

Modern Screen

NOVEMBER

5¢

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

THE LEGEND OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
OV 1 1944

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

9 COLOR PAGES

OCT 18 1944

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He's far more apt to find you fair*If you have lovely, shining hair!*

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

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

*Does your hair look dull,
slightly mousy?*

Maybe it's just because you're washing
it with soap or soap shampoos ... letting
soap film hide the glorious natural lustre
and color brilliance. Change to Drene with
Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any
dulling film. That's why it reveals up to
33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

*Does your hair-do require
constant fiddling?*

Men don't like this business of running
a comb through your hair in public! Fix
your hair so it stays put! And remember
Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair
wonderfully easy to manage, right after
shampooing! No other shampoo leaves
hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!

But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity.
For unsightly dandruff can be easily con-
trolled if you shampoo regularly with Drene.
Drene with Hair Conditioner removes
every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff
the very first time you use it!



THE GAYLY COLORED woolen "weskit"
is new and smart. Wear it with an
equally gay shirt, in contrasting color!
And try this smart new hair-do, with
the very low side part which starts
way out at the end of the eyebrow. For
glamorous, shining-smooth hair—use
Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble



MAKE A DATE WITH

Glamour

Tonight ... don't put it off ... shampoo your hair the
new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner!
Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this
wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓ *Extra lustre*
... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos!
✓ *Manageable hair* ... easy to comb into smooth shining
neatness! ✓ *Complete removal* of flaky dandruff!
Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

Romance can begin with
a lovely smile!



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

MORE POWER TO YOU, Plain Girl! You don't need to have real beauty to make you click.

Learn from the girls who have the most fun — girls who find happiness, romance. Yes, learn that you can cast a spell *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. But be sure your smile is radiant, heart-warming in its charm. Remember, though, that such a smile needs sparkling teeth. And teeth

that are sound and bright depend so much upon firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist at once!* He may tell you your gums are sensitive—that modern soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And as thousands of dentists do, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of the

gums as well. So massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more appealing.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



It's a Great Life for the girl with a bright, flashing smile.
Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile radiant!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

In Collier's, Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, American Magazine and Cosmopolitan, the Picture of the Month is "An American Romance".

The Picture Company of The Year is—but why say it.

Getting downright serious, M-G-M has put a lot of laurel on this leonine mane in this Anniversary Year of 1944.

King Vidor directed "An American Romance". One of the first pictures made by the company was his "The Big Parade". That was in 1924.

"An American Romance" is a Big Parade of our time, our country, our struggles, our loves. It is a "must" picture and is to be ranked along with those other recent "musts"—"The White Cliffs of Dover", "Dragon Seed" and "The Seventh Cross".

We're not going to expand further about the glorious and forthcoming



"Mrs. Parkington" which stars Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. We're going to leave this expansion to kismet.

Did you know that kismet means fate in Arabic? Well you will when you see the dazzling romance, the swirling orgy of panoramic color that stars Ronald Colman.



"Kismet" is about the biggest eye-ful that has ever happened on the screen.

Marlene Dietrich who dances her way to romance is clothed in Technicolor.

James Craig is in it, Edward Arnold is in it, Hugh Herbert, Joy Ann Page,

Florence Bates, Harry Davenport and thousands of others are in it.

William Dieterle has directed his outstanding film. The producer is Everett Riskin.

We think you'll have a swell time at this moon-drenched escape from reality. You'll come out of the theatre singing an Oriental chant—

"Leo be praised".

Leo—



modern screen

STORIES

*MODERN SCREEN SPENDS A DAY WITH GENE KELLY

The bank book wouldn't balance, Kerry wouldn't grin, and the photog was out of bulbs, but 'long about Gene's third tutti-frutti, a wonderful time was had by all

30

*JUDY GARLAND

It was the same old story. She was either too young or too old or too 'at or her hands dangled. The awkward age, they said. Life story, part 1

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LON McALLISTER'S PRAYER

It's a simple prayer for everyday things like a letter from home

38

YOUNG MAN WITH A TORSO

His left eye was closed, and his mouth looked like Bloody Gulch. In the middle of the prize ring, Dick Crane decided he'd rather be an actor

40

SIXTEEN'S OKAY

Gone are bobby sox and ruffles and Gangbusters—and here's Shirley in long white crepe with a Man!

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JUNE BUG

June Allyson landed in H'wood with just 14 bucks. Twelve went on a bottle of perfume. The \$10-a-day room was footed with imagination

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*TURKS ARE NO JERKS

A sweetheart in Paris, a Rolls-Royce in Vienna, a villa in Istanbul—Turhan Bey's been around!

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*FOR WOLVES . . . FOR SWOONERS

Take your pick—Jennifer Jones, Anne Baxter, Jeanne Crain, Bob Walker, Dick Crane, Dick Jaeckel . . . we've got 'em all—in COLOR!

52

SLICK MICK

His rival was a millionaire with a Rolls-Royce and orchids. But Murph won with dinner at the Automat and a park bench with a river view!

54

DREAM DISH

John Barrymore viewed Anne Baxter's performance with alarm. "Does the young lady have to swim?" he bellowed!

56

WE WANT ROGERS!

It's a familiar cry. You'll hear it in Army hospitals and camps, from Jim Farley, Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, in the 136,000 fan letters each month

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M-G-M's glorious story
Of two lovers—
Steve who had great dreams—
Anna who believed in them!
He fought his way
Across the breadth of America
To power and riches!
She followed his star
With a woman's tender courage!
Theirs is a romance
That you will
Remember forever!

KING VIDOR'S
PRODUCTION
IN
TECHNICOLOR

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

Starring

BRIAN DONLEVY

with

ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY

Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Co-ed

By Jean Kinhead

**It simply isn't done—this hauling a guy
off by a hank of hair. There are far subtler
ways of dragging a man to our lairs these days!**

■ Acquiring smoothness, chickens, isn't business like—say—catching the measles. You have to work at it. We told you that last month, but in case you were looking the other way, here we go again. It starts with looking your most lush all the time (and toward this end our fashion, beauty and weight charts will light your way). It includes knowing how to eat correctly, how to introduce people, how to acknowledge a compliment (and you'll find our Etiquette chart invaluable for that sort of thing). The really smooth person, you know, is at home in the world. She doesn't go to pieces the minute she's with a new man or a strange crowd. She knows how to cope with all the crises in the book, so that when they arise, they don't scare her. How do the smoothies get that way? Well, maybe by experience. Maybe by having a big sister who gave them ten easy lessons.

Stop envying them. Now. Right this second. And join the lodge yourself. Every month we'll give you a couple of pointers. Use 'em. Make them part of your bag of tricks. If you do—no matter what a mouse you are now—you'll be a dream kid by New Year's, and that's a promise. Last month we talked about getting stuck at dances, and if you missed the issue, steal it from one of your chums. This time it's that ticklish business of asking a boy to a party. Read on!

S'posing your female Friday night club is having a spree (and if not, why (Continued on page 22)



20th Century-Fox...

The company that has everything in entertainment!



THE MOST
ACCLAIMED
PICTURE IN
50 YEARS OF
SCREEN
ENTERTAINMENT!

Directed by
HENRY KING
Written by
LAMAR TROTTI



"GREENWICH VILLAGE" in Technicolor

"Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in Technicolor

A. J. CRONIN'S
"The Keys of the Kingdom"

"WINGED VICTORY"
by MOSS HART

BETTY SMITH'S
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"



AMIER MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Story of the World's Favorite Playground IN THE YEAR'S TOP MUSICAL HIT!

The romance and spectacle
of the boardwalk and beach
...songs galore, stars with-
out number and hundreds
of beautiful girls!

ATLANTIC CITY

STARRING

CONSTANCE MOORE ★ BRAD TAYLOR

featuring

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • JERRY COLONNA
and **ROBERT B. CASTAINE • STANLEY ANDREWS**

and **PAUL WHITEMAN & ORCHESTRA**

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA

with **BUCK AND BUBBLES • DOROTHY DANDRIDGE**
BELLE BAKER • JOE FRISCO

GALLAGHER & SHEAN (Jack Kenny & Al Shean)

VAN & SCHENCK (Gus Van & Charles Marsh)

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

■ This hilarious story of two amiable old ladies whose hobby is poisoning equally amiable old gentlemen will provide you with more laughs than you've had in years. It's completely mad—and completely wonderful! Josephine Hull and Jean Adair, who starred in the Broadway version, continue their career of crime in the picture. Cary Grant plays their bewildered nephew, and Priscilla Lane is his unknissed bride. Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre handle the menace department.

The Brewster family of Brooklyn is as much of an institution there as the Brooklyn bridge. Miss Abby (Josephine Hull) and Miss Martha (Jean Adair) are known for their old-fashioned kindness and charity. Their nephew, Mortimer (Cary Grant) is a famous dramatic critic. He has just married the Brewster's next-door neighbor, Elaine Harper (Priscilla Lane), and they are to leave that night on their honeymoon.

Perhaps they would have, too, if an elderly waif named Mr. Hoskins hadn't stopped at the Brewster house to inquire about a room. But Abby's and Martha's kind hearts are always touched by poor old men with no place to go. They have long since worked out a plan to take care of these unfortunates. Just one sip of Abby's delicious elderberry wine (one teaspoonful of arsenic and a little strychnine to each (*Continued on page 10*))



One sip of the Brewster sisters' (Josephine Hull, Jean Adair) elderberry wine (teaspoonful of arsenic and a little strychnine per gallon), and their careworn guests are peaceful forever. Nephew Mortimer (Cary Grant) rebels, almost comes to a heavenly rest himself.



Could a strange guest destroy *your* home . . . ?

She came into their lives as she might come into yours—a charming and welcomed visitor—but as deadly as a cobra. Deep within her flamed strange, sinister, neurotic desires—she would stop at nothing

to destroy those who loved her! Hunt Stromberg has made a daring motion picture from the daring play—the boldest love story that the screen has ever told—the most unusual entertainment of the year!

HUNT STROMBERG *presents*

GUEST IN THE HOUSE

starring

ANNE BAXTER

with

RALPH BELLAMY

ALINE MacMAHON · RUTH WARRICK · SCOTT McKAY · JEROME COWAN

MARIE McDONALD · PERCY KILBRIDE · MARGARET HAMILTON · CONNIE LAIRD

From the Stage Play by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson · Adaptation by Elliot Paul · Screen Play by Ketti Frings · Director of Photography, Lee Garmes, A.S.C.

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Now I can wear
tampons, too.



Rounded ends make FIBS* Tampons easier to use!

Do you envy those other girls . . . who find internal sanitary protection so easy to use? Why not learn their secret? See what a difference there is between Fibs, the Kotex* tampon, and other tampons you've tried!

Fibs have rounded ends, gently tapered for easier insertion. The just-right size of Fibs means this tampon is not too big, not too tiny. And Fibs alone are "quilted" to give you greater safety, greater comfort. These are features, important to every woman, which only Fibs, of all leading tampons, give you!

So, try Fibs. Once you've tried them you'll find Fibs so comfortable and safe . . . so easy to use . . . you'll never go back to other kinds.



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



gallon), and the elderly gentlemen are at peace forever. Then Teddy Brewster (John Alexander), who thinks he's Theodore Roosevelt, buries them in the cellar. Abby and Martha are always careful to inquire as to their victim's religion, so that they may hold an appropriate burial ceremony.

So you see it's all very easy and pleasant. The sisters are definitely annoyed with Mortimer for making such a fuss when he finds the body of Mr. Hoskins in the window seat. Why, the way he rants, you'd think they'd committed a crime! It's too bad they hadn't gotten around to burying Mr. Hoskins yet, but the minister came to tea, and they were so busy. . . . Tonight, they assure Mortimer, they will tuck him away in the cellar with the other eleven bodies.

Mortimer continues to be unreasonable. He won't even start off on his honeymoon. Then to make matters worse, Jonathan arrives. Jonathan (Raymond Massey) is the black sheep of the Brewster family. He is accompanied by his friend, Dr. Einstein (Peter Lorre), who has assisted him in twelve murders over a period of years. Yes, twelve! His score, and Abby's and Martha's, are the same. That infuriates Jonathan, who decides Mortimer would make a lucky thirteenth to break the tie. . . .

You'll just have to go and see the picture. Nothing I can say about it does it justice.—War.

P. S.

Took two solid months of intensive shooting to capture this play on film, but everyone from stand-in to producer had fun. . . . The trio of happy lunatics—the two old maid sisters and their brother—were imported from the New York stage. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair and John Alexander did their parts so well no one could be found in Hollywood to replace them. . . . Every available inch of Warners' huge stage seven, the largest sound stage in Hollywood, was jammed with buildings and backings to represent the section of Brooklyn. Artists and technicians spared neither time nor expense to duplicate the Dutch dwellings found in Brooklyn in the eighteen sixties. The houses had real tongue and groove flooring, beamed ceilings and fireplaces that really worked. The main house boasted a large old kitchen with a Dutch oven and real closets loaded with real preserves. . . . A solid acre of canvas was used for the cyclorama which completely circled the setting. On it was depicted dwellings, the towering buildings of lower N. Y., and the vastness of the city proper in the distance was made felt by tiny lights which looked like traffic on the bridge and along the parkway. . . . Cary saw none of the \$100,000 he was paid for the role. Half of the sum went to British charities and the remaining half to American causes. . . . Frank Capra, who served in World War I, volunteered during the closing days of the film to serve again with the armed forces. He's now a major in the Signal Corps. . . . Capra's only difficulty in filming the picture was keeping the actors from giggling through the thing. Cary, a veteran on the screen, broke up about fifty scenes—couldn't check loud guffaws when he was supposed to be seriously concerned about his imaginary aunts and their elderberry wine.

THREE IS A FAMILY

I'll bet there's a family right in your block where the married daughter and her baby have come back to live with Mother and Dad "for the duration." It's happening all over the country, so a picture built around this situation is bound to be timely. The play was a success on Broadway, and

the picture will undoubtedly be one at the box-office. It's a very light comedy with most of its humor revolving around diapers, obstetrics and the maid shortage.

Marjorie Reynolds, as usual, is lovely to look at, in the role of Kitty Mitchell, who brings her baby home to her mother and father while her husband is in the Navy. Father (Charlie Ruggles) is an optimistic character who always thinks his next "deal" is going to make him a million dollars. Meanwhile he runs the house, while his wife, Frances (Fay Bainter) supports the family. Her acidly sarcastic sister, Irma (Helen Broderick), lives with them. When Kitty and the baby appear, Irma has to give up her comfortable room and sleep on the living room couch. "Even with a war on," says Irma, "no one should be asked to sleep on that couch. I'd take a fox hole in preference any time." And the baby yells all night, which doesn't help.

Other people beside Irma object. The cook leaves. The manager of the apartment house points out that the lease said very definitely "No children or pets." This last difficulty worries Archie, Kitty's brother (Arthur Lake), too. His wife, Hazel (Jeff Donnell), is going to have a baby, and where will they go if they have to give up their apartment? The Army settles the question of where he will go by inducting

(Continued on page 12)

WHO . . . ME?

"What do I know that would help our enemies?" Remember saying that at Mabel's hen party or that night at Joe's place? Look, Lady, we're not asking you to forget there's a war on. We're telling you that even one unimportant, silly little remark you may make about Hank's typhoid shots or the new two-inch thingamabob the plant's producing can jig-saw in with the 10,000 other unimportant, silly little remarks being passed half a continent away from you into a bloody blueprint of invasion plans that will tip off the Axis.

And don't think that just because you're with friends or family, you're free to talk. A leak of information which led to one of the greatest disasters of the whole Pacific campaign is suspected of having come from a town 300 miles away from the nearest known enemy agent! And from people who got their news third and fourth hand and rejected their responsibility to break the chain.

You can be in the Armed Forces or in a war or related industry such as transportation, you can be a clerk in a government agency or a G.I.'s wife or girl friend or mother and be guilty of sabotage! Remember, you don't have to know a big secret to give a big secret away. And Lady, you won't be stifling freedom of speech by keeping quiet—just preserving it.

So here's a little guide that'll prevent you from popping at the seams and squealing, "Can't we talk about anything?" You can, if you'll just remember these 3 rules: If you HEAR it from someone, don't repeat it. If you SEE it yourself, don't repeat it. But if you READ it in newspapers or magazines or hear it on the radio, then it's public property—and you can go ahead and talk about it as much as you like.

Pretty simple, eh? Simpler, at any rate, than trying all the rest of your life to forget that telegram—"State Department regrets to inform you . . ."

"Paramount's 'TILL WE MEET AGAIN'

is a lovely romantic story that is so realistic it could be happening to your soldier boy in France this very minute!"—says *MELISSE*



"A fascinating picture of what happens when a beautiful young French girl leaves the nunnery and faces earthly temptations and dangers...risking her life to save the life of an American soldier by posing as his wife."

"Till we meet again"

starring

RAY MILLAND and
BARBARA BRITTON

with WALTER SLEZAK • LUCILE WATSON

A **FRANK BORZAGE** PRODUCTION

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Screen Play by LENORE COFFEE

Meet Barbara Britton
in "Till We Meet Again"



"Well, Paramount does it again! This time they picked a budding young star out of the Pasadena tournament of roses, and blossomed her into a beautiful leading lady... Some people have all the luck—but not so quick! Barbara waited over two years for the Big Break."

"This young lady is something to write about... Remember the pretty girl in 'So Proudly We Hail' who tries on the big straw hat with the cherries?... Well, that's HER!"



"She starts out in this picture wearing a nun's robe, from then on wears nothing but a plain blouse and skirt, but still looks like an angel! For hers is a natural sort of beauty... soft blond hair, baby blue eyes, with the longest eyelashes—and they're real!"



"It's no wonder that in this past year she's been the cover girl on eight issues of the greatest women's magazines!"



ORDER
BY MAIL
from
Hollywood

BLUE RIBBON WINNER OF
1944 CALIFORNIA FASHION SHOW

Bright little two-toned eye catcher! New, young, wide wing shoulders... easy front kick-pleat! Be the first with the latest—gather compliments galore! Smoothly tailored of rich "Harvard Square" Gabardine, by "Reliable". Sizes 10 to 20. Navy, Brown, Red, Green, Cadet Blue, (with contrasting trim) \$5.98, plus postage. "BLOUSE BEAUTY"—Flattering accent! High round neck, long graceful sleeves. Rich rayon crepe—white only. Sizes 32 to 38. \$3.98, plus postage.

Send No Money—We Mail C. O. D.
(Or save C. O. D. charges by enclosing cashier's check or money order plus 25c mailing tax.)
Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer
mail-order fashion house!

IF YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED,
WE WILL GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY!
BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, DEPT. 849
6253 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

PROMPT DELIVERY!

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 849
6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California
Please send "Winged Victory Jumper", at \$5.98,
plus postage.
Navy ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Cadet Blue ☐ Green ☐ (Mark 1st and 2nd choices)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size wanted in jumper and blouse)
Send "Blouse Beauty", at \$3.98, plus postage.
Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size) (WHITE ONLY)
(Please print name, name, address)
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____
STATE _____

him, but that still leaves Hazel. Then the new cook drinks a hidden bottle of Scotch, goes mildly berserk and kidnaps Kitty's baby. In the midst of the ensuing panic, Gene (Fred Brady), her husband arrives on leave. He blames Kitty for everything, and the excitement makes Hazel's baby arrive before they can get her to the hospital. A Navy friend of Gene's shows up with a wife who promptly gets into the spirit of things by having a baby then and there. Everything turns out fine in the end, but it's a busy evening for the stork, who should certainly be listed among the cast. U.A.

P. S.

Film debut for Donna and Elissa Lambertson, nine-months-old twin girls. Casting list called for only one baby, and producer Sol Lesser saw 478 applicants before the Lambertson babies. When he saw them, he ordered the script to be rewritten around them. . . . Marjorie Reynolds, in a new romantic combination with newcomer Fred Brady, plays her first mother role as the proud parent of the two babies. . . . Charlie Ruggles and Fay Bainter play their first roles as grandparents. . . . Some of the most giggle-provoking scenes are those depicting the family's relations with the maid, Hattie McDaniel. Situation offers countless chuckles from the time she is hired in a crowded subway from under the noses of a carful of maidless people with the same idea in mind, through the trials of the family afraid to ask her name for fear of offending her. . . . Members of the cast and crew swear it wasn't power of suggestion, but a strangely large number of them increased their families while the picture was in production. Hattie McDaniel announced she was to become a mother in the fall, Arthur Lake told friends he was to be a father for the second time, Authors, Henry and Phoebe Ephron, became parents of a third child during production. . . . As the aged, nearly blind, family doctor, pressed into service because of wartime shortages of doctors, John Philliber (whose screen career began at the age of seventy-two), plays his largest film role to date. . . . This is one of the first pictures to be shot in sequence. Usually a motion picture is made in sections, depending on location trip conveniences and stages available. Since ninety percent of the action takes place in a small New York apartment, the four rooms were constructed on one sound stage at R.K.O., and the script was done from start to finish as written.

LAURA

For sheer suspense "Laura" rates a couple of Oscars. And why not, with a fine, tight plot and a cast that is definitely all-star? Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews make a well-matched romantic team. Clifton Webb, Vincent Price and Judith Anderson handle their parts with the assurance born of successful years on Broadway. "Laura" might be called either a mystery thriller or a psychological study, but whatever you call it, be sure to see it.

One character in it will probably give you the creeps. He is Waldo Lydecker (Clifton Webb), columnist, collector, eccentric. The kind of man who is hated by almost everyone, but envied, too. He has a venomous tongue, a priceless collection of antique glass and love for just one person in the world besides himself.

That person is Laura Hunt (Gene Tierney). Waldo discovers Laura when she is an unknown young copywriter for an advertising firm. Somehow her charm and beauty pierce his selfish shell, and he falls in love. From then on, Laura's career (Continued on page 14)

WHAT A WONDERFUL START THAT WAS!

When we asked you wonderful people to try to make up the million-dollar kitty that Virginia Zamuck needs to further her Naval Aid Auxiliary, frankly, we wondered . . . And the September issue hadn't been on the stands two days before the M.S. walls started to bulge with requests—"Here's my quarter, send me So 'n' So's autograph." "Enclosed please find two dollars, I'd like eight NAA star-autographed cards." And so it went, loyal kids tumbling over each other to plunk down their dime and nickels, 25c per autograph, and most of the time asking for three and four of them for as many quarters. They knew how their help is needed to provide milk for sailors' babies and medical care and lodging for their families and canteen aid and extra clothing and the million and one things a fighting man and his loved ones need when he's off to the wars.

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is assured. Through Waldo she meets everyone worth knowing. Her own talent does the rest.

But one of the people she meets is Shelby Carpenter, and that ends Waldo's chances. Shelby is handsome, amusing—and a heel. He has been having a useful romance with Anne Treadwell (Judith Anderson), who is wealthy enough to afford him and who has no illusions as to his character. Then he and Laura fall in love, and one night Death rings the doorbell of Laura's apartment.

Mark McPherson (Dana Andrews), the detective assigned to the murder case which follows, falls in love with Laura. Which is a very odd thing for him to do, since it's her murder he is investigating. Or perhaps Laura isn't really dead. Perhaps it was another beautiful girl who answered the doorbell's ring that night and was killed by a shotgun blast in her face.

Dana Andrews, as the hardboiled detective in love for the first time, will start you writing fan letters like mad. And Gene Tierney is prettier than ever, but top acting honors go to Clifton Webb for his eerie impersonation of Lydecker.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

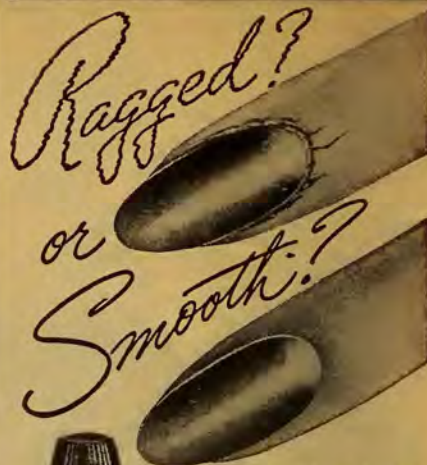
Since "Laura" is an escape story of a new type—escape into the mad luxury of pre-war New York cafe society life—Gene was provided with an elaborate wardrobe. Clifton Webb has forty years in the theater behind him (he made his debut at seven), was once one of the greatest living dancers, stepped into dramatic roles when he couldn't find a dance partner fast enough to keep up with him. . . . The sequence in Waldo's New York penthouse bathroom out-DeMilles any bathroom scene done on the screen. The room itself is of sea green tile with a chaise lounge of leopard skin among the other gay accessories. Those of the audience who like to loll away hours in the tub will get a laugh when they see a typewriter shelf which permits Waldo to work in the tub. A telephone and a

BOB WALKER

(See page 52)

The slick chicks and the melting matrons were gnashing their teeth. The lights were flooding, the fans milling, the reporters roving—and Bob and Pete Lawford strolled into the premiere of "White Cliffs"—stag! It was too much. "But heck," grinned Bob, "we're celebrating. This is Pete's first American movie and me, well, the studio just announced that I'm getting star billing in 'The Clock.' Private Hargrove's been baching it for quite a while now, ever since he and "Bernadette" split up. Not that it's a question of torch totin' or anything, but Bob's been playing the field and liking it. Our "Good Newser," Louella Parsons, was go-between for a date 'tween him and a very willing Diana Lynn. Glo DeHaven was in the running for a time, and then there was l'affaire topaz ring with which he gifted Jimmy Garland, Judy's sister. He's a busy fella, Bob, outgorging his two kids at the circus, yipping sore 'cause M-G-M "grounded" him because he was risking life and contract on those two fiendish motorcycles of his, desolate because he simply can't get a promotion. He was a corporal in "Since You Went Away," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" and "The Clock," and now, he's on the downgrade for sure. Bobbie's a bell boy in his next flicker—with Lamarr!

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handy reference library are all within easy reach. . . . Webb, one of the ten best dressed men in the world, lost his baggage en route from New York. Since he would wear his own wardrobe in "Laura," the bathroom scenes were shot during the days while he waited for the missing trunks to be forwarded. Webb spent ten days in a tub of lukewarm water, naked to the waist. . . . Dialogue of "Laura" is one of its outstanding features. Jay Dratler did the script, and special dialogue sequences were added by Samuel Hoffenstein and Betty Reinhardt. . . . The special musical background, which incorporates hit tunes of 1942, will bring a nostalgia to the audiences for the fabulous pre-war period that introduced the platinum mink and the diamond gardenia as a buttonhole gadget.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

This is another picture about the French underground, but it has a completely new type of heroine. Barbara Britton, one of Paramount's newest discoveries, plays a young nun. As Sister Clothilde, she has dedicated her life—and love—to the Church. There is no place in it for the affairs of the outside world.

Yet even in a convent, one can not entirely ignore the war. Clothilde discovers, to her shocked amazement, that the Mother Superior is a member of the Underground. The crypts beneath the ancient stone convent are used as a hiding place for those who seek escape from the Germans. To Clothilde, this seems like sacrilege. The Mother Superior wearily explains that here on earth the Church must fight for what is right. The girl tries to understand but still feels that the convent should take no part in such matters.

The next night, Clothilde finds a young American flier hiding in the crypt. She is frightened, but she tells the Mother Superior about him, and a plan is worked out by the Underground for his escape. The pilot, John (Ray Milland) agrees to carry some secret plans with him, and also a hand grenade with which he can blow himself—and the plans—up, if it should be necessary.

The plan calls for a girl to pose as his wife, since John is to play the part of a wounded veteran who has lost the power of speech. Someone must go with him, to care for him and speak French for him. Someone who can be trusted. That someone is to be Clothilde. She is at first reluctant. Then the Mother Superior is killed by the Germans during a raid on the convent, and Clothilde feels that she must carry on in her place.

During the long dangerous journey to the coast, Clothilde falls in love for the first time in her life. But John has a wife at home, whom he adores, and in any case her own future is promised to the Church. They are surrounded by peril, and when John is wounded and delirious, Clothilde allows herself for a few short hours to pretend to be the wife he calls for. That much happiness she may have and no more. The rest is danger and courage and sacrifice without end, but Clothilde doesn't mind. She has found the true meaning of life. . . .

Walter Slezak and Lucille Watson are particularly convincing as a collaborationist and the Mother Superior, respectively.—Par.

P. S.

Trench coat worn by Barbara Britton is one Frank Borzage has carried in the storage compartment of his car for years (in case he ever leaves California and gets caught in the rain). Coat came from England with Frank in 1926, and since the wardrobe department didn't have a European type trench coat, this was donated to

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the picture. . . . Walter Slezak, son of the late great tenor, Leo Slezak, has made only four previous films. This is a new type role for him. In other four pictures he was a German so-and-so; in this he is a French so-and-so. . . . Cast has a strong international flavor Shayne and Sokoloff are Russian, Slezak is half Czech, Lucille Watson is a Canadian, Ray Milland was born in Wales, John Wengraf is a Viennese as is Tala Birell, and Marguerite D'Alvarez is a Peruvian. . . . Two-weeks-old Japanese Rice Birds were only two inches long from tail to beak. Survived their movie debut only because between takes they were wrapped in a soft towel and kept on an electric heating pad. . . . More than 200 doves and pigeons were used in convent garden scenes. They were loosed on a sound stage and had the run of the place for a week. The Democratic way of life was so dear to many of them, they defied all attempts to recapture them and set up housekeeping on the back lot. . . . The convent garden background scenes were made in the garden of the San Juan Capistrano mission—the same historical garden where the swallows return year after year on the same day. . . . Shouldn't spoil your enjoyment of the picture to know the bombing raid on the German held air field was done in miniature. Required eighteen days to construct the set, and it occupied the entire area of a big stage. Exactly how this is done must remain a mystery since the studios lock the stage doors and admit no one while miniature work is being done. Will admit, however, that the scale for this particular special effect was one inch to the yard.

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

Monty Woolley seems to be softening

up. In "The Man Who Came To Dinner" he exhibited the most virulent disposition ever seen on celluloid. In "The Pied Piper" he started out as a very crotchety old gentleman indeed, but soon mellowed into one who loved the patter of tiny footsteps. Now, in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" he is only mildly sarcastic and plays Cupid all over the place. It seems rather a pity! However, he remains one of the most fascinating characters on the screen. And this is a good picture, with pretty June Haver and that alleged-threat-to-Sinatra, Dick Haymes, furnishing the love interest. Maxie Rosenbloom, Beverly Whitney, Veda Ann Borg and Anthony Quinn are included in the cast.

The story is written by Damon Runyon and is based on the life of Ernest Ball, who wrote "Mother Machree" and various other sentimental Irish ballads. Ernest (Dick Haymes) is fired from his job of teaching a course in piano because he "wastes" too much time composing songs. The same day he is fired he meets "Irish" O'Brien (June Haver) who is in the chorus of a local burlesque show. Quite unintentionally, he manages to get "Irish" fired from her job. He falls in love with her, too, but "Irish" goes off to New York to be an actress—she hopes. Ernest is so broke that he accepts the challenge of a prizefighter, Stanley Ketchel, who offers twenty-five dollars to any man who can stay in the ring with him one whole round. Ernest stays three, but only because Stanley and his manager, Edgar Brawley (Monty Woolley), are sorry for him.

Later they all meet in New York. Ernest by then is a successful song writer. "Irish" is a hatcheck girl, and Edgar is in the money as a result of some lucky

(Continued on page 18)

FREE OFFER!

'Tisn't every day that we give another mag a plug like this—but honestly, SCREEN ROMANCES is worth every bit of our lavish praise. We think it's so wonderful that we want you to have a copy absolutely free. And all you have to do to get yours, is fill out the following Questionnaire and whip it off to us. We've got 500 FREE SCREEN ROMANCES to send out, so fill in this coupon quick-like, 'cause the mags won't last long. We know how anxious you are to read the stories of all the latest movies and see the wonderful color portraits in the mag. Be sure to send in your coupon before the 20th of September.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| MODERN SCREEN Spends a Day
with Gene Kelly..... | ☐ | Turks Are No Jerks! (Turhan Bey)..... | ☐ |
| Judy Garland, Life Story, Part I..... | ☐ | For Wolves . . . For Swooners (Jennifer Jones, Bob Walker, Jeanne Crain, Richard Jaeckel, Dick Crane, Anne Baxter)..... | ☐ |
| Lon McCallister's Prayer..... | ☐ | Slick Mick (George Murphy)..... | ☐ |
| Young Man with a Torso! (Richard Crane)..... | ☐ | Dream Dish (Anne Baxter)..... | ☐ |
| Sixteen's Okay (Shirley Temple)..... | ☐ | We Want Rogers (Roy Rogers)..... | ☐ |
| June Bug (June Allyson)..... | ☐ | 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 the order of preference.....

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Herself: Why not try it and find out? Your reasoning mind says O.K. It appeals to your common sense... Are you hesitating only because it seems so different?

Betty: Perhaps you're right... Come to think of it, the more alert and progressive among my friends are the ones who use Tampax!

Herself: Anyway, how can all those millions of Tampax users be wrong? Especially with a doctor-invented product like this?

Betty: That's a challenge! Why should I be the one to hang back from adopting a modern, scientific improvement? I'm going to use Tampax this very month!

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gambling. Edgar bets with a show producer that he can make the next girl who comes into the room a musical comedy star in a month. Ernest, still in love with "Irish" although he's seen around all the while with beautiful Lucille Lacey, gets an idea. He manages to have "Irish" enter the room at the right moment, so Edgar is determined to make her a star to win his bet. But Lucille doesn't want any competition, and the first thing Ernest knows, "Irish" is on her way to Cuba. That's when Edgar starts to play Cupid—and with more success than he'd bargained for!—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Tiny June Haver (who weighs one hundred pounds if she tilts the scales just a little) went through her fight scenes swinging her left like a hefty Amazon. Got too enthusiastic in one scene and went to bed for two days with a sprained shoulder. Had her tonsils removed while the picture was in production. Cast sent huge bouquets to her bedside to help her "Get well fast." June was bouncing around the sound stage the very day after the operation. . . . Dick Haymes received his only vocal training from his mother, a former light opera star. Neither thought much of his voice. He was prouder of the songs he wrote. When he attempted to sell them to Harry James, Harry told him they were awful but bought Dick's voice. . . . During production Dick became a father for the second time when his daughter, Helen, was born. Dick, Jr., the first-born, is now two years old. . . . Dick signed a new contract for "IEAS" which gives him star billing in this and future pictures. In honor of this occasion, he presented his manager, Bill Burton, with a Lincoln Zephyr coupe because he felt Burton was responsible for his present position. . . . Cast and crew always have fun on a Monty Woolley set. Remarks one catches are repeated over and over to the co-workers. One such pearl was made when the wardrobe man pulled a night shirt over Woolley's head, and Monty got a look at his naked chest in the mirror. Monty remarked, "Revolted. I look exactly like a Technicolor caricature of a Mennen's Baby Powder ad." . . . The number "Bessie and Her Bustle" took almost a week to shoot. Dance Director Hermes Pan (former director for Fred Astaire Routines) has brought some of the fastest chorus numbers to this picture ever to be screened. When June and the girls went through "Strut Miss Lizzie", cameramen remarked that the dance was liable to burn the film before it reached its audience.

STRANGE AFFAIR

Did you ever discover a murder? Or catch a spy? Probably not. Most of our lives run in quieter channels. That's why we get such a kick out of seeing a nice young couple like Bill Harrison (Allyn Joslyn) and his wife Jacqueline (Evelyn Keyes) do those things on the screen.

Bill gets into more jams than Dick Tracy. He loves to play detective, but the results are often unexpected. Jacqueline, his adoring and jealous wife, wouldn't mind his being a Junior G-Man if there wasn't always a beautiful girl somewhere in the case. Jac thinks Bill carries that old saying about "Cherchez la femme" too far. This time the femme is Marie Korsakoff (Marguerite Chapman), who sits beside Bill at a refugee benefit where a man is murdered. The victim, a Doctor Baumler, has had heart disease for some time, and the police at first attribute his death to natural causes. Bill is sure it's murder, and finally gets Lt. Washburn (Edgar Buchanan) to admit he's right. This success goes to his head, and he decides to

JEANNE CRAIN

(See page 52)

Jeannie's not talking. But everybody else is. About her glorious red hair—or is it blonde? About the way she was discovered in a little theater production—or was it while bowling? About having been a cover girl—or was it a typist? Y'see, Jeanne's something new in flicker fashions—a beauteous babe who won't talk! Some reports have it that she was bowling in a local Hollywood 15c-a-stringer, all glamour'd up in slacks, plaid boy's shirt and two skinny pigtales, when a talent scout spotted her quietly reposing on the slick, shiny surface of the alley—flat on her face! He's supposed to have yelped "Eureka!" scurried over, dusted her off and presented her the next A.M. to the 20th Century-Fox powers that be with that broad grin that comes from having cornered a particularly photogenic mouse. But then there's this version. That after having just missed polling in as "Miss America" in the 1942 national Beauty Contest, she was dubbed "Miss Long Beach," handed a couple dozen modeling assignments and left to stagnate in a pool of panchromatic make-up at 15 dollars an hour. Which didn't suit Miss Crain at all. Because seeing as how her cherished future as an artist had crashed, she was intent on being an actress. With no place to act. Which was discouraging enough to make her want to go back home to her 25-dollar-a-week typing job in Texas and bury herself in her beloved Raphael and Shakespeare and Liszt. And then she bethought herself to join a little theater. Which she did. Whereupon, after months of sloshing whitewash all over sets and doctoring scripts, the director handed the plum role of the season to another girl who'd never even seen a typewriter or a paint brush outside of a store window! But plucky Jeanne hid herself to the opening performance and sat there, grimly intent on learning exactly why she'd failed and how not to let it happen again. Then all the Cinderella stuff happened. A scout saw her, shoved his card in her face, told her to report to Darryl Zanuck's office. The next day she tested for a part, outdid the other 6 aspirants, and bingo—"Home In Indiana!" So you has yer choice, and you takes your pick as to how Jeanne Crain was discovered—not that it really matters. Just as long as she got here.

must be one of half a dozen people who were sitting at the table with the doctor. It can't be Jac, and it doesn't seem to Bill that a girl as beautiful as Marie Korsakoff would go around murdering people. But when he finds that Marie was secretly married to Dr. Baumler and inherits his fortune, Bill begins to wonder.

Of course there are other suspects. Look at the odd way that refugee, Czerny, acts. How about Leslie Christopher? (Tonio Selwart). He's in love with Marie; maybe he's guilty. Or Domino (Hugo Haas), the doorman with the queer accent. There are lots of clues, but unfortunately for Bill, they all point in entirely different directions. He does get on the right track eventually, and comes too close to the truth for the murderer's liking. Only the fact that Bill has an extremely jealous wife saves him from ending up in the morgue.

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This is a fast, funny mystery, with Allyn Joslyn making an attractive amateur detective. I think you'll like it.—Col.

P. S.

Ed Dearing, veteran of more than fifty "cop" roles, has been beat up by some of the screen's toughest characters. Swears he'd take 'em all on at once rather than have Evelyn Keyes again as an opponent. ... Allyn Joslyn got a taste of the strength of the "weaker sex," too, when Ruth Warren knocked him cold with an umbrella. Director had told Ruth that Allyn's hat was padded in order to get her to hit him hard enough to make it look good. It looks good. Allyn is actually knocked out. ... Evelyn got her coaching for her part as a telephone operator from Marguerite Chapman. Marguerite was once an operator in Mount Vernon, New York. ... Marguerite came on the set one morning, idly picked up a newspaper and saw the headlines of Georgia Carroll's marriage to Kay Kyser. Her scream could be heard on the back lot. Georgia was Marguerite's room-mate, and she knew nothing about the wedding until she saw the paper. ... Evelyn can vouch for the effectiveness of exercises. She lost two pounds at every rehearsal of the scene where she "rides the bicycle" on the floor. ... Allyn begged a few days off from picture to go Marlin fishing in Guaymas, Mexico. Came back with stories about the one that got away but no fish. Two days later he received a wire from the captain of the boat he had used saying they had caught six Marlin that morning. ... Wardrobe department fastened tiny ball bearings into the soles of Allyn's shoes for his scene with the Great Dane. Dog wasn't strong enough to pull him without them. ... Director Al Green has only one superstition—he wears the same suit to work every day until a scene has to be reshot, then he changes to another outfit and so on. During production of "Strange Affair" he spent long hours in the cleaners waiting for his suit—wore the same one throughout the entire shooting.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

You've whistled the tune for months. Now you can hear Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers sing it, in a picture named after it. Trigger, of course, keeps time to the music and also helps Roy out in both a fight and a romance. What a horse!

The action in "San Fernando Valley" doesn't take place there at all, but Roy plays a rancher from there who is looking for an ex-employee. The employee is also a friend, Keno (Edward Gargan), who has left his job with Roy to run a traveling shooting gallery. Roy finds him in a little town called Pendleford, and puts the shooting gallery out of business by winning all Keno's money. They are set to go back to the San Fernando Valley when two things happen. A—Roy is held up by two men who steal his, and Keno's, money. B—He meets Dale Keyon (Dale Evans). So, instead of heading West, he and Keno take jobs as cooks on a ranch that belongs to Dale's grandfather.

Their cooking is terrible, but old "Cy-clone" (Andrew Tombes) likes them anyway and tells Dale to keep them around. Dale is quite willing—she and Roy fight a lot, but they both know the fighting is only on the surface. Dale's kid sister, Betty Lou (Jean Porter), thinks Roy is the handsomest cowboy she's ever seen. (Who doesn't?)

Dale has been having trouble with Betty Lou and l'amour lately. Betty Lou has grown up in a hurry, and she falls for every man she sees. As a result Dale has to fire all the ranch hands and hire cow-boys in their place. Now here is Betty Lou

going overboard for the new cook. "May-be," Dale suggests to Roy, "we should make her think you and I are in love. That would fix things." It certainly would, Roy agrees, with a cat-looking-at-dish-of-cream expression. It does fix some things, but it makes others more complicated, for it sends Betty Lou off on a new tangent. One that leads to stolen horses, a wild ride across the prairie and—finally—the recovery of Roy's money. Credit Trigger with an assist.—Rep.

P. S.

Although Republic Studio is located front and center in the "Valley" itself, huge replicas of it had to be built on sound stages for the musical numbers. This was done to avoid the noise of traffic, airplanes and juke boxes in the kaow-kontry. ... Half of the cast are residents, mostly ranchers, of the San Fernando Valley. Even city-gal Dale Evans moved out during production. ... Eight new songs in the picture including Tim Spencer's burlesque on the western, "They Went Thata Way". ... Edward Gargan, who started his career in opera in New York, sings the song—his first warbling on the screen. Gargan entertained visitors to the screen. (Continued on page 22)

JENNIFER JONES

(See page 52)

"Misty . . . spiritual . . . naive," they've all been used to describe the 23-year-old who copped an Oscar with her very first picture, "Song of Bernadette." Which she is. Also "canny . . . quick-thinking . . . level-headed." When a reporter, at one of the many meet-the-press parties given to introduce her to the public back in 1942, asked about her pert, ups-a-daisy name, she replied with an entre nous grin, "My mother must have been reading an old English novel." But her guardian angel, David O. Selznick, not having heard of that version, told this one. About how, having phoned her to come sign contracts after he'd o.k.'ed her test, she taxi'd from Garden City with her just-shampooed hair streaming out the window; and getting there, Phyllis Isley (of the Tulsa, Oklahoma theater-owning Isley's) became Jennifer Jones. But after all, what's in a name? Regardless of whether Jennifer enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts after graduation from Convent school, or after a ten-year stint of one-night-standing barn theaters, she's definitely hit the big time. She and Bob are still good friends, really friends, and not for publicity purposes only; and though Watson Webb, 20th Century producer, took her to meet his folks recently, she's still much too engrossed with her career and her two babies to seriously consider another marriage. Jennie's still studying theater technique, thinks she should've had more experience before being hurled into the limelight with "Bernadette." She's just discovered great literature and music. She'd love to work with Boyer or Spencer Tracy. She feels cokes, tea and hard likker are all in the same class of stimulants. She's the one-minute-beautiful, next-minute plain "flash in the pan" who's proving, via "Since You Went Away" and "Keys to the Kingdom," that actresses are born, not made. And that grease-paint goes swell with sweetness and light.



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set with the story of his first appearance at the "Met." His family came en masse, paid seven bucks apiece for seats and couldn't see Ed as he stood in the crowd on the stage behind a six-foot-two character who wouldn't move over even when pinched. . . . Roy, who pretends to be a cook in the picture, surprised the gang on the set by whipping up some luscious "paprika creamed snitzels" (pop-overs to you dudes) which were mighty good eatin'. . . . Trigger gets a little horse competition in this from one "Thunder," Bill Elliot's horse.

GUEST IN THE HOUSE

Anne Baxter has the top role of her career in this story of a beautiful young girl who wrecks the happiness of an entire family. In less skillful hands, the character of Evelyn would be unbelievable. Anne makes her real and understandable but so hateful that you will breathe a sigh of relief at the fate that eventually overtakes her.

Evelyn has heart trouble, but she has something else far worse—a mind so evil that it poisons everyone with whom it comes in contact. Young Doctor Dan Proctor (Scott McKay) falls in love with her pretty face and doesn't realize how deep the neuroticism of his patient has gone. Hopefully he sends her to spend the summer with his brother and his wife. Surely in those charming surroundings, she will get well enough so they can be married.

Within a week after she arrives, Evelyn has lost all desire ever to marry Dan. Instead, she becomes wildly infatuated with his brother, Douglas (Ralph Bellamy). Douglas is a successful painter, happily in love with his wife (Ruth Warrick). But there are always ways to start trouble in a marriage, and Evelyn wastes no time in beginning. Her first step is to charm the entire household into trusting her. Then she gradually begins her insidious remarks. Before long she has persuaded Douglas that he is doing the wrong kind of painting, because he isn't properly "understood." Then she convinces his wife that he has been having an affair with his model (Miriam Blake). This serves the double purpose of getting rid of the model and causing the wife to change her atti-

tude of love to one of suspicion. Everything is going fine, and Evelyn is sure that she soon will be able to cause a divorce and get Douglas for herself.

As time passes, however, it becomes apparent to everyone that their troubles stem from the guest in the house. In spite of her sweet, sympathetic manner, Evelyn is obviously a wickedly selfish and cruel young woman. But it is Aunt Martha (Aline McMahon), who has the courage to provide a nerve-shattering climax to this tense, emotional drama.—U.A.

P. S.

Art director, Nikolai Romisoff, was dispatched to Maine to gather material and sketches on Maine homes so the house (the only set used for the picture) would be authentic in every detail. Rooms were built on rollers so that the house could be "dissected" for easy lighting and camera manipulation. Put together the house is a liveable unit. So liveable, as a matter of fact, that screen-writer Ketti Frings plans to build a post-war home based on the plans. . . . Romisoff came back from his trip to Maine loaded with bric-a-brac and odds and ends to give the house color and warmth. The wallpaper was discovered in the cellar of a small town country store; Romisoff considers it the real "find" of the trip. . . . The authenticity of the house was just a headache to cameraman Lee Garmes for the Romisoff ceilings are seven feet high and beamed. Garmes claimed it was the most difficult set he's ever worked with. . . . Before actual shooting began on the picture, director Lewis Milestone, Romisoff and Garmes, using "live dummies," walked through the entire script. Accompanying them was a sketch artist, Les Thomas, who drew sketches of scenes and camera positions as Milestone envisioned them. When the sketches were completed, Milestone had a handy reference of the picture with full exposition of camera angles, set-ups and character movement. This is called "pre-production designing," and cuts down shooting time of the picture by solving in advance many lighting and camera problems. . . . Since the picture's musical theme (Liszt's "Liebestraum") contributes much to the psychological "feeling" of the picture, a good deal of the credit should go to musical director, Werner Janssen.

CO-ED

(Continued from page 6)

not?), and you're each to drag a guy. Invite him by phone if you know him pretty well. Just, "Hi, Johnny. We're party-ing at Jen's Saturday night. Want to come?" No apologetic fol-de-rol about, "I know you're probably busy," or "It may not be terribly exciting." If he can make it, say, "O, beautiful! Pick me up at eight," and ring off without further messing. If he can't, don't feel embarrassed or immediately suspect that he's fibbing. Just say airily, "I'm sticking my tongue out at you, mister. Next time I'll get my bid in first." Then without skipping a heart beat, call your second string angel-puss.

If you absolutely do not know one boy to ask, don't get yourself all frenzied about it. How about that boy your mother is always trying to stuff down your throat? Every mother in the world has some male she plugs every chance she gets, usually the son of her dearest friend. Okay, call her bluff. Invite him. Or maybe one of the gals in the club has a girl-shy brother. He's never had a date in his life. Invite him and acquire him for your own particular beau. Perhaps there's a flicker of

a crush smouldering between you and a boy in school. It's never been put into so many words. He's never even asked you out. But you kind of know it's there. Do you dare ask him? Sure, you do.

We think a short note is best for these boys. It's a bit easier to be smooth in writing when you're dealing with an unknown quantity. Just say, "Dear Bob, Our club is party-ing on Saturday night the tenth, and I've been thinking what fun it would be if you'd come. Can do? If so, could you call for me about eight? Oh, and please let me know as soon as you can, won't you? Sincerely, Janet."

Never, never sound apologetic. Never, never beg him to come. After all, he's a pretty lucky guy getting a Saturday night date for free.

More of this next month, and meanwhile, let us know your particular smoothness problems. We'd like to help.

CO-ED MAILBOX:

I frequently go out on double-dates with
(Continued on page 24)

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Directed by
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Original Story by FRANK and
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JOAN HARRISON and MARIAN COCKRELL
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HAVE
YOU
EVER
BEEN
REALLY
afraid?

Asleep or awake,
she felt him near—
probing for the
truth—in the dark-
ness of her mind.



a gal whom I'll call Betty. Everything starts off nicely, but by the end of the evening the two joes are practically slugging it out over Betty, and I'm left out in the cold. It's not that she's prettier than I am, but she's terribly cute. I'm getting discouraged. Jane McA., Inglewood, Calif.

Don't blame me, chum, but there are two things you can do about it. One is to speak to Betty. Swallow your pride and ask her to lay off. She doesn't have to be that cute. Ask her to confine her eyes to her boy. To lower her voice a little so that some of your cracks can be heard. If you know her very well, you might ask her to 'cue you for some of your funny stories for a change. Another suggestion is this. Try to overcome that prickly little worried feeling you undoubtedly have acquired about all your double dates with Betty. That beats you down before you even start. Be sure that you are looking your best and that you have something amusing to contribute to the conversation. Try to carry on a private chat with your date instead of making it one big open forum. Captivate him by laughing at his jokes, by being interested in what he has to say, by using his name frequently while you're talking to him. If, in spite of all your efforts, his attention wanders to Betty, let it wander. Sit back, relax and try to figure out what she's got. Next time maybe you can finesse her at her own game.

I've gone with a boy for a year now, and we think we are very much in love with each other. We talk about getting married some day, but we are still too young. He'll be leaving for the Navy soon, and I am very scared he will find many other girls and will not love me any more. Do you think we should get engaged? How can we be sure that we love each other?

L. Senkow, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

It's sort of hard to tell you how to be sure that your love for each other is lasting and not just a teen-age crush. However, the fact that you've loved each other for a whole year shows that the feeling must be pretty deep. Question is, is it deep enough? Well, are you miserable when he's out of your sight? Do his wishes seem more important than your own? Do you know his faults and love him all the more because of them? Are you proud of him? Do you have faith in his ability to make a success of his life? If all the answers are "Yes," we'd say that this was it.

About the engagement. Why not wait a little while? Our idea would be to give each other some freedom for the next year or so. If this is the 14-carat stuff, it will bear comparison with minor flutters, so don't worry about losing your sailor to some other gal. If it isn't, don't you think it's wiser to discover it now? If, however, you both feel you've had sufficient friendships with other boys and girls to be very sure, and if it would make you both happier to be engaged, by all means go ahead.

I have red hair and freckles, but am not unattractive to the boys. At least not to one named Pete whom I've gone around with a long while. I like him, but he is very dull. Take John now—there's a boy I could really go for. How to let Pete down easy? Grace McConna, Pelham, New York.

Look, chum, don't go burning your bridges. Has John made a move? Does he know you're alive? S'posing you axe Pete—what are you doing Saturday night? Sitting around kicking yourself most likely. Be a bit bright and ease yourself back into the stream of things gradually. Noise

it around that you are no longer Pete's monopoly. Be seen in the halls with somebody else by hook or crook. Turn down a date with Pete and go to the movies with the girls by way of declaring your independence. If his feelings are hurt, explain to him as gently as you can that twosomeing is all very well for the married, but that until you meet your pipe and slippers boy, you think you'll kind of look around.

I am fifteen years old and have been madly in love with a boy of twenty. I told everyone I had a crush on him, and of course he heard about it. I let school work go for two months just thinking about him. However, he never paid any attention to me, and now I dislike him and hate other boys because I was so badly hurt by this one. Ginger Lambert, Newark, N. J.

You, my fine friend, should be spanked. You can't go around hating all men just because one old dope ignores you. Don't you know you can't bowl over every boy you meet? Even Betty Grable's not that good. You were unlucky enough to fall for one of the ones who wasn't for you. Pick yourself up and profit by that experience. Next time, tell no one that you have a crush. If you do, he'll eventually find out, and then you'll be so self-conscious with him, you'll never get anywhere. Study the actions of the girls you know who are big stuff with boys. Get on to the small tricks that cut so much ice with the guys. When you have a bit of self-confidence, go to work on some of the lesser lights at school. As you gain in experience, toss your wiles at some of the big wigs. Don't reach for the moon in the very beginning, but later on, don't settle for anything else.

My brother has entered the Navy this past week and has promised to give my

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address to the boys who don't get much mail. Whatever shall I say? I'd like to know about their home towns, their likes and dislikes, but I don't want to sound like a quiz kid. How can I phrase these questions? Dorothy, Newark, N. J.

If your brother is a real angel—and apparently he is—he might send you along a little thumbnail sketch of the boys. Make your first letter extremely warm and friendly, but don't emphasize any one facet of your personality too much until you know more about him. Your first letter might go something like this: "Dear Bill, Gosh it was nice to get your letter. You're a busy man, aren't you? I was ever so interested to hear about your life while you're in training, and there are a million questions I'd like to ask you. No doubt all the answers would be military secrets—they always are.

"To make this all a bit more proper, let me introduce me. I'm sixteen years old and a junior in high school." (Here put in a description of yourself.) "I love to dance, play tennis, listen to Frankie . . ." Tell him about your favorite books, movies, songs. Don't bore him with too much detail. Finish with "Now it's your turn to talk, Bill. I'll be waiting for a fat letter. Sincerely—" Happy V-mail, Dorothy!

* * *

We're still doing business at the same old stand, so kiddies, if you've a problem, won't you let us help you tussle with it? Be sure to give us your name and address if you'd like a reply, and the gal to write to is Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Say, friends . . .

Isn't it swell, the trees getting all green and russet and clothes looking svelte and sweet again and everything going back to its nice, cozy routine? So now that your mad dirndl and dripping frenzy is over, start shooting the questions at me! I imagine you're going to have lots of 'em now that you're going to the movies 'cause you're interested in them rather than because the houses are air-cooled!

All you do is get yourself a stickler and send it out with your stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Mrs. Elinor Nelkin, Tenn.: WHO PLAYED "ANDY," "ALABAM" AND "JOHNNY" IN "DR. WASS-SELL?" . . . Elliot Reid played Andy, Olivier Thorndyke was Alabam, and Renny McEvoy did Johnny.

Sylvia Gold, B'klyn, N. Y.: WASN'T HELMUT DANTINE SUPPOSED TO PLAY IN "MASK OF DIMITRIOS"? . . . Yes, but during the shooting, there was a disagreement 'tween him and Warner Brothers, and Zachary Scott was substituted.

Kitty Molinero, Verona, N. J.: MAY I HAVE THE ADDRESSES OF THE JAECKEL, HUTTON AND LYNN FAN CLUBS? . . . For Richard Jaeckel it's Pat Lawrence at 585 W. End Ave., N.Y.C. Bob Hutton's prexy is Pat Smith, 6716 Cornell, Chicago, and Diana Lynn's club is headed by Peggy McShane, 621 East 161 Street, N.Y.C.

Eda Field, Long Branch, N. J.: WAS BOB WALKER "DAVY" IN THE AIR SHOW, "MAUDIE'S DIARY"? . . . Yup—that was his first real break.

How to take a Hero's mind off his Medals!



Guard charm—prevent underarm odor with Mum!



A refreshing shower—and new daintiness is yours! But remember, your bath removes only *past* perspiration—Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.



One sure way to stay dainty—appealing. Use dependable Mum every day! Mum smooths on in just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours on end.

WANT to win his praises? Want his love to linger? Then make sure of your charm first—and always! Be certain you never offend—use Mum every day, before every date. Your bath removes only *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* underarm odor—use Mum regularly!

Mum works quickly—dependably! Smooths on in half a minute—keeps you bath-fresh for hours.

Remember, it's the dainty girl who wins hearts! Let Mum help you *stay* dainty. Ask your druggist for Mum—today!

- Mum's easy to use—takes only half a minute to apply.
- Mum guards charm for hours—through busy day or gala date.
- Mum prevents underarm odor, does not stop perspiration.
- Mum won't irritate skin, even after underarm shaving.
- Mum won't harm clothes. Get Mum—today!



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FOR GLAMOUR

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

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Fashion tricks to make you the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Fashions for Stout and Thin Girls—by Marjorie Bailey.....☐
How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Hot tips for gals from 12 to 18. What to wear, when to wear it, how to match up your outfits. Dope to make your wardrobe look like an All-Adrian job. How to dress for your guy whether he's a Pfc. or a juke-box king. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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

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

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FOR ROMANCE

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

Co-Ed Personal Advice

Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinhead, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. See box on page 25 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

Be a Better Dancer!—by Arthur Murray.....☐
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

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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.

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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 25 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

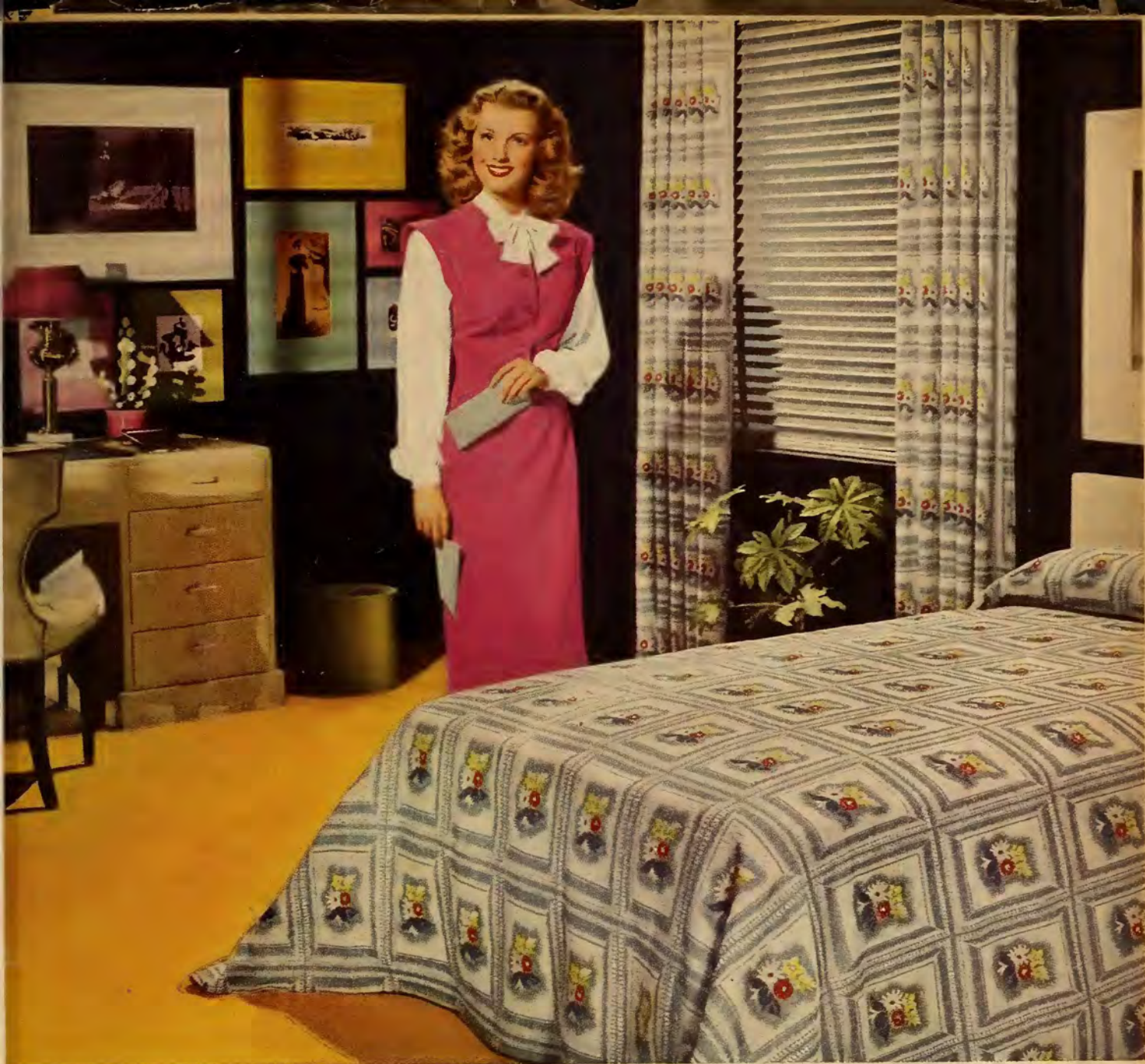


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instead of Lonely?"



Me: "Why not try
my beauty secret."

WHEE! Now she's got
that Ivory Look...



YOU can have a Lovelier Complexion, too...

You can have softer, smoother skin . . . that Ivory Look that makes a man's heart march double-time. How? Just change from on-and-off skin care to regular, gentle cleansings with baby-gentle Ivory Soap. You can't buy a purer soap—a surer way to a clearer, naturally radiant complexion. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate even babies' tender skin. No wonder more doctors advise it for them—and you—than all other brands put together. **99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% Pure**

More doctors advise Ivory—



—than all other brands
put together!

TO OUR READERS . . .

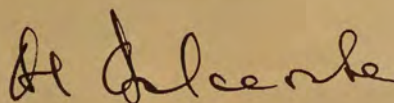
The gang is glaring dangerously over my shoulder as I write. There are **NINE PAGES OF FULL COLOR** in this fascinating issue of **MODERN SCREEN**. And they insist that I shift into verse and give you the choruses to the tune of ta-ra-ra-boom-dee-ay. All right, all right. But that takes time, and we're celebrating.

Before you can say "nine pages," I'm taking my watch off and plunging into a tub of Pepsi. **NINE PAGES OF COLOR!** Out of this world, isn't it? But then, of course, trust M.S. to always do things by bigs, not by littles. It's meant more work for all of us. It's cost oodles of money.

But what the heck, kids, you love it, don't you? A spread of color on the Gene Kellys. A spread of color to brighten Judy Garland's life story. Terrible Turhan Bey. Gossamer Gloria De Haven. Debonair Dantine. Not to mention the special glamour spread with Bob Walker, Dick Crane, "Jake" Jaeckel, Bernadette Jones, Jeanne Crain and Dream Dish Baxter.

I see where I've got to stop right here. Henry Malmgreen is doing a dead-man's float in the Pepsi—with his watch on. And the staff has already tortured five Hershey bars to death. Got to watch those kids!

See you next month. And have a swell time!



Al (nine-page) Delacorte

modern screen spends a



Sundays ore for snoozing till 12, then kickball with the local kids. Gene whips up the eggs 'n' wienies, then doshes off with Terry ond the Pirotos.



■ LIFE Magazine had been wandering around all morning, and the Kellys were dead. Betsy, keeper of the cash, was moaning over the non-balancing checkbook with one breath and *now-now'ing* Kerry with the other. Gene was gnawing at a chocolate bar and mumbling "... so the lawn *isn't* photogenic ... bet I had more fun wearing it down playing kickball than I would've gardening. ..." Everyone was feeling gay as a goon when presto!—Gus Gale was stowing his Speed Graphic, Betsy had gooey mounds of vanilla ice cream with caramel sauce (there's always gobs of it ready for Gene's Dagwood snacks) on the kitchen table, and everybody was dangling from the high red leather stools discussing Adolf and Gene's anti-vegetablitis and pic posings and life while Betsy tried to put the snatch on Gene's candy bar. We left with a last slap-happy glimpse of Kerry, her tummy supported by Gene's brawny southpaw, floating in mid-air, drooling down at Daddy's third tutti-frutti special.



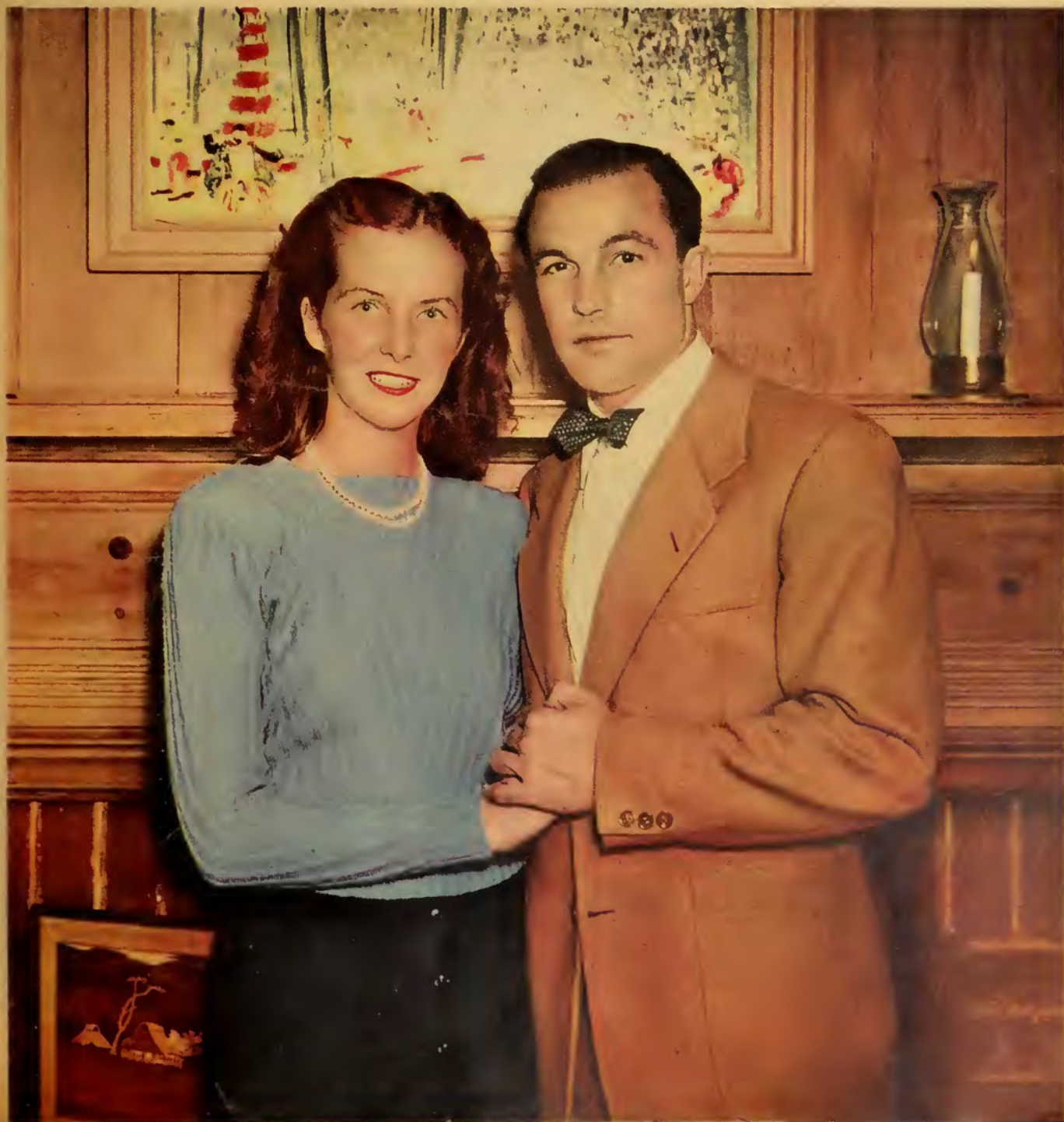
Evenings, the gals wait for Gene with Kerry flying into his arms at the first horn toot. Her new strip tease routine has Dod hoarding pins so she won't be caught with her pants down!

Strictly o slock 'n' stubble guy, Gene treasures his lucky "Pal Joey" shirt, abhors men's jewelry. He likes Betsy in sports clothes and can discuss femme togs by their *right* names!

day with *Gene Kelly*

Meet the Kellys—tap-happy Gene, wife "Sweeney,"

and their Kerry, dancing along in Daddy's footsteps.



Continu-

Sove for Gene's rare brogue'ing, the Kellys will crown anyone who baby-talks Kerry, whose sudden shift from silence to speech upped her prestige to 5 parties a week!



Kerry's past the slop 'n' spill stoge, so Gene often tries his lodling technique. He and "Sweeney" nixed o nurse, but they moy get one for Daniel, if and when *he* comes along.



modern screen spends
a day with *Gene Kelly*



Phones used to give Kerry the jitters till Betsy, gradually breaking her in, hit on dialing the time signal to let her hear the voice and bell. K. now giggles and jabbars bock.



Gene begs rides from pals to save gas, but whips out the convertible for those Thurs. eve baseball sprees with the Garfield, Barry Sullivan gang.



Members of the "Writer's Set," the Kellys hold open house, breaking up the weighty gab fests with sprints around the block, sweet Adoline-ings—and fast rounds of Anagrams!



"Sweeney" and "Genee" can jabber in 6 tongues, picked from school and tutors. Betsy's angling for a 3 months' overseas jaunt with an ex-B'way dram group, while Gene's just beginning work in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies."

anyone
silence



young man with a torso

Nine mastoids, two broken eardrums, three fractured ribs—Dick Crane's battered but beautiful!

■ While Dick Crane was reading his fan mail recently (it now runs into many hundreds of letters a month) he opened a fold of pink paper to disclose the following communication:

"Dear Mr. Crane:

You are the healthiest looking zombie I have ever seen. However, you MUST be a zombie because I have seen you die four times in four different pictures. First I saw you in a Hopalong Cassidy picture, and you got perforated in a most fatal manner. Then I saw you in 'Happy Land,' a picture from which you didn't escape vertically. After that you gave your all in 'None Shall Escape,' and last night I saw you get

liquidated again in 'Wing And A Prayer.' This is too much.

I am going to start a LET RICHARD CRANE LIVE club.

Yours devotedly,

Jean T. . . ."

To hear from a fan who had seen all FOUR of his decent-part pictures represented a milestone in Dick's life . . . frequent and violent death aside.

As a matter of fact there are few men as much alive as Dick Crane is. He consists of five feet ten and one-half inches of brawn that weighs about 170 pounds. He would like to trim that down (*Continued on page 89*)



First few years in films were tough sledding. Between pics took jobs as dishwasher, hasher, truckdriver. Ambitious to cop Oscar, he sees every new film to study technique of stars. His latest, "Wing and a Prayer."



Dick's superstitious about just one item—ring his mom gave him one birthday. Wears it as good luck charm on his left hand in every picture. Goes for Harry James and all shades of blue.

By Nancy Winslow Squire

Woy lost Dec. her sidekick proclomed she wouldn't be surprised if Shirley and Andy Hotchkiss took it to a preacher. They've got it that bod! Next movie's "I'll Be Seeing You."



tune of English folk song, she penned lyrics for "Mother ouldn't Buy Me o Bow-Wow," hit of "Sincé You Went voy." She's odded verses for its broodcost by nome bonds.

y Cynthia Miller

At Conteen she modestly claims boys would rother talk to her thon donce. "Most of them hove sisters ot home, and I seem to toke their place." On one of her rare radio stints, she guested on Wor Dept.'s "Visiting Hour," oired from service hospitals.

sixteen's okay

It means powder 'n' lipstick, buying your own clothes—

having a MAN! To Shirley it's strictly "er ker"!

■ Sixteen's a nice age, but not very different from fifteen. Shirley guesses no age is very different from the one right in front or behind. You have to go pretty far back to tell the difference—

Like the night of the preview of "Since You Went Away." It was one of those gala previews that they hardly ever have any more on account of the war—with grandstands and flashbulbs and everybody dressed up. The girls, that is. Most of the men were in uniform—

Anyway, walking along under that marquee-thing, she couldn't help feeling pretty grown-up. Because last time she was wearing bobby socks and a white wool coat. That was for "The Little Princess" when she was eleven. And here she

was now with a long white crepe dress and an ermine jacket and a gentleman. Of course Mom and Dad were there, too, but they were strictly a party by themselves, and so were she and Andy—Private Andrew Hotchkiss of the U.S. Army Air Force, that's his official title. But he's the same Andy she used to play hopscotch with.

No, she didn't feel important—just excited. If heroes can come back from shooting millions of enemies without feeling important, wouldn't it be silly for people who just shoot pictures to get that way? Yes, of course she was glad the fans remembered her. And she thinks it was pretty swell of them, seeing as how she hadn't done anything in such ages. (Continued on page 94)



Shirley's a plain meat-and-vegetable girl without too much seasoning. Some of the kids really like coffee, but frankly, she doesn't give two hoots about the stuff.



With Selznick as tutor, she's learning ins and outs of picture business so that when her storring days are over, she can step in as director-producer. Practised on Red Cross playlet, directing, rewriting lines, playing each part to show actor how.



Graduated from high school with highest average in class—97.3%. "I wasn't a bright kid. I had to work for every grade I got. I was so afraid I'd fail I guess I overstudied."

During production of "Music For Millions," fragile 99-pound, five-foot-one June crashed thru platform and had to be sawed out! Everybody, including Errol Flynn, kidded her to death.



By Jeanne Karr

June Bug

She was little and scrawny and had no oomph. The guys

in high school never asked June Allyson to go out.

■ Her real name's Jan Allyson. George Abbott changed it to June, because Jan sounds like a boy's name. Her mother wasn't too happy about her going on the stage. Now she says, "That's my daughter"—with a spark in her eye—when she sees people looking at June's picture in theater lobbies.

Recently she sent June a classic letter: "Just saw 'Two Girls and A Sailor.' Please take care of yourself and get lots of rest. Love. Mother." June doesn't know exactly what it means, and she's sort of afraid to ask. As long as she doesn't ask, she can go right on hoping that mother just wrote in a terrible hurry.

She's amazed by what's happened to her. Being asked for an autograph makes her feel silly, but wonderful. When people say, "I liked you in the picture," she gets embarrassed. It's hard to be casual and just say thank you very much. Her impulse is to hug them, ask them to dinner and inquire about the health of their families.

The biggest thrill was going to the Mocambo after "Two Girls and A Sailor." Darling Emil Coleman, the orchestra leader, caught sight of her and stopped what they were playing and started "Young Man with a Horn." Roman candles exploded in her head, and her knees went weak, and she (Continued on page 111)

Boys at Ft. Lewis voted her their favorite "Pin Up Ether Girl," which means that June's the first vision they'd like to see if they're wounded or coming out of ether.



Gloria DeHaven claims June's most conscientious person in town. "When I stayed overnight with her, we studied our roles until 3 a.m. Even after we went to bed, she made me rehearse until her housekeeper stopped us."



Turhan Bey

turks are no jerks

By Kirtley Baskette

"Bey" means Mister and vodka at the Scheherazade and a rider without a horse and flivvers and orchids and laughs.

■ One afternoon, a few weeks ago, Katharine Hepburn and Turhan Bey sat on a prop log in a Hollywood version of a Chinese rice field and waited tensely for the camera to roll.

They were about to tackle a terrific love scene in "Dragon Seed," and the ordinarily cool and cocky Katie was nervous as a witch—with good reason. Being the star of the picture, she knew this key scene had to sizzle with the right high voltage or the picture might flunk dismally.

It was up to her to make it sizzle and practically melt away with love at the end, and, frankly, Hepburn was not so sure this Turhan Bey fellow, whom she'd never met before, had the stuff on the ball to handle (Continued on page 99)



Mrs. Bey, often taken for her son's sister, shores his taste for vodka, but not for yank slang.



Turhan's been twosome-ing with Turner ever since the "Dragon Seed" premiere, when she spied him and whispered, "That's for me!"



Night he was to squire Susanna F. to the opening of "Voice In The Wind," he blew 3 tires, had to haul her in a rented, vintage flivver!

By Marjorie Bailey



Gloria DeHaven shows how *he'd* like to have his dream girl look. Dress from Miss America in Cohoma's supple new fabric, "5 P.M."

**Does the sight of Gloria DeHaven
send your fella into ecstasies? Here's
how you can step right into her clothes!**

Same wonderful girl, some wonderful fabric. New mood in a J. L. F. original with fluted peplum and epaulette lines.



SWISH . . . dancing dress of rustly striped taffeta. A Junior Formal. Around \$25.



GLAMOUR . . . in longer torso silhouettes. An Arkay Junior. Under \$20.



AND GLITTER . . . of jet and pastel. Judy 'n' Jill. About \$25. "Debucap" around \$3.

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide

■ Of course you're not Gloria De Haven. But, with one very tiny exception, who on earth is? There's only one, and you'll soon be seeing her in "The Thin Man Goes Home." I still say it could be *you*, wearing the date dresses that are so agleam here with color. Because—while our Gloria did happen to be way up front when they were handing out looks—nobody can call her "grabby." None of this nonsense about "I couldn't dream of letting anybody know where this little number came from." What's hers is yours. At least in this particular case it is.

If you're headed for something formal and want to be very much "this year" about it, the fashion of cap

sleeves is definitely yours. By the way, I'm not saying your shoulders are kinda scrawny. But if you think they are, this new line supplies wonderful cover-uppage. And nobody's been hinting that your waistline needs slimming, either. But, just in case it should, the shoulder breadth will help balance it. Do I have to explain again? All that width up top simply makes the mid-area seem smaller in comparison.

Rumor has it around fashion circles that hips today are more than something to be concealed by a two-way stretch. While I still say yours would appear more haven-ly if you controlled them a bit with a panty girdle, this is your year to talk (*Continued on page 80*).



Helmut Drantke



HER RING—a "miniature" of her fiancé's class ring, is set with a diamond and small rubies

ENGAGED TO WEST POINT CADET

*Mary Alice Maxwell
of Columbus, Ohio
fiancée of Cadet Robert Northrup Ives
of the
prominent Army family*



BUY ANOTHER BOND—Mary Alice has been active in every one of Uncle Sam's War Bond Drives. The soft-smooth look of her Pond's complexion proves a magnet to sales! Selling bonds is a war service many girls are proudly giving.



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

She has a rare sculptured beauty—this auburn-haired girl with breath-taking eyes and a complexion smooth, cool and fine as alabaster.

Mary Alice is still another engaged girl with that delightful "Pond's look."

"I'm certainly keen about Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so *exactly* right for me—and it leaves my face with such a clean smooth feeling."

She slips the soft, snowy cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream—with little spiral whirls of her white-coated fingers—for *extra* cleansing—*extra* softening. Tissues off again.

Give your face Pond's beauty care, every night, every morning—for in-between clean-ups too! 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 luxury jar—it helps save glass. And, it's so pleasant to be able to dip the fingers of *both* your hands in this wide-topped Pond's jar.



A few of the Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle · Lady Kimross · Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton · Mrs. Allan M. Ryan · Viscountess Milton

FOR WOLVES



Jeanne Crain Was she picked up from a bowling alley? (Story on page 18)



Anne Baxter At school she imitated a mashed potato—(Story on page 56)



Jennifer Jones "Jennie made her mind up . . ." And she did it! (Story on page 20)

FOR SWOONERS



Richard Crane "I'm starting a LET
DICK CRANE LIVE Club," penned a fan. (Story on page 40)



Richard Farrell Even his Chinese
houseboy didn't know about it—(Story on page 95)



Bob Mackay "Pvt. Hargrove's" on the
downgrade—he's been demoted to bell boy. (Story on page 14)

By James Carson



After "Step Lively" preview, fons mobbed Sinotro, so a kid consoled Murph, "You were 3 times as good." "I should be," he grinned. "I'm 3 times as big!"



George sold RKO his script, "Chicago Method," then doshed to buy a tractor and plough! His "H'wood Hand-book" will be released this Foll. (With Ginger Rogers.)

slick mick

George niblicked smack into his prof's
seat, he raffled off a piano that wasn't there—

trust a Murphy to be merry!

■ The other day George Murphy got a letter from a U.S. Leatherneck in the blazing South Pacific. "Dear George," he read, "Your cousin, Bill Murphy, went to glory next to me in battle last week. He was my buddy, and he always spoke about how proud he was of being your cousin. I thought you'd like to know he died like a brave soldier and a Marine."

George sat right down to answer the note. He told how sorry he was to hear the news but how proud he was of Bill. He hoped the buddy who'd written him would visit him in Hollywood on his way back from Tokyo.

Then George blew his nose, dabbed his eyes and made a mental note about an item to bring up in his next confession at church. "I guess though," he sighed to himself, "that's one lie for which the Good Lord will forgive me!"

Because George Murphy never had any cousin Bill who was a U.S. Marine. But he figured he couldn't let a fellow down who had liked him well enough to claim kinship.

Of course, being a Murphy and an Irishman, it's only natural that George should (Continued on page 118)



AS THE TWIG IS BENT

Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the *right start*.

As "her baby" grows older—mother helps select that thrilling "first party dress", the new wall paper for that "very own" bedroom—she consoles about braces on teeth, runs in stockings—lost hockey games. And then comes an eventful day—a day when mother explains how many girls and women on "certain days" of the month often suffer distress from female functional monthly disturbances and how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so effective to help relieve monthly pain and accompanying tired, nervous, restless feelings—due to this cause.

She tells her daughter to try Pinkham's Compound to relieve such symptoms. Taken regularly it helps build up resistance against such distress. A wonderful suggestion which daughters everywhere should pass on to *their* daughters.

Buy Lydia Pinkham's Compound today. Follow label directions. It's well worth trying.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Tap psychiatrist cued Anne for her "Guest in the House" paranoiac role. Preview guest card commented, "I hate A.B. more than my mother-in-law."



Dream Dish

By Fredda Dudley

"I'll never marry an actor!" vows Anne

Baxter. Does that mean John Hodiak?



Anne's grandpap, architect Frank Lloyd Wright, gifted her with blueprints for a postwar home. Sketches include a nursery. Baxter-Hodiak rumors are flying thick and fast.

■ As Anne Baxter tripped into the 20th Century Commissary one noon, having come from the set where she was working opposite John Hodiak in "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier," a bemused onlooker confided to his luncheon guest, "If they ever send Anne Baxter overseas on an entertainment tour, the war will be over immediately."

The straight man wanted to know how the commentator doped it. "The enemy would be entirely destroyed by concussion caused by the prolonged whistling of American troops," was the answer. "That Baxter is a dream dish."

Ask any six people at Fox, and they will tell you that Anne Baxter is a terrific tomato; that she has the ideal face, the ideal figure and the ideal background to be successful in pictures. To date, they will add, she has lived an ideal life. Practically everything that has happened to her has had a definite bearing upon her cinematic career.

Take, for instance, her childhood. She didn't think so very much of it as a guide for the

rearing of future generations. She seldom remained in one school over a year. Because of her father's work (he was sales manager for a national corporation) the family moved a great deal.

Dig back in memory and recall your own first day at school when you were six. The teacher was a tall, strange creature who explained the local rules. The kids coned one another suspiciously. The room was filled with the typically school-days odor of chalk dust, floor oil and the odd aroma of glazed paper and printer's ink on new text books. You felt as conspicuous as a Ubangi in the Clover Club. And as perplexed as that same Ubangi, confronted by corn on the cob.

Your second year was different, of course. You knew practically everyone in your class. Those you didn't know, you gave the old double-barreled ogle and ignored.

Anne was always one of the newies. Each year, and sometimes each semester, she became the recruit in some new school. The first time this happened, she tried to orient herself; she tried to make friends by a frontal attack of cordiality. "What's your name?" she would ask some little girl.

"Nonayourbusiness. What's yours?"

annie granny goat . . .

"Annie, Annie, she's a granny. Annie, granny nanny; goat, goat, Annie."

The kids laughed at the nonsensical chant. Sometimes they took it up and repeated it at recess. It was a very painful initiation process.

But Anne got hep. To protect herself, she developed Rule 1 in the Baxter code of self-protection: She learned to let the other person make the overtures. She found that there was great strength in silence. When she went to a new school, she paid no attention to anyone. She arrived on the school grounds barely in time to answer the bell, and she left the vicinity without loitering the instant school was dismissed. This self-sufficiency intrigued the natives. Instead of regarding her as foreign, hence funny (a common human weakness), she seemed mysterious and exciting. When the established leaders in school became suppliants for her attention, Anne could select as friends those who seemed to be compatible.

It is a system she uses to this day. She lets people approach her first. And, from those hectic days of adapting herself to a series of different school customs and local traditions, she has brought a pliability of mind that makes it possible for her to understand almost any type of human being. A very handy trait to be developed by an actress.

During this strenuous period of carving out a succession of comfortable environments for herself, Anne developed a talent. She *had* to excel in some respect. She wasn't so Euclid with figures, nor very Marco Polo in geography. Natural history seemed as complicated as a Burbank experimental garden, and literature (although a favorite subject) sometimes got awfully Gertrude Stein. But she could SPELL. She won matches faster than a pyromaniac could strike them.

At one time she triumphed in a Spell Down with the word "Occasion." At another time her winning word, spelled with assurance, was "harass." (She was perfect in pronunciation, too, as she called it "harris" as in Phil, which is proper.)

Only twice did she ground loop her vocabulary. Once she crash-landed the word "restaurant"—left out the "u." At another time she jumbled the vowels in "lieutenant." To this day, when she addresses a letter to such an officer, she gives him the abbreviated treatment. They are all

(Continued on page 76)



	
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MM 11-44

By George Benjamin



Proud of his Indian Princess grand-maw, Ray will soon be seen in "San Fernando Valley," his 40th pic. (Piggy-back with "Lil. Brawn Jug.")



A whiz at the harmonica, trumpet, piano—and guitar, Ray's a chaw mein, ravioli fiend. Paid \$82,000 in prizes at N. Y. Rodeo. (With Bing.)



Ray caught "Oklahoma!" while in N. Y., came out raging, "Phanies, they can't lassa and their accents ain't right!" (With C. Landis and Frankie at "Cam. Performance.")

Under his hotel window in Dakota, outside

the Astor in Times Square . . . wherever

he goes, you'll hear the familiar chant!

**We
Want
Rogers**

■ Last Fall, Roy Rogers strolled into the Yankee Stadium to see the opening game of the World's Series between the St. Louis Cards and the New York Yankees. As usual, Roy looked like a Western sunset going East. He sported a ten-gallon dove-colored sombrero, pink and white butterfly boots, skin tight breeches with barberpole stitches, darts, pipings, filigrees and fancy frills here and there against the blues, greens and assorted color clashes of his movie cowboy rig. On exposed places, like fingers; silver, turquoise and gold sparkled in the sun.

There were sixty-nine thousand people at the Stadium that day, and about all of them except a few near-sighted old folk rubber-necked, awestruck, as he pushed, grinning amiably, through the mob. Roy shook hands with Jim Farley, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Connie Mack and assorted celebrities, picking up fans like a rolling snowball picks up snow.

Finally, Roy climbed into his box, and the crowd of Rogers rooters swarmed after him like bees, knocking over chairs and sending pop bottles skittering along the aisles. They spilled over into the adjoining boxes, yipping for autographs, and in the one right behind Roy, a chubby, dignified gentleman with graying hair got considerably mussed up. The cigar was knocked from his mouth, his hat sent flying, his chair almost tipped over. Nobody paid any attention to him. Maybe Roy wouldn't have noticed, either, except that the crush of fans spun him around, and what he saw almost made him topple over.

The dignified gentleman behind him, getting bumped around by the fervent fans of Roy Rogers, movie cowboy, was the Honorable Herbert Hoover, ex-President of the United States!

Of course, Roy Rogers would never stack himself up against Herbert Hoover in the Hall of Fame, or against a few hundred other great men for that matter. Besides, Roy knows by now that mob scenes are no measure of greatness, and he's not impressed. He gets them wherever he goes, whether it's breaking records with his Rodeo at Madison Square Garden or zooming the population of a tiny hamlet from 300 to 17,000 (as he once did in Virginia) just by paying it a visit. He's been kept awake all night in small towns by crowds yelling under his hotel window, "We want Rogers!" and in the really large cities when he ventures out on the streets almost anything is likely to happen—and frequently does.

Like the time in Pittsburgh when he sneaked into a famous cafe and walked out to face 500 kids blocking the doorway. The only way the cops could rescue him, after Roy had almost worn off his trigger finger writing his name, was to back up the 'Black Maria' and haul him off to jail! Or like New York last year, when Roy got restless in his room at the Astor Hotel and clomped his high heels up Broadway for a drink of his favorite brew, pinacolada, at one of those sidewalk stands. Roy didn't realize that while he sipped his fruit juice, the bright lights were spotlighting him. The minute he stepped outside, they had him, and the cops had to blow their whistles again. When he got back to the Astor about everything was ripped off except Roy's smile.

king by acclaim . . .

That smile would be hard to erase under any condition right now, because what Roy Rogers does know, and for sure, is that his King of the Cowboys tag is a case of no kidding.

There's not a Hollywood cow-waddy who can come within lasso-length of Roy in the popularity poll. One recent month no less than 136,000 letters, more than any Hollywood star has ever piled up, practically pushed Roy right out of his office. The "Corrals," into which Rogers' fan armies divide themselves, cover the United States and the United Nations, too, and if Roy wanted to make a foreign stamp collection from all the mail he gets from service guys and gals, he could set up a booming philatelist's shop as a sideline.

Not only are Roy's rootin', tootin' Republic pictures standing them in the aisles all around the globe, but they're playing right in the same movie palaces where million-dollar epics play. "Song of Nevada," the latest Roy Rogers movie, has just been booked for the Carthay Circle and Grauman's Chinese, Holly-

(Continued on page 82)

WADSWORTH PERSONALITY

COMPACTS



VERONICA LAKE

star of the new
Paramount picture,
"Bring on the Girls"

"INTRIGUE"

for the sultey sophis-
ticate with the know-
ing glance.

"BLACK MAGIC"

for the spell-binder,
the girl who causes
constant hearts to
falter.

"LIVELY LADY"

for the little lady
with the bewitch-
ing twinkle.

"Just a little thing..."

LIKE A COMPACT... TELLS

WHAT YOU'RE REALLY LIKE"... says Veronica Lake

The quiet elegance, the depth of design, the powder-tight construction of Wadsworth compacts have made them the choice of fastidious women everywhere. Each style is a symphony in skillfully wrought metal and is as exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold at department and jewelry stores, priced from two dollars to three hundred dollars.

THE Wadsworth

WATCH CASE COMPANY INC. • DAYTON, KENTUCKY

"Black Magic" \$7.50... "Lively Lady" \$5.00... "Intrigue" \$3.00... (Others up to \$500.00)

Makers of fine compacts... fine watch cases... small precise parts

DONA DRAKE
LOVELY NEW STAR
TO APPEAR IN
ANGELUS
PRODUCTIONS

Louella Parsons'

Ann Sheridan camp-touring in India

... Rooney authors book on Army life

... "Wilson" courting Judy Garland.

Here's how I avoid the
DANGER
of DRY SKIN"
says DONA DRAKE

I want Smooth, Satiny
Soft Skin! So I Simply
Lather On these Two
Rich Creams containing
OLIVE OIL!"

When you see gorgeous Hollywood stars
on the screen, you probably never stop to
think that they have the same worries you
about dry, sensitive skin.

Yes, even more because they're exposed
to the drying heat of movie lights. So
when famous stars tell you how they fight
dry skin, it's a secret worth knowing!

Why don't you do what these beauties
do? Use Lander's Cold Cream with Olive
Oil to smooth away tiny dry lines and flaki-
ness—to leave your skin radiantly fresh
and satiny soft. Use Lander's Hand Cream
with Olive Oil to keep hands kissably
velvety. Get both creams at your 10c store.

LANDER'S CREAMS
WITH OLIVE OIL

10¢
AND
25¢
EACH



BUY BONDS
FOR VICTORY

■ Van Johnson has certainly had his wings clipped—but it takes Van to tell this one on himself:

A couple of weeks ago Van went with his pals, the Keenan Wynns, down to Casino Gardens—a big dance hall on the pier. They watched the jitterbugs for awhile when suddenly an enterprising Junior Miss came up and asked Van if he would dance.

Very much flattered (because he's a nice guy), Van skidded out on the floor with the girl and enjoyed himself immensely. She was a darn good dancer, and Van politely said, "If you would like to dance again—" "No" said the girl, surprisingly, "I'm going to be sorta busy."

Van took that one standing up, and when the music started again, he was approached by an entirely new jitterbug. "This is my dance" she said, practically leading him onto the floor. The same thing happened



Bing, whose "Silent Night" record netted thousands for charity, plans to do another (most likely candidate: "White Christmas") for war charities. He and Betty Hutton showed Maj. R. Bong a time on "Here Come the Waves" set.

Good News



Lynn Bori had returned from bond-selling tour just shortly before premiere. Her husband Sid Luft, a test pilot for aircraft plant, has Hollywood aspirations.



Bill Eythe and Mrs. Peter VonEyke come to "Wilson" premiere with Mary Anderson. Hubby Behrens, stationed nearby, can get in only on weekends.



Privately long-hair, Frankie (above, with Gloria DeHaven) plays Rachmaninoff by hour in dressing room between scenes. Soon's his commitments permit, he'll tour orthopedic hospitals.



Ronnie and Janie Wyman welcomed 10-day loll on his furlough last summer. During N. Y. jaunt when she recruited for WAC, taxi driver dropped her at hotel, dreamily sighed, "Well, good-by now."

Getting the hang of it



When hanging pictures on a wall,
Nails won't leave plaster cracked
If first you use some Texcel Tape
To hold the wall intact.

And if your clothing should get caught
On parts of desks or chairs,
Just shield rough spots with Texcel Tape—
No snags, no runs, no tears.



For keeping licenses unsoiled,
For keeping passes sealed,
You'll find in sturdy Texcel Tape
A safe, transparent shield.

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



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



Texcel Tape

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

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

Good News Continued

for the next five or six numbers—each dance brought a new doll who just up and claimed Van without so much as a by-your-leave.

"And then what do you think I found out?" he told me almost bent double with laughter as he related the incident, "The first girl was out behind the seats selling dances with me at a dollar apiece! No wonder she said she was going to be 'sorta busy.' She ought to be an agent!"

Ann Sheridan writes about a funny thing that happened to her in India—or should I say when she was trying to get out of India, on her recent camp tour abroad.

"A plane was expected to pick us up at (censored) and fly us to (censored). All day long we had waited at the airfield at this spot in India—and still no plane came.

"Finally, one of the officers who had been escorting us went to send a wire to headquarters to find out why we had not been picked up.

"The answer came back that such a plane had not been ordered.

"Our friend immediately asked: What shall I do with Ann Sheridan?

"The reply was: If you don't know what to do with Ann Sheridan we can't help you. BUT DON'T GIVE HER BACK TO THE INDIANS!"

It's been a month of parties, parties, PARTIES!

The little Queen of the Ice, Sonja Henie, certainly looked the part at the big affair she gave at her home. She wore a beautiful new dress made of bugle beads, and she's lost so much weight that her figure is out of this world.

Sonja planned everything on an elaborate scale because she knew her husband, Captain Dan Topping, was due to go overseas—and the party was in his honor. But Marine regulations wait for no man, and Dan left the night before!

The bright stars overhead had to vie with the stars on hand for brilliance. Mary Benny, Jack's wife, got a lot of ribbing over a dress she was wearing completely embroidered in brilliants. Several months ago, a columnist had said that Mary had a million dollars worth of jewels. "Are those your jewels?" she was asked.

It was a warm balmy night and flower bedecked tables were set around the swimming pool. A striped blue and white tent had been set up for supper and dancing.

Roz Russell said she was so tired after finishing "Roughly Speaking" that she was going to take the baby and go into retirement. (Don't believe it. Roz is one of the most energetic women in Hollywood.)

An "entrance" that was an entrance was staged by Joan Crawford accompanied by her bridegroom, Phil Terry. She was the Joan of the lush days, done up in all-white with a garland of gardenias in her hair.

Sonja's mother, who is a culinary expert, was beaming over all the compliments she was getting on her Norwegian pudding—a

matchless dish I can heartily recommend.

As for Yours Truly, I had the time of my life doing rumba after rumba with Clark Gable!

Between numbers—Clark and I sat at one of the bright little tables and had a long talk. Gable has been going to all the parties—perhaps because he wants to forget all that he saw overseas. It is certainly something new for him because he isn't a party man and enjoys far more being with a crowd of his pals and hunting and fishing.

Kay Williams, his favorite girl, and I also let down our hair. "These big parties are grand, Louella," Kay told me, "but the birthday celebration that touched me most was the dinner party for just the two of us that Clark had for me last night.

"It was at his home in the Valley, and at my place he had a cake with eighteen candles—which were sheer flattery," she laughed, "and my presents. He gave me a beautiful watch and an Alligator bag, and he had wrapped them himself!"

Another social event that brought out the town was the Jack Warner birthday party and the unveiling of Mrs. Warner's portrait by Salvador Dali. Not only was it Jack's birthday but also Lt. Robert Taylor's, Mrs. Otto Preminger's, Kay Williams' and LOP's (me). We all had birthday cakes—so everybody sang "Happy Birthday" to everybody else.

Barbara Stanwyck was so happy she was radiant because Bob was able to get home for his birthday celebration. Of course, the Navy didn't arrange it that way. It just happened.

Jane Wyman was also celebrating. She had just had her contract torn up and had been given a new one, and Janie was a vision in white with her Captain husband, Ronald Reagan.

Errol Flynn came alone, as usual. But I overheard him making a date to take Joan Blondell out to dinner. Joan is so witty and amusing she always has a crowd around her.

The Warner home is the loveliest in California. I say that without fear of contradiction, for treasures have been collected from all over the world, and the grounds are landscaped with beautiful fountains and Old World statues.

Everyone viewed Ann Warner's portrait by Dali, and comment was divided. To those of us who know her well, the artist seemed to make Ann too sad and missed her sparkling vivacity. Yet art critics say it is a masterpiece—so who am I to think differently?

Private Mickey Rooney blew back into town on a furlough and lost no time dating Gloria DeHaven. However, he showed up at the premiere of "Dragon Seed" with his Ma.

Mickey is writing a book about his Army experiences which he is calling "Wise Up." I suppose it is along the general lines of a "See Here, Private Rooney."

Frank Sinatra is indulging in a terrific feud with a Los Angeles newspaper columnist (male) who recently has ceased referring



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containing solv-x... prolongs
life of all types of pens!**

For your pen to continue giving good performance, switch today to Parker Quink with *solv-x*. This remarkable new ink stops pen troubles before they start... gives 4-way protection to your pen:

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Brilliant, fast-drying Quink is ideal for every type of fountain pen—for steel pens, too. This ink alone contains pen-protecting *solv-x*—yet it costs no more than ordinary inks!

Quink is America's largest-selling ink! Try it in your pen. Seven permanent colors: "Micro-film Black", the all-purpose black ink; Blue-Black; Royal Blue; Green; Violet; Brown; Red. Two washable colors: Black, Blue. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink the only ink containing solv-x!

Since divorce Lona's put her Bel Air mansion up for sale, lives in rented house. Turhan Bey's grandmo doesn't know word of English, bewilders phone callers by wordlessly taking up receiver, just as quietly hanging up.



Fox's answer to Sinatra, Dick Haymes, will star in his next pic. His new bobby, Helen, is named after her godmother Helen Forrest.



Fast-climbing Jeanne Crain gets stor billing in her second film, has five producers clamoring for her at Fox. Preemed with Lon McCallister, also dates newcomer Paul Brooks.



Lifetime contract recently went to Loraine Day's stand-in. Girls ore old friends, and part of sentiment's due to fact she introduced Loraine to husband Ray Hendricks!

Good News Continued

to Frankie as the "Voice." He calls him the "Head."
"So that's the tale!" cracked Sinatra when he heard of the switch.

And something tells me there's more to that observation than meets the spelling!

* * *

The Alan Ladds have acquired a new dog—that is, the pooch was given to them by Brian Donlevy. The animal is no aristocrat. The most polite thing that can be said about its ancestry is that it is "mixed." But it has the cutest name of any dog in town.

They call it "Laddie-Come-Home."

* * *

Don't think for a minute that Betty Grable took lightly those brickbats from several small town papers in the East. The editors and some of the fans roasted Betty to a brown because she had failed to appear and "take a bow" on a recent band tour of Harry James'.

"I certainly never intended to be rude, Louella," Betty told me after I had shown her several of the clippings. "The point was that it was Harry's show, and I was just traveling along as his wife.

"It was dreadfully hot. I wasn't feeling any too well, and half the time I didn't even bother to wear make-up or to have my hair dressed.

"I have been in the business long enough to know that people expect movie stars to be dressed to the hilt at all times. If I had appeared not looking my best—for I had just taken plain suits and simple little dresses along—I would have been roundly criticized for my appearance.

"They would have said, 'That Grable! She looks terrible unless she's all fixed up by Hollywood camera magic.' It has taught me a lesson, though. I've learned that I can't travel in the future just as Mrs. Harry James. If I ever go out with Harry again, I'll be prepared to appear any hour of the day or night because I'm terribly hurt over these stories."

In my long career as a columnist I've found that you can say or print almost anything about a star, and they very seldom say anything. But it's another story where stars' relatives are concerned.

Not long ago I wrote that the reason Mrs. Gene Kelly did not wear make-up or even face powder was because she was allergic to cosmetics.

About a week later I received a long and indignant letter from her mother in the East. "My daughter's skin is wonderful," wrote Gene's mother-in-law. "She could use make-up if she wanted to without any harmful effects. Her skin is so good she used to be a model. I am terribly upset about your statement."

Never let it be said that Betty Hutton isn't an effective gal. She knows her type and dresses it. Right now Betty is definitely the "champagne girl." Her hair is champagne colored, and she is going in for champagne colored suits, dresses and formal gowns.

The other night she dropped by my house wearing a champagne satin dress that exactly matched her hair. Even her bag and shoes were of that color. It's very striking. Not since Jean Harlow's all-white fad has there been a mode of dress more effective.

For her personal appearance tour (she'll get \$10,000 a week for six weeks in the East), Betty is taking along a champagne sequin gown with which she will wear sequin shoes and champagne colored brilliants sprinkled in her hair. That should be something! In the spotlight she should sparkle and sizzle just like a bottle of the rare old vintage she's imitating.

Close-up surprises of the month:

Lana Turner and Turhan Bey, who have been soooooo secretive about their romance, holding hands all through dinner at Romanoff's and not caring who looked.

Alexander Knox, of "Wilson" fame, temporarily forgetting all telephone numbers but —Judy Garland's!

Claudette Colbert's surprisingly homey bedroom with its deep easy chairs and convenient reading lamps—not at all the typical movie star's boudoir. Claudette's a wise wife to know that men hate fripperies and to consider the taste of her husband, Lt. Commander Joel Pressman.

The "island" that Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles have built in the middle of a small lake on their property. Or does somebody expect to get "marooned"?

Lucille Ball's (Continued on page 110)

FORSAKEN! (because your hair is gray?)

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

What's wrong with your friends? Why have they changed towards you? Perhaps it's because you've changed . . . by letting lackluster gray hair make you look drab, faded . . . and old!

Don't be pitied—be admired! Other women have had your problem and solved it . . . naturally . . . with Clairol. Young-looking, color-radiant hair can make all the difference in the world! You really owe it to yourself to give Clairol a chance to prove what it can do for you.

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 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!

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BESTFORM
means "best form"

HURRAY FOR LIPSTICK



Read on to gather all the latest Hollywood facts
about choosing colors and applying lip glamour.



Joyce wields her lipstick with practiced skill.



Cleansing-tissue makes a neat lipstick blotter.

■ Joyce Reynolds is a gal just chock full of enthusiasms. She's mad for Texas, the nation of her birth, for California (well, Hollywood's there), for New York, just because . . . and for lipstick! Fact is, she's quite an authority on the stuff. Believes that the tiny red baton is the most important make-up item. In the course of her twenty eventful years, she's learned how to apply it smoothly; how to pick the best colors to do right by her creamy skin and red-gold hair. Now what could I do, but corner Joyce for an interview so that all you MODERN SCREEN beauties could share her lip glamour? And here's the information.

LIPSTICK MAESTRO Speaking of ways and means to achieve lovely lips, Joyce tells me, "It's plain to see that beauty-sellers

A smart lip-painting job! You'll be seeing Joyce in "Hollywood Canteen."



are the maestros of the lipstick!" They have as many lip-wands spread out on the cosmetic counter as Harry James has tunes. Your own mouth should be colored bewitchingly. "And it's easy!" adds Joyce. For today, manufacturers whip up a delectable rainbow collection of lipstick reds, everything from a dainty, young Shirley Temple-ish natural pink, to a deep, intense, throbbing Dot Lamour purple . . . take your pick.

COLOR CUE Check on the simple ABC's of color-blending and lipstick application. Result? The phone ringing in a steady buzz, you'll be that popular. "But don't be a one-lipstick woman," warns Joyce. Hollywood stars who, you must admit, are beauty experts, collect whole wardrobes of lipsticks, a shade to match every mood and costume change. And, with only a few coins necessary for a really wonderful lipstick, it's possible for you to begin your own collection.

Have fun experimenting with color. Annie Sheridan (one of Joyce's screen favorites) looks luscious in Technicolor, doesn't she? But some of you seem to forget that *your* public is always getting a Technicolor view of you! Match finger-tip polish to lipstick shade, and see that your rouge belongs to the same color family. Pick a red that blends with your skin coloring. Remember that team-work makes for perfect color harmony; a bright gal won't wear orange-red nail enamel that screams at her red-violet lipstick.

Here are a few color pointers: Dark, autumny greens, rusts, browns and smoky grays team happily with a russet, orange-toned red. Ruddy wine colors, purples, violets, blue-greens and navy are at their best with a muted, blue-red lipsick. Black, white, multi-color prints and stripes, all respond to the stimulating note of a true red-red. A crimson dress calls for special care in choosing a lipstick . . . dark shades of red with blue predominating need a bluish-red lipstick, orange-red dresses need bright, tawny lip rouge to look their best.

On the whole, brunettes, brownettes and ash blondes with creamy or medium complexions are flattered by blue-red. Golden blondes, (Continued on page 109)

RISQUÉ

FOR THE DARING

FINE AMERICAN PERFUME AT AN AMERICAN PRICE



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ONE SIZE ONLY

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RISQUÉ * For The Daring
HEARTBEAT * When Hearts Are High

DULCINEA * For True Love's Sake
POETIC DREAM * For Sheer Enchantment

REGISTERED PATENT

Coming up: one cold, bitter, skin-chapping winter. But read "Lotion Lore" and learn to combat Jack Frost's worst blows!



LOTION LORE

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ Must be the nip of frost in the autumn air and the threat of stinging blasts to come that make me lotion-conscious. Time was when a lady did one of two things if she wanted to keep her pretty cheeks unchapped, come winter. She ventured outdoors swathed in mufflers to the eyelashes. Or she buttered her face with protective creams and looked like an animated grease spot. But you don't catch women doing that today! Not with all the wonderful lotions available on the market . . . creamy lotions that dry on the skin in a wink and lend maximum protection at the same time. Listed below are a few ailments that are liable to turn up and plague your poor unsuspecting epidermis. Some are cold weather bugaboos, some may appear any old time of the year. But lotions are balm to all.

WINDBURN—Seems that winter blasts have an unmerciful habit of drying out your tender skin. So the thing to do is dabble a lotion over your face before you dash out on a windy day. A bit of timely lubrication will save your dainty complexion from painful chafing. Incidentally, if you'd do your hero a favor, slip a bottle into his next overseas package. Be he in the stormy Aleutians or sunny Oahu, he'll sniff it and slap it on his stubby chin with pleasure. (Continued on page 108)



Laraine Day keeps cozy in a lamb coat . . . but before venturing outdoors, she applied a soothing lotion to face and hands. Her new pix: "The WACs."

TAKE YOUR **Vitamins**
THIS DELICIOUS, NATURAL WAY
for more effective "Teamwork"!

SEE WHAT
2 GLASSES OF
OVALTINE
GIVES YOU!

More **VITAMIN A**
than 2 servings of Peas

More **CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS**
than 2½ servings of
American Cheese

More **IRON**
than 3 servings of
Spinach

More **VITAMIN D**
than 10 ounces of
Butter

More **PROTEIN**
than 3 Eggs

More **FOOD-ENERGY**
than 2 dishes of
Ice Cream

More **NIACIN**
than 5 slices of
Enriched Bread

More **VITAMIN B₁**
than 3 servings of
Oatmeal

More **VITAMIN C**
than ¾ pound of
Sirloin Steak

Authorities agree—vitamins do you more good
in combination with certain other food elements!

If taking vitamins doesn't seem to be doing you as much good as you hoped—this may be the reason! Authorities now know *Vitamins do not work alone!* They work as a team with certain other food elements. Therefore scientists, doctors, nutritionists are urging "Take your vitamins *in food*—for best results!"

For this reason, thousands are switching to Ovaltine. Unlike mere "vitamin carriers"—Ovaltine contains not only extra vitamins, but nearly *all* the precious food elements necessary for peak vitality. Especially those food elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

For example, Vitamin D, Cal-

cium and Phosphorus must work together—and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A and Protein act together in cell-building—and they're *both* in Ovaltine. Vitamin B₁ and fuel-food are both necessary for sparkling vitality—and they're combined in Ovaltine.

Another advantage—the elements in Ovaltine do not vary. They are accurately measured in every ounce. That is why it is an ideal supplement to ordinary foods which lose vitamin-values, sometimes sharply, in cooking.

So turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy way to get the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals you need.

3 out of every 4 people need



extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.

Ovaltine
PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED



"Rosy Powders Flatter

—and Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' most of all!"

"Never doubt the flattery of a rose-tinted powder shade!" advises charming Antonia Drexel Earle, shown in the portrait above wearing her favorite powder—Pond's Dreamflower *Rose Cream*.

"Rosy tones in a powder are sure to give a clearer, brighter look to the skin—and I want my rosy shade to have *creamy* tones, too, for smooth blending. That's why I think Pond's Dreamflower 'Rose Cream' is so *exceptionally* flattering—because it brings out my freshest, clearest skin tones in such a soft, natural way!"

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Six sweet shades to choose from—flatterers all!

BRUNETTE	ROSE CREAM
NATURAL	DARK ROSE
RACHEL	DARK RACHEL
49¢, 25¢ and 10¢ (plus tax)	



Pond's "LIPS"

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm, exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—
49¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK THE SOONER WE WIN!

LON McCALLISTER'S PRAYER

(Continued from page 39)

hand was on his shoulder. "It's 6 o'clock, Bud—"

He ate a big breakfast, which was unusual with him—scrambled eggs and cinnamon toast and hot chocolate. Mother, Granny and Mac took him down to the station. They didn't cry—which was wonderful. Just acted as if he were going off to school. That's what it felt like, too. When he used to go to Whittier, they'd drive him down to the same little red car that was waiting now to take him to Fort MacArthur.

Bill Johnstone was there, and that helped. In civilian life Bill was The Shadow on the radio. They'd met the day they took their physicals, been accepted together and sent to the office of a WAC recruiting sergeant. "No sense sitting around," the sergeant said. "Here—sweep out the office—"

like father, like son . . .

That was their first detail, and until Lon was transferred to "Winged Victory," he and Bill were together all the time. Father-and-son team, the guys used to call them. "Here come the old man and his baby," they'd yell. Bill's 37 and distinguished looking, with prematurely white hair, while Lon's GI haircut made him look more kiddish than ever. That first day the fellows stared uncertainly—his face was familiar, but not quite familiar enough. "Don't I know you from somewhere?—Didn't you go to school with me?"

Fort MacArthur reminded Lon of "The Human Comedy"—all the guys talking about home, showing each other snapshots. Lon had some pictures that were taken by MODERN SCREEN—the one with Mac went over big with the boys. There's no getting away from it, an induction camp's a sad place. The breaking of ties is so fresh, the change so sharp—you've still got one foot and most of your heart in the other world. It's hardest on the older men like Bill Johnstone, whose life is wrapped up in his wife and little boy. Lon felt the sadness, but he also felt an undercurrent of strangeness and excitement. That came from the sense of being part of something too big to grasp—the kind of thing you read about in history but never expected to happen to you—sort of like coming face to face with yourself in a textbook—

By the time they were shipped to Camp Crowder, he'd begun to swing into the tempo of Army life—though he still can't get used to calling chow, chow. And either the movies have it all wrong, or Company C, 31st Training Battalion, was lucky. At MacArthur, they'd built up mental images of whipcracking sergeants and non-coms all roaring, "See here, Private Nincompoop!" Well, they couldn't have had a sweller topkick than Sergeant Jimmy Hudgins. He maintained discipline all right, but he was nice about it. As for Lt. Edward Allen, their c. o., they'd have jumped through hoops for him. Nothing brass hat about him—gave you the feeling he knew just what you were going through.

The only thing wrong with Camp Crowder was its location in the middle of nowhere. When a GI has a pass, he wants to get as far away from GI as possible. All you could do there was go sit in the park at Neosho with a lot of other soldiers and watch the footballs and listen

to the birds. So if you weren't in a bird-and-fountain mood, you stayed at camp and waited for the mail.

Lon lived from mail to mail. He'd like to tell anyone reading this that one thing can't be repeated too often—write to your soldier *at least* once a day. What you write doesn't matter—tell him there was a knot in your shoelace that morning, tell him the baby said *awh*—he'll eat it up. Nobody but the man who's felt it knows the desolation of going for mail and not finding any. Three days went by once, without any letters for Lon. He knew perfectly well that he hadn't been forgotten, that something must have held the mail up, but boy! did he go round feeling sorry for himself!

On the fourth day, there were ten letters—including three from Mom and one from Granny. Granny told him about weeding and planting the garden. Mom wrote about Mac—how she'd shown him her favorite picture of Lon, and said, "Where's Bud, Mac?"—and how Mac looked up at her, then went and lay down in front of the fire where they always romp when Bud's at home.

"And it was almost as though I'd been with them all for a little while."

The company threw a party to celebrate the end of basic training. Lon's no song-and-dance man, but—purely for soldier audiences—he does a deadpan imitation of a burlesque queen, complete with bumps and grinds. He did it that night, a few appropriate accessories dangling from his uniform, and a guy at the piano banging out a spirited rendition of "Take It Off."

A short time later, he made his public debut as a singer. The Army needed WACS—especially girls with trained skills to qualify for camouflage and laboratory work. So certain members of Company C were transferred to Headquarters Company to prepare a WAC recruiting show. Russell Gleason and Ted Key wrote it, Bill Johnstone produced it, Lon was one of the cast. Starting at St. Louis, they toured the Seventh Service Command, playing mostly at colleges and universities.

At St. Louis the house was so jammed, they had to give a second performance for the overflow.

Bill called Lon over. "We'll only have time to repeat the second act, and all you do in that is sit around. I think you ought to sing a song or something."

"You've got hold of the wrong guy. Not only am I no Sinatra—I just can't sing."

"Anyone can sing. You're not tone-deaf, are you?"

"No, but I might as well be—"

"You sing," said Bill.

Orders are orders. Lon sang "I'll Be Seeing You." There were seven curtain calls, and they certainly weren't for his voice. Bill finally had to go out and tell the gals that Private McCallister couldn't take any more bows, by order of the Army.

shades of sinatra . . .

And talking of Sinatra, he had Frankie hurled at his head in Kansas City. Ordinarily, time was allowed for autographs after the show. But in Kansas City, they were whisked straight off to the train, and Lon received his first unkind fan letter. The writer was very upset. No time for autographs, huh? That was just too bad. "Frankie never treated us girls that way," she scolded—forgetting that Frankie's time is still his own, and that Lon's belongs to Uncle Sam.

One grand thing about Army life is the comradeship. Lon drew very close to the boys he traveled with—Corporal Nat Lund and Bill Lawless, Ted Key and Hal Hedrick, Kathryn Grayson's brother. There was a silly running gag he and Nat used to pull on each other, known

"Users of internal protection should certainly try Meds!"



COTTON
for comfort!

SAFETY-WELL
for security!

APPLICATORS
for daintiness!

MEDS
only 19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS
Economy package—40 for 65¢!

Only fine COTTON can give you that feeling of cushion-soft comfort so necessary for protection worn *internally*. And only the SAFETY-WELL, exclusive with Meds, offers you the *quicker* absorption, the *extra* security you want for real self-confidence and freedom.

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Winning Hands!

amazing new skin care makes hands feel softer, smoother—instantly!

Not a liquid, not a solid cream. Just dip your fingers into the creamy whiteness of this soothing balm.

Rub it into your hands, face, neck, arms—all over you! Even rough, dry skin responds. Balm Barr contains *anhydrous lanolin*, nature's own skin care.

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For Petal-Soft Skin



FREE TRIAL! Purse-size bottle free when you buy 60¢ size shown.

as the movie-star or delusions-of-grandeur routine.

"Private McCallister, Miss Garbo's waiting outside. Will you see her now?"

"No, I'm not in the mood—let her wait for a couple of hours."

Or, "Corporal Lund, may I remind you that you have a luncheon engagement with Cary Grant?"

"Oh, tell him to go soak his head, I'm busy reading."

Nat caught his buddy off guard once. "Lon McCallister wishes a word with you—"

"Tell him to go to the devil," said Lon absently.

'tittle bittie fishies . . .

Then there was the night in Northfield, Minnesota, when they had a whole apartment to themselves, and flipped a coin to see who'd get the bedroom. Lon and Bill Lawless won. But the room overlooked a beautiful little river, and sleep seemed a waste of time, so they sat up talking and watching the river till Johnstone and Gleason, who'd been out fishing, broke in on their lyric mood with two half-dead catfish. This, Lon and Bill decided, was no night for death. They filled the bathtub, revived the fish, left them swimming peacefully and went to bed. Their own peace was shattered next morning by a howl from Nat, who came tearing in with a tale of fish in the bathtub—

"Poor little fish," murmured Lon, half asleep. "We put 'em there—"

Nat hauled them both out by an ear and made them clean the tub.

One morning—they were about to leave Omaha for Denver—Lon came in, to be greeted by a chorus of wisecracks—

"Well, nice to have known you, Bud."

"Hope we can get together after the war."

He, of course, didn't know what they were talking about. And didn't believe it when they told him that a phone call had come in, saying that Private McCallister had been requested for "Winged Victory." At first he shrugged the whole thing off as a rib. When the boys persuaded him that they weren't kidding, he still shrugged it off. In the Army, you learn not to believe anything till the orders come through.

So they went to Denver and Colorado Springs and Laramie, and back to Omaha again. And in Omaha, on the afternoon of June 2nd, his orders reached him. He was to leave by plane that night.

If anyone had told him in February that he'd be going back to California four months later with a certain sadness of heart, he'd have said simply and feelingly, "You're crazy." But that's what happened. That's another thing you learn in the Army—to make friends and lose them suddenly—to live with men like brothers, then swiftly and sharply to be cut off from that life of shared experience and emotion, and find yourself a thousand miles away.

"I read about a guy in Italy," said Lon. "He was leaning against a rock after a fight, looking awfully tired. A doctor spoke to him. 'Yeah, I'm tired,' he said. 'I don't want any more buddies, I'm tired of losing 'em.' Well, you can't compare the two experiences, his was so much more poignant, but in a lesser degree I know how he felt."

He'd phoned home to tell them he was coming. Mother said, "We'll be waiting at the airport." Granny said: "Whether you arrive for breakfast, lunch or dinner, we'll have lemon meringue pie." The fellows went out to the Omaha airport with him. They dropped in at the Canteen and signed their names on the curtain—where Lon found Vic Mature's name among others. They exchanged addresses,

then stood around in that last-minute tension of parting, trying to bridge the approaching gulf with smatterings.

That was the worst moment. Boarding the plane was a kind of relief. Having flown only once before, he stayed up all night, thinking his thoughts and taking everything in.

Lon's done a lot of traveling in the past year or two, and a little tradition's grown up around his homecoming. He likes to meet Mac alone. So the folks take the dog to the little apartment they've kept in Hollywood. Iya, as Lon calls his grandfather, uses it most—works at RKO and doesn't always feel like taking the long trip to Malibu.

Mother and Granny were at the airport. They drove to the apartment, and Lon went up alone to where Mac was waiting. It was fifteen or twenty minutes before they came down. "First we make love and then we roughhouse," grins Lon. "I know lots of people can't stand dogs kissing them. I'm sorry if they disapprove, but I love it."

those foolish things . . .

He reported to the "Winged Victory" camp at Santa Monica and got a pass to go home for the week-end. Everything was just as he'd left it. Lon's folks are sentimental, which is fine with him, because he's sentimental, too. Instead of dismantling his bed, they'd made it up fresh the morning he went away, to be ready for him whenever he got back. He'd been reading "Goodnight, Sweet Prince," and had left it open, face down, on the bookstand beside his bed. That's how he found it. On the dresser lay some change he'd removed from his trousers

(Continued on page 74)

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Say, you're not *that* pooped out from that winter woools shopping spree! And anyway, snooping out the identities of our quizzlers is fun, guaranteed to relax the muscles and make the hair curl. You remember the routine, don't you? Trying to guess the name of the actor or actress on the first clue, and failing that, going on to the second and finally, the third and last? You jackpot with 5 points if you guess on the first try, 4 points for the second and horrors—3 points if ya gotta slink on to the last set. We think maybe 84% should be average for this month. Of course, if you hit below 70%, you're a faint brain, but if you score in the 90's, well—you're just a well-informed MODERN SCREEN fan, that's all.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. A Son of the Pioneers
2. From campus to contract
3. Talks Turkey
4. Cork County colleen
5. Beaming Britisher
6. Maureen's momma
7. 3 of a kind
8. Men, drag in son (anagram)
9. Kidded for Kruger
10. Abbey Players alumnus
11. Tops in tear-jerkers
12. Hoofing heartbreaker
13. Man mountain
14. Boy wanted
15. Walked into Bataan
16. Frank Lloyd Wright's grand-daughter
17. Talks awhile for a Camel
18. Mrs. Ejner Pedersen
19. Triple threat jokester
20. Blitzed Fritz

(Continued on page 110)



She'll do a man-sized job tomorrow! She'll be completely rested—ready for her full-time regular job, her after-hours' war work. And, no wonder! She's sleeping on a Beautyrest mattress! If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky, because we don't know when it will be made again. Simmons is roof-deep in war production. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators that keep your Beautyrest clean

and fresh! Some of you may need a new mattress *now*. If you do, look into WHITE KNIGHT. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, with layers and layers of durable, resilient cotton! White Knight is \$39.50. If you need a Box Spring too, and you're alert, you'll catch one of the Beautyrest Box Springs that are on sale in limited quantities. \$39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

Be a football hero's
HEROINE with glamorous,
sparkling Hair.



"Stand and cheer near OUR goal post," Eddie called from the football field. "Then I'll score a dozen touchdowns—just to catch a glimpse of your bright, sparkling hair!"



"You toss compliments almost as well as that ball," I laughed. But how glad I was that Nestle Colorinse gave my hair such glowing highlights—such lustrous sheen! And Colorinse makes my hair sparkle with richer, warmer color—makes it so much softer and silkier, too.



After the game Eddie said, "You helped us win today, Gorgeous. How about a date to celebrate?" Wouldn't he be surprised if he knew how Colorinse is helping ME win in the game of Love!

PS For your next permanent, ask for an Opolescent Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

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



Nestle HAIRLAC

pocket. Lon smiled, seeing the picture of Mom or Granny, carefully replacing the coins after they'd dusted—

He called some of his friends—Bill Eythe, Marjorie Riordan, Gene and Betsy Kelly. "You've got to come over tonight," Betsy said. "We're having a party."

"I'd love to. I want to see all the kids." Instead, he went to bed at 7:30 and slept for 12 hours. Mom stole in about 9 and stole out again to phone Betsy. "He didn't get any sleep on the plane last night. I haven't the heart to wake him."

Betsy agreed it would be a crime. "Tell him we'll give him a raincheck for next Saturday."

He spent all of Sunday on the beach. California decided to smile—it was the first time in a month—for her namesake. He got a swell burn. They had lemon meringue pie for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

home in Indiana . . .

Next morning he reported back to the Post, to resume GI life under the military discipline of a regular AAF organization. His first orders sent him to the studio, where his heart warmed to the welcome of old friends, and he got permission to lunch with the "Home In Indiana" gang. He met George Cukor, who's directing "Winged Victory."

"You directed the first picture I was ever in, Mr. Cukor."

"Are you kidding? Or did I direct 'Stage Door Canteen' in my sleep?"

Lon grinned. "I was a page boy in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

On evenings off and an occasional weekend pass, he picks up the threads of his personal life. With his folks and Bill Eythe and Bill's mother, he went to see "Home In Indiana." He sits through his own pictures with mixed feelings—naturally curious, yet deeply embarrassed to watch himself on the screen. His grandfather's reaction tickled him. Iya doesn't commit himself in words. He has the reserve of his British forebears and a dry sense of fun.

"How did you like it?" asked Granny.

"Wonderful horses. Liked those colored boys, too—reminded me of the boys that used to work for me down in Arkansas—"

"Did you happen to notice that your grandson was in it too? What did you think of him?"

He patted her hand. "Exactly what you thought."

girls of his dreams . . .

Jeanne Crain plays one of the girls in "Winged Victory." Since their first picture together, rumors of an off-screen romance between the two have been floating round. As a rule, you don't put too much stock in Hollywood rumors—nor in any denial of them. Lon's the exception. What Lon tells you, you believe. He says he's been out with Jeanne only once. And once she came down to Malibu with another girl, and they all ran around the beach together in blue jeans. For the rest—well, he feels about her the way Sparke felt about Char in "Home In Indiana." All through the picture he thinks of her as just a pal—till the end, when it begins to dawn on him that she's a very charming girl. That's how Lon feels about Jeanne—including the last reel.

It can't be too serious, since there are two other girls he'd like very much to go out with. One's Gloria De Haven, who was a sophomore at high school when he was a senior. He hasn't seen her in a couple of years, and they've probably both changed, but he's never forgotten her. The other girl's Shirley Temple, whom he hasn't even met. Just thought she was wonderful ever since he started seeing her

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Her voice floated over the phone.

"Could I visit my boy friend who's a prisoner of war?" "You mean in Germany?" asked the Home Service volunteer, astonished. "Oh, no, he's in this country!" "Then he's a captured Italian or German?" inquired the worker. "My boy friend is an American," answered the gal. "But he's a prisoner of war—he's in the guardhouse."

But the work of the trained volunteers of the Home Service Corps isn't usually that simple. Or so much fun. The Red Cross Charter reads, "they are to act as a medium of communication between the people of the United States and their Army and Navy." Which is the nutshell way of telling about the kid who was saved from nearly worrying himself plunk into a nest of Nazis when Field Service found out that his mother hadn't died just because he hadn't gotten mail for two months. Or the bride who followed her about-to-be commissioned husband cross-country and found herself with no money, no job, a husband shipped overseas and a baby on the way. The Red Cross fixed that one up. The way they fixed up the father with a son dying in a prison camp in Japan or the youngsters worried about their parents in Greece or the G.I. and his motherless baby.

Call your local chapter today. Ask if they can use you in this vital service. And if they can, what a lucky, lucky gal you'll be!

in pictures when she was five, and he was a ripe ten.

He's 21 now—a thoughtful 21, living in an age that calls for sober thought. He returned to find home the same, but himself different. He no longer takes anything for granted, however small, however routine. Everyday commonplaces are touched with magic—like walking down Hollywood Boulevard at lunchtime, having a malt at Melody Lane, watching plain people go about their business, lying in bed at the Post and hearing the surf pound the Santa Monica Beach—all with a quickened perception of the minor delights of living that in normal times he never thought about twice—

Where his next mission may take him, nobody knows—overseas perhaps. In the Army, you live each day as it comes. You don't plan, though sometimes you dream, as he and his friends dreamed round the fire one night. It happened unexpectedly that his three college roommates, two of them in service, were all in town at the same time—which called for one of their traditional get-togethers—a Sunday at Malibu. After dinner they gathered round the fire and talked of the war. Three were in uniform. One had brought his wife along. Before breaking up, they pledged themselves to a reunion at Malibu six months, six weeks and six days from the day of victory. Then, with Bill's wife at the piano, the four young voices rose in their fraternity song—

"Comrade, this prayer I pray with thee,
That thou and I may ever be,
As now, though time and duty part,
Possessors of a common heart."

Lon thinks it's a good song not only for fraternity brothers, but for men to sing to each other the world over.

Smooth..

she's a Lux Girl!



"My Beauty Facials really
make skin lovelier"

IDA LUPINO

*In recent tests of Hollywood's
beauty care, actually 3 out of 4
complexions improved in a short
time!*

"Here's how I take my daily
Active-Lather Facial," says Ida
Lupino. "I cover my face generously
with the rich Lux Soap lather, work
it in thoroughly. Rinse with warm
water, splash with cold—then pat to
dry. Now my skin feels *smoother!*"

You want the loveliness that wins
romance! See what this gentle care
can do for your skin!

★ ★ FIGHT WASTE ★ ★

Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely, for
soap contains material vital to the
war effort. Never waste it.

I NEVER NEGLECT
MY **ACTIVE-LATHER**
FACIALS WITH
LUX SOAP—THEY'RE
A WONDERFUL
BEAUTY AID!



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

What Happened

WHEN HER HUSBAND JOINED THE NAVY!

"This is my chance to make myself over," said Mrs. Lial Eddy, of Oklahoma City—and she did! "When you're only 24 and weigh 164, you're not happy! I had been considering the DuBarry Success Course, and when my husband left for camp, I enrolled."

"When I'd lost 20 pounds, he had his first leave. Meeting him was a thrill! I was so proud of my new figure and make-up. And the look on his face was my reward!"

Today Mrs. Eddy weighs only 130, ideal for her 5 feet, 7½ in. Her skin is radiant.

"The DuBarry Success Course is a wonderful thing for every woman, overweight or not!" says Mrs. Eddy. "I'm really a different person, and life is far rosier! Now all my friends want to take the Course!"



Before



After

At left—Mrs. Lial Eddy when her husband joined the Navy. Above—The charming, glamorous Mrs. Eddy of today, slim, trim, and beautiful.

HOW ABOUT YOU! Maybe you don't need to lose 34 pounds. But the DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, how to care for your skin and hair and use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?



DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SL-59, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss _____
Mrs. _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone No. _____
If any _____ State _____



DREAM DISH

(Continued from page 57)

Lts. as far as Anne is concerned.

In addition to her schooling the next ideal condition in Anne's life was the fact that she came from a liberal-minded family. Her grandfather, as you undoubtedly know, is Frank Lloyd Wright, our era's most ingenious and pioneering architect. He believed, more daringly than most other men of his profession, in trying new things. His daughter (Anne's mother) inherited his able and open mind.

When, at age 13, Anne made the statement that she didn't want to go to high school or college, but wanted to be educated for the stage instead, her parents didn't laugh at her. They discussed the matter and reached a conclusion: She could go to dramatic school. If she made a success of it, if the teachers really thought she had talent, then she could continue. But if she were guilty of a sliperoot from excellence—and at that time they viewed with alarm the Awful State of her music lessons—she had to go to high school, then to college.

If Anne ever has children of her own, she thinks the same method will be applied. They will be allowed to try anything; if they succeed, they may continue. If their efforts are not so good, something new must be added.

So she was enrolled in the Theodora Irvine School of Drama in New York, and from there she went into the training classes of Madame Maria Ouspenskaya.

role of steel wire . . .

Madame's methods are as unorthodox as they are successful. In order to stimulate imagination (a troupier's most valuable asset) she asked her students to pretend to BE some inanimate object. Sounds complicated. Works like this: For instance, how would you reflect the mannerisms and basic character of a blue bowl filled with mashed potatoes? Or could you pretend to be a grey chiffon shawl so pliant that at the first gust of wind you would slide in flowing lines from a chair to a floor? Or could you be a pale lavender envelope, left unopened on a mantel?

One of Anne's best characterizations was that of a roll of steel wire. She was always strung as tight as fiddle strings in torrid weather, anyhow.

Work of this kind is inclined to call for such concentration that the amateur Thespian is likely to develop preoccupied habits having nothing to do with the desired characterization.

After Anne had finished a scene one day, Madame Ouspenskaya complimented Anne's partner in the play, saying that she had never once fallen out of character. Then she turned to Miss Baxter and asked in her deep, rich, slightly accented English, "Anne, tell me vy did you kip leeffing oop und down on your toes? Vy?"

Anne couldn't think of a good reason at the time, but afterward the trick came in handy when she had to represent a rocking chair.

Another benefit to be reaped from these exercises was the habit of looking at, and playing to, the other person in a given scene. Beginners are likely to be so concerned with themselves and the audience that they forget the essential ingredient of drama: interplay of stage personality. One of the first things the talent scout, who eventually recommended a test for Anne, noticed about the budding actress was her complete absorption in the other persons on the stage to the exclusion of, apparently, everyone else in the world.

During her training period Anne appeared in two Broadway productions, "Seen But Not Heard" and "There's Always a Breeze." She was so young that her chief reaction to this success was a great weariness. In the first play, she, Frankie Thomas and two other children had very few responsibilities. All they had to do was sit on the stage and react. But from the second act on, it required every drop of their dramatic stamina and sense of theater to stay awake. They were bored to death.

In the summer of 1938 and again in 1939 Anne worked in a stock company at Dennis, Massachusetts, where she lost her last vestige of awe for the stage as such. Summer stock is always a rugged enterprise in which the members of the company have to be everything from set dressers to script doctors; in which an audience at a melancholy drama is likely to be thrown into hysterics by the appearance of a vagrant cat on stage; in which a high wind is likely to blow down the back drop. Great stuff.

In 1940 Anne came to Hollywood to start her 20th Century-Fox contract by playing opposite, of all impressive leading men on earth, John Barrymore. She was scared to death. If Madame Ouspenskaya thought Anne's best characterization in school had been the bale of wire, she would have thought Anne's first days on the set were a barbed wire entanglement.

Anne was doing the role of an eager young playwright whose play Barrymore had, according to the script, promised at first to produce, then had changed his mind. At which point Miss Baxter was supposed to entreat him not to give up her play. They went through a rehearsal.

"no swimming" allowed . . .

Mr. Barrymore was slumped deeply into a canvas set chair. His chin rested upon his chest, his hands dangled limply over the chair arms, his eyelids were at half-mast, and his barely visible eyes contemplated a distant mirage of some nature, not—to judge by his expression—entirely pleasant.

Anne, diffident and dry of throat, rehearsed her lines. "Oh please," she said with great feeling, bringing her arms forward in a twin sweeping gesture and clasping them before her. "Oh please don't fail me now." Her arms swept backward. Then, with the beginning of the next sentence, "You promised me. Don't break your promise," her arms swept forward again, clasped and swept backward again.

Seventy-seven seconds later Anne delivered her last phrase and turned to the director. "It sounds fine to me," he said. He became aware of the pained Barrymore profile slowly turning a full-face even more pained.

"Please," intoned the magnificent voice, "does the young woman have to SWIM?"

Anne dispensed with the gestures.

Her next brush with genius and her own inhibitions occurred when she was working in "Swamp Water." In this little epic she was supposed to be a wild creature, entirely at home with beasts of the field and the vegetation they munched.

Handicap one: Anne had always been violently afraid of cows. To her, a bovine was Lugosi with four legs. It was a belligerent animal with a voice like a ghost groaning down a well, a slimy snout and a husband entirely lacking in social sense.

Handicap two: She was supposed to run

(Continued on page 78)

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Courtesy Vogue

19__

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19__

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore opengaloshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.



Courtesy Vogue

19__

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Courtesy McCall's

19__

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19__

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting... increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



19__

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other napkins put together!



Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up miracle awaits you in the new duo-tone Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

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.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

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.

And Lips to Match—

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PRINCESS PAT

barefooted across a field covered with clods and wheat stubble, a gruesome task for feet hardened to nothing rougher than satin bedroom slippers.

The picture was being directed by Jean Renoir, son of the celebrated painter and himself a stickler for artistic realism. When he saw the rushes at the end of the first day's pastoral shooting, he froze with dismay. In all scenes in which Anne appeared with the barnyard brethren, she *slunk!* Instead of giving the impression that she was a bucolic belle entirely at home with beef, she was as out of place as a curate at a crap game.

It required days and days of getting acquainted with Holsteins and getting the soles of her feet hardened before the perfect take of a wild creature, fraternizing with stock and leaping nimbly over furrows and roots, was secured. Anne regards "Swamp Water" as her toughest assignment to date.

Having worked with Barrymore and Renoir, Anne then had the ideal experience of working with two of the most colorful characters in the motion picture or any other industry: Orson Welles and his dependable friend, Joe Cotten. Anne was cast as the ingenue in "The Magnificent Ambersons."

One of the first things she learned about Mr. Welles was that he might be arbitrary with the special effects men, with the cameramen and with other technicians from whom he expected miracles of inventive departure from the ordinary, but with actors and actresses he was always courteous, helpful and understanding. If he didn't get the reaction he wanted, he figured out means of appealing to the imagination and eliciting the mood desired.

Much of "Ambersons" was shot in a huge ice house in downtown Los Angeles. You probably recall the convincingness of the snow scenes complete with frosted breath and a certain ruddy aspect of the players' faces, even in black and white.

In the sequence that Anne dreaded, the sleigh in which she was riding around a hill was supposed to be flung out of the narrow, snow-clogged ruts of the road, and to overturn. Anne was to roll over and over down the drifted embankment.

They started to work on the scene early one morning, but by dinner time that evening they hadn't achieved a take that Mr. Welles considered satisfactory. "It doesn't look natural," he said. "We'll have dinner, then shoot it again."

They went to Mike Lyman's (on Hill Street) to eat and to discuss the problem. "You're too stiff, Anne. Can't you relax?" he asked.

"I guess I'm scared," Anne admitted. "You know I don't care much for animals even if I do ride horseback. That's the first trouble. Then I don't like that break-away sleigh."

One of the girls in the group suggested that Anne take a sedative to soothe her nerves. Anne had never touched nembutol before in her life, although dentists frequently use it to calm nervous patients. "It's harmless," everyone said. "Go ahead."

Jill with a jag . . .

It had a terrific effect. Anne's smile grew distant and misty, and her gestures were gently lackadaisical. Her eyelids hung softly over sleep-laden eyes, and she didn't worry about anything. No one in the group had ever seen such contended-baby calm descend upon a high-strung, dynamic bit of nerve tissue like Anne.

On the first take the sled flipped over, Anne out-tumbled Jill and looped merrily down the hill. When she reached the bottom she sat up, brushed the snow out of her face, and laughed. "Fun!" she said. The take was perfect the first try.

And so to romance. There, too, Anne's life has been perfect. She had her first heavy crush at age 11, when she was spending the summer in a mountain camp. Nearby was a boys' camp; arrangements were usually made for a Saturday night party to be attended on a co-educational basis. Anne knew from her mother's letters that the son of Mrs. Baxter's dearest friend was attending the other camp, but she didn't think he'd recognize her even if he saw her.

Probably the pictures that Anne's family had supplied of her were better than those the Baxters had of the boy. At any rate, he came striding in one night, looked over the giggle aggregation, then made straight for Anne. "I know you," he said, beaming down from the enormous height found only in adolescent boys and giraffes.

"You're Kirk—I know you, too," said Anne, wondering how on earth it happened that a family friend could turn out to be so super.

"Well . . . let's dance," suggested Kirk.

Anne hesitated. "I can't . . . that is, I don't know how to dance," she admitted.

"Neither do I," said Kirk happily. "Let's try it anyhow."

So they did. They found that they weren't bad. Each had a natural sense of rhythm, and—after casing the steps tossed off by other dancers—they ad libbed Murrys in a hurry. After that they had a standing date for any occasion on which the two camps merged.

That fall he went off to prep school, and Anne went back to Broadway. They exchanged letters enthusiastically until an Older Man spoiled the idyll. This Older Man was an actor, handsome, suave and about 45. Anne was 14. When she was not required to be onstage, she haunted the wings, watching her dream boat sailing through his lines. She agonized over every kiss he bestowed upon the leading lady, and her imagination devised scenes in which she was the object of his dramatic emotion. One day he tossed a casual arm about her shoulder (or was it *really* so casual, her hopes suggested) and said, "You certainly look pretty tonight, darling."

She lived for weeks upon that sentence. As days wore on, and he failed to enlarge on this observation, Anne came to the conclusion that all men were blind. She had compensatory day dreams in which she saw herself, a celebrated actress, being interviewed. When she was asked why she had never married, she imagined how delicately she would allow a fleeting, world-weary smile of utter disillusion to cross her face. "I do not wish to discuss it," she would say, half-revealing her Great Wound.

A brief year later Miss Baxter was healing her aches in a summer stock company and had developed a crush on a boy in the same company. This romance was like summer itself—beautiful while it lasted and ended by a nostalgia on the one hand and a lively anticipation of fall football games on the other.

Since that time there have been a dozen gay, inconsequential romances in the Baxter life, which is the inalienable right of a smoothie.

Currently, the rumor boys and girls have been blowing full blast on her interest in rugged "Hi" Hodiak, the sensational over-six footer who, after being discovered in "Lifeboat," went on his own romantic exploratory field trips guided by, among others, Turner and Judy Garland. Fact is, just the other day, when our "Good News" penner, Louella Parsons, asked Anne about "Hi's" statement that he was very much in love with her, Annie's quiet reply was, "I hope what John says is true." Which called for rejoicing till she blew cold on everyone's warm hopes by re-

(Continued on page 80)

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"No other shampoo has ever left my hair so pleasingly soft, sparkling, and easy to arrange," says Vera Zorina, lovely motion picture and musical comedy star.

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effortlessly, without seeking them
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The Devil-May-Care Perfume

FOLLOW ME
(Suevz Moi)
The Perfume That
Leads and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

peating her now-famous motto, "I'll never marry an actor." Mebbe she's trying to keep 'em guessing, but the consensus of opinion is, that if those two aren't very much in love, they should win an Academy Award for the good job of acting they're putting on.

The final ideal condition in Anne's life is the fact that she lives in a dream of a Southern California house with her parents whom she particularly adores. Only once has this housing arrangement seemed less than perfect. Last New Year's Eve when Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were away briefly she came home from a watch party at 2 A.M. She was to leave with a group of friends for Palm Springs at 4 A.M.

Anne decided that a nap of two hours duration was not sufficient justification for getting undressed and into bed, so she spread a blanket before the fireplace, touched a match to the wood already laid in the grate and prepared to nap. First, she wanted a drink of water. She hopped into the kitchen and had just finished the final swallow when she heard a sound that tightened her scalp, scraped her throat and moistened her hands. It was a stealthy, furtive sound. She tried to identify it... what on earth? Then she knew. It was the sound made by two sections of cor-

duroy rubbing together... the sound made by a man moving with great caution.

Weeks, months, eons went by while Anne grew roots, and her ears stretched toward the sound like ivy toward the sun. The sound was intermittent; there was another odd thing about it—it seemed to remain where it was when Anne first heard it. It hadn't moved about the room, hadn't grown louder nor softer.

It was then that Anne thought of the huge brass fire tongs; if she could get them, she could protect herself. Cautiously she slipped into the living room. There was no one there except that one terrible noise.

She had set up her Christmas tree in front of the air vent so that the pine fragrance would permeate the room. The forced air came up in gusts; each time it billowed into the room, it rubbed the bristling branches of the tree against the resounding stucco walls.

Anne almost had hysterics of relief. If she is ever cast in a horror picture, she will be able to give a superb performance, so—once again—it is apparent that Anne Baxter's is an ideal life. A list of those who would like to share it with her would be added at this time, but there's a paper shortage—remember?

MODERN SCREEN'S FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 49)

me down and play them up. The street-length dress Gloria wears does it with a peplum. Even so, you'll notice that the curves veer downward, not outward. This dress, too, gives you plenty of shoulder width. Makes your waistline seem plenty slim by contrast.

If you want to be sure your deadliest rival won't outshine you, pick colors like these. Aquamarine and parma violet. Or fuchsia, chartreuse, royal blue or almond green. If your bankroll says "no" about expensive gloves in a contrast color, settle for a long pair in fabric. I dare your date to tell from two feet away (that's where you keep him, of course) that you aren't wearing costly, precious suedes. And, of course, when he gets closer, he won't know the difference, anyway!

To twinkle is the newest wrinkle. (I heard somebody say it at the New York dress show.) If you want to accomplish this via sequins, I've no argument. I've seen enough of them to launch a thousand fake mermaids. But, if I were you, I think I'd be a bit more subtle and advanced.

The black dress photographed, for example, uses jet and pastel embroidery. Your family should approve of that very respectable high round neckline—even if it is the filmiest chiffon way down to a deep, deep oval. If you want to be specially bedecked, wear a feather cap like the one shown here. Or track down a quaint black jet comb or barrette for your hair. But please—as you trust me—don't litter up this nice throat line with a bead choker or anything.

Now about longer waistlines. Remember, I promised to take a stand on the subject several months back? The answer today is "yes." But only provided the dress you buy doesn't have to be shortened to fit you. The one I've shown here is a junior size, which means that it's cut for short figures. But you can see what would happen if you had to slice any more off the skirt section. While your eyes are in focus where they are, it's a good time to mention that square necks are mighty good for you. Nail studs, too. They'll match

the gleam of your engraved silver barrette.

This particular wool dress has more points than the normal ration book. The color, for example, is gray. I know I said to go in for brilliance, because everybody can't wear gray. And, besides, it isn't the most effective attention-getter in the world. But if you have vivid coloring and feel sure of yourself, it's a pretty snooty color.

Are you one of the gals who wrote me asking "how to catch a boy's eye?" Even if you weren't, better sit down and listen. Wear stripes! If you think I just make things up out of my own head—why do you think they paint stripes on the highways to get the attention of traffic-eers?

I've shown you just one example of the many ways that fashion has used stripes this year. A cap sleeve formal—and if you don't know by now what this shoulder line does, I'm just wasting my time. The tones of green and red shine almost like neon lights. You can carry this creation if you wear a junior size—no matter how many sodas and sundaes you've been downing lately. That midriff section does an extra bit about slimming down the frame. But, a dress like this, makes the frothy stuff look like something left over from last year's Christmas tree.

* * *

No secrets, as I said. If you want to know where to get these dresses, including the ones Gloria de Haven wore for us, just write me. Or if you want to tell me all about you and ask what to do about clothes in general, I'll be listening. Write: Marjorie Bailey, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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Or place your order way ahead. Because the December MODERN SCREEN will be on the stands November 10, and you may be out your copy unless you get there early. By November 11, at the very latest...

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I remember - do you?

I REMEMBER a struggling young clerk who fell in love . . . and who dreamed of giving his bride diamonds and limousines and fine furs.

I REMEMBER a patient wife who stood by her husband when the going was tough . . . who never complained that other women had more.

I REMEMBER a self-sacrificing mother who gave her children every advantage . . . who laughed and said her new Spring wardrobe was Junior's trip to camp . . . who wore her much-worn clothes cheerfully, proudly, beautifully.

It's been a long time, dearest, too many years of scrimping and saving and doing without.

But this is one anniversary I can celebrate the way I want to . . . one dream I can make come true . . . with the very fur coat I saw you admire that day we went "window shopping."

And so, my dear . . . with all my love . . . here's your HOLLANDER PERSIAN LAMB!

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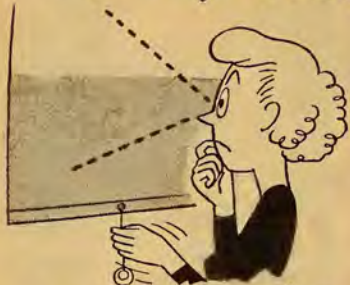
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WE WANT ROGERS

(Continued from page 59)

wood's two holiest premiere temples where no mere horse opera has ever gotten a hoof inside before. On top of all this, five or six big businesses are bidding for Roy to yodel on a radio show this fall, and if Boss Caesar Petrillo wasn't such a meanie about letting people make records these days, you'd find Roy right there in the juke-box royal family, too. The day his Roy Rogers Comic Book came out, the million copies went like hot cakes—in 24 hours.

So you can see that Mrs. Rogers' boy is doing all right for himself. And while all of this means exactly \$12.50 a week personally for spending money (that's absolutely all his manager lets him tote around in his jeans), he's as rich as Croesus in a commodity that Roy sets big store by—friendly fans. Many's the month he's shelled out \$500 or more just for stamps to paste on letters to his pen pals, boys and girls he has never seen. Many's the stranger who asked for Roy's autograph and struck up a solid palship. Because Roy, who at heart is just a grass roots guy from off an Ohio farm, has a knack of liking everybody. And usually it's a case of vice-versa, too—although sometimes there are exceptions.

price of fame . . .

A few months ago, for instance, Roy was rattling along toward New York on the Twentieth Century Limited when he noticed a beefy passenger glaring at him with a perplexed frown. Roy had on his sky-blue cowboy suit that day with all the terrific trimmings, and he looked like the painted desert. Every time he grinned, the glaring man scowled deeper. Well, they went into the diner before the train neared New York, and Roy, who has ears sharp as an Indian's, heard the gruff gent talking to his wife, like this—

"I can't figure that guy out. What do you suppose he does—sell Indian snake-root medicine?"

"S-h-h-h," said his wife. "He'll hear you."

"Or is he out of a circus?"

"Stop staring," hissed his wife.

"I can't help it," growled the man. "He gets me."

Well, the scowler-growler never let off glaring and grunting at Roy until they pulled into Grand Central Station. Then he saw photographers and reporters swarm around Roy, now in his ten gallon hat. The mob hemmed in the beefy gentleman like a Nazi in deepest Russia. That made him boil all the more, but at last he realized who Roy was.

"Well, I'll be damned," he bellowed to his embarrassed wife. "It's that damned wild cowboy guy in the movies. What do you know about that? Lemme out of here!"

Roy loves to tell stories about himself like that because he has a funny bone built for an Elk, and also because he realizes, like anyone else, that he's no Kit Carson, but a strictly theatrical rough rider. In fact, Roy's favorite story on the subject of his riotous rig is the time he was highballing along on the Santa Fe's Super Chief through the ranch country of Arizona, and a bronzed old man with white whiskers came over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Son," said the oldster, "what's that uniform you got on? What branch of the service are you in?"

Roy said he wasn't in the service at all. He explained amiably to the old man that he was a cowboy in the movies

in Hollywood and that he always dressed like that.

"W-a-a-l, now," marveled the man. "Ain't that interesting? I never in all my born days saw a get-up exactly like the one you got."

Roy chinned a while more, then he asked his inquisitor what he did.

"Why, I guess you'd call me a cow-hand," grinned the old man. "I've got me a cattle ranch back in the hills here!"

Sometimes, after episodes like that or a Manhattan mob mauling, Roy seriously considers lugging along one suit of civvies to wear as a disguise. He's got "a store suit and a new pair of shoes I used to get married in," explains Roy, but each time he gets them out and tries them on, he feels downright conspicuous!

There's only one time on record, though, that his rainbow rig ever got him into any trouble. Oddly enough, that time the difficulty was that he got taken for what he was dressed up to be! That was in Manhattan, where they don't know much about cowboys anyway, in fact, it was at the famous Stork Club. Roy's prone to skip the bright lights when he hits the big cities, because, for one thing, he doesn't drink, like to dance or hanker to stay up and greet the dawn, not when he has to put on a rip-roaring show the next day, as he usually does on tour. But on one trip to New York, Sherman Billingsley, the owner-host of the Stork, called up Roy and personally invited him to pay a visit to the Stork. Roy thought that was right hospitable and friendly so he said sure enough, he'd amble over right after the Rodeo was over at the Garden that night.

Now, the real buckaroos from West of the Pecos who swarm into New York for prizes at the annual Rodeo are sometimes pretty rugged customers, a hard-drinking, wild-acting, rip-snorting bunch. Most of them stop at the Belvedere and other hotels around the Garden, and every year when they swarm in, the management discreetly hauls out the good furniture in the cowboy rooms and drags in some sturdy stuff that can stand the kicking around. There's generally a rough-and-tumble fight going on somewhere, and a couple of times the hell-raising cowpokes have even gotten themselves killed. You wouldn't say their reputations for being little gentlemen in café society were exactly Grade-A.

So when Roy Rogers ambled up to the Stork Club, the doorman took one look at his Stetson and spurs and other marks of what he considered the real McCoy ranch clothes.

"Beat it, cowboy!" he said.

"Say, look here—" began Roy.

dropped by the stork . . .

The doorman had visions of the Stork's famous mirrors being shot up, the chairs splintered, and all the swank guests running screaming out into the night without paying their checks. So he called all the help in the place and gave Roy the bum's rush right out to the pavement!

Sherman Billingsley called up the next day to apologize and to beg Roy to give the Stork another chance, but Roy said he reckoned he just wasn't interested.

But all of this I've been telling you is very definitely an exception to the rule. Most times, Roy collects pals wherever he goes—and that's a lot of places. Last year, for instance, he traveled around 50,000 miles on his rodeo circuit, his movie

(Continued on page 84)

Glamour to Glamour

Filmtone for Loveliness

says Betty Compson



Glamour Then: In 1919, at the time of her greatest role in the MIRACLE MAN, Betty Compson was acclaimed one of Hollywood's foremost beauties.

Glamour Now: More fascinating today than ever, Betty Compson's striking loveliness is glamorized to perfection by Filmtone. In her own words: "Very young complexions...and those not so young...profit equally from Filmtone's extra rich Lanolin base. Smoother as it goes on...non-drying as it stays on. Filmtone delights your skin with its gentle texture. Helps to conceal tiny skin faults and gives you that sleek close-up confidence."

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Lip glamour calls for the radiant tones of Filmtone Lipstick... In smart plastic case... only 10 cents.

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LOS ANGELES

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Says Mrs. P. C. D. "Modess' extra protection gives me the peace of mind I've dreamed of"—and you'll feel the same way. Now—more than ever—you should try Modess! It costs no more.

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SANITARY NAPKINS



personal appearances and his Bond Rally tours. He played the Army hospitals and camps wherever he happened to be in-between stands.

As a result, Roy has plenty of pals in all corners of the fighting fronts today, but there are a couple of kids he keeps in touch with particularly, because in a way they're almost like his own boys. Both are in the Air Corps now, but only a few years back they were a couple of neighbor kids to Roy, just Gary and Dick, who used to wander over to Roy's house looking kind of lonesome and sometimes hungry, especially when Roy's wife, Arlene, was putting some of her famous pies out to cool. Gary and Dick didn't feel very comfortable at home—there was some stepmother trouble—and before he knew it, Roy was getting them to help him out around the place. Seemed like after that they were usually eating a meal or two every day at Roy's house, and he began to look on them as kin-folks.

Then came the war and Roy was surprised to find both Gary and Dick had grown up enough to enlist as Air Cadets. Gary's still in school, but first thing Roy knew, Dick was all graduated and wearing his gold bar and wings, and then he was over in India, writing to his favorite good neighbor and movie star. But at first what Dick had to write wasn't so good. In fact, he was pretty disgusted. He hadn't gotten himself a Zero yet, and some of his pilot buddies had.

"Wonder if you'd care," Dick wrote, "if I name my plane 'Trigger' after your horse. I've got a hunch I might get going then."

dead-eye Trigger . . .

Roy wrote back, "Dee-lighted!" and the next note he got from Dick, things were looking up. "Trigger and I got two Zeros," Dick exulted. The next letter raised the ante, "Now we've got five!" Last time Roy heard from Dick he wrote, "Trigger and me are just sittin' here with our guns cocked, waitin' for more Japs!" You can imagine how good that made Roy feel and why he spends so much time writing all the Hollywood news to that particular scrapper for Uncle Sam.

Most of Roy Rogers' real chums are people like that—boys he has taken an interest in, people he has met on his travels, friends of people who work for him, just plain folks that Roy has taken a fancy to here and there. He's not a speck Social in the Hollywood Capital S way; in fact, at playing Society he's a total flop. Roy meets Big Shots galore everywhere he goes, and on his Army tours he has rubbed up against bestarred generals as well as lowly GI's—but rank or moneybags or Blue Book standings don't click with Roy at all. He's always running across someone he just happens to cotton to, and from then on they're usually a Rogers pal.

Like the time in St. Louis when Roy was on a personal appearance tour and theater tycoons there staged an elaborate press party for him. That afternoon at a baseball game he'd sat next to a fellow ball-fan. They got along fine, and the fellow asked Roy out to a roadhouse he ran over in Illinois, for a spaghetti dinner. Roy said he'd come right after the press party. But like a lot of those whoop-te-doods, it went on and on, and as the newspapermen got more and more oiled up, the later they stayed. Came seven, eight and then nine o'clock. Roy hated to leave his own party, but he'd also promised a pal to show up. So he left the reporters to their highballs and drove clear over to Belleville, Illinois, and made it, true to his word, better late than never. His new friend fed Roy and his guests

royally, and that night introduced Roy to Mort Cooper, the big St. Louis Cardinal pitching ace. Roy and Mort got along fine, too. He took Roy duck hunting up on the Missouri River, and they've been pals ever since. That's the way Roy Rogers is always making new friends.

Hunting and baseball both are top items in Roy Rogers' fun book. He used to pitch a little as a youngster, and he's got a gold baseball at home in his den to show he hurled a winning game when the Hollywood Leading Men walloped the Comedians one season. One of the biggest thrills Roy ever had was in Cincinnati, where he was born, when the Cincy Reds invited him to come and work out with them, gave him a suit and let him bat and field with the big fellers. He has baseballs at home signed by every player on the Cincinnati squad and one from the Pittsburgh Pirates, too, and if anybody hooked those, he'd sure be in bad trouble with Rogers.

Roy has always hunted a lot, from his farm boy days up until war came. He used to specialize in wildcats around Hollywood. You can see the results of some all-night mountain stalks with his dogs right in that same den with a stuffed fox that he once ran over with his car! But when Uncle Sam started shooting, shotgun shells vanished like nylons at a bargain sale, so Roy had to lay off.

Then a friend of his horse trainer, Glenn, back in Nebraska, heard about Roy's sad plight. He shipped him out a case of shotgun shells he had and with it an invitation to stop there on his next trip East for some pheasant shooting. Roy has marked that a "must" stop on his schedule this fall, because he has more of a thank-you call to make than for just the shells. The man also sent Roy's baby girl, Cheryl, a pony. That cinched him with Roy Rogers as a friend for keeps. Because if there's one thing the Cowboy King is nutty about, besides beans and baseball, it's horses.

In fact, one reason he can plan a Midwest bird-shooting visit this year is because Roy aims to travel the highways from now on with his horse, Trigger. A while back, Roy had Trigger shipped across the country by train. He met him at the station, and poor Trigger stumbled off the boxcar like he was on his last legs. Roy was hopping mad when he sleuthed around and found out that Trigger had been kept on his feet, swaying and jolting for four days without any attention at all, except a bucket of water now and then. Right away he vowed he'd never ship him anywhere again. Roy's really touchy about Trigger. In San Antonio, Texas, they built a stall for his horse right in the hotel lobby so Roy could be near him, and sentimental Roy has even tossed a birthday party for Trigger with an oats and barley cake and guests and everything. He's that foolish about him.

in trigger's trail . . .

In fact, Roy knows as well as anyone, that his biggest rival isn't another screen cowpoke, but his own horse. A story Roy chuckles about is the time he got a wire from a big department store in Pittsburgh. He was set to play the rodeo there, and the store wanted to stage a Roy Rogers stunt. But in their wire they weren't a bit bashful about whom they considered the top attraction. "Please advise if we can have horse, Trigger," it read. "We don't want Rogers!"

Roy has scurried around and found himself a big, luxurious horse van, with hot and cold running oats and all equine conveniences, to carry Trigger around the country from now on. He aims to ride right with him, even if it does take

ELYSE KNOX, FEATURED IN MONOGRAM'S

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Lipstick
STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELIER—LONGER

longer. And when Trigger gets old and rickety, he'll take it easy in clover while Trigger II carries Roy along on his movie career. Trigger Number Two is already picked out, by the way, and that again is because Roy Rogers is handy at making friends. It was while he had his rodeo up at the Maple Leaf Garden in Toronto, Canada, that he met Charlie McVeedy who runs a dude ranch near there and raises Palominos and other ranch horses. Visiting Charlie one day between shows, Roy spotted a colt just four days old. "Doggone!" exclaimed Roy, "he's marked just like my Trigger! Say—how about my buying this colt to take over Trigger's job later on?"

Charlie said that was okay, only to make it an option to buy, and then if the grown horse turned out right, Roy could have him. Roy was so thrilled about that and so grateful, that before he left Toronto he took off the hand-made silver spurs and handed them over to his new friend, "I can get me another pair when we get back to Hollywood," Roy explained.

But when he did get back to Hollywood, darned if Roy could find himself a pair of fancy spurs anywhere, not for love or money. He'd forgotten about the war and the metal and craftsman shortage. So now he hasn't a pair to his name, but he's not worried. He figures his spurs are a fair swap for a new and good friend like Charlie any day in the week.

strange fruit . . .

Roy's champion fan is Leo Khoury, a middle-aged Arab, of all people. Leo saw Roy in one of his movies and swore by the Prophet's beard or something that he was going to know the cowboy king, or else. He was living down at the beach at that point and doing all right in the restaurant business. But he promptly pulled up his stakes and moved out to the San Fernando Valley, only a whoop and a holler from Roy's Encino country place. Not only that, but Leo notified Roy that he, Roy Rogers, was now half owner of the restaurant, a thriving, busy Valley highway spot. Roy said he couldn't accept a free partnership—he has enough interests now—but Leo calls him "Boss" just the same, and Roy always manages to take the people he likes over to Leo's place to feed them when he's pitching a party. Some day after the war Leo swears, he's going back to Arabia and bring home a string of Arabian nags for Roy to gallop around on in Hollywood.

Roy Rogers, being the palsy sort of guy he is, reacts to his sensational fan worship with an honest friendship that other stars sometimes try to fake, but seldom feel. He usually tosses a party of some sort for his regional fan "corral" wherever he is. Last year he held a big banquet at the Astor Hotel for the New York get-together of Rogers' rooters. He's made a trip or two to Hammond, Indiana, just to meet Gene Ernst, who's national "Ranch Boss" of all his clubs, and more than once Roy has met a fan, liked him and had him come out and stay at the house for days at a time. One kid who hitch-hiked clear out from Rhode Island just to see Roy, stayed with the Rogers family until his mother wired Roy to send him home.

Of course, like all Hollywood stars, Roy gets his share of nutty notes, and a few fantastic things have happened to make even Roy scratch his head and wonder at the strange fruit fame hatches.

There's the usual quota of absurd mash letters from girls who can't seem to savvy that Roy is happily married and has a family. One star-struck sweet thing wrote him a while back, "I want you to fly here

and get me in an airplane, just like Clark Gable did Myrna Loy in 'Test Pilot.' I want to be your secretary and be everything to you—I mean *everything*!" Roy hates to have to let them down with the fact that he has enough secretaries and also a wife who is *everything* to him.

Then, too, he feels embarrassed about some of the stunts fervent fans pull on him. One boy in Chicago, for instance, called Roy long distance three times in one day, got him every time and hung on chattering for long minutes. Finally Roy asked him, "Say, son—who's going to pay for this call? You're using up valuable time there—you know that?"

"Oh, sure," breezed the kid. "But my folks are out of the house. They won't know till the bill comes in. I'll worry about that later." Roy made him hang up pronto then. But that's the kind of thing he's always running into because he's so good-natured.

Maybe the oddest thing that ever happened to Roy because of his movie fame was a fracas out in Colorado that almost duplicated one of the wild and woolly plots of his own pictures. A man with a big hunk of land in the cattle country took a shine to Roy on the screen, and being along in years, decided he'd like to turn over his vast holdings to the King of the Cowboys—at a price, of course. So he wrote an offer to Roy wanting to sell him the stretch of Colorado cattle land and a whole town to boot, complete with post-office, general store, town hall and jailhouse.

Well, to Roy Rogers it was just another freak offer. But somehow the news got around the town, and it got around as a fact that Roy was going to buy up all this property. That upset a lot of apple-carts. Cattlemen's interests clashed, there was pistol-parkin', skullduggery, lawsuits and about everything else that makes up a picture plot. The darned thing finally ended in a good old-fashioned Western range war! And all the time Roy hadn't the faintest idea of gobbling up all that land.

Matter of fact, land is something Roy doesn't want any part of until his picture-making days are over. He just sold his rambling Encino hilltop home and moved in closer to the studios in a house on a city street, with neighbors all around him. One reason was the gas shortage, another the servant shortage, but the main reason was the safety of Roy Rogers' number one fan—his four-year-old daughter, Cheryl.

The old place had a swimming pool that was seldom used, and both Roy and Arlene were scared to death Cheryl would tumble in some day. First Roy built a fence around it, but when he found that Cheryl could unlatch the gate and get in anyway, he decided the risk was too great. It got so Arlene, without even a cook to help her, didn't dare let Cheryl out of the house alone.

fruit salad al fresco . . .

The servant problem hasn't been notably improved since the Roy Rogers moved closer to town. In fact, Arlene is still doing all the household chores, aided by Roy on his time off—because that's one thing he doesn't mind a bit. His favorite exercise is hammering and sawing and digging in the dirt. In no time flat after he moved in his new house, Roy had built a whole new set of lofts for his 200 racing pigeons and transformed the badminton court (Roy considers all games like tennis, golf and badminton a waste of time) into a pigeon city. And even though his new home is no farm, it has a hillside grove of lemons, limes, oranges, grapefruit, figs, avocados and five or six other kinds of California specialties which

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CAKE MAKE-UP WITH Lanolin

Roy's green thumb has made spread all over the place like an outdoor fruit salad. But he could still use some hired help, and if things don't improve, he may even take up one fan's offer.

That was the one made right after Roy and Arlene had lost their lone wartime cook (she lasted a week) and had interviewed a colored couple who said they were looking for a job. Roy asked them how much they wanted, and they said \$500 a month. He almost fainted, thinking of the \$12.50 a week he jingles in his jeans and the income tax he pays. "You take my movie contract," Roy grinned to the high priced pair, "and I'll take the job—at those prices!"

So he was about at his wit's end to find somebody to help out Arlene when he got a phone call from a fan in North Carolina.

"Say, Roy," spoke up this kid, "I want to work for you in Hollywood."

Roy had an idea. "Why, I sure could use somebody to help around the house."

"I'm fine at housework," came back the kid. And darned if Roy wouldn't have hired him, right there over the phone, sight unseen, if Arlene, who had been listening to the conversation, shook her head firmly. She wasn't going to have some mother's son come clear across the country and maybe turn out to be another one to cook and care for!

"I'll keep singing a song" . . .

Of course, half the time these days, Roy Rogers is away from home—another reason he moved Arlene and the babies in closer to civilization. Because Roy doesn't come right back home from his show business tours these days—most times he sets right out on a junket to Army camps or hospitals. He rode Trigger right in the wards at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington last year and danced him in and around the beds. Roy made himself a marathon record, too, last winter down in Texas, staging 136 Army camp shows inside 20 days and a lot of them in the cold and rain. When he finally couldn't sing and couldn't talk either, he allowed as how something might be wrong with him. Something was—a strep throat which landed him in the hospital. The last thing Roy did about his private war effort was to stage his Rodeo in the Los Angeles Coliseum one Sunday and turn over the whole chunk of profits, \$13,000, to Joe E. Brown's Army recreational fund to buy athletic equipment for GIs overseas.

Roy Rogers hasn't had himself a vacation for three years. He thinks he might get in a few days before the Fall Rodeo tour starts up at Big Bear or some near-Hollywood mountain resort, if Arlene can hold on behind him on his motorcycle, and if his folks will take care of the kids. But Roy has thought that a thousand times before in the last few years, and generally something comes along to bust it up. Some of his hundreds of pals want him to do something, or an overseas soldier requests a radio recording or an Army hospital needs a show.

A while back, after a strenuous day and night Army camp and Rodeo tour, Roy found himself in a hospital, a plenty sick *hombre* with pneumonia in both lungs. He almost died—and maybe he would have—not from the pneumonia, but from boredom. But, with a raging fever of 104 degrees, Roy got busy and dashed off a whole set of lyrics and melody for a new song, which you'll be hearing one of these days soon. He figures that job is what let him walk out of the hospital instead of being lugged out feet first.

By the way, the name of the tune Roy wrote was "I'll Keep Singing A Song." As any one of his thousands of pals will tell you, that's Roy Rogers, all over.

YOUNG MAN WITH A TORSO

(Continued from page 41)

to around 160 by hard training, but his unbridled hunger for fancy steaks and French fries crosses him up. Incidentally, despite the fact that most guys and gals consider 70½ inches of height to be satisfactorily tall, Dick's studio has him wear shoes with built-in lifts which make him an even six feet tall on the screen. This burns the boy considerably.

retreat in glory . . .

He doesn't burn fast, but he burns thoroughly. For instance, he decided in the fall of 1941—several months before Pearl Harbor—that the U. S. was going to be in the war before another year had passed, so he smouldered to get into uniform. He had a tradition to embrace, a fighting family name to decorate. Dick's father was killed in action in March, 1918.

The recruiting sergeant looked Dick over and assumed an expression of cautious approval. "S'pose you got an eye on the Air Corps, huh?" he suggested.

"I had sort of thought Infantry," demurred Dick. "I've done some boxing. —I can handle myself fairly well. Thought it might come in handy in the ground forces."

The sergeant glowed. "Right in there," he said heartily.

The doctors failed to glow. "You have two punctured ear drums," they said. And because they were professional men, hence curious about human mishaps, they quizzed him. Dick told them his story frankly. When he was three, he had developed a mastoid abscess and had undergone surgery.

His mother had told him about this, but she had never dwelled on it. It was still too painful an ordeal to remember. She had sat beside him hour after hour, anguished to see him in such misery. And there was nothing, absolutely nothing, she could do to help. There had been one frightful morning when the doctor warned her that the small, sturdy heart could not carry on; it skipped a beat. Another. A third. And then, with the unbeatable constitution of a lusty child, he had rallied.

Between that siege, and the time he was fully grown, Dick underwent five major mastoid and nine minor operations. No one, to look at this rugged fella, would suspect such a past.

He always refused to admit to anyone that there was any reason for him to be careful, of course. One afternoon he was sparring, open-handed, with a pal and accidentally caught a fast one on his bad ear. That finished that ear drum. A few months later he dived off a high platform into a pool whose depths he had miscalculated and tried to leave his headprint in cement in the best Grauman manner. End of second ear drum.

As a result of these accidents, years later Dick trudged out of the recruiting office, thoroughly crestfallen. It was the first major setback in a life singularly filled with accomplishment.

Dick was born in Newcastle, Indiana, which makes him about as typically Usanman (new word meaning Man From the U. S. A.) as one can get without being chiseled out of the base of the Goddess of Liberty.

About the time he became Marbles Champion of Newcastle, his mother decided to move to Los Angeles, so Dick grew up in the shadow of a forest of motion picture cameras and klieg lights, a fact of which he was blissfully unaware. He had too much on his mind always to think of the future. That bicycle, for instance.



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He was manager, critic and .37 batter on his sandlot team when he decided that it would be much easier on his aching dogs after a hard afternoon on the diamond if he could ride home instead of walking. Being the resourceful type he went down to a local newspaper and made a deal to deliver nightly gazettes. Each week he put aside 90% of his take. He used that other 10% for current expenses.

His mother accompanied him to the local bank and assisted him in establishing a savings account that he still has, although it has been through a fluctuating history. When he had amassed \$19.00, he withdrew \$18.75 and bought a bicycle.

The ownership of a bicycle opened a wide new world to Dick. It enabled him to journey often to the Hollywood YMCA where he enviously watched the big boys diving off the 75-foot tower. In bathing trunks (which hadn't yet been baptized because he was afraid to go in) Dick was stalling around the pool one day when the life guard asked him why he wasn't swimming. "Because I don't know how," Dick said logically.

"Sure you do," laughed the guard, lifting Mr. Crane and tossing him in. Dick learned to swim in ten easy strokes. Somehow he got back to the rail that borders the pool and clung there, dripping and gasping.

"See how easy it is?" the life guard asked. "Your form isn't much, of course. Now watch . . ." and Dick learned three methods of swimming that afternoon.

At the end of summer vacation, the YMCA staged a swimming meet. Dick told his mother about it. "Some of those guys can really porpoise around, Mom," he said eagerly. "I want you to see the meet."

So his mother, smiling indulgently, went to the event without knowing that Dick was to compete in each of the free-style races. When she saw Dick line up with the other contestants, she arose in her place and started to call out because she had no idea he could swim. He rapidly splashed away her doubts by winning three races. Dripping, he brought the trophy ribbons to her. "Keep them for me, huh?"

She tucked them into her purse and drew out her handkerchief. "You'd think I'd been peeling onions," she laughed, half-annoyed at her tears of pride. Somehow, she always managed—in the years that ensued—to be in the stands when Dick went into action. She saw practically all of his high school football games and suffered with him when the team lost. Celebrated, too, when they won, which was often. Luckily she was nowhere around when Dick fractured three ribs; it happened during practice.

something to remember . . .

His senior year, Dick was captain. It was a great year; they went through their opponents like fire through dried meadow grass. The whole team was getting more and more keyed up, tightening to the final effort of the big game. On Friday night there was the usual rally. Everyone made speeches. Everyone cheered until he was hoarse. The Booster Club had gathered firewood for days, so the fight fete was finished by a monster snake dance around the bonfire. Then, in cracked voices, the entire student body sang school songs. It was achingly exciting and wonderful . . . something to remember forever. Something to send a team into action with the power of a flight of B-29s and the cunning of a cover of P-38s.

The following morning the principal called Dick into his office. "I'm sorry to say that I have VERY bad news for you,"

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he announced, patting Dick's shoulder. "It has been called to our attention that you're a mid-year student, so you're ineligible to play. You've already played your quota of high school football games."

Dick wanted to bawl like a baby. "Isn't there anyway we can fix it?"

No. He was ineligible. That was final. He thought of all the studying he had done, the boning for quizzes and the agonizing over notebooks—just to stay scholastically eligible for this game. And now he was ruled out on a technicality. Heartsick, he lagged out to the gym to tell the team. They couldn't believe it. They said there must be some mistake . . . and, throwing their helmets down hard, they said it was a lousy, rotten break.

"You'll get along swell without me," he said, trying to be casual. "This guy is a better back than I'll ever be." He patted his sub, who looked determined but doubtful.

gory grief . . .

When the whistle blew, Dick took up his place on the bench and played four hundred tough games without moving more than two square yards. His team, their morale shot, couldn't make anything click. Their passes were intercepted, their punts blocked, and their line plays fumbled. Oh, brother, but they got trounced.

Mighty blue. Mighty blue. And Dick sat there during the endless moments, thinking that this was his last game.

He was wrong about that. At the end of the season the first team played the second; this was usually a wild scramble, bitterly fought by both sides. And that afternoon Dick was suited up and in there with both hands. He couldn't miss. He caught passes that started out like lightning and flitted off like butterflies. It made no difference. He ran all over the field, making touchdowns, intercepting his opponents' passes, messing up their carefully rehearsed secret plays. He spent the afternoon having an intensely pleasant time.

After school was out, Dick got a job with an automobile agency. His job was to ride a motorbike out to the home of a car owner whose bus needed service, fasten the motorbike to the back of the car and drive back to the agency. This all happened before the war, you dig. This gave him a taste for handsome automobiles; an appetite that he intends to gratify when a person can once again purchase a long, low, super-souped-up mechanical job.

After working all day, he liked to go down to the gym at night and work out. Gradually he got into the habit of putting on the gloves and going a few rollicking rounds with one of his friends. Bystanders began to comment upon how well he handled himself. "Hot right hook," they said. And, "That left is strictly from slumber."

Dick got the idea that an occasional go in the preliminaries at one of the Hollywood arenas might be a satisfactory way of adding to his bank account . . . in addition to keeping him out of the "Sinew Went Away" class. He inquired here and there and was given reluctant answers. The prelim boys who had seen him work out didn't care much to waltz a few with him on canvas.

One day the manager of a boy who had done pretty well in his first few fights approached Dick and asked how about it? "They tell me that you've never had a pro fight, but that you're spoiling for one and you look good."

So Dick, feeling elated over his forthcoming prowess (he hoped) as a leather-pusher, went home, told his mother and ate a hearty dinner complete with a steak as heavy as his boxing gloves.

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His mother looked at him unhappily. "Oh Dick, please be careful—for my sake." And she added, "This time I won't be in the stands to watch you."

"Don't worry about me, Mom," he grinned. "One—two, the fight's through. Three, four, he'll want no more."

The first thing that bothered him when he climbed into the ring, was the smoke. Walking down the chute, crawling under the ropes and making one's way to the corner was like trying to break through a series of giant spider webs. The stuff hung in clusters, making Dick's eyes smart and his eyes burn. Excitement was thick in his throat. He blinked against the hot, blinding lights; he had never dreamed they would be so brilliant.

courage and confusion . . .

All around him were crowd noises. The roar of voices, the shouts of vendors, the scraping and shuffling of thousands of feet. The loud speaker blared Dick's name so he went to the center of the ring where he shook hands with the big-muscled, hard-jawed man who was his opponent. The referee recalled the rules. The bell rang.

Dick felt swell. He came out alertly and on his toes. He sparred, conscious of the nimbleness of his foot work. Just then a ramrod shot out and opened Dick's cheek. It made him mad all the way to the canvas. He swung hard. It landed with a snap of leather upon flesh. The other guy's head snapped back. He went down with a grunt. And Dick, too surprised to move, stood there wasting precious seconds staring down at the sweat-covered head slowly shaking itself.

After that nothing was very clear to Dick. He remembered being against the ropes, upright and angry because the ropes were burning his back. It didn't occur to him to resent the punishment his face and body were taking. He was having trouble seeing out of that left eye, and his mouth kept bleeding. The bell rang. He sat down. The bell rang. He stood up. Time went on. The smoke grew thicker. It was a fog now—impenetrable. Faces beyond the ropes were a surf upon a dark sea. The sea spoke in a rumbling voice, it said, "Stop da fight. Ya wanna kill that kid. He's game. He'll fight 'till he drops. Stop da fight."

Dick was astonished. He felt fine. He floated. He knew no pain. The referee separated Dick and the bleeding pug. Dick tried to say something, but his puffed lips trembled away from words. He was astonished that, when he tried uncertainly to leave the ring, there was applause. How come? He had lost. He knew because he had heard that over the loud-speaker; yet the surf and the dark sea boomed with approval. Funny.

Somehow he got to the dressing room where he was rather thoroughly sick. The medico patched him up and said he'd get over the sense of confusion and chaos after some sleep.

So Dick went home. His mother was waiting for him. She looked at him and started to cry. "Oh, your poor eye!" she said, but she didn't scold. She didn't tell him that he could never do that again. "You're a man, Dick, so you have to make your own decisions about things like this," she said, turning her head away because she couldn't bear the pain of seeing him so battered.

Dick never went into a pro arena again. After that his sparring was done strictly in fun with men he knew.

He had always been crazy about movies, so it occurred to him one day that the motion picture business might not be a bad racket for an ambitious young man. He went up to the Bliss-Hayden Theater and

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enrolled. Luck kissed him on the forehead and arranged for a Metro talent scout to see the first play in which Dick had the lead. The next thing he knew, he was working in "Susan And God" with Joan Crawford and Fredric March. Dick had the part of their daughter's boy friend. Miss Crawford was charming; she was generous with camera angles and gave him several tips on timing.

From a drawing room comedy of manners, he leaped lightly into a Hopalong Cassidy picture. He had done some "military" riding in an Army training short, so he thought he could make friends with the local horses. What he didn't calculate upon was the difference between a military and a Western saddle. He was told that in one scene he was to take his horse over a jump.

The horse had other ideas. The next scene revealed Mr. Richard Crane lying flat on his back on the grassy sward while the horse loped calmly away, uttering derisive sounds.

This caused Mr. Crane to return to the automotive industry for a time. Through a friend who was a mechanic, Dick was sent to the office of Bert Morris, one of the town's most perspicacious agents. That did it. The next thing Dick knew, he had a thriving career sprouting faster than devil grass in a victory garden.

Comes now romance. Not too serious a romance, you understand, but a nice pleasant companionship that makes the moon rest her head on the hill's dark shoulder. While in Bert Morris' office one day, Dick observed a beautiful girl who was also a Morris client. Name: Kay Morley.

That was eleven months ago, and they are still going steady.

When Dick moved into lodgings that used to be a guest house on an estate

in Laurel Canyon, Kay added the deft womanly touches to the furnishings. She pointed out lonely spots on the walls that cried for pictures. She went shopping with him and helped to select scatter rugs and draperies. Then she moved into the kitchen department.

cooks Kay and Crane . . .

Seems that Dick planned to prepare his own breakfast each morning. Only catch was that he didn't want to live on toast, and that was the only recipe he had memorized. So Kay taught him how to prepare a fresh tomato omelet the like of which would make Henry VIII drool even after a duck dinner. She also taught him how to make GOOD coffee.

When Dick entertains guests for dinner, which is often, he broils the steaks (Crane Specialty when he has the points), but he leaves the planning and preparation for all other items of the dinner, strictly up to Kay.

For Dick's birthday, Kay gave him a white Maltese Terrier named Muffins. Muffins wasn't secured from a swanky kennel nor from the litter of a hoity-toity registered private family. She came from the city pound. Kay had noticed an article in a Los Angeles newspaper, describing the available dogs and stressing their need for homes—otherwise they were faced with destruction. So she drove down and selected the most ingratiating animal available.

Not for several weeks did Dick suspect that his gift was not on solo flight. He looked at Muffins fixedly and decided that she was carrying quite a crew. Clearly the small dog house with which his back yard was equipped would not be adequate housing for the future. "As soon as my back gets better," he told Muffins, "I'll build you a barracks." He had sprained

his back while bowling. A masseur, an osteopath and a chiropractor had been unable to return one particular vertebra to its proper groove.

Muffins became more uncomfortable by the hour, and so did Dick. Finally he decided that Muffins' problem was greater than his own, so he started to build a canine apartment house. And just to prove that kindness to animals pays: As Dick leaned down to pick up the hammer, his cranky cog snapped back into place.

Muffins promptly presented him with five puppies. Scandalous fact: two of white Muffins' puppies are coal black.

So serious are Dick and Kay (who is a Goldwyn Girl) about their careers that they frequently spend evenings reading plays aloud. They like the highly dramatic one-acters frequently used in little theaters, and they register emotions enough to burst the canvas off hermetically sealed wings.

This attention to business has stood Dick in good stead because he has made tremendous strides in a short time. While "Wing And A Prayer" was being filmed, Dick was scheduled to do a difficult scene early one morning. He knew that he was letter perfect in his lines, and he thought he had accomplished a good characterization. Under the brilliant lights he went through rehearsal. Then the director called, "This will be a take." The cameras ground. Dick gave. As a precaution the director had two long shots made, then closed in for the close-ups.

When it was over, Dick emerged from the scene in time to see the production head of the studio walking away. "Was he here all the time?" he gasped.

"Sure was. And he seemed pleased."

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SIXTEEN'S OKAY

(Continued from page 43)

Shirley likes to work. Not that she'd pine away otherwise, she's not the piney type. Besides, she's crazy about Westlake, and when you're working, you have to go to school on the set. If you gave her the choice, she'd make it half-and-half, the way it was this year.

She and Mary Lou had loads of fun on "Since You Went Away." Mary Lou Leib's been her stand-in for ages, and one of her very best friends. At first Mary Lou kept pretty busy writing letters to a certain sailor, and Shirley was supposed to help. Only she did more kibitzing (the Temple version of kibitz) than helping. Anyway, it didn't matter, because Mary Lou kind of lost interest in the sailor, poor dear.

They did quite a lot of giggling, which was rather hard on the others who'd sometimes look pained. But it must be a disease at sixteen that you can't do very much about. For instance, Jennifer had to kiss Joseph Cotten, and he came off with lipstick all over him. Well, who wouldn't laugh? Of course she'll admit they didn't have to yell, "Yah! Yah! Joseph got kissed!" That was more like ten maybe, but you get a relapse now and then.

Monty Woolley was the one who really broke Shirley up. Once she was supposed to be feeding a turtle in the bathtub and looking up at him wide-eyed. Mr. Woolley, not the turtle. He was standing out of the scene, and when she looked up, he was making this horrible face at her, and she burst out laughing. Naturally the director got peeved. Probably rued the day he

ever got Monty Woolley and Shirley Temple together—

And another thing. Mr. Woolley had this accomplishment. He could talk without moving his beard, so nobody knew he was talking but the person right next to him. They'd be in a scene together, and out of this perfectly quiet beard would come some quaint remark, and no matter how hard she tried not to, she'd simply explode. The director thought she was just being silly, for which she can't blame him—

She'd try to get back at Mr. Woolley by singing "Mairzy Doats" just before he went into a scene. That worked at first, because he couldn't fathom it, and he couldn't stand it, but it grew on him the way it does on most people, and by the end of the picture he was singing it himself. He's an awfully nice man—

hooky pays off . . .

Then the picture was finished, and they went to Palm Springs for a vacation, and all of a sudden "I'll Be Seeing You" popped up. The studio called them Saturday morning and said to come right back, not even to go home first. They thought it must be retakes, but when they got to Mr. O'Shea's office, he said it was a part in "I'll Be Seeing You," and they called wardrobe and make-up, and she did a test with Ginger Rogers, and they gave her a script, and she started working the next Tuesday. That was really a surprise. In "I'll Be Seeing You" she's seventeen—quite a difference from fourteen in "Since You Went Away." She plays Miss Rogers' cousin, and Miss Rogers plays a girl who has to go to jail because a man got fresh, and she pushed him away and he fell out of a window. It wasn't her fault that the window happened to be low—

Then, when "I'll Be Seeing You" was finished, Shirley went back to Westlake. From what happened a week or so later, you might think she wasn't glad to go back. But she was, she's always glad to go back. Only it happened to be a very beautiful day, and Shirley and this other girl got to school a little late—after chapel had started. They stood in plain sight at the door for a minute, and then they just couldn't bear it—the day was so beautiful, and besides, they had a sick friend in Westwood and felt sorry for her. So they turned around and headed for Westwood. On the street, Shirley wears dark glasses. It's a kind of disguise.

They found their sick friend able to sit up, so they went out again and bought her some nourishment—chocolate cake and cookies and a bottle of milk—which made her feel even better. Then they ambled back to school, conversing about things in general and ditching in particular—

"We missed a big English test."

"Yes, that was pretty foolish."

"Think they'll know we ditched?"

"Maybe not—" Shirley stopped short.

"My goodness, of course they'll know. We just stood right there in the chapel door, that's all—with just about two hundred and fifty girls staring right at us!"

"That means we'll be reported!"

"Then we'd better go report ourselves first."

So they wrote a letter to the principal, and got called up in front of the student council—my, that was embarrassing. They had to stay in school three extra hours, and they got points off all over the place, and Shirley drew a conclusion. Ditching's not worthwhile—not when they catch you.

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puppy dog tales . . .

At home things are pretty much the same, except she has a new Peke—Ching Two. When the first Chingie died, she thought she'd never want another, but after a while she did. The kennels sent out a white one and a blonde one, and the blonde came running up and jumped into Shirley's lap, so naturally that's the one she took. The white one was a little bit too sophisticated for her, anyway—he sort of sat and looked down at everybody.

The nice thing about Two is, she's so sociable. Ching One never looked at Shirley very much, but Two never stops looking at her—even sits on a chair in the dressing room and watches her comb her hair. She's glamorous, too—especially round the ears, which have a glamorous flop. And she's a natural blonde, never touches peroxide. Of course all her blondness is at the wrong end—when they want to photograph her, they have to powder her face to make it show up, it's so black. On top of everything else, she's smart. When Shirley's writing a letter, Ching grabs her arm and shakes it to make her pay attention. If that doesn't work, she climbs into Shirley's lap, and let anyone try to get her out. The way she growls, you'd think she was a Great Dane. . . .

Right now, the parrot's their only other animal, but Shirley more or less ignores him. All he wants to do is fight and talk back, which would be all right if he talked any sense, but it's just idle chatter. Though sometimes she wonders. Sometimes she and her friends'll be talking, and Polly'll sit there, looking kind of wise and sneery, and she wonders if their talk sounds the same way to him. Could be—

RICHARD JAECKEL—

(See page 53)

Mom wouldn't come right out with it and ask where he'd been. So she prepared the apple pie and the fried chicken quiet like, just the way ordinary Ma's do, the ones without their names in the Blue Book and the Jaekel fur fortune and the swanky Beverly Hills address. So finally, he told her. He'd been to Mexico. As a trucker. At 6 pesos a day. Which was exactly the sort of thing she'd gotten used to. After he'd finished "Guadalcanal Diary," he hired out to an orange juice bottling concern as a packer, and after "Wing and a Prayer," he became a Maritimer! That was some swap! If Mom would sign the consent papers, he'd do just this last film. Of course, it had taken two months of a steady diet of Mom's pie and a heck of a lot of roughhousing from the JUGS (Just Us Guys) to make him even consider doing it. As one of the fellas said, "If he got paid about 5 bucks a day, betcha he wouldn't be so scared of acting. That guy just doesn't like money!" Which is true. He hates being Hanley Jaekel the 3rd and having a Chinese houseboy to screw on the caps of those umpteen bottles of lotion. And he doesn't like acting! Doesn't see how come they picked him to do the "Baby Marine," doesn't see how he avoids smelling up the place when he emotes. Unless it's on account of The System. The one he developed whereby he studied every little quirk of every big ham—and then did the exact opposite! Chicken Jake's a Maritimer now down Alaska way, 3 inches taller, a whole year older—and mebbe a little bit flicker hungry, too.

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Sundays, they have the same old gatherings, down at the playhouse—with the soda fountain and the phonograph and the fireplace and the duckpin alley. It might start with about six people, and usually goes up to about twelve or fourteen. Then around six they have a buffet supper—salad and cake and milk.

After supper, they dance. Shirley thinks the boys are beginning to wake up. For a while, they just used to rock back and forth, but lately they're turning into very good dancers. She never did care for jitterbugging. Rumbas and sambas are nice, but her true love's a slow foxtrot—with Tommy Dorsey or Freddie Slack or Claude Thornhill playing. And for singers, she'll take Dick Haymes or Johnny Johnston—she thinks he's awfully cute. His "Black Magic" will always be one of her favorites. She can't understand why pieces as pretty as that have to go out so soon. Frankie? Yes. His voice is awfully nice, but she doesn't swoon.

Weeknights she stays home and does her homework—or learns her lines, if she's working. It's funny—she does her homework with the radio on, but the minute she has lines to learn, it gets turned off. Guess that proves she takes work more seriously than school—which she wouldn't care to have broadcast at Westlake. Then she might listen to the radio—especially thrillers like "Suspense" and "Lights Out." Not "Gangbusters" any more—she's outgrown that—though she caught Dad listening one night—

"That's all right," she told him. "You're younger than I am."

Oh yes, and she finally got him interested in gin rummy. He's really a golf man, but he plays with her now and gets rather mad because he doesn't win very often. It's fun to hear him get mad—he growls in his throat just about the way Ching does.

Saturdays she helps Katie in the kitchen. For a while she lost interest in cooking, but now she's all enthused again. Did pretty well on an angel-food cake the other day. How she knows it was good is, the family ate it. Ner, they didn't make a fuss. They don't make a fuss about anything she does—when it's good. When it's bad, they tell her right away, if not sooner. She has more trouble with her family—

Ner, that ner up above is no typographical error. It's Shirley's Er-language, in which okay becomes er-ker and stuff like that. You use it when you want to say something about somebody. At first it drove her family frantic. Mom said it was just about the silliest thing she ever heard, and why didn't Shirley grow up? Then suddenly they all started talking it, only you have to do it very fast to get the right effect, and Shirley's the champ. She can terk abert the fermily erl the terme and they hardly ever know what she's terking about.

To get back to Saturdays though—Johnny always comes over. Johnny's her nephew, and he's getting so cute. You can really do things with him now. For instance, Shirley holds his hands from behind and he walks, kind of wobbling from side to side, then he'll turn and smile at her and golly! you could eat him up. He likes her lipstick, too—puts his hand out and touches it. Or—it just occurred to her—maybe he doesn't like it. Maybe he's trying to get it off—the way Mr. Selznick did—

in the "brig" . . .

When she played Brig, Mr. Selznick wouldn't let her wear any make-up, not even powder. She tried to talk him out of it, because fourteens are all different, some of them grow up quite fast. But he said,

not in this type of family. He said Brig would be naturally good and not think about powder, no matter how gruesome she looked—

Personally, Shirley uses powder and lipstick. For a while she used pretty dark lipstick—now she can't stand it. No, the family didn't stop her. Their attitude is, if she wants to look awful, that's her own hard luck. She just happened to catch sight of it suddenly in the mirror one day and decided she must have been out of her mind.

She wears her nails natural—doesn't like colored nails on a girl her age. And all she does about her hair is wash it once a week and brush it about three times a day—no special times and no special number of strokes—just when the mood seizes her and until she thinks it's shiny enough. She does love nice shiny hair—

Her usual hairdo is a long bob, with something you could call either a high wave or a low pompadour, depending on whether you like waves or pompadours best. And she simply adores pigtails with ribbons braided in at the end. Hers generally come out cockeyed, but they sure feel cool. Only it was so cold in Los Angeles this summer that mostly she wore it round her neck like a furpiece.

She buys her own clothes now. Mom thinks she's old enough to have the responsibility. But you can't tell the difference; her taste is plain, like Mom's. She can't stand a lot of ruffles. Usually she goes with a couple of the girls and tries something on, and usually they don't like it and usually she does, so she buys it and then they like it—being polite. Lately, Mom did go along once, and they bought a dress she'd never have had the nerve to buy alone—white silk with a cowl neckline and a midriff. Now she hasn't the nerve to wear it—especially after hearing that Gene Tierney had one like it. What if she ran into Gene Tierney, looking so wonderful! My, she'd feel silly—

lady in the dark . . .

Jewelry's er-ker, as long as it's pretty inconspicuous. She likes earrings on girls who wear their hair back sleek, but not on herself. She just wears these two thin gold bracelets—one i. d. and one link—and a little forgetmenot ring on her left pinky. No, she'd rather not say whom they came from if it's all the same to you, but if you'd like to know who gave her the anklet, it was Mary Lou.

During vacation, she sees lots of movies. Doesn't care much for historical pictures. Once in a while they're interesting, but on the whole, she avoids them. Still loves horror shows, though they don't scare her any more. Except "The Uninvited." That really gave her goose pimples. There was one part where she and the boy she was with jumped so hard they hit their heads together and both had headaches all the way home. And the minute she got into the garden, she smelt mimosa.

It was funny that night. Two little girls were sitting beside her, and while the news

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were in the street after Allan Jones' broadcast, when we noticed a taxicab and a motorcycle parked in front of the studio. We waited, thinking that we might see the handsome singing star enter the cab and whirl away with his police escort. In about five minutes Mr. Jones emerged from the building, sat himself down on the motorcycle—and nonchalantly scooted down Seventh Avenue!

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was on, they were looking all over the audience. Finally, one of them leaned over and said, "Hey, you know Shirley Temple's in the audience?"

"She is?!" said Shirley. "Well, gosh, I'd like to get her autograph. Why don't you try to find her?"

"I did, but it's so dark you can't see a thing!"

"Look down there. Doesn't that look like Shirley?"

So she walked down the aisle and came back and said, "You must be crazy. That's a lady with gray hair—"

Shirley was having a wonderful time, but after the picture started, it slipped her mind. Then when the lights went on, the girls almost killed her, they were so mad. But she told them she dearly loved a joke and gave them her autograph, so they were nice enough to forgive and forget.

In her spare time, she knits scarfs and afghans squares for soldiers. And writes letters. For her birthday she got quite a lot of stationery, because she has so many friends in the service to write to. She sticks to it pretty faithfully, because they say mail's so important to soldiers.

A few weeks ago she went to San Francisco for a Bond rally. At the Stage Door Canteen they wanted her to make a speech, but she can't give speeches. So she got up and said, "This is certainly a pretty canteen." Later she cut a serviceman's birthday cake on the stage and had a dance with him.

Afterwards, she visited the hospitals. No, there's nothing hard about it. Except when a photographer walks in with you—she thinks that's awful. Sometimes you can't do anything about it, except apologize to the boys and hope they know it's not your fault. But if you go in alone with cigarettes or something and just talk to them—just say anything silly that comes in your head, it's all right. Most of the fellows are cheerful.

One boy did get her down though. The doctor told her beforehand he couldn't live very long, and did she mind going in? He had cute blonde hair and looked terribly young and came from New York, so she said she thought she'd be going to New York soon. "I'll be going back myself pretty soon, they tell me," he said. "Can I show you the town?" And he told her all the places he'd take her to, and if she ever acted in her life, she did that day, because she had to pretend she was all enthused, when really what she wanted was to crawl off in a hole and cry—

After seeing those boys, everything else seemed not important for a while. But life goes on—

For instance, Shirley'll be a senior at Westlake this fall. She'll get to initiate the freshmen. Has it all figured out exactly what she'll do to them—make them bring her flowers and something to eat and carry her books. Goodness, it seems hardly any time since she was a freshman herself. Never will she forget what they did to her. Got her up on the platform and told her to sing "Baby, Take A Bow" the way Shirley Temple used to sing it—

"I never heard Shirley Temple," said Shirley. "How did she sing it?"

So the senior had to show her, and she imitated the senior—which was slightly less foolish than imitating herself.

It's funny—looking back, the time goes so fast—looking forward, it doesn't. Not that Shirley wants to push it—that's the last thing she wants to do. It bothers her to see girls try to act older than they are—pulling out their cigarettes and stuff. There are lots of ages where you can be old and sophisticated, but sixteen only comes once, and what's the sense of trying to get over it quick, as if it were measles. As long as she's sixteen, she'd rather be sixteen. Sixteen's a lot better.

TURKS ARE NO JERKS

(Continued from page 47)

the job. After all, he'd been a mere villain-around-Hollywood and a sinister Oriental in a flock of B's, and that's about all, unless you counted the slightly elevated assignments with Maria Montez in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Arabian Nights." Hepburn knew he'd landed the "Dragon Seed" lead mainly because he looked the part to a T with his slightly slanted eyes, his swell build and the voice that registered like a young Charles Boyer's without the toupee touch.

Katie Hepburn's jitters were shared by Director Jack Conway and everyone else on the set that day except Turhan Bey. The only thing that bothered Turhan was whether Hepburn would like him or not. Because, long before he'd ever set his almond eyes on Hollywood, he had tagged her as his dream actress. Once he'd sat through eight straight performances of "Woman of the Year"—just to worship silently at her image. It didn't make sense that he was here in Hollywood, of all places, and about to caress his very best idol for all the world to see in one of her greatest triumphs. But Turhan at twenty-five knows life has many surprises, and his poise was not seriously disturbed. Still he was thrilled.

turkish delight . . .

It was a long scene and a torrid one—about as torrid as Chinese lovers ever get—involving a cross-country kiss starting on Katie's arm and traveling over her shoulder and cheek right up to a shell pink ear. Hepburn had to react all the way, and, like I say, she had built up beaucoup sales resistance.

Well—during the next few minutes after Director Conway whispered "Action!" and the Turk went to work, they say the log turned into a charred cinder, the rice fields withered, and the scorched earth policy brought the M-G-M fire department to Sound Stage 10 with hoses, axes and clanging bells. That's just gossip, of course. But what I know for a fact is that when the scene was over, and Katharine Hepburn had got back her breath, she turned to Turhan Bey and spake thus:

"There isn't any other man in the world who could have played that scene better!"

Which thrilled Turhan Bey from his handsome head right down to his well-traveled toes and sent him scurrying right out—after a discreet hand kiss—to load Hepburn's dressing room with roses from that day on, as Turhan Bey would—but naturally, Madame.

Of course, nobody needs Katharine Hepburn to tell the world that Turhan Bey is something new and special in the Hollywood male lover line. You and you and you discovered that the hard way quite a spell back through a fog of pretty sticky parts wherein he usually got his neck sliced or his hide fried. And those leerings through reels and reels of dirty work obviously has very little to do with love.

Playing Jap rats, Hindu heavies, menaces for Montez and such, is no royal road to Hollywood romance, but just the same Turhan (you pronounce it Toor-hahn, giving both syllables the same break) couldn't ward off the mash notes no matter how much black business he wallowed in. The minute Turhan opened his Turkish trap and let that low velvet voice out, the deed was done; when he gave just a lazy glance into the camera with his sloe eyes, the hypnotics got going, even if Turhan was about to chop the heroine into file

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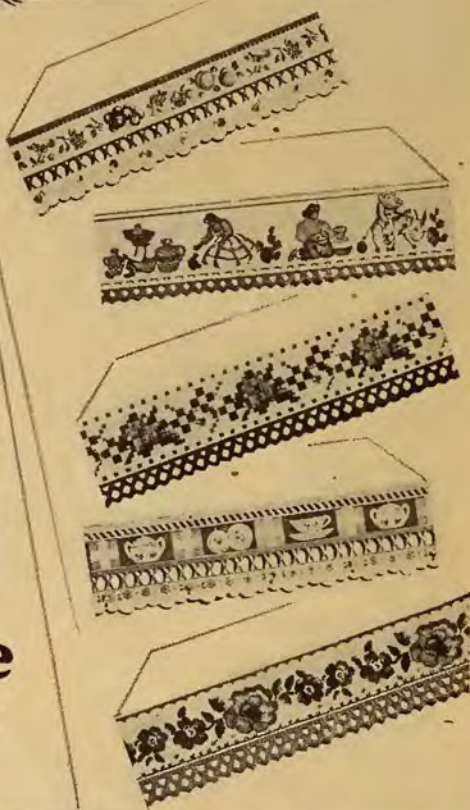
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with solid backing from the bobby sock brigade to the corset circle, he's "Sailing along on Turhan Bey," as Jack Oakie cracks, panicking the post office with 10,000 or more sweet sentiments a month, set to start next in his own Valentino-esque super-doooper, "The Return of the Sheik" and, as Universal's Oriental Love Dream, proving that Turks are no jerks—definitely.

Of course, Mister Bey is not all Turk. Just on his nobleman father's side. He was born in Vienna, and his mother, who keeps house for Turhan in Hollywood, is a Czech. Tagging Turhan "Mister Bey," by the way, is double talk, just like saying Mister Mister. Because that's what Bey means, roughly, "Mister"—only a very high class mister, which is right and proper because Turhan is very definitely a high class guy. In fact, it's not very often that Hollywood sees a sentimental gentleman quite like him. That's why, startling as his success story is, I'm prepared to skip it. It's Turhan Selahettin Schultavy Bey himself who's out of this Hollywood world.

It's not his looks that do it; there are plenty prettier boys around Hollywood than Turhan Bey, although he isn't exactly rough on the eyes, either. His head is large and nicely modeled, and his face full with a generous nose and a swell smile that's usually always working unless he's wrapped up in a bad Bey mood. His long hair is blue-black and shiny like silk, and his skin just faintly olive. The eyes are what get you—they're smoky dark, of course, and just tilted enough to suggest the East, but according to Turhan's deadpan explanation, that's more because he got snow-blinded once on an expedition in Siberia, than due to his Oriental blood. Which reasoning makes for to laugh.

His tall body is as ripply-muscled as a swimmer's and graceful as a cat's. But outside his velvet voice and mesmerizing accent, Turhan's championship charms are his personality, his Continental wit, his suave, gracious manner, his unruffled poise and his polish that shines like a cavalry colonel's boots.

Turhan wears all these sophisticated virtues as easily and naturally as a duck wears feathers. Few things are a mystery to him. He understands and knows what's what in fine food, horses, guns, clothes, music, art, languages—and women, too. He likes nothing but the best. He's accustomed to service and luxury, and he admits he's lazy. He's calm and collected in any situation, and the touch of the East in his make-up gives him a fatalistic, sometimes superstitious outlook. He doesn't exactly croak "Kismet" every now and then, but what's to be is to be in his book. And he doesn't tempt Fate.

pieces of luck . . .

For instance, Turhan's nutty about the symphonies at the Hollywood Bowl. When the season ticket sale went on a few weeks ago, he sent his secretary and shadow, Paul Richards, over to get some.

"But don't reserve them in my name," he ordered. Paul wanted to know why not.

"If I counted on being there that far in advance, something would probably happen to me to prevent it." So Paul bought them under a phony name.

Turhan doesn't go in for hocus-pocus charms or anything mystically Oriental, but when he does have a good luck piece he trusts, he clings to it like a bulldog. He doesn't wear exotic jewelry like Rudy Valentino (the star to whom they're always comparing him) did. The only cherished gimmick he sports is a solid gold ring with his family crest. The reason he owns that is because he was warned he couldn't take gold out of Europe. So in Switzerland he had some gold pieces hammered into the ring. But he did acquire a

St. Christopher medal, supposed to protect all travelers, here in America, which he promptly fastened to the dashboard of his automobile. He had a few narrow escapes driving across the country to Hollywood, but the St. Christopher carried him through safely every time. So Turhan was sure it was strong medicine.

Then, about a year ago, Turhan saw a car he liked better than the one he had. That's his big weakness, automobiles. He drives a sporty, light gray Lincoln Continental now, which he calls "my second hand Ford." That's because, as a young blade in Europe, he indulged his motor urge to the fullest, and today he has deluxe custom-made buggies sitting in storage (he hopes) in half the cities of Europe. There's a Lancia in Turin, for instance, a Mercedes in Paris and a Rolls-Royce in Vienna that Turhan could certainly use in Hollywood. None of those are exactly flivvers, and Turhan used to cut a fancy figure at the wheel on the boulevards of Europe.

Anyway, when he saw this new car, Turhan promptly traded in his old one and drove it off, forgetting all about the St. Christopher fixed on the trade-in's dashboard. Well, believe it or not, he'd hardly had the new car a day when everything began to happen. Three tires went flat a few miles from Hollywood. Then he skidded off the road and banged the fenders into accordion pleats. For a while Turhan couldn't understand it, then suddenly he knew. The St. Christopher medal wasn't around.

Sherlock Holmes Bey . . .

He rushed down to the used car place. His old car, they said, was gone. Somebody had snapped it up like a pair of nylons on a bargain counter. That didn't daunt the Bey. He pulled a Sherlock Holmes, and even if it did take him a week, he traced the old car and got his good luck medal back. He hasn't had any car trouble since.

Of course, it's just one of the many contradictions of Turhan Bey's existence that he should tote around a St. Christopher medal in the first place. He isn't a Christian, but a Mohammedan, although he doesn't work much at it. In fact, he has been inside a mosque only once in his life—at St. Sophia's in Istanbul, his dad's home town. That was when he was a moppet. Since then he has traveled around so much that Turhan doesn't know what religion he is at heart. But still certain Moslem hangovers grip him. One even threatened to nip his first picture part right in the bud.

That's when Warner Brothers spied Turhan in a Ben Bard School drama and tagged him as the type to play a Hindu servant in an Errol Flynn picture. But when Turhan heard he had to be a Hindu, he said, "No" very firmly. Mohammedans and Hindus just aren't a bit chummy, that's all, and Turhan regarded such a deal as a disgrace. However, in the end they managed to tag the character as some other kind of Indian servant that wasn't too icky for a Moslem to take.

Turhan's movie break, by the way, has been painted as "just a lark." But it wasn't at all. Turhan took a fling at acting when they invited him, not because he wanted to show his mother and grandma that, like the Americans all around him, it was possible for him, too, to earn an honest dollar. Up until that moment, he had never scratched together a dime by his own efforts in his entire life. And that explains much about Turhan Bey today. Why he likes the best that money can buy, why he likes service and leisure and wit and sophisticated surroundings. Because that's all he's had from the time he was in didies. I'll just skim through this briefly

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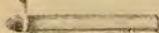


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to give you a rough idea—only it's not very rough. On the contrary.

Turhan's dad was a Turkish army officer. When baby Bey chose to arrive, Bey, Sr. was stationed in Vienna at the Turkish Embassy as military attaché. Most of Turhan's childhood was spent traveling here and there to the great capitals of Europe—Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Madrid, Petrograd, Budapest and so on.

Schultavy Bey, Sr., wasn't exactly poor. He came from an old aristocratic Turkish family, and when he was in Istanbul, which was rarely, Turhan lived in his father's immense villa "Naschautash" in a suburb of the Turkish city, a giant place spreading over hundreds of acres and boasting more rooms than a resort hotel. Often all the relatives on his father's side parked there, too—an old Turkish custom—and once Turhan remembers fifty cousins, aunts, uncles and in-laws roaming around the mansion all under his father's absolute rule—another Turkish custom.

But if his father was well in the chips, Turhan's mother's side of the house was even more on Easy Street. Her family owned vast holdings in Czechoslovakia, a big hunk of which was a factory manufacturing fine crystal glass. Luckily, before Hitler and his gang marched in, she managed to sell out her holdings. But the point is, as a kid Turhan never knew what money meant. The stuff was always around, and every whim he had was satisfied—whether it was guns, autos, trips or hi-jinks.

Chasing around like he did, exposed to the glamour and intrigue of the élite, Turhan picked up his polish and poise. He never had any formal education, never went to school in his life. Always a private tutor stuck around to teach Turhan his manners, his readin', writin' and arithmetic. They'd change whenever he went to a new capital. So that today Turhan can rattle off French, Spanish, Italian, German and now English—although he didn't know a word of that until he came to America. Oddly enough, he can just barely stumble along in his native Turkish, because the upper crust of Istanbul stuck to French.

forget to remember . . .

Being lousy with lucre, Turhan had his own horses now and then, when he was in a place long enough to have a stable. He got to be slick in a saddle, as he is today. They taught him the Turkish way of putting up his dukes, knife throwing, and while he's a little rusty today, he can still hurl a frog-sticker uncomfortably close when he wants to. Judo and wrestling probably helped develop that streamlined, silky-muscled build he has. It certainly is not the result of any training program. "I'm much too lazy for that," Turhan will confess charmingly. He found himself getting a little chubby about a year ago in Hollywood and signed up for a few workouts at Terry Hunt's. He went to just one workout. Then he forgot to remember to go any more.

Skipping around Europe's capitals gave Turhan a taste for sophisticated living that shows up today. Before he was 16 he learned, for instance, what the right wines were and how to order in a half dozen languages. Today he's a gourmet supreme. He'll make tracks clear across town just to discover some restaurant where a sauce is right on the beam. Russian Publichiki's, the Villa Nova Italian restaurant and an obscure Turkish spot in Los Angeles are among his favorite lunch stands. He keeps a Turkish coffee pot, a brass and silver thing, in his studio dressing room to brew the dark strong stuff that can float a fleet of battleships and knock out an uninitiated American with one cup.

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Turhan doesn't drink any more—not a drop—but when he was a young boulevardier in Europe he took a turn at the vin rouge. He used to smoke strong Turkish cigarettes, too, but he gave that up and sticks to pipes now. The reason for this and his slowed-down athletic life, too, is an overstrained heart he got somewhere or other, possibly from looking at Parisian bright lights too long in his youth.

Of course, it wasn't all fun and frolic that Turhan Bey grew up on. His mother, separated from his father, was sensible about getting him exposed to good sense, and at twenty-one Turhan knew his history, science and politics, being surrounded by the last all his young life. He and his mother both were able, by the way, to see the war coming in Europe and make tracks for the Land of the Free in time. One of Turhan's serious interests tipped him off early about German plans for world fireworks, too. That was when he trekked off on an expedition to Siberia—financing most of it himself, too—supposedly to uncover archeological secrets. A German professor headed the junket, and it turned out he was more interested in uncovering deposits of uranium for war-making purposes than he was in the bones of extinct mammals! At one time in his life Turhan worked up a big interest in uncovering ancient ruins and relics, going once into Tibet and another time digging all around Egypt and India. He was never any mere addle-headed young playboy, even if he did like his fun where he found it.

no time for money . . .

You might think all that wealth and easy upbringing would have spoiled Turhan like milk in July and made him so money conscious that he'd vibrate every time a dollar bill went by. However, outside of giving him an absolutely charming courtliness of manner and worldly wisdom, the damage from the first is absolutely negligible, and as for money—the guy just doesn't consider the stuff worth setting a match to. It's nice, of course, but he just can't be bothered about it.

For instance, last year Turhan paid his income tax without claiming a single deduction! He has pushed all mere money matters off on his secretary, Paul Richards. He'll even take Paul along when he's going to have an expensive evening, just so Paul can pay the check, a tiresome act which distresses Turhan immeasurably. Paul has talked him into an allowance by now, because with that auto weakness of his, Turhan was quite likely to stroll down Hollywood Boulevard for some pipe cleaners and come back with a couple of motor cars he fancied. But Turhan's disdain of heavy sugar can't really be cured. He vetoed all involved investment plans to get rich the minute his salary went up to respectable figures. He told Paul just to pay all the bills—without bothering him with them, please—and to sock all the rest in War Bonds.

On top of this high scorn of riches, Turhan is generous to a fault. When he first lit on the Universal lot, he caused a mild sensation by practically stripping himself naked every time somebody paid him a compliment. First off, a casual acquaintance admired a lovely gold and ostrich-skin cigarette case he was toting.

"You like it?" beamed Turhan. "Then please accept it." And he slipped it in the astonished guy's coat pocket. Next someone who wasn't hep at all, complimented him on a wrist watch. Off it came. Gloria Jean made the mistake of praising a Paisley scarf Turhan wore. He promptly untied it and put it around her neck. He dished out pipes, ties, coats—everything anyone happened to compliment. By now

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the studio hired help have learned not to build up anything the Bey wears, or they'll find themselves with it in their hands, embarrassed and protesting while Turhan purrs happily, "But I want you to have it!"

Turhan's the thoughtful type as well as being generous—especially when he's entertaining a girl friend. He never takes a girl out for the first time without sending her a present the next day and always one that's personal, exactly in the right taste, and top quality. First time he took out Susanna Foster, she got an album of symphony records. After Ramsay Ames had dinner with him, a messenger brought her her favorite perfume—how Turhan knew that she never guessed until she realized he'd sniffed it on her and being the old smoothie he is, recognized what it was at once. Turhan has given out with first editions, lovely jewelry and all kinds of nice things to various ladies he has squired. Hepburn's roses, by the way, were nothing sentimental. They were just a tribute—the kind that Turhan Bey invariably makes.

In fact, one thing that baffles and enrages him is Hollywood's habit of suggesting romance when he's seen anywhere with a lady. Turhan rebels at the bad taste it shows and gets sore as a boil. When some gossip suggested that there was a rivalry over him between Ramsay Ames and Katharine Hepburn, Turhan blew up. "That's not only absurd," he stormed, "it's malicious." He's touchy as all get-out that way. He was raised to consider all *affaires de coeur* strictly private matters. Even when his secretary makes the arrangements for an evening, ordering theater tickets or night club reservations, he doesn't dare ask who the lady is to be. If he does, Turhan growls, "None of your business."

wall around nothing . . .

This gallant crochet, of course, has pushed Turhan Bey right into the role of a mystery man in Hollywood, which insists on knowing every muscular, mental and moral move of its stars, from breakfast to midnight. Actually, there's nothing at all mysterious about the Bey. Nor is he the stand-offish, snooty gent he's been cracked up to be. That rep came about because once or twice Turhan has refused bids to big Hollywood parties, simply by saying, "I don't feel like going." When he says that he means it. He hates parties and chit chat, gossip and small talk. He doesn't like big crowds, he doesn't like to be chummy with people he doesn't know, and he hates to be stared at. He won't attend premieres or even his own previews. He has a few pals in the picture business—Bob Lewis, dialogue director on "Dragon Seed," for instance, and Arthur Lubin, who really discovered Turhan, but most of his chums are Turkish students and European emigrés settled in Los Angeles or other Continentals he has known abroad driven here by the war. Turhan admits he's not the most sociable guy in the world, and he would rather be flayed alive than talk about himself, but there's nothing mysterious about him. In fact, he'll grin, "People say I have a wall of reserve. But what they don't know is that there's nothing behind the wall!"

One of Turhan's walls of reserve is his home in Los Angeles, where he lives with his 80-year-old grandmother and mother, a handsome and extremely chic woman. They bought it about four years ago, after coming to California to live, without any thought that Turhan would end up in the movies.

How that came about was by purest chance, but like most everything else in Turhan Bey's life, it stems from his Continental capers. He was in Paris living at

the Grand Hotel right before the blitz when a young American doctor at the same hotel was looking for someone to show him the sights. The sights of Paris were right down Turhan's alley, so they did the town and the doctor was impressed. He said, "You know, you ought to be in the movies. You look like Rudolph Valentino." That phrase makes Turhan sore as a wet owl these days, because he hates to think he's a carbon copy of anybody—and he isn't at all. But at that time it flattered him a little, and he and his mother were already thinking about coming to America anyway. They could sniff the tough times that were bound to strike sooner or later in France. So the doctor gave Turhan a note to a friend of his who later turned out to be Arthur Lubin, a big shot director at Universal Studios.

talking turkey . . .

However, at that time, Turhan didn't bother to look at the name or address. He was interested in seeing America and that was all. He'd seen about everything else, and there wasn't any future for him back in Turkey because he'd had a spat with his father, and he'd been around so much he didn't feel very Turkish anyway. So he soon found himself in New York, unable to speak a word of English and with plenty of no plans. He just hung around feeding the squirrels in Central Park, sitting in Translux newsreel movies and crooking his neck at the tall buildings until he got hold of a Chrysler convertible. Then the Beys went up to New Hampshire for the summer and planned to go to Florida for the winter season. But some Chamber of Commerce Californian they met got hold of them first. He said Florida was a place something like Devil's Island, whereas California was the garden spot of the world, with beautiful bathing beauties all over the place and hot and cold running orange juice in every room. As for climate—the Californian burst into tears of ecstasy as he warmed up on that subject. Climate was exactly what Turhan's mother was looking for at that point, so they set out right away, driving cross-country, and when they saw Hollywood, they liked it so much they bought their house the first week.

About the only problem Turhan had on his mind when he arrived was to learn to speak English. So, to learn the name of a good teacher, he dug out his doctor friend's letter and called up Arthur Lubin, who steered him on to Ben Bard's drama school as a good place to get glib with American as she is spoke, and have fun, too. Pretty soon Turhan was intelligible enough to act in a Playhouse production—a weird part it was, of course, one of those exotic roles, but that was practically required with the thick accent he had then.

That's when the Warners' scout saw him and offered him \$350 a week to play the Hindu. Turhan got such a kick out of actually earning a salary and had such fun with Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Director Lloyd Bacon and the Warner gang of jokesters that he thought studios must be all right. Of course, Arthur Lubin took a peek at the picture and agreed with his doctor friend that Bey was future box-office. Lubin had a talk on his hands at Universal about signing up a Turk, but fortunately the studio was going in heavy for all sorts of jungle and Oriental epics, so that's how Turhan got his contract. And because Sabu is in the Army and because M-G-M thought enough of Turhan to trade Gene Kelly and several thousand bucks for his work in "Dragon Seed," you're going to see him starred next in "Return of the Sheik."

All this success and Hollywood furor

"The White Wonder of dear Juliet's hand"

—*"Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare*

*A lovely quotation,
but did "dear Juliet" ever
wrestle a nice
Black Pot?

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course, but also a faint yawn. He thinks it amusing that people call him an actor when no one he ever knew before was called that. He guesses it's just Fate and lets it go at that. But he refuses to change his mode of living to accommodate a fame he didn't ask for.

That mode is what galls the press agents and snoopers in Hollywood—because if you believe Turhan, absolutely nothing at all happens. Few picture people indeed get inside his home, and since he won't step out to picture parties, the story is that he's a quiet operator.

"The truth is," Turhan will insist again, "that I'm just lazy." There's no argument there. For instance, he's probably the hardest person in the world to wake up. Alarm clocks do no good whatever. His mother has to come in and shake him. He likes to take it easy around his house where, in good Turkish custom, Turhan is the Lord and Master, if only the son and grandson. For recreation he used to potter around a lot with photography and had all kinds of expensive European cameras, which he got as official photographer for several of the scientific expeditions he was always ambling off on to Persia or somewhere. He also had a crack collection of guns. But when Uncle Sam went to war, Turhan promptly sold every camera and gun he owned. He was an alien, and he knew it, and he didn't think an alien ought to have any such things around his person. Turhan's still a Turkish citizen and subject, of course, to recall for military service if Turkey decides to take an active part in the war. But even then, maybe they wouldn't want to dress the Bey up in khaki because of that ticklish ticker of his, not that he wouldn't look darned beautiful in any sort of uniform.

As it is, Turhan decks himself out in daring costumes of loud checks and striking color combos that would look horrid on anyone else, but somehow drape him smartly and effectively. Maybe it's because clothes have a way of resting easy and carelessly on his swell build. He goes in for tweeds a lot, and often he'll show up around the lot in a pale lemon turtle neck sweater, a loud checked coat, riding breeches and polished boots. But somehow on him—even without the horse—it looks good. Turhan doesn't ride much any more because he doesn't like riding stable horses. Once one of them tossed him right on his ear when he took a turn around Griffith Park, and when he investigated, Turhan found the horse wasn't fit to be ridden; he had a saddle sore.

Turhan is touchy about his horses, so he has just given it up until he can have his own Arabian charger, like—who is that guy?—oh, Valentino.

That doesn't keep Turhan from striding around town in his riding clothes, however. He good-naturedly takes kidding about his clothes and customs now, being pretty well broken in to American humor. Sugie, Hollywood's famous host of the Tropics Eatery, puts the Bey on the pan when he sees him in boots and spurs. "My Gosh!" Sugie cries for all to hear, when Turhan enters done up *pour le cheval*, "it's the horseless rider again. Now don't tell me you ride nights and days, too!" Turhan thinks it's very funny now. Although a couple of years ago he'd have scowled and challenged Sugie to dirks at twenty paces or something.

sucker for scents . . .

Actually, he's extremely fastidious about his person. Designs his own shirts, has them specially tailored and has never been known to wear a shirt more than a few hours. He likes tubs, but has got used to American showers and likes to bathe three times a day and shave twice whether he needs it or not. He can grow a wispy

moustache that makes him look fresh out of a Doctor Fu Manchu. The Oriental touch to his toilette is that Turhan's a sucker for scents. He daubs himself with cologne before he goes out and perfumes up his hankies. He has all his dress ties made with a special little square patch for his pearl stickpin. His favorite color is green, he hates bulges in his clothes, and he's always puffing a pipe.

If you pay heed to Turhan on the subject of his night life, he's strictly a home boy. He had his twenty-fifth birthday a few weeks ago, and although sometimes he looks about eighteen, sometimes he acts about fifty. He'll casually infer, when you bring up the subject, that all that café play-boy business is far, far in the past and, in a slightly jaded voice, dismiss the subject.

He is very close to his mother, who like Turhan, is six feet tall and the epitome of Continental charm. Often they step out to dine, leaving Turhan's black cocker pooch, Keddy, to keep his grandmother company. For a long time the Scheherazade, a night club out next to Beverly Hills on the Sunset strip, was their favorite stepping-out place because of its subdued Continental, intimate atmosphere. The Beys—I mean Schultaveys—gab to each other in German or French when they're alone. Considering this, it's a small miracle almost that Turhan can stick in the groove with American slang. But linguistically, he's like a blotter. Always has his ear out for a new station-house nifty, and when he catches it, repeats and cinches it, then beams and cries, "WON-der-ful! WON-der-ful!"

Susanna Foster is one of Turhan's current heartbeats. They met at the studio while making "The Climax" and then "Bowery to Broadway" and have been chumming around on sets and off ever since. That fact, by the way, is one of the nicest tributes Turhan could possibly have. Because Susanna is just about the most independent, outspoken young lady in Hollywood and has no time whatever for the Hollywood wolf pack. Turhan is the only movie actor she'll go out with. And she's my authority for this enlightening fact—that Turhan Bey is the only guy in Hollywood who can "kiss a girl's hand without making her feel silly!"

Turhan refuses to date around. If he goes with a girl, he goes until it p-h-h-ts. He bends over backwards, too, to play absolutely square with the conventions, sometimes to what seems an absurd degree.

For instance, he's a great pal of Jean Pierre Aumont's and also of his wife, Maria Montez, with whom naturally Turhan is very friendly, what with all the Universal thrillers they've made together, the newest one being, incidentally, "Queen of the Nile." Turhan used to see a lot of the Aumonts when Jean Pierre was in Hollywood. But the minute he left to rejoin the Fighting French, Turhan hasn't been out to the house nor taken Maria out. It's just not done in his book of rules.

There are a million little things about the Terrible Turk that make him a very rare bird indeed to be found nesting in the Hollywoods. Maybe after he's around a while longer, he'll slip more into the mould and become just another movie star. But right now he's out of this world, and it's a shame if he doesn't stay right there.

On the last day of "Dragon Seed" re-takes, it came time for Turhan to say farewell to Katharine Hepburn, whom he unashamedly calls "the most exciting woman I have ever met." Said Turhan frankly, "You know, Katharine, I feel very upset. This is the last day of shooting, and I don't know you one bit better than I did the first day of the picture."

To which Katie replied, "I was just about to say the same thing to you!"

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"I blushed when I met people," says Alice Ruth Major of Lowell, Mass. "I weighed 139; had wide hips, thick thighs, oily skin, dry hair and stooped shoulders."



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VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

LOTION LORE

(Continued from page 68)

SHINY-PUSS—Suppose you're dated up for a football game on a blustery afternoon. You don't want your nose to turn glossy after the first quarter. Neither do you want it to look red and frostbitten as the final whistle blows. Well, then, simply pat a certain all-weather lotion on your face before you step out. This lotion acts as a make-up base and chap-preventive, too. See if you don't pick up a rep for long-term outdoor glamour.

HOUSEKEEPER HANDS—When your hands fly from dishpan to dustrag to wash basin, they deserve special attention. After every sudsing, sleek a lotion over your roughened paws. It will restore the oil to your parched skin and keep your hands looking lovely as a bride's.

AFTER-SHAVE RASH—Dad knows how lotions soothe his prickly skin after a close shave, and you can profit by his experience, too. Swoosh a cool, fragrant lotion over your legs after you've de-fuzzed them. Don't give skin irritations a chance to crop up.

PINK ELBOWS—Pink's high style this season, but not for elbows. If your funny bones are in the sandpaper class, rest them in halves of lemons for fifteen minutes. This will bleach 'em back to normal. Then apply lotion generously to soften them up for exhibition.

GREASE SPOTS—If you've been clutching a monkey wrench on the assembly line, your hands have often looked drenched in licorice. For you, there's a special "beforehand" lotion that will make your cleansing chore easier. Apply it generously before you start work. It will act as a buffer substance so that grime and grease can be soaped off in a jiff when you're finished.

PUMP BUMPS—"Ouch!" you mutter. Sure sign those heel-hazards are rubbing you the wrong way again. Here's what to do. Night and morning massage a milky, soft-making lotion into those pesky calluses until they eventually fade into nothingness. Before you put on your shoes, dust some powder on the heel of your stockings to minimize friction and discourage the appearance of more little bumps.

TO SUM UP—Surround yourself with lotions, fair lady, strategically located in places you most frequent. Don't overlook the shelf just above the kitchen sink or the cabinet over the bathroom washbasin—they rate a bottle, too. A smart gal will keep one discreetly tucked away in her bottom drawer at the office. The accompanying rave notices will be just about as smooth as you will be.

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Every one who sees this rich, solid Sterling Silver, seven-inch Bracelet in the exquisite True-Love, Heart-Link design, immediately wants one. Each link has floral design and heart suitable for engraving initials of loved ones and friends. Safety Clasp. Ten links. The bracelet of love and romance. The newest style from New York to Hollywood.

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LIKE TO BE IN DE HAVEN'S SHOES?

We can't quite manage that, but we can tell you how you can literally step into her clothes. Take a look at page 48, and see if you wouldn't give a couple of eye teeth to fancy yourself up in dresses exactly like the ones Gloria's wearing. Write to Marge Bailey for where to buy either one of these honeys.

HURRAY FOR LIPSTICK

(Continued from page 67)

carrot tops and bronzed brunettes are more fetching in tawny, orange lip tones.

APPLICATION TRICKS Once you've decided upon your pet color, how are you going to apply your lipstick to look your prettiest? One thing, says Joyce, you certainly won't do: That is, stab at yourself with a lipstick in the general direction of your mouth and hope that the finished product will suggest Hedy Lamarr.

For the natural effect the boys are clamoring for, take time to do a good job. The trick is to keep your mouth composed and bright, no matter how many boys you kiss good-by, regiment by regiment. Thickly smeared lipstick that leaves a flaming imprint on coffee cups, glasses of "Pepsi" or uniform collars is strictly taboo. Another thing the darlings don't like to see is a red-dyed fingertip. If you use your pinkie as a lip-rouge spreader, be sure to clean it thoroughly.

The correct procedure in Hollywood or Hoboken is to begin every lip-painting job with a perfectly clean mouth. First apply cream to help remove old lipstick. Use a soft cleansing-tissue to wipe away both cream and stale make-up. Tissues are handy to carry in your purse and leave a nice, fresh surface to decorate with lip art.

Now for the lipstick outline. If you feel that Nature has slipped up when it came to creating your mouth, do something about it! Design a new one that flatters the rest of your features. If your mouth is a thin slash, bring your lip rouge out to the extreme edge. If your mouth is a bit too generous for your peace of mind, work well within the natural outline. Only thing you have to avoid is imposing a square Bette Davis form on your own rosebuds, if they're the full, curving Rita Hayworth type.

Take a tip from Joyce and use a lip pencil or brush to draw the perfect mouth. Fill in your deftly drawn outline with lipstick and carry the color well beyond the point where your two lips meet in order to avoid any abrupt dividing line. For a longer-lasting job, powder your lips and allow the powder-impregnated color to set for a moment. Flick off the excess powder with a tissue and apply a second layer of lipstick. Blot with a folded tissue, and you'll have an indelible "mouth" that will defy the inroads of the hottest coffee.

PROTECTION PLUS In the daytime, be sure your lips are protected with lipstick or lip pomade, because exposure to the elements makes them chapped and rough. Joyce is particular about this. Until she was fifteen, she lived in Texas where the elements can be pretty brutal. To keep your lips always in the pink of condition, apply a soothing lotion or cream every night before resting your weary head on the pillow. This simple care will prevent harsh, cracked lips. And, of course, you know that lipstick itself is a protective against the elements!

Before signing off until December, I have more news. The return of a reasonably priced, quality metal compact after an absence of several years! There are such smooth numbers as "cocktail hour," "pin-wheel" and "parade." With that happy thought about compacts (metal ones!) I'll say good-by.

Your letters have been piling in. All I can say is . . . keep them coming! If you have any puzzler, from what shade of rouge to use to how your tresses should be worn, I'll be glad to help. Write to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

1
Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?

2
Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?

3
Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?

4
Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?

5
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?

6
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

There's a thrilling new-texture face powder that helps end all these 6 "face powder troubles"!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's made differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by TWIN HURRICANES. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look younger!

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

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Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but try it! When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most economical size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box today!

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"Being a Cover Girl is a dream job" —says alluring, successful Dana Jenney. "But I have to be right down to earth about keeping exquisite under the torrid heat of photographers' 1000-watt lamps.

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"Another thing—each jar gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants—a war stamp saving.

"Won't you try velvety, fragrant Odo-ro-no Cream—see if you don't agree with me and other Cover Girls that it's a marvelous help in guarding precious glamour!" (Price 39c plus 20% Federal Tax.)



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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

"hair-do" at the premiere of "Dragon Seed." Her hair is now decidedly pink in color, and she had red do-dads (that's all I can think to call them) dangling from her coiffure.

* * *

Alexis Smith told me a cute thing about the way her romance with her bridegroom, Craig Stevens, started. "You're responsible," she laughed. "You printed in your column that Craig and I, who had never met at the time, had had dinner together.

"The next night he called me up and said, 'Do you like Louella Parsons?'

"I said, 'of course'.

"Well," he laughed, 'you had better have dinner with me tonight unless you want to make an awful liar of her.'"

Robert Walker came over to my house for dinner and did an awful lot of talking about Diana Lynn. The funny part of it is he has never met her. Just a fan. "She looks like an awfully nice gal," Bob said, "I wonder if she would like to have a date with me. Maybe dinner and a picture show?"

I couldn't let that good opening pass. So the next day I called Diana and told her what Bob had said. "Would I like a date with him?" she laughed, "What girl wouldn't?"

But the sequel is even funnier. In spite of my fine matchmaking, Bob still hasn't gotten his courage in hand to ask her.

* * *

When Bob Hope's plane was forced down in the South Pacific, and two cases of whiskey had to be tossed overboard—well, that was just too much for his pal, Bing Crosby, to let pass unnoticed. These two devote half their lives to ribbing each other.

The day after the story hit the front pages, Bing sent Bob the following cable:

"Would send condolences on the loss of your hair tonic and joke book, but cannot condone carrying such contrabands. I'm on the road to Berlin with a good cast. You're on the road to Tokyo with pretty good talent. What odds do you lay—who gets there first? Your guide and mentor—CROSBY."

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(Continued from page 72)

1. Crooner cowboy
2. Curvacious in Corvette
3. Learner from Turner
4. Lady courageous
5. Serious in serials
6. Dumb doughgirl
7. Christmas caroler
8. Keeps even tenor with 4 kids
9. Lost his cover girl
10. Arthur Shields' brother
11. Prexies H'wood Canteen
12. Follows the girls
13. Laird of the Pasadena Playhouse
14. Had a gob of Withers
15. Jennie made her mind up
16. Huddling with "Hi"
17. Jack of all trades
18. Grandpa's the "Poor Man's Sinatra"
19. Diga, diga, does
20. Smolders with Loder

(Continued on page 119)

JUNE BUG

(Continued from page 45)

wanted to sit down on the floor and laugh and cry.

She's haunted by a crime she committed at the age of nine. A little boy proposed to her on the sunporch of a hospital. He had a bank, and people who came to see him put money into it. So when he asked her to be his girl, she said, "all right, if you'll give me your bank." He said, "All right, if you'll give it back when I go home." He went home first and forgot to ask for it, and she forgot to remind him. On purpose. She knew she was being awfully bad, but wasn't it wonderful to have that beautiful bank and all that money! Now she'd like to find the little boy. Maybe they could figure out how much she owes him.

He was her last beau for years. In high school the boys never asked her to go out. She was little and thin and had no sex appeal. Not till she was playing in "Best Foot Forward" did she have a real beau. They were even engaged for a while, but nothing came of it. He was the nicest boy. Used to tell her what to do and not to do, like "You shouldn't drink." Of course she didn't drink anyway, but she let him go right on telling her, it made him feel so good.

She attributes her success to everything but herself—to Fred Astaire's dancing, Betty Hutton's measles, George Abbott's kindness, wonderful Joe Pasternak, and an accident that all but killed her at the age of nine.

She was on a bike playing cops and robbers with the kids when a big beat-up old tree, loosened by a thunderstorm the night before, kind of fell apart on top of June and Teddy—her French poodle who was racing alongside. For a week, they thought she wouldn't live. For months, they thought she wouldn't walk again. For five years she wore a brace on her back. As recently as three years ago, when she danced in the chorus, her legs would sometimes buckle and down she'd go. The other kids laughed and called her clumsy. She laughed back and said, "I sure am." She didn't want them feeling sorry for her. There was nothing to feel sorry about. She was doing fine.

growing pains . . .

The accident happened in Westchester, where she lived with her grandmother, because her mother and dad were separated, and mother worked in New York. All she kept asking about, when her senses came back, was Teddy. Mother finally told her he'd been hurt so badly that they'd thought it best to send him to heaven with the other little dogs. That was her first great sorrow. She still carries Teddy's picture around with her.

When she was 12, her grandmother died, and June went to New York to live with Mother in a little cold-water flat under the elevated tracks. Their only heat came from the kitchen stove, so on winter mornings she'd get up at five and go down to the stores to get wooden boxes to burn.

Two years later all that changed. Mother married again. They moved to Fordham, and June had a room all her own. At first, she just sat and looked at the room. She'd even go sit in the closet, it was so big. But the miracle of the world was getting four pairs of shoes all at once. Every night she'd set them up in a row, so they'd be the first thing she'd see when she woke in the morning. Otherwise, she'd have thought she'd dreamed them.

All through school she kept pretty much

(Continued on page 114)

SUSAN HAYWARD speaking:

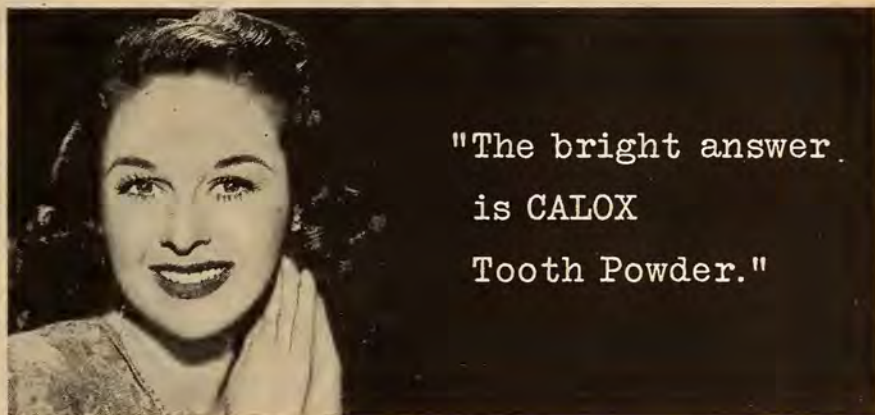
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By Nancy Wood



When Daddy does the dishes, daughter Kristin loves to help . . . but solemnly inspects each and every one! "The Very Thought of You" is next Morgan starrer.



Son Stan assiduously avoids K. P. Prefers to help his Dad in their Victory Garden . . . hopes Baby Jimmy will soon learn to weed!

Here's where Dennis Morgan proves that

folks like good plain food and plenty of it

when they hail, as he does, from WISCONSIN

What's Cookin' America

■ WHEN we learned, recently, that both Dennis Morgan and his wife, Lillian, were born and brought up in Wisconsin, we decided that here indeed was a golden opportunity to find out the sort of fare preferred by folks from "The Beaver State."

This happens to be the very first of the Middle Western States to be featured in this series. We think you'll agree that the choice was a fortunate one when you learn about the many fine recipes we collected from the Morgans for you to try.

To begin with, as this Warner Bros. star pointed out, hearty foods are favored back where he came from. This derives in no small measure from the fact that Wisconsin was extensively settled by groups which escaped from Germany after the revolutionary uprising of 1848 . . . and by others who came from Scandinavian countries and from Switzerland—among whom are included Dennis' ancestors. Naturally these people all brought with them not only their cheese and beer making skills but also their liking for substantial dishes, together with their knowledge of how to prepare them. Couple this with the bountiful harvests produced by the outstanding fertility of the Wisconsin soil, and you'll readily understand why natives of that State establish, early in life, the habit of eating plenty—and well!

In this respect Dennis is certainly no exception. The head of the house of Morgan likes to begin his busy day with a big breakfast. Starts off with a large glass of orange juice; invariably includes toast, coffee and boysenberry jam—this last whipped up for his special delectation by Mrs. Morgan herself. Frequently in-



Roast of pork goes festive when sauerkraut is cooked and served with it, and paper frills top each chop. Spiced crabapples are used here to garnish this Wisconsin specialty of the Morgans.

**The fourth in our
Regional Recipe series**

cludes on his breakfast menu "Eggs à la Morgan"—a concoction which he proudly claims to have originated.

A great dinner favorite with the entire family is Pork and Sauerkraut—cooked together for delectable results. Plain boiled potatoes accompany this combination. Pickled beets and onions are served as a salad—while rye bread and beer are musts in Mr. M.'s opinion.

Naturally, since Wisconsin has countless well-stocked streams and, around two thousand lakes, Dennis has always been an enthusiastic fisherman with a marked preference for the fresh-water variety of fish—the kind he used to catch in the northern part of Wisconsin where he spent his boyhood vacations. Likes nothing better than to cook his own catch, on the spot, frying the small ones in deep fat, after dipping them in cornmeal. However when it comes to big fellows, like "Muskie" (the wily Muskalonge which often weighs around 35 pounds), Dennis recommends planking and baking at home, in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.)—allowing 15 minutes to the pound. You serve this sportsman's special right on the plank—with a garnish of radishes, green onions, lemon slices and parsley and a large red apple in the critter's mouth. (Wisconsin here we come!) With planked fish of all kinds, Lillian Morgan serves cole slaw and her Special French Fries. "No dessert afterwards, except fresh fruit and cheese," specified her handsome husband. "Wisconsin cheese, of course," he added with understandable loyalty!

Speaking of cheese, once again, Dennis also likes to cook up a tangy rarebit, occasionally. Claims he has worked out a method that assures unusual smoothness and mellowness of flavor. And we agree!

Where desserts are concerned, we did not find our host overly enthusiastic. True, he can never say "no" to one of his wife's Angel Food Cakes. And no wonder, for Lillian turns out an Angel Food that is not only as white as the driven snows on Wisconsin pines but is surprisingly moist in the bargain—this last being a noteworthy feature when you think how dry such cakes often are. Excellent bakers, these Wisconsin women. You see we tried her recipe so we know whereof we speak.

Occasionally, however, Mr. M. can be persuaded to eat a portion of a colorful Fruit Whip which Mrs. M. fixes especially for their three kids, who adore it! Nice part about this dessert is that you can make it with any kind of canned fruit.



"So What?"

This curious character isn't any one you know. It certainly isn't any one *we* know. In fact we don't believe the man exists who wouldn't prefer a crisp, *white* shirt to one that looks dingy and gray.

But we *have* known women who acted as though their husbands couldn't tell the difference. Not deliberately, mind you! They just didn't know how to get *all the dirt* out of shirts—or any badly soiled garment.

We get to know these women because a lot of them write to us—when they try Fels-Naptha Soap. They say this mild, golden soap, blended with naptha, makes washing quicker and easier. That it gets things sweeter and cleaner. They say they'll never use anything else.

These women are housekeepers—just like you. So we're passing the tip along.



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE TESTED AND SURE-TO-SUCCEED RECIPES FOR DENNIS MORGAN'S FAVORITE DISHES? Then be sure to send for this month's free recipe leaflet which tells you how to prepare some pretty special fare: Roast Pork with Sauerkraut, Wisconsin Rarebit, Eggs à la Morgan, Special French Fries and Versatile Fruit Whip. Not to mention Holiday Angel Food . . . which takes a lot of egg whites, it's true, but makes up for this by not calling for a single red point. Now that's a thought! So send your request (enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope) to:

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(Continued from page 111)

to herself, being sort of embarrassed about her brace. You couldn't notice it unless you touched her, so she figured if she didn't play with anybody, they wouldn't know. At Roosevelt High School she *did* make some friends—exclusively girls—and won scholastic honors. She *had* to be smart, says June, because there was nothing else to do. Of course she'd rather have been popular, but boys never knew she was there. To hide the hurt, she'd brag. "Oh, I could have gone to the dance, but I'm too busy studying to be a doctor." Having spent so much time in hospitals, she worshipped doctors.

One afternoon she went to see "The Gay Divorcee" and, as Fred Astaire danced, something went bong! in her head, the way it does when you get a bright idea. She stayed all day and played hookey from school to go back the next day and the next. Eighteen times she sat through "The Gay Divorcee," and in her room she practised Astaire's routine. Well, anyway, it was based on his routine.

Now she really had something to brag about. "I can dance like Fred Astaire," she told the girls.

So they ganged up on her—cut out a newspaper ad for chorus girls and stuck it under her nose. "Why don't you go down and audition? We dare you—"

She couldn't very well back down, after all that bragging. Next morning, a small figure in bobby socks, flat heels and no make-up stood shaking in the shadow of the theater where "Sing Out the News" was in preparation. Beautiful girls, looking as if they'd stepped out of Vogue, swung gaily through the doors. June turned to go home.

the lesser evil . . .

And have the kids say you weren't good enough? You're going in!

But I'm not good enough.

You bet you're not. But you're going in and let them tell you so.

She pushed herself in and up to a table, where a man took her name. She saw that the other girls had brought their own music. When her name was called, she said, "I do a different kind of dancing. Without music—" and she went into the Allyson version of the Astaire routine. They hired her at thirty-five a week, and she had to suppress an impulse to tell the man he'd made an awful mistake, and didn't he want to change his mind?

Instead she flew home and called all the girls. "I'm a big Broadway actress." They sent her orchids and wires on opening night and even forgave her for being in the last row, where they couldn't see her. At the end of two months Mother put her foot down. June was to finish high school. Then, if she still wanted to, she could go back.

She finished at 16 and got a job in the chorus of "Very Warm for May." To hear her tell it, they took her because she danced so badly, they thought it was a new style. And they gave her a specialty number to get her out of the chorus, because she, gummed things up by never doing the same step twice. Why, they let her understudy the lead in "Higher and Higher," she hasn't figured out yet—unless it was to keep her from singing in the dressing room and driving the other girls crazy.

Be that as it may, the principal came down with pneumonia just before they opened in New Haven, and June stepped in on three hours' notice. Net result: a specialty dance in "Panama Hattie," plus the job of understudying Betty Hutton.

She roomed with Claire Monahan and Betsy Blair—who's married to Gene Kelly now—at the American Women's Club, and they never had enough money for carfare. Till Betty got the measles. June wouldn't

wish the measles on anyone, but as long as Betty had to have them, she's terribly grateful that it happened when it did. Because she kind of stopped the show with "All I Got to Get Now is My Man." And when it was over, somebody knocked at her dressing-room door.

"It's George Abbott. May I come in?"

"Oh, go away—"

It was such a tired rib. The kids knew she'd tried to crash Abbott's office a dozen times, and never got past the office boy.

"I'm really George Abbott, and I'd really like to talk to you."

What started her heart pounding was the smile in his voice. It sounded real. She pulled the door open, and there stood this regal-looking man. All she remembers of the next fifteen minutes is, he offered her a featured role in "Best Foot Forward," and she kept gasping "No!" meaning it couldn't be true, but he thought she meant the other kind of no and kept upping the salary, till she collected her wits enough to say yes.

It would be nice to make a good story of her first Broadway opening—with people going wild and a star born overnight, the way it happens in the movies. Only it didn't happen that way. June was up in knots and never gave a worse performance. Even Mr. Abbott said so. As time went on though, she relaxed and improved. M-G-M offered her a contract. She felt terribly flattered, but decided she wasn't ready for the movies yet. Besides, New York was such fun—with her own apartment in Tudor City and enough carfare and the nice boy. She'd be glad to go to Hollywood after the run of the show—if they still wanted her.

They did. One day she stepped off the train at Los Angeles, all scared and thrilled because there'd be a reception committee and flowers and cameramen and a big to-do—anyone who reads the fan magazines knows that. Well, two hours later, honey, she was still standing there. Of course she'd arrived four days ahead of time and neglected to let the studio know. But that slipped her mind for the moment.

She felt very sad—and kept getting sadder by the minute as she climbed into a taxi and drove to the Beverly Wilshire—the only hotel whose name she knew. In her room, she plumbed the depths of sadness. Ten dollars a day said the card tacked to the door. She had fourteen left, of the fifty she'd started out with.

livin' on nothin' . . .

She couldn't stand the sadness. She had to do something to make herself happy again. So she went for a walk and dropped in at a drug store and bought a bottle of her favorite perfume that she'd never been able to afford. This left her with two dollars, but she smelled pretty anyway.

The air must have cleared her head. It dawned on her that nothing but a phone call stood between her and the studio. M-G-M gathered the lost sheep in and put her to work. Pretty soon she was paying dividends.

From a spot in "Girl Crazy" to "Best Foot Forward" to "Two Girls and a Sailor." That's when June began feeling the difference. Nothing you could put your finger on—just a gradual change in atmosphere. Like smiles instead of stares. Like people taking you in, instead of letting you stand like furniture. Joe Pasternak produced the picture. She thanks him for everything. He's magic. Without him, she'd just be another girl. She says—

He said he wanted her for "Brighton Beach," his next musical. That was enough to make her delirious, but she got more. Pneumonia, first of all. Joe'd come over and see her, while she was convalescing. Just sit and look at her. "How do you

How can you tell your daughter if..



You, yourself DON'T
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You may be able to save your daughter years of unhappiness in her married life ahead if you'll only tell her these intimate physical facts now.

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feel? How soon does the doctor think you'll be up?" Almost as if he were in a hurry. But he couldn't be. He had "Music for Millions" to do with Susan Peters, before he'd be ready for "Brighton Beach."

The first day she was out of bed, he phoned. "Are you standing or sitting?" "Standing."

"Well, sit down. I've got news that may startle you."

They were taking her out of "Brighton Beach," she thought. All right, she'd be brave about it.

"You're going to do the lead in 'Music for Millions.'"

Even sitting down, her head swam.

"Wh-what about Susan Peters?"

"She's not well enough to come back yet. We'll have something else for her when she's ready."

"But—she's so wonderful. How can I do a part that was meant for her?"

"Are you willing to let me worry about that?"

"Willing?" By now the tears were rolling down her cheeks. After all, you can't blame her. She'd just had pneumonia. "You worry, dear Joe," she sniffed. "I'll go find a handkerchief."

So she's making "Music for Millions," with "Brighton Beach" still ahead.

She lives in a furnished apartment with a glassed-in shower. The glassed-in shower makes her feel she's arrived. When she first moved in, she'd take eight or nine showers a day.

three wishes . . .

Long ago she decided that when she was grown up, she'd have a gray Persian lamb coat, a blue convertible with the top down and breakfast in bed. After saving up for the coat and the car, she told Bess one day about the three wishes. She truly didn't mean it as a hint, but next morning Bess brought her breakfast in on a tray. "In fairytales," she said, "all the wishes have to come true."

Bess is June's housekeeper, but she's more like a mother. She leaves messages on the phone-pad. "So-and-so wants to take you to dinner. I think you should go." "Such-and-such called. Wants you to call back. I'd advise against it." June never has to ask whom she likes and doesn't. If she goes to the kitchen and puts on a white apron, that means you don't rate. No apron means you're okay with Bess. Richard Powell and David Rose are no-apron people. These two may be Dick and Dave to all the world, but they're Richard and David to June. Nicknames rub her the wrong way.

She thinks the marriage gossip about Richard and herself is silly. How can you talk about marriage when the man won't be free to marry for almost a year? In a year, anything can happen. Of course they're good friends, else they wouldn't see so much of each other. But she goes out with other men, too—Van Johnson, John Hodiak, David Rose. Her best girl friends are Lucille Ball and Dorothy Cooper, a script clerk. She can tell the first time she meets you if she's going to like you—by your eyes and the way you smile.

Her favorite date's a nice quiet dinner and dancing afterwards. Her favorite dance is the rumba—to Harry James' music or Cugat's or David's. She hates big parties, everything's so confusing. It's nicer to go out with one person, then you know where you are. She's twenty now and still doesn't like to drink and expects to feel the same way when she's thirty. Hot coffee's her passion—the smell even more than the taste. She can't stand it in big cups, so she orders one demitasse after another and sets them where the whiff hits her nose. She'd rather eat



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OWN A CANARY—THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS

hay than carrots, adores spinach and Chinese food and practically anything Bess cooks. She loves to stay out of the kitchen. When she had to feed herself in New York, seems all she ever ate was fried eggs and noodles.

She goes in for tailored clothes and subdued colors—though she's learning to wear them bright in California. Designs her own things, because bought clothes don't fit her, but hates to stand for fittings. So she'll dash in with a sketch, glance at materials, say "I'll take that," and start dashing out again, hoping to get away with murder. But they always haul her back.

Shoes are her pet extravagance—that goes back to childhood when she had to stay home while her one pair a year were being mended. Coupons don't bother her. She has enough shoes from before the war to last practically forever. She saves on hats—hasn't worn one since the accident. For months her head was bandaged. "If I ever get these bandages off," she said, "I'll never wear anything on my head again." On account of the accident too, she's a champ swimmer. She had to swim in the school pool every day to strengthen her muscles.

She likes to sew, but can't knit. Starts thousands of sweaters that somebody else has to finish. Which makes her worse than a moron, because people tell her that even morons can knit. They also make fun of her because she wears her fingernails natural and her toenails bright red. It fascinates her to see those little red things peeking out of her shoes. She has two superstitions. Dropping a comb's bad luck, so you have to step on it to break the jinx. And she always wears one thing—like the same ring or the same garter—from the very beginning to the end of a picture.

She collects pigs. That started in New York when the kids in "Best Foot Forward" held a contest. Whoever looked most like an animal would get the animal she looked most like. June won—with a pig. Mind? Don't be silly. She got a present, didn't she? Besides, they said she looked like a cute little pig, not a porker—

melody in blue . . .

Her idea of a lovely evening at home is to sit by the fire, read a sad book, listen to heartbreaking music and eat chocolate candies. Even on warm nights, she has the fire going—and the windows open. She loathes jazz. All her records are long hair. She can't exactly explain why she likes her books and music sad—except they give you deeper feelings than the other kind.

All she carted along from New York were her books and the little radio she bought out of her first paycheck. She could never bear to do away with a book, and still has the first one she ever owned. Every year she re-reads "The Stargazer," Van Gogh's life and Dalton Trumbo's "Johnny Got a Gun," sobbing all the way through.

When she has her own home, there'll be a fireplace in every room. And a library solid with books from floor to ceiling. And a big bear rug in front of the main fireplace. She wants to walk all over a bear rug, the way Lana Turner walked over mink in "Ziegfeld Girl." She'll never forget that!

Meantime, dreams are coming true so fast, she's a little scared. It somehow just doesn't seem right to get everything you wish for. Even Fred Astaire. Only thing that made her sad at M-G-M was, they didn't have Fred Astaire. Now they have him, and she can look at him once in a while, and that makes her very happy. Because just look what he did for her.

The woman who thinks she's a good wife



Tom is moody, strange. He seems to avoid Sue deliberately. Over and over, Sue seeks a clue. Tom was once proud of her looks, of the way she managed their home. That hasn't

changed. Why has he changed? Poor Sue. She doesn't dream that carelessness about feminine hygiene is the "one neglect" few husbands can forgive. If only she knew about Lysol . . .

The woman who knows she is!



Joan and Les are perfect marriage partners. Wise Joan, like so many modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Her doctor told her it is an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. Yet

Lysol is so gentle, used in the douche, that it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues . . . just follow easy directions. "So simple and inexpensive to use!" says Joan. Try Lysol for feminine hygiene.



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SLICK MICK

(Continued from page 54)

have a sentimental soft streak as wide as a barn door. He's not the kind of Mick who sings "Mavourneen" at the drop of a pratie and weeps in his beer or anything, but—well—when the war first broke, and the Army scattered its skimpy Coast Artillery in the hills back of George's Beverly Hills Home, he spent his evenings lugging coffee and sandwiches to the soldiers shivering in the winter nights at their exposed posts. As a result, George has a couple dozen red hot GI correspondents scattered all over Uncle Sam's far flung fighting posts, and he stays up nights writing them everything he does with his Hollywood pals. And he gets paid back when he receives notes like the one from a Corporal Sid Levine, along with the Samurai sword of a Makin Island Jap captain.

"Dear Moiph," scribbled the Corp, "right in the middle of a battle comes a mail guy from headquarters and I guess what—a letter from my pal! It makes me feel so good, Moiph, that I knock off a few extra Jap bums with my tommy-gun, and one won't be needing this carving knife no more, so I'm sending it along to you."

Well, that in turn made George feel so good that he drove right off across country that night, although he was dead tired, put on two shows in an out-of-the-way Army camp before he passed out cold from exhaustion!

But if George Murphy is a tender Harp at heart, he's also loaded with the other rugged virtues that make an Irishman the greatest collection of contradictions on the face of the earth. He's got spunk and energy and drive and cockiness. He's got good humor and friendliness, the knack of getting what he goes after and a healthy portion of good old Irish luck, too. It's the combination, I suspect, that has made George Murphy what he is today—Hollywood's busiest and about its most personally popular star.

This past movie semester, for instance, George knocked out five straight pictures without one day's rest in between. He headlined the Red Cross Hollywood Speakers Bureau plugging the Blood Bank, Bonds and other war efforts. He managed to stock his Oregon ranch with pigs and cows and things. He made a whirlwind entertainment tour of all the Army hospitals in the Southeast U. S. He served as Vice-President of the Screen Actors Guild and won the nomination for its next prexy. And along the way somewhere, George managed to become a proud papa for the second time.

something for the dicks . . .

The other night, George was working off his surplus energy, jogging along the streets of Beverly Hills after dusk, toggled out in an old pair of pants, sneakers and a sweat shirt to work up a steam. He was pounding along when a police patrol car pulled up. Two cops jumped out. They were green officers, and they didn't know George Murphy from Adam.

They grabbed him. "Now where do you think you're runnin' off to, Bud?" they inquired. "What second story job did you just pull off?"

George told them who he was. "Oh, yeah?" barked one cop. "Well, I'm Clark Gable. Suppose you tell us just what you've been up to now in the last few hours."

So George rattled off what he'd been doing: Working at the studio all day. A Command Performance radio show after that, home for dinner, then the workout.

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George, "I've got a meeting of the Screen Actors Guild in Hollywood."

"Then what are you running around for?" one asked. "Why aren't you taking a snooze?"

The cops scratched their heads. "I guess you ain't any burglar," the other sighed. "Looks to me like you're just plain nuts!"

George is always getting something like that. But when people shake their heads and infer he is nutty to knock himself out, it turns out he's nutty like a few foxes. When George made "Bataan," Bob Walker, who played in that rugged epic with him, caught George pumping himself up and down off the floor one afternoon right before George, Lloyd Nolan and Bob were to go into the most strenuous scene in the script. It was one where they had to come up over a rock cliff, worn out, panting and out of breath. The climb was bad enough. But here was Murphy knocking himself out doing push-ups as fast as he could!

Bob Walker tapped him on the back. "Will you kindly tell me, Murph, why you're doing that?" he inquired softly. "Or have you lost your mind?"

George just grinned. "Try it, kid," he suggested. "And take a tip from an old timer. When you're supposed to be out of breath, get yourself that way. Then you won't have to worry about it when you shoot the scene. Listen, in this acting racket, the fewer things you have to think about in a scene, the better you'll do what's left."

Pretty soon Bob Walker was down on the floor wearing himself out, too. He found it worked.

smack-in-one . . .

Luckily, one look at Murph and you can tell in a minute that the strenuous life

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 110)

1. Quick on his Trigger
2. Bright when it rains
3. Turhan Selahettin Schultavy
4. Won Wilson
5. Dr. Watson
6. Ronnie's C. O.
7. Dr. Gillespie
8. Jack Norworth
9. Barkers don't bite
10. Father Fitzgibbons
11. Soured Skeffington
12. Split "Killer" Gray twosome
13. The larcenous Lodger
14. North star, lucky star
15. Private Hargrove
16. Led the Pied Piper
17. Made his own bed
18. What a woman's a momma
19. Nosed out by Umbriago
20. Heavenly body

(Continued on page 134)

isn't going to get him down much longer than it takes to get back his wind. Beneath George's long chin and twinkling gray eyes, he packs the lean and wiry build of an athlete. It's no accident. For one thing, George's dad was Mike Murphy, the most famous athletic coach the University of Pennsylvania ever had. Mike died when George was just a shaver, but his spirit lived on in George. At Pawling, Peddie and Yale, too, George Murphy was a crack athlete—baseball, football, track. Once, against his rival school, Taft, he won a track meet all by himself with five first places and one second. Even today he looks as if he could step right on to the gridiron, the diamond or a cinder path and get going at a moment's notice.

His best friend is Bob Montgomery—pardon, Commander Robert Montgomery, USNR, whom he met at school at Pawling, N. Y. (Thomas Dewey's home town). In fact, it was Bob Montgomery who started George off on golf, his favorite way of keeping trim today. As George recalls, he wasn't too interested in what he considered an old man's game at that point.

But Bob, who was a links nut, dragged him out on the course one day and said, "Go ahead, hit the ball!" So George slammed a two-iron over a hill, and a man came running back yelling and waving his clubs angrily. He'd smacked a professor, who didn't like Murphy anyway, right in the seat of his pants!

Bob Montgomery is still George's best friend. Every time Bob comes back from sea duty, they get together and laugh over old times, and George listens enviously to Bob's new naval adventures. He swears Commander Montgomery will be right there when the Yanks capture Hirohito. Last time Bob was home, he and his wife and George and his better half, Julie, stepped out for an evening at the Mocambo. They had a benefit whisky raffle that night, and George walked off with the case of Scotch, something like stumbling on to a drawer full of nylons these days in war-dry Hollywood. "You lucky Irishman!" Commander Montgomery kidded.

"Look who's talking about being lucky," retorted George, and he wasn't kidding. Because the one thing that burns Murph up is the fact that he's missed two wars—a guy with the name of Murphy, too! In 1918 George was a nipper, more or less, but tall enough to fool the recruiting officers in Canada. He was staying in Detroit then with his sister, when he slipped over the border one day with another chum and enlisted in the Canadian Army. Things might have worked out okay, ex-

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cept that George's sister got mad and
tipped off the authorities that her brother
was only fifteen. They booted him right
out.

This time, the evening of the day the
Japs smacked Uncle Sam below the belt at
Pearl Harbor, George rushed down to Fort
MacArthur and stayed up all night, con-
fidently expecting red-balled bombers to
paste the fort that night. But nothing
happened, and when he tried to join up,
George found, to his disgust, that a flock
of school-day injuries put him on the
technically unfit shelf.

This Murphy tabs the blackest luck an
Irishman could have. But as a matter of
fact, in all the crack-ups that made him
a four F'er, it was pure Irish luck that let
George come out alive. One summer, on
vacation from Yale, he took a job in a
Pennsylvania coal mine, and the darned
thing caved right in on him, crushing him
so badly that it's a miracle he wasn't
crippled for life. An earlier time, at Peddie
Institute, when George was only sixteen,
he got kicked on the shin in a foot-
ball game, and blood poisoning set in.
George's leg swelled up like a sausage
balloon, and he passed out for three days.
He woke up in time to catch the doctor
starting to saw his leg off. The doc had
George's family's permission and every-
thing, because it looked like a case of that
—or else a lily on Murph's youthful chest.
But George almost shook the hospital
down yelling "No!" and somehow he got
well, saving his famous-to-be hoofers
right in the nick of time.

the luck o' the Irish . . .

The last time his patron saint was good
to George was only two years ago. He
and Cary Grant were in New York with
their bags all packed ready to board the
clipper for Lisbon on a trip to give the
North African GI's some entertainment and
laughs. Four hours before the big bird
took off, George got a wire from the Army
chiefs. They told him to go back to
Hollywood and play in "This is the Army."
That called it off for both of them, and the
Clipper zoomed off without them.

When it landed in Lisbon—well, maybe
you remember—the pilot crashed in the
bay, several people lost their lives, and that
beautiful songbird of radio, Jane Froman,
was badly battered up. So George Murphy
really hasn't any big kicks coming in the
Irish luck department. Incidentally, he
was dangling a St. Christopher medal from
his watch chain that narrow squeak. He's
never had it off since.

One of the biggest breaks of Irish luck
George Murphy ever had, though, was
marrying his wife, Julie. Because there's
not a happier, gayer couple in Hollywood,
nor two cuter kids than the ones Julie
has given George in his son Denny, and
his year-old baby darling, Melissa. Be-
sides all this, brown-eyed, pretty, vivacious
Julie is the main reason George is where
he is today. Not only has she been his
backer-upper for years, but Juliette John-
son was the girl who talked George
Murphy into taking a crack at show busi-
ness in the first place.

It didn't take much talking, George
recalls, because that was back in the late
Twenties, and Murph was down from Yale
and facing the cruel world in Manhattan.
Chores in Wall Street and other dreary
marts of trade didn't click with him a bit.
He was in and out of jobs and usually
busted like an old light bulb. He staggered
in a tiny room in the Nineties. But he
could usually scrape up enough to take
out Juliette, a professional dancer he'd met.
The competition was pretty tough, too, he
remembers, because Julie had a beau with
a Rolls-Royce and more money than brains
who showered her with orchids, took her
to all the shows and expensive cafes.

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swingin' for their supper . . .

But when they would have enough sugar to go dancing somewhere, Julie, who knew her stuff, told George he was light as a feather. She suggested they work out some routines together. George liked the bright lights and color, the thrills and the quick-punching life of show business. He didn't know beans about it, but he could always dance and clown a little from kid-hood on, and no one had ever accused him of being a shrinking violet.

Once, for instance, when George's wallet was flatter than a pancake, and he was itching for any kind of a job, but particularly one somewhere around Broadway, he dropped into a little beer joint where he could get a glass of suds and sometimes a steak on the cuff. The proprietor was singing the blues.

"Wouldn't you know it, Murph," he wailed. "The guitar slapper I got is home sick in bed. And in the upstairs room is a bunch of big-shot customers yelling for entertainment."

"That's tough," sympathized George. "But say, I know four chords on the ukulele, and I can sing some songs. Gimme that guitar. I'll sing for 'em!" He did, too, and made such a solid hit that the customers, who were going on to Philadelphia that night, wanted to lug him along with them. But George grinned and ducked out of the party, later kicking himself soundly. Because one of the merrymakers, he found out, was William Paley, a New York big shot who later became president of CBS.

George and his wife, Julie, have lots of memories to look back on today, most of them good for nostalgic laughs. They worked up their first dance routines, for instance, in a room above a Chinese Chop Suey joint at 96th & Broadway, because that was the only place they could find. They made a deal with the baffled Oriental proprietor to dance for his customers free to pay for the room, and sometimes if they were pretty sharp and his customers clapped, he came across with a little chop suey. And George will never forget the time they got good enough for their first crack at a professional job. The place was called "Ten East Sixtieth" then, it was the "Villa Vallee" later on, and today it's the "Copacabana." The hitch for George was that he and Julie had to dance at teatime, and the job required a cutaway coat and all the trimmings. George had no dough but plenty of cultivated tastes. He went to the best tailor he could find, ordered his expensive outfit and timed the final fitting so the suit would be ready a few minutes before he and Julie went on at the cafe.

Then he sent the tailor to the back room on some excuse and bolted out the door. He thinks the race he made from Fifth Avenue to the tea dance joint tearing along like the banshees were after him with his cutaway flying in the faces of astonished New Yorkers was just about the most spectacular race he ever won. Because George won it all right. The tailor couldn't catch up with him, and two hours later, after he'd played the job and cinched it, George called and made arrangements to pay off his cutaway suit on time. Funny thing, too, the tailor became a pal, and George has been getting his suits made there ever since!

Of course, it's pretty hard to get mad at George Murphy, no matter what he does, a fact Julie discovered in the year

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or more they worked together as a dance team. So in spite of Rolls-Royce-and-orchid rivals, Murphy won in a walk, as he usually does in everything. "And it's not true," he swears, "that I had to borrow two dollars from Julie for the license. I wasn't broke. I had one dollar—she just lent me the other buck!"

Juliette Murphy hasn't danced a lick professionally since George clicked in the big time. But for a couple of years or more, the team of Johnson and Murphy did all right at Manhattan's swankier bistros, like the Montmartre, Lido, Central Park Casino and the Club Richman. They even went abroad to the Mayfair in London and the Opera Club in Paris. London was where George first became such a good friend of Fred Astaire. Fred and his sister, Adele, were playing in London then. All four stopped at the Grosvenor House, and over midnight spaghetti dinners with the girls in hair curlers and the fellows in almost anything, George and Julie had a ton of fun and learned the ropes from the two top artists. George still calls Fred the guy who put him hep to big time dancing, and they see each other all the time in Hollywood. Fred has even taught George's boy Denny a number of nifty hoof routines.

old acquaintance . . .

George, being the friendly Mick he is, has picked up friends all along the success road who are still pals today. When he finally got going on Broadway in shows like "Good News," "Of Thee I Sing" and "Roberta," he ran into a lot of unknown hopefuls like himself. In "Roberta," for instance, there was a wise-cracking, ski-snooted guy named Bob Hope that nobody had ever heard of. (George swears Bob still owes him for half of their last laundry bill—\$1.32 for 2 dress shirts and collars.) And there was a saxophone tooter in that same show, Fred MacMurray. George has known Bing Crosby for years and years, and Hoagy Carmichael, the "Stardust" boy, who's a pal of George's today, was having a terrible time getting a song plugged when he and George first started calling each other by their first names.

Matter of fact, Murph's friends are scattered all over, wherever George has stopped off on his rambles. And once he makes a pal, he hates to lose him. When George came to Hollywood the first time, it was five years before he got back to New York City. All the way back on the train he kept worrying to Julie, "I wonder if there's anybody back there I know?" Gloomily he predicted he'd be a stranger.

But the first day George walked out of his hotel, the St. Regis, there was Big Tom, the traffic cop on the Fifth Avenue corner, cussing cabbies like he'd been doing years ago. He waved genially, "Hiyah, Murph!" George felt better. He strolled into the corner drug store, and the same tobacco counter clerk was there. "Where you been, Murphy?" he asked. "Haven't seen you around." The pay-off was when the newsboy from whom he always snagged a paper in the morning, was still at his old stand hawking the news. He was the only one who knew George had been to Hollywood and was in the movies. "Tell me about them Hollywood dames, Murph," was all he wanted to know.

In Hollywood, besides Bob Montgomery and Fred Astaire, George's best friends are probably Pat O'Brien, whom he knew back on Broadway, Carol Tracy (Spencer's brother), Adolphe Menjou, Jim Cagney and Fred MacMurray. George has gag names for all of them. He calls Adolphe "Froggy," Carol "Front Porch" and Cagney "Soft Talkin' Sam" from Jimmy's way of prac-

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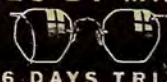
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tically getting right up to your face and whispering in your ear when he talks to you. George likes to tell about the time Ann Southern threw a wonderful party in Hollywood where he had a terrific time. But next day, when George was rehashing the evening with Jimmy, the Cagney didn't remember anything about it. Because all evening he'd been talking into somebody's shirt front, so absorbed in his intense whispering conversation that he had missed all the evening's fun!

mr. murphy's corn . . .

George, on the contrary, is always on the look-out for laughs and circulates like a phoney nickel. His good Irish nature is always right there with a wisecrack or a joke to keep things moving, at work or play. For instance, at RKO Studio "Step Lively" didn't have a title for a long time, so it was known around the lot as "Sinatra Number Two," since Frankie had made one RKO picture before. It began to irk George, who was also in the opus, so he slipped the doorman a fiver one day. "From now on," said George, "this picture is 'Murphy Number Two—get it?' The doorman got it. George kept bribing him until finally everybody on the lot began calling it "Murphy Number Two"—even Frankie, although the first time he heard it, he almost swooned.

The one George pulled on his pal, Pat O'Brien, is almost a Hollywood classic by now. Murphy is uncanny at impersonations, and when the screwy surrealist king, Salvador Dali, was in Hollywood, he called up Pat and in an out-of-the-world accent claimed to be Dali and said he was calling because he simply couldn't help it. He, Dali, considered Pat O'Brien his favorite movie star and one of the world's great actors. All in dialect.

Pat fell for it like a load of coal and was touched. He replied gallantly that he considered Dali the greatest painter in the world. Well, the next day in a Hollywood cafe whom should Pat spy but Dali, so he went over and started thanking him for his tributes and all he got was a blank stare. Finally Dali called a waiter. "Who is this man?" he asked. "Is he crazy?" Pat almost blew up.

Wherever you trail around the studio lots after George Murphy, you find evidence of his enlarged funny-bone. A while back one day on the set of "Having Wonderful Crime," George drew an old overcoat from the wardrobe department for a certain scene. Jamming his hand in the pocket accidentally, he pulled out a sheaf of ancient raffle tickets marked "Take a Chance on a Grand Piano—\$1." Instantly he had an idea. In no time at all he had sold every raffle ticket around the set at a buck a throw. Pianos are something you just can't get these days, and the chances went like hot cakes.

But finally a sucker got suspicious. "Where is this grand piano?" he demanded. Luckily, there was one on the next set. That saved the gag for a while until another sleuth found out from the studio business manager that the piano was not for sale, raffle or hire. So George hustled out before he got mobbed and bought a toy piano for the lucky winner. The money went to the GI "Buy-A-Phone-Call" fund. And a couple of lucky soldiers got to talk to their folks back home because of George's cut-ups.

Both George and Julie love to dance, like to dress up and step out. George helped organize the Westside Tennis Club. He also belonged to the Beverly Hills Yachting and Polo Association—which never saw a yacht or a polo pony—but was strictly a stag club meeting in a sound-proof room every two weeks for all-night sessions of poker and gin rummy. And especially when George wasn't work-

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ing, the Murphys were either having their house full of noisy guests or off somewhere being the same themselves.

One of Murph's favorite rendezvous used to be the Jimmy Cagney shack out back of his house. There Cagney, O'Brien, Murphy, Spencer Tracy, Frank McHugh and assorted movie Irishmen with or without their wives, would stage impromptu vaudeville shows and star impersonations worth thousands if a movie camera could ever catch them. Everybody in Hollywood and on Broadway from years back was lampooned, the beer flowed freely, and the nights were long.

house of murphy . . .

At George's house, what with having neighbors around, the fun had to be a bit more refined, but at that the Merry Murphys did all right with conversation and parlor games. Guggenheim, charades and such and a favorite, Travelogues. One Travelogue (the journey of Balto, the dog, around the world) once went on so long that Cesar Romero, who was playing Balto, and hence had to crouch on the floor, fell sound asleep!

Most of the old fun gang are gone now; out on Pacific islands and in French fields, so Murph, who's left behind to his disgust, depends on his home and his family for what spare minutes of relaxation he has away from his movie and war morale jobs. The house of Murphy sits up near the hills behind Beverly. It's not a showplace, but it's big enough, comfortable and homey with pine-paneled walls, antiques and chintzy chairs here and there. No interior decorator got near it; George and Julie, mostly Julie, knew what they wanted, and they waited to get it, although for the first couple of years they lived in the place with hardly a stick of furniture. Their first Christmas, for instance, all the furniture the front room sported was the Christmas tree. Now it's rich with the rare antiques and special pieces that George and Julie had in mind from the start but had to wait to find.

George is fastidious that way. He likes good furniture, good clothes, good food and drink. Although he has been in Hollywood almost a decade now, he still buys his haberdashery at Brooks Brothers, New York's smart men's store, and has his suits tailored by Earl Benham—the self-same tailor who fashioned George's fugitive cutaway, away back when. George's pet extravagance is linen handkerchiefs. He has stacks of them. But while whatever he gets is usually the best he can buy, Murph takes good care of everything. He has a Cadillac, for instance, that he has nursed like a baby and today the speedometer reads 200,000 miles. He has some Dunhill pipes so old and well-smoked that they're black.

George is neat as a pin around the house—likes to keep dressed up, and if guests are coming, always puts on a coat and tie—something that's seldom done in the relaxed movie colony. When he steps out, too, he always wears a stiff collar, which makes Southern Californians stare. The only sartorial slip Murph allows himself alone at home is bare feet. He thinks walking around without shoes keeps his dancing dogs healthy. When he does slip on his number nines, he always puts the right shoe on first, it's his major superstition. He showers and shaves twice a day, keeps his clothes hung up neatly, always slips the detective stories he likes tidily back on the shelves and never spills a cigarette ash on Julie's rugs or spots a table with his favorite Scotch-and-plain after dinner. In short, he's a model spouse around the house.

But the minute he hits the studio, George doesn't pick up a thing, tosses clothes, phonograph records, fan mail, old cigarette

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