapt audience members of Bing Crosby's at the Kraft Music Hall is a certain F. Sinatra. He likes to watch Bing work. Well, this evening Frank went backstage before the show, and Bing dragged him out on the stage to help jolly up the audience. Naturally, those two together didn't need to say a word; the studio went wild. But Ukie was standing around, Ukie is one who always stimulates Bing's razz glands. He started ragging him, and in self-defense Ukie finally burst out with,

"Oh, Crosby, why don't you give up?" Then's where Frank stepped in with his Sunday punch.

"You heard what the man said, Bing. You heard what he said!"

It's not at all hard to prove, though, that Frank and Bing have a genuine regard for each other which all the comic crustiness can't cover completely. Bing showed that way back the very first time the news camera caught him and



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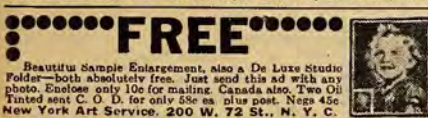
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Frank together. That happened at the NBC studios, where Frank, a CBS man, was visiting on Joan Davis' show. Right before it came Bing's half hour. The NBC and CBS press agents got their little heads together and decided here was the Big Chance. The programs overlapped—that is, Bing would be leaving just as Frank started on the air. But there were three whole pages in the first part of the Davis show where Sinatra wasn't needed. They set it up with Bing to shoot the picture then and with Frank to run off the stage, make 'em and get back for his lines. Both Frank and Bing, approached separately, said "Sure!"

Frankie was so eager to make the shots that out on the broadcasting stage he kept craning his neck over to the wings, looking for Bing, and Joan Davis, who hadn't been told, wondered what the heck went on. When she saw Frankie trot off the stage when his empty spot came, she thought he'd gone crazy! So as he whizzed by, she grabbed him by the coat collar and hung on. That ruined the plans, but to everyone's surprise, Bing Crosby laughed and said, "I'll just wait around until after the show, and we'll make the pictures then."

speech is silver...

In the past ten years Bing had never been known to wait on anyone anywhere, he's that relaxed and indifferent. Nor has he ever given a hoot whether or not he ever had a picture snapped of him or an article written about him or anything else. But the next morning bright and early, Bing was on the phone in person calling the publicity boys at NBC and CBS. He said he'd sure like a quick set of those pictures of, as he said, "the two vocalists."

As for Frank Sinatra—how he feels about Crosby, comes out all the time. He was a guest on Bob Burns' show not long ago, and as Robin and Bing are pals of long standing, the Groaner dropped around backstage before the show for a chat and ran into Sinatra. Then he left, Frank thought. But during the program, where Frank and Bob Burns were rattling off some repartee about Bing, Frank tossed in a line of his own on the spur of the moment. "No kidding," he said feelingly, "he's the best there is!"

Whereupon, to his surprise Bing himself, who had been on the sidelines watching the show, walked out on the stage, smacked Frank with a big, loud kiss and slipped him a brand new, shiny silver dollar!

Frankie and Bing and Bop Hope are three of a kind in a lot of other ways, of course, besides snappy comebacks, cut-ups and respect for one another. All three have a tremendous and unique talent that can't be boomed, and all three, on the personal side, are Joes who haven't an enemy in town. Hunt all over Hollywood and parts East and West, and you'll be mighty hard put to find a bad word from anyone—male or female—about Hope, Crosby or Sinatra. But of the three, perhaps the softest-hearted, most generous and sentimental is Frank Sinatra. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby have been up there on the top for so long that a certain blasé crust has had to form to protect them from being washed to pieces by waves of public worship. But it's still all new and wonderful to Sentimental Sinatra, and maybe the biggest kick he's getting out of being a star is throwing his talent and the money it brings him around. Of course, with all the contracts and day and night jobs he has, the Voice hasn't yet been able to dash off to foreign battlefronts to entertain lonesome GI's. But every Saturday, and often Sunday

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too, an Army technical crew moves in on Frank wherever he is, and he puts in a few thousand dollars worth of bent-notes on wax for this and that camp or fighting sector. When Bob Hope sailed on his current entertainment tour in the South Pacific, he was hard up for new gags and material to keep GI Joe laid up with laughs. Bob uses up funny material like a Kentucky Colonel uses up bourbon. His stable of gag men were dried up and panting. When Frank heard about it, he sent his whole staff of radio writers out to Bob's house for a week, getting together a satchel full of funny business for Bob to use on his atoll-hopping tour.

singing saint . . .

The other day Frank read in a Los Angeles newspaper about an ex-sailor and his young bride (an expectant mother) who got in a jam with the law hooking some things off a store counter, to help them set up housekeeping. The sailor was just back from the wars, had seen rugged action, had a disability discharge. He wasn't a real thief but really a casualty of the war and a preview of a problem that a lot of kids might be tempted to have. Promptly Frankie scribbled a hundred dollar check and sent it to the pair as "my wedding present." "Keep your chin up," advised Frankie. The sailor did and won a dismissal of his case in court. (And he's going to name his baby after Sinatra.)

That soft side of Frankie is probably incurable, thank goodness. On his radio program the other night he was singing "I'll Get By" when a little white-haired lady, about seventy years old, whispered to a girl seated beside her in the front row, "Isn't he wonderful? I know now why all you girls swoon over him." Frankie heard her, and a smile cracked his face from ear to ear. After the program switch to New York that followed, he leaned down and said, "Thanks, Honey—now because you're so nice, I'm going to sing a song just for you." He announced it to the audience, "Here's one for my favorite fan here," and he pointed to the thrilled and fussed little old lady. Then he got down and on his knees sang right to her, "I'll be Seeing You."

The lady, by the way, had a taste of how it feels to be queen for a minute right after the show. Darned if the bobbysockers didn't gang up on her for the autograph of "the girl Sinatra sang to!"

But Frank has one character spot that's right in line with his pals. He's nutty about kids. Bing has proved his passion for small fry with a dozen picture pals, from Don O'Connor on up and down. And in his own home he's done all right, although by now Gary, Denny and Linny have sprouted to a size where the old man has to be tough or get snowed under. If they get obstreperous, Pop Crosby wades in yelling, "Break it up, you hams, break it up!" and they break it up.

Hope the householder is tyrannized a little more by his kids, Linda and Tony, especially Linda, a blonde little dream who leads Bob around by his notorious nose any time she wants to. By now, though only five, Linda is plenty wise in show business. Whenever Bob has time on his radio camp shows or even commercial programs he slips in, "Good night, Linda and Tony." But sometimes the program is long, and he doesn't make it. And that's tragedy in the Hope home, and there have been complaints. Not long ago Bob set out from his house, as usual, in a whirlwind rush. Linda wanted to know where daddy was off to.

"Santa Ana Air Base," Bob flung back over his shoulder. "For a radio show. And if Daddy's lucky, he'll say 'Good

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night, Linda and Tony' right over the air." "All right," agreed Linda. "But you'd better write it in the script now!" Another time Bob's wife, Dolores, was scolding Linda for some cut-up or other. "Okay, okay," retorted Linda, "I'll let Daddy get all the laughs around here!"

lullaby lane...

Frank's babies are still too much on the small side to pester their pop, but it's a cinch that when they get big enough, he'll be putty in their hands. When Frank came out to Hollywood and had to leave his wife, Nancy, and the new baby back East, he shipped Sinatra-crooned lullaby records back by the case loads to set the baby, two weeks old, off on the right sound track. And when there isn't one of his own around to make happy, some other kid gets the Sinatra sunshine. Frank can't help himself that way. Little Dean Stockwell, who plays with Frank in "Anchors Aweigh," found himself with a swell imported music-box the other day that plays Brahms' lullaby when you lift the lid. And when the sound man on that same picture announced that his new daughter had just arrived, he went home that night with a \$100 war bond for the baby. That's Frankie, all the time.

The Hope, Crosby and Sinatra families don't see an awful lot of each other, so the fellows' friendship is mostly a work-a-day one. All of them are so busy these days that home is mostly a place to grab a quick bite and expire on a handy bed. And all the wives, too, are tied down with growing kids. But Frank Sinatra has bought Nancy a home on the shores of Toluca Lake, and already he has a couple of rowboats and some bikes to go visiting when he has the time. Bob Hope already lives there, and while the Crosbys are temporarily in *absentia*, being burned out and living near Beverly Hills, they don't like it, and it's a safe guess that come V-Day, Bing will be building himself a chateau and making the San Fernando Valley his home, somewhere comfortably near the first tee at Lakeside Country Club, his home away from home.

Then the Three Jokers can carry on their slam-bang palship over the back fence, and maybe then somebody can dream up a triple Hatfield-McCoy family feud—although you can bet right now it will be a phoney.

Matter of fact, the only real jealousy I can uncover so far in the friendship of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Bop Hope is the rankling envy of those two first guys for the last—and with a pretty good reason. Both Bing and Frank are peagreen because Bob has been out wowing GI's where the bullets fly and they'd give their gravel larynx and their best bow-tie, respectively, for the million unforgettable experiences Bob has collected up front with our fighting Yanks.

Perhaps the one serious wisecrack Bing ever made about his pal, Bob Hope, was when Bob's book about his front-line Army tours hit the stands the other day. It's called, "I Never Left Home," and when Bingo got his copy, he cracked ruefully, "It's a great book, Bob. But by the title maybe I should have written it."

Bing will be fixing that up, he hopes, as you read this. He's booked for a tour of Army hospitals when he winds up his summer movie and radio jobs about a month from now, and he's hoping to get overseas where the big show is playing. The same goes for Frank Sinatra, if he can ever wiggle off the hook of all his movie and radio contracts long enough to pack his bag and a kit of songs.

The way they figure, when they're old and gray, why should "Thanks for the Memories" be an exclusive Bob Hope tune?

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THE JAMES GIRLS

(Continued from page 47)

Ordinarily, Harry's word is law. But when he says, "Come see the baby, Punkin," Punkin tries to push his head between Harry's legs, under the illusion that he's an ostrich, and you can't see him. He's improving a little though—getting so he'll rush over once in a while and take a quick look, then run back to Betty or Harry and push with his nose, to make sure everything's the way it used to be, that they love him just the same.

"Sure we do," Betty comforts him. "You're the best dog we have, and Vicki's the best baby—"

between two loves . . .

Harry'd left on a tour of one-nighters, to be followed by an engagement at the Astor Roof, in fulfillment of an old contract. Except for the contract, he'd never have gone. Married almost a year, it's as hard for the Jameses to say good-by as it was in those first months when Betty was working at Twentieth and Harry at Metro, and they'd meet halfway every day for lunch.

Harry was to be gone two months, and Betty'd been torn between her two loves. She just couldn't leave Vicki for all that time—being away from Harry was going to be terrible. But if she went with Harry, how could she stand not seeing Vicki? Like a sensible girl, she compromised. A month with the baby while Harry was on the road, then a month with Harry in New York—

She looked down at her daughter. "You won't miss me, honey, but I'll miss a whole month out of your life, and that's bad. But I'll bring Daddy home to you, and that'll be good—see?" Vicki winked at me, which means, "Go ahead, Mom. Just leave Noony and Granny and my bottle, and I'll be okay—"

May we pause here to make a point? Because she's blonde and luscious, because she breezes around on the screen, because she's our No. 1 pin-up idol, people get the notion that Betty's a dizzy number, that she conga's through life, snapping her fingers and cracking wise. Nothing's farther from the truth. She's reserved, she's fastidious and a little shy. She doesn't know how to bubble or gush or put herself on exhibition. Her voice is low, her manner composed, and she rates as high in sound common sense as in curves. So you can total it up for yourself—and now that that's off our chest—

In her quiet way, she's breathless with happiness. Like a child tiptoeing round a Christmas tree, afraid to touch and almost afraid to look. Talk about fairy god-mothers waving magic wands! Why, even the house they live in was a miracle—

When she bought the house in Stone Canyon where she lived with her mother, Mildred Lahr heard her say she was looking for a decorator. "Come over and see if you like our place," said Mrs. Lahr. "Then if you do, you can get the same man—"

Betty thought it was perfect, inside and out, and did get the same man. Then what happens? While she and Harry were hunting like mad for a house, she heard one day that Bert Lahr wanted to sell. She rushed Harry out there, and he bought it that same night—lovely furniture and all. All they did was change one room to a music-room for Harry and re-decorate the nursery—

From the first, Betty wanted a girl. Harry said he didn't care, but she felt a little guilty, because she knows men would rather have a boy. "You're sure you don't

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mind if I wish for a girl, Harry? It'll be whatever it wants to be anyway."

Girl or no girl, the nursery was going to be blue, because that's the favorite color of both. It was cleaned up and painted and wallpapered, with little capering lambs and a little lace edge running round the ceiling like a valentine. But Betty didn't hurry the decorator. Plenty of time for the furniture, she said. The baby wasn't expected till the middle of March. She wanted to put all the little diapers away herself, and all the shower presents that had piled up, but she'd rather keep that for the last, like dessert. Then, boom! she was in the hospital, and not even a stick of furniture moved in. She could have wept. Her mother and sister had the fun of putting the diapers away.

You've read about the tough time she had. According to her, she deserved a little trouble. "Because I had such an easy time beforehand." Up to the last, she'd been going to the Palladium with Harry, going to his broadcasts, driving the car and eating too much. She was ravenous the whole time—weighed 144 when she went in. It's okay, kids. Betty's herself again now.

She got to the hospital at 2 P.M. on Thursday. The baby was born 4:45 Friday morning. She was never wholly unconscious—they gave her a spinal for the operation—but her memories are hazy. Except for dashing to his broadcast and back, Harry never left her—she couldn't bear to have him out of her sight. She remembers his walking in with a stack of the crossword puzzles she's crazy about—and she remembers laughing in spite of the pains, which were lasting two minutes each. She remembers being shown a string of blue-and-white beads, tagged B. James, that would go round the baby's neck the minute it was born—

After that, she doesn't remember much but pain till she heard a cry, and saw the doctor leaning over her. "What did you say you wanted?"

So she started crying like a sissy. For a few minutes, everything broke her up. Somebody said, "Vicki's a big girl," and Betty cried. They wheeled her out into the hall where Harry waited with her mother and dad. "You've got a beautiful little girl," said Harry, and Betty cried. But she managed to whisper, "Next time we'll have a little boy—"

a promise is a promise . . .

Then she remembered it was Friday. She'd promised not to have the baby on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, Harry's broadcast days. "I kept my promise," she murmured weakly to him.

After that, she did a lot of sleeping and, when she woke up, they brought the baby in and laid her in the crook of Betty's arm. And there she was—Victoria Elizabeth—not a hope, not a dream, but a warm pink morsel with fuzz on her head and blue and white beads round her neck. She stirred a little and made a face, and Betty looked up at Harry as if heaven had opened.

"She grinned at me. And don't let anyone tell you it was a bubble."

Two weeks at the hospital, with no visitors but the family. One day Harry said: "I'm having the house fixed up."

She couldn't quite dope that one out. "For instance, what?"

"Sent the curtains out to be laundered, so they'd be nice and fresh when you get back. Well, I had to do something—"

The only thing wrong with a hospital is having your baby doled out to you in snippets. Here she comes, and there she goes. It's necessary, but unsatisfying. Betty couldn't wait to get home, where she could see Vicki any time she liked—

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As Betty grew stronger, Harry'd carry her out to a deckchair beside the pool, and they'd have breakfast there. Harry eats enormous breakfasts. He's gained twenty pounds since their marriage, and if he doesn't look fatter, it's because he works off the calories playing baseball. If he hadn't been a musician, he'd have been a ballplayer. Before the baby came, they'd never say, "If it's a boy—" Either, "If it's a girl" or, "If it's a baseball player—"

Six weeks after they got home, the James girls went out for the first time—to see their doctors. Vicki looked simply beautiful in her fancy pants—soakers to you—and a little white dress and a white silk bonnet and coat. She waited with Noony in the car, while Daddy took Mother to see her doctor, then they went over to Vicki's doctor, and he said she was a fine specimen. Her parents knew it, but they thought it was sensible of the doctor to agree with them.

Now, on Noony's day off, Betty takes care of the baby. She was scared to death the first time—

"You'd better do it," she told her mother, "and I'll watch—"

But it wasn't two minutes before she was telling her mother what to do. "That's a new kind of diaper. You fold it square—"

back-seat mamma . . .

Mrs. Grable's very tactful. "Goodness," she murmured, "what'll they think up next?" Having seen two daughters and a grandson through infancy, however, she couldn't quite take it all lying down.

"You're supposed to hold her head," said Betty the mamma.

"Look, honey," said grandma, "did your head ever roll off?"

Betty's an expert now. When the baby's awake, she lugs her round the house like a doll. Vicki never cries except when she's hungry or wants water. Noony fixes the formula before she leaves, and all Betty has to do is warm it up and give the baby her bottle. Oh, and bathe her—she's so cute in the tub. And stick her out on the nursery porch for her sunbath. And pop her into the bassinet for her nap—

It's a pleasant picture—Betty in the blue nursery, a yellow ribbon round her hair, laying her baby into the cradle, rocking it gently—

"This doesn't spoil her—much. I know it's against the rules, but I don't care. I'm going to spoil her—up to a point."

It's a subject on which she has firm ideas. No books on child psychology for Betty. Just common sense. Common sense tells you not to disturb her when she's resting. Common sense tells you not to overindulge her, so she gets false ideas of her own importance and grows up to be a pain in the neck. But this notion of never picking a baby up or cuddling her doesn't sit well with Betty—

"We're not going to ignore our child. We're not going to give her to the nurse and say, 'raise her for us.' That's what's so nice about Noony. She's not one of those characters that says, 'Don't come in now—the baby's asleep.' As if she didn't even belong to you. We don't moo and goo over her, but it's good for babies to be talked to and played with, to have them know they're part of your life."

Betty's not planning to stop at one baby. She hopes to have that baseball player yet, but not for a couple of years. On July 31st she's scheduled to return to work in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe." Harry'll be starting a picture around that date, too, so at least they'll be busy at the same time.

She's given a lot of thought to the marriage-and-career problem. Betty's too sober-minded to brush it off with a careless, "Oh, it can't happen to us." They're

so in love, she doesn't see how it could, but believe us, she's going to keep her eyes open, and any time the career threatens their happiness, she'll quit—

Not that she doesn't enjoy her work. She does. And she's grateful for all it's brought her. But she's not one of those who must have a career or die. It was quite by accident that Buddy de Sylva discovered those diamonds in her feet, and built up her role in "DuBarry"—the role that skyrocketed her. At Twentieth, she's never made demands. She's been satisfied to let the studio pick her parts, and they've done plenty all right by her. She's worked hard, she's had fun, she'd like to go on. But while her responsibility used to be only to the studio, now she has a greater one to her husband and child—

Right now, there's a special reason why she wants to continue. Letters pour in from servicemen, begging her not to quit. Don't get her wrong. She knows the war will be won even if she never dances another step. But the boys seem to like the kind of pictures she makes and, as long as they get a kick out of them, she thinks it's up to her to make them.

Harry's never asked her to give up her work. He knows she enjoys it, so it's all right with him. Being in show business himself, he understands the headaches. And Betty has this advantage—she's married to a man who's as well known as she is—at least—and who makes a lot more money. He'll never be Mr. Grable.

and baby makes three . . .

So she thinks it'll work out, because there's just one point she's sure of. Harry and Vicki come first. If she finds that working means being away from six in the morning till six at night, coming home dead tired, not seeing enough of her family, not being able to give them enough of herself—well, there just won't be any argument, that's all—the career will go—

Sometimes she turns to Harry in a kind of bewilderment. "I don't deserve to have everything work out—first the movies, then you, now the baby and a girl at that. No one deserves to be so lucky."

Harry doesn't like to hear her call herself lucky. "Say fortunate—"

"What's the difference?"

"I can't put my finger on it exactly. Lots of people have luck, but they're not all happy. It's what you do with your luck that counts, and that depends on something inside yourself. Character, maybe—"

And that's where we think Harry did put his finger on it. Exactly.



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NO woman had ever excited men the way Maizie Jekyll did—no woman in all of Boston's turbulent history! She really couldn't help it. Every man who came near her sensed that strange hunger, bred into her by generations of Southern belles whose one aim in life was to please and be pleased!

Yes, during those jazz-crazy, gin-crazy years, Maizie was the most ravishing thing in town—until she met Lambert Rudd. She trapped him (untamed philanderer though he was) into marriage. Then life became a passionate hell—for both of them. Even though Maizie did everything, risked everything, to make her cruel, sensual husband happy.

Their Mistake In Love Was In Giving Too Much!

That was the curse of this clan of women, goaded on by an endless hunger that enslaved themselves! To Maizie's fun-loving sister it was to bring exquisite pleasure, and terrible pain. For Betsy, too, was the toast of the town—a pleasure-seeking, devil-may-care girl that men fought over—until dance-mad Oren Garth beat a jazz rhythm on her young heart.

But something still drove Betsy on a restless search from one man to another, for the kind of love she wanted.

She Loved Too Late!

Beautiful, ambitious Leda March, Betsy's best friend, was different! She thought she could spend long, lazy hours in an artist's studio—or leave them alone. But when she cold-bloodedly married her own rich cousin, she awoke, too late, to sudden passion for Maizie's husband—a passion more maddening than she had ever thought possible!

Why did these three lovely women make their gifts of love? What strange contradictions of fate made them always receive so much less than they so prodigally gave? Read the thrilling answers in a book that is among today's leading best-sellers—

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