

Modern Screen

ARCH

5c

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

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ALAN LADD

JUNE ALLYSON'S LIFE STORY

F-3-9-65



Her lovely hair shines just like jet, No wonder she's the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!



• *Smart, new combination . . . cheeks and stripes worn together!* A blouse of crisp rayon over a sweater of soft, warm cotton and wool. Her lovely hair, swept up from her face in an unusual new center-part arrangement, owes its shining smoothness to Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

MAKE A DATE WITH

Glamour

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits 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 dandruff!* Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

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?

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

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 controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!



Drene Shampoo
WITH
HAIR CONDITIONER

Product of Procter & Gamble



"Rather hold their hats
than their hands, Honey?"



GIRL: Cupid dear... isn't that a sort of silly question?

CUPID: Silly? Listen, Child: My business is Romance. And the way you let those boys skate off without you... well, it isn't so good for business.

GIRL: Let them skate off? How could I stop them? I'm no glamour girl!

CUPID: You could have tried smiling at them! Even a plain girl can be pretty when she smiles.

GIRL: Not *this* plain girl, Cupid. My teeth—honest, I'm a one-woman dimout. I brush my teeth every—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, yes, but...



CUPID: ...you ignore it! By the Everlasting Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away?

GIRL: But—

CUPID: ...because he may say your gums have gotten tender, robbed of exercise by soft, modern foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But we were talking about *my* smile! Not my—

CUPID: Listen, Child... Ipana Tooth Paste and massage were *born* to help your smile! Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth helps your gums to healthier, ruddier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder teeth, a brighter smile... and somebody to hold *your* hat while you skate! Get started on a brighter smile today, Baby!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty— **IPANA AND MASSAGE**



Co-ed

If you want to make 1945
V-year, here's what you can do to carry
your share of Victory!

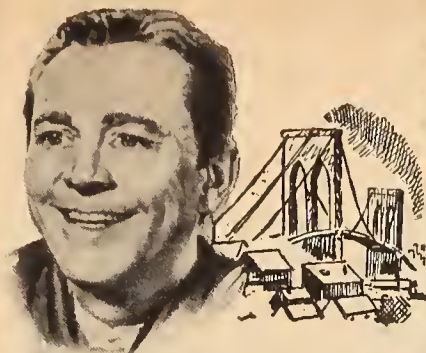
■ So you think soldiers win a war? Sure, soldiers, sailors, marines *and* civilians behind them at home. That's *you*. Without you, there wouldn't be any ammunition, any morale . . . any victory. To make 1945 V-year, you'll have to give with everything in your power. You've got to make one big, fat resolution that will touch everything you do, and this is it: "This year I resolve to reach for the moon." Resolve to pull down a couple of A's instead of straight C's; to look your best all the time, instead of just on special occasions; to snag a beau who's top-notch, instead of just any sad sack.

You know, whether you're a pretty smooth somebody or simply a slow drizzle depends exclusively on how high you've been reaching for beauty, brains, chic. If you've been reaching way up there, your hair is bright, your lessons are done, your sweater's whistle-clean, and you're on top of the world. If you haven't been, don't cry in your Pepsi about it. Get busy, and here's how.

Beauty-wise: We won't go into specific beauty stuff, because our beauty (Continued on page 10)



KATIE... who forgot that loving
a man was thinking with your heart!



JOHNNY... who sang 'cause
singing was the laughter of the angels!



FRANCIE... the little girl
who dreamed... with her eyes wide open!



AUNT SISSY... who
wasn't bad... she was only friendly!



NEELEY... whose world was
Brooklyn... and "alla candy you can eat"!



McSHANE... and wasn't it
an officer's duty to look after the ladies?

DOROTHY McGUIRE as Katie • JOAN BLONDELL as Aunt Sissy • JAMES DUNN as Johnny
LLOYD NOLAN as McShane • PEGGY ANN GARNER as Francie • TED DONALDSON as Neeley

and JAMES GLEASON • RUTH NELSON • JOHN ALEXANDER • B. S. PULLY • Directed by ELIA KAZAN • Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis • Adapted from the Novel by Betty Smith

She's
very
very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!



Her presence is dynamic
... her attraction undeniable ...
her impression unforgettable. In a
word—a new word—she's varvacious,
with Varva's exciting perfumes
"Follow Me" and "Nonchalant."
They've made her very very ...

Varva extracts—\$1 to \$15 • Bath Powder, \$1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1 • Bubble Foam, \$1
Sachet, \$1 and \$1.75 • Talc, 55c
(plus tax)



NONCHALANT
The Devil-May-
Care Perfume



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

VARVA

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

CO-ED

(Continued from page 6)

charts do exactly that, and they're yours just for a stamped envelope. (See page 26.) However, we do want to goad you into action. If you know you'd look slick with Dutch-boy bangs or a sleek center part or a straight-to-the-shoulder bob—okay, so be it. If you think a blue-red lipstick is your ticket, a deeper powder the answer to your fallow puss, well go blow yourself to same and see. Reach, kids. Don't just sit around and hate your face and get an inferiority complex.

S'posing your complexion is really a problem, but you don't think you can afford a doctor's advice. Go and talk to the doctor, anyway. Ask if there's a free clinic within train or bus distance. If there isn't, ask him if he can arrange to let you pay him for his care gradually. Maybe your teeth are your greatest cross, but having them straightened is so impossible financially you don't even consider it. Get over to the dentist and work out a deal. You'll type for him after school and on Saturdays. You'll answer the phone, straighten up the office, run errands. Don't think he won't be interested, but he's not going to make the first move.

Brain-wise: First of all, do marks matter? If you're dreaming of college, of a cadet nursing school, they can mean a scholarship. If you want a career in business, they may make the difference between a routine job and one filled with excitement and responsibility. Marks matter ever, ever so much, so hit the books, chums, hard and often. Maybe going to the library right after school will be the best system for you. Maybe having someone over to work with you will help. Most important rule is this: Don't get behind in things. Get your themes in right on the nose, chem note-book all up to date, outside reading going along on schedule. Oh, that good feeling of being all caught up! Another thing. Don't underestimate your tools. A good pen, a sharp pencil, a bright light, a comfortable chair—all these are studious making. So is time out for a Pepsi now and then, or a listen to you-know-who on Wednesday nights. Concentration, tossed well with relaxation, and you've got something. Could be an A.

About Grooming: You know all about keeping your shoes shined and your skirts pressed. You do mean to tub your sweaters the second they look bleary. And gosh, you really hate a not-quite-fresh white blouse as much as the next person. You want to be well-groomed, but your reach isn't so hot. This year, kiddie, please want to very, very, very much. Enough to make Saturday the day you get lifts and a shine—but faithfully, not just every third week. Make Saturday the day you fetch and carry clothes from and to the cleaners. How about Monday nights for a little light laundry? Or make it Tuesday. Any time as long as you stick to it. Get yourself some system, and you'll get yourself some grooming.

About Men: Granted, you can't just toss an eye at the biggest shot in town and expect him to fall. Still you can start paving the way for it. How? Well, from your very first date, waste no wiles on undesirables. Lads with unsavory reputations, lads the other gals scorn, lads who are just plain dull. These aren't for you. Set your cap for someone who is someone, and "being someone" in the way we mean has nothing to do with money or social position. He may be the shy guy who writes the smooth editorials for the school paper, the unattached, undiscovered hunk



*Peace terms every man
should make NOW!*

The war is still on . . . and will be for some time to come.

But right now—before the war ends—every man in America has an unprecedented opportunity to make terms with himself for his own peace . . . his peace of mind.

For now, as never before, a man should look at his wife and family and say, "What can I offer them for the future?"

And now, as never before, a man in America has a chance to answer this question—an opportunity to provide for the future.

That opportunity is War Bonds. No doubt you are buying War Bonds through the Payroll Saving Plan. Arrange to buy more War Bonds. All you can afford.

What's even more important—don't cash in those War Bonds before they mature. Stick them away in a safe place—and forget about them till you can reap the full harvest on them.

Now is the time to make your plans for peace of mind. Buy War Bonds and hold onto them!

MODERN
SCREEN

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement
— prepared under auspices of Treasury
Department and War Advertising Council

of muscle on the hockey team. He may be the kid who delivers groceries after school, or the one with the Beiderbecke album. Any one of the nice joes who do something, are interested in something, are going places. Sight him, sink him, and if or when your little session goes poof by mutual consent, pick up the pieces and move on to something even fancier.

Do you understand a little better about reaching high? And do you see how important and all-inclusive a resolution it is? It even takes in clothes. This year, chickens, you get 'em good. You get one honey instead of a group of crumbs. This year you read a significant book now and then. A worthwhile piece of non-fiction that will give you something to think about. Something to talk about. You use a four-dollar word occasionally instead of the hackneyed, easy nickel jobs. You spend your leisure being a blood donor or a Nurse's Aid. Up till now you've just thought about it. This year it happens.

We'll be watching you little co-eds, proudly and confidently. Start reaching today. This very minute.

Co-Ed Question Box:

All the boys who know me think I'm strictly okay, but I never make an impression on those casual "hello" acquaintances. How can I make them interested in knowing me better? D. C. F., Lansing, Mich.

Best thing to do is to let them observe you in action. Make up your mind which ones you're anxious to know better, and then pursue them quietly to their lair. Maybe it's the chem lab after school. Could be it's Room 303 where the literati put out the school paper. Or is it the dramatic club? It's up to you to discover what they do after three o'clock, then be there. Let them take a good long look, enchant them with your line of patter, contrive to be there every day until you're one of their crowd, and they're part of yours. That's all there is to it.

I'm an average boy with a few girl friends. I used to consider myself lucky to have a date, but this year all the girls are flocking around. All but one, that is, and she's the one I'm crazy about. She, in turn, loves my best friend who doesn't give two hoots about her. The really sad part of it is that she thinks I've told my best friend bad things about her, and that's why he doesn't like her. Imagine me saying anything bad about her! How can I make her like me? Bob M., Philadelphia, Pa.

Couldn't you and your friend cook up a double date? He'd ask the girl you like, and you'd ask some other nice girl. In the course of the evening the girl you like would see what a good guy you are—especially if you could get your best friend to play you up a bit, cue you for bright sayings. Bet you wouldn't have any trouble getting her to date you after that.

This summer I went steady with a boy from another part of the state. When he first went back home, I received a letter or phone call every day. Then the phone calls stopped, and finally the letters. In the meantime, another boy has asked me to go steady with him, and though I like him, I can't seem to forget the first one. I wrote and told him that another boy had asked me to go steady, and he answered asking me not to. I wrote back saying I wouldn't, and that was the end of the correspondence. Should I write and ask him what's wrong? I. D., Boston, Mass.

Gosh, no. You know, we gals have a way of wanting to make a long-term proposition of every summer romance, and it's not a bit smart. Of course, the boy's to

Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...



- But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair stylish till lunch!

• Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.



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1945

Gaylord
Products Inc.
Chicago 16
Illinois



HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

AUTOGRAPHS!

You don't have to lurk in drafty hotel lobbies or chase through deserted streets or stand on line to get these precious autographs. Uh-huh. We do it the easy way. All you do is send in a quarter to help the work of the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND and in return, you get the official NAA emblem card autographed by whatever star you pick from the list below! And if you send in that extra dollar you have floating around, you get an EXTRA signature as a bonus—which makes 5 autographs for the price of 4! We sure do it the easy way!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews
Jean Arthur

Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Janet Blair
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Errol Flynn

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

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

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

Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Francot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Teresa Wright
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

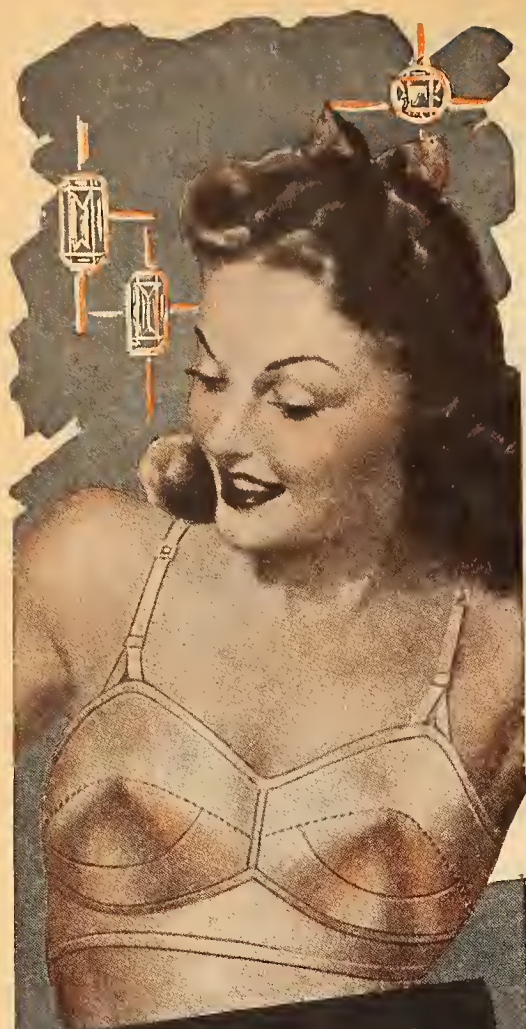
blame a bit for not making it clear that, come August, we've hit the end of the line, but it's up to us to realize that. Separation, unless you are very deeply in love, invariably terminates a romance. Forgive us, if that sounds harsh, and file that first boy away until next summer. Meanwhile, have fun with the material at hand.

I'm fifteen years old and have been going with a boy of eighteen for nearly two and a half months. I like him ever so much, and I thought he liked me, too. A few weeks ago, our class—which is all girls—gave a wiener roast, and we were to invite boys and pay their way. I invited my guy, and he went, but since then I've only had two dates with him. I can't figure out the sudden chill, unless it could be that I paid for his ticket to the class party. What do you think? Marie, Toronto, Canada.

I can't imagine any sensible boy being offended because a girl paid for his ticket to her class party, so the reason for the coolness must lie elsewhere. It may be that he's afraid you're getting sort of possessive. The minute you ask some boys to something, they get panic-struck. Possibly he thinks he's using good tactics. Keeping you guessing, so to speak. Perhaps, being young and male, he's on the fickle side and is wearying of the close companionship. In any event, don't let him know how anxious you are. Be your joshy, friendly self when you meet, don't let it get around that you consider yourself jilted, and under no circumstances act huffy or hurt. If anything will bring him back, it will be this quiet, undemanding tack, and if he is really lost, hold your head high and go after another lad.

I am a teen-age girl who wanted to have fun, but made the mistake of having it in the wrong way, with the wrong people. Now my reputation is so poor that the nice young people don't want to have anything to do with me, even though I'm very anxious to behave myself. Is it wrong to neck in the movies? How can you ask a boy not to kiss you good-night without making him angry? The only place in our town for people to have any fun is a tavern. The boys all want to go there, and if the girls say no, they're considered complete flops. What to do? G. S. Canton, Ill.

You can live down a bad reputation, but it takes a little while. The best way we know is by completely cutting yourself off from the old crowd and by plunging into some worthy activities with all your energy. Red Cross, USO work, church activities. You'll make new contacts there with which to replace the old. And gradually, if you don't push too hard or work too fast, you'll find yourself accepted by the town, with all the old memories of you completely erased from people's minds. Now, to your questions. Some people have always considered the back row of the movies a sort of unofficial lovers lane, but we don't think public love-making is ever in very good taste. When your date tries to kiss you good-night, and you don't want him to, try giving him your best smile and shake your head slowly and decisively. Or else say, "Not tonight, Bill," leading him to believe that maybe next time—We guarantee he won't be angry with you; just very, very intrigued. About where to go in a town like yours to have some fun. Couldn't you appeal to one of the churches or to the school to let you have a couple of rooms? If necessary, go to the mayor and ask him to think up something for you. Get the townspeople interested in a club for the young people. A place where you can dance and play ping pong and have fun. Work on it, and you'll get it—and that very activity may bring you into contact with all the people you've been longing to know.



Perma-lift
REG. U. S. PAT.-OFF.
BRASSIERES

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Another Hickory Success

Brilliant

AS A DIAMOND

Your figure can be as flawless as your jewels. Perma-Lift helps you achieve that perfect grooming that a smart bra can give. In Perma-Lift a miracle happens at the base of the bra cups where an exclusive cushion inset gently supports your bosom—never becomes limp through countless washings and wear. Latest styles at all fine stores. Bras and Bandeaux—\$1.25 to \$2.50. Trust Perma-Lift—the trademark that has stood the test of time.

For Fashion-Fit and Corset Comfort — you'll also like Hickory Juniors, Girdles, Panties, "The Foundation of Loveliness"

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Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto



Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps, ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only \$1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is

I live at

City

State

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Valentines! from Warners!

62 HOLLYWOOD STARS!
3 SENSATIONAL BANDS in

"HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN"



Songs! "DON'T FENCE ME IN"
Songs! "SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART"
Songs! AND MANY MORE!

It's a
wonderful,
wonder-filled
love story too!

That very sensational
woman's very sensational
debut!



HUMPHREY
BOGART
with
LAUREN
BACALL
and
WALTER BRENNAN

In Ernest Hemingway's
**"TO HAVE AND
HAVE NOT"**

A HOWARD HAWKS
PRODUCTION

Fall of big surprises--
and thrill upon thrill!

ERROL FLYNN



OBJECTIVE BURMA

with WILLIAM PRINCE • JAMES BROWN
GEO. TOBIAS • HENRY HULL
WARNER ANDERSON



Roses are red,
Violets are blue
WARNER BROS.
made these hits
for you!

Jack L. Warner, Executive Producer

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

at Acapulco. Those beauties in bathing suits give him ideas. Hey, Donald, come back here! Donald! Oh, well . . .—RKO.

P. S.

One of those all-too-few full length Walt Disney pictures. But this one is entirely different from any he's done before. It's a combination of cartoons and real action that is fascinating and beautiful to watch. Disney has worked for five years to perfect this process. It is as new and revolutionary as the advent of sound and color. This process enables Señor Donald Duck to do the Samba-Jongo with glorious Aurora Miranda of Brazil and enables the Flying Serape with the three Caballeros aboard to swoop over the famous beach at Mexico's Acapulco, teeming with dozens of pretty señoritas . . . You'll love Panchito. This is his debut in films, and we hope Mr. Disney will bring him back many times. Jose Carioca, the Brazilian parrot who played in "Saludos Amigos," does his second bit for the screen. Donald Duck is already established in the hearts of all Americans. Those are the three Caballeros . . . Aurora Miranda of Brazil, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz of Mexico—three of Latin America's most famous musical stars—are introduced to American audiences in this film . . . The running time of "The Three Caballeros" is seventy-two minutes—at the end you'll wish it were twice seventy-two . . . We'd like to bring you more notes about the production but, as you no doubt realize, Mr. Disney's process for this filming is one of the biggest and

most closely guarded secrets in Hollywood!

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Some pilots call it luck—the thing that brings them through on a thousand to one chance. But after a dozen years of flying a man may come, as Colonel Robert Scott does, to the conclusion that it's God. The story of the years that lead up to that conclusion is also the saga of American aviation, and the men in it. It will make you proud, and it may also make you cry.

Dennis Morgan plays Colonel Scott with warmth and real sincerity. From the time he's a boy, Scott is determined to be a pilot. He decides that the best way to get a permanent commission in the Air Corps is to go to West Point. He gets there not by a political appointment, but the hard way—by enlisting in the regular Army and passing a competitive examination.

He is then assigned to Randolph Field for flight training. That's all very fine except that his fiancée, Catherine (Andrea King) lives thirteen hundred miles away. Which doesn't stop Scott from seeing her—he commutes twenty six-hundred miles on weekends till she marries him. In 1934, Scott is assigned to the job of flying the mail. Those are tough years. The routes are dangerous, the planes inadequate, and the weather is the worst in history. But when Scott is through, he knows more about flying than most pilots learn in a lifetime.

The Japs attack Pearl Harbor, and Scott wants to get in on the fighting. He's thirty-four now, and that's too old for combat

duty, or so everyone tells him. He keeps on asking and at last is assigned to a B-17 and sent off to the Far East. There he manages to attach himself to the staff of General Chennault and to the company of the Flying Tigers.

They are a great bunch, particularly Tex (John Ridgely) and Ed (Dane Clark). There is a missionary priest, too, called Big Mike (Alan Hale), whom Scott likes a lot. Scott becomes known as the "one man air force," and the Japs duck for cover when they see him coming. One day he is flying Big Mike over to Kweiyand, and . . . But I want you to see that flight for yourself. It effectively demonstrates the truth of the picture's title.—War.

P. S.

The best seller, "God Is My Co-Pilot," had its beginning some twenty-six years ago when Robert Lee Scott, Jr., took his umbrella in hand and made his first crash landing from the roof of the family barn . . . But Colonel Scott didn't actually get the idea and the title for this autobiography until some twenty-four years later in the room of a flight surgeon in China. The Colonel had been out for his afternoon of Jap hunting and had collected five rivet heads in his right shoulder. A Jap twenty-seven mm. cannon shell hit the back of his armour plate and knocked the rivet heads loose and installed them in the flyer's hide. The Colonel had been taken to the flight surgeon to have the metal removed. Since there was no anesthetic, the doctor kept talking to keep his patient's

irresistible lips are

*Deeply
Beloved*

For heart-stirring lips,

IRRESISTIBLE PINK ORCHID, a

brilliant, lustrous, high-voltage pink . . .

new favorite in a lipstick famous for

color flattery. Non-drying, longer-lasting

thanks to Irresistible's secret WHIP-TEXTING

process. Matching rouge and powder.

the

bride-to-be

wears

Irresistible pink orchid *Lipstick*

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R-I



10c - 25c
SIZES
NEW SWIVEL
CASE

mind from the pain. The doctor found it hard to believe that one man could handle a fighter ship alone—fire the guns, drop the bombs, navigate, change fuel tanks and keep the radio operating. But the surgeon answered his own question, "No, you're not up there alone. You have the greatest co-pilot in the world." And there was the idea for the book and the title . . . forty-three sets for the picture, more than 10,000 different items—pipes, spectacles, swords, etc. This job fell on Lee Sheldon of the prop department. Exteriors and aerial scenes were done at Luke Field, Arizona . . . Colonel Scott wrote to Gen. Claire Chennault requesting photos of the village which had been headquarters of the Flying Tigers. From these pictures the little village was faithfully reproduced at Warner Bros.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS

Umbriago—that's my boy! Or, in other words, Jimmy Durante's here again. "Music For Millions" comes to life with a bang every time he appears, and he steals scenes from Jose Iturbi without half trying. "It's Toscanini, Iturbi and Me!" according to one of Durante's songs, and I'm only surprised that he gives the other two top billing.

He doesn't steal any scenes from June Allyson or Margaret O'Brien, though. As Babs Ainsworth and her baby sister, Mike, they'll walk right into your heart. Babs, who plays the bass viol in Iturbi's symphony orchestra, is faced with the same problem as lots of American girls today. Her husband is in the South Pacific, and she's going to have a baby. She is delighted when little Mike drifts in from Connecticut and announces that she wants to stay with her big sister. But the situation does present difficulties. The club where the orchestra girls live has a "no children," rule, so they have to smuggle Mike in and out and pop her into the bass viol case when the landlady comes around. Then at rehearsal Mike is apt to interrupt one of Mr. Iturbi's most complicated numbers by lugging a stool across the platform for sister Babs to sit on. After all, it's hard work standing there holding that big bass viol. "And you don't want to be sick in bed when the baby comes," Mike tells Babs wisely.

Andrews (Jimmy Durante), the symphony's manager, swears that he and Mike are deadly enemies, but that doesn't prevent him from seeing that she gets her favorite kind of ice cream and even tucking her into bed on occasion.

Babs' particular friends, Rosalind (Marsha Hunt), Marie and Helen are worried about Babs. She hasn't heard from her husband in months, and it's getting her down. So they dream up a scheme to fix things, at least temporarily. It involves Marie's disreputable uncle (Hugh Herbert), and he's the funniest character in the whole picture.

The cast includes Harry Davenport, Marie Wilson, Helen Gilbert and Larry Adler. The music, of course, is magnificent.—M-G-M.

P. S.

The music in this is really for the millions. Under the able direction of Jose Iturbi, the music includes Grieg's "Piano Concerto," the Fourth Movement of Dvorak's "New World Symphony," The Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's "Messiah," Debussy's "Claire de Lune" and Victor Herbert's "March of the Toys" . . . Blond, vivacious June Allyson marks a milestone in her promising motion picture career with this role, for it is her first straight dramatic part. June was signed by Metro eighteen

Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—

- ☐ A good skate
- ☐ A pretty Kitty
- ☐ Queen of the Ice Follies

You're on thin ice, complexion-wise, without a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow . . . it makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and comfortable, with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex stays soft while wearing. You get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.



Would you say this character was—

- ☐ Slightly balmy
- ☐ Learning sign language
- ☐ Getting glamour-hands



Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For fearless tweezing, should you—

- ☐ Soften brows with hot water
- ☐ Spread skin taut
- ☐ Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows—weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, only Kotex comes in three sizes—for different women, different days. There's Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special 4-ply safety center that gives you extra protection.



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

More women choose KOTEX[®]
than all other
sanitary napkins put together

She's Coming!

she has glamour!

she has beauty!

...and she never misbehaves!

She'll be the most talked about Miss in Your Town



watch for her at your favorite store



months ago. She was brought to Hollywood from New York where she had been a singer and dancer in musical comedies . . . After completing his role in this picture, Jimmy Durante returned to New York for a three months' record-breaking engagement at the Copacabana Club and a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater . . . Marsha Hunt returns to her home lot for this one. Marsha has been working at Columbia since completing "Lost Angel" for Metro several months ago . . . Hugh Herbert does another terrific bit of comedy. Hugh is perfect as the inebriated old forger, Marie Wilson's Uncle Ferdinand. . . . This picture marks the reunion of the producer-director team of Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, the two responsible for much of the success of Deanna Durbin's early pictures. It also brings scenario writer Myles Connolly together again with two of his cronies—Pasternak and Koster.

HANGOVER SQUARE

We are going to miss Laird Cregar. He was one of the best of the younger character actors, as you know from his performance in "The Lodger." "Hangover Square" is another classic of murder resulting from a twisted mind, with Cregar giving a superb performance.

Split personality has served as the key-stone for many a movie plot, from the first "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" on down. In this new picture it provides an eerie motif for a story of London in 1903. Hangover Square was a sort of London-type Greenwich Village at that time, artists, writers and musicians live there—some successful, some starving. George Bone (Laird Cregar) is halfway up the ladder. He has written classical music which has achieved considerable notice and is now at work on a concerto that should really make him famous. But George's intense concentration on his work does odd things to his mind. Sometimes his consciousness seems to take a holiday, leaving his body to carry on by itself. George doesn't know what he does during these blank periods, and it worries him. He confides his worries to his friend, Barbara (Faye Marlowe), and she goes with him to see a famous nerve specialist, Dr. Middleton (George Sanders).

The doctor is reassuring. He thinks a new interest, some hobby unconnected with the concerto, will fix George. It's doubtful if he had in mind an interest like Netta (Linda Darnell), would-be night club singer, but when George meets her the next night, he thinks she's just what the doctor ordered. Netta goes to work on him in a very thorough fashion, for she recognizes that he can help her get where she wants to go. In a month's time the concerto lies in a corner, dusty and forgotten, while George writes popular tunes for Netta. She uses him as a stepping stone to fame, and, incidentally, to marriage with a well-known producer. George's blank periods begin to come back, this time in a more sinister form. Gradually it becomes plain that murder accompanies them. The climax is inevitable—and terrifying!—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Take one homicidal maniac roaming the foggy London streets at night, a cheap music hall singer with ambition, add murder, arson, excitement, suspense and terror, and you have "Hangover Square." . . . When producer Robert Bassler decided to put this story on celluloid, he chose Barre Lyndon to make the screen adaptation because Lyndon is a born Londoner who has written half a dozen best selling mystery novels . . . The first big problem was secur-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was a Saturday night, and I was doing a singing engagement at a very popular Detroit night club. The floor show had just begun when I received a phone call from New York City informing me that my two-year-old

son, Billy, was dying of pneumonia and imploring me to hurry to his bedside.

As I hung up, the musical cue for my number, "Mighty Lak A Rose," sounded. The lights dimmed, the spot focused, and I stumbled out on the floor. With an effort, I picked up the melody and began singing. Suddenly, a lump came into my throat, I gulped—tried to go on, and couldn't. The orchestra was still playing.

Then from the half-darkened audience, came a girl's voice, singing my song. The spotlight swept from me to the voice and focussed upon a very pretty young lady. I stood dumbfounded. It wasn't until she'd finished that song, as well as five encores, that I recognized her.

I escorted her back to her table and thanked her for helping me. She acknowledged my appreciation by quipping, "I thought perhaps you'd seen me and become frightened."

Thanks again, Martha Raye.

William C. Lane, Jr.
Jackson, Michigan

ing an original piano concerto—that music which is an integral part of the story. It had to be so good it could be played by the finest symphony orchestras without criticism. This assignment was turned over to Bernard Herrmann, composer and musical director for Columbia Broadcasting System. Herrmann spent six weeks writing his "Hangover Square Concerto." It has mood, melody and originality. Studio execs expect it to have, also, a future . . . New photographic effects had to be devised to give audiences some insight into the workings of an insane mind. Joseph LaShelle, A. S. C., new to the industry and one of the most progressive of Hollywood photographers, has used the camera in a revolutionary manner to capture this eeriness. To tell you how might spoil the picture for you. When you see "Hangover Square" at your local movie house, don't let the photography effects escape you . . . Last picture for Laird Cregar before his untimely death. It's a good send-off for the late Mr. Cregar—he's done some of his finest acting in it.

FRISCO SAL

Turhan Bey is just the lad for this colorful, exciting story of the Barbary Coast. As the owner of the garish dive called The First Dollar, he strolls around giving orders to his gang and the eye to Susanna Foster with equal aplomb. Susanna plays Sally, a New England choir singer who comes to San Francisco in search of information on the reported murder of her brother.

Sally has a clue, such as it is. She has heard that he frequented a place which served duck stuffed with orange. This leads her straight to The First Dollar . . . and Dude Perente (Turhan Bey). Sally thinks she'll get a job there and do a little

(Continued on page 18)



Your soft, gentle hands
make memories... like moonlight.

So through these busier-
than-ever days let Trushay
help keep your hands appealing.
Always smooth it on before your
everyday tasks.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea
in hand care. A rich, creamy
heavenly-fragrant lotion...
different from all others.

It guards soft hands, even
in hot, soapy water. See for
yourself... Today.

TRUSHAY

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Lotion



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...Owes its great popularity to its consistent high quality and fine flavor.



Beech-Nut GUM

Until final Victory, you may not always find this delicious gum at your dealer's. Our fighting men are now getting most of it.

Stop!

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New Safer Way Keeps Cuticle
Trim Without Cutting

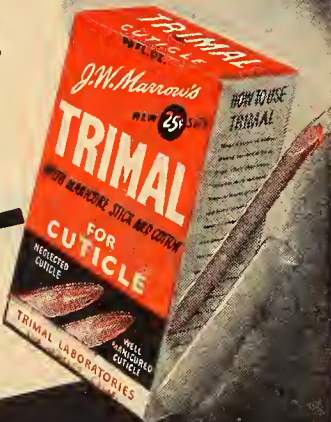
It's often painful, even dangerous to cut cuticle. Be smart! Take a tip from professional manicurists. Use Trimal like they do—with a manicure stick wrapped in cotton. Watch dead cuticle soften—wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted. Ask for the 10c or 25c size now (stick and cotton included) at drug, department or 10c stores. Trimal Laboratories, Los Angeles.

TRIMAL

KEEPS CUTICLE TRIM
WITHOUT CUTTING

NEGLECTED
CUTICLE

WELL-
MANICURED
CUTICLE



Rosalind (Rita Hayworth), and her story starts back before the war. She and Judy (Janet Blair) are rehearsing one day when a young man named Tommy (Marc Platt) comes in looking for a dancer's job. He makes up his steps as he goes along, and the directress doesn't think much of that system. But Rosalind and Judy persuade her to take him on, and by the time the blitz comes, he is their co-star.

There are plenty of nights when the bombing is so heavy that the audience shares the actors' shelter under the stage. It is on one of these nights that Rosalind meets RAF Squadron Leader Paul Lundy (Lee Bowman). He starts an immediate campaign for her affections, but Rosalind thinks he's just another wolf, and he doesn't make much progress. Tommy, however, sees that underneath her casual manner, Rosalind is really falling for Paul, and he is bitterly jealous.

Paul is sent away on a secret mission, and when she doesn't hear from him, Rosalind is so unhappy that she realizes she is in love with him. He comes back safely, with a ten-hour leave in London, and how do you think they spend it? Walking four white horses all through the streets! Honest! You'll have to see the picture to find out the explanation, but you were going to do that anyway, weren't you?—Col.

P. S.

This picture is incidentally notable in that it presents the cinema's first stellar all-redhead dance team, consisting of Rita Hayworth and Marc Platt. The latter is Columbia's recruit from the cast of Broadway's "Oklahoma!" This preponderance of redheads was tough on Janet Blair. In order to avoid a measure of chromatic confusion, Janet had her red hair changed to blond for the period of the shooting schedule. She reverted right back to red again, however, as soon as her performance was concluded. . . . Marc Platt's Hitler dance should do for him what Gene Kelly's "alter ego" routine did for him. Marc can—and does—improvise dancing to anything. To the rhythm of the loom, to anything that comes in on the radio, to Hitler's rantings of the period. The dance is highly acrobatic and wholly original. . . . But with all the dancing there is in this picture, there isn't a tap step in the whole show. The studio figured that everything that could be done with taps had been done. This is different. . . . Look closely at Rita Hayworth's complexion. This time she was made up throughout with the new "one-shot" powder method devised by Clay Campbell. It consists of using assorted face powders of yellow, pink and green tints, singly and in various combinations, ahead of each shot during the day. This enables the subject's complexion to conform more closely to the lighting of each shot than is possible with all day greasepaint. . . . However, Mr. Campbell doesn't recommend his new green powder for street wear!

FLAME OF BARBARY COAST

When a gambling cowboy tries to take over the Barbary Coast just to impress a gorgeous blonde, you're bound to have excitement. Particularly when the cowboy is John Wayne. That lad is six feet five of drawling dynamite. "Flame of Barbary Coast" possesses the added distinction of being one picture where you don't know till the very end which guy is going to get the girl. The girl is Ann Dvorak, and the other man is Joseph Schildkraut, who turns in an exceptionally smooth performance as Tito Morell.

Tito owns El Dorado, the fanciest gam-

bling house on the Barbary Coast. This enables him to keep his star singer, Flaxen (Ann Dvorak), up to her ears in diamonds. Flaxen is no girl for a poor man, and Duke (John Wayne), the cowboy from Montana who falls in love with her, realizes it. After Tito cleans him out at stud poker, he goes back to Montana, sells his ranch and starts taking gambling lessons from an old card sharp (William Frawley). Then he goes back to the Coast, ready for action.

A man as powerful as Tito could, of course, get rid of Duke easily if he wanted to use force. But Tito is a suave, charming man with a sense of humor. He likes Duke—he just wishes he didn't have this unfortunate yen for Flaxen. Because Tito wants it definitely understood that Flaxen is his property. Duke has learned a lot since his last trip to the Coast, and he systematically takes over the professional gamblers until he has gotten enough money to build a de luxe gambling house called The Silver Dollar. He tries to persuade Flaxen to come and star in the floor show, but she refuses until one day when Tito quarrels with her. Then she goes to Duke to make him jealous.

So there she is on the opening night of Duke's spectacular show. Lovely, desirable and in love with Tito. But that night the earthquake strikes San Francisco, and when it's over, the whole situation is changed. The climax is dramatic, and I think you'll be happy over the outcome of the love story. By the way, there's a particularly ingratiating tune in the picture called "Here Is My Heart." I'm still humming it.—Rep.

P. S.

This is the first picture for Dvorak since her return from London where she has been ambulance driving for more than two years. . . . Wayne, just back from a tour of the South Pacific where he was constantly under fire, said he far preferred the danger from the Japs to the dangers around the set during the earthquake scenes. Some of the highest paid prop and stunt men in the business were hired for these sequences. The walls and ceilings had to be destroyed on split second timing to avoid serious injury to the players. . . . Larry Ceballos, who directed the dances, studied dancing of the 1906 period for weeks before he started rehearsals with his company. He was determined they should be authentic. . . . Joe Schildkraut returns to the screen in this one. Joe plans to alternate between the movies and Broadway. He will do one picture a year for Republic, then train back to New York for the remainder of the season. . . . Arlyn Roberts was hired as an extra for the picture. When studio bosses saw the rushes, they signed her to a long-term contract. . . . Much credit for this picture should go to Walter Schraf (Academy Award winning musical director) for his background music. Much of the authenticity is given the film by the old favorites which Mr. Schraf dug out of an old trunk in the Republic attic, dusted off and worked into a catchy tune.

FREE PICTURES!

Here's something for you swooners—a chance to get a picture of your favorite—and for FREE! Yup, we've got 2500 pix of Messers Sinatra, McCallister and Johnson, plus Misses Crain and Allyson. Whip over to page 22 and see how you can get one.

SONJA HENIE, STAR OF THE INTERNATIONAL PICTURE "IT'S A PLEASURE!"

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SONJA HENIE
A complete skating performance includes many spins and jumps...I only wish they were half as simple to master as my complete beauty treatment—which I get in just one cream! It's Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!

Sonja Henie



Yes, one cream to do all that cleansing or cold cream can do—and much more!

Thrill to its *cleansing* power, to the miraculous new *softness, smoothness* of your skin! Use it as a *powder base* to look especially special. It works in the night against dryness like a charm! And only Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Use Woodbury! Watch your happyskin (and man) respond! 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.

**Woodbury
Complete Beauty
Cream**

... it's all you need!



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!

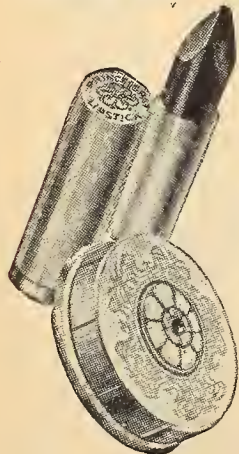
LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you *are*!

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 > painting 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—

Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

\$1, 25c, 10c

PRINCESS PAT

FREE PORTRAIT!

Did you read our Editorial on page 29? If you haven't, better skip over to it right now! As Al Delacorte says, we're having this fashion survey for you 'specially. We want to help you find just the kind of clothes you crave, as well as give you the complete dope on what's new every month and help you out personally with your clothes problems via our Fashion Department. But first we have to know what sort of things you like and wear. And to show you how really important this is to us, we've got a supply of **2500** pictures of your favorite stars to send you for FREE! Yes, we've got glossies of Frankie, Van Johnson, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain and June Allyson to send you. All you have to do is fill out the following Questionnaire and mail it off to us not later than the 20th of February, but hurry, 'cause the pix won't last long.

questionnaire

How many skirts did you buy last year?.....

Sweaters? Suits?

Blouses? Coats?

Dresses? Evening dresses?.....

What is the most you would pay for a dress?..... The least?.....

The amount you usually spend?.....

Do you ever make your own dresses?..... Sweaters?.....

How many hats do you have?.....

What is the most you would spend for a hat?..... The least?.....

The amount you usually spend?.....

Which of the following would you wear on a date? (check one)

skirt and sweater..... pastel wool.....

black crepe.....

Which of the following would you wear to school? (check one)

slacks..... wool suit.....

skirt and sweater..... silk dress.....

Which of the following would you wear to the office? (check one)

tweed suit..... tailored dress.....

silk dress.....

Which of the following would you wear to to an evening party? (check one)

bouffant evening dress..... slick, sophisticated evening dress.....

short evening dress.....

What kind of coat or coats do you have? Fur..... Cloth.....

Sport..... Cloth with fur trim..... Imitation fur.....

What is the most you would spend for a coat?..... The least?.....

The amount you usually spend?.....

Do you buy or read any fashion magazines? (If so, name the mag or mags)

.....

.....

.....

Which one of the following stars' pictures would you like us to send you (Check ONE ONLY)

Frank Sinatra ☐

Van Johnson ☐

Lon McCallister ☐

Jeanne Crain ☐

June Allyson ☐

My name is..... Age.....

My address is..... City..... Zone..... State.....

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

IF YOU "HATE EXERCISE" AND "LOVE TO EAT"— Here's a New *Lazy-Way* to REDUCE —Quickly and Safely

10-Day Miracle Diet—Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days!—and Still Eat 3 Delicious, Satisfying Meals a Day; Not Do a Bit of Extra Exercise!



PARTIAL CONTENTS Showing HOW This Book Takes Off the Pounds and the Bulges

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets. How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce you rapidly or gradually, as you wish.

Exercise Is a Practical Joker. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce.

No Drugs, No Sweat, No Charge. Why you can ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting etc.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. "Galloping calories" that slim you faster.

II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control—with some surprises!

Cocktail Calories. The strange role of alcohol in building fat.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

How Proteins Help You Get Slim. Reducing without hunger or sacrificing vitality.

The Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your calorie quota whether you're a housewife, war plant worker, stenographer, etc.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe, easy way to lose a pound a day for 10 days. Daily menus.

Heartier Diets. 3 daily diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods you like better. 2 "STAY Slim" diets.

The Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safe—

guards that make speedy weight reduction safe.

Two - Minute Calorie-Counting Table. At-a-glance chart showing kinds of calories in 26 meat dishes, 4 kinds of milk, 13 fish, 10 cheese and egg servings, 41 vegetables, 29 fruits, 19 breads, cereals, 16 pies, pastries, 17 fats, sugars, syrups, 7 nuts, 11 soups, 18 "little things", 15 beverages.

Eat as Often as You Want. Exploding the no-food-between-meals myth and the nothing-but-coffee-breakfast error.

IV. YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

You Needn't Pay Extra for Vitamins. How to get all you need from foods alone.

Your Daily Vitamin Needs. Complete table showing units of A, B1, C, G, D needed for Adults, Adolescents, Children,

Infants, Pregnant Women.

Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods in handy chart.

Cook Them Kindly. 9 simple rules to preserve vitamins in preparing foods.

V. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM AND—YES, REALLY—SEX APPEAL

No Pep, No Joy, No Friends. Is this you? How you can remedy it—at the dinner table!

Gray Hair, Baldness and the Diet. What science has learned about diet effects on hair.

Skin You Love to Touch. How Vitamin A and other elements promote clear, beautiful skin.

Teeth You Love to Brush. Food, for healthy teeth.

Diet Cure for Constipation. "Scare" warnings vs. truth.

VI. EATING FOR "OOMPH"

Food and Glamour. Relation of what you eat to personal appearance, vitality, sex appeal.

Anemia Wins No Love Prizes. Red-blooded "romance" minerals: how to get them.

YES, it's true—this new 10-Day MIRACLE DIET—thanks to latest discoveries in weight control! Now—WHETHER A MAN OR A WOMAN—you can lose 10 pounds in 10 days, 30 pounds or more within 3 months—comfortably, pleasantly, healthfully. WITHOUT strenuous, difficult exercises. WITHOUT dangerous pills or drugs. WITHOUT sweating in steam baths or spending money for massages. WITHOUT suffering the dizziness, nausea, and torture of self-imposed starvation!

You'll eat three delicious, fully-satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast. You'll be allowed to "snack" between meals. This new scientific lazy-way—described in the fascinating book, "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim," by Donald G. Cooley—brings you a slimmer, more attractive figure, and also greater health and beauty! Your skin becomes smoother, clearer . . . your hair softer, more lustrous . . . your eyes more sparkling. You have more energy, pep, get-up-and-go.

What Is This Amazing Secret?

The whole secret lies in your food—not just how much, but also *which kinds*. And it isn't (as you may have imagined) merely a matter of "calories." It's the *kind* of calories that makes the difference! Some foods are high in fat-producing calories. Others are high in energy-producing calories. If you merely cut down the *amount* of food—without being sure to get more *energy-calories* than fat-calories—you don't lose weight at all. Your body simply "slows down"—and continues to store fat!

Many people think they know about calories. But *do* they? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY-calories. Yet the total number of calories in each is roughly the same!

What This Book Can Do For You

Mr. Cooley's book shows you, quickly and clearly, how to apply this simple principle of selecting *energy-calories* instead of *fat-calories*. It gives you a "10-Day Miracle Diet" by which you lose a pound a day for 10 days; a diet for losing 10 pounds in 30 days; a "tapering off" diet for losing 8½ pounds in 30 days; and a "Stay-Slim" diet, so that when you reach the right weight, you STAY there.

You don't have to adhere rigidly to these diets, either. The book's Substitution Table gives you dozens of meats, and other foods you may eat instead. The partial contents, on this page, suggests only a *few* of the ways this book goes about improving your figure, health, appearance, and general disposition.

What This Book is Doing for Others

"Lost the specified 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than in years."—Wisconsin.
"My sister is very short, weighed 196. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier."—Michigan.

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—California
"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—Massachusetts.

"Lost 35 lbs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book."—West Virginia.

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to examine this book FREE. No money need be sent now. "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper) will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it 5 days. If, even in that short time, you are NOT convinced it offers you the quick, safe, lazy-way to reduce—return it without obligation. Otherwise, keep it for only \$2.00, plus few cents postage.

A body that is slim, healthy, and *alive* will win admiration the rest of your life. Take the first step toward lovely, alluring slenderness now. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R353, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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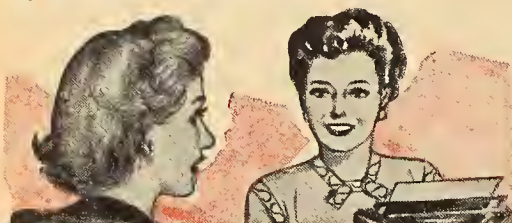
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As I read his letter over and over, I could almost *hear* Jim say, "Your lovely hair won my heart the first day I met you."



And yet, a short time ago my hair was duller than any girl's in the office. Then one day I heard them talking about Nestle Colorinse. "I use it after *every* shampoo," one of them said. "Why Colorinse has made my hair really *glow* with richer color and sparkling highlights. Made it silkier, too, and gave it a soft, lustrous sheen."

Would Colorinse do that for *my* hair?, I wondered. That very night I tried it and—



What a breath-taking difference in my hair! Jim says though he's thousands of miles away he'll never forget its loveliness. Why don't you let Nestle Colorinse make your hair more glamorous, too?

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Nestle HAIRLAC

MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

Something new has been added. Pictures new and old, questions simple and bold, a chance to test your memory and sharpen your wits. Pick the correct answer from the four listed under each pic, giving yourself one point for each. You're a genius if you score between 9-12. So-So if you hit between 6-9 and Pffft below 6. (Answers on page 94.)



1. Umbriago's pal keeps yelling:

- a. "I want to be alone."
- b. "Come up 'n' see me sometimes . . ."
- c. "Everybody wants to get into the act!"
- d. "My little chicka-dee."



3. The Captain's given his heart and his name to:

- a. Annie Sheridan
- b. Phyllis Thaxter
- c. Belita
- d. Jane Wyman



5. She's wed to a "Young Man With a Horn":

- a. Betty Grable
- b. Lana Turner
- c. Marlene Dietrich
- d. Ida Lupino



7. Lassie emotes for:

- a. \$125.00 per week
- b. Love of the theater
- c. Unlimited quantities of bones
- d. Gratis



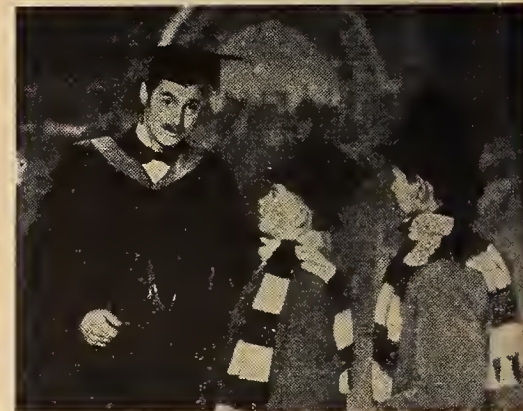
2. His ex-wife used to be known as Phyllis Isley, now she's:

- a. Laraine Day
- b. Dolores Moran
- c. Jennifer Jones
- d. Cheryl Crawford



4. Norma thrilled the world as the 14-year-old:

- a. Marie Antoinette
- b. Irina
- c. Elizabeth Brown- ing
- d. Juliet



6. He won his Oscar in 1940 for playing:

- a. Mr. Pitt
- b. Mr. Chips
- c. Count of Monte Cristo
- d. The Ghost Who Went West



8. Melvyn Douglas' wife is a:

- a. Housewife
- b. D.A.R.
- c. Congresswoman
- d. Vegetarian

It's easy to make up

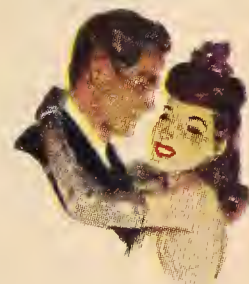
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★ *It creates a lovely new complexion*



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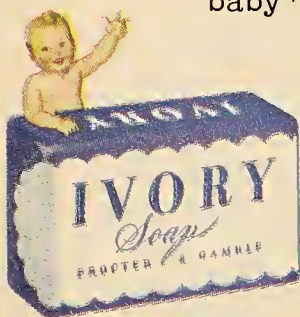


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Start today to get that Ivory Look—a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion.

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That's all! You can't buy a purer soap than mild Ivory. It's the sure way to a prettier complexion. Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. And more doctors advise it than all other brands put together!



More doctors advise Ivory

than all other brands put together ...99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% Pure...It Floats

Urgent request from Uncle Sam: Help conserve vital war materials used in making soap.
Don't waste Ivory—make every cake do extra work.



TO OUR READERS...

■ Will one of you girls step up and go through my pockets? I want you all to be sure that I have none of my usual bum jokes or puns concealed about my person.

You see, this month I am in deadly earnest, because I am talking about the woman I love (one of them, anyway)—Jean Kinhead.

If you read Jean's Co-Ed (p. 6) regularly, you know a great deal about her. You know she loves people. You know, too, that she approaches your problems with a happy combination of common sense, sympathy and humor.

But you may *not* know that Jean has a husband in the Pacific; a curly-headed little son named Layng, of all things; a black dog; a big house to run; and that the Kinhead byline appears regularly in Charm, Vogue, Cosmopolitan and Colliers! (Common sense, humor, sympathy! Jean needs a full measure of all three!)

Anyway, that's your girl-friend. That's the wonderful person who last month took over Marge Bailey's fashion pages in MODERN SCREEN. And if I say so myself, something new has been added.

Yes, for a change, Jean doesn't give a hoot in hell what the Duchess of Windsor wore to the opera. For a change, her sole interest is you, (*Continued on page 108*)

Executive Editor

The Haymes are just folks—spaghetti dinners on the library floor, rescuing jr. from the medicine chest, housebreaking purps.



The Hoymes boast the Roy Rogers and Lou Costellos as neighbors, the Jack Catsons as pals. Joanne's hoping Dick'll outgrow habit of forever touring apt. shutting doors, panning his own shows.



Baby Helen yawns when Dad yodels, croons in ecstasy over Crosby. A model hubby, Dick's a whiz at recalling onniversons, etc., but drives Joanne nuts using neckties as belts, losing sleep in all-night poker sessions.



Almost a pro, Dick perfected his fishing technique in Canada where he studied to be a Jesuit, can't bear thought of hunting. Admits dab of cologne or midday perks him up till eve.



Dick's huge steak yen has to be satisfied in eateries—wife lost their rotion books! Phone him and either Joanne or his manager onswers—he becomes speechless at phone! Catch his next pic, "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe."



Originally weighing 125, 105-pound Joanne loses weight with each baby, attends ballet class for mothers to tighten muscles. When son Skipper started talking, he aped the weird jabber Mom uses for kids, now has trouble recognizing real English!

■ Hang a harvest moon low in the West to indicate the tender hours after midnight. Turn your calendar back to September, 1941. Seat a boy and a girl in a car discussing their future.

Said the girl, "I've worked fairly hard to get started on as much of a career as I have. I want to go on with it after I'm married. Would you mind?"

Said the boy, "I'll say I wouldn't mind. I *believe* in careers for girls, married or single." Yes, that's what he said, but Dick Haymes confessed to Joanne about two years later that he hadn't really meant his answer as she understood it. He believed in a career for wives, definitely, but the career was motherhood.

And so in September they were married and moved joyously into their apartment. It had been an unfurnished apartment, and it remained one-third that way. Dick's mother supplied the newlyweds with a set of dishes, a table and chairs for the dinette. She furnished the (Continued on following page)



LIFE WITH MOTHER

BY
CYNTHIA
MILLER

Mom never exactly
puts the clamps on, she just
looks. And Shirley knows
when she's licked.

Shirley overages 8 in high school; gets A's between pics. Subjects include biology, chemistry, history, Eng. lit. and French. Wants to study science at college for 2 years.



Claims sapphire ring, diamond watch come from "people." Geo. Cukor, adding scenes to "I'll Be Seeing You," napped while waiting 2 hours for her to finish school!



Gets most of her exercise from bicycling and tennis. Made "gold teams" in badminton, baseball and basketball in school. Koty, the maid, prepares cream cheese and jam sandwiches for her lunch.



Midnight's deadline for dates—earlier during school nights. Swains average between 18 and 20, with exception of one "older man" of 22. Expects to marry at 20, have kids pronto. Will continue career only if hubby consents.



Reads all best sellers and subscribes to Book of the Month Club. She loves noisy radio serials which come on around dinner time, so takes meal in her own room to avoid disturbing family. Doesn't jitterbug, but adores J. Dorsey.

Shirley Temple was a tired girl; she and her parents and a publicity man had been working their way back from the East after the opening of "Since You Went Away." They were attending Bond rallies, giving interviews, posing for photographers, making themselves charming in the manner demanded by fans, buyers of Bonds, etc., etc. But one evening, in a mid-west city, Shirley and her mother faced each other. "I'm exhausted," said Shirley.

Mrs. Temple was too tired to speak. She just looked. Then she went to the telephone. After protracted conversation she came back with The Word. She and Shirley could catch a late train to Chicago that afternoon, but there was space for only two. Mr. Temple and the rest of the party would then have to catch a later conveyance. (Continued on page 113)

by Hedda Hopper

"I OUGHT TO BOX HIS



One of life's most embarrassing moments came on "Royal Scandal" set when 75 visiting Marines spied Bill in Hussar's uniform, let go with whistles, catcalls. Above, with Taloo Bankhead.

■ We call him the Brash Brat. In affection, let me hasten to add, before you readers come gunning for me. Tallulah Bankhead started it, and I pretty soon saw what she meant.

"That Brash Brat'll be a star when 'A Royal Scandal' comes out!"

"Who's the Brash Brat?"

"Bill Eythe, of course. But don't get me wrong, Hedda. I adore the so-and-so—"

So I ran the item in my column; that, according to Taloo, Eythe was headed for stardom.

Next day he called. "Hi, honey! Thanks for the blossoms."

Hi, honey! And he younger than my own son! Was I sore? Are you kidding? I loved him for it.

The guy has an undeniable way with him. Lubitsch produced "A Royal Scandal," and Lubitsch, Lord knows, is no sentimentalist. But one day he stopped Bill on the set.

"Are you an orphan?"

"God forbid. Why?"

"If you were, I'd adopt you." From then on, he was Pops to Bill.

Here's the topper, though. Taloo gave a party. Bill hates big shindigs, but he went. So did Garbo. As a kid he'd seen her in "Romance" and never got over it. They were introduced. He stood like a moonstruck calf and couldn't say boo. I felt like yelling, "Hi, honey!" [hope I got credit in heaven for keeping my trap shut].

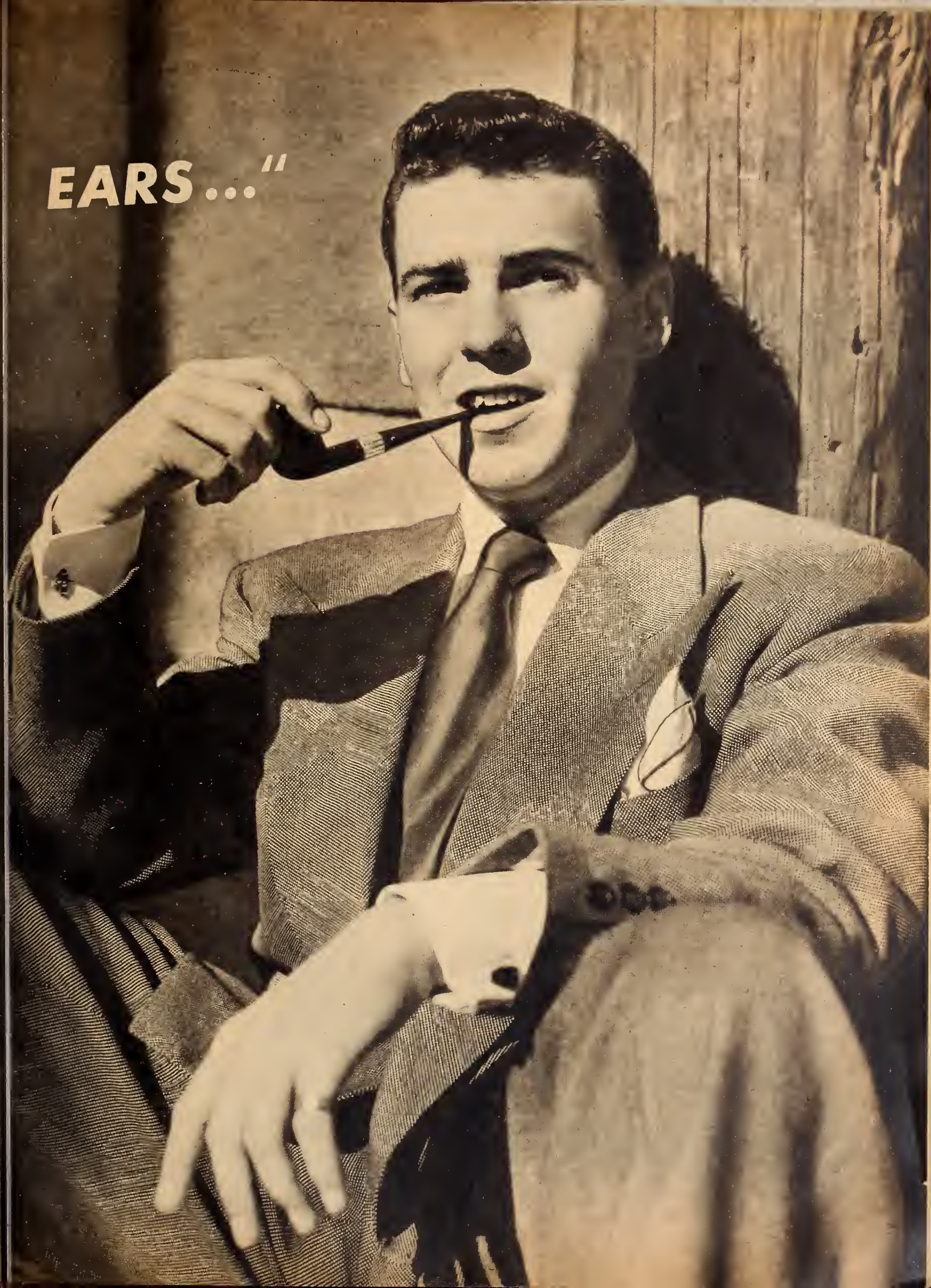
"What do you do?" she asked.

"Glug—'manactor—"

"Where do you work?" (Continued on page 101)

That Bill Eythe! Tells lies to his very own milkman and has
the brass to "honey" Hedda Hopper . . . and make her love it!

EARS..."



By George Benjamin



In Honolulu, she spotted sailor from home town, Detroit, promptly kissed him. When 3 Marine sergeants bragged they could date her, their company took them up on it. Invalided home, they phoned her, got date!



Winging in by Army plane to do first big show on Saipan was one of biggest thrills of 8-week tour. Took off on trip immediately after finishing "Here Come the Waves."

After one week's rest from trek, Betty started new picture at Por. Sister Marian came out to spend Christmas with her and Mom, making it first time in 7 years the whole family's been together at Yuletide.

The Marines

laundered her undies; a

couple thousand GI's

kissed her lipstick off; a Jap

sniper took a potshot . . .



HUTTON OR NUTTIN'!

■ High in the sky over the glassy Mid-Pacific a giant C-54 droned lazily along. Flights of roaring escort fighters with stars on their wings swooped across its nose and darted behind the tail, and inside the cabin a wide-eyed blonde girl you'd know anywhere perched in the co-pilot's seat. Her slightly snubby nose swung around in all directions, and her big blue eyes kept their shutters wide-open. She wasn't missing a trick.

Miles down below, a funny-shaped island ringed with white surf passed under the wings.

"What's that?" asked the girl.

"Rota," said the pilot.

"Do we land there?"

He grinned. "Not exactly. That's Jap."

"Oh, look!" she cried. "Look at those cute little clouds!" The pilot didn't even turn his head.

"Those aren't clouds," he chuckled. "They're Jap

shells. Ack-ack. Flak. It comes from guns—"

"Whoopee!" cried the girl excitedly. "Who are they shooting at?"

The fellow with the wings gave her a funny look.

"Us," he said.

Maybe if Hirohito's trigger-happy henchmen had guessed that Betty Hutton of Hollywood was inside that C-54, winging her way around the scrappy, Jappy Mid-Pacific island battlefields to tote some home-made feminine fun and frolic to sweating, slugging GI Joes, they'd have turned on the heat and shot the whole Rota ammunition dump at that particular plane. A direct hit would have made a swell item for Tokyo Rose to bleat about over the radio, all right, besides providing a distinctly new experience for the step-sons of Heaven to have Hutton come tumbling down out of the blue, yelling like all get-out. *(Continued on page 36)*



Rest of troupe (Arthur Herbert, Tito Guidotti, Vo. Corroll, Geo. Costo) envied mileage of Betty's short snorter. Unscrothched after 50,000-mile trek, she promptly jommed orm thru cor window!



Notives of Mojuro brought gifts to Virginio Corrol ond Betty when they londed on island. Betty's current crop of romonces include Honk Dunhom, Lolo Lone's ex-groom, Arturo de Cordovo, Eddie Norris.

By Kirtley Baskette

*That blissful
Grable-James marriage
can't last...
for at least more than
a lifetime!*



Jameses will celebrate Vicky's first birthday March 4th. Betty's found crockerjock nurse, and studio cooperates by providing nurse's stand-in, giving Grable doys off to care for the bobo.

a High kick and A hot

■ Smack in the middle of a bitter front-line battle in France recently, a Nazi bomb screamed down on a group of Yanks huddled in a slit-trench. It exploded too close for comfort, with a wicked "C-a-r-r-u-m-p-h!" and the results were tragic.

Not one of the dozen doughboys was even scratched. But Betty Grable got both legs blown off.

Betty discovered her wounds away back in Hollywood, when she stared at the powder-burned top half of her terrific torso and her famous face, still grinning gaily over her bathing suit in a certain Pettyesque pose that has won Betty fame wherever Yankee soldiers fight. It arrived with a letter from the bombed squad skipper telling Betty the sad fate of their cherished pin-up and ending with this urgent plea—

"Please rush our gang another picture, will you, Pal—a whole one? Because, what good is Grable without legs?"

Betty hustled off the replacement picture right away, you can bet, properly autographed to the



Betty wanted to sell Calif. house and follow Harry on tour this winter, but MD nixed plans. Meonwhile, transcontinental phone calls burn wires. She, mother and Vicky will join him in New York come June.

LICK

a High Kick and A hot Lick

gusty gang, and thrilled to the toes herself with her Purple Heart souvenir pin-up. But she sighed a little wistfully to note that her GI tribute also carried the popular (and certainly inadequate) estimate of Miss Betty Grable—"What's Grable without her legs?"

Of course, ten million GI's can't be wrong, and with thousands of Grable leg-art nifties circulated throughout Uncle Sam's hosts to make life less dreary for hard fighting Joes, far be it from us to cast asparagus at their conclusions after careful study. Furthermore, it would be downright silly to state that those glorious Grable gambas and dreamy body design have had nothing to do with making Betty Darryl Zanuck's box-office empress. In fact, if there is a modern Hollywood Venus, it's Mrs. Grable's little girl, Elizabeth—or else all weights and measures and camera impressions lie—and you'd better wire your Congressman.

But if you think Betty Grable is simply a decked out blonde baby doll who can sing and dance and act a little—a walking Petty girl pin-up with nothing but luscious looks on the ball—then you've got another think coming. Because there's plenty more to Betty than just lovely legs. Yes, indeed!

There's the Betty, for instance, who came out of an anaesthetic fog the morning after the Academy Awards—and the evening after the greatest performance of her life which had almost cost her that life—who learned both news flashes at the same time in her hospital bed and cracked spunkily but sincerely, "I'd rather have what I've got than what Jennifer Jones got!" There's the Betty who dashes home every noon hour and often skips lunch to have a precious ten minutes with that baby. There's a Grable who breaks her beauty rest every night at three A.M. to cheer up her lonesome husband, Harry James, when he phones after winding up his work at midnight back East. There's a Betty who worries more about her mother's (Continued on page 79)



After role in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe" (with Phil Silvers and Wm. Gaxton, above), Betty threatens to retire and stay home with Harry. Says she's blissful and doesn't want anything to happen to marriage.



Jameses want to farm, will sell Beverly Hills mansion with pool as soon as they find the house and barn of their dreams. When Harry makes recordings, Betty silently sits by for 5 or 6 hours listening and applauding.



Dick Haymes is leading man in "Horseshoe." OWI floored Fox by requesting info on Grable. Seems they're showing her pics in Europe where she's unknown! She's turned songwriter, and Harry will feature her first tune.



When Spence Tracy heard that Harry's fan mail was exceeding Gable's, he muttered, "Gosh, have I got to learn how to blow one of those things?" Betty's mourning loss of 13-year-old dog who came to H'wood with her.





ALBERT
GUS
something for the boys
BILL OTTO
HENRY

■ Are you surprised! Finding these two glorious portraits of Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck! And without even asking for them! But y'know, for four years now, *you've* been voting for the stars you like—and the MODERN SCREEN gang *does* have favorites! So just this once, can we play, too? P.S. Just for the record, here's how the office poll worked out: Al, Henry, Bill, Gus and Otto breathed one name in unison—Ingrid. Annette, Ann, Mickey, Sylvia and Kay—being women—did a little hair-pulling before *their* verdict came in. But all's well once more and we hereby quote:



Said the boys—"We love Ingrid for her shine and her joy and the stardust in her eyes. For the way she holds herself and her walk that is the walk of a queen and the unbelievable heart-timbre of her voice and the truth she can create out of make-believe."

Said the girls—"We choose Gregory Peck for his sincerity and his gentle passion and the huge promise he showed in 'Days Of Glory' and 'Keys Of The Kingdom.' In Gregory, there's no doubt that 1945 brought forth with it another star from the East. . . ."

something for the girls

MICKEY

SYLVIA

ANNETTE

ANN

KAY

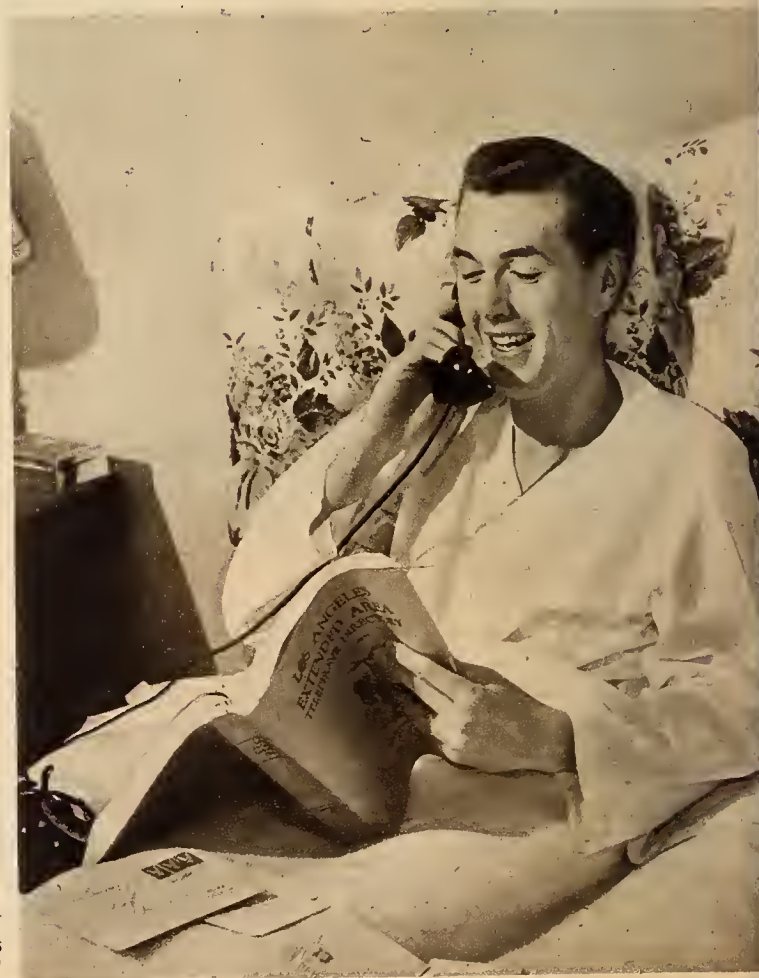
By Jeanne Karr



Juanita ("She's a jewel!") comes by the day, is teaching Mrs. H. cookery. Big job's guarding Bob's collection of miniatures and sentimental discs, also his Ma's cookies—from Natalie!



Bob didn't meet his pa-in-law, a Col., until 1 hour before wedding ceremony where Usher Cary Grant (a distant cousin of Bob's) caused a riot among femme guests. (Reliable sources report that the Hutton tie-up is going Pfft.)



Bob's a "thriller" reader unable to convert his "brainy" wife. They've just rented 5 room apt. from agent who *hates* actors, have to borrow Natalie's Ma's servants to polish wedding silver. He's smooth in "Roughly Speaking."

Timid Soul

***He registered passion at \$7.50 an hour, doused
a drunk who annoyed him. Timid? Bob Hutton?***

■ The lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria was crowded, as usual. People rushed back and forth, wearing anxious expressions New Yorkers seem to get. By the elevators stood a handsome young man, also wearing an anxious expression, although he wasn't a New Yorker. His knees, if anyone had noticed, were shaking slightly.

"Miss Davis will be along any minute now," the dapper hotel manager beside him announced. "You say you know her well?"

"Uh—no. Not well. We—uh—we just made a picture together."

"I see. You played the lead opposite Miss Davis?"

"No—uh—no. It's kind of an unusual picture. Nobody exactly plays the lead." The tall young man laughed hollowly.

The manager's eyebrows rose. He surveyed the young man with the dawning light of suspicion in his eyes. A small crowd had gathered to see Miss Davis, and they also stared. It seemed to the young man that they, too, regarded him with suspicion. He swallowed audibly. What had ever made him say he knew Bette Davis? He *did* know her, sure, but maybe she wouldn't remember him. Just because you'd worked in a picture with a star didn't mean she would recognize you in New York. Maybe he'd better get to his room right now before she showed up.

But it was too late. The little crowd surged forward, and there she was. The manager spoke to her and she smiled politely. Someone asked for her autograph, and she turned to give it. She glanced at the handsome young man and suddenly smiled.

"Why, Bob Hutton! How nice to see you here. I haven't had (Continued on page 96)



Bob's mum about source of 2 packs of ciggies per day, afraid he'll create a stampede! Though Huttons have a budget, fun and \$1.00 fireplace logs throw it off. But poker sessions lasting till 3 a.m. help make up difference!



1. At Bloir Gen. Hospital, Nurse Byrd (Almo Kruger), Dr. Gillespie (L. Borrymore) and Dr. Lee (Keye Luke) gong up on over-worked Dr. "Red" Adams (Von Johnson), orrange night out.



2. Girl in the cose, Ruth (Morilyn Maxwell), is in cohoots with Dr. Gillespie and greets Red at oppointed night club. She's in love with him, but her proposol is turned down cold because he thinks she hos too much money.



4. Previously when m.c. Tobey (Keehon Wynn) ouctioned off show-girls' kisses to highest Bond bidders, Ruth offered hundred grond if Red would kiss her. Of necessity he complied, found it good!



5. Back at hospital, Red talks Edno out of her psychiotric cose of self-induced storvation. When hospital telephone operator, Solly (Morie Bloke), is suddenly stricken at switchboard, she insists Red perform serious operation.

STORY It was a very exclusive night club, which meant that the headwaiter spoke fluent French and wore a small dark mustache that looked painted on. Just now his head was cocked quizzically to one side as he looked at the tall, young man who had handed him a reservation card: "Dr. Adams? Of course. This way." Then with elaborate courtesy he led young Adams down past a small curtained alcove. A girl stepped out of the alcove, linked her arms through

Adams', murmured, "Thank you, Pierre," to the headwaiter and smiled brilliantly at no one in particular.

"Hello, Red," she said.

"No," Red Adams said. "No! I fell for it again."

"You did," she said pleasantly.

"Gillespie set you up to it?"

"He did."

"I see it all now. Gillespie harping on the fact that I was working too hard. That (Continued on page 127)

PRODUCTION Dr. "Red" Adams is one of Van's favorite people. He thoroughly enjoys portraying the young assistant to Dr. Gillespie and confesses a desire to really be a doctor. Millions of motion picture fans are extremely thankful that Van didn't choose medicine as a career. Van has a certain charm on the screen, a special talent for being the boy next door with the banged up Ford, that puts his feminine audience right into the story with him. Every woman who



3. During evening, one of chorus girls, Edna (Gloria DeHaven) collapses backstage, and Red is called in on case. Illness is serious, and he leaves to accompany patient to hospital in ambulance.



6. After hours of touch and go with Nurse Byrd and Red keeping vigil, Sally pulls through. When Ruth rebels at his neglect, he admits love, and she realizes hers will be the cross of a doctor's wife.

saw "Thirty Seconds Over Tokio" was Mrs. Ted Lawson for about two hours. Every woman who sees "Between Two Women" will be a Dr. Adams patient or an assisting nurse. . . . Every time a studio films a "series" picture (a picture done with the same cast and based on the same characters as its predecessor), everyone on the lot from prop boy to set designer fights for the chance to help film it. Because the actors are familiar with (Continued on page 95)

“BETWEEN TWO WOMEN”





■ "It's all your fault, Teddy."

June, eight years old, sat on a rock. Teddy, one and a half, looked up at her sadly. She couldn't stand it when Teddy looked sad at her, so she patted the place on the rock beside her. Next minute, the tail was going like mad, and the little red tongue was washing her cheek.

She hugged the breath out of him. "Just the same, you bad boy, it *was* your fault."

June was in disgrace. The principal had said: "I want to see your mother."

"She works in the city. She only comes home for Sunday—"

So Grandma went to see the principal. "I don't understand it," he said. "June's not a bad child, but she's always in trouble. I'm afraid we'll have to suspend her for a week."

When Mother came Saturday night, she said the same thing. "I don't understand it. You're so good with us, Junie. Why can't you be good at school?"

"I am, Mummy. I was good for a long time under the desk, but it wasn't *nice* there. So I asked Teddy—"

"Oh, honey, Teddy wasn't even *there*—"

"I know, but I closed my eyes and saw him. I can always see him when I close my eyes. And I said, is it all right? and his head went yes—" (Continued on following page)

June Allyson

Life meant little things—a dog, a

hurt, a need for love. And happi-

ness always around the corner.



At 13, she was confirmed; at 16, a featured dancer. Her big ambition now's to be a Bergman, utilizes spare time studying drama, singing, dancing, collecting miniature china pigs.

At 2, June weighed 30 pounds—has gained just 68 more in 20 years! She still hasn't outgrown habit of losing things, going on 3-day Chinese food binges!



June goes on book sprees, once splurged \$30. She's holding out on buying home, wants to marry into one, but still sends mother some earnings for rainy day.



She shores o passion for soiling with soon-to-be-divorced Dick Powell. Soys she, "I like him. I hate nightclubs, and with others I always wind up there. But we have fun!" (At Somerset House.)



After this scene in "Music For Millions" with M. O'Brien (who insists June's "the girl I want to look like when I grow up"), June fell through sound stage, had to be sawed out.

June
Allyson

It all happened in sewing class. June was letting her nails grow long, and she stuck her hand out to show them to Dorothy. The teacher said she was passing chewing gum—

"I *wasn't*. I haven't even *got* any gum, so how could I pass it?"

"That'll do, June. Bring your sewing and sit under my desk till the lesson's over."

Under the desk, June sewed and sewed. She didn't mind being punished when she was bad, but this wasn't *fair*, she hadn't done *anything*. Just the same, you didn't buck up against teachers. Even at eight, she knew that. So it never entered her head to try to get even. She just felt so bored under that mean old desk, and here was her needle and there was teacher's leg—

Whenever she knew it was wrong, she'd ask Teddy. Made things cosier that way, with someone to share the blame. She screwed her eyes tight. "Is it all right, Teddy?" He said yes. (Continued on page 132)

She's Engaged to a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force She's Lovely!

HER RING—an upraised center diamond flanked by smaller diamonds on intricate design in gold.



FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced last May

Pretty as a picture—and a complexion so petal-clear you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says, very positively, she keeps it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin needs regular care," she declares. "I love my daily and nightly Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious."

HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND'S

First—she smooths snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—she rinses with more luscious-soft Pond's, plying her white-tipped fingers around nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off. "This double-creaming is important," Frances says, "makes skin extra clean, extra soft."

Use Pond's Frances' way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You'll find it's no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the luxurious, big jar.



SHE'S A DARLING! Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin baby-soft! "I keep it nice with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a grand cream!"



ON HIS FURLONGHS Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the canteen, the Halloran Hospital.



TODAY—many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

She uses Pond's

A few of the
Pond's
Society Beauties

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III
LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS
MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
MRS. JAMES J. CABOT



You're heavenly in

CHEN YU

Cloud silk

MAKE-UP

*A totally new complexion for you—Instantly . .
and wonderful protection for your skin!*

Out of a dream world into yours . . .
the complexion you've hoped for . . . now you
can have it. This important new version
of cake make-up covers your skin with a flattering
veil of cloud silk to produce a lasting
illusion of complete flawlessness. But more!
Chen Yu "Cloud silk" is highly protective too.
It guards your skin . . . helps it to stay lovely for the
years ahead. Choose from nine new shades!

ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC. *Chicago and New York*





COMFORT is your ticket in this grey flannel and plaid suit from Louis Geiger.

Modern

Why look like a frump when

the doorbell catches

you housemaiding? Take the

blight off the chore-

bore by looking cute about it!



CLASSIC gabardine suit by Duchess Royal in melting colors. Blouse by Alice Stuart.

CASUAL Shire-Tex slacks by Davenshire with baby soft Tish-U-Knit sweater. Scarf by Kimball.



By Jean Kinkead and Ann Ward

Screen's Fashion Guide

■ Ever stop to think what a fine line there so often is between work and play? F'rinstance, we die every time we have to get down on our knees and scrub a floor, but we think it's mad, mad fun to break our back and our fingernails over a bowling alley. In muscular output, there's not much difference, but it's the spirit of the thing. Now, *we* have a theory that if people dressed up to work, corralled a chum or two in for moral support, sweeping a rug could be almost as much fun as cutting one.

Lookit. Instead of pushing a vacuum cleaner around wearing some moth-eaten horror and hating every minute of it, do yourself up fancy in a pair of good-looking slacks and a sweater. Comfortable, functional and—this is important when the doorbell rings—ever so eye-catching. Same outfit makes cramming for tests practically gay stuff. Makes running errands for your ma high adventure. And naturally, it's 20-20 for leisure pursuits like hiking and biking and just plain loafing. Best buys we've found are the all-wool gabardine slacks shown on these pages made by Davenshire, who designed the pants Merle Oberon wears in "A Song to Remember." They come in every color and can be had for less than you'd pay for a new hat. The lush classic slipover is a Tish-U-Knit. Expensive-looking as a Bermuda hand-knit, priced for gals on a budget. Colors to drool over.

Twist this wonderful looking, colorful square (comes in the new stole scarf, too) around your hair for neatness with a shot of glamour. They cost so little you'll want to keep a couple on tap. Swell for bridge prizes; sweet little gifts for cherished buddies.

Your man's on leave! You want to ring bells and let the dishes pile sky-high, and the dust likewise. Kind of impractical, that, but you can take the blight off the whole chore-bore by looking cute about it. Wouldn't (Continued on page 141)



CUTE and so easy to make! New knee length short suit. A MODERN SCREEN PATTERN.



Helen Riickert, whose husband is in the American Field Service, is shown in a charming room decorated with Bates' "Daisy" spread that also comes in grey, rose, or green.

A Colorful Room Says "Welcome Home"



There's always an inviting warmth . . . a happy air in a room that glows with color. Especially to a service man who's been living in a dreary, monotone environment. So if you're planning ahead for the return of your husband or son, make his home-coming twice as happy by making your home look twice as bright. It's simple to do with Bates' bedspreads and matching draperies! These beautifully styled ensembles eliminate all the nuisance of scurrying around to match things up. Moreover, they cost only a few dollars and wear for years because they're of sturdy, wrinkle-proof cotton that washes like a dream. If you can't find Bates' spreads the first time . . . try again. We're supplying them as fast as wartime limitations permit.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY 13

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

By Virginia Wilson

Young Tom
Drake started his
theatrical career
on a rigid diet of six
movies a day!



Tam attended Jimmy Stewart's old high school, years later was tagged "another J. S." by discoverer Joe Pasternack! A professional song writer, his latest is "If It's Love," featured in "Janie."

DRAKE TAKES THE CAKE!

■ The road was straight, but the big Cadillac's course was erratic. It went from one side to the other, it went fast and then slow. A farmer in a nearby orchard eyed its approach cynically.

"Some city drunk," he muttered, and then as the car whizzed by, he straightened up and did the double take of all time. The Cadillac's driver was a boy of eleven or so, propped up on cushions so his chin came just over the steering wheel. His brown eyes were focused determinedly on the road. Tom Drake was learning to drive.

Of course, it's usually considered advisable to have an instructor along when you try it first. There are also silly conventions about not taking your family's car till you have a license. Tom had ignored all this nonsense. He had equipped himself with five—count em, five—cushions, and waited till his father and mother and two sisters were out of the way. Then he got in, made a couple of the motions he had seen his father make, and he was off. He was pleased, but not surprised, by the ease with which this was accomplished. It just went to show you how much fuss people made over (Continued on page 75)



As a boy, he sang in a New Rachelle church choir, while his speaking voice, which can be heard in "This Man's Navy," has just been dubbed "sexiest in H'waad." (Entertaining nieces Christopher and Casey.)



Greer Garson

*A Brand-NEW
delightful dimension
is added to
motion picture
entertainment!*



Imagine, for the first time on any screen—Donald Duck and company romping, singing, dancing and especially romancing with live and lovely señoritas *in the same scenes!* It's the kind of "seeing-is-believing" magic only Disney can bring you —and wonderful!

© W. D. P.



**Sixteen
New Hit Tunes**

including:

"THE THREE CABALLEROS"
"YOU BELONG TO MY HEART"
"BAIA"
(by the composer of "Brazil")

WALT DISNEY'S
Full-length Musical Fiesta in Technicolor

See Donald and
Aurora Miranda
dance the torrid
Samba-Jongo
together!

♪ The THREE CABALLEROS ♪

as 'The Three Caballeros'

DONALD DUCK • JOE CARIOCA
Romantic Heartbreaker Jiving Jitterbird

PANCHITO
Mexican Casanova

Released through
RKO RADIO PICTURES

and, in the flesh,

AURORA MIRANDA • DORA LUZ
Brazilian Sangbird Mexico's Sweetheart

CARMEN MOLINA
Dancing Senarita

Louella Parsons's Good News

Johnny Payne and Gloria De Haven wed;

stork stop-overs for Rita Hayworth, Dana

Andrews; letter from Lon McCallister.

Diana Lynn's current No. 1 flame is Sailor Gray Delmor, son of Writer Viño Delmar. Diono, 18, dates Bob Walker, too, denies plans to wed Maj. Bob Livingstone, has written piano concerto.



Back of work film-making in H'wood, with Marine Corps medical discharge, Glenn Ford dropped into MODERN SCREEN office to hello Sylvia, Kay.



A rare party appearance for Bob Hope, here with wife Dolores and Jerry C. Now that Son Tony's 4 and Daughter Linda's 6, they're thinking of adopting an addition. Pop's Radio Hooper rating: No. 1.



Ginger Rogers sympathized with Walt Pidgeon for being named one of most uncooperative stars of '44 by H'wood Women's Press Club. She got same award couple of years ago. Here with Cugat, Johnny Green.



The new Turner hairdo's a "Napoleonic Bob." Supposed to have ringlets in front, a sculptured back. Unfazed by ciggie shortage, she smokes small, red pipe. (With Dick Haymes.)

Johnny Payne and Gloria DeHaven start married life with washing machine, his gift from Chicago radio sponsors. New home boasts redwood mirror bar. John's doing three pix at once.



■ They say men fall in love with the same type each time. Do you believe it?

At least, John Payne ran true to form—for his new mate, Gloria De Haven, is certainly like his ex-wife, Anne Shirley. The girls have the same ingenue charm, lovely figures, and I think they look alike.

I got a kick out of being the first to announce the official engagement of John and Gloria on the air. They are so frank about being in love it is refreshing.

"Yes," Gloria told me when I asked her if she and young Payne were planning to be married, "it's true. We will set the date just as soon as we both get a breather from our studios." And of course, as you know, they didn't even wait for that.

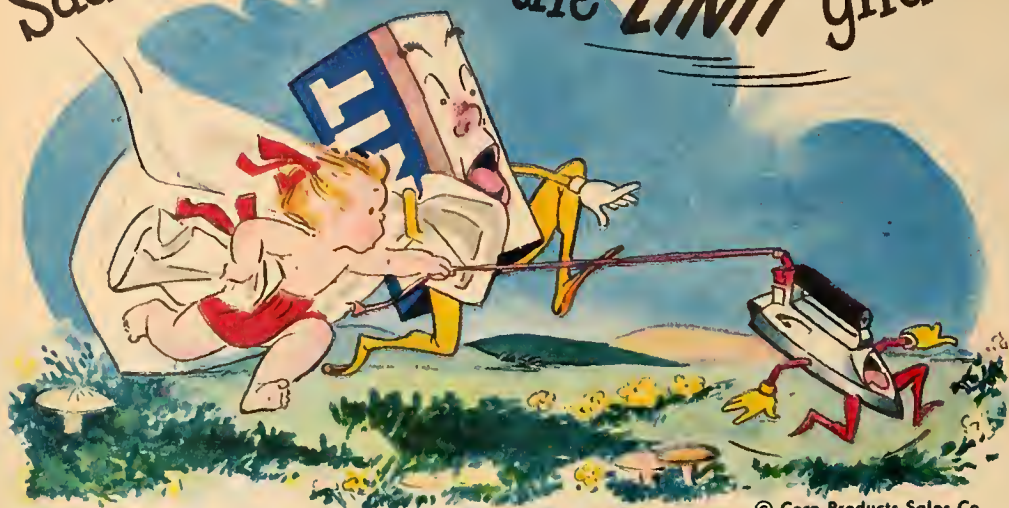
What a relief from some of the stars who hedge and stumble and say, "Perhaps I had better not say anything until I have informed my studio"—etc, etc, etc!

* * *

I hate to argue with the ladies of my own profession, but I just can't see how they hit on Sonja Henie and Walter Pidgeon as last year's "least cooperative" stars.

First off—Sonja doesn't spend much time in Hollywood—so it's hard to see (Continued on following page)

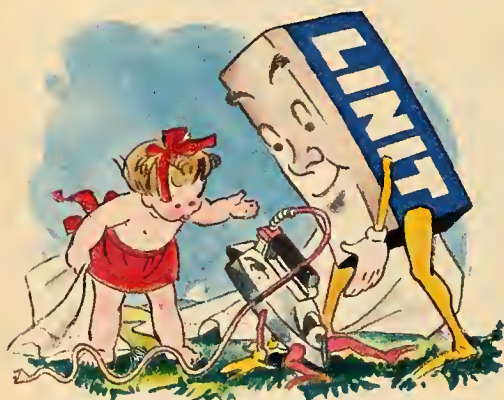
Sad Iron learns the **LINIT** glide!



© Corn Products Sales Co.

"I strike!" hisses Sad Iron, "See if I don't!
Me iron those sheets? I simply won't!
Your pillow-slips can keep their crinkles
Before I'll beauty-treat their wrinkles!"

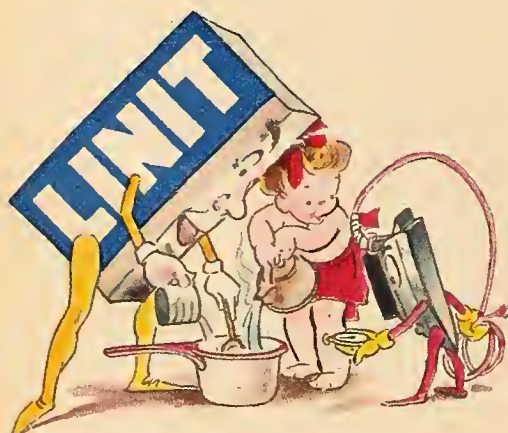
"Come meet Master Linit!" says Miss Sunny Monday,
"a fine, speedy starch who makes washday a fun day!"



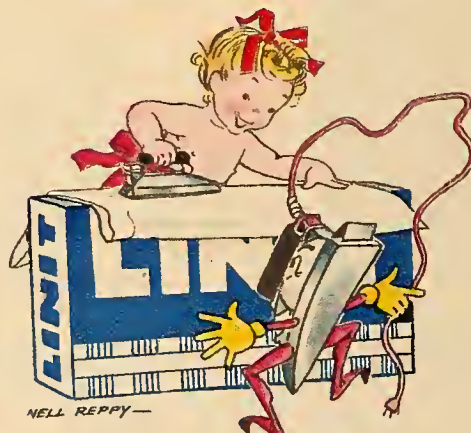
"We'll whizz through our work
with the greatest of ease
With Linit to glide us!
Attention please!"



"I suds and I rinse—then
here's Master Linit!
I'm proud to present the
Starch of the Minute!"



"He blends water and Linit,
each half in a cup.
Then adds boiling water.
Just a minute is up!"



Sad Iron, now happy, says,
"My work will be bliss!
60 seconds with Linit makes
a wash fit to Kiss!"



LINIT LIGHTENS LAUNDRY LABOR

At all grocers

GOOD NEWS Continued

how she could have annoyed the Hollywood Women's Press Club to the point where she was handed the booby prize. Personally, I've always found her very helpful and willing to cooperate.

As for Walter! Well, anyway, he is getting a lot of laughs out of it. He now calls himself "the Non-Coop Pidgeon."

Betty Hutton and Alan Ladd won the honors for being the "nicest" stars of the year.

Frankie Sinatra got back to Hollywood with a terrible cold in his "haid." He could barely talk. But that didn't keep him from wanting to hear some good records, so he called up his favorite shop.

"This is Frank Sin'ata," he said the best he could with his sniffles.

"Sonata?" said the voice at the other end.

"Sin'ata," repeated Frank doggedly.

"Which Sonata?" demanded the voice peevishly. "'Sonata in A-Minor'?"

"No," snapped Frankie crossly, "'Sin'ata in A-Chill'!"

"Sorry," said the voice, "we don't have that number."

So Frankie listened to the radio instead.

Rita Hayworth has named her baby Rebecca for no particular reason except that she likes it, and it sounds "old fashioned." The full title, of course, is Rebecca Welles.

When she gets to grade school age, don't tell me she won't get a lot of "Rebecca-at-the-well" ribbing from her schoolmates.

If there was ever a time when Dick Powell wasn't "popping the question" to June Allyson because he thought her career was zooming ahead of his—he can forget that argument.

He not only has a new air show, but he's out of this world as a Humphrey Bogart character in "Murder, My Sweet." He plays the same detective Bogart plays in Raymond Chandler's "The Big Sleep." When Bogey heard about it, he cracked:

"If he doesn't stop playing me, I'm going to start crooning."

With Deanna Durbin these days and evenings it's Steve Crane. But the lady says she ain't going to marry anybody for years and years. Maybe Deanna's theme song is, "Don't Fence Me In."

I've been a sick girl for a couple of months, and at first I thought I might not feel well enough to attend Lana Turner's nice cocktail party. But I'm glad I went.

The real star of the party was her daughter, Cheryl, who made a curly-headed appearance for just about fifteen minutes. How that baby loves her mother! She actually goes and gurgles every time Lana comes in sight. You can't fool a baby. Lana is an enchanting mother, so gay and happy.

Another surprise was Turhan Bey. If you read my newspaper column (and I hope you

do, you must know I've taken a few potshots at Turhan—particularly about his pipe smoking and what I felt was a slightly smug attitude on his part. I've said far less about other actors who get furious and look the other way when I am around.

But not Turhan. When he saw me, he came over immediately, spoke charmingly and said he was sorry I had been ill.

My face was a little pink. I admit it.

* * *

It's wonderful how the war brings out the real worth in a man.

John Shelton, husband of Kathryn Grayson, had the reputation for being "very difficult" when he was a Hollywood actor. Now he has received a citation for rescuing a B-29 from an incendiary bomb.

Lt. John Howard is another boy who is making us proud. He is wearing the Navy Cross for extraordinary bravery when his boat was torpedoed.

And Sabu, if you please, is a gunner in a bomber unit in the South Pacific!

* * *

Two deaths rocked Hollywood within a week of one another. The first was Laird Cregar. The second, Lupe Velez.

In many ways, perhaps Laird's was the most tragic of the two—because, in spite of the mental turmoil that brought on Lupe's death, she had lived and lived fully. She had been a bright flame that attracted much happiness and laughter, fame and fortune to herself as well as the dross and heartache that unfortunately overshadowed everything else at the time of her death.

But I remember her best as a laughing girl. A modern pagan who had loved life greatly even though she sought her own death.

But Laird was different.

He had never really lived at all.

At 28 years of age, Laird was a young giant who had never known life or love or marriage or home or mental peace and happiness.

He joked about his great weight and size, but it made him unhappy. That's why he dieted so strenuously to lose 100 pounds.

He once told me, "No matter how nice people are to me, I'm still something of an oddity to them. And being an oddity— isn't fun."

* * *

There was plenty of family opposition to the marriage of cute little Gracie MacDonald and Lieut. Ralph Green. There is something of an "Abie's Irish Rose" angle here since the kids are of different religious faiths. But sticking by Gracie through thick and thin was her brother, Ray, who is in the Air Corps.

Fact is, it was Ray's wire to his sister that he was standing by her and that he would bring his mother around to seeing it their way that settled the matter for Gracie.

Now I understand Mrs. MacDonald is completely reconciled. You can understand her side, too. She lost her husband last year through death, then Ray married and now her baby, Gracie.

* * *

Speaking of parental objections, I understand the hitch in the John Hodiak-Anne Baxter romance is that her mother has not

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton

Beautiful Mrs. Hamilton, one of New York's most dynamic society leaders, is admired for her fine work as executive vice-chairman of the famous Lewisohn Stadium Concerts . . . for her delightful entertaining at home . . . and for her perfect style sense and faultless grooming. "Three or four times a week I give myself a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," she says. "It's the ideal quick beauty pick-up . . . so easy and so effective!"



Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton—devotée of the 1-Minute Mask

How to "re-style" your face—quickly!

Slather a fragrant, pearly-white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your cheeks, chin, forehead—everything but eyes. Leave this creamy-cool Mask on your face for one full minute. Then tissue it off.

Results of the Mask show right away! "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has loosened and dissolved powder-scuffing little skin roughnesses and beauty-dulling dirt particles!

Your "re-styled" complexion feels blessedly smoother. Just right for make-up! And it looks so much prettier! Clearer . . . fresher. Even lighter! But see for yourself—have your 1-Minute Mask today!

For extra-quick powder base . . .

Slick on a very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. Smoothing . . . protective . . . non-greasy. Takes make-up beautifully!



Get the luscious BIG jar!

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE

Overglo
BY WESTMORE



GAIL RUSSELL
Co-starring in
"THE UNSEEN"
A Paramount Picture

FROM HOLLYWOOD...WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

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

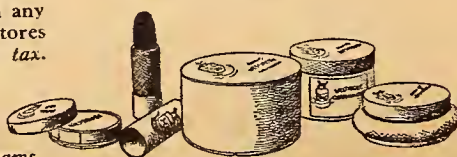
TONIGHT... today... in just one minute... look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth, well-groomed, flawless-looking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

COMING SOON! Westmore's new Overglo Face Powder. A one-shade powder to end your "wrong shade" worries. Created especially for use with any shade of tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. Some stores already sell it. Soon available everywhere. \$1. plus tax.



WALLY WESTMORE, Director of Make-up at Paramount Studios, who with his brothers Perc and Bud, comprise the famous Hollywood-Westmore trio of make-up artists.

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



70 PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

yet given her consent.

If there ever was a little rough sledding for Mickey Rooney after he went into the Army, I hear it is all over now because of the job he is doing overseas. He is very popular with the G.I.'s with only a little kidding going on now and then.

One story is that a young Lieutenant called Rooney in one day and said, "Sit down, I want to talk with you just like Lewis Stone!"

Ran into Gary Cooper, operating in full capacity as the producer of his next, "Along Came Jones," and he invited me in to see his swanky new offices. Are they something!

There was a big grin on Coop's face as I looked around at all the elegance—a tomato red divan, the green chairs and the bright lemon colored rug. "Pretty fancy," he laughed. "I never rated anything like this being an actor."

Everything about the picture has to be brought to Gary for initialing—even including the sketches of the nightgowns Loretta Young will wear.

"Those are the moments," he smiled, "when I can't understand what producers have to gripe about."

Such a nice letter from Lon McCallister, who—at the time it was sent—was en route to St. Louis with the "Winged Victory" company.

"I heard what you said about me in the picture in your broadcast over the air," he wrote, "and I am grateful and proud. But I am sure you will understand when I say that my life is so different since I've been in the Service—that somehow it seemed like you might have been talking about some other fellow. I haven't thought of myself as an actor for so long it's hard to get used to the idea again. We're heading for points East—and a special performance for the President—but the biggest and realest part of the job to me is being a part, even a small part, of the Air Force."

Hey, fellas! Take a tip. Betty Hutton says the four things she can't stand in a man are:

GOSSIP: "Some of them are ten times worse than women!" opines la Hutton.

HOURLY INQUISITIONS: "Where were you at lunch, at two o'clock, at cocktails, at six when I called, etc." That routine drives me crazy," she says.

SPOTLIGHT-HOUNDS: "Men who take you out conspicuously just to attract the candid camera boys."

SORRY-FOR-THEMSELVES: "These are the worst of all. They get maudlin about why they were turned down for the Service, or why they aren't getting better breaks in pictures, or about how many responsibilities they have supporting old aunts or uncles. I'd say give 'em back to the Indians—only the Indians wouldn't have 'em."

While Paulette Goddard is waiting for her first baby, she isn't going to make another picture.

She is spending her time completely redoing the new house at the Beach which she and Buzz Meredith just bought.

"I'm doing it all myself," she told me.

"Now that we are going to have a baby and a real home, I want to personally select everything from the drapes to the ash trays that come in and not be so busy that I have to turn the fun of making a home over to someone else."

* * *

It's a boy named Stephen Todd for the Dana Andrews. The Todd is Mrs. Andrews' maiden name. The Stephen is for nothing.

* * *

If you don't think Robert Walker has it bad for Shirley Patterson, listen to this: He'll accept no social engagements unless she's "included in." Of course, this doesn't go when Bob goes to Jennifer Jones' to visit his sons.

* * *

Now that I'm not going to see you again for another month—I'm anxious to know, meanwhile, what you think about some of the new young people. Particularly Tom Drake, who comes into his own, I think, in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Or Richard Crane. Or cute little Joyce Reynolds. I'm really interested—so drop me a note.

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hello again:

I've just been gazing at those three little monkeys on my desk and thinking how lucky I am that I'm not like them. 'Cause I can see things, hear 'em and tell 'em, too. Here are some tid-bits right from my little black book: **FLASH!** Jane Withers is just about the most envied girl in town with two such stunners as Johnny Grant and Stan McCune escorting her around. . . . **FLASH!** The title of Frankie's new pic, "Bar of Music," was formerly the title of der Bingle's latest, "Bells of St. Mary" . . . **FLASH . . .** but heck, if you want to know more, you know the way. Just a stamped, self-addressed envelope, sent to Beverly Linet, **INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16,** will do it. Make it soon? Bestus—

Bev.

Mimi Black, Baltimore, Md.: **HOW CAN I JOIN A JUNE ALLYSON CLUB?** . . . Easy! Just drop a note to Gwen Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne Dr., L. A., Calif. Dues are 75c a year, and you get pix, snaps, club news and everything. June and Gwen are great friends, and it's one of the best clubs out.

Grace Spinella, Garfield, N. J.: **MAY I HAVE SOME INFO ON ELLIOTT REID WHO WAS ANDY IN "DR. WASELL"?** Edgeworth Blair Reid was born in N. Y. C. on Jan. 16, 1920. He has blue eyes and brown hair, is 6' 2½", 165 lbs., unmarried, an excellent mimic and in the Navy. His only other pic was "Young Ideas." Drop him a line at Paramount, Hollywood, for a pic.

Ruth Sampson, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . **WHO WAS THE SAILOR IN THE BOWLING ALLEY SCENE OF "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"?** That was 23-year-old Guy Madison. He's in the Navy now, too, and that was his only pic. He's unmarried and can be reached at Selznick Studios, Culver City, Calif.

How Powers Models bring out *natural* sparkling beauty in their hair



Miss Exilona Savre—whose lustrous, shining locks are so typical of Powers Models who wash their hair with Kreml Shampoo

John Robert Powers' Advice to His "Million Dollar" Models



John Robert Powers is one of the greatest authorities on feminine beauty in America. And to every Powers Model he says: "Use only Kreml Shampoo if you want your hair to be naturally silken-soft, easier to set and aglow with its own brilliant highlights.

Leaves Hair Silken-Soft With Glossy Brilliance That Lasts For Days

So exquisitely lovely are Powers Models that one of the foremost illustrators in this country called them "long stemmed American Beauties."

And how smart Powers Girls are to have discovered the remarkably beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo!

Thoroughly Cleanses Hair and Scalp of Loose Dandruff

Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp "spanking clean." It thoroughly washes out dirt and loose dandruff and leaves hair so much softer, easier to set—just gleaming with natural brilliant highlights and glossy lustre.

Kreml Shampoo actually "unlocks" the natural sparkling beauty that lies

concealed in *your* and *every* girl's hair.

There are no harsh caustics or chemicals in Kreml Shampoo. Instead it's a *mild, gentle* Shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out like a breeze and never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.

Also excellent for shampooing children's hair. So buy the large family size.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



Hot coffee never blurs the beautiful lips of Judy Gorland!



A lip-brush makes for a clean outline.



Now you hoppily wield your lipstick!



Cleansing tissue to blot your lip-art.



Clearly outlined, brilliantly colored are Judy's lips. Judy is the pride of M-G-M.

by Carol Carter

You have your lipstick problems? How to apply the beautifying stuff?

What color to wear? Read on . . . here all your problems are solved!

LIPSTICK

■ Judy smiled at me! When I was leaving, she held my hand and said, "Oh, must you leave? Please stay and let's have fun." What could a lady do in a case like that . . . and, too, I had just caught sight of George Murphy entering the party. True to the MODERN SCREEN tradition in the face of parties . . . yes, I stayed!

What G.M. said to me and what I said to G.M. has nothing to do with the story (the Beauty Department, you know), but when Judy turned the talk to lipstick, I whipped out a stubby pencil and quickly jotted down some notes on the back of an envelope. Seems when the coffee was served, some of the other femmes moaned that the steaming hot java was ruining their lip art. But Judy's lips were perfect. "How, how, how?" was the question. Explained Judy, "I always give myself a re-take when I'm making-up my lips!"

Girls, that isn't technical studio talk. You can give yourself a lipstick "re-take" that will keep your lips smooth and bloomingly red no matter how much coffee you drink or how many G.I. Joe's you enthusiastically welcome home! Like any *artiste*, you begin with a clean canvas (only your lips won't have a canvas-like texture if you use cream every night!). You first clean your lips with cream and tissues because you know how caked and unappetizing lipstick-on-stale-lipstick can become.

After the cleaning, Judy says your lips are ready for the art work. And, again, like an artist, you wield a brush . . . but one that has been stroked over your lipstick. Best thing in the world for getting a clean outline, claims Judy, and I'm inclined to agree with her. Here's where you can induce a bit of camouflage. Lips too thin? Then widen the effect a bit with a flick of the brush. Just the tiniest bit because, you realize, the early-Crawford watermelon-rind effect is definitely passé.

Here's another hint: Studios find that in making lips fuller it's best to work on the upper lip and to leave the lower one in its original state. If your problem is too-broad lips, then keep your coloring within the outside borders . . . though too-wide lips is not very often a problem. Girls seem to like full lips . . . and boys seem to like them on girls! Only thing to beware is the watermelon-rind effect that I spoke of earlier.

Now's the time to fill in your brush-made outline with lipstick. Then a blotting with cleansing tissue (that's wonderful stuff isn't it? . . . good for everything from lip make-up to jewelry polishing). And here goes for the "re-take." At this point Judy likes to re-apply her lipstick. Yes, she goes through the lipsticking routine all over again. This way her lipstick stays and stays . . . and stays neat!

There's another trick that I like for making lipstick as permanent as possible. That's to powder my lips before the second application. Just flip a powder puff over the first layer of lipstick, brush off the excess powder and behold . . . a smooth, mat-like surface for the second coloring job. Incidentally, speaking of powder, if you like a really thick-fringed effect for your eyelashes, powder over the first layer of mascara and then make with the mascara brush a second time. You'll get a terrifically dramatic eyelash make-up, but remember this is a strictly party-going trick. Unless your eyelashes are definitely pale, better stick to a single mascara-ing.

To return to our lipstick. I know you're interested in color, but just a minute. Judy has some extra ideas about lipstick selection! When you're standing before the toilet-goods counter with your lipstick money clutched in your hand, give a thought to the consistency of the stick you're buying (Continued on following page)

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LIPSTICK

(Continued from page 73)

as well as to its color. Be sure that your final choice is neither too dry nor too oily. Too dry means puckered lips and caked lipstick. Too oily means smeared and blurred lip art. Plunk your money down for a happy medium. And now that the sordid subject of cash has arisen, let's give it a thought. Money doesn't necessarily mean quality. You can get a fine lipstick for 10c . . . and fine ones in exquisite cases for lots more. You pay your money, and you take the lipstick of your choice. "Cases" brings to mind the happy news that many metal cases are now on the market. Not interfering with the war effort, either. Uncle Sam has flashed the "all clear" signal for them.

Color-cues are important for really super make-up. Judy and I put our heads together and came up with this beauty dope-sheet. The wisest system: Let the basic tones of your own skin give you an unerring guide to color-right lipstick. Your skin has underlying tones of ivory, cream, gold, tan or brown? Then invest in lipstick of the clear red or orange-red range. Could be your underlying skin tones are blue, white, pink or one of the florid family? You'll look best in one of the blue-red lip rouges. If you're an unswerving neutral as to skin, hair and eyes, true red-reds will bring out hidden high-lights!

It's a good idea to collect a lipstick wardrobe for yourself in your own particular color range. (Judy has a famous lipstick collection.) For example, if you're strictly a red or orange-red lipstick type, have lipsticks in light and dark orange-red. Comes the day you're wearing black, you reach for the dark lipstick. Comes the evening you're wearing a floral print, you choose the lighter one. Speaking of light prints, you know that Spring is on its way. Don't be one of those goons who keep buying the same Wintry shade over and over. A seasonal make-up, that's for you!

Seasonal . . . and cooperative. You simply shudder at the thought of cerise lips with orange-tinted cheeks. Or at least I hope you do! Remember to team rouge and lipstick.

Now for a touchy subject . . . but being brave I'll plunge right into it. Nearly every mail brings a note from one of the younger generation. "Miss Carter, how old must I be to wear lipstick?" My mother's a bit strict on the subject." I don't say the younger, the better. But lipstick is now a universally accepted make-up. When the rest of the gang begins, would seem to be the right time. Usually this is about the age of fourteen, but could be a bit later. And of course you'll start out with a lighter-hued lipstick just to prove to Mother that you really know what you're about!

As I say, lipstick is among the "accepted." No one now tries to pretend that their lips naturally bloom such a brilliant red. Wear lipstick gaily, proudly, beautifully. And it helps lots if your lips are often curved in a happy smile. Judy Garland's pert grin is a fine example!

You want to know about a definite lipstick? You're hankering for some extra beauty dope about skin care, hair-do's or figure-fitting? Drop me a note, the answer will pop up in your mail almost immediately. But, pretty please, do write your own return address distinctly. Nearly breaks my heart when I have to leave a friendly letter unanswered. Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

New

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DRAKE TAKES THE CAKE!

(Continued from page 63)

nothing. He waved airily to the gaping farmer as he went by.

But pride goeth before a fall, and five minutes later Tom pressed the wrong pedal or something. He wasn't sure just *what* he did, but anyway the engine gave a couple of tired coughs and expired. Tom pushed the gear shift around some, stepped on another pedal, and hurray, he was off again! The only trouble was he was going backward.

"Oh, well, saves turning around," Tom observed. He was the philosophical type. He backed along the road and waved again at the farmer who promptly disappeared into his barn in search of some applejack to restore his shattered nerves.

There was a reception committee waiting in the yard when Tom backed the Cadillac along the street to his house. The committee consisted of: (item) one hysterical mother, (item) two sisters who hissed "Are you going to catch it!" and (item) one father—complete with switch.

"I'll teach you to run off with the car and scare your mother half to death!" Pop thundered. "You must be crazy."

"Yes, sir," said Tom obediently. He didn't think he was crazy. It was just that he always got caught. Other people got away with murder, but Tom never got away with *anything*. At school, the other kids could throw spitballs by the hour, and the teacher never looked up. But let Tom throw just *one* and the teacher whipped around and said, "You stay after school tonight!"

putting on the eye . . .

Of course if it was one particular teacher, Tom knew how to deal with the situation. This man was the nervous type, and after he'd say "Stay after school," Tom would go to work on him. The kid would sit there staring with an unwavering, nerve-shattering gaze, until the teacher would begin to fidget.

"Alderdyce, get to work!" (Tom was born Alfred Alderdyce, you know.)

"Yes, sir." But the Alderdyce eyes would go on staring hauntingly for the rest of the period. By the time the last bell rang, the poor man had the leaping meemies and couldn't get rid of Tom fast enough.

Life was a lot of fun in those days. Still is, for Tom's the type that *gets* fun out of things. He wasn't any problem child, but he did get into a lot of mischief. The trouble was that the fascinating things were always the ones that parents frowned upon. Like the time in the dead of winter when Tom and his sisters stumbled across the concrete foundation of a half-finished house. It was full of dirty water.

"Hey, get a load of this!" Tom cried exultantly. "Our own private swimming pool, just like the movie stars in Hollywood!"

"You can't swim in winter time," one of his sisters informed him.

"Who can't? I can, too. Girls are sissies. Boys aren't." And swim he did, in the dirty, icy water, puffing and blowing like a porpoise and having a wonderful time. He made it look so enticing that his sisters jumped in, too, and the whole lot of them eventually arrived home, dripping, shivering and looking like walking invitations to double pneumonia. But they all survived, in fact, didn't even get the sniffles, and their parents were so relieved that no punishment was forthcoming.

Tom's father was a linen merchant in New York, and the family lived in a house in Westchester County. Tom went to the Iona school in New Rochelle and played

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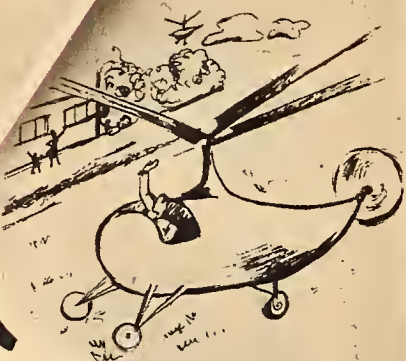
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VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

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hookey almost more than he went to classes. The attraction was the shows on Broadway and the movies. Sometimes he used to go to six movies a day! Not because he was thinking of becoming an actor, but because he just liked them. He used to get feeling romantic about some pretty girl in High School, and he would look at the movie and the face of Joan Crawford or Claudette Colbert would sort of dissolve into his girl's face. It was wonderful.

Leave us face it, Tom was known as something of a wolf in High School. Not because he dated so many different girls, but because he would "go steady" with one for a while, and then switch to another, then another.

"I wouldn't fall for you. You're too much of a philanderer," one girl told him. Tom looked up philanderer in the dictionary and was righteously indignant.

"Listen," he said, "I'm the faithful type. I never even look at anyone else when I'm going with one girl. Of course after she and I break up, I get another girl, but that's not philandering."

"You'll do till a philanderer comes along," said the girl acidly. Women were so darned unreasonable!

golden rule days . . .

About this time Tom was sent to Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. It was a fine school, and it sort of specialized in athletes. Tom had, up till then, been quite a scrapper. He used to average at least one fist fight a day. Not because he had a bad temper—his disposition is really out of this world—but because he got a kick out of fighting. When he got to Mercersburg, this came to a sudden halt. Practically every other guy in school was six feet tall and weighed a couple of hundred pounds. Tom weighed ninety-eight. No one would fight "the shrimp," and it was probably just as well they didn't, or Hollywood would be minus one of its brighter new luminaries. He made the swimming team, however, and used up his excess energy that way.

Tom smoked a pipe, at this point, and one night that led to his most embarrassing moment. He was in a room with the entire football squad, all of whom were in training and not supposed to smoke. Tom, puffing happily away on his pipe, aroused their envy.

They said, "Hey, fella, give us a drag on the old brier." They said, "Don't be a louse—we're human even if we do play football."

"Now listen, you guys, I don't want to get in any trouble—"

"Oh, so you're afraid!"

Well, that did it. Tom's pipe was passed around as solemnly as the pipe of peace at an Indian ceremonial. Until in walked the coach!

It wouldn't have been so bad if he had been really nasty to Tom. But he wasn't. He just said how things like that could prove whether a boy was loyal to the school or not, whether he was a real guy or just a phony. And as he talked along quietly, Tom's ego deflated and deflated till he could have crawled under a rug with a top hat on. Well, it just proved what Tom always contended—he never got away with anything!

After graduation came the problem of a career. Tom had a girl friend—as usual—and the girl friend had an idea.

"You know, darling," she said thoughtfully one evening, raising her head from Tom's shoulder so she could look in his face, "you're awfully handsome."

"That routine will probably get you places, sugar," Tom said, "but not with me. I know how I look."

"No, be sensible. You are handsome, and you have a wonderful personality. I mean,

TOO LITTLE AND TOO LATE

That's how some of the boys are getting their mail, and it just isn't fair! Sure, you're busy and tired and worried and tense, and the idea of sitting down and writing a long letter gets you down. Well, how do you think your G.I. feels? Gay?

And supposing you do dash off a 3-page Valentine greeting, chances are your Joe'll receive it come next July 4th. So hie off to your corner store or five-and-ten and buy a dime's worth of V-mail, or pick up a free batch at ye locale poste office—but get some.

Mebbe you won't be writing such lengthy epistles, but think of how many more you can get done! And p.s.: Seein' as how you won't be tired when you write your snappy V-Mail, maybe, perhaps you'll let up on the woes? Betcha our fellas are every bit as uncomfortable as we are—so what say we don't keep reminding them, eh?

everybody's crazy about you. So why don't you be an actor?"

"An actor!" Tom laughed. "Listen, baby, that's very funny. I tried out for a play once at school because I thought it would get me out of studying. I was terrible. They wouldn't even give me a walk-on."

"I still think you should be an actor." A stubborn wench, this one, for which Tom now thanks his lucky stars. She finally talked him into trying for a part in summer stock at Poughkeepsie. To his open-mouthed astonishment, he was accepted.

After that he went to New York and studied for three years under Alice B. Young, playing stock in the summer. He loved it. He was doing juveniles mostly, but he did get a couple of good character parts—Albert in "Ladies In Retirement" and Danny in "Night Must Fall."

Then he got his big break. He was offered the juvenile lead in "Janie." It turned out to be more complicated than you might think. For one thing, he was scared half out of his wits. For another, he had no chance to rehearse with the cast onstage. The only practice he had was reciting his lines in a little back room with the director. So his entrances and exits were a complete mystery to him. When his cue came, the stage manager pushed him on and told him which door to make for after his last on-stage line. Somehow he got in and out the right places at the right time, and somehow he was a hit! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tested him, and before Tom could get that surprised look off his face, he was in Hollywood.

Things happened fast from the minute he got off the train. He arrived on Monday, was tested for a leading role in "Two Girls And A Sailor" on Tuesday, and Wednesday he was given the part of a young American soldier in "The White Cliffs of Dover." Then came "Meet Me In St. Louis." He is now making "This Man's Navy."

Of course, he's nuts about Hollywood. He had been there before, and he knew flocks of people. His first date there was with Frances Rafferty. Gloria De Haven introduced them. Now he plays the field. His best friends are the Jack Haleys and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cookson. Tom's favorite spot is the House of Murphy.

He's a take-it-easy kind of guy. Hates routine and having to plan things ahead. Maybe he's got something there. Maybe if you just go along doing your job and having fun on the side, you get just as far as if you knock yourself out planning and worrying. Anyway, it seems to work for Tom, because there isn't a happier actor in all of Hollywood!

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Everything is ready, you see him coming — eager to get home. You're glad you planned his meal so carefully . . . so glad you remembered his bottle of SCHLITZ.

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A HIGH KICK AND A HOT LICK

(Continued from page 46)

comfort than her own; who has deeded her big Bel-Air home with all its prized collection of antiques, lock, stock and barrel, to the lady who stuck by her over the early rough spots of her career.

There's the Betty Grable, too, who took on the toughest USO Army camp circuit she could find—down in the remote hills of the Carolinas—and risked wrecking her famous legs hoofing encore after encore in the rain on bumpy plank stages in high heels and long evening gown so the glamour-starved GI's could have fun. There's a Grable who still holds the Hollywood Canteen record for jitterbugging with 300 rugged cut-in dance partners in one hectic hour; the Grable who dragged home after her first Canteen night with her formal in shreds, her shoes busted, the knees out of her best nylons and her hair looking like something the cat had got hold of and startled her mother by sighing, "Gee—did I have fun!"

There are a double dozen different Betty Grables you'd never know in a million years if all you cared to hear about was lovely legs. The Betty, *par exemple*, who has personally plugged three of her unknown studio pals into picture parts and contracts. The Betty who stands up staunchly for the little guys and gals who work on her sets and never forgets a round of gifts when the picture closes. The Grable who prefers home to any night club ever built, Pepsis to the best giggle water ever brewed and her husband's musician friends to Hollywood "Society."

You must climb Coldwater Canyon above Beverly Hills to catch Betty Grable without her make-up in the place she prefers to any spot in the world—home. That's an unpretentious English cottage, beamed and gabled and snugly tucked in a three-acre grove of avocado and lemon trees. Inside it's wood paneled, cozy with chintzy chairs, copper on the hearth and antiques scattered around.

dream for sale . . .

She went to a party there, years ago, came home and raved to her mother about the perfect house she'd visited. "Some day," said Betty, "I'm going to own one just like it!" Later on, Bert Lahr, her pal of "Du Barry Was A Lady," bought the place, and often Betty dropped by to see Bert and his wife Mildred. Last year when the whirlwind romance and marriage with Harry James posed a housing problem, Harry had rented a huge Beverly Hills mansion to shelter all the members of his band, so for a while the newlyweds rattled around there. Then they moved over to Mama Grable's, but independent Harry was touchy about that. He thought people would say he was "Mr. Grable" who'd moved in on Movie Star Betty, so house-hunting was in order. When the very first house a real estate agent took them to see was Betty's long cherished ideal, she thought that must be an omen straight from heaven for happiness. She wasn't just dreaming, either.

Because today the very best times of Betty Grable's life take place right there—with her husband, Harry, a certain Miss Victoria Elizabeth Grable and her family and friends. The first improvement Betty made in her new home was to fix up a cozy, up-to-date nursery for Vicki. The first party she had was an open house for the members of Harry's band. Her first house guest was her mother.

Betty's idea of a grand evening of fire-side fun is to have the orchestra gang in

for a session of poker. She has always been crazy about cards and as lucky as a rusty horseshoe. Most evenings when she and Harry are home alone, they buck horns at gin-rummy late into the night (almost always Betty takes Harry to the cleaners, too). But her real love is the grand old American game of bluff 'em and bet 'em. She's good, too, because she's an old hand at it.

The best Grable poker story I know happened the day Vicki was born. Baby Victoria was impatient about arriving in this world, you know, and her premature debut was a surprise to Betty as well as the doctor. So, the night before the event, Betty and Harry had a gang from the band in for the evening with a couple of red hot poker games going, and it was 4 A.M. before they broke it up. That's when Betty began to feel a little queer, and next morning the verdict was an ambulance and the hospital immediately.

After it was all over later on that night, Betty's mother tip-toed into her famous daughter's hospital room where Betty was just emerging from the fumes of the anesthetic and woozily out of this world.

Betty recognized her through the mist. "Hello, Mother," she mumbled. "S-h-h-h—I've got four kings!"

When they kidded her about it afterwards, Betty decided that was another omen. From then on she has bet the limit whenever four kings showed up.

Since her marriage, Betty's best friends are the members of Harry James' band and their wives. She fits like a glove right into the musical set, because at heart Betty's one of them. She can even qualify as an old instrument gal herself. When she was toddling around in St. Louis, aged six, Betty spied a lovely brass saxophone in a music store window one day and didn't stop howling until her folks bought it for her. It was a big alto sax, taller than Betty herself, but she got pretty hot on it for a moppet and even bleated on the stage and over the radio.

Upstairs in one of the dressing rooms off their boudoir suite, Harry has a huge music machine and stacks of records miles high (he gets complimentary platters from all the disc firms). Usually the changer is working overtime, just as Betty's radio in her car is always kept warm with some dance band wherever she goes.

melody lane . . .

You can spot the musical motif all through Betty's house. She dug up a beautiful old chased cornet (yep, that's what they used to call them before they were trumpets) in a Hollywood swap shop a while back. It probably would never rally to Harry's red hot modern triple-tongue tremolos, but Betty had other ideas anyway. She had it made into a lamp for the den and surprised Harry with it when he came home from his last trip. When you pick up a book match at Betty's, too, you find a picture of a neat calf kicking over a hot trumpet and the legend, "A high kick—a hot lick," running up and down a musical score. Her favorite jewelry doo-dad is a gold pin, an exact replica in miniature of Harry's famous trumpet. Betty wrote Santa for it last Christmas, and—surprise!—she found it on her tree.

In fact, Betty's so wrapped up in Harry's musical career that for a while after they were married, she planned spending all her studio layoffs traveling with his band. She tried that out on her first vacation—but it



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AMONG your friends one or two may still have vague ideas or wrong ideas about *Tampax*. You will be doing them a kindness by explaining the real facts about this internal method of monthly sanitary protection.

BEGIN BY TELLING your friend how *Tampax* banishes pins, belts and external pads—how odor cannot form and sanitary deodorant is not needed.

ALSO EXPLAIN how *Tampax* can cause no bulges or ridges under any costume—how it is really invisible in use and can even be worn in a tub or shower.

THEN SHOW HER WHY *Tampax* brings about all these improvements—its invention by a doctor, its *internal absorption* principle, its all-cotton construction, its tremendous absorbency, its patented applicator that makes insertion so quick and easy.

SEND HER OUT TO BUY *Tampax* at a drug store or notion counter, where it is sold in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super and Junior. A whole month's supply will slip into her purse, while the Economy Box contains 4 months' average requirements. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR**
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

didn't work. Betty discovered (she might have known) that she was far too famous a person herself to have any rest or relaxation. It turned out to be a personal appearance tour of Betty Grable, because of course, the newspapers discovered her pronto wherever Harry went, and when she pleaded that she was just traveling incognito as Harry James' wife—well—you know how *that* went over.

"Are you kidding?" they scoffed.

Even in Manhattan, Grable didn't dare appear at the Waldorf where Harry trumpeted for fear of causing a riot. She had to crouch in the wings to watch the band work and blow kisses at Harry from afar. After that, she gave up the idea. Now Harry 'phones every night when he plays his last number, wherever he is, and Betty hops out of bed in the middle of the night to report on home and Vicki. If she wants to hear Hot Lips Harry give out with his latest melody, she has to play his records, sneak in with the band when he has a Hollywood Palladium engagement. Because he won't play around the house.

closed shop . . .

When Harry and Betty were married, they made a pact about that, and they've stuck to it sternly ever since. "At home, Baby," suggested Harry, "we won't ever talk business, what do you say?"

"I say fine," agreed Betty. "I don't like studio chatter or Hollywood gossip."

"And how I hate musician talk and music gossip!" sighed Harry. "Is it a deal?"

"Okay," confirmed Betty, "and the first one who breaks it has to cook dinner on the maid's night out."

Betty may hug her home, but that's no sign she's domestic. She summed up her kitchen craft like this, "I can make pretty good toast—if the toaster's automatic!" She can barely sew on a button, either. As much as Bets adores to play with Vicki and feed her, she's nervous as a witch unless the nursemaid prepares the formula. Truth is, Betty just doesn't know anything about these things and doesn't trust herself.

This domestic helplessness has an explanation. Betty's no moron, but during the years most girls learn all those things, she was out singing and dancing, making movies, traveling all over the land working like the trouser she is and getting along in show business. She toured incessantly with her mother, who took care of what housework—like getting breakfast—had to be done and guided all Betty's thoughts, talents and energies to her career. Betty's older sister, Marjorie (Mrs. David Arnold), on the other hand, who's married to a businessman and has led a domestic life completely apart from show business, is a swell cook and housekeeper. It's not an acute problem at the James house, however. Betty's mother is around a lot (she's still very close to Betty) to see that things tick off all right, and when maid's night out rolls round, Harry and Betty simply eat out.

Betty likes good food, but maybe because she can't prepare it, she's not a fussy gourmet. She'll eat anything in the world but liver or bananas. She has a typical diner-out's preference for steaks and rich pastries. She keeps a necklace of her favorite doughnuts, "raised-glazed," strung across her dressing room mirror to munch between takes. But she never gets fat, even though she pooh-poohs any attention whatever to figure care or exercise. She's just lucky that way. Betty never has played tennis or golf. She used to ride horseback a little, but when her sister, Marjorie, had a bad riding accident, Betty even stopped that. She spends her spare hours lying beside her tiny pool back of the house, but hardly ever takes even a dip. She sops up a swell tan, by the way, never blisters or peels—in spite of her

pure peaches and cream complexion. After Betty had been in the hospital several weeks with Vicki's emergency Caesarian arrival, she recuperated lying in the sun beside her pool for hours and never even turned pink.

Betty's famous figure, incidentally, hasn't varied a fraction of an inch in any department since motherhood. Yet she hasn't had a massage or body beauty treatment of any kind. All her old clothes still fit perfectly. The only things she's had to turn over to the Red Cross are the maternity numbers she bought, the butcher-boy outfits and such. Betty's relaxed about her looks. But she adores yummy clothes and has closets packed with them, especially shoes. She's had a weakness for fancy footgear ever since she was a kid. Once when Betty was only ten, a friend of the Grables' came back from Europe and toted along presents for both the Grable girls. Betty got a bottle of Parisian perfume, and her sister, Marjorie, drew a pair of French-heeled red snazz slippers. In no time at all Betty had worked a deal with her sister, trading the scent for the glamour dogs. They were living in a St. Louis hotel then, and promptly Betty squeezed into the extreme shoes—her first stilt-heeled pair—and paraded through the lobby. But she wobbled so badly that her ankle gave way and—boom—she stayed in bed for a week with two sprained joints.

She has flocks of formals, too, lovely dresses of all types, coats, furpieces—everything. Mostly they just hang in the closet, tantalizing moths, because the only time in the world Betty ever gets gussied up is when she goes out at night, a blue-moon deal these days. Around the house

APRIL JEWEL

That's the next issue of **MODERN SCREEN**—glittering, sparkling, chock-full of rare value.

So off you go March 13 to pick up your precious copy—and beware the crowds!

she's strictly a slack girl, and the piles of these trousers, all smartly tailored and usually in pastel shades, clutter up her dresser drawers. Her favorite coat is a camel's-hair wrap-around, worn campus style, no hat, no stockings. She likes expensive jewelry, and that's the kind she has, lots of it in novel designs (like Harry's gold trumpet pin). Betty's strictly feminine in her personal fix-up, tastes and habits. She sleeps in slinky silk night gowns, loves perfume cologne, powder and scented tub baths. She's got a bad weakness for trick hairdos (Harry hates 'em) although her studio hairdresser, Marie Brasselle, has to do all the work. She likes flowers in her hair, and even when she's slacking around the house, there's always a gay ribbon somewhere. Betty's hair is not naturally platinum like she wears it. It's more of an ash blonde, even darker. But she's never questioned her studio's decree that she keep it lily-white. It's naturally curly, by the way, but to Betty that's a bother; she has to keep it straightened out for her period picture hairdos.

Betty has always adored doing Gay Ninety and period musical movies, because she loves the frilly furbelows, the hour-glass gowns, the bustles, pompadours, elegant bonnets and such in pictures like "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "Coney Island." (Her favorite picture of all is "Sweet Rosie".) In fact, Grable's loaded with all kinds of ladylike longings—
(Continued on page 82)

"Love is a lot of Little things!"

**Famous Star gives advice
on how to win romance
and hold it!**

"Every girl knows that in love *every-thing's* important! What you wear, what you say, how you *look*," says charming Anne Baxter. "So don't be careless, don't risk losing the loveliness that wins Romance and *holds* it!"

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

Starring in
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"A ROYAL SCANDAL"

**ANNE
BAXTER**



"Don't toss a Coin
to decide whether or not you
take a Lux Soap beauty bath
before your date. Make dain-
tiness sure."



"Don't believe
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moments—and they really make
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"You get your Man

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you take the right beauty care.
I use Lux Soap every single day
—for my complexion, and as a
bath soap, too."

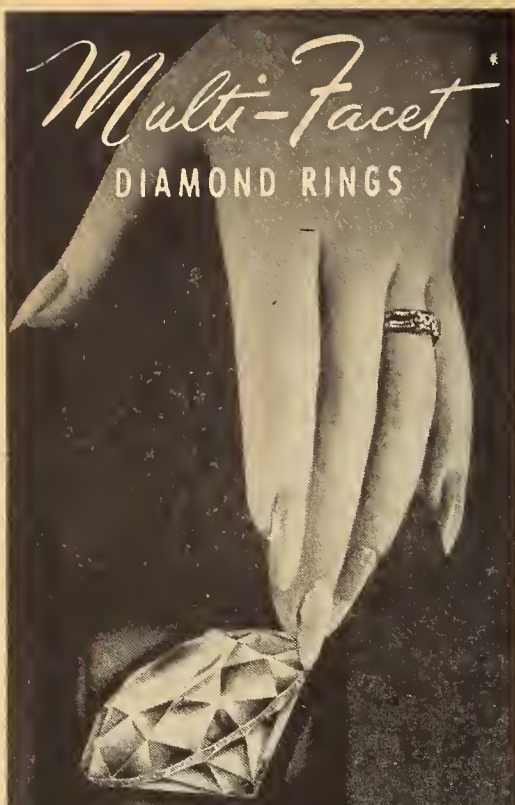


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Like wearing a star on your finger...

MULTI-FACET* diamond rings sparkle in radiant brilliance. MULTI-FACET* forty-extra-facet diamond rings bring you brilliance, color, radiance never before possible—priced to your fiancé's budget!

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I'd love to read "The Story of a Diamond."

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craves candy, loves antiques (she had a beautiful collection in her old house which she gave to her mother), likes to sleep late, changes her mind frequently, smokes cigarettes with two puffs and tosses them away. (Thank goodness Harry works for Chesterfield!). Betty also goes for romantic books (Right now she's deep in "Forever Amber," wistfully sighing that she'd love to play Amber) and likes reading them in bed. She has no idea of cash money values. She took her mother out for dinner on her birthday last year and had to borrow twenty bucks from Mrs. Grable to pay the check when she found her own bag bare. And the next day she strolled into a Westwood Village book store and handed them a \$100 bill for a \$2 book!

But at heart Betty's a man's girl. No doubt about it. She's happiest when she's with men and she adapts herself readily and happily to their tastes and wishes. Betty has stopped wearing make-up of any kind around home, for instance, because Harry doesn't like it. She used to adore pompadours, rats and fancy hairdos, but she threw all the transformations in the wastebasket when Harry allowed he admired her locks best hanging free in the breeze. She found out quickly what Sir Harry's favorite perfume was, and now she uses nothing else but. Even when her head man's away Betty clings to the things he likes. She seldom drives her big Cadillac convertible when Harry's on tour. Instead she herds Harry's station wagon around, with the name, "Bay-Bee," emblazoned on the outside (that's what he calls her, with the accent on the Bee), with his favorite French poodle "Punkin," perched in the front seat.

ego-booster . . .

I don't mean that Grable is any clinging vine—not by a long shot. But she's got a blessed streak of one-man girl backer-up femininity in her (it's a mighty lucky thing for a girl to have, the best booster in the world to a gent's ego) which always pays off in romantic harmony. When Betty and Jackie Coogan were married, Betty did everything possible to help "the Kid" make a comeback on his career, which is what he wanted most then.

Betty went with George Raft, too, for three years without one date with another man. George, of course, is a sports nut, so Betty tagged along to all the prize fights, horse races, baseball and football games—everything that George liked best. She still lugs around a sports interest hangover from those days, especially in big league baseball. Last fall, when Betty's two home town teams, the St. Louis Cards and the Browns, tangled in a World Series at Sportsman's Park, Betty cancelled all dates to sit glued to her radio every afternoon.

It follows that Betty's not the nagging type to make over or reform a man. Whatever Harry does is okay with her, right down the line. They've never had even a spat in a couple of years of married life. Only time Betty even faintly suggested a change in one of her beaux, it ended up comically to be a joke on her—maybe because she picked a comic guy to pick on. Before she was married, Betty had a few dates with funny man Phil Silvers. The first time she went out with Phil, Betty told him, "Phil, I think you'd look a lot better without your glasses. Why don't you take them off?" She knew pronto that she should never have stuck her neck out. Because the next time Phil called, he came tapping along with a white cane behind a Seeing-Eye dog! That was his way of telling Betty he wore glasses because he needed 'em.

So it's no accident, maybe, that Betty's staunchest army of fans are men. Of all the 90,000 letters that pour in on her every

months, the greatest number by far comes from admiring males (most gal stars draw the majority of their mail from other girls) and, of course, Betty's still the GI's Hollywood super dream girl by miles. She'd be the last to deny that a lot of her fervent service loyalty stems right from her own divine stems. Betty's not bashful that way, either. When she made her barnstorming Carolina camp tour a couple of years ago, Betty fought with the USO powers to wear a short, sketchy dancing dress that exposed plenty of scenery for her opening show. But there was a rule and regulation about that, it seemed—all entertainers had to wear long dresses or get shot at sunrise or something. So Betty dolled up in the slinkiest formal she could dig out of her trunk, put on French heels and darned near killed herself trying to off-to-Buffalo on a routine in that wrap-up.

But there's another side to Betty's appeal for the soldier boys—the good sport, simpatco side that every Yank seems to read in Betty's face, and which I've a hunch is just as important an item as "cheesecake" to a lonely GI who remembers the good sport girls back home.

On that same camp tour, Betty picked up a paper one day and read an item like this, "GI's picket Betty Grable." She read on to discover that a little out-of-the-way camp was sore as a boiled owl because they'd been by-passed by Betty's glamour tour. So they'd paraded up and down the barracks with signs, "Betty Grable is Unfair to Camp So-and-So." That got Grable. She put in long distance calls to Washington and shot wires to Hollywood asking permission to straighten things out. The answer was that there weren't any facilities there for a show, and it was too remote and just too bad. But that didn't satisfy Bets. She kept plugging until the USO trip routers let her skip over to the camp and scatter those pickets personally.

That's what Grable thinks of GI's, and here's an example of what they think of her. A year or so ago, a salty Guadalcanal Marine got in touch with her through the Hollywood Canteen where she and Harry James were still entertaining the guys. (Incidentally, that's where their romance really got started, you'll remember if you read our story about them in the October, 1943, issue of MODERN SCREEN.) This leatherneck said he had something he wanted to give Betty. It turned out to be a picture of her—not a pin-up picture—just a modest portrait. It was creased and dirty, and through the center was a bullet hole rimmed with dark stains. "My Bud," explained the Marine. "He always carried this one right over his heart—and when they got him, that's where they got him."

Betty hauled him right up home with her to dinner with her mother in their Bel-Air house where she lived then. And if you think Grable doesn't shed tears, you should have seen her dissolve that evening. Duty took that particular Marine through Hollywood four separate times, and each time he called Betty, and each time she had him up to the house. When he shipped out again, he wrote her once a month regularly, from wherever combat action took him, for over a year. She hasn't heard from him for several months now, and knowing what a pal he was, Betty is afraid to think why.

Yep, there are plenty of sentimental tie-ups Betty has with the boys that aren't all hey-hey and pin-up glamour. In fact, most of her intimate contacts with soldiers have been much more on the heartbreak side. There's the boy in England, for instance, who wrote her just the other day. He'd lost his eyes in action, and what he wrote was this: "I guess I won't ever be seeing you again, Betty, and that's not so good. But the last picture I saw you in

(Continued on page 84)

*Light up
with the Stars*



Pat Desmond and Wanda McKay
Popular Hollywood Players

MATCH YOUR COSTUMES AND YOUR MOODS AS THE STARS DO

Be the first in your set to enjoy the distinction of matching or contrasting your cigaret Lighter and Case with your attire. Yes, and match your mood, too! In your more daring moments carry your SOPHISTICATE RED Set; for times of enchantment choose NILE GREEN; or AZURE BLUE when you are demure. All three sets—three Lighters and three Cases can be yours for the special price of only \$3.98 plus postage.

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Examine the NEW HOLLYWOOD color-matching Lighter and Cigaret Case . . . fashion accessories of the Stars. Try the Lighter, use the Case . . . let your friends admire their vivid beauty. Then, if you can bear to part with them, return the set within 5 days for prompt refund. **DON'T DELAY!** . . . Mail the coupon at once. The supply of these combination sets is limited. Act today!

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Glamourland contributes this newest of smart accessories—a dainty, streamlined, sure-fire lighter with companion cigaret case. Lighter is all-metal, plastic finished in brilliant color. Matching plastic case is light as a feather yet exceptionally sturdy and practically moisture and air-proof. Ideal for men and women, particularly for those in the Armed Forces. Your choice of colors: *Sophisticate Red, Nile Green or Azure Blue*. The set only \$1.49 plus postage if you act at once.



Single Set **\$1.49**
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Send me The New Hollywood matching set (s) of Cigaret Lighter and Case in color (s) indicated: ☐ SOPHISTICATE RED ☐ NILE GREEN ☐ AZURE BLUE. On arrival, I will deposit with postman \$1.49 plus postage charges for each set (see special offer below) on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set (s) in 5 days for refund without question.

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☐ **SPECIAL!** Send me 3 sets, Sophisticate Red, Nile Green, and Azure Blue for \$3.98.
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THIS GIFT PACKAGE COMPLETELY PACKED FOR OVERSEAS AND CAMP SHIPMENT
Weight less than 8 ounces so no Government permit or Soldier's request necessary



Pond's "Lips" stay on...



and on...



and on!

Yes, indeed!
Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on longer!



6 scrumptious shades
in a BIG metal case! 49¢, plus tax

was 'Coney Island,' and I'll always remember you like you were in that. I just wish I could hear you sing again." When Betty got that one, she went right over to the recording studio and sang two numbers especially for that blind hero. "Cuddle Up a Little Closer" and "Put Your Arms Around Me"—his favorites.

one little, two little, three little vickies . . .

Betty's marriage and motherhood hasn't dimmed her popularity or appeal to the Army and Navy one bit, I'm glad to say. When Vicki's birth was announced, she got herself swamped with baby gifts from every outpost where Old Glory was flying. One Fortress crew in England who'd christened their ship "The Blonde Bomber" and painted Betty's picture life-size on the fuselage, started painting tiny crawling babies for every mission they'd accomplished! There were twelve little Vickies on it when Nazi flak finally winged it.

Betty gets along well with other girls, as she does with everybody, but she has no real close girl friends. She'd be lost in a "hen party." She's not gossipy or catty or jealous at all, although it does seem that whenever she is halfway friendly to another star, some Hollywood gremlin gets busy and cooks up a phony feud or rival story, which makes Betty miserable. Next to her mother and sister, Marjorie, Betty's as friendly with Alice Faye as anyone. When Harry's in town, the Jameses see a lot of Phil and Alice, and now that both couples are family folks they have a lot to talk about besides orchestras and acting. Alice, who expected her baby the same time Betty did, had a date to drop by and see Betty and talk stork stuff the day she was carried off to the hospital, and the last worried request Betty made before she went under the ether was for Mrs. Grable to call and explain to Alice why she had to stand her up.

But because they're on the same lot and both sing—even though Alice doesn't want to any more—every time a musical role comes up, newspapers revive a tired old "feud" story. It seems a couple of the parts that brought Betty fame, "Down Argentine Way" and "Tin Pan Alley," were originally scheduled for Faye, who got ill and couldn't handle 'em.

The same catty bit of ballyhoo happened in reverse recently when Vivian Blaine, a newcomer at Fox, got her Cinderella break in two pictures ordered first for Betty—"Greenwich Village" and "Something For the Boys." The one time this year that Betty stepped out, to Xavier Cugat's opening night at Ciro's, she happened to sit near Vivian, but the tables were placed so that their backs were to each other, and they never saw each other all night. That was duly and elaborately reported as a Grable snub and laid to the fact that Betty was "jealous."

On the contrary, Betty's probably the most open-hearted, easy, non-temperamental star in Hollywood. She plugged, for instance, to get pretty new June Haver (who looks dangerously like a young edition of Grable) in a good part in Fox's super, "The Dolly Sisters." That sort of thing Betty has done time and again for newcomers. She's pushed along the screen careers of dance experts Kenny Williams, Hermes Pan and Betty's dance stand-in, Angie Blue, by getting them in person before the camera. She wangled a stock contract at RKO for Bobbie Coleman, a girl who used to work in the Café de Paris at Fox. Betty's actually the chummiest star at her studio with the little people she works with. Her table right in the middle of the room practically bans any big-shot ranked above a stand-in, and it has the reputation of being the noisiest, gayest table in the café. The first person at the studio to know Betty was wearing a ma-

donna halo was John Harvey, a young actor who worked with her in "Pin-Up Girl." Betty was trying to keep her secret a secret then, but at the same time trying to give John some pointers on how to get more camera attention out of his part. So he was in a position to observe with what turned out to be an experienced eye.

It was still a secret when John calmly asked Betty one day, "When are you expecting your baby?"

"How did you know?" gasped Betty.

"Oh, that's easy," grinned Harvey. "My wife's expecting, too. I know all the symptoms."

temperamental as a turtle . . .

About parts, wardrobe, make-up, directors or anything else at the studio, Betty has about as much temperament as a turtle. She has never "struck" or been suspended or tried to be the *grande dame* around the set. If there ever are any kick-ups on her part, they're likely to be a plug for the little people.

Like the time on "Coney Island" when she broke up the company. I'd better explain first that extras, bit players and mobs on a set carry a standing pet peeve against eager beaver directors who get wrapped up in their art and forget to call a halt for a full noon hour. Well, on this picture the director had been a little guilty of that sort of thing, and he lined up one morning scene featuring Betty just three minutes before the clock hands went straight up. They all got set finally, the camera focused, the lights blazed, the director yelled, "Action!"

Betty opened her mouth as if to sing. But instead she rang the rafters, yelling, "LUNCH!" as loud as she could. The foiled director yelped "Cut!", the extras roared and applauded, and Betty grinned. That broke it up. They went to lunch!

Actually, Betty likes to work. Like her favorite star, Bing Crosby, it's easy as pie for her, too. She hasn't taken a script home in years. Used to memorizing song lyrics ever since she was twelve, she catches her lines in one easy lesson. Her seven-year, no option contract at Fox makes certain she'll be in there pitching for a long, long time to come, which is okay with Grable. Although she'll be a lot happier when Harry stops running off to play back East and wangles his coast-to-coast broadcasting from Hollywood. That prospect looks rosy now, too, because Harry's new three-picture-a-year contract at M-G-M is going to keep him close to home.

So far there aren't any James family plans to launch Victoria Elizabeth on a movie career, although that blue-eyed doll already has all the witching personality of both her maw and paw. Besides, she got her name, you know, from Vickie Lane, the character Betty played in "Springtime in the Rockies," the fatal picture which brought Betty and Harry James together.

Betty herself quips away any such future movie-mama suggestions with, "How can she be a glamour girl when she's bald?" She also points to the discouraging only time she brought Victoria on the set. Vicki didn't like it one bit and set up a terrific fuss with tears and tantrums.

But, after all, it's the fans who have the final word on such mighty matters. And only the other day Betty got a letter from a soldier fan which might be a tip-off.

It was addressed to Miss Victoria Elizabeth Grable, and when Betty opened it, a quarter fell out in her lap.

"Dear Vicki," penned the GI hopefully. "I've always been crazy about your mother—but it looks like I lost out to Harry James. So keep this quarter—and when you grow up to be a beautiful movie star—send me an autographed picture, will you?"



A kid to be envied—lost in the deep slumbrous comfort of his own Beautyrest! Nowadays not many youngsters are so fortunate—or many grownups either! For all of our Beautyrest facilities are still working full blast—and full time—for Uncle Sam.

Before too long, we hope, we're going to be able to put into *your* new Beautyrest all the special skills our precision work has taught us. Then, once again, you'll relax in soft, cushioned luxury . . . that specially restful comfort

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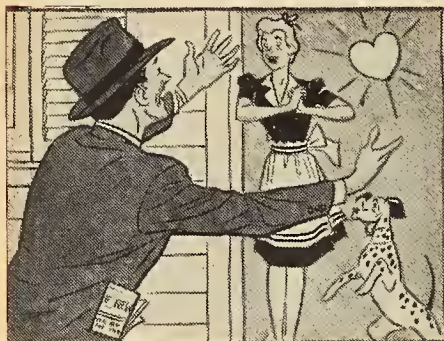
If you need a new mattress right away, we recommend our famous **WHITE KNIGHT**. Soft, durable—it's a mattress-within-a-mattress, packed with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton. It costs only \$39.50. We can offer you, too, a limited quantity of those wonderful Beautyrest Box Springs, available at the same low price.

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... EVERY MONDAY NIGHT—BLUE NETWORK

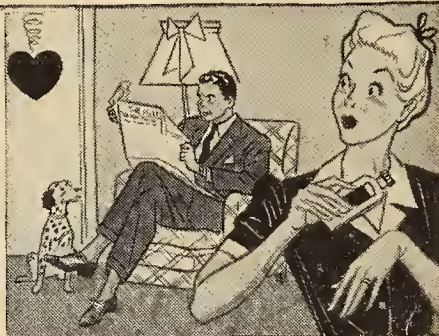


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They were the Happy Couple who never had a cross word. *She* was a wonderful housekeeper... which started the trouble. For housework is one of the big causes of rough hands... but, unfortunately, not even the most loving husband likes rough hands!

NEGLECTED HANDS—NEGLECTED WIFE

No man can warm up to red, dry, scratchy hands... and our Little Woman put in some bad days with a very large dent in her heart. Then she used her head to help her hands, and her heart took care of itself. She got Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream.



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It wasn't long before her husband ran out of adjectives, trying to describe her soft, smooth, velvety hands. Hinds contains a special softening ingredient with a particular affinity for your skin. Make Hinds *your* passport to romance-inviting hands! Begin now.

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• Wind, weather, and hard water can take the natural oils from your skin; leave it rough, dry, and tender. Here's why you should turn to Hinds: Hinds supplies a softener to help out when the natural skin lubricant is depleted. So... for petal-soft, smooth hands, use Hinds! Ask for Hinds today at any toilet-goods counter.

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—for chapping, roughness, redness

—for children's tender skin

—for dry skin

—for a powder base

HUTTON OR NUTTIN'!

(Continued from page 41)

As for bounding Betty, it was new experience enough just getting whammed away at like a lady duck. But by that time Hutton was already hep to a flock of new delights and dangers which her little head had never dreamed about 'way back in cozy, comfy Hollywood.

Like, for instance, giving out with the glamour in spooky jungle clearings while tropic skies emptied buckets of rain on her famous figure. Like crooning and hoofing to the grim rat-a-rat of Yank rifles knocking off nearby Nips. Like snatching beauty sleeps on steel floors of bumpy cargo planes and in mud-mired pup tents. Like tripping to the powder room under escorts of MP's so a sniper wouldn't wing her, and watching Marines solemnly tub out her pink unmentionables. Like getting introduced to 105 degree dysentery fever, living on Spam and raisins, watching her clothes rot right off her fair body and sweating out eight steamy weeks without a bath. Like getting tagged a white goddess by awe-struck savages and losing a ton of lipstick to a few thousand love-hungry GI's who hadn't seen a white woman in months, let alone kissed one, and Betty Hutton at that.

When Betty got home, she'd traveled 50,000 miles by plane, boat, jeep amph-track and what have you over the toughest front line circuit of them all, making stops no other Hollywood star had ever dared. She had felt the blast of bombs and heard the whine of bullets and smelt the smell of death. "She'd trod the hallowed sands of Tarawa, Saipan, Guam, Kwajelein, Tinian and a couple dozen more spots of glorious Yank memory. And along the way she'd found the war job she'd asked for and done her derndest to give out what—Betty hoped—the boys could see in the way of chuckles and cheer.

stepchildren in the pacific...

Because her hot spot Pacific hops were strictly Betty Hutton's idea—or rather the idea she got from a few thousand ardent pen pals stranded out where the going's rough. "How about it, Hutton?" they wrote. "How's about a date?" And, "Saving a Jap for you, Baby. Come get him before he spoils."

Betty had only one question to ask the USO people, "Where do the boys need entertainment the most?"

"That's easy," they told her right off. "The Middle-Pacific. They've only had Bob Hope and Jack Benny over there, and they didn't make all the stops." They went on to explain that while European fighting fronts had already wallowed in the comparative entertainment heaven of some two or three hundred star tours, the rugged island clean-up guys were stepchildren, and they didn't like it. In fact, there had been complaints. But there were plenty of good reasons why: Distances were terrific, transportation was risky and rugged. Living conditions were terrible, wicked diseases all over the place, climate awful, and all the food canned. Besides, anywhere you went, you were likely to run smack into Japs. They were still all around, dug like moles in the ground and hanging like monkeys from the trees. "It's no place for a lady," they explained politely.

"Be careful who you call a lady," cracked Betty. "That's for me. When do I start?" They said any time and the sooner the quicker.

Well, there was a picture, of course. There's always a picture for Hutton these days, but this time Betty just up and said,

HINDS *for* HANDS

"It can wait." Good old Paramount put up an argument about million dollar schedules and things for Betty's next, "Duffy's Tavern," but they weren't really serious—not when they saw Hutton's jaw. In no time flat she was woozy with twelve different kinds of shots—for every foul affliction from the crawl-crawl to housemaid's knee. That's when Hutton first realized she was in the Army now—although maybe the light dawned a little more officially up in San Francisco, where she hopped off.

the once-over . . .

Because when a Hollywood star sets out to send overseas, she gets her orders straight from headquarters like the lowliest Sad Sack. Betty arrived at the Golden Gate full of beans and rarin' to go. She was a dazzling blue dream dish in a beautiful USO uniform creation by Schmidt, Hollywood's swankiest tailor. She sported a studio hair-do out of this world with every trick curl in place. She was showered, shined and shampooed. She dragged five big bags jammed with fine feathers and enough glamour items to stake an expedition of Earl Carroll cuties.

The bags went first. "You can take one," allowed the brass hats. "Now there's the little matter of permits and passports and—er—a few questions."

Well, Hutton stewed around San Fran four days while Uncle Sam gave her the once-over. Wires whipped back and forth to Washington, clearing her with the FBI, the IOU, the FHA, WCTU and the SPCA. Meanwhile, interviewing officers chopped down her family tree and examined the pieces. They traced her every move since the days of Public School No. 12. They wanted to know all about her intelligence quotient and her batting average in the Three-I League Ladies Auxiliary. Betty told them how she liked her oatmeal, and her personal reaction to Frankie Sinatra. She revealed that her name backwards, spelled "Nottuh," and that she was allergic to gefuelte-fish. Of course, I'm pouring it on a little. But the point is that if Betty had the impression she'd already told all to the Hollywood gossips, she was just living in a fool's paradise, that's all. By the time the Army got through with Hutton, they had her on paper for keeps. And by the time it was clear she was no Jap spy, but a nice girl with something for the boys, the beautiful USO deal was a little baggy behind, the studio hair-do was wilted, her manicure was chewed off, and the Mrs. General MacArthur outlook Betty sported when she hit Frisco had shriveled down to size—around the Mrs. Private Hargrove division.

Of course, all that's necessary and right and proper, and Hutton had no kicks. But what touched off the thermite was a parting word of wisdom breathed in her ear at the take-off.

There a USO lady, trying to be helpful, came up to Betty. "My dear," she whispered in a between-us-girls voice, "Be sure and take enough personal things along. You can't get them out there."

"Like what?" asked Betty.

"Well," said the lady, with a significant glance, "Like peroxide—for your hair."

Betty controlled the impulse. Instead she drew herself up in her best Queen Victoria manner. "We are not amused," she said icily. "For your information, my blonde hair is not out of a bottle!"

Maybe all that deglamorizing effect of Army processing is what put Betty on her P's and Q's when at last she soared out over the Golden Gate. Maybe it was the squawks that had just seeped back to the States from Pacific GI's about temperamental Hollywood stars on jungle battle front tours. Maybe, too, she was all wrong about it, but Betty felt a little on the

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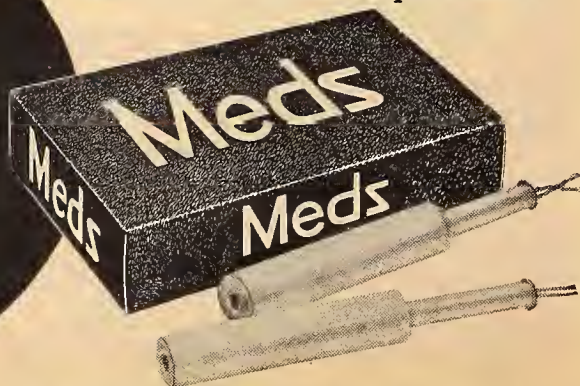
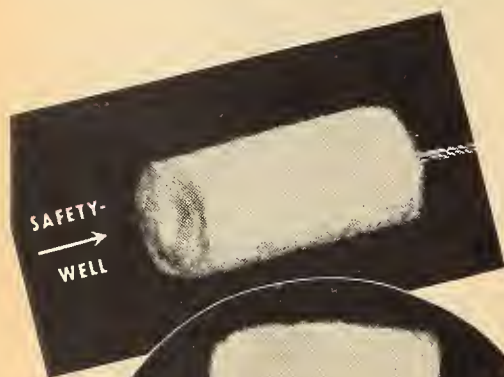
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defensive—as if the transport crew was just watching and waiting for her to be Little Miss Movie Star.

Anyway, she sat quiet like the mouse on her little bucket seat, didn't speak unless spoken to and tended to her knitting until the boys loosened up and got sociable. That didn't take long. Pretty soon somebody trotted up with a shy grin and a cup of hot bouillon (because it's cold up high even over the South Seas). Another flyer offered his coat. Then the skipper looked over his shoulder and wondered if Betty would like to sit in the copilot's seat and "fly the ship." It's a long hop to Hawaii, where Hutton was headed—thirteen hours and not much scenery. And after all Betty Hutton is no scarecrow. The ice gradually thawed and finally broke wide open when the guys got up a game of black-jack. "Like to sit in, Miss Hutton?" one of them asked.

That's all Betty needed. "Sure!" she beamed, wondering dismally what her Hollywood business manager would say. She'd never played the darned game.

murder she said . . .

Who won? H-m-m-m—what always happens with beginners? Lousy with luck, that's what. Hutton clipped them neatly for \$40. Then somebody suggested a crap game. She'd never played that either. But the galloping cubes stuffed Betty's purse with another \$25. When she told the guys with that famous grin, "Honest, I never played these games before!" they rolled all over the ship howling "Murder!" "Murder, he says," cracked Hutton happily.

"Sing, it, Betty!" somebody yelled. And that touched off Hutton's first Army show, right up there in the skies.

Nobody ever called Betty a prima donna or remembered, after a couple of grins, that she'd ever seen a studio. She never hit a lick of Hollywood hostility on the whole tour. And when the boys broke down and chummed up—Hutton knocked them on their ears, with pep and personality—regardless of altitude, speed, direction or wind drift. She had a different plane and a different crew each time, too. But whether they were C54's, converted Cats, bombers or just washing machines with wings, they all bulged at the seams when the gang really broke it up with a show. Nobody ever heard of flight fatigue on a Hutton hop, from then on.

She wasn't traveling as a one-girl show, of course. Betty Hutton was the USO group's headliner, but besides the Hutton tot there were five other merrymakers along, including Valsetz, a comedy juggler, Tito Guidotti, accordionist, Arthur Herbert, funny man, George Costa, guitar, and a cutie-pie named Virginia (Jeepers) Carroll, who did acrobatic dances.

Betty's first stop, naturally, was Hawaii. She knew that before she took off. And Hawaii was thrill enough to start off with. For one thing, it had always been Betty's dream someday to land beside Waikiki Beach, get loops of leis tossed over her neck and hear the guitars whine out "Aloha." She got all that—and Heaven, too—that is, if you call Heaven a few hundred homesick soldiers who'd heard the news and jammed the Honolulu docks to say hello. But that's putting it too mildly. They didn't just say hello—they kissed it.

When that rugged welcome was over, Betty thought she'd seen—and kissed—everything. But it's impossible for a Hollywood gal to realize what a sensation a famous female face fresh from home creates in an overseas khaki world. They whisked her right over to the Moana, one of Honolulu's biggest taverns, hopping these days with nobody but Yanks in uniform. Remember, Betty had never been

off the soil of the good old U.S.A. before, and while she'd made plenty of p.a. trips, she'd always traveled with her mama.

telephonitis extremis . . .

And at the Moana, Betty and Virginia Carroll were the only two sweet young things lodged in a building crammed to the eaves with fellows on furloughs. That added up to a wallflower's dream, and neither Betty nor Ginny are exactly wallflowers. The phone started clanging the minute they heaved their bags on the floor and plunked themselves on the beds, and it never stopped. "Hey Hutton, we're down here in Room 424. How about coming on down?" Or, "My name's Joe. I met you in Kokomo, remember? Well, I've got a pal, Jim here, and we thought, if you weren't doing anything—" The calls piled up on each other, and Betty, the friendly dope, answered them all, gabbed on and on until she could barely squeak. Some wanted just to say, "Hello," others stuttered and gagged with excitement and thrills. Betty peeled off her travel clothes, smeared cold cream on her cheeks and tried to pull her tired body together with one hand while she clutched the receiver with the other. If she had collapsed in a heap that night, medical science would have had its first authentic case of *telephonitis extremis*.

But that wasn't half. Pretty soon came the foot thuds in the hall outside, the raps on the door. "Can we come in, Betty? . . . Can you come out, Betty? . . . Just for a look—gosh, can't we just see you a second? . . . I know a guy in Hollywood knows you. . . . Will you autograph my necktie? . . . I got a bottle of Scotch. . . . I got a present for you. . . . Can we come in? . . . Can't you come out? . . ."

Poor Hutton. All she could do was wail, "I'm sorry fellows, but I'm a mess. I'm in the hay sacked down with a hair net and grease on my face, and I look like a witch. I'm bushed and woozy and the heat's got me. See you in the morning." But of course, that didn't work. She ended up shooting the breeze half the night through the keyhole to a few hundred affectionate guys who liked the personal touch even if it had to be through a door. And in between she worked on the telephone. She'd probably never have got to close her eyes at all if the MP's, taking pity on her, hadn't broken it up at last and stationed a couple of guards at her door.

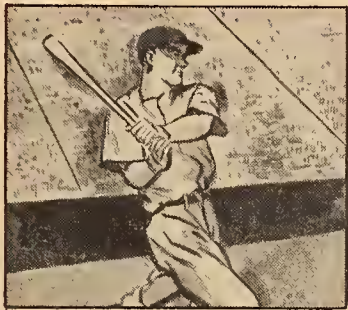
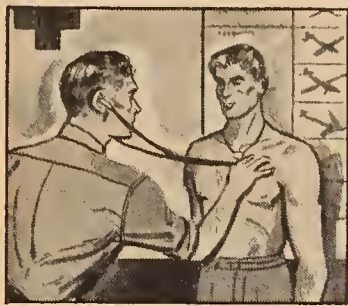
The Hawaiian Islands are dotted with big bases, airfields, Army and Navy posts. Betty and Co. played most of them and learned a few things about making with entertainment in a GI world.

For instance: That soldiers out yonder are suckers for perfume, silk stockings, high heels, trick hair-do's, flowers, bangles and all the feminine doo-dads they used to razz back home. But they don't like a lot of body tossed at them. First thing Betty heard about was another Hollywood glamour girl who poured on the sex wherever she landed, and the nickname the guys had for her—"Old Bumps and Bones"—was not what you'd call flattering.

They don't go for slinky evening gowns or Adrian creations, but plain American girl clothes like they remember best. Luckily, Betty's one bag was crammed with ten dresses just like that, which were okay while they lasted, but that wasn't long. GI's don't care for dirty or suggestive songs or jokes either. They like them gay and funny but clean. Favorites Betty sang were "Murder," "His Rocking Horse Ran Away" and "Swinging On a Star." They craved laughs and music and talent. One thing Betty discovered right away, too, was that they wanted Hutton around all of the time.

At first she came on, like any headliner, late in the show. But that just didn't

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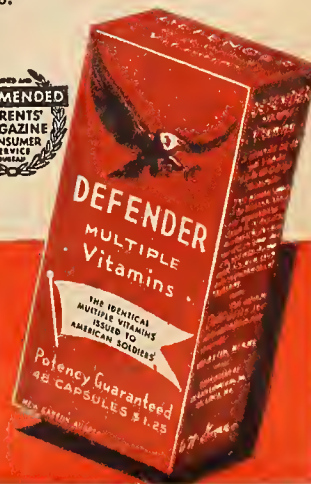
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work out. "How about Hutton?" the Yank audience yelped, and when Betty did come out, it was too much like a *grand entrance*—okay for Garbo or someone snooty—but not built for a Hutton. Betty solved that situation pronto by taking over the whole master of ceremonies job, from start to finish. It meant she worked twice as hard, wisecracking alone with Art Herbert, jiterbugging around while Costa's guitar throbbed, shaking hips to Guidotti's accordion—even doing a few nip-ups with Ginny Carroll. All in addition to her own gymnastic jive numbers, which you can hardly call relaxed and easy.

the jap menace . . .

The going started getting rough the minute Hutton hopped off from civilized Hawaii into the setting sun. Her first stop, Johnson Island, for instance, was just a chunk of sand dropped into the drink—no trees no animals, no nothin'—except a garrison of lonely Yanks and a few tired seagulls. They'd never dreamed of anything like a Hollywood show before, let alone Hutton. They almost ate her up.

But the butterflies didn't really flutter around inside Hutton until she boarded the plane that was to zoom her out to the Big League Jap hunting grounds. Not till she left Johnson Island did Betty have the exact dope on her own travelogue. She had a good idea, but it really didn't smack her right between her eyes until she asked this pilot, "Where are we headed?" and he rattled off a bunch of names that wrote headlines in blood only a few weeks ago—"Saipan, Kwajelein, Tarawa, Guam."

Betty's bright remark was, "But aren't there Japs still hanging around there?" "Sure," agreed the pilot. "That's what makes 'em interesting."

The news was no gag, either. On the hop out, over the Marshalls and the Gilberts, a plane crew GI had handed Betty one of those Yank newspapers the soldiers seem to get out wherever they stop overnight. This one was strictly All-Pacific and loaded, of course, with the gripes and gaiety of guys who develop senses of humor based on things that aren't necessarily such a laugh at bottom.

She'd laughed herself silly at one cartoon. It showed two Nips perched in palm trees watching an American camp movie. Said one monkey to the other—"Nuts—it's just a 'B' picture—Let's get out of here."

The funniest part about that was that it wasn't funny—if that makes sense. On half the conquered islands of Betty's trip there were still plenty of these snakes around, ready to do a drill with a sniper's bullet—and just as close as that, too.

First night Betty played at Saipan, she'd barely got into her first number when what sounded like a giant cornpopper went off a few yards away. Nobody in the audience budged, so Betty just swallowed hard and kept on shouting. But after she ducked off, she whispered to an officer, "What in the world was that?"

"Oh," he yawned, "some of the boys found some Japs down the road."

That's why a squad of MP's had to march her around every time she budged alone outside her quarters. It was a little—er—embarrassing to have an honor guard every time she powdered her nose, but it was a lot better than a bullet.

Once, on Guam just as she was climbing up on the platform to start a show, Betty almost tripped in the dark over a bump on the ground that turned out to be a little brown brother recently gone to meet his gods, courtesy of the U. S. Marines. Somebody'd planted him, but not quite deep enough, and the rains had brought the brother to light again. Betty almost swooned, naturally, but a GI cov-

ered him up decently. "Well," he drawled, "you really can't blame the little rat. He heard Betty Hutton was here, and he wanted to come up and see the show!"

But nasty Nip stinkers weren't the worst part by far. The things that get a girl set to commit mayhem to her best friend on a Marshalls-Marianas tour are the torturing annoyances of daily life which every soldier who's served there, guy or gal, knows only too well. It's better if you can just relax and suffer in silence, but remember, Betty had to be bright and gay, night and day—because how can you expect a GI to get all worked up over a sour, Sad Sack puss?

First, it seemed, she was always landing at some new island around 3 o'clock A.M. after a bumpy attempt to sleep without a mattress on a C54 steel floor. Then she'd try to snatch some shut-eye in a tent Jupe Pluvius was doing his best to drown. It rains all the time in the Pacific, as near as Betty could figure. And the showers just make it hotter and steamier than a summer greenhouse. Before every show Betty, Virginia and the gang would have to mop their tiny plank stages so both gals wouldn't dislocate a hip when they danced. What those torrents did to Betty's beauty tricks, too, was a caution.

The first time the skies opened up in the middle of an act Hutton and Company ducked for cover. But there was such a disappointed yowl from the soldiers who had only that one chance to see Betty (remember those guys are busy) that they all ran right back, but with GI raincoats wrapped around. Well, what's Hutton sacked up in a slicker? More yowls. From then on they just rose above it, and kept singing in the rain. Of course, a hair-do wouldn't last a minute with treatment like that, and the climate steamed out everything anyway. So Betty put lacquer on her hair and swept it up to some false top curls that she could hang out and dry between shows. She used other make-up by the box-fulls, because no sooner would she get set with powder, mascara, rouge than a cloudburst washed it right off. As for lipstick—well—as I said, the boys took care of that.

But her worst casualty was clothes. No dress made can take beatings like that. Tropical rots get busy, too, and if you haven't got a dress handy, they'll go to work right on your skin. One kind of island fungus will make you grow a tree if you don't watch out, complete with leaves, blossoms and everything in no time at all. It's amazin'.

Betty's duds dropped off her like Gypsy Rose Lee's used to before she got artistic. It Betty had stayed out there a week longer, she'd have had to sing and dance in a barrel. The gorgeous USO uniform lasted just one hop after Hawaii. One by one her ten little dresses crumbled away, and you couldn't even have given Betty to the Good Will hour by the time she got home. The only time on the trip she really got sore, incidentally, was at the last island she visited, Canton, where a wise guy GI observed her last vanishing frock, ripped, tattered and mouldy at the seams, and her last pair of slippers with heels busted off.

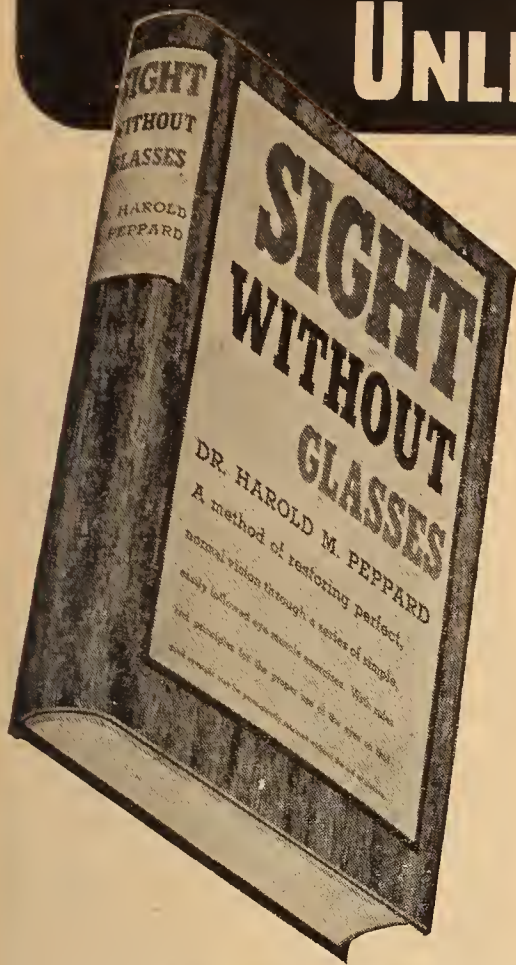
miracle girl . . .

"For gosh sakes, Hutton!" he cracked after the show. "Next time you come down here, bring along some decent clothes. You sure look crummy!"

Betty bit her lips and counted ten. She didn't bother to explain how she'd worn herself ragged. There's always one smartie like that—even in the Army.

Betty knew she wasn't half as bushed as most of the boys. She'd sing for them after they'd (Continued on page 92)

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climbed out of bombers, red-eyed and smelling of grease and gun powder. And she'd see them off, too, sometimes in the dawn. She'll never forget the thrill she had when she saw a flock of B-29's take off from Saipan and heard a pilot crack, "Guess I'll go lay some eggs."

"Say," objected Betty, "that's my racket."

"Okay," he grinned, "then I'll lay one for you—a very special egg." She didn't quite understand until she heard the next day that those B-29's were back from a very special place—Tokyo.

Every time Betty started a show, she'd look out over those crowds of wonderful fighting men, and she'd say, "Good evening—Gentlemen," very slow and emphasized. There would always be groans. "You are gentlemen, aren't you?" Betty'd crack in mock surprise, and the GI's would roar back.

"HELL, NO!"

But Betty knew better.

They almost tore each other apart to see who'd do Betty's laundry, for instance, and one of the funniest sights Betty remembers is a bunch of Marines on Tinian Island sudsing out her panties and bras with the help of a few dozen other leathernecks tossing helpful suggestions from the sidelines!

kingdom come . . .

Betty was the innocent cause of lots of gags, tricks and rivalry races along the route. Her coming was something of an event, well advertised, as you can imagine out in a land where a white woman's ten times rarer than a Republican in Dixie. Like the time she swooped down on Kwajalein at 2 a.m. to be met by a couple of grinning special service lieutenants and whisked off to a midnight welcome party and feast, complete with Spam à la Tropicque (in other words—Spam) warm beer and everything. Well, right in the middle of the whoop-la, in stormed a general shaking his fists and biting the air. "Who stole my alarm clock?" he was yelping. Then he saw all the other officers clustered around Betty, and he knew he'd been tricked. Seems he'd fretted all week planning to welcome Betty personally, and then his aides had framed him. But the General was a good sport about it.

As audiences, of course, there's just not a higher grade article on the market for any entertainer anywhere than GI Joes. Betty has traveled plenty of show circuits in her 23 years, but she never ran into anything like the applause that pounded her shell pink ears in the Pacific Island Loop. Three times Marines got so worked up they tumbled right out of palm trees in the middle of her show. But the hottest tribute (and I'm not kidding) to Hutton's allure was the night the ammunition dump almost blew up.

Hutton was knocking herself out, as usual, on this big island that I'd better not name. All of a sudden the fire siren sounded, and the lights went up. The loud speaker said a fire was raging next to the ammunition dump across the way. The show would have to stop until it was put out. Well—not one of those rapt GI's budged, even though it looked like they all might be blown to Kingdom come any minute. Rather die happy with Hutton, I suppose. Of course, there came officers' orders right after that.

Yep, the GI's were great, all right. But not even a notch beneath the male heroes of the Pacific, in Betty's book, were the brave Army nurses she met. No applause for those gals, serving silently, no glamour, flirtations nor fun—just hard work and the reward of a grateful look from a wounded boy's eyes.

soldiers in skirts . . .

Half the nurses Betty met hadn't seen a bobby pin, powder, lipstick, perfume

or even soap for weeks. But there wasn't a gripe. Betty bunked in nurses' quarters at several stops, and everywhere she increased her respect. Of course, the girls were eager to gab away with Hutton all night long, and being human, they wanted to know—what are the new styles in hats and hair-do's along the Boulevard? And who's doing what and with whom in Hollywood? She did her best to give them a word picture of the wartime feminine world back home, even if it cost her some shut-eye. She never regretted it. When it came the nurses' turn to do favors, they paid Betty back with interest.

Dysentery finally trapped Betty on Eniwetok, about halfway through the tour. Her temp hopped up to 105 degrees, and there were all kinds of drastic symptoms. But that wasn't the main crisis: The worst danger was the word Betty got on her bed of pain—that she was to be shipped back to Hawaii as a casualty! Hutton wanted no part of that—sick as she was—and the two nurses who flew in from Kwajalein to keep her comfy had to think fast and work faster when tearful Betty turned on the heat. "You've got to get me well right away," she wailed, "they're gonna send me back home, and I don't wanna go!" So the nurses did everything they knew—both night and day—to fight dysentery and, believe it or not, it worked. Betty was on her feet, a little shaky, and minus ten pounds, but in there pitching, in three days, and the hospital plane that was standing by to fly her back to the States was out of luck.

All in all, Betty Hutton visited thirty-odd islands, some big, some small—a lot of them you don't hear so much about—like Namur, Roi, Antawarak, Majuro, Johnson, Christmas Island and Canton. She averaged three shows a day and a few at night, and she could have played a daily dozen if she'd had the time and the strength (they did book six for her at one place, but she lasted out only four). Her audiences ranged from a mere platoon to 20,000 GI's. She sang and danced mostly on her "hunk of plank" stages, but plenty of times in airplanes, on trucks, aboard battleship—even on a submarine.

High on Hutton's list of thrills, in fact, was the time she got invited to rub the tummy of the brass buddha the pig-boat torpedomen kept beside their tin-fish tubes. They massage it every time before they send one into a Jap boat, and this particular sub had already cluttered up the ocean with Nip ships, so Betty knew darned well her buddha-rub would pay off sooner or later. On the battleship, too, she met the only Hollywood star she found in the Pacific front lines. Lieutenant Henry Fonda introduced her to his shipmates before Betty went to work. "Fellows," drawled Hank, "I don't know how to explain this: I lived in Hollywood for years, but I had to come to this god-forsaken place to meet Betty Hutton!"

Closer home, in Honolulu, Betty found Bob Stack, a j.g. and a fellow named Lieut. Bob Crosby, who's a Marine. Bob handed her a flying jacket he wanted Betty to carry back to Brother Bing, and on the back of the thing he chalked, "Help, Bing, help—it's Hutton!" When Betty turned it over to the Groaner, he like to died laughing.

Souvenirs Betty got to keep for herself were a little more exotic. A Jap banzai flag that got itself "banzed" prematurely on Saipan. A bracelet of Jap shells with, "You keep us laughing and we'll keep the Japs frowning," engraved by the Yanks. An officer's hari-kari knife that had been working overtime lately, a hundred GI mementos, buttons, badges, ribbons and such, her very own picture taken with the "king and queen" of Tinian (they thought she was a white goddess out of this world)

LUCILLE BALL, STARRING IN "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"
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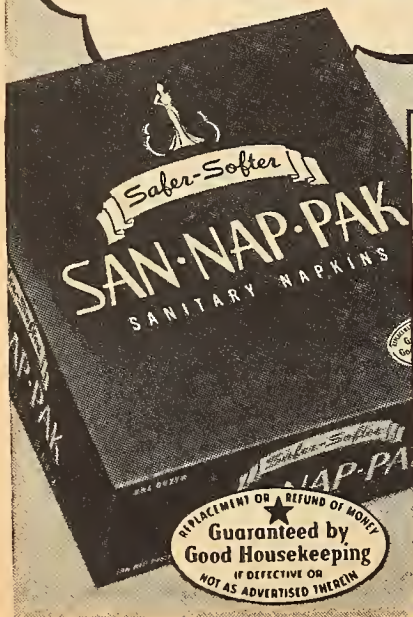


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Triple-Protection!

SAN-NAP-PAKS are now made with special "Pink Layers"—three zones of safety which end all risk of accidents! Cotton faced, too—to give extra comfort. And tapered to fit without bulging! Yet these new-design SAN-NAP-PAKS cost no more than ordinary napkins! Say "SANAPAK"!

and what she prizes most—a simple plaque tendered her by the Fourth Marine Division. It just says simply, "Thanks to Betty Hutton and her troupe. Semper Fidelis." Betty wouldn't trade it for a solid gold Academy Oscar.

There's only one thing that worries Hutton about that Semper Fidelis, "Always Faithful" sentiment. Of course she's thrilled to the toes to have it tagged to her name. But Betty's afraid maybe the Marines she met out there will give a bitter, hollow laugh when they get back stateside and try to look her up. You see, Betty handed out her Hollywood address to Lord knows how many guys scattered around the Pacific, along with about five thousand photographs and, I suppose, easily that many smackeroos. She gave the boys the right address, too—132 South Spaulding—just like a Semper Fidelis gal should.

But when Betty got back to Hollywood, wrapped in her borrowed colonel's flying suit, GI boots and Bob Crosby's USMC cap, the first thing she discovered was that her mother had moved her things to a beautiful, big new mansion in the Hollywood Hills as a home coming surprise. Now, wonders Hutton, what will happen when those Marines get out their little black books on their first leaves and discover that Betty doesn't live there any more? She shudders to think.

betty in wonderland . . .

Those doubts didn't begin to gnaw on Betty's conscience, however, until a little later on. First thing Betty did, when she stepped inside her new house—a dirty, dismally disheveled, dog-dead gal ripe for an overdue crackup—was to fall flat on the floor and tenderly pat the nice, soft rugs. Then like Alice in Wonderland, she walked through the clean, white bathroom, the shining kitchen, the spick and span upstairs, just drinking it all in. She ripped off her jungle rags and soaked for a couple of hours in a steaming tub, then put on all the cologne and talcum she could find, a new silk nightie and crawled in between crisp, clean, snowy sheets on a real spring mattress, in a real bed.

Then she bawled like a baby.

"Mama," wailed Hutton to her Maw. "I can't believe it! It isn't real! It's too good to be true!"

But after she'd caught up on her rest again, Betty knew that home, or Hollywood either, would never be quite the same after what she'd seen out there. She got restless even before "Duffy's Tavern" was in the can, and if they'll let her, Betty wants to go right back out the first time she can get a few weeks off and a new show together.

To catch up with her misdirected Marine buddies and straighten out that home address matter and a few other items, Betty has her eye next on the Philippines—maybe somewhere around Manila.

She figures that's where her pals ought to be about then on their way to Tokyo.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 24)

- | | |
|------|-------|
| 1. c | 7. a |
| 2. c | 8. c |
| 3. d | 9. d |
| 4. d | 10. b |
| 5. a | 11. c |
| 6. b | 12. b |

"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN"

(PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 53)

their roles and can do their parts with a minimum of rehearsals and retakes, and there's always a lot of fun on the set. Most of the fun on this one centered around Van's house-hunting difficulties . . . Once established in his new Bel Air home, Van threw a housewarming party for the members of the cast. Everyone was to come dressed as he (or she) thought he might look in fifty years. Marilyn Maxwell came as an angel, Director Goldbeck as a ghost, Gloria DeHaven as an old woman. Marie Blake walked away with the costume prize, however. Marie (who plays the part of the switchboard operator in the Gillespie series) was dressed as a little girl. She had a cardboard replica of a tombstone on one leg. Explained Marie, "I am the perennial ingenue with one foot in the grave." . . . The night he had his furnishings moved, Van came home from the studio to find the moving men seated on the living room floor pouring over the Johnson scrapbooks. They were a little shamefaced about it, confessed to being avid fans and knocked a few dollars off the moving bill for the time they'd spent perusing through Van's collection. . . . As a conscientious homeowner, Van climbed into dungarees and started out to mow the lawn with an electric mower borrowed from an obliging neighbor. Right in the middle of the job the mower broke down, so Van called his friend, Keenan Wynn, for help. Keenan came over with his tool box and tinkered for several minutes. Finally he decided it was a job which could only be handled in his workshop. As Wynn pushed the mower across the yard toward his car, the rock which had been wedged between two blades (and was causing the trouble) was released. The machine started off across the lawn and across the lawns all the way down the block with Keenan and several irate neighbors in hot pursuit. Van was no help. He was rolling on his own grass, tears of laughter streaming down his face! . . . But the hardest blow of all fell the day the telephone company came to remove the telephone. The former owners of the house had ordered it disconnected, and no amount of pleading from Van could convince the telephone company that he needed the instrument more than they. Van is now #748596832 on the new subscribers waiting list. Keenan had to grow a mustache for his next picture, "Without Love," and was then called back for additional scenes for "Between Two Women." Problem was solved by having Keenan play his latter scenes with his back to the camera. . . . Gloria DeHaven has been receiving fan mail addressed to a Hollywood Ice Cream emporium since a national picture magazine featured a layout of her having a malt in the shop. . . . During production Gloria's cocker spaniel became the mother of eight puppies. Cast and crew were all begging Gloria for the pups. She finally had a drawing for them on the set—proceeds went to Naval Aid. . . . Remember the Van Johnson birthday party pictures which appeared in MODERN SCREEN a few months ago? If you do, you will remember they were taken in the new Keenan Wynn home which was almost completely unfurnished because of the war shortages. While this picture was in production, Keenan fell heir to the entire furnishings of his grandfather's house in the East. There was enough furniture to fill the Wynn home plus some left over for friend Johnson!

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NAME
ADDRESS
CITY

TIMID SOUL

(Continued from page 51)

a glimpse of you since we finished 'Hollywood Canteen!'"

Bob's heart came out of his well-polished shoes and back into his chest where it belonged. He gave a shy grin of thankfulness. "I'm certainly glad to see you, Miss Davis. I'm—I'm certainly glad you remembered me."

silent past . . .

An acute case of modesty plus an equally acute case of stagefright, that's what it was. Most actors are comparatively free from both. But Bob always had been modest, and he'd had attacks of stage fright from the time he first decided to be an actor at the age of eight or thereabouts. His first public appearance in the dramatic field was the flop of all time. He was supposed to recite a poem in Sunday School. It was Easter Sunday, and the attendance was large. Too large for young Robert. He got up on the platform, took one look at the audience—and forgot every single word of the poem. He made a bow, trying frantically to remember something. Anything! He opened his mouth. Closed it. Bowed again. Somebody laughed. Bob went sixteen shades of crimson and descended from the platform without having uttered a syllable.

For some years after that, he was discouraged about his future as an actor. He turned his attention to the more practical matters of baseball, arithmetic (which he wasn't very good at) and skating, which he loved. He lived in the Hudson River town of Kingston, where the winters were long. It was through his passion for skating that he encountered the fascinating field of Girls. One night when he was in the eighth grade, he went skating, not giving it his usual attention because he was worried about an arithmetic exam next day. He noticed absently that one curly-headed minx followed him around all evening.

"Skate with me, Bob," she'd implore. "You're a wonderful skater."

Bob skated with her, solemnly, his mind still on arithmetic.

"Walk home with me, Bob," she begged, when the log fire had died down and people started to unfasten their skates.

"Huh? Listen, I gotta get home in a hurry and study."

"Aw, we live in the same direction. Won't take you any longer."

"Well—okay." They walked along under the bare, icy branches of a birch grove. And suddenly, Bob found himself backed against a birch tree while Curly Head kissed him determinedly.

"Hey!" he protested feebly when he could get his breath.

"What's the matter? Didn't you like it?" She gave him the devil's own grin.

He didn't know whether he liked it or not. He stayed awake all that night, wondering. The next morning he took the arithmetic exam and got 100! Maybe kissing was a great invention. . . .

During High School his interest in girls was steady, if not romantic. Six boys and

AUTOGRAPHS

If you've got a pet movie personality, why not get his or her signature? It's simple as swooning, once page 12 gives the low-down.

six girls in his crowd went around together all the while, having fun in a brother-and-sisterly sort of way. When you got bored with the girl you were going with, you went to your best friend.

"How about switching girls?"

"Okay. Starting tonight." It was a good system. No monotony.

That, of course, was before he fell in love. Before the crowd stopped being a crowd and started being just a background for The Girl. This girl was a slick dancer, and he liked her family and she was smooth looking and—well, it was love. Until Bob went away to prep school. He invited her down to a dance, but somehow it wasn't a success. They didn't have anything to talk about any more. And Bob had a lot on his mind.

For one thing, he wanted to try out prep school dramatics, and he didn't dare. He knew he'd forget his lines and make a mess of things, and what was the use? Still, he didn't give up the idea. In fact, he was worried at the moment because he was growing so tall. Actors should be tall, but not too tall. Bob decided to take up smoking to stunt his growth.

At prep school you were allowed to smoke if you had your family's permission. But only in your room, and *only* if the window was open both top and bottom. If your room was smoky, you were in for trouble. One night, Bob was puffing away industriously with his head half out the window, which seemed to be the safest method. But gremlins must have gone to work on the air currents. Behind him a stern knock sounded on the door, and a proctor stuck his head in. Bob turned around and to his consternation found his room silver-grey with smoke.

"Gosh, I don't know how this happened!"

"Report to the Headmaster in the morning," said the proctor sternly. As a result, Bob spent the first week of Christmas vacation at school. After that he gave up smoking temporarily and grew at a frightening rate of speed.

From time to time he would eye the cast of school plays with wistful envy. He read all the movie magazines he could get his hands on, and could tell you what every star in Hollywood ate for breakfast. But he didn't dare take a chance at acting himself. Anyway he was pretty busy, because there were a couple of subjects he was taking that were hell on wheels. One of them was Science—and that was how he came to have his appendix out. Final exams were coming up, and Bob had a nasty feeling that he'd never pass the one in Science. He knew that if you were unable to take the exam for a legitimate reason, you were marked on your year's work. Which, in his case, had, he hoped, been passable.

flesh and the devil . . .

Science was the last exam. The day before it was due, he guilefully entered the office of the school physician.

"I don't feel so good, doctor. A little cold, I guess." He coughed convincingly. The doctor examined him with appalling thoroughness.

"Young man, you have no cold whatsoever."

Bob's martyred expression fell to pieces. He shuffled nervously. But the doctor wasn't through.

"What you do have is a badly inflamed appendix. It must come out immediately."

In dazed horror, Bob heard the doctor telephone his father long distance to send an ambulance for his ailing son. He spent the next two weeks in the hospital, but the science teacher passed him on his year's work, so the sacrifice wasn't in vain.

He was scheduled for Dartmouth when he finished prep school, but he had been

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☐ Blue
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☐ Orchid
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
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doing some serious thinking. One night he called a family conclave.

"I want to go to dramatic school instead of college," he said.

They stared at him as if he'd said he wanted to be a pink elephant. "But you've never acted. Why didn't you try out for the dramatic club at school?"

"I don't like it," Bob said grimly. "It scares me to death. But I'm going to be an actor if it kills me."

He went. And hated it. The school was a good one in New York City, and Bob spent two years there. The most miserable two years of his life. His first stage appearance there was a night of horror. The role demanded that he appear in shorts, and even his legs were blushing.

His one really big part at school was in a play about the Bronte sisters. He played their brother, a boy of eighteen or so, who was a thorough bad hat. Drank, took dope, had an affair with a married woman and made his sisters' lives miserable. There was one terrific scene where the boy went completely berserk. It was a swell scene for an actor, and Bob loved it. He'd played it several times, with all his fellow students congratulating him on his portrayal. Then they put on a special performance, with Elisabeth Patterson, the actress, in the audience. Came The Scene! Bob's mind suddenly went as blank as a sheet of paper. He just stood there, utterly wretched. At last he said, "I'm sorry, Miss Feagin," to the directress and walked offstage. For weeks afterward he went around in black despondency, but he didn't give up.

After dramatic school, he played summer stock at Woodstock, New York, which was practically shouting distance from his home in Kingston. It was a good training ground, because it was near enough to New York so that they got Broadway actors and actresses in the group. And talent scouts showed up once in a while.

There were a couple of them there the Saturday night Bob lost his temper. The play that night was a mystery called "Cuckoo on The Hearth." Bob portrayed a minister, one of the murder suspects. He was in the middle of a big scene with the heroine, which had the audience on the edge of their seats. Was he really the murderer? Was that a gun he was reaching for? There was a concerted gasp (heaven to an actor's ears) as he brought his hand slowly out of his pocket. And then. . .

face on the upstage wall . . .

"Whe-e-e!" hiccupped a drunken voice behind him. The supposedly solid "wall" opened, and a strange man staggered out. He blinked at the glare of lights and eyed Bob and the heroine reproachfully. "Wha' you doin' here?" he inquired. "Get outa my way."

The audience, talent scouts and all, loved it. They went into gales of merriment, while Hutton burned. The scene, of course, blew higher than a kite. Bob's big chance was gone. He looked at the drunk, who was wearing an obviously new gabardine suit. Bob reached for a pail of water that someone had left just offstage. With a sure hand he hurled its contents.

"He didn't even sober up, but it gave me a lot of satisfaction. And it sure took the creases out of that gabardine suit!"

It was around this time that Bob began to work as a model for the Walter Thornton agency in New York. He commuted from Kingston, which is some fancy commuting since it's a two-and-a-half hour ride from New York.

One day Bob and a bee-yuit-ful girl named Mona posed for a cover for MODERN ROMANCES. Bob was the big, strong type of hero in this one, and was holding Mona as she bent half over backwards. It would

look very virile and romantic on the cover, but when you had to hold that pose for an hour it was tough going.

"There must be an easier way to make a living," he said plaintively, at last.

"Look, chum, this picture will be a work of art. It's likely to land you in Hollywood," the photographer assured him. At which they all laughed merrily.

The funny part was that it did. A talent scout who saw the cover had also caught one of Bob's performances in summer stock. "Photogenic and can act, too," he wired his studio, which happened to be Warner Brothers. So pretty soon, Bob was given a screen test in New York. They ran the result off for him a few days later, and he was in despair. Boy, was he lousy, he thought gloomily. If only the test had been good! If only he hadn't looked like a wooden Indian with occasional attacks of St. Vitus dance!

Fortunately, the powers that be at Warner's took no such dim view of the affair. Mysteriously, they liked the test. In fact, before Bob came out of the fog, he found himself with a contract and a ticket to Hollywood in his hand. He was in!

You would have thought he'd be in a rosy delirium of happiness, wouldn't you? But not Hutton. Worries flew around his head like a swarm of mosquitoes. "Here it starts all over again," he thought miserably. "The stage fright, and making a damn fool of myself." When his friends congratulated him, he looked at them with a graveyard expression and said, "I'll be back in six months. Eating at the Automat."

He wasn't, of course. He made "Destination Tokyo," and he was a hit. He played the soldier in "Janie," and fans began asking for more Hutton. Gosh, they raved, he's so good looking! He looks like Jimmy Stewart, only younger and handsomer. He was shy and sort of sweet, and when he looked at you, you melted into a romantic daze. You wanted to give him the world, and a spoon to eat it with.

When he was making "Janie," little Claire Foley, who played the demon kid sister, adored him. She got in the habit of spending most of her time between takes sitting on his lap. Then, quite suddenly, she stopped speaking to him.

"Say, what goes with Claire?" Bob asked her mother, puzzled.

She laughed. "She's found out you're married. She thinks you've been trifling with her affections!" Even at Claire's age, a girl wants no rival for Hutton. Of course, after she met Natalie, his charming bride, things were different, but Claire never went back to sitting on his lap.

By the time Bob married Natalie, a Beverly Hills socialite, he had really arrived. He went around in a dreamy state of unbelief at his own luck. Gosh, what a change from those days in New York when he used to munch crackers and milk (nice and cheap) at a lunch counter and watch wistfully through the window while a crowd of autograph hunters mobbed Sinatra. Now they asked Bob for his autograph when they saw him, and his hand shook so he couldn't even write straight.


forever broke, forever blondes . . .

"Didn't you ever have any fun in New York?" his wife would ask incredulously. "Were you broke all the while?"

"No. It just *seemed* like all the while. Sure, I had fun now and then." He grinned mischievously. "Like the time I took out that gorgeous blonde."

The gorgeous blonde had been the receptionist at dramatic school. Bob, absorbed in dreams and worries, hadn't noticed her particularly, till one day he happened to be sitting in the reception room. She was standing in front of the wall

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mirror, combing her lovely blonde hair. "Hey, this chick is really glamour incorporated," Bob discovered suddenly. She met his gaze in the mirror and smiled, and he forgot that he had exactly two dollars to last till Thursday.

"Would you go out with me tonight?" he inquired. No build-up at all.

Maybe the abruptness was a welcome change from the usual approach. Or maybe the hopeful, earnest expression in Bob's eyes did it. Anyway, the answer was yes. There was one awful moment when he remembered the sad state of his finances. But he went around borrowing a quarter here and fifty cents there till he had enough for a gala evening. It was wonderful.

Now those days are gone. He can afford to eat the things he likes. Chops, broccoli with lots of Hollandaise, apple pie. When he's interviewed, he says wistfully, "Ask me what I like to eat, huh? When I used to read these interviews, they always told about that. I used to dream of the day when someone would want to know what I ate!"

He doesn't like meals at regular hours. He'll skip a couple, then get hungry and eat like crazy to make up. He loves to tuck away a couple of milk shakes and a slab of pie just before he goes to bed.

He has a passion for looking out of hotel windows, and for Argyle socks—size eleven

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—and for leaving the radio on (playing nice, soft music) no matter what he's doing. He likes girls in green dresses, with no hats, and bright nail polish. He likes people, and people—naturally—like him.

He was in New York when Warners' screened his latest picture, "Hollywood Canteen," for the magazine reviewers. He was anxious to see it, and his mother came down from Kingston to see it with him. A more nervous guy you've never encountered! He sat there, sort of huddled up—all six feet of him, leaning forward anxiously during the important scenes, gnawing his nails. His mother took a quick look around every now and then, and reassured him in a whisper.

"I think they like it. They're laughing in the right places."

They liked it a lot. And they liked Hutton. They're going to like him in "Roughly Speaking," too. By the way, who turned up on the set of "Roughly Speaking," but the model who had posed for that MODERN ROMANCES cover with him, Mona Freeman. That photographer must have been psychic! Bob is scheduled for another "Janie" picture, and he's making "Rendezvous" with Eleanor Parker. The latter is a story of Major Gus Daymond who was one of the first Americans to join the Eagle Squadron. The action takes place in London during the blitz, and Bob is pretty excited over the part of Daymond. You will be too, when you see it. You'll sigh and say "Umm, that Hutton!" Then maybe you'll giggle a little, remembering the times when Bob tried to act and could only bow and blush and stutter. The funny part is that Bob, even when he gets to be a top star, will remember them, too. He's that kind of a guy.

"I OUGHT TO BOX HIS EARS . . ."

(Continued from page 39)

"Twentieth—glug—Fox—"

He swears that's all he said, so it must have been the glugs that did it. Anyway, he was one of the select few invited to her house to see a picture. All evening he sat dazed at being in the same room with divinity, then left and had a nervous breakdown.

There's nothing arrogant about his brashness. He's a fresh, original personality, and I think his deepest instinct is to be himself. From what he tells me of his folks, he comes by it honestly. Dad Eythe, a contractor in Mars, Pennsylvania, went to see "You Can't Take It With You," said, "That's a good idea," and never worked again till he came out West for a lengthy stay. Then he took a job in a war plant.

blushing fullback . . .

Katie, as her kids call Mom, is part Irish, part Spanish, which accounts for a lot in both Bill and herself. Katie doesn't hold with suppressed emotions. Among other things, she's a football fan. Bill's brother Dutch—later, All American at Carnegie Tech—played on the high school team. In those days they didn't have big bleachers, you stood on the sidelines. Katie'd go wild. "Do it for your mother, Dutch," she'd yell. "Do it for your mother."

With that background, it's no wonder Bill's got the courage of his convictions. I've heard his pals razz him. "Wearing blue jeans and T-shirts to the Derby! Smoking pipes bigger than your head! Hitting the hay at 9:30! Anything to be different. Whoya kiddin'?"

Well, he ain't kiddin'. Lives to suit

himself, not Hollywood. Wears blue jeans because he feels good in 'em. Never owned a Tuxedo or tails and never will, unless he needs them for pictures. First pair of tails he ever saw doubled him up, and he still thinks they look like comedy relief. A Tux is all right if you go for that kind of stuff. He doesn't. Smokes a big pipe because you can get more tobacco in the bowl, don't have to keep filling it.

He never intended to be an actor. Stage designing maybe—or some other form of art. Only thing he wouldn't be was second fiddle. On account of Dutch. Dutch, ten years older, was the town hero. Bill had no intention of living under his shadow. Or basking in his glory either. At Carnegie Tech, he registered under a fake name till his father found out and talked sense into him.

Dutch had been tops, so Bill had to be tops, too. "If you think I'm brash now, Hedda," he told me, "you should have known me then. Nothing I couldn't do."

He worked his way through college. Didn't know Aries from Taurus, but that didn't keep him from lecturing at the Buhl Planetarium. Toured the neighboring towns with a children's theater. Talked his way into writing scripts for a radio station. Had no time to study and flunked English. Got even with the prof by waving a script in his face. "They paid me good money for this. Go ahead and flunk me."

Meantime, he was acting in spite of himself, commandeered by the dramatic coach who needed talent and thought Bill had some. With his funds at an all-time low, he applied for the juvenile lead in a

musical at the Pittsburgh Civic Playhouse. The part called for two dances with the ingenue—

"I can do 'em," said Bill.

They gave him the part and then had to teach him to dance. By that time he'd made an impression on the director who used him in other productions—including Shakespeare—and after graduation, took him to Cohasset for his first professional appearance with the South Shore Players.

Ruth Chatterton was one of the guest stars that summer. In the fall she was taking a play called "Caprice" to Canada, and needed a juvenile. Bill would have given his eyeteeth to go along, but a strange transformation came over him in Miss Chatterton's presence. By now he worshipped the theater and its great names. When Ruth sent for him one day, he knew what was at stake. But instead of braying, "I can do it better," he sat like a bump on a log and made foolish sounds.

The interview died of malnutrition. Bill rose. "Well, g'by, Miss Chatterton. I've been delightful."

She whirled. "What did you say?"

Now that all was lost, his head cleared. "I mean, it's been delightful. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll go jump off a cliff."

"You'll stay where you are. You're going to Canada with me."

The tour lasted six weeks. Then New York, where he met Oscar Serlin who put him into "King's Maid." That flopped. On his own again, he reverted to radio and his original tactics. Got himself a job as page boy in Radio City, then—buttons and all—opened a door marked TELEVISION.



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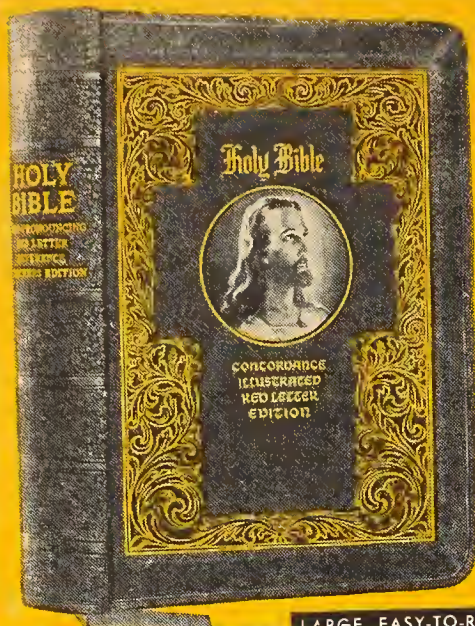
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"I've got a script I'd like to put on."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"Yeah, I'm a radio writer—"

"Ever done scripts before?"

"Scores of 'em—"

"Well, wait a minute. Our staff announcer's been drafted. Here—read this—"

He read half a dozen want ads and got the job, which he found highly unstimulating. Two months later he was doing his own show on WNBT, and went on till the war closed television down.

xmas in february . . .

He and Serlin had grown to be buddies, so when Oscar called up and said, "I've got a Christmas present for you."

"Fine time for a Christmas present—in February—"

"Come on down and get it."

The Christmas present was the part of Lt. Tonder in "The Moon Is Down."

"First I fainted," says Bill, "then we went into production."

You MODERN SCREEN readers who live in New York may have seen the rave notices. George Jean Nathan, who's hard to please, said the stage had produced four great juveniles—Renavent, Glenn Hunter, Burgess Meredith and now Bill Eythe. Nathan wanted to tear Bill apart when he signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. "They'll ruin you in Hollywood—"

Maybe George Jean's right. This is Bill's sixth picture, and he's only playing opposite Bankhead, that's all. I haven't seen "A Royal Scandal" yet, and neither has he. But I was on his home lot a few days ago and bumped into Otto Preminger, the director. He told me they'd sneaked the picture Friday.

"How'd it go?"

"Swell. And a triumph for Eythe."

Later I met Bill, who looked confused. "Got a new trailer and dressing room this morning. Can't dope it out—"

"Did you know they sneaked the picture Friday? Well, they did. I just talked to Preminger. Let me break it to you gently, honey. You're ruined."

sore spot . . .

Only once have I known Bill to be rude, and in my not-too-humble opinion, he was justified. A woman who may have been trying to be funny—in which case, she should have her sense of humor examined—accosted him with, "You're a fine young man. Why aren't you in the Army?" His voice would have cut through rock. "For the same reason you're not in the Ziegfeld Follies. Physical disability."

It's not true that his eardrums were shattered in "The Moon Is Down." What happened in that play merely aggravated the condition. An early infection of the Eustachian tubes brought about complete deafness at the age of 13. For a year and a half, the outlook was black. He wouldn't go to school and was tutored at home. His closest companion was Dip, a Chow his sister Ruth gave him. Dip slept with him.

A Pittsburgh specialist restored his hearing. It was like dying and being born again. He'd run around, banging tin pans together, just to hear the noise. Dip's bark was music. It was then that he first began to love real music. During those months of silence, he'd thought: "I have no pretty sounds to remember, only birds and cows. If I'd listened to music, at least I could hear it in my head." The family celebrated his recovery by buying him a phonograph, and he's been collecting records ever since.

All through college he was fine. Then, as Lt. Tonder, he had to have his ears boxed. It was nobody's fault. Only Bill might have realized the possible consequences, and he just never thought of them. For two weeks he was deaf again. His ears are still being treated, and the

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drums are punctured. That's why he's not in the Army, lady.

His basic needs are fairly simple. Work. Friends. Music. Animals. Books. Recently he rented a house on a Hollywood hilltop—so high and inaccessible that the milk company refused to make deliveries. So he told them he had a six-weeks-old baby, and strung diapers on the line to prove it. One day the milkman turned inquisitive. "Where's that kid of yours? Never see him around."

"Oh. He's out walking."

"You don't say! Pretty advanced for his age."

"Oh, not on his legs—in a carriage—the nursemaid wheels him—you know."

"Yeah," said the milkman. "Well, give him my best regards." *Sure*, the milk still comes. For you and me it wouldn't, but for Bill it does.

Since renting the house, he's annexed two dogs and a cat. Shillelagh, the setter—Bonnet, the dachshund—and Galla, the Siamese. Bonnet's the character. Does double takes like Durante. Loves perfume.

Evenings, Bill takes them out. The dogs run, Galla's on leash, and Bill collects kindling. The fire's always going—even in summer, with all the doors open. He'd sooner live without a roof than a fireplace.

The phonograph's always going, too. The radio he loathes. Threw one out of the window in New York. To save money, he was sharing a place with five boys who were bugs on radio. Turned it on in the morning and kept it on all day. Bill tried to be cooperative for a while. But this day he'd been out job hunting, and there weren't any jobs and probably never would be. As he opened the door, noise smote him between the eyes. He picked up the radio and dropped it into 11th Street. Next thing he knew, five guys were beating the tar out of him. He had to send home for his own radio, but not till they'd all put their fists to a contract—certain hours the damn thing could be played, and certain hours it couldn't.

On working days he's in bed by 9:30. Wakes up at midnight and raids the ice-box. Yearns for a garlic sandwich but settles for cheese, out of deference to his fellow-workers. Incidentally, he's a Grade-A cook. It started in Mars, where the kids helped Mom round the kitchen, and continued in New York. Alfred Lunt, a brilliant cook, gave a series of lessons at the Stage Door Canteen. The fee was purchase of a War Bond. Bill scraped pennies to buy one and took the course. Lunt had always been one of his idols, and he turned fairly starry-eyed when Alfred the Great came out with this gem of wisdom. "Good food has nothing to do with recipes. That's why men make better cooks than women. They've got more daring and imagination. If the book says rub the pan with garlic, woman rubs it. Man says what the hell, and chucks in a couple of cloves." Bill's sentiments exactly.

He's been thrown out of New York's best eating places. Every new dish he tried, he'd go back and ask the chef how to make it. Now his meals are famous. Gets his pals together Saturday nights and feeds them. The service is something else again—casual, let's say.

and about girls— . . .

Five guests are his limit. More than six people in a room drive him crazy. On bridge nights they're four. Bill's a glutton for bridge—once played thirty-six hours straight. Generally plays with his stand-in, Tommy Noonan—Anne Baxter's stand-in, Betty Adair—and Winkie. He went to school with Winkie, who now runs a bookshop in L.A. She's the girl he sees most of. Sometimes they doubledate with Anne and John Hodiak. Bill and Anne used to be rumored a romance, but he says they

"My mother could have spared me this heartbreak..."



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"WELL it's happened. Jim has left me and never was there a better husband! I felt it coming—first his 'indifference'—then a decided resentment.

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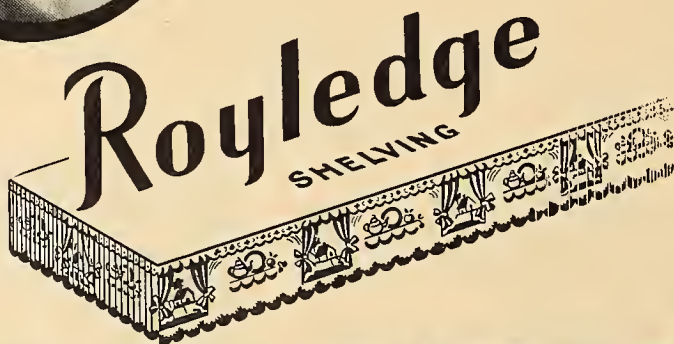
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never were, and I'm taking his word for it. Bill hates girls who squeal at bugs and spiders. Girls who won't bowl for fear of breaking a fingernail—that's the type he'd like to hit with a tenpin. Girls who use too much make-up. Look at Ingrid Bergman, the most beautiful girl in the world, and she doesn't use any.

He gets an allowance of forty a week, and lets his manager worry over the bills he runs up for books and records. "He picked his own business. Let him get ulcers." Until six months ago, money was good for just one thing—to spend. Now he's got three ambitions to save for.

After the war, he wants to fly his own plane. That goes back to childhood. "I'm gonna be a pilot," said Bill.

"No," said the folks.

"Okay then, I won't have my tonsils out. I'll let 'em rot in my head. I'll go and drop dead if I can't be a flyer." The doctor—a World War I pilot—had to take him up in a plane before he yanked the tonsils.

He wants to travel all over the world—to places where nobody's ever been before.

He wants to be a director. Needs money to tide him over the switch from acting. Not a lot of money. Just enough for a hovel, food for himself and the animals, and wood for the fire.

How to combine the three is a headache for later. Right now he's got another worry.

To Mother Katie Eythe, the world's best joke is that her Bill is an actor. In Pittsburgh, he could always tell by her giggle when she was in the house. The more juice he turned on, the harder she giggled. Once, watching him do Antony, she got so hysterical that he skipped two pages of the funeral oration.

His screen success hasn't made any difference. I don't have to tell you that "The Oxbow Incident" was no comedy. Yet Katie was ejected from every theater in town. "We'll have to ask you to leave, madam. You're disturbing the audience."

Bill's worried about the effect of his new picture. "Wait till Mom gets a load of those tight britches. Boy, will that be a royal scandal!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A little while ago, Dorothy Lamour visited our small city of Haverhill, Mass., for a few hours with the intention of spurring Bond sales. She had a room at the Hotel Whittler and was as closely guarded as a million dollar pay-

roll by the hotel employees. Naturally, being in town for only a few hours, she found it impossible to sign the hundreds of autograph books thrust at her by her admiring fans, so it took a "pint-sized" Western Union boy to manage the impossible. Being quite well known in the hotel, he just walked through the lobby and upstairs, rang Miss Lamour's bell and announced he had a telegram for her. Naturally, Dottie signed the receipt, tore open the telegram and read, "Dear Miss Lamour, I wanted your autograph, but you were always mobbed downstairs and outside. I hope you're not mad."

As the boy flew down the hall, he could hear Dottie and her manager laughing uproariously.

Mrs. Miles E. Bastow, Jr.
Haverhill, Mass.

SUGAR DADDY

(Continued from page 33)

unhappily. When it became plain that she was really desperately ill, Dick telephoned his mother. She said the trouble might be appendicitis, and sent over the best doctor she knew.

No, said the doctor, it wasn't appendicitis.

So Dick said they might as well negotiate for his services right then and have everything settled. The doctor agreed; he said he arranged three classes of maternity service, one for a hundred dollars, one for two hundred dollars, one for three.

"We'll take the three hundred dollar deal," said Dick without hesitation.

"But you haven't even heard what the various prices cover," protested the doctor.

"Makes no difference," answered Dick with a vigorous nod of his head. "I want Joanne and—er—Skippy to have the best." That's the way Junior Haymes was named—on the spur of the moment, by his dad, seven months before he was born. Eventually, he was to be christened Richard Ralph in honor of his father and his maternal grandfather, but he will undoubtedly be known as Skippy to members of his family for the rest of his life.

For the first three months of Joanne's preparation for her young son, she was a very sick girl. She had to be kept in the hospital for weeks at a time where she was fed glucose intravenously. Dick would arrive every afternoon and sit beside her bed, miserably rolling and unrolling a sheet of music and trying to make gay conversation.

Fixing her with an apprehensive eye, after having told some crazy anecdote about the boys in the band, he would say, "Now do you feel better?"

"Oh, you!" grinned Joanne. "Stop worrying. Hundreds of babies are born every day."

"But not to US. Gosh, I feel so helpless. If only I could do something."

papa's little darling . . .

If, nowadays, you should invite Dick Haymes to your home for a dinner of Lobster Thermidor, he would look at you as if you had just invited him to partake of fricasseed deer antlers. Very politely, very firmly, he would decline. This aversion to shell fish of any kind arises from his pre-parental period. Joanne developed a frantic craving for lobster or crabmeat.

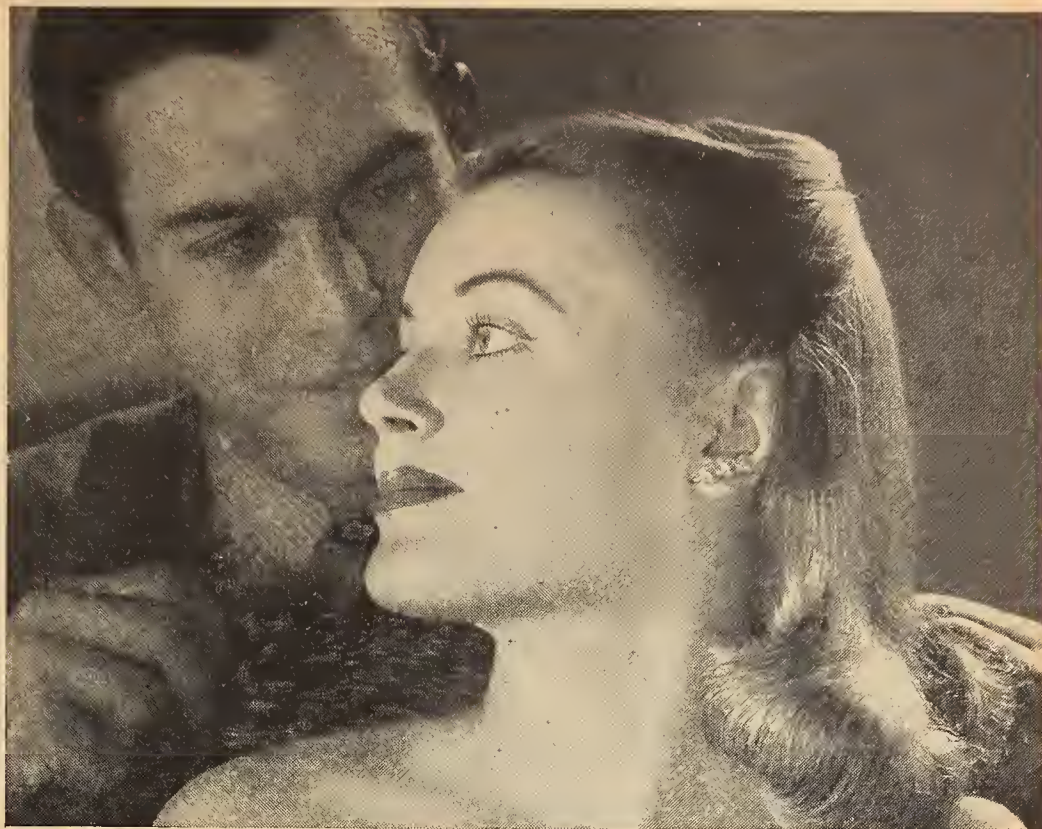
In the eerie hours of winter dawn, she would awaken, starving. Gently, she would shake Dick's shoulder. "Darling. I'm ravenous for some lobster."

He would unglue his eyes, blink at the luminous dial of the bedroom clock which would be telling a frosted four o'clock, then roll out and start to dress. "I'll be right back with some lobster, honey," he would say as he clumped drowsily across the echoing living room. Sometimes he would have to walk or taxi for blocks and blocks before he would find a restaurant with a buyable lobster, but no matter how long it took, he always returned eventually with the shellfish.

When the stork notified Joanne that he was getting ready to fly through the air with the greatest of ease, Joanne asked her mother-in-law to do two things: (1) broil a nice big steak and prepare a green salad for the prospective mother who understood that they wouldn't let her eat when she reached the hospital, and (2) notify Dick who was in Maine, singing with Goodman's band.

When Dick received the telegram, he sat down hard on the nearest chair and

GOODBYE DULL DRAB SKIN!



Make the "PATCH TEST"!

See and feel this exciting difference!



Dry Rough Flakes Disappear! Skin Takes on Instant New Freshness! New Clarity!

In just 30 seconds—half a minute—you can *prove* Lady Esther Face Cream, the most beautifying face cream you have ever used!

Just make the "Patch Test"! Rub a little Lady Esther Face Cream on one cheek—wipe it off—and look in your mirror! See how that patch of skin has taken on radiant new freshness! Touch it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

Now imagine your *whole* face refreshed that way! Your *whole* face instantly beautified—by a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream! Here's what this one cream does: (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your

skin. (2) It *softens* your skin. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder. The proof of all this is right in your mirror! Just make the "Patch Test"—and *compare*!



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream



HERE'S SOOTHING RELIEF — FASTER HEALING

If your hands get so red and chapped that they actually feel sore, take a tip from nurses! Get a jar of the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema, and see how quickly it brings soothing, grateful relief.

Noxzema is so effective because it's a *medicated formula*. It not only relieves the stinging soreness, but *helps heal* the tiny cracks. Actual tests with Noxzema show it helps heal chapped hands *faster*—definite improvement often being seen *overnight*! Surveys have

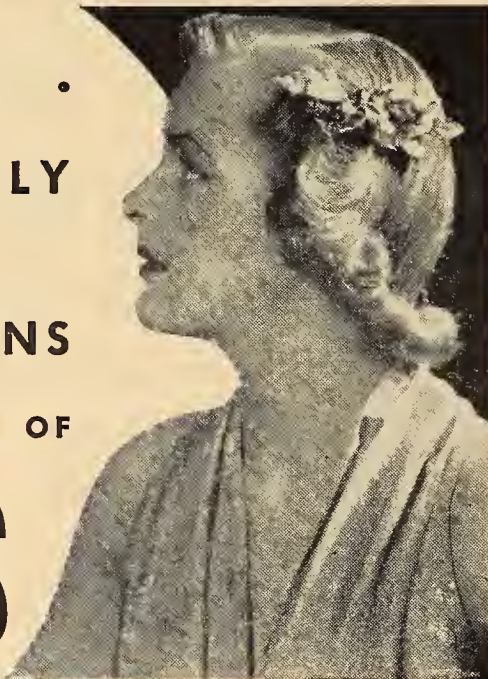
revealed that scores of nurses (who have trouble with their hands from frequent washings) use Noxzema and recommend it to their patients.

Noxzema is greaseless, non-sticky, vanishes almost at once. Get a jar at any drug or dept. store today and see how quickly it helps heal *your* chapped hands! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 (plus tax).

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It is a tragedy indeed when really glamorous women are unable to wear revealing gowns because of psoriasis lesions. If you have been facing this situation try **SIROIL**. Results may amaze you. **SIROIL** tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of **SIROIL** will help keep them under control. Applied externally, **SIROIL** does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

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Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

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Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

gasped for breath. Then he sprang to the nearest telephone, checked on railroad schedules and made reservations. Locating Benny, Dick explained the situation. Benny had promised that Dick could join Joanne as soon as necessary, but he didn't think there was much rush. "We've advertised you at a couple of spots during the next few days, so I think you'd better stick around," he said.

"Sorry, but I can't do that," said Dick, and caught his train.

babbling father . . .

Having antagonized his employer and tossed up his job, Dick forthwith antagonized the nurse at the hospital. First he hurried in to see Joanne, who was a very sick girl. She gave him a big grin and said, "Wait until you see Skippy. He looks exactly like you."

So Dick hurried back to the nursery to check his heir. The nurse, busy as all nurses are, caught up Master Haymes from his basket, whisked him to the door, said, "Perfectly normal, perfectly healthy baby," held back the blanket for ten seconds, then turned to go.

Dick extended a restraining hand that settled on the nurse's arm. "Just a minute, please," he commanded. The nurse was ready to explode in incendiary sentences, scattering hot little words over the scene . . . until she caught sight of Dick's eyes. He was looking at the sleeping pink mite in her arms, and great shining tears glazed the father's proud eyes and started down his cheeks. With the back of his fist he mopped them away.

Naturally, he hadn't told Joanne that he was out of a job. When she quizzed him, Dick said that Benny had given him two weeks off. Between trips twice a day to the hospital, Dick went scurrying around in search of another job. He was booked in Philadelphia on a singing date which paid very well. It took him away from Joanne and Skippy for two days, but it put some jingle in his jeans . . . momentarily.

The next time he walked into the hospital room, he was carrying an important jeweler's box that he nonchalantly set down on the bedside stand. Joanne grabbed it with a little chortle of delight and tore off the wrappings. A strand of pearls shone from the black velvet depths of the box. "For me?" squealed Joanne.

Dick didn't answer that masterpiece of nonsensical interrogation. He simply beamed on his pretty wife.

The day Dick took his family home from the hospital, he was able to tell Joanne about his severance of relations with the Goodman combo and to announce with a proud chest that he was set with T. Dorsey. The only trouble being that Dorsey was going to California to work in Metro's "Du Barry Was a Lady" by day, and to play at the Palladium by night. "I'll find an apartment," Dick promised, "and then you and Skippy can join me just as soon as you're well enough to travel."

In just six weeks, Joanne and Skippy were on The Chief, scorching the Santa Fe trail toward Hollywood. Anyone who has traveled with a child will utter a small sigh of commiseration for Joanne at this point. Add to the usual difficulties the fact that Mister Skippy was having a minor spell of colic; he wasn't sure that he liked his formula, and he was positive that he didn't like traveling. Joanne had to walk through twenty-three Pullman coaches to get to the diner where the bottles could be heated. She always carried the cylindrical glass dinners wrapped in paper bags for purposes of sterilization, which explains why the three handsome ensigns didn't realize that she was a mother. Whenever she went through their car, they made with the big eye, they

gave with the sweet talk. Not to her, you understand, but to one another, like, "My, my what lovely scenery. Inside the car, I mean." Etc., etc.

Finally, on Joanne's umpteenth trip, one of them—eager to uphold the Navy's tradition for valor in approaching any objective—arose, bowed charmingly, introduced himself and asked, "You seem to be pretty busy. Is there any way in which we can be of service?"

"There certainly is," said Joanne, leading the way to her drawing room. She opened the door and was followed into the space by three eager boys in blue. "I haven't had anything to eat except some sandwiches that I packed and some fruit, since I left New York. Will you mind the baby while I go to the diner?"

naval strategy . . .

The American fighting man is staggered by no battle development, however unforeseen. All three of them arose instantly to the emergency.

When, after a grateful dinner, Joanne returned to her drawing room, she found lines strung and a complete baby wash flapping in the breeze. One man was sudsing out the last kimono in the metal wash basin; one was telling Skippy about his most recent tour of duty; the third was dry cleaning some spots from his uniform, after having burped Junior Haymes somewhat too successfully.

Dick met his family at the Pasadena station and heard the story with a hearty laugh. "After living in a drawing room on a train for four days, you're going to think our apartment is colossal. Just wait until you see it! And all furnished—even the living room," he boasted.

It was really something. A penthouse atop one of Hollywood's swankiest apartment buildings, it had a view that you could have sliced and sold at art exhibits; the bathrooms were large enough to house small echoes, and the rugs were so deep that Dick had thought of providing guests with skis for ease in crossing the living room. "How much rent do we have to pay?" gasped the Little Woman.

Dick reeled off a glib figure.

"And how much are we making?"

Dick mentioned the same figure he had quoted for rental. "Tell you what," he suggested, grinning, "we'll pay our rent every day. That way we won't miss it."

"And when do we eat?" said the practical member of the household.

Dick was crestfallen. "But, honey, I wanted to have a nice place for you and Skippy."

"It's a palace," laughed Joanne, rushing into her husband's arms. "You're a princely provider—no mistake about that." But the next day she started apartment hunting and within three weeks had found a charming place at one-third the rent.

By May 13, 1944, the Haymes family had moved to a sprawling, comfortable house in San Fernando Valley; they owned and operated as pets two dogs, Bonnie—a Dalmatian—and Bobby—a Schnauzer; they also owned Skippy and his newly-born sister, Helen Lane Haymes.

While Miss Haymes had been in the angel factory getting properly outfitted with fingers, toes and big, curious eyes, she had been referred to in the family circle as "Sister Susie."

Hearing a reference to this Sister Susie person one day, Skippy asked, "Who Susie?"

"She's going to be your new baby sister. We're going to bring her home from the hospital by and by," explained Skippy's mother.

When this momentous event took place, Skippy gurgled and cooed and made a fuss over the newcomer. "My lil thitther



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Thuthie," he said in rapt admiration as
he hung over her crib.

One of the best days at the Haymes
home, as it is everywhere, is Christmas.
Skip was only five months old for his
first one, but his doting dad brought
home an electric train. A lucky selection,
because no such toy has been available
since.

In addition to this magnificent gadget
(with which Dick spent more time than
his junior partner), Skip got a menagerie
of stuffed animals, an Army truck, a tank,
a quacking duck and a little red wagon.

a snare and a delusion . . .

Along in the afternoon Joanne noticed
that Skip wasn't in the immediate vicinity.
Thinking that he had probably taken one
of his stuffed toys or some other cherished
gift to his bed and gone to sleep, she in-
vestigated. She found him sitting on the
bathroom floor. Spread out before him,
emptied from a bottle that he had pur-
loined from the medicine chest by climb-
ing from stool to wash basin, were dozens
of little brown liver pills. He was rock-
ing back and forth happily, humming to
himself. With a dainty thumb and fore-
finger he was reaching out, as he rocked
forward, picking up a pill and eating it.

Joanne screamed for Dick and told him
what happened. Together they bundled
up Mr. Skipper Haymes and scorched to
the nearest hospital, where the young
man's stomach was pumped. Luckily, his
parents had caught him in time to keep
him from suffering any ill effects.

Skip and his dad have a secret club with
which they torment the woman in their
lives. Dick, as you know, was born in
Buenos Aires and speaks fluent Spanish.
He also spent a good many young years
in France and mastered that tongue, too.
Now he is teaching both languages to
young Haymes. Skip can sing the Bell
Song in French, and he's zooty with Frère
Jacques. He speaks quite as much con-
versational French and Spanish as he does
English. His mother speaks neither.

She has trouble enough with her two
joes in English. One morning she was go-
ing through a series of calisthenics, ob-
served by Dick and Skippy. At the close
of the physical training, she tried a few
steps from her ballet dancing.

Skip uttered a howl of mirth. To his
dad he said, "Oh! Get HER!"

Dick tried to look like a stern parent,
but the expression didn't jell. Somehow
the conviction in the Haymes household
is that all four of them are contemporaries
of spirit—growing up together.

TO OUR READERS

(Continued from page 29)

the reader. She wants to know how much
you can spend. Her staff will hunt bargains.
She is going to worry about whether
you're fat, thin, tall, or short. She is
going to talk about clothes in terms of
parties, school, office, falling in love, having
babies and life in general. Your life—
remember—not the Duchess's!

Answer the questionnaire on page 22,
and you will simplify her problem tremen-
dously by giving her a look at your ward-
robe budget. Henry and I promise not to
peek at your answers. Better yet, we
promise to send you absolutely free (no
stamps, no envelopes) a picture of your
favorite star!

This is only the beginning. With your
help Jean is going to deliver a youth-
conscious, bargain-conscious, glamorous
fashion department such as you and the
Duchess have never seen!

ALWAYS GOODBYE

(Continued from page 37)

must go on just as before, that was her credo. That was what she thought Ty would want, and it was what he thought he wanted himself. The comforting picture of her in their lovely home, managing his affairs, waiting for him.

Tyrone went through boot camp at the Marine Corps base in San Diego. It sounds easy put that way, but if you happen to know a guy who's done it, you know it's not too gay. In addition to the grim business of being a boot, Ty had to fight his way through a few feet of frost. The minute he got there, they began dishing the scuttlebutt. "There's something non-reg about this guy," they'd say. "Why'd he enlist at Headquarters, Washington, D. C.?" "Yeah," someone else would pitch in, "and how come they hand him four and a half months inactive duty?"

higher and higher . . .

In time, the questions got around to Ty, and they were answered politely and logically. Seems he'd been in Washington on business when he'd been rejected by the Navy for a CPO rating. He was pretty letdown about it. Pretty ashamed because Annabella was with him when the word came. And because he hadn't felt like wasting any time, he'd gone directly to headquarters and enlisted. He was put on inactive duty so that he could finish a Navy film for 20th Century.

The air cleared gradually. Then one day, three weeks after he'd reported at the Recruit Depot, something kind of big happened, and thenceforward Power was really in. His platoon was mustered, and a famous Marine officer passed the order. "Private Power, front and center."

Ty stepped forward, shaking, saluted and stood at attention as the Colonel enumerated the points of his adaptability one by one, designated him the "outstanding man in his platoon" and presented him with the coveted certificate attesting to it.

There were four more weeks at San Diego after that, and all the time he saw Annabella just once—at the training base with a couple of hundred other Marines and their gals standing around. There were letters, of course, and the brief unsatisfactory phone calls. But sometimes seven weeks is a very long time. When at last he came home on a pass, he was different. Thinner, quieter.

She showed him how she had kept the books, conducted him on a tour of the house so that he could rave over how well she had preserved the feeling that this was home. He was pleased with her, and he did rave. Then he said, "And are you happy, darling?"

"Oh—happy." She gave a little shrug. Who is happy when she lives with loneliness night and day. "I'm doing all right."

Some more time went by, and Ty was at Officers' Candidate School at Quonset. They threw more information at him during the few months he spent there than most of us could absorb in a lifetime. He found time for letters because he's the kind of guy who would, no matter what, but they were brief, and even the writing looked tired. When, at last, he got his bars and came home on leave, he was so weary that Annabella cancelled all the festivities their friends had cooked up.

"You will rest," she informed him, looking at the deep circles under his eyes.

After Quonset, Ty, who was a civilian pilot with 115 flying hours, went to Corpus Christi to become a Marine pilot, and Annabella would trek down to see him

"'Twas a hand, White, Delicate."

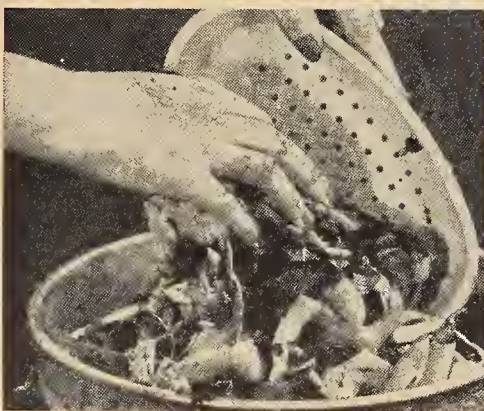
—“Lucile,” Owen Meredith



* "'Twas" till it became

Red, Coarse

from housework



...but even working hands can be YOUNG LOOKING!

IT'S A SHAME to let your hands get older looking than you are... and so needless! You can be a good housekeeper, and *still* have hands that fill a man with pride and tenderness... Soft to the touch, smooth to the eye...

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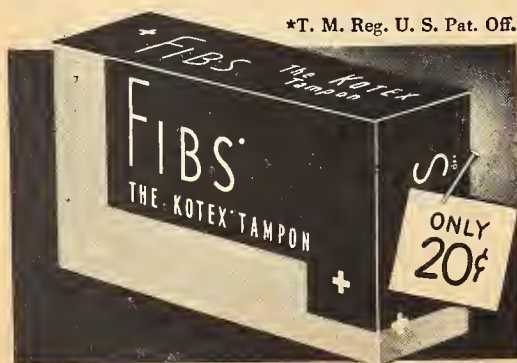


FIBS Tampons have gently rounded ends for easy insertion

It's like finding a tampon made especially for you . . . that's how easy it is to use Fibs Tampons for internal sanitary protection!

You see, Fibs are different from ordinary tampons . . . different in such important ways. Because unlike all other leading tampons the ends of Fibs are rounded, gently tapered to make insertion more comfortable. Because Fibs and only Fibs are "quilted" for greater comfort and extra safety.

So next time, change to Fibs. You, too, will say: "At last I've found a tampon that's really easy to use!"



whenever he was free. There was one weekend when, the minute he saw her, he knew she had something up her sleeve. It was in her eyes and voice. In the grin that kept reappearing even when she thought her face was in repose.

"Okay," Ty said finally, "Spill it."

"They want me to do a show, darling—on Broadway." And it turned out that he was just as thrilled as she was.

So late in 1943, Annabella moved out of their dream house that perches on the edge of a canyon in Bel-Air, the beautiful Colonial house that was originally Grace Moore's, and which they re-modeled and re-decorated and loved so dearly. Annabella found homes for their three beloved dogs, left orders that the garden was to be kept exactly as was, Ty having planted so much of it himself, and trekked East, thinking a little sadly of strangers sitting in their chairs, looking at their pictures.

broadway, here she comes . . .

She took an apartment at the Pierre and began rehearsing "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" just at about the same time that Ty finished up at Corpus Christi and got ordered to the Instrument Flight Instructor's school at Atlanta, Georgia. That meant six weeks of gruelling and complex study, at the end of which time he would not only be able to fly blind through any kind of weather in single or multi-motored aircraft, but he'd also be able to teach other pilots to do the same thing.

AUTOGRAPHS

No cryin', no sighin'—25c gets your favoritest actor's signed scrawl. Wanna see? Then go see page 12.

Ty will admit it was plenty rugged, but what really wore him down was the extra-curricular stuff. The gals who mobbed him at the Officers' Club, the invitations from organizations to speak, the bid from the Southern Baseball League to throw in the first ball. He finally had to do the same thing Gable had had to do in England. Repair to his bunk every night about nine in order to get a touch of solitude.

Meanwhile, he was driving poor Annabella mad via air mail with his anxiety to get overseas. "Don't talk like that down there," she wrote him frantically. "Someone might hear you, and you are doing vital work here." Just what he was doing at that point she had no idea, it was all so hush-hush, but if he were doing it, it had to be vital. When her friends quizzed her on his activities, she would say, "Very important secret things. He is one day in St. Louis, one day in Miami. All I know definitely is that he is never in New York."

And then one day he came. He phoned her from Philadelphia to say he'd completed his cross-country check—a flight from Atlanta to Philly on instruments—and had a 48-hour leave. The minute she hung up the phone she began getting ready. She took elaborate pains with her make-up, put on a stunning dress he had never seen, labored over her coiffure. "You would think," she told a friend on the phone that day, "that I am feefteen, getting ready for my first date." She thought of all the things she would say to him. Then he knocked at the door, and she opened it, and there were no words at all.

Sitting across from him at dinner, she sparkled and scintillated for a while, and then they relaxed into their old familiar talk. "Do you like my dress?" she asked



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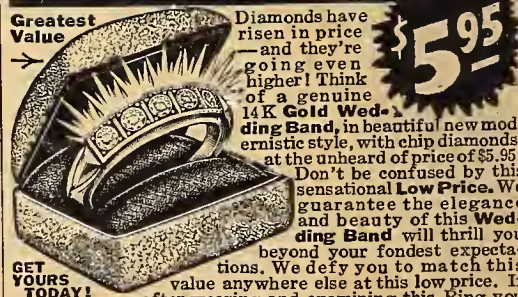


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him, as she'd asked him so many times before. She should have known better. "Yeah," he told her. "I always loved that job." It wasn't very tactful, considering he'd never laid eyes on it before, but it was so typically Tyronese that she wanted to hug him.

After dinner, Annabella dashed to the theater, excited as if it were opening night. And when she came out on the stage, it was as if she were saying her lines for the first time because she was saying them for him. The whole play was fresh and new because she was seeing it through his eyes. After the first act, he was waiting for her in her dressing room. "You couldn't possibly be that good every single night," he said.

"Not possibly, unless you were there every single night." And they looked at each other and wished it could be.

you talk, you talk, you talk . . .

Then an impossible thing happened. The phone rang, and Ty's forty-eight was cancelled. He was due to speak before the Associated Women's Clubs of Georgia the next morning. In the Marine Corps, you don't ask why. You just do it.

"Those southern gals—what the heck have they got?" Annabella tossed it off lightly, the way you toss off anything that matters very much these days.

"Not a thing," Ty told her, and he kissed her quickly and left. He rode all night, asleep on the floor of the plane, and landed in Atlanta at five-thirty. He got a bath, a hurried snooze, and at 11 o'clock the officers called to escort him to where the good ladies were gathered.

"How do you feel?" they asked him.

"Tired," he said wearily.

"Have you any idea what you're going to say to the Women's Club?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "I'll do the best I can."

He didn't say what he had every right to say: "Why the hell did they order me out cross-country when they knew they had committed me to other duty? Who balled things up this time?" He said, "Sir, I'll do the best I can."

They were still pouring it on when he graduated some five days ahead of time. The day for his final flight check came, with rugged Lt. "Pappy" Wade as his wing commander. Lt. Wade had fifteen instructors under his command, fourteen of whom had made formal application with him to make "Power's final check." Wade, as a good Navy man would, gave the job to the one independent Irishman who didn't give a hoot whether he checked Power out or not. Furthermore, at the last minute a high-ranking officer piled into the plane just to be sure nobody was giving Power anything.

When the ship came down, the word was passed, amidst congratulations, "That guy's hot on instruments. That guy can fly."

While he proceeded from instrument school to operational training, Annabella continued in "Jacobowsky," discovering that acting in the summertime is really earning your living the hard way. You've never been even warm until you've been in a backstage dressing room in July. As for the stage itself, complete with lights, the tropics are chill by comparison. But if you think she wished herself back in a pink pinafore in Bel-Air, you don't know Annabella. Next to her family, she loves the stage better than anything in the world. Her letters to Ty were full of small, gay incidents. She told about the celebrities who stayed at her hotel, Arleen Whelan and Carmen Miranda and all the others; her week ends in town, seeking out a breeze; the occasional long week ends in Connecticut when she'd play hookey from the show for one day. She wrote funny

200 Witnesses Watch Her lose 86 pounds

Mrs. Mary Knicley, Hagerstown, Md. wins new figure and new job.

There was no secret about what she was doing. Her husband had suggested it. Her doctor had approved it. Everyone in the office knew about it. What amazed them all was the change in Mary Knicley as she went from 222 pounds down to 136, from a size 44 down to size 14, and they cheered as the former heavyweight of the department, now slender, gracious, and gay, was moved up to the front office, promoted to cashier!

"I feel like a 36-year-old Cinderella," says Mrs. Knicley. "You see, I was resigned to being fat but my husband urged and encouraged me to take the DuBarry Success Course. Once started, I told the girls in the office, and all 200 of them followed my progress day by day.

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MRS. KNICLEY'S MEASUREMENTS			
	Before	After	Change
WEIGHT	222 lbs.	136 lbs.	-86 lbs.
HEIGHT	5'5½"	5'6"	+½"
BUST	46"	34¾"	-11¼"
WAIST	39"	28½"	-10½"
ABDOMEN	43"	32"	-11"
HIP	48"	37½"	-10½"
THIGH	29"	21½"	-7½"



These two snapshots of Mrs. Knicley show her, at the left, when she weighed 222; at the right, when she weighed 132.

Above, the slim and stately Mary Knicley as she is today—weight 136 pounds!

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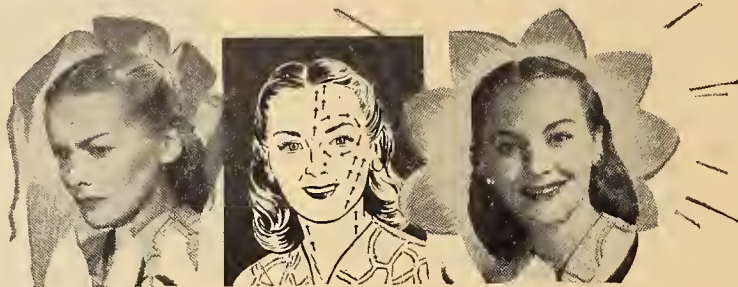
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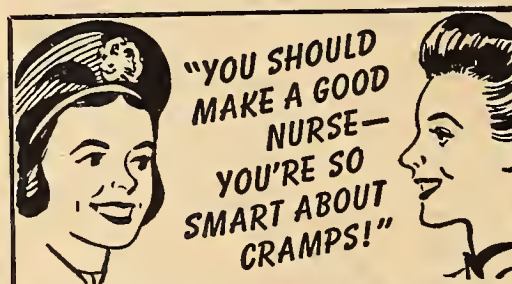
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little stories about the kids who climbed into the taxi with her to get her autograph; about the time—after one of those long week ends in the country spent sunning and playing tennis and getting rested—that she alighted from the train with a fairly good-sized suitcase and was unable to find either a porter or a cab. Finally, she walked from 42nd Street to 61st, arriving at her hotel in approximately the same wilted state that she'd left it.

One day she had very great news to tell him. She had met and spoken to General Charles DeGaulle at a dinner in his honor at the Waldorf, and the experience had moved her deeply. "Darling," she wrote, "he shook my hand, and I tried to say something to him, but I felt so like weeping." The man was a symbol to her of the new France, the potential liberator of her own family from whom she has had no word in two years, other than the one brief message that her brother was killed. It was a magnificent thing for Annabella, this encounter, reinforcing her deep love for France. "I am like a mother with two children," she wrote to Ty, "one is ill and weak, and that is France. One is fat and strong, and that is America. I love them both devotedly."

Not long ago, Ty told her that he would have just a few more weeks in the States. She knew it was coming some day, that news, still when it came, it shook her. But they would have ten long days together, and Annabella, for one, would pretend they'd never end.

There were lovely walks along Fifth Avenue. Looking in the windows of Saks, stopping at St. Patrick's, having tea in the leisurely atmosphere of the Plaza. After the theater in the evening, there'd be supper at the Stork or 21, or maybe just a colossal hamburger at one of the joints. And then came the happiest of the whole ten days—when Annabella got word that she was going overseas with the USO in "Blithe Spirit." She and Ty took a walk through Central Park and talked.

never say good-by . . .

"Being so busy over there will help the restlessness," Annabella told him.

"The restlessness?"

"Oh, darling, you must see how now I have the jitters. I cannot sit still."

He smiled into the calm, untroubled face she always contrives to present to him. "I'd never have known. You're a swell actress."

"In the beginning," she mused, "it was sort of exciting and new, being a war wife. It was the same feeling I have at the beginning of a long trip. I felt fresh and alert and as if I were embarking on an adventure. Gradually the scenery has come to look all the same. Gradually the fellow travelers are less stimulating. Now I am at the stage where I am sitting with my hat and coat on. I am looking at my watch . . ." They stopped walking for a minute and turned to each other. Annabella's voice dropped to a whisper, "Oh, darling, how I wish we'd get there."

He held her hand tight, and they walked along again talking about where they'd meet the next time. Maybe in London or Paris. Maybe on a little dot in the Pacific. They talked about Annabella's little girl, Anni, and how well she loves her school in Maryland. They talked about what they wanted for Christmas, and eventually, they just talked about the squirrels in the park and the budding trees.

Too soon their ten days ran out, and he was off again, the handsome, dark-haired Marine flyer. Once more the small, lonely word was whispered. "Goodbye, darling."

And this time was the hardest, and yet not the hardest. Because they know that when he comes home next time, they'll never have to say it again.

LIFE WITH MOTHER

(Continued from page 35)

A conference decided that Shirley and her mother should go ahead.

It was delicious. A little like running away. They arrived in Chicago at seven in the morning, and for once there were no photographers, no studio representatives. They were just like any mother and daughter traveling on business. Elated, they summoned a taxi and gave him the name of their hotel. Then, they asked if he could roll up the window of his cab as a breeze was coming in off the lake that threatened to take the enamel off the teeth of anyone brave enough to laugh to wind'ard. "Can't," said the driver. "Thing's stuck that way."

The Temples squinted at each other, then at the window. It was set at an angle seldom seen outside the frame of a cubist painting, and it chattered like the caboose of a rattlesnake. This will explain why they arrived at the hotel bundled to the chin and blue of complexion.

The clerk at the desk said there was no room available for them; they could have breakfast, now being served in the dining room, or they could sit in the lobby and wait. They elected to have breakfast and toddled into a huge room, dotted here and there with business breakfasters as aloof and widely spaced as Siberian hot dog stands. Shirley and her mother exchanged glances again. It was incredible that they should be alone like this.

At that moment a grande dame sailed into the room. She was tall, silver-haired and gracious. She swept the Temples a regal glance. "Good morning, Shirley," she said with a brief, formal smile and continued to her table in the far corner of the room. Neither Shirley nor her mother had ever seen the woman before in their lives, but she had greeted them as if she a). lived in the same hotel with them, and b). had known them all her life.

This was too much for Shirley. She went into hysterics, and her mother—infected—hid shaking laughter behind her napkin.

After breakfast, they rested for a few hours, then went for a long sight-seeing walk. They found it to be divine, simply to be tourists. Gone were police escorts, tight schedules allowing twenty minutes here, forty minutes there.

They were private citizens; they ogled shops, they took in the sights.

But that afternoon the newspapers were notified by the hotel that famous guests were registered, and the hookey holiday was ended. Shirley and her mother had to go back to the work of being public personages.

hope welles . . .

That evening, by which time Mr. Temple and the rest of the entourage had caught up with the runaways, the family was seated at dinner when an equally famous Hollywood personage espied them in the dining room and strode over to greet them. Mrs. Temple, faced in that direction, saw him coming and—like any woman—sought to tip off her family. "Here comes," she announced softly, "Bob Hope."

Shirley turned around, her face a Christmas tree of illuminated expectancy as she knows and admires Bob very much. But the man who pulled up a chair and joined the Temples briefly was Orson Welles.

This was too good to keep. Mr. Temple told a few interested bystanders, and that night when Bob Hope actually arrived, Shirley's father greeted the Irium man with "How are you, Mr. Welles?"

This small Chicago anecdote is not im-

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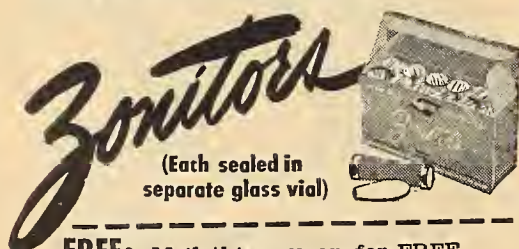
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portant because it concerns Shirley Temple and her mother, but because it illustrates what should be the ideal relationship between any sixteen-year-old girl and her mom. A mother should be the person to whom a disgruntled, weary or heartsick daughter can turn without a moment's hesitation; she should be the source of understanding, comfort, comradeship . . . and fun. That Mrs. Temple fulfills every need is high tribute to her good sense and her great heart.

Although Shirley's life has been singularly free of disappointments, there was one fairly serious one several years ago. Shirley and her mom had read a book (incidentally, before any book is started in the Temple household, it is agreed who shall read it first, who second, and so on down the line); this particular book dealt with the exploits of a small girl during the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Temple had been first on this book list, but she said little when she turned the last page; after Shirley finished it, she ran to her mother with the sparkling statement, "I wish the studio would buy this story for me. Wouldn't it be a good part?"

Mrs. Temple, who had thought so from Page 2, nodded. Tentatively, a week later, she mentioned the word to studio officials. They were busy, about to meet someone for luncheon, or faintly deaf.

Time molasses-ed on.

Shirley said one day, "Do you think I'm too old for that story, now, Mummy?"

Mrs. Temple scrutinized her growing daughter. "No, not yet," she decided. A few more years passed without anyone taking any interest in Shirley's dream.

"I'm definitely too old to play the part now, don't you think?" Shirley demanded on one of her blue days.

"Yes, but don't let that bother you. If, remembering all the pictures that have been made since we first thought of that book as a screen play, you should re-read the story now, I imagine you'd find that it wasn't as important as we thought it was."

black satin blues . . .

Sometimes the Temples, *mère et fille*, are in disagreement over the merits of a literary work. Recently they read Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge."

They have been arguing mildly over it ever since, a condition that Mrs. Temple considers useful in developing the literary tastes of both. Mrs. Temple liked the book and can give ten lucid reasons why. Shirley disliked parts of it and is working up her bill of particulars with gusto.

Another minor disagreement in the Temple household has to do with clothing. Most of the time Mrs. Temple is in complete accord with Shirley's selections; she admires her daughter's sense of color (Shirley wears a great deal of blue) and thinks the twin sweater sets Shirley always wears to school are very attractive. But once in awhile Shirley gets an idea for a date dress that gets vetoed by Mom.

They were shopping for something slightly swoopy one afternoon when Shirley did a double-orb and said she'd like to see that black satin suit, please. "Oh, I don't think so, dear," from Mrs. Temple.

"But it's so youthful!" insisted Shirley, fastening her argument on the one word constantly stressed by her mother. "See, this little insert around the bodice is VERY girlish, and the black velvet revers on the jacket are almost junior edition."

"If you're asking me, I still think 'no', but it's your money, and you have to decide this for yourself."

Usually this sentence is cue enough for Shirley; she decides against the purchase, but not this time. She tried on the black satin suit. She said to her mother, "You

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can see how completely ingenué I look."

Mrs. Temple shook her head. Shirley turned back to the mirror. Something about the cut of the trig jacket, the drape of the short skirt made a "no" decision impossible. "I'm sorry, Mother, but I've just got to have it."

A few hours later they were hat shopping for Mrs. Temple, who likes her chapeau to be very small or very large. Shirley is a standpatter for the medium brim.

But, when Mrs. Temple espied a broad-brimmed black hat, Shirley suddenly assumed her mother's satin-dress expression. "Uh-huh," she protested. "But," she admitted with a sigh, "it's your money, and you have to decide this for yourself." So Shirley carried home her black satin suit, and Mrs. Temple took her black, wide-brimmed hat, and neither has had much wear of her purchase since.

Although the routine relationship between Shirley and her mom is gay, kidding and casual, the deep underlying tenderness between them occasionally comes to the surface. When Shirley was ten, her mother was taken to the hospital for a critical operation. It was the first time in Shirley's life that she had been away from her mother. Their lives had been more closely intertwined than those of the average mother and daughter, because—in the studio—it was required that Mrs. Temple be with Shirley all the time. They arrived together early in the morning, went straight to Shirley's dressing room or her bungalow. From there they went to the school room or to wardrobe, hair-dressing or the portrait gallery. Day in and day out, their every waking moment was spent together.

Then, abruptly, Mom was the quiet, resting lady in a tall hospital bed, and Shirley was emotionally on her own. During that month Shirley grew up.

captain shirley . . .

One day she knew her mother must be particularly ill because Mr. Temple himself took Shirley on her daily visit to the hospital. Afterward he asked his small daughter what she would like to do. "Something that you've always thought would be fun," he specified.

She sensed that it was important to him that she think up a first-class diversion. "I want to visit the police station," she decided, pinch-hitting about a thousand.

Mr. Temple knew the police officials, and he complied. It was a great day. Shirley's father was made an honorary police lieutenant, which set him up considerably. Then Shirley was made an honorary police captain, outranking a new lieutenant. To this day she kids him about it, and it made a great bit of nonsense to tell Mrs. Temple the next day.

As long as she lives, Shirley will never forget the day her mother was brought home from the hospital. For a month, with everyone at home excepting her mother, the place had seemed deserted. And suddenly, with that laughing presence around—even if she had to be very careful and remain in bed a good deal of the time for another month—the house seemed busy, purposeful and happy.

Mrs. Temple has had some bad moments over Shirley, too. There was the night when Mr. and Mrs. Temple were bringing Shirley home from the studio when she was working in "Little Miss Marker." She liked to sit alone in the back seat, her small back braced against the cushions, her short legs extended straight ahead. In this position she could press the toe of one foot against the door handle.

On this particular evening Mr. Temple made a fast left hand turn . . . and the door flew open. He applied the brakes,

(Continued on page 118)

"Toothsome" Clare... she's a Spar not a spare!



Pride of the jeep fleet—she dazzles them all with her beautiful, winning smile! Because she's discovered how much better *super-fine* Pebeco cleans her teeth. "Stays on the job *polishing*," she says. "Doesn't wash right away when I start to brush!"



How come? Pebeco contains a special combination of polishing agents. Non-abrasive, *micro-fine* Pebeco Tooth Powder particles hold on to your brush . . . cling to your teeth while you polish. No wonder teeth sparkle. They're *super* clean!

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**PEBECO
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Super-fine for Super Shine



Spruce up your smile! Brush your teeth with *super-fine* Pebeco. Taste its keen, minty flavor. Enjoy the wonderfully fresh feel of your mouth when it's Pebeco-clean. See the gleam that's reflected from your own winning Pebeco smile!



**GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too**

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ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢



Joseph Cotten loves to eat, but we suspect his cooking ability is limited to spreading mustard on hot dogs... as he is doing here under the watchful eye of Jennifer Jones, co-star in Paramount's new film, "Love Letters."

For the 9th of

our Regional Recipe Series

our cook's tour

takes us South to the

"land of Cotten"

What's Cookin', America?

Courtesy Corning Glass



■ In his stock-company days, blond, handsome, six-foot-two Joseph Cotten used to look around nervously whenever he heard anyone say "Virginia ham!" For Joseph is a native of "ole Virginny." Though he didn't stay there very long, he has never been able to lose the languid accent of his native state. He's been a professional football player in Washington, D. C., a house painter in New York (a mighty good one, too!) and maker, packer and distributor of potato salad in Miami, Fla.—you couldn't tempt him with a trunkful now! Currently acting in front of Paramount cameras in "Love Letters," Joseph will next co-star with Ingrid Bergman in "Dawning," the first 1945 picture on the Selznick International schedule, to be released by United Artists.

His first role as an actor was that of a pianist at the Miami Civic Theatre—and just to show you what happens to little boys who don't practice their piano lessons—he couldn't even play Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater. Fashion editor Lenore Kipp took pity on him, went backstage and played for him. Now, as Mrs. Cotten, she's still doing all the piano playing for the family. And, because Joseph is her favorite man, she tries to carry Virginny back to him with some of those marvelous foods for which that state is famous.

Joseph or any other Virginian will tell you that most of the day's irritations are due to breakfast-skipping. The Continental breakfast, for instance, with a mere roll and cup of coffee or chocolate. No sensible Virginian would fly into the day's work without refueling at a breakfast table staggering with fragrant, appetizing foods. So, before Joe starts off for the studio, Lenore gives him beautiful, country-fresh eggs, crusty brown hot breads and little pork

By Nancy Wood

sausages with apple or peach fritters. Some morning there are waffles with honey or whole wheat pancakes. Remember Little Black Sambo who ate 169 pancakes? Joseph says they must have been the Virginia Whole Wheat variety!

Lenore Cotten told us a lot about the cookery of her husband's home state. Traditionally, there is a heavy dinner at noon with such delicacies as the famous Virginia ham, chicken pudding, fried oysters, crab soup, squab pilau, corn custard, sweet mango pickles, spoon bread, fried corn, baked sweet potatoes and clear wine-red jellies, spicy apple butter and, of course, hot breads. Then there is the blissful business of deciding on one of the several desserts. Although Joseph doesn't limit himself to a single favorite, he personally rates Fruit Scallop tops!

Here, just in time for mid-winter mornings, is that Apple Fritter recipe mentioned by Mrs. Cotten as a breakfast special, but equally good as a dessert served with a simple lemon or cinnamon sauce:

APPLE FRITTERS

- 4 tart apples
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup sifted enriched flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Pare and core apples. Cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch crosswise slices. Sprinkle with lemon juice and powdered sugar and let stand while preparing batter. Sift flour once. Measure. Add salt, sugar and baking powder and sift again. Blend well-beaten eggs and milk. Add to flour and blend. Dip apple slices in batter and sauté in bacon fat until golden brown. Serve hot, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. Serves 6.

Girls, if you're getting ready to be the world's best, most indulgent wife to that service man when he returns, you'll want to try the recipes in this month's leaflet of Virginia favorites.

The Ham Casserole, for instance, is an inspiration when you have just enough ham left over to flavor other ingredients with its smoky goodness. Top it with crunchy biscuits, as pictured on the opposite page.

Virginia Spoon Bread is typical of the recipes Lenore Cotten collects. Serve piping hot with butter or margarine, honey, corn syrup or molasses. Delicious for breakfast.

When you have guests coming, and there's a big gap in Ration Book No. 4, give them that Virginia Tidewater specialty—plump, golden-brown Fried Oysters.

While, of course, no collection of Virginia recipes would be complete without one for chicken! So we're including one for Old Dominion Chicken Pudding, delicately flavored with herbs. Also given in the leaflet are those Whole Wheat Pancakes and the Fruit Scallop we mentioned. A gal could work up a real following with any of these. So be sure to send in for your free leaflet containing these Joseph Cotten specialties. (Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. L. M.
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

The Fels-Naptha Primer

FAMILIAR LAUNDRY TERMS EXPLAINED FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

DIRT—Recurring household plague. No permanent cure yet discovered. For quickest relief, apply Fels-Naptha to affected area.



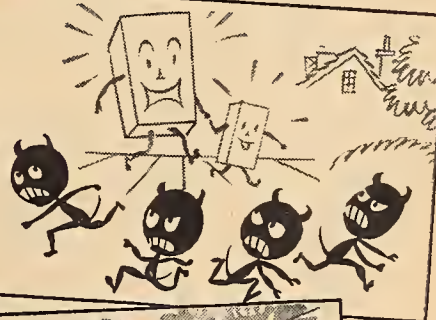
WASHDAY—Formerly known as National Blue Monday. Re-named Fels-Naptha Fun Day — by millions of users.



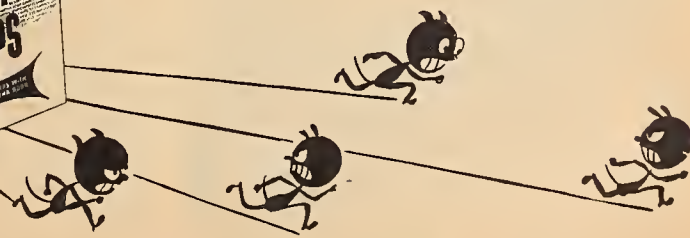
LAUNDRY SOAP—A dubious character. Very often causes disappointment when attempting role of Fels-Naptha.



FELS-NAPTHA—Modern antidote for dirt. Equally effective in Bar or Chips. No home complete without it.



WHITE—A descriptive term, often confused with gray. For demonstration of correct meaning — use Fels-Naptha Soap.



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

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(Continued from page 115)

his face going ashen and jerked around in the same instant to see his quick-witted daughter lying face downward in the back seat, hanging on for dear life. Mrs. Temple was sitting as rigid and cold as a snow woman, too apprehensive for action. "I don't dare look," she whispered.

"It's all right," soothed Mr. Temple. "Shirley's a smart girl; she did the sensible thing."

Then Mrs. Temple began to cry.

An even more narrowly escaped accident took place on the set of "I'll Be Seeing You." Shirley was studying her script before a small gas heater. The script was bound in six or eight places by celluloid rings that abruptly flamed, having been overheated by the flame. Shirley out-leaped Nijinski, getting away efficiently from the script that burned entirely before an extinguisher could be fetched.

A week later Mrs. Temple told Shirley, "I'm still seeing that script, night after night in my dreams, as it burst into flame. You could have been horribly burned. . . . The whole thing gives me chills."

"That wasn't the effect it had on me," grinned her daughter. "I was warm for the first time in days."

One of the nicest things about Mrs. Temple, from a daughter's standpoint, is her willingness to let her girl grow up, her readiness to accept Shirley as an adult. Take the crucial matter of lipstick, the battle department in many a home.

From the time Shirley was a little girl, Mrs. Temple always added a touch of lipstick to Shirley's mouth for photographic purposes. The lipstick was barely applied, then it was all but erased by kleenex while Mrs. Temple issued a few sentences of propaganda such as, "There—that's pretty, Shirl. A little lipstick is lovely, but a lot is ugly."

Came then the day when Shirley was allowed to wear a little lipstick to her first parties. She was entrusted to apply it herself. Maybe it was a little heavy at first, but gradually—wearing of the novelty—Shirley began to use less and less. Currently she uses a vivid red, but she applies it so carefully that it doesn't come off on cups or napkins.

When she is tired or hasn't been feeling well, she uses a faint brush of light pink rouge, but usually she has natural roses. She also uses a dash of powder across nose and chin.

About two years ago she began to notice how nice the "older" girls looked in their high heels. Several times, when passing shops in Westwood or Beverly Hills, she lagged behind to stare covetously at spectator pumps. "Why don't you try on a pair to see how you could manage the heels?" suggested Shirley's mother.

Do a duck swim?

They strolled out of the shop with a pair of medium-high heeled shoes under Shirley's arm and an expression of bliss on the Temple face. Said Mrs. Temple, "I thought you looked very nice, Shirl. Just remember to take shorter steps than you would in saddle oxfords, and keep your stockings pulled tightly so they're neat around your ankles."

That Christmas was an important one. While Shirley and her mother had been collaborating on family Christmas purchasing, Shirley saw an out-of-this-world ermine jacket. It was simple enough, made with a round collar, two bobs at each side, and swirly sleeves, but it was the epitome of a dream. Since she had been big enough to be covered by a coat made from forty-four mouse pelts, she had dreamed of the day when she would have an ermine coat. With mammoth subtlety she said to her mother, "That ermine jacket is pretty, isn't it?"

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New luminous Gardenia GLOWS IN THE DARK

\$1



Bewitching new glamour to enhance your feminine charm. A lovely, perfectly fashioned gardenia for daytime wear, it is truly sensational at night. It actually glows in darkness, with a gentle, flattering radiance, entrancing to all who see it. Wear it on your dress or hair for that special date. He'll be fascinated and delighted! Of durable material, specially treated. Mysterious glowing properties are enduring. Removable comb.

Send \$1 now. We mail postpaid. You'll be delighted, or we refund, of course. Luminous gardenia earrings to match, also \$1 postpaid.

THE LUMINOUS FLOWER SHOP
3 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y., Dept. 23

"Where, Shirl? Oh, there. Yes," she agreed absently, "it's very pretty."

"How old need a person be to wear that sort of jacket, would you think?"

"What? Oh, that jacket. Mmm... now what else ought we to get for your dad? Have you heard him say...?"

Over her shoulder, as they left the department, Shirley said a fond goodbye to her dream—at least for another year.

Christmas Eve, she opened her packages in a rush, hauling out delicious loot by the boatload. Over there under the tree was a huge box that she saved for the last; it was obviously the new bathrobe she needed, so it could wait while she unwrapped the dozens of surprises. At last, through a welter of tissue paper and ribbon, she hauled the bathrobe box and opened it. Fourteen squeals of sheer delight go here. It was, of course, the ermine jacket, representing Shirley's favorite gift to date.

Mrs. Temple's favorite gift is one with a history. Several years ago, when the Temples were East on business, Shirley fell in love with a clip displayed in the jewelry shop in the Waldorf. Slipping away from Mrs. Temple one day, Shirley and her father priced the clip, which consisted of two roses—one platinum, one rose gold—set with real stones. When Shirley heard the number, reeled off by a non-chalant salesman, she blinked. "Let's think it over," she whispered to her father.

Returning to their suite, Shirley secured a sheet of paper and a pencil and engaged in math. She found that, on her then current allowance of \$5.00 per month, the purchase of that lapel ornament would cost her every cent of her allowance until she was 21. A grim situation. She went to her father, a banker, about it, and was told about some special accounts in her name from which, under such an emergency, she could extract the necessary sum. It was a great moment, the actual purchase of the gift, equalled only by the moment when Mrs. Temple opened the package and was assured that Shirley, unaided, had selected it.

"I may not be the luckiest mother in the world, Shirl," she said tremulously, "but until someone comes along to dispute my claim, that's the way I'm going to describe myself."

"I'm lucky, too," said Shirley, giving her mother that celebrated dimpled smile.

All of which proves what can be done without the help of a four-leaf clover if two people believe in each other.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Judy Garland was in her early teens, she made a personal appearance at our leading theater. Hearing that she was scheduled to model frocks at our largest department store, a group of us decided to go down to catch a glimpse of her. Finally she appeared, looking smart and sophisticated in a silver fox coat. She was about to hold up some dresses for display when suddenly she cried, "My mother! I can't see my mother!" The mike carried her voice clearly, and it proved to us that the suave-looking star in the magnificent fur coat was just a nervous little girl who had lost sight of her mother in the huge, admiring crowd.

Mrs. Albert Manchester,
Riverside, R. I.

what a SOURBALL I married!



"He has no reason to shout at me so!" Jane kept telling herself. But there was a deep, hidden reason for Bill's sharp words! Something he *hinted* one day. Puzzled, Jane rushed to her doctor's. "Yes, it could

be your own fault," he said. "A wife's *one neglect*—carelessness about feminine hygiene—can very often ruin even the happiest marriage." Then he advised Lysol—used by so many modern wives.

correction... he's a Honey!



"That's my Bill—his own sweet self again!" And Jane is forever grateful to her doctor for telling her about Lysol disinfectant. Just as he said... this effective germ-killer cleanses *thoroughly* and de-

odorizes. Yet Lysol solution is gentle for douching; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—simply follow directions. Says Jane, "Lysol's easy to use. Inexpensive, too. And it really works—I know!"



Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Non-caustic—

Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. Powerful—Lysol is an efficient germicide. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. Cleanly odor

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Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE



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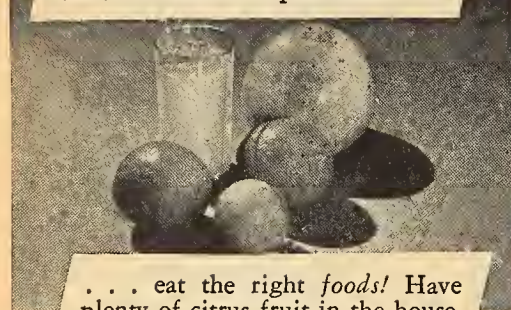
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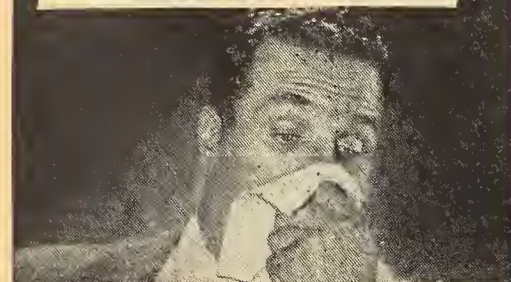
TIPS FOR FIGHTING COLDS



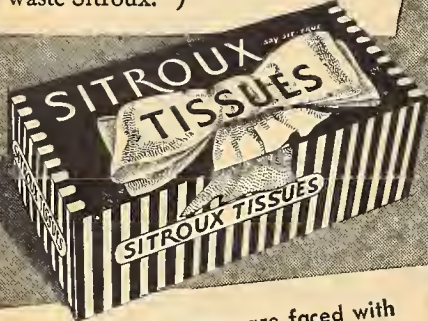
... avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose yourself to other germs, you expose other people to yours! If you must be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.



... eat the right foods! Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house—oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.



... use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for "overblown" noses! They're kind to tender skin—more sanitary, because you can so easily dispose of them! Saves laundry bills, too. (Use sparingly, don't waste Sitroux. *)



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

DREAM MAN

(Continued from page 43)

the pneumonia he had battled during the making of the picture. Anxious studio guardians had him by the elbow, rushing him here and dragging him there. This afternoon he was to make his first coast-to-coast broadcast on the Kate Smith Hour.

As he stepped down from the car, he ran smack into a mob of young admirers—the first Alan Ladd fans he had ever faced in the flesh. They swarmed around him like bees. "Mr. Ladd, can I have your autograph? . . . Sign this, please . . . Have you got a picture? . . . Here . . . Please . . . Me! . . . Me! . . . Write my name!"

Alan paused for a moment, stunned. This had never happened before because nobody had ever paid any attention to him before. The radio people started to hustle him brusquely through the mob. But Alan held back. He knew he was late for the show. But he was touched and appreciative.

"If you'll wait until I come out," Alan promised, "I'll sign autographs for all of you." Then he was whisked inside.

from papeete to peoria . . .

But when he came out, his managers didn't want to risk any foolishness. They steered him out another door and hustled him into a taxicab before Alan knew what was happening. But the throng of admirers spied him and chased the cab, and Alan, looking back, saw one kid's face fading in the distance. It wore a disappointed, injured look, and his shout rang as a reproach—

"Mr. Ladd!" he cried, "You promised . . . you promised!"

Alan saw that kid's face all evening, and that night in his room at the Waldorf, he made a vow to Sue.

"I don't care how famous I get or what success I have," Alan promised, "I'll never pass up anybody who wants to talk to me. I'll never refuse an autograph or snub a fan. If they're interested in me, I'm interested in them. They aren't just fans—they're friends."

Alan has kept that vow and that outlook on his millions of fans. He's kept it so earnestly that today he has the greatest circle of real friends any Hollywood star has ever had. They live all over the world—from Papeete to Peoria. They flood him with hundreds of letters a day, telling Alan all about themselves, their problems, good times, hopes, plans and the little things that happen in their daily lives. And Alan replies in kind. Because Alan hasn't yet sent out a stock letter or a canned reply since he became a star. It's a lot of trouble that most Hollywood stars don't bother with, but it isn't trouble to a guy who likes friends and has known what it is to be lonesome. In fact, it's the biggest reward he's had from his movie fame.

One day, chatting with Al over a late lunch, I remarked that keeping in touch personally with the flock of pen-friends he has all over the globe must be a job built for a typewriter factory. "Look," Al said earnestly, "you say it's a lot of trouble. Well, what about this?" He handed me a letter he was carrying around with him.

"Dear Al," it read, "thanks for your swell letter. It did me a lot of good because I get plenty blue sometimes. It isn't exactly a picnic here in this hospital. But I've got a confession to make. I didn't write you that last letter myself. My pal did it for me. I hope you don't mind. But you see, I can't write them myself."



Scoldy Lox

BOB PINS

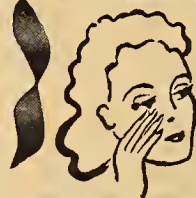
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by Helen McCloy

ON SALE EVERYWHERE--25c EACH

I haven't any hands." That one was from somewhere in Italy.

"Whenever I hear anyone say—'How can you take the trouble to write?' well, I just think of that guy. Was it trouble for him?"

Not long after Alan was discharged from the Army, he was having dinner one night with Sue in a fancy Hollywood restaurant they rarely frequent. A soldier limped in on a cane, spied Alan and started through to get an autograph. Alan saw the headwaiter halt him.

Alan jumped right up, walked into the crowd and introduced himself to the soldier. "This gentleman's sitting with me," he told the waiter. He took him back to the table, bought him drinks and invited him to dinner. The soldier didn't say much; he wasn't a talkative guy. But his eyes got a little shiny, and Alan sensed something back of it. Finally, it came out: "Nobody's been like this to me," he said, "since I got back. You'll have to excuse me."

That was enough for Ladd. "Come on home with us," he invited. "You can bunk at our house and stay as long as you like." So they took him home, and he stayed three days. Only then did Alan find out that that particular soldier wore the Purple Heart, that he was just out of an Army hospital for shrapnel wounds that had split his kneecap and crippled him. That he hadn't had a home since he was thirteen. That he was as lonesome as a kitten in a dog kennel.

G.I. haven . . .

"Okay," Alan told him, "then we're your family. Do what you like. The house is yours." The soldier stayed almost a week, roaming around the house, playing with the Ladd pup, Jezebel, and wheeling Baby Alana out for her sun baths. They never made company of him, and he loved it. He was a perfect guest and friend, and he still writes Alan and Sue, "Dear Family."

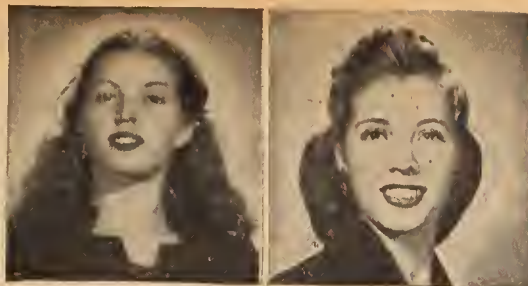
Nor is he the only one. There's another soldier Alan and Sue picked up one night as they were driving home from a movie. He looked forlorn and lonely standing on a corner of Hollywood Boulevard with his hands in his pockets. Alan pulled over and told him to hop in and come on over to the house. Sure enough, it turned out this soldier had just lost his dad, an Army Colonel, who had been all the family he had. So the Ladd circle gained another member, who doesn't miss a week reporting on his activities wherever the war takes him. He calls Alan "Buddy" and Sue, "Sis."

It sounds funny, but Alan has really made more service pals since he was discharged from the Army than he did when he was a G.I. himself. But it's not so funny when you realize that when he was on duty, Alan had only his own outfit to get acquainted with, while now, through the mail and through his wartime hobby of picking up guys in uniform, he's in touch with thousands.

Maybe it's because Alan knows he can't hand out top-notch entertainment like Bob Hope or Bing Crosby. "I can't sing or tell jokes, and I know it," Alan has told me twenty times if he's told me once. So he feels his best bet is to have as many boys up to his place as he can and give them the one thing he's got plenty of, real friendship.

What always surprises him, too, is the fact that most service guys he meets have pretty much the same idea. They'd rather be homefolks in his house, sprawled out on a big sofa, shooting the breeze, playing ping-pong or records in the den, than they would hitting the Hollywood hot spots.

A sailor came up to Alan after a radio



8 WEEKS AGO

TODAY

These photos of Miss Helen Ragan of Dayton, Ohio show clearly how an ordinary girl can turn herself into a really stunning creature right in her own home.

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*Gains New Poise, New Confidence,
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Perhaps you are thinking ahead to vacation time. Maybe there's 15 or 20 pounds you can do without, perhaps your present make-up is not right for you or your hair-do belongs on someone else. Well now is the time to do something about it! The Bonomo Culture Home Course will guide you in correcting these faults. This wonderful course was prepared personally by Mr. Bonomo of the Bonomo Culture Institute of New York.

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Joe Bonomo
of Hollywood and New York
DIRECTOR

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show one evening. He only wanted an autograph, but he flashed such a swell smile and seemed so friendly that it wasn't any time at all until he was in the car with Sue and Alan headed homewards. He bunked there that night and revealed that he'd had a pretty rugged time of it while on active service. He'd been on an aircraft carrier that went down when the Japs ganged it and had lain in a hospital for long months with malaria and was just now getting back into shape. The Ladds liked him a lot, and they figured a record like that called for a little fun. So they made reservations at Mocambo for a big evening and told the sailor to invite his girl friend and a few other couples—the party was on them.

Well, the gob didn't say much, except, "Why, thanks, that'll be real nice." And Alan and Sue were a little let down. He didn't sound enthusiastic. Finally, the sailor blurted out, "Say, would you-all mind if we have that party at home? It's my birthday," he explained, "and I used to always spend that day at home."

"I'll bake a cake," grinned Sue. She did, too, and the sailor's friends came up, banged the piano and filled up on birthday cake and ice cream.

Of course, plenty of the fan friends Alan meets want to see what every visitor to Hollywood want to see—pictures in production. There's a wartime ban on visitors at the studios, but several lucky times Alan has managed to bamboozle the gate-men and studio cops and sneak in some G.I.'s for a quick look. And both Alan and Sue are headaches to the ushers at CBS and NBC in Hollywood. He hasn't made one radio program without trailing along fifteen or twenty Ladd legionnaires—always without tickets.

"But Mrs. Ladd," the panicked ushers protest. "There are tickets for all these seats. They're all reserved. What are we going to do?"

"Oh, you can squeeze them in somehow, can't you?" Sue pleads with her most hypnotizing smile—and they usually can.

I might as well state right here, whether Laddie likes it or not, that plenty of the people he meets are swooneroo girls. And that's a funny thing about Alan Ladd and his fans. Guys like him—none of them have ever razed him, and the only time a service guy came close to it was once at a Lux Radio Theater broadcast right before Alan went into uniform. He was all inducted and due to report to Fort MacArthur that week, but he managed to get in a Lux radio performance of "China" before he left Hollywood.

In the mob that night as he left, a soldier wisecracked, "Aw nuts! He's just a Hollywood glamour guy—what's all the fuss about?" But another GI put him straight right then. "Yeah?" he said. "Well, the guy's already in the Army—whaddya think of that?" And the razzing soldier said, "Oh"—and shut up. And that's been the attitude most men, soldiers and civilians, have taken toward Alan ever since. They know he's a regular guy and they know he's been on Uncle Sam's team and will probably play a few more quarters when the Army docs okay him back in.

surpassing sinatra . . .

But while Alan gets along great with fellows—he's also tops with the girls, from the bobby sock brigade to the girdle group. And I'll have to tell what happened the night he acted (and sang) on Frank Sinatra's show.

It's a radio habit of Alan's to keep his eyes glued to his script from the minute he steps out to the mike until the red light has winked off and the show's off the air. In spite of all the experience he's had before cameras, he's still subject to mild

attacks of stage fright.

But there's always one time when Alan looks right out in the audience. As he walks up to the mike, he always looks out to where Sue sits and smiles at her—just as if to say, "Okay, Sweetie—here I go!" Well, when he did that on the Sinatra program, the Sinatra Squealers-and-Yippers Club went nuts! They even squealed and shrieked and sighed more for Alan than they did for Frankie!

In fact, not long after that, Alan was on a big all-male star program with Harpo Marx, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Kay Kyser. The great Bingo himself drew only applause. But when Alan came out and grinned into the crowd—what followed sounded like a mess of Scotch bagpipes running wild.

So Bing kidded Alan all over the stage that night. "I'll never let a thing like this happen to me again," he cracked. "Next time I want a tough guy, I'll bring Eddie G. Robinson!"

The crowd, I might add, was strictly female. It was a recruiting rally for the WAVES and WACS.

But there's a funny thing about Alan's girl fan-friends: They have the darndest crushes on Alan, they sigh and moan and squeal and tag him their dream man—but the one they seem to pick on to tell about all this is his wife!

One night after a radio broadcast, Sue left Columbia Broadcasting a little while after Alan had gone out to the car. On her way, she passed a couple of girls with autograph pads. But one of the girls was crying as if her heart would break.

Sue went up. "Why, what's the matter, honey?" she asked.

"Mrs. L-Ladd," sobbed the girl. "I just went up and kissed Alan—and he acted like he didn't like it a bit! O-h-h-h, a-h-h-h—W-a-a-h!"

"Why, I'm sure he did," soothed Sue. "I'll go out and ask him right now." So she went out to the car and told Alan the sad state of affairs. He said it wasn't that he didn't like the kiss—but to tell the truth, it had scared him to death and maybe he'd showed it. Anyway, he went back with Sue and cheered the girl up. He said he was flattered to have a pretty girl kiss him, but after all, it *was* a little sudden. The bobby-sock's face lit up, and she stopped wailing pronto.

Alan's always that way to young kids with a smite on him. Whenever he thinks he might be making somebody unhappy, he's right there to iron it all out. And Sue, who isn't worrying about anybody taking Alan away from her for a minute, calls him "sweet" for the kind way he treats them.

One night, the Ladds came home early in the evening with a couple of sailors they'd picked up. On the way into their house they noticed a couple of girls walking up and down out front. Later, the sailors and Sue and Alan went out for an evening, and when they got back home, it was one o'clock. The girls were still there, strolling up and down, and this time the Ladds knew what was up. They were sticking around to get a look at Alan, after finding out somehow where he lived.

"Poor kids," said Sue, "out there this hour of night. Let's invite them in."

"Sure," Alan grinned. He walked across the lawn. "How'd you like to come in for a Pepsi and see the house?" How'd they like to! When the girls had sipped a Pepsi and seen the Ladds at home, they said their thank-yous and started to leave.

"You kids can't go home this hour of night by yourselves," Alan told them. So he and Sue drove them home.

More than once his private phone number has leaked out to high schools around

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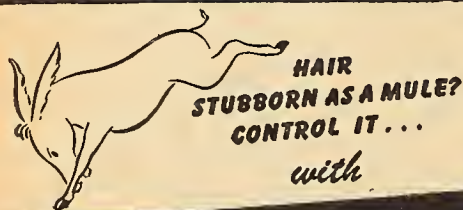


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Los Angeles, and he's been flooded with calls. He's had long distance ones, collect, too (which he doesn't accept), and some prepaid (which he does). People have strolled by, snapped the number on his house and circulated that around. But that has happened to every star in Hollywood who doesn't live on a mountain peak or in a desert cave. But by now Alan can tell when he's got a real fan-friend or when it's only a curious jokester.

The real McCoy's may break in on Alan's privacy in awkward moments, but if he thinks they're sincere admirers, they always get the best welcome he can offer.

One afternoon recently, Alan was in the backyard busy at his favorite Sabbath sport, getting himself covered from head to foot in the good earth of his garden, when a group of youngsters rang the front bell. Sue reported their arrival to Alan.

"They want to take your picture," she said. "And you look like a ditchdigger. They'll be awfully disappointed."

"Look," Alan replied. Tell them if they'll wait until I go upstairs, take a shower and clean up, I'll pose for them."

model subject . . .

And darned if he didn't drop his gardening, shower, shave and put on a coat and tie, just so some kids he had never seen before could get some pictures.

But some of Sue and Alan's good friends today have come from just such casual fan acquaintances. There's a group of about twelve girls who always go with Sue to Alan's broadcasts. She met them all around at places where they've been to watch Alan. One fan of his, Billie Nelson, a pretty and intelligent girl of twenty-two, is a great friend of Sue's by now. She always goes along when Alan is on the air and usually has dinner with Alan and Sue afterwards, often with some other fans the Ladds have taken a fancy to.

Billie, by the way, used to be president of the Number One Alan Ladd fan club, and because she's such a family friend, Alan and Sue refer most of their mail-friends fan club inquiries to Billie. Alan has had over 300 requests from his fan friends, wanting to start Alan Ladd clubs here and there. But that's not surprising when you consider the fact that Alan has more pen-pals than any star in Hollywood. Facts and figures about fan letters are always misleading—they usually go up and down like the thermometer in March—but Alan's mail already has broken all Hollywood records right and left.

How can any one guy, normally as busy as Alan Ladd, answer stacks of letters like this and answer them personally and fully as Alan does? It's a fair question. And the answer is that if Alan weren't one of those rare movie stars who actually gets a kick out of the people who write him, he'd probably never get around to it. But, as I said, he happens to have that as his biggest hobby, and when you like a thing it's fun, not work. But even at that, Alan has had to do some organizing to keep even with the postman.

First of all, he converted the big playhouse in back of the house into a huge writing room. He got out the old saw and hammer over a year ago and built himself a long L-shaped desk that looks like a store counter, it's so big. He has all kinds of shelves and pigeonholes that he's made to file letters, replies, pictures to be autographed, drawings his friends have sent him to sign, gifts to be acknowledged, personal souvenirs to send out. And to top things off, he has a swell secretary as interested in his letter-friends as he is. They sit and talk over his fans and their notes, and then Alan dictates replies, with the personal touch that has made him the best star correspondent in Hollywood.

Many is the night he has sat up past

midnight reading notes and jotting down ideas for replies. Many a Sunday and holiday he has spent signing pictures and doing a million things his fans have asked him to do. And there's another explanation why Alan can do all this.

You may be surprised to know that a whole lot of Alan's fan mail comes not just to him—but to "The Ladds," a whole stack of it to Sue Carol, and even scads to Baby Alana! Yep, Alana has her own growing file of notes and, of course, she still gets the biggest loot when it comes to gifts—booties, dresses, caps, rattles, dolls—every baby gadget you can imagine. Alana can't write quite yet, but Sue certainly can and does. She helps Alan out with his correspondence constantly. They're a real team. And that's a funny thing, too—

Alan Ladd's friends have adopted the darndest family attitude toward him any star in Hollywood has ever known. They tell him how crazy they are about him—and at the same time they direct half their words to Sue. They never forget his wedding anniversaries, and they know as much about Sue's special remembrance days, birthdays and such, as they do Alan's. No wonder Sue can pitch in on the replies. Half of them are hers, anyway.

And then, too, Alan has had a couple of years' experience, and by now he's developed into a quick letter-reader. He can spot a sincere letter right away, like he can spot a sincere admirer in public. Naturally, like all Hollywood stars, he gets crank notes, mash notes, bawdy notes, insulting letters, gag mail. Frankly, he pays them short shrift. Would you take the trouble to answer a smart-aleck or poison-pen pusher? Luckily, most of Alan's mail is sincere, and it gets sincere answers—even when his friends ask questions impossible to answer, like "How do you get in the movies?"

Occasionally he gets stumbers—like the teen-age girl in the Midwest who was unhappy at home. "I want to get away," she wrote, "I want to be an actress. If I leave this home I'll never be able to come back. Shall I? I've decided to do exactly what you say!" Well, Alan stewed a long time over that one before he dared answer. Putting a girl's fate up to him—a girl he didn't even know! He finally decided the only thing he could conscientiously do was duck any advice there. It wasn't fair to himself or the girl. But he worried about the darned question for over a week. Alan's a good worrier anyway, by nature. But with all the ins and outs and changes in his life during the last year, I think the time he got most upset was when he'd spent a week writing some fans, and then the post-office notified him there'd been a transit fire and the letters had all burned up! What worried Alan was that a flock of fans would think he'd ignored them.

asking for trouble . . .

I wish I had enough space to print a few of the swell letters Alan Ladd keeps carefully stacked at home. But this is only a magazine article—not the Encyclopedia Britannica. Here are a few flashes though—some touching, some tickling, that stick in my memory, and particularly in Alan Ladd's—

The despondent young man in the South who planned to end it all and wrote Alan life wasn't worth it—and the airmail special Alan shot him back arguing him out of it—and the letter he got back saying the gloomy guy was looking up at the sunshine again. And the boy in the New York school for the mute who couldn't hear Alan on the radio and who asked for a picture so he could see him when everybody else heard him. . . . The six young girl patients in the TB sanitarium at Santa Barbara who formed a fan club and kept

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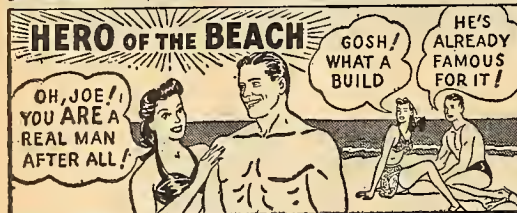
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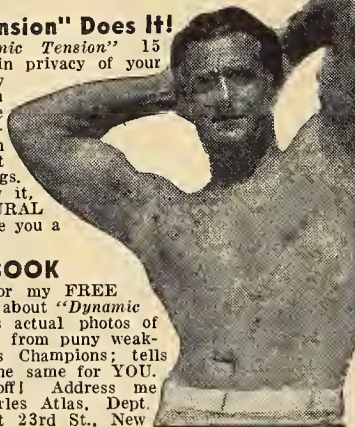
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Alan posted on their battle against the White Plague and who call him their "Hollywood doc" . . . the Mother who lost her boy in the war and asked if she could "adopt" Alan for a son by mail . . . The cheery ones— "The pipe you sent sold \$50,000 in War Bonds at our rally."

Yes, and the laughs—the lonely lady in Detroit who wanted Sue and Alan to move there when Alana arrived. "Because I've got a lot of time on my hands, and I can take perfect care of the baby while you and Alan work. . . ." And the high school girl who wrote plaintively, "Please send me another picture for my locker, Alan. You're my favorite pin-up—but some jealous cat stole the picture I had—and I know who it was, too!"

Yes, there are plenty of thrills in every mail sack for Alan Ladd, too, personal thrills. He's discovered blood relatives, for instance, here in America and in England, he never knew he had. Alan never knew anything about his kin-folks, if you remember. He hasn't a birth certificate to this day. The courthouse in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he was born, burned down the year he was born or something, and there's absolutely no record. When his mother died, he knew no one who really belonged to him. But he gets constant twig clues to his family tree through the mail. A school teacher who knew his grandfather recently wrote him all about the old gentleman. It was the first time Alan had even had a description of what he looked like.

Alan has found out through his mail fans what his own name, Alan, means, "fast, majestic and graceful!" That's something Alan never suspected before. But an even odder bit of information came when Colleen Moore, the great silent movie star, who now lives in Chicago, wrote to ask Sue for an autographed picture of Alan for her little girl—a fervent Ladd fan. Writing to thank them for the picture, Colleen said:

"I was interested to learn that your little daughter's name is Alana. I wonder if you know that in the Gaelic language Alana means "little one" and is a pet name? You remember my brother, Cleeve? Well, his little daughter is called Alana, too."

That information later came from all parts of the world, by the way. Sometimes Alana meant "darling," "beloved," "little pet" and so forth. But always it meant just what both Alan and Sue would like their baby's name to mean. Funny thing was—they had no idea Alana meant anything when they named her. They just thought it would be nice to name the baby girl after Alan!

There's only one time on record that Alan's weakness for his fan friends got him in duteh. He made a quick jump one afternoon from the set of "And Now Tomorrow" to the Lux Radio Theater. In the crush after the show, a young girl stated boldly, "Mr. Ladd, if you'll give me the tie you're wearing, I'll be the happiest girl in the world!" Old softie Ladd simply couldn't refuse and ripped it right off his neck then and there.

So what happened the next morning but retakes were scheduled for the scene he'd just made, with Alan due to dress exactly as he had the day before. But here's the rub: Alan has a weakness for—er—distinctive—ties, and there wasn't a cravat anywhere to match the one he'd given away, a pre-war importation from France. When he confessed he'd given it to an unknown girl friend, his director almost blew up. They never did get one to match, but I expect Alan's fans will forgive that slip-up in the picture, even if they notice it.

As for Alan Ladd—stacked up against the thrills he gets for making people happy, a mere bawling out is a pleasure. He'll trade a studio rap for the kick of a friendly smile every time.

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"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN"

STORY

(Continued from page 53)

invitation he just happened to have around. You! You were behind it all."

Ruth Edley smiled brightly: "A very sound diagnosis, Doctor. You have a brilliant future ahead of you."

Red groaned: "Why don't you leave me alone?"

"I can't. I love you."

"Look, we've been through all that."

"Not all the way through. You always stop when it gets interesting. But if you'd like to propose, I've got a nice, quiet flat nearby, and we can—"

"Ruth!"

"Ruth, my eye! I'm not the coy type. You know I love you, and I know darn well you love me. Then what's holding up the wedding bells?"

"A couple of million dollars," Red said. "It's just that you happen to own them. Not me. Me, I get twenty a month over at Blair General Hospital—"

"Twenty dollars? Every month? What are we waiting for?"

"Right now, I'm waiting for the menu."

"Darling," Ruth said. "That's what I like about you. You're so romantic."

"Remind me to tell you after the desert," Red said. "You're beautiful."

"I know," Ruth said sweetly. "That's what I'm counting on to hook you."

So it was all very pleasant that night in the night club. The affair, it turned out, was a War Bond Rally, and the master of ceremonies trotted out after a while trailing six beautiful girls behind him. They auctioned off kisses to the highest War Bond bidder. It was then that Ruth stood up

and said: "Can't a girl get in on the fun? I'll buy a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds if—" her eyes crinkled with laughter as she pointed at Red, "—if he'll kiss me."

Of course Red had to do it. And it was odd, that even there, in the middle of a night club floor, mad at Ruth for pulling a gag like that, still, he felt the tingle of the kiss, sharp as a knife blade, and he knew that he loved her and always would.

"Well?" Ruth said.

"You'll do," Red said.

"You bet I will," Ruth said briskly. "Is it a deal, Red? Set the date."

He looked at her, knowing that under the banter, she was serious. All right, he said to himself, he loved her; she was beautiful, she was bright, she was all he ever dreamed about; and he was still just another doctor over at Blair knocking out twenty a month—

is there a doctor in the house? . . .

Someone was saying: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

He felt Ruth poke him, and he looked up. It was the master of ceremonies, looking just a little strained. He stood up and said quietly: "Take it easy, man, what's wrong?" And then everything fell away from him—the night club, the pound of the music, the laughter of the women, even the image of Ruth; and he was Doctor Adams, a man whose hands had been trained to heal, whose eyes sought out hidden evils, whose soul and whose heart had been dedicated to the oath of Hippocrates.

It was one of the chorus girls. She had suddenly collapsed backstage, and now she was lying on one of the couches in a tiny dressing room, very white, still unconscious. Adams knelt by her side and worked swiftly.

"What happened?"

"We just found her on the floor—"

"Did she complain of not feeling well?"

"No, she never said a word."

"Did she drink?"

"If you mean did she lap it up, why Edna never went in for that sort of stuff. Just one to be social but—"

"Has she been all right lately?"

"You know how it is. Her boy friend's in the Army, and I guess she's a little worried what with one thing and another. She seemed to be off her feed—"

"She wasn't eating?"

"Well, she never went out with us for a bite or anything these last few days."

Red Adams stood up sharply. "We'll have to get her to the hospital," he said. He called in to Blair and then went back to the night club. He hunted up the head-waiter, slipped a bill in his hands and told him to see that Ruth got home all right. Then he went back to the girl in the dressing room. He was still working over her when the ambulance arrived.

When things happen at a hospital, they are likely to happen in bunches. There is some malevolent destiny that takes a perverse joy in piling up catastrophes. But the last person anyone would have thought to be victim of it was Sally, the switchboard operator at Blair. Why, Sally had been

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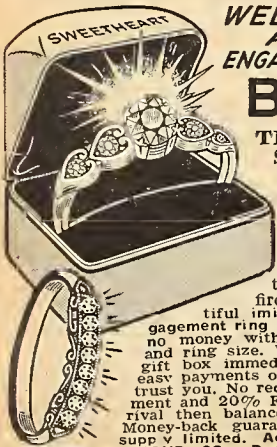
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around for years, kidding with the internes, taking calls as if Blair General Hospital were her own private concern, even scolding Doctor Gillespie from time to time. Sally was indestructible.

double trouble . . .

Yet it was for Sally that the emergency call came through. They found her doubled up on the floor just beside her switchboard, in that absurd frilly dress which she thought was so fashionable.

Dr. Gillespie met Red Adams in the corridor outside the room. Dr. Gillespie was in his wheelchair, and he looked up shrewdly as Adams softly closed the door behind him.

"You've examined her?"

"Yes."

"What do you think?"

"I'm not sure—"

"Of course you're not sure," Dr. Gillespie exploded. "No doctor worth his salt even is sure. I didn't ask you that. I asked you what you thought."

"Bright's Disease."

Gillespie nodded thoughtfully. "Could be," he grunted. "You're running tests?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll let me know." He swung that chair around. "What about that chorus girl? She out of the coma?"

"She came out this morning."

"Good work," Gillespie said softly. "Did you get a chance to talk to her?"

Red nodded.

"Well, what about her?"

"It's hard to believe," Red said in a puzzled voice. "She gives every symptom of starvation. But there's no sense to that. Unless it's neuro-psychiatric. Self induced. And I have to find out more about her before I'll confirm that."

"Well, why don't you," Gillespie growled. "You're a doctor, aren't you? You've got to find a cure any way you can." Gillespie's voice suddenly went very low. "And by the way, if you turn the corner of the corridor, you might find something, too."

The "something" turned out to be about five foot four of very desirable femininity. Ruth Edley tapped her foot against the cork hospital floor, stared pointedly at Red Adams, and said: "All right, what's the excuse?"

"Excuse for what?" Red said.

"That hussy you picked up in the night club. You've been spending nights with her."

"That hussy," Red said, "happens to be a very sick girl."

"I've heard that one before," Ruth said.

"All right. Listen to some more. Right now I'm heading over to the Sherry Plaza to take in a night club."

"On business?"

"On business," Red said grimly.

"The things doctors get away with," Ruth muttered.

The next morning Red Adams sat in the swivel chair in his tiny consultation office at Blair and looked steadily at the girl opposite him. She was still not eating; the nurses report stated that they had continued intravenous feeding. She looked nervously at him from time to time; in her lap her hands clenched and unclenched monotonously.

"Edna," Red said softly. "I want you to listen to me for a while and believe what I say. There's nothing wrong with you. We've checked every detail, physically you're sound as a dollar. But sometimes we get sick even if there's nothing physically wrong with us—"

The girl looked up swiftly, startled.

"No, it's not what you think. You're not going crazy or anything like that. But sometimes we get funny ideas, deep inside us, where we don't even know about them. I think it's something like that keeping

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you from eating."

"But, why? Why?"

"That's what I'm here to find out. Last night I spoke to some of your friends over at the Sherry Plaza. Now I'd like to talk to you. Are you in love, Edna?"

"Oh, yes," she said swiftly. "But that can't have anything to do with it. He's in the Army now, and we intend to get married as soon as—"

There was a knock on the door, and Nurse Workman stuck her head in: "There's a fellow outside here, says he has an appointment with you."

"Show him in," Red said.

A small, dapper man came in briskly; he looked keenly at Doctor Adams and then at Edna. He nodded to Edna. Red said: "Edna, you know Larry Goff, the theatrical agent?"

"Yes," Edna said.

Then abruptly Red continued: "And you knew a girl named Sylvia Farnes, too?"

root of the matter...

Something puzzled and frightened fitted across Edna's face. "I knew Sylvia. I was terribly sorry to hear she died last week."

"Sylvia knew the man you're in love with, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"In fact she was in love with him herself."

Edna's voice was very low: "Yes."

"And she blamed you for taking him away."

"But it wasn't true," Edna said intensely. "He never loved her. He never told her so."

"I believe that, Edna," Red said softly.

"Did you ever have any trouble with her, any arguments?"

"She blamed me for losing her job. She said I got her kicked out of the show because I was jealous. I never did. I swear I never did."

"And then you heard she died," Red said.

"And you heard she died of starvation. That's what's been in your mind all the time, Edna. Deep, deep down you've been blaming yourself for her death. You've been telling yourself that it was because of you that she lost her job and then died. You felt you were guilty for it. And you were punishing yourself by refusing to eat. You never knew why, of course. All you knew was that suddenly you couldn't eat anything. But at the bottom of it all was the fear that you had caused Sylvia Farnes' death—"

"But I did," Edna said in a horrified voice.

Red said sharply: "You didn't. In the first place you didn't make her lose her job. As a matter of fact she tried to make you lose yours. Right, Mr. Goff?"

Larry Goff nodded: "She put it up to the stage manager that one of you had to go. She wanted you out. She was sore as a boil because you took her man even though she knew he didn't care a plugged nickel about her. So the stage manager canned her. She was always a tough one to get along with anyhow, and she liked the bottle a little too much—"

"Which brings us to the second point," Red said. "Sylvia Farnes didn't die of malnutrition. That was just a story to protect her reputation. Actually, she drank herself to death. Is that right, Mr. Goff?"

"It's true, Edna. She was heading that way all the time. It wasn't anything you did. Sylvia was just a bad one from the first."

"So you had nothing to do with her death," Red said insistently. "You weren't guilty of anything. Do you hear that, Edna. Do you believe it?"

It was as if a black cloud had lifted from the girl's face; her eyes lit with hope, and her face looked young again and fresh. "It's like getting up out of a bad dream,"

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she said. "I believe you, Doctor. I know I had nothing to do with Sylvia's death now. I know it all the way through me—"

woof, woof . . .

Red smiled: "Okay. Now see if you can't get a couple of steaks through you. With potatoes."

"I could eat a wolf," Edna said happily. "In your business," Red said, "you probably have to. The prescription is still steak, though. And if a wolf shows up, tell him you'll sic the Army on him."

Late that night, Dr. Adams lay on his bed trying to sleep, thoughts and images drifting through his mind haphazardly: Dr. Gillespie off to Chicago . . . that case in Ward 3 . . . Ruth . . . Lord, she was lovely . . . poor Sally . . . funny about that chorus girl . . . funny the things people can get into . . . if only Ruth wasn't so rich . . . always hearing bells . . . must be Ruth and her wedding bells. . . .

It wasn't. It was the telephone jangling insistently at his elbow, and he rolled over groaning and lifted the receiver and then immediately he was awake: "What's that?" he said. "Sally? In pain? Did those X-Rays come through yet? Tell X-Ray I'm coming down. I'll be over to Sally right after. Keep her comfortable. . . ."

When he finally got to Sally's room, he found Molly Byrd, Superintendent of the Nurses, at the bedside. Molly shook her head at Red. He came over and he said softly: "Sally? Can you hear me, Sally?"

"Doctor Adams, I'm so glad you—" a spasm of pain crossed her face.

"You know me too long to call me Doctor," Red said. "It always was Red between us, wasn't it, Sally?"

"Red . . ."

"Why did you lie to us, Sally?" Red said. "Why didn't you tell us you were in pain?"

"It's . . . it's . . . cancer, isn't it?"

"Cancer!" Red said sharply. "You mean you've been lying there thinking that's what it is. You poor kid. No Sally, I swear to you it isn't. Your plumbing's out of kilter, that's all. It's one of your kidneys out on a bender. It'll have to come out."

"You're the doctor . . ."

"Gillespie's out of town. But Dr. Lane Porteus will be down for the operation and—"

"Red," Sally said; she grimaced and then waited until the pain passed. "Red . . . promise me if anyone is going to operate . . . you'll be the one . . . promise me . . ."

"Porteus is one of the best men in the country."

"You . . ."

Red looked over to Molly Byrd. She nodded slightly.

"All right, Sally," Red said. "I promise."

Under the single huge light in the operating room, Sally looked white and shrunken. She was breathing steadily and deeply under the skillful fingers of the anesthetist. Doctor Adams stood at the table waiting for the sign. Then the anesthetist said: "Ready now, Doctor." After that the minutes merged into the swift, climactic struggle between a man's trained hands and death. The voices droned impersonally in the room.

"Pulse eighty . . . pulse ninety-six, respiration twenty-two. . . ."

Outside her room Molly Byrd and Red stood silently together. Molly sighed and said finally: "You did all there was to be done, Red. If no severe shock sets in—"

"We'll pull her through," Red said harshly.

Molly laid her hand on his arm: "Take the advice of an old war horse. There's nothing more you can do. You've been on your feet almost twenty-four hours straight. You need rest. Ruth called. Drop over there. I'll call you if anything

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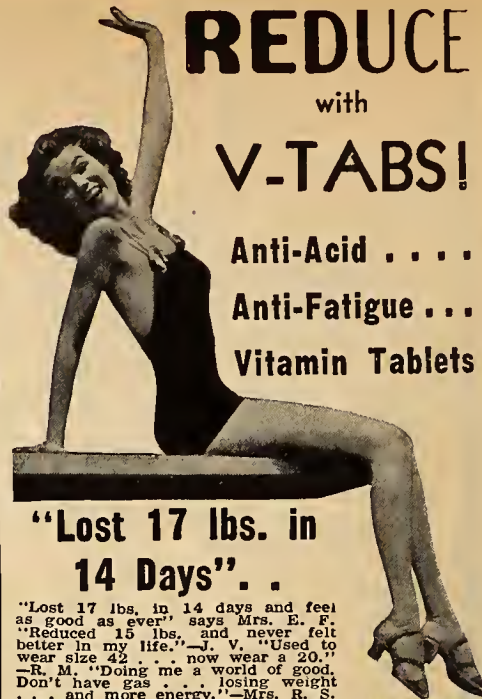
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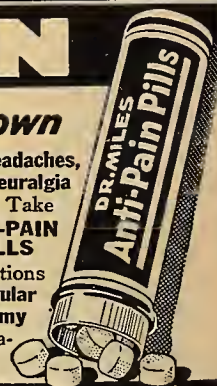
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happens. . . ."

He had felt desperately tired, but now after punching the button to Ruth's apartment, he felt the tiredness drop from him, and he was pleased that he had remembered to bring flowers.

"Well, well," Ruth said pleasantly. "Didn't you want the Sherry Plaza? You can't miss it. There's a blonde hanging from the flagpole."

"I don't want the Sherry Plaza."

"No?"

"I know what I want."

"Do you?"

"I want . . ." he stumbled over it.

"You'll never make Information Please that way," Ruth said.

"Ruth," Red said. "Stop joking."

"I'm not joking," Ruth said. "I'm trying to hide a broken heart. Seen it anywhere around, Doctor? You can't miss it. It's one of those small neat ones. Or at least it was. It's probably all shrivelled up now from lack of affection or vitamins or whatever it is hearts need to get along."

"Why don't you stop talking?" Red said.

"Why should I? Nothing ever happens when I do. I shut my mouth and make like a vamp. I give the big baby-come-hither stare, and all you ever say is that I ought to see an oculist."

"Not this time, Ruth," Red said huskily.

She knew then, and all the banter went out of her face. She moved toward him in silence.

AUTOGRAPHS

Sinatra, Allyson, Johnson, McCallister — they're all yours! Thumb over to page 12.

"You think I ever stopped loving you a minute?" Red said.

And the telephone rang.

It left the mood shattered as a soap bubble in the air. Red managed one cautious grin at Ruth. She eyed him doubtfully for a moment, and then she laughed: "All right, Doctor," she said. "I suppose I'll have to be getting used to things like that."

"It's Sally," Red said from the phone. "Molly says she's in bad shock. I have to get right back."

A month later three couples entered the exclusive night club at the Sherry Plaza. You would have easily recognized Dr. Gillespie; and possibly young Dr. Adams and Ruth Edley. The tall, gangling girl might have given you some trouble until you spotted Sally under the glamorous hair-do. It was easy enough to see that they were all happy. As they sat down, a bell rang sharply somewhere offstage. Red Adams jumped to his feet like a trained dog responding to a command.

"Sit down," Dr. Gillespie growled. "The trouble with doctors is they think they're the only ones who ever get phone calls."

THE CAST

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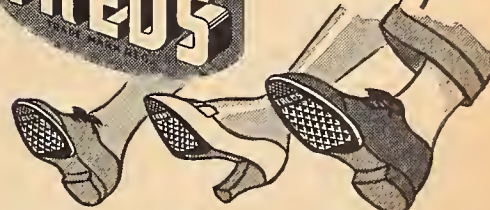
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JUNE ALLYSON

(Continued from page 56)

He always said yes. Jab! went the needle into teacher's leg—

On the sunwarmed rock, June lectured her dog. "What do you mean, sticking needles in people's legs? We'll have to tell her we're sorry, you know. Mummy said so—"

June had three great loves—Mother, Grandma and Teddy, the wirehair. She lived in Grandma's little white house in Westchester. They weren't rich, but then neither was anyone else around their neighborhood. She had a bike like the other kids, and would have been perfectly happy if only Mother'd been home instead of working in New York.

She understood about her father. Mummy'd explained it. Mummy always explained things so you could understand. Sometimes people got married, then found it was all a mistake, so it was better to say good-bye in a nice way than go on living together and not being happy. June understood about that, and she understood, too, why Mother had to work. Grandpa only had his pension, which wasn't very big, and they needed more money.

But understanding it wasn't always enough. June loved her mother so dearly that sometimes she just couldn't stand it, not having her round.

If anyone could have made up for not having your very own mother, it would have been Grandma. Grandma was quiet—not gay, like Mummy—but oh! so sweet. And a wonderful storyteller. When she was little, June thought they were just stories, but then she caught on. There was always a lesson. If she did something wrong, Grandma'd say, "Remember what happened to the little girl in the story?"

June liked to tease her. "Tell me a story without a lesson, Grandma."

Grandma'd call her a scamp, but she certainly appreciated June. She was the only one who ever said June might go on the stage some day—

"Look what I can do," June would cry, turning a cartwheel or standing on her head.

"Mark my words," Grandma'd say. "That child's going to be a dancer."

Then there was Teddy. In all the world you'd never find another like him. You could talk to him as if he were human, and he understood lots more than lots of people. Even when he was a puppy and chewed shoes.

"Stop it," said June, "or you'll grow up to be an idiot." He'd stick his head between his paws and look so ashamed. "Never mind, darling," she'd croon into his fuzzy ear. "I'll be an idiot, too."

He'd trot along to school with her and go home by himself, and of course he could tell time, because every afternoon at three he'd be there to meet her. Every afternoon but one.

June raced all the way home. "Why, he left as usual," said Grandma.

All afternoon they hunted him. June wouldn't eat, and she wouldn't go to bed.

So Grandpa went out with her into the dark, quiet street, and at last they found him—a wretched little huddle, exhausted by grief and fatigue, asleep on the school steps. But for Teddy, the ordeal was almost worth while. His regular bed was beside the kitchen stove. And he spent that night curled in a blissful ball at June's feet.

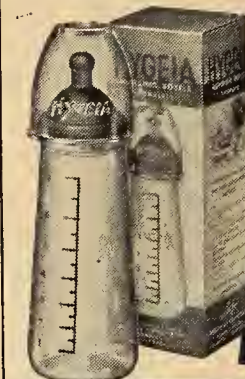
ordeal by pain . . .

It had been the most heavenly Sunday June could remember. Mother'd taken her to Coney Island. They'd eaten hot dogs

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and whirled on the merry-go-round and slid down the chutes. June was wearing the pink taffeta Grandma'd made for her birthday—her first dress-up dress. They'd left very early, to be home in time for supper. Teddy ran out to welcome them back, but June was too excited to go indoors.

The kids were playing cops and robbers on their bikes. "Mummy, can I get my bike and play for a while?"

"It's kind of late, dear. And that's no dress to play cops and robbers in."

"I'll be terribly careful. Just for a little while, please!"

"Well—all right then."

June climbed her bike and joined the robbers. Helen was cop. The last thing June remembered was Teddy scampering beside her, and Helen lifting her hand to say stop. Then the crash!—and blackness.

She came to for just a second before the ambulance got there, and wondered why they were cutting her pink silk dress. "My head feels funny—"

The storm-weakened tree had come down on her head and back. Helen jumped in time to escape with a broken arm. Teddy's little life was snuffed out.

June's hung by a thread. At the hospital they told her white-faced mother: "We're doing all we can—"

"What does that mean?" she asked from between stiff lips.

"She may not live through the night—"

For days she was conscious of nothing but pain. She didn't know Mother was there, wracked by every feeble moan, rigid with dread when the moaning ceased and the broken little body lay ominously still. She knew only that when she pushed her eyes open as against some heavy weight, there was pain all around. Once her mother caught the words: "I—hurt—so bad—" and sat there by the bed, slowly tearing a handkerchief to shreds.

One day she opened her eyes and kept them open. Funny. Her head wouldn't move. All she could see was the ceiling. Her eyes slid over toward a window with green outside—slid back—

Mother was bending over her. "Junie—"

"Hello. What'm I—doing here?"

"You've been sick, darling. How do you feel now?"

"All right—I guess. Why—can't I—move my head?"

"You were hurt, but you're going to be fine. Don't talk any more now, my blessed baby—"

It looked as if Mother were crying. It looked as if she were kneeling down by the bed, and she must be crying, else why was June's hand getting wet? She wanted to say don't cry, but she was too tired. She'd have to remember to say it when she woke up—

The head was kept shaved and bandaged, the back was in a cast. The doctors said she might not walk again. Her one cry was for Teddy—

"I want my Teddy. When's my Teddy coming to see me?"

At first, fearful of the shock, they said dogs weren't allowed in hospitals—

"Then bring him and hold him up to the window, Mummy, just to say hello—"

"Later—when you're stronger—"

"If I could just see his little face, I'd get strong right away."

Mother finally had to tell her. "He was running beside you that day. The tree fell on him, too. Teddy's in heaven, darling, with the other little dogs."

June closed her eyes. She didn't want to see anyone, even Mother. Mother couldn't help her—she couldn't bring Teddy back. He'd never stand there again with his head on the side, never call for her at school. The little red tongue wouldn't wash her face any more, the box by the stove

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would be empty. If only she could lay her cheek against his coat—tell him she was sorry for saying he'd grow up to be an idiot—

From under the closed lids two slow tears rolled. She couldn't lift her hand to wipe them away. The lips quivered, the small white-swathed face crumpled in anguish, sobs tore through the little frame in its plaster prison—

"Oh darling, don't cry like that, you'll hurt yourself. Don't cry for Teddy. He's happy running around in heaven—"

Strangled words broke through. "He's—not happy, Mummy. Even in heaven—he couldn't be happy—without me."

Little by little, the wounds of body and spirit began to mend. First they said she mightn't live—then, that she mightn't walk. But June fooled them. At the end of six months—head still bandaged, back in a brace that she was to wear for five years—she took her first wobbling triumphant steps—starting from Mother by the bed and flopping into the arms of the red-headed doctor, way over by the door.

June was madly in love with the red-headed doctor. There had been a time when she planned to marry him. But one day Red came in to find his favorite patient gone sour on him. For five minutes she kept her back turned. Then she pointed out coldly: "You've got a wife already—"

"I didn't know you cared—"

"Of course I cared. You brought me presents, didn't you? When men give ladies presents, it means they're in love—"

She forgave him in the end, and went right on loving him best, though there wasn't a single doctor she didn't love. It was there in the hospital that June conceived her passion for the healing profession. Doctors were kind and good. They made you stop hurting. You came in sick, and they made you well. That was a wonderful thing to be able to do—

"Mummy, when I grow up, can I be a doctor?"

"If that's what you want. It takes a long time, and you have to be pretty smart—"

"I'll be smart," said June.

over the bumps . . .

A year after the accident, June went back to school and Mother went back to work. Teachers had nothing to complain of any longer. June was a model child—almost too good. Kept her head bent over her books and avoided other children. When you had best friends, they'd put their arms around you. She didn't want arms around her, feeling her brace. She looked funny enough as it was, spindleshanks and bald-head. Her eyes would rest on the heads around her—blond curls, dark braids—all shiny and beautiful. They all had hair and they thought nothing of it—didn't know how lucky they were—

One day she found some old lengths of rope in the cellar, cut off two ends, combed out the strands, stuck them over her ears, and tied a kerchief on to keep them in place. At school, one or two of the girls tittered, but June didn't care. Grandma said, if she liked herself better that way, go ahead and wear them—

Sometimes she'd take Snowball and go sit on the rock that she still called Teddy's rock. Snowball was supposed to be instead of Teddy—a little white poodle, so tiny that Mother'd brought him home in her shopping bag. He was cute and fun to play with and—not to hurt his feelings—she pretended to love him like Teddy, but of course she couldn't. Sitting there on the rock, he'd sort of fade out like in the movies, and Teddy'd come back with his lovely soft eyes and his sweet funny ways—. Just for a second, though. The minute she put her hand out, he'd be gone,

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and her heart was shaken by sorrow too great for a child—sorrow for Teddy crushed under a tree—and for Snowball because she couldn't love him enough—

Those were only moments, though. For the most part, June took happiness where she found it. After a while they'd stop shaving her head and the brace would come off, and she wouldn't be crippled like those terribly good little girls in story-books. Besides, there was one nice thing about the brace. It made her sit up straight instead of slouching, so she always got a high mark for posture. And golly! she'd soon be a swimming champ!

The doctors said swimming would make her back and legs stronger, so she'd started at one of the summer pools. That first day she felt awful, hung back behind the other kids. Till Marie came over—

Marie was the teacher. Later she told June: "I thought you were the saddest little girl I'd ever seen. I said to myself, I'll see if I can make her smile—"

They got to be very good friends. Marie taught at several pools, and she'd take June along and give her special lessons, and pretty soon she was swimming like a fish. Having a grown-up friend was nice. Marie understood about the rope-hair and the brace and why June wanted her to meet Mother—

"I'm ugly, but you ought to see how pretty my mother is—"

So one Sunday Mother answered the door, and there stood Marie.

"Are you June's sister?"

"No, I'm her mother."

"Goodness, you're too young and pretty to be anyone's mother—"

June almost burst with pride. She wished she had a hundred million dollars, so she could give half to Mother and half to Marie.

black days . . .

She was eleven when Grandma died.

She'd been kind of worried about Grandma, but the blow caught her defenseless. People don't die of a sore foot. Grandma'd been limping lately, and sometimes she'd sit with her foot up on a stool—

"What's the matter, Grandma?"

"Oh nothing. Just a sore foot."

Even when Mother came home and Grandma went to the hospital, June took their word for it that she'd be all right soon. June knew all about hospitals. Hospitals made people well. Look how sick

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So why not read the I SAW IT HAPPENS we print each month and try to discover what makes them acceptable? Hint: You'll find that in every case, the stories are fun because they're interesting in themselves and not because the writer "saw it happen."

So c'mon, send in your entries (and do try to write 'em so we can read 'em), and even though you're no Fannie Hurst or Edgar Guest, we'll grab 'em like that if they're the kind of stories the rest of the gang likes.

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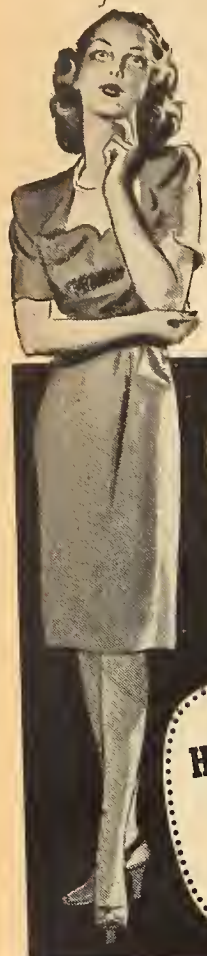
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she'd been, and all Grandma had was a sore foot—

But the foot was gangrenous and had to be amputated, and Grandma didn't come home alive. A girl flung the news at June as she turned the corner, swinging her books from their strap—

"Your grandmother's dead—"

For two days she lay on her bed, numb with grief, and refused to eat. For a year she wouldn't mention Grandma's name and, when somebody else did, she'd leave the room. The household broke up. Grandpa went to one of her aunts. June was to live with another aunt who had three little girls around her own age. She didn't want to. She pleaded with Mother to take her to New York—

"I won't be happy if I'm not with you—"

Mother explained and explained. How she'd be at the print shop all day long. How June was too young to be left alone. June had to give in. She couldn't explain like Mother. But she was passionately sure that being alone all day didn't matter as long as you saw your mother every night. A nice house and three little cousins your own age couldn't possibly make up for not having your very own mother to live with.

A year later, just before Christmas, the world came right for June. She went to live with Mother in what you might have thought was a cramped little coldwater flat, but to her it was heaven. She put her feet up on chairs, because this was her own house. She clopped through the rooms, making all the noise she liked. She ran downstairs evenings and stood on the street and yelled, "Mo-thuh!"

Mother's head would pop out. "June, you're getting a little old for that kind of thing."

"Yes, but look at all the time I have to make up."

Of course they minded being poor—old clothes and one pair of shoes a year and June collecting boxes for wood to keep the stove going. But it didn't make them unhappy. June was planning big things. She studied like mad, because the harder she studied, the sooner she'd be a doctor and make Mother quit working. Every month her report card showed all A's—

And then there were red-letter days. The day she woke up and took down her brace and threw it back in the closet. "I'm not going to wear that thing any more—"

dreams of glory . . .

The Christmas Mother gave her a red pussywillow silk dress. Real pussywillow silk with white polka dots. Her first dress in years that hadn't been made over from somebody else's—

Graduation Day. Mother sat in the audience, real proud. June wasn't ashamed either. Besides the regular diploma, they gave her a diploma of merit for graduating with an average of 97%. And an autograph album with gilt edges. Mother bought chocolate ice cream, and they ate it at the kitchen table with the two diplomas and the album between them—

"Now all I have to do is go through high school and medical school." June sighed. "It takes so long, Mummy. You'll get awfully tired—"

"Don't worry, hon. I've still got a good few years ahead before you stick me in a wheel chair—"

"Wheel chair, my foot! A throne that's where you'll sit. With mink coats and diamonds. And the neighbors'll say, my, where did you get all that? And you'll say, from my good-for-nothing daughter, June—here, have a diamond."

Things don't work out the way you plan them. That year someone else came along to take care of Mother.

Dick was awfully nice. He didn't talk much, but June liked his smile. He man-

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aged a Loft plant and brought her candy. The first time, June almost fainted. Nobody'd ever given her candy in a box, and she felt so elegant—

One day Mother said, "You like Dick, don't you, June?"

"Oh yes, he's swell!"

"Come over here, dear. I want to ask you something. How'd you feel if Dick and I got married?"

It was a shock, there's no denying that. "And live here with us?"

"Well, not exactly. He's better off than we are, you know. We'd probably move to a nice apartment—"

"But what about us, Mummy? What about you and me?"

"Darling, it won't make any difference. You'll still be my best girl." She loosed the arms from around her neck and pushed the hair away from June's forehead. "Look, Junie. We'd be together even more than we are now. I wouldn't have to work—"

"You mean you'd be there when I got home from school!" As we've mentioned, June's not the brooding type. "Well, come on, Mummy. What're we waiting for?"

When you're thirteen and your bed's been a sofa in a dark little living room, and all of a sudden there's a beautiful, sunny bedroom all your own—well, you know how Cinderella felt. There were little throw rugs and three windows with cretonne curtains and a spread to match. There was a comb-brush-and-mirror set on the dresser, and a frame for Mother's picture. There was the dearest little rocker and a closet almost as big as their old kitchen, and six new dresses—every one a different color—and three pairs of shoes. At night she'd keep the closet door open, so first thing she'd see in the morning would be her unbelievable clothes. She'd rush home from school, stick the rocker in the closet and pretend it was her room. Then she'd step out and surprise herself—

"Why, June Allyson, you mean to say that's only a closet!"

She'd have liked to eat in her room, but there Mother drew the line.

The rocker came in handy when little Arthur was born. June would steal to his crib, worried because he'd be sleeping too quietly, and give him a little shake to make sure he was alive. Then she'd sneak him to her room and rock him to sleep again. Pretty soon he was calling her Doo-bo, but the cutest time was when he was learning to walk—

"I'm going to have eighty-four children," she told her mother, "and watch them all learn to walk."

feeling of family . . .

She needn't have worried about Dick taking Mother away. It wasn't like that at all. She used to think Mother was all in the world she needed, but that was before she knew how grand a family could be—how it could make you feel safe and warm inside. It was really Dick who finally gave her that feeling. Of course Mummy was her mother and Arthur was her brother, but Dick at first—well, he was the nice man Mother had married.

Till suddenly at dinner one night he said:

"Why do you call me Dick?"

"Well—I don't know—that's your name, isn't it?"

"Look, June, do you think you could call me 'daddy'? That's how I feel about you, and if you felt the same way, I'd be pretty proud and happy—"

For weeks after that she'd phone him at the factory, just to say "daddy." At school "my father" was suddenly much in evidence. "My father says this—" "My father doesn't care to have me do that—"

Since the brace had come off—and especially since the change in her living con-

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One evening she put on a show for the folks. They didn't say much, but a kind of look passing between them made her know they liked it. Then she did a low thing—pretended she'd gone to her room and stopped to listen at the door. She had to know what they thought—

For what seemed ages, nobody said a word. Then Dad spoke up. "Looked pretty good to me—"

"Same here."

More silence. "You think Junie could learn to be a dancer?"

"Heavens, I wouldn't know. Doctor's all she ever wanted to be. Since she was a mite—"

"No sense putting ideas in her head, but she sure looked cute as a bug jigging around." Dad's paper rustled as he turned it. "Wonder how this Astaire fellow got started?"

"The way I heard it, right from the cradle—"

"Hm." She could hear the grin in his voice. "Well, our Junie's smart. Maybe she can catch up."

That was all she needed. With a little imagination, she persuaded herself that the folks thought she could dance like Fred Astaire. For the longest time she'd been dying to tell the girls. They were always bragging about their boy friends. Well, not bragging maybe, but that's how it sounded when you didn't have a boy friend yourself. June longed for something to brag about, too. Now she had it. Let 'em laugh if they wanted. She'd show them—

At noon that day she let it drop casually. "I can dance like Fred Astaire—"

She was ready for the ribs. "You and who else?" "Move over, Ginger, here comes June." "Oh, Miss Allyson, can I have your autograph?"

"Come out in the hall and I'll show you—"

They formed a circle around her while she did her stuff. Others came up and peered over their heads, till she had a sizeable crowd, including boys. They seemed impressed—anyway, enough to satisfy June. She went home and practised harder than ever. Kids she didn't even know would call to her in the corridors. "Hear you can dance like Fred Astaire—"

If the spirit was one of mockery, it didn't touch her. Trusting, shy and proud, she'd look back at them. "Yes, I can," she'd say modestly.

One day her own particular crowd descended and thrust a clipping at her.

"Why don't you answer that?"

It was a chorus call for "Sing Out the News." "Anyone who can dance like Astaire ought to be able to get a chorus girl job—"

"We're not kidding, June. Honest, we think you're good."

"You do?" breathed June, and felt she could move mountains. "All right, I'll go down tomorrow—"

new horizons . . .

For an hour she stood outside the theater, wishing she were dead. Tall, beautiful girls went sailing through the doors. They all knew each other. Their clothes were out of this world. They acted like queens. Half a dozen times she headed for the subway and turned back. In the end, that door was easier to face than the kids at school, waiting to see what happened.

A man at a desk was taking names. "June Allyson," she whispered.

"Age?"

"Twenty-one."

He looked up. "How old are you really?"

"Fifteen. But it's all right. My mother knows I'm here," she fibbed.

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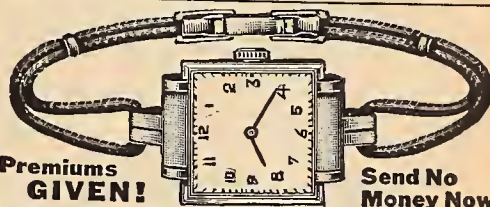
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“No, this is how I always talk.”

“Experience?”

“Oh yes! I saw Fred Astaire dance eighteen times.”

From the look he gave her, he must have thought she was crazy. Her heart hammered. “He's going to tell me to scram.” But something in the tremulous pleading face made him change his mind.

“Sit down till your name's called—”

“June Allyson—”

She felt as if she were moving inside some big bubble. Not till she found herself on the huge empty stage, did panic strike. Blindly she started back for the wings—

“Where you going?” someone asked.

“It's all a mistake. I'm going home—”

Whoever it was grinned. “Stay where you are, kid. Show 'em what you can do—”

Her spine stiffened. Okay, she'd show 'em—Same as she'd shown the kids.

“Where's your music?” asked a voice.

What music? Was she supposed to have music? “I dance without music.”

“Oh, an original. All right, go ahead—”

She broke into one of the routines she'd practised so often. The music played itself in her head. That was the trouble. At home she could turn it off and on again. Here she couldn't. The music went round and round and came out nowhere—just started all over again from the same note, like a stuck phonograph record. So she danced the same step over and over again till they finally stopped her.

“Thank you,” the voice said. “Wait over there.”

What did that mean? They'd all been told to wait—some over here, some over there. Should she ask one of the girls? Golly, they scared her, they looked so superior. She sneaked a glance at the other group. Well, of course—they were gayer and smarter and prettier than the ones she was with. What did she expect, anyway? They wouldn't have taken her, Not after the awful way she'd danced—

The man was talking to the other girls. They broke up and scattered. He came over to June's crowd—

“Report for rehearsal at ten tomorrow—”

walking on air...

She knew what the books meant by walking on air. She walked all the way home—eight miles—and couldn't have told you how she got there. She walked because she was too excited for the subway. Besides, she had to figure how to break the news gently to Mother—

She knew how she'd break it to the kids. Have them over at the house tonight, and when they were all there, she'd say—very quietly—“I'm in a Broadway show.” They wouldn't believe it. She didn't believe it herself. Suddenly giddy, she stopped and leaned her whirling head against the cool stone wall of a house. “I saw Fred Astaire eighteen times.” “Show 'em what you can do.” “I dance without music.” “Report for rehearsal tomorrow.”

Things like that don't happen. “But they did happen,” she told the wall.

On the stoop at home, she still hadn't figured how to tell Mother. But all at once it didn't matter. She raced upstairs and flung the door wide.

“Look at me, Mummy! Who do you think I am?”

The spoon clattered from Mother's hand to the floor. June's eyes—twice too big for her face—blazed like blue torches.

“What's wrong with you, June?”

“They must be crazy! They gave me a job, Mummy. Look at me! I'm an actress—on Broadway!”

Part II of June Allyson's life story will appear in the April issue of MODERN SCREEN.



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M. S. FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 61)

he love you in this darling little suit—skirt length shorts, white crew shirt and tiny bolero jacket? Write for the pattern (see coupon at the end) and make a lot of them in tubable cotton in wonderful colors. Divine departure from the usual housedress, and every bit as practical. Perfect later on for tennis, gardening and biking.

One foot in Spring and nothing in your closet that's up to it? A suit's what you want, but a suit can take such a bite out of a corporal's allotment check; out of a weeny clothes allowance. How 'bout this stunt? This week you buy the skirt, two weeks from now you get the jacket! Painless? And exactly twice as much fun as getting them both at once. The love of our life is the three-piece grey and yellow flannel job by Louis Geiger on page 60. The jacket, patterned after a regular battle jacket, is trim and smart-looking as a Marine sergeant on leave. The smooth double fly-front skirt is dressy enough for blouses, tailored enough for sweaters. If you're young and pert and definitely fashion-wise, this suit is for you, and it's priced within your reach.

We've saved this month's hunk of swoon for last. If you fight the battle of the subways every day, if you dash from port to port to meet a homecoming sailor, if you've been screaming for a go-everywhere suit that almost never needs to be pressed—hold your hats, we've got it! It's of that heavenly Tegra Cloth (which means it's crease-resistant, thanks to a wonderful process known as "Tebilizing." Look for the "Tebilized" tag when buying—it'll mean less pressing), beautifully cut, tailored like a man's suit and exquisitely detailed. The jacket's single-breasted, the skirt is plain. The lines are simple and beautiful, designed to give one touch of Venus to the most average of figures. And, lovely news, the price is so little for so much.

For all the vital statistics, like where to buy, how much, what sizes and colors, drop a note to Ann Ward. If it's a toss-up between the two suits, tell Ann your proportions, and she'll advise which is for you. If you're in a dither about your color, describe yourself to her, and she'll let you know. She knows fashions like Parsons knows Hollywood, so if you've a clothes query under your hat, a figure problem under your belt, share it with Annie and you'll get it solved. Know where to write? Ann Ward, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

We're doing our best to help you make your wardrobe something to swoon over, but we need your help. Won't you come to the rescue by filling out the FREE OFFER Questionnaire on page 22? Won't take a minute, and we'll send you a FREE picture of one of your favorite stars just to show you how really grateful we are. So quick whip over to page 22, huh?

Here's how you can whip up the darling short suit pictured on page 61. Send 20c to MODERN SCREEN PATTERN SERVICE, Post Office Box 224, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes from 10 through 20. BE SURE TO INDICATE YOUR SIZE AND REQUEST PATTERN NUMBER 1667. In a flash you'll have the complete directions for this easy-to-make outfit.

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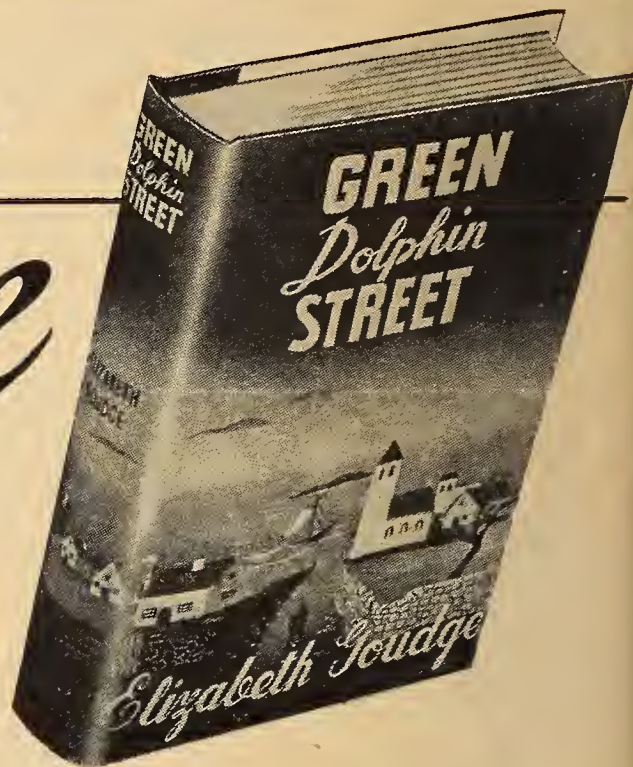
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